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PORTALES HERALD-TIMES

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF ROOSEVELT COUNTY, NEW MEXICO

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FACTS ABOUT THE CREAMERY

Negotiations For Sale of Butter Being Carried on at This Time

CREAMERY PROMOTER LEAVES

A. Rogers Proposes to Assist in Competitive Bids and Selling

The writer's article last week on the Creamery situation, was written in the idea of calling attention to the important facts connected with the establishment of such an institution here.

There were between thirty-five and forty farmers in this vicinity who indicated their willingness to put up each toward a Creamery. Mr. Rogers, who was here in the interest of the Creamery has left. We do not know whether he is coming back or not. We hope he will come back, as we are sure the promoters of this enterprise will give him all of the space he wants to explain his proposition. It occurs to us that if he does not come back, these thirty-five or forty farmers putting in a total of \$3500 or more would be in a position to buy a creamery outright, and undoubtedly there are a considerable number of real estate building Creameries. It is possible that by judicious buying the surplus money could be saved out into a cash fund for working capital to be used for operating the creamery after it is built.

Negotiations for the sale of butter being carried on and we are having some very encouraging letters which look as though we would meet some good success in selling butter. Just as soon as definiteness is given to this proposition, we will contact the farmers with the same. The writer is sending out this word to you producers of milk and cream in the hope that you will understand that we are not stopping our efforts to build a creamery at Portales and is the event that the representative who was here formerly does come back, or his Company does send someone else, we will continue to interest somebody or bring attention about so that you can your own build such a Creamery in this valley. Our endeavors are and shall always be to protect our local farmers and our local people. The interest in this Valley are our prime interests. Do not want to drive any industry away from this Valley and we do not want to get any here upon the premises. Thirty-five or forty farmers if they wish so, can build a creamery. If you will get together and line up on this Creamery matter, we will give all the help possible in getting that competitive bids are obtained on the machinery and that a share of the product is sold to you build it.

What do you say about it?
A. A. ROGERS.

WHAT WOULD HENRY SAY?

It would make those old Revolution Fathers turn over in their graves to know that some of their great grandfathers were afraid to give a sack of flour to a starving neighbor for fear it would cause trouble. And what do you suppose those old boys who dump their tax overboard would say if they were we were afraid to send a shirt of flour to the widows and orphans? What would Patrick Henry, John Quincy Adams say, or what would the Father of His Country think of the fact that his country, which is so plentiful, and which is willing to sell its produce at a big profit to warring nations, and yet is afraid to give to the innocent, suffering people who did not cause the war? We did just like to know what some of our old patriots would say if they could read some of the excuses given in certain newspapers for opposing the Belgian Relief Fund movement.

E. Nash and family of the Pleasant View community returned recently being some time in Missouri and Oklahoma. Mr. Nash says he is nothing as good as New Mexico is back to stay.

WOMEN FOR PORTALES SCHOOLS

S. Long, superintendent of the schools, was a pleasant caller at the Journal office, Friday morning. The professor was feeling a bit better, too, because his schools won more and favorable mention at the teachers' meeting in Albuquerque. A Portales pupil, Amanda Muelthuis, thirteen years old, won the spelling contest in the oral contest of the school and received a grade of one hundred and ninety-eight in written work. Portales also made a favorable showing in the oral contest.

—Clovis Journal.

GOOD NEWS.

The following was received by Capt. Mollinari and is similar to a letter received by A. A. Rogers.

State of New Mexico
ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT
Santa Fe
November 24, 1914.

Mr. T. J. Mollinari,
Roosevelt County Road Board,
Portales, N. M.

My Dear Mr. Mollinari:—

I have your of the 22nd in which you state that the road board held a meeting and you were instructed to ask just what time in December would the work on the Clovis-Portales road be undertaken. I cannot set any definite time in December until we see how the taxes come in at the middle of December when the distribution is made by the Treasurer. However, I am sending today Mr. D. S. Hooker to do some work in the vicinity of Oscuro, and he may be there two or three days. As soon as he completes the work there I will have him go over to Clovis and Portales and have him work out the road situation. I will probably instruct him to make the survey complete for lines and grades, and trust we will be able to get it if our financial condition is good after the middle of December.

JAMES A. FRENCH.

COMPANY W HOLDS ELECTION.

At the election held by Company M last Thursday night at the armory, J. S. Compton was elected first lieutenant and John Luskart, second lieutenant. These men have taken an active interest in the company ever since its organization and their election to these offices is a fitting reward for their faithfulness.

This is the first time in the history of the National Guard of New Mexico that these offices have been filled by a vote of the members of the company. These newly elected officers will be required to pass an examination prepared by Adjutant General J. S. Compton and their ability to perform their duties will be expected to be of the highest grade.

The Herald-Times wants to see Company M grow. The National Guard is very necessary to the welfare of our country and it is only just and proper that Roosevelt county continue to be represented in the state guard. This being so we should have a company with a full quota of men.

Several of the old members whose terms had expired have re-enlisted and some new ones have enlisted recently. Capt. T. J. Mollinari is deserving of much credit for his untiring efforts and perseverance in behalf of the company.

DEAR THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

That was really a great service at Delphos last Thursday. Delphos folks are noted for doing great things in a great way, but, really, they outdid themselves on this occasion.

Mrs. Baker, the excellent school teacher there, with the assistance of her pupils, and others, had the school house beautifully and appropriately decorated for the occasion. She had also prepared a good program, consisting of readings, recitations, songs and scripture quotations, by the pupils of the school and of the Bible school.

Minister J. H. Shepard and family had been asked to spend the day with the Delphos people, and did so to the delight of all. Rev. Shepard is equal to every occasion. After the program he made a most excellent talk, principally to the children on Thanksgiving.

Following this there was an old fashioned basket dinner, served in the Delphos way. It would take a more eloquent pen than mine to do justice to that dinner. It appeared that everyone present tried hard to eat up all the good things, but to no avail. There was plenty, and to spare.

In the afternoon, Rev. Shepard preached a great sermon on Thanksgiving, that was fully appreciated by everyone.

IT ISN'T YOUR TOWN—IT'S YOU

If you want to live in the kind of a town you want.

Like the kind of a town you like, you needn't slip your clothes in a grip.

And start on a long, long hike.

You'll only find what you left behind.

For there's nothing that's really new.

It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town.

It isn't your town—it's you.

The real towns are not made by men afraid.

Lest somebody else gets ahead.

When everyone works and nobody shirks.

You can raise a town from the dead.

And if while you make your personal stake.

Your neighbor can make one, too.

Your town will be what you want to see.

It isn't your town—it's YOU.

EDUCATIONAL WASTE

W. FREMONT OSBORNE
Principal Talban High School.

Every idler, every unskilled laborer, farmer, housekeeper, lawyer, doctor, preacher and every unqualified school teacher or incompetent workman in every human endeavor, ruined, in most forcibly of lost opportunity and educational waste both spiritual and material most of our troubles are fundamental they begin in the individual.

Therefore, a lofty and administrative effort, in the interest of educational development, fundamentally concerns the training of every child in the land for patriotic and efficient service. The responsibility of training the child falls heavily, yes, too heavily upon the school. America's inherent and universal worker for life and freedom childhood works us the way to a greater commonwealth.

"It must be a school, 'Of the People by the People, and for the People,' the source of the currents of life. Education must be made vocational to the extent that 98 per cent of human beings in New Mexico, who must live by the work of their hands, shall do so with a maximum of skill and intelligence, and this involves the re-adjustment of an iron and outward curriculum in accordance with individual needs.

This applies to the country schools with peculiar force, which must be made over in content and method. We shall fail to accomplish our educational ideals unless we succeed in getting at the door of every child in the land a modern school house, modern equipment, ample and attractive school grounds, and sanitation.

Every available dollar for physical equipment should be invested in a school plant that will have economy, convenience and harmony.

We believe as a general principle, that it is an unwise policy to invest money in repairing old dilapidated school houses that can never be made into attractive and suitable places for the children. Better, as far as practicable, to build and equip a few good school houses, rather than attempt to make old ones modern that are unfit for permanent use.

Build and equip a modern school building in every community in New Mexico, adopt courses of study that will prepare for the work of life, and employ teachers who have the teacher's vision and the teacher's preparation and our "fair state" will experience a new moral, intellectual and industrial birth. "Atentat made of realizer interment."

THE BROKEN HOME.

The old farmhouse upon the hill is filling up today; the boys are coming home again from cities far away. These men who left the farm as boys are children no more. They enter the house, for greps in on the door. In silence and with breaking heart each grasps the other's hand. They speak no word of greeting. As in a group they stand and gaze into the patient face they had not seen for years, the sorrow in their heavy hearts is far too deep for tears. A woman says, "Oh, brothers, how glad I would have been to have seen you all come back here to the old farmhouse once again! Her last few years were lonely on the farm here and I, and she only prayed that the might see you all before she'd die." "I've come halfway around the world to see you, mother dear," sobs a man in deepest anguish. But his mother does not hear. That placid face beneath the glass is furrowed deep with care; a lifetime toll of love and hope drew every wrinkle there. The hillside farm, the neighbors say, will very soon be sold; the boys are going back today, each to his work. "I'm told," the lonely daughter for a time will guard the broken home; and then they'll sell the homestead, and around the world they'll roam. Herote soul! Your noble life no scribe will ever write. A humble tribute let me pay e'er you're forgotten quite. Your family reared, your duty done, you waited through the years and lived on memories and hopes, and so one saw your tears. Oh, Mother, back there on the farm yours was a modest riel! Your work is done, the battle won; God rest your weary soul."—Charles B. Driscoll.

THE AUTO IN THE FIELD.

It is quite a common sight in New Mexico to see farmers drive to the harvest field in automobiles. It takes a solemn sum of money to buy an automobile and it takes good roads, as well as gasoline, to run them.

A joy ride in the harvest fields of this state is one of the most exhilarating experiences that is available on this continent and one that would charm a tourist and convince a home-seeker. A speedway lined with growing crops and blooded stock is a landscape that one seldom tours in a lifetime. In mapping out automobile routes the New Mexico harvest fields should be given prominent position. Why not a "See Rural America First" campaign?

ENGINEER HERE

D. S. Hooker, assistant state road engineer, came in Wednesday to go over the Portales-Clovis road. The levels have already been run on this road and it has been staked out on the ground. Mr. Hooker will make an inspection and take any necessary data when he goes over the road Friday. He is an engineer of many years experience and stands high in the profession.

CLOVIS 12, PORTALES 15.

One of the big attractions Thanksgiving Day was the foot ball game on East Grand Avenue. Clovis kicked off to Portales at 2:45 p. m.; to Portales and forty yard line, Portales running kicked off about 19 yards. After two downs Portales scored on forward pass around right end, securing touch down, but failed goal.

Portales kicked off to Clovis, Clovis running back 20 yards and then by a series of line plays, scored a touch-down, without losing the ball. Clovis failed at goal, then passed back and forth on down the balance of quarter, ball being about center of the field in possession of Clovis.

Noble and Higgins featured in the series of line plays securing score; score, six to six.

Second Quarter.

Clovis carried ball to Portales' fifty yard line by plunges, then lost on downs. Portales then got away on forward pass to Clovis' 20 yard line. Langston, of Portales, kicked field goal, ball was then played back and forth, neither side having much advantage. Field goal was a winner of luck, the kick being only four to five feet from ground, striking one of Clovis' players and bounding over goal bar. Score, 9 to 6, favor of Portales.

Third Quarter.

Clovis scored in red quarter by line plunges, adding to old style foot ball in which the whole team played; Hardwick, Noble and Higgins featuring; failed at goal; Portales failed on several forward passes, their line plunging being inefficient. Score, 12 to 9 in favor of Clovis.

Fourth Quarter.

Ball in possession of Clovis near center field. Clovis lost on down, ball going to Portales; Portales lost on downs; Clovis lost on downs; Portales scored on forward pass, thirty yard throw and 30 yard run for touch down, failed at goal. Each side lost on down and incomplete forward passes with four minutes to play. Langston of Portales got away for end run; Clovis team had particularly a clear field but was stopped by a spectacular tackle by Noble on Portales' 40 yard line which saved another touch down in which Noble was injured. Portales tried forward pass which was interrupted by Kosh Quarter ended 15 to 12 in favor of Portales.

W. O. W. NOTICE.

All Woodmen are earnestly requested to be present at the next regular meeting, which is the second Monday evening in this month, that being the 14th day of said month. That being election night all members should be present and select their choice.

C. T. DUNCAN, Clerk.

REID TAKES MORE PRIZES.

Dr. J. L. Reid, chicken, the pride of the Portales Valley, made another winning last week. This was at El Paso, at the meeting of the El Paso Poultry Association.

The following prizes were taken: Rhode Island Reds, first hen, second cock, and third pullet. Minorcas, first, third and fourth hen, first cock, first pullet, first pen and second cock.

SUCCESSFUL CALF FEEDER.

Fred Maxwell of Rogers was in town the first of the week and reports that the Williamson-Oldham calves which are being fed by W. W. Van Winkle of that place are doing fine.

Mr. Van Winkle made two good sized underground silos last summer in which he put part of his crop and secured some 75 calves from the Williamson-Oldham Cattle Co. to feed.

These are about the only silos in the Rogers community and the neighbors are much interested in the results. Van Winkle is having. He is one of the leaders at Rogers and we expect many others to follow the example he set next year.

FINE BRAID.

This is the kind of New Mexico weather you will like to remember years from now when you are away from New Mexico and homesick to get back. These beautiful large sun days with high skies, brisk mornings, sunny noons and quiet evenings; breeziness, cloudless, dry and clear and fine—what wonderful days they are! What an autumn is passing before our eyes. It is these days that will be written indelibly into our hearts, and when we are old and there are no longer pleasant days in our lives—these days we shall remember as the days of joy.

BETTER GET A LICENSE.

State Game and Fish Warden Says Hunters Must Have License to Snoot Rabbits and Coyotes.

Hereafter those who hunt rabbits, coyotes and other animals not included in the protected game list without first obtaining a license will do so at the risk of being taken into court charged with violation of the game laws. This is in accordance with instructions sent out to several deputy game wardens by the state game and fish warden's office.

The fact that some hunters who go out supposedly for rabbits and wolves are killing protected game has been recently reported by deputy game wardens in several sections of the state. While the state law does not specifically provide for licenses for hunting animals not in the list of protected game, it does not except them from the requirement, and it is held that his fact gives the game warden a right to demand a license in every instance. The complaints made by the deputy game wardens that hunters without licenses have been killing protected game, resulted in the instructions.

JIG TRACT IN CHAVES COUNTY.

Similarly, 250 square miles will be added to the available lands in eastern Chaves county, of the choicest lands in the so-called Plains country. Surveyor General Lucius Dills having yesterday sent the completed plat to his land office at Roswell. This land was surveyed during the summer and his general land office has just approved the survey, therefore making the land available for entry. Many settlers are already upon the land, at until now they could not make any claims or perfect their entries. However, they are given priority rights in filing. The bulk of the lands will go to the state of New Mexico, for Land Commissioner R. P. Ervian was foreclosed enough to apply for the segmentation of the lands under the grant of the enabling act—N. M. State Record.

LANDS TO BE OPENED.

Another 250 square miles has been added to the available area of public lands in the Santa Fe land district by the restoration to entry of six to seven townships in the James forest in Sandoval and Rio Arriba counties to entry by proclamation of President Wilson. These lands, which are among the most desirable in New Mexico, will be open to settlement on December 27, 1914, and may therefore be regarded as a Christmas gift to New Mexico, and open to entry in January, 1915.—N. M. State Record.

WAR JOKES.

Although Great Britain is engaged in war, English papers continue to print jokes, such as they are, and a few samples from the London Globe are given here: Germany's chief export—Ultimatums. . . . The Post on holiday—"One" touch of summer makes the whole nose skin. . . . "E" Poisoning of Wells," says a headline. On the contrary, we are assured that the bombardier is fit and well. . . . "Why," asks a correspondent, "place armed sentries at the Mint?" If our readers will pardon us we may suggest "To keep off the Mint spies." . . . An English traveler just arrived from Rotterdam refers to the excitement here. We understand that in their agitation many people abbreviated the name of the place—Unlikely Dialogues—"Why are there so many unhappy marriages?" "Because there are so many marriages." . . . It was the kindly custom in the village for the well-to-do inhabitants to make good any loss which the villagers might sustain through the death of any livestock. The retired manufacturer who had only recently settled in the village was ignorant of this laudable proceeding; and was considerably puzzled by the visit of a laborer's wife who explained that she had lost a pig. "Well, I ain't got it," explained the bewildered newcomer. "What I mean, sir, is, of course, the pig died," nervously explained the woman. "Well, what do you want me to do?" cried the thoroughly exasperated man. "Send a wreath!"

SEE BUSINESS BUZZING.

New Mexico bee-keepers have just completed gathering the 1914 honey crop. According to the Bureau of Crop Estimates, of the United States Department of Agriculture, the yield per colony of bees was 85 pounds. In 1-2-3 the production per hive was 99 pounds.

The increased production is said to be due to the enormous crop of wild flowers this season.

The latest census figure of the bee and honey industry of this State to 1910. That year there were 618 farms in New Mexico that kept bees and the total number of colonies was 10,082.

Keep your eyes to the front. Success never grabs at your coat tails.

You will never be successful until you know yourself better than you do your neighbor.

DEENS BUY MORE CATTLE

Stock Delphos Ranch From Best Herds in the County

GRAZING LAND IS IN DEMAND

Great Increase in Cattle Business in This Country

J. E. Deen who has been living for several months in Portales has moved to his ranch near Delphos to look after his cattle. He and his son Sherif Deo C. Deen have 63 head of good White Face cattle and propose to have at least 150 by spring.

This herd is one of the best in the county. Twelve head were bought recently from the Williamson-Oldham Cattle Co., and several of the others were selected from good herds.

The Deen ranch consists of five sections of good grass land under fence and on it are several good wells. It is an ideal location for a couple of hundred head of cattle.

Mr. Deen was born in Texas and lived there all his life before coming here. He has handled cattle most of his life so it is not a new business to him.

The dry part of Roosevelt county is fast being stocked into ranches, many of the size of the Deen ranch. A few years ago when cattle were cheap such locations were plentiful but now they are scarce.

The Herald-Times has made the reduction that the number of cattle in this county would be double that of last year and at the present rate of increase it looks as though our prophecy will be so.

GREAT DEDICATION SERVICE

Last Sunday was truly a red letter day for the Central Christian Church at Portales. At the morning hour, the new church edifice was formally set apart to the worship of God. A good program had been prepared for the event, and Doctor Frank Talmage, of Roswell, preached a great sermon.

The other churches of the town dismissed their services and the ministers were present and took part in the dedication services. They spoke words of encouragement, and all appreciated the spirit of good fellowship manifested between the several churches here.

Another great audience greeted the speaker at the evening hour, and listened to a matchless discourse on the matchless subject of "Joy." At this service, Mesdames Kohl, Ward and Fletcher, sang, also the Girls Chorus, also Messrs. Temple, Mollinari, Beatty and Smith. It was a splendid service and a sacred song.

Rev. Shepard and his people are truly proud and are justly rejoicing over their hard earned success.

The Herald-Times is glad of this success and extends hearty congratulations to the Minister and members of the Central Christian Church.

KANSAS CLUB MEETS

The Kansas Club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Converse, who lives east of town, on Thanksgiving day. There was about 50 present who enjoyed the excellent dinner consisting of turkeys and other delicacies. An excellent program was rendered, consisting of music and readings appropriate to the occasion. This club meets about once each month and was organized by the Kansas people for sociable enjoyment and that the members may assist each other.

The Club will be entertained at the Shappott home next Saturday night where an oyster supper will be given.

THE TOWN PUMP.

A good place to feel the pulse of civic life is at the public drinking trough. The ebb and flow of animal life, as it quenches its thirst at the public fountain gives us an estimate of the wealth, population and prosperity of the community; the character, habits and occupations of its people and the utility, pleasure and hardships of its citizens. There is no better place to study the progress of the community than at the town pump.

Every village in New Mexico should have a town pump and every city with waterworks should have a drinking fountain where a stream of pure running water, freely dispensed, Adams Ale to the thirsty populace. Pure water and plenty of it is a good community builder.

When nature made you she set a mark for you to reach, see you there?

CAUSE OF INFECTIOUS PLANT DISEASES



Be Sure the Potatoes Are Perfectly Dry Before Taking From the Field.

Plant diseases of an infectious character are caused by microscopic organisms, either fungous or bacterial. These organisms are present everywhere in the air, water and soil, waiting for an opportunity to establish themselves in the tissues of our growing plants. Only constant warfare against them can prevent their entrance and consequent disease.

To successfully combat disease, it is essential to know the sources of infection. This is just as true of plant disease as of human disease, since both are caused by organisms of the same class. Other cultivated plants, says a bulletin from the Idaho station, may catch disease from the (1) soil; (2) from cultivated plants; (3) from weeds growing along the roadsides in our fields.

Soil infections are the hardest to control and crop rotation alone can accomplish it. Such diseases as dry rot and blight of potatoes, and root rots in general are caused by organisms which live in the soil and attack the growing plant whenever conditions are right. Potato diseases require from two to four years to eliminate from the soil. Once a field is infected, crop rotation and thorough cultivation should be practiced for several years.

Diseases coming to our plants from other cultivated plants should not be tolerated, for when spraying is not effective, the pruning knife and the fire are. Foliage and fruit diseases are usually controlled with little difficulty by spraying. Diseases caused by bacteria, such as the fire and twig blight of pears and apples

must be pruned out and burned. Bacteria in herbaceous plants, such as cabbage rot and bacterial rot of potato must of course be eliminated by crop rotation.

One important source of disease and one which is commonly overlooked is weeds. Weeds are just as subject to disease as are cultivated plants. It must be borne in mind that a disease of a given plant is usually capable of infecting all other plants belonging to the same family as the given plant. For example, bacterial blight and rot of potato is capable of infecting all other members of the nightshade family, to which the potato belongs, such as the tomato, egg plant and tobacco. The wilt of the cucurbits affects all of the cucumber and melon family.

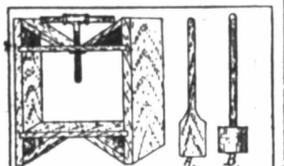
Many cultivated plants have relatives growing wild and the farmer should carefully rid his fields of all weeds, especially those related to the crops he wishes to grow. Wild grasses harbor ergot. Wild oats often transmit smut to the oat fields. Many diseases have different stages of growth. Some of these stages may develop on weeds, as for example the wild barberry, which bears one stage of the wheat rust. Wild roses are often infected with crown gall. Crown gall in orchards is often to be traced to this source.

It behooves the farmer to study his soils carefully and keep close watch for diseases which may be lying dormant there, to spray his fruit trees and to apply the knife when necessary, and to get rid of his weeds of all sorts.

CIDER PRESS EASILY MADE

Only Expense Attached to Device Shown in Illustration is Carpenter's Bench, Screw and Nails.

J. E. Bridgman describes a press that may easily be made at home, says Farm and Home. He says: "Many of us have only a few apple trees, but all of us have some damaged apples which are many times wasted or fed to the hogs because we do not feel able to purchase a cider mill for the few apples we raise. An inexpensive cider mill may be built by almost any man or boy, as shown in the accompanying illustration. The



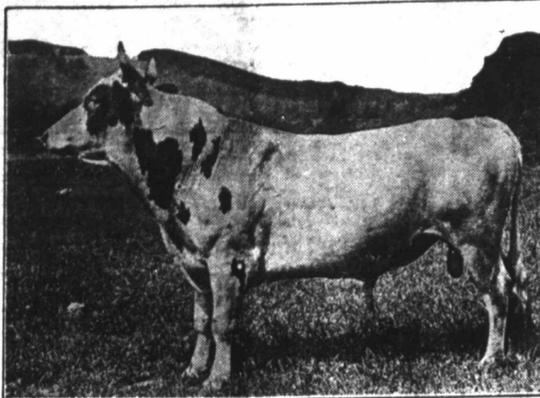
Home-Made Cider Press.

only expense being the carpenter's bench screw and the nails. It is supposed that the lumber will be found on the place. First build a frame of heavy lumber as shown for the press, and after the braces are all in place, fasten the screw as shown. Now make a sharp pointed wooden spade, as shown at A, and a stomper, as shown at B. The spade or cutter, should be about six inches wide, and tapered from both sides. The stomper should be made from a six or eight-inch cut off oak post and have a handle about four feet long. A lard can with the bottom removed, and the sides punched full of holes, will serve for holding the pulp. Place the cleaned apples in a wooden box and cut them up with the cutter, A, and then mash them with a pounder, B. Place the lard can under the press and fill it with the pulp and proceed as with any cider press. Quite a lot of cider may be made with his rather crude mill in a short time, and you will at least be able to make the cider and vinegar for family use."

Marketable Runner Duck.
When the Indian Runner duck has reached a marketable age she has nearly completed her growth and has little left to do but complete her plumage and begin to lay.

Implements Are Important.
Good implements are very important when one begins a system of progressive farming. It pays to invest in them if you expect profits on the farm.

INSURE HEALTHY, WELL-DEVELOPED CALF



A Fine Ayreshire Bull, a Pure-bred Registered Animal.

(By W. M. KELLY.)
The common practice of breeding the cows so that they will drop a calf every year, regardless of their condition, is often carried too far to insure a healthy, well-developed calf and to promote the good health and milk-giving qualities of the cow.

I believe that we should give the cow a reasonably long period of rest and wait until she is in prime condition before we breed her again.

More milk will be given by the cow when she is allowed to have a period of a few months' rest between the time she drops her calf and the time she is bred for the next calf, and the cow will produce a healthier and better developed calf than when she is forced to her very limits both from the standpoint of production and breeding.

DRAFT FOR A STUMP-BURNER

Most Difficult Problem Solved by Running Pipe Underground to Carry Air to Roots of Tree.

There are numerous apparatuses for the burning of stumps, and in every case the problem of creating the necessary draft underground is one of the most difficult to cope with. A Mississippi man has invented a device to carry air to the fire. Two pipes, one with an elbow joint, and both telescoping together, form the air shaft. One of the pipes is laid underground and the other rises from the earth at right angles to it and has



Pipe Catches the Breeze.

a shield at the top to head off a breeze and divert it below, on the principle of air funnels aboard ship. The end of the pipe that connects with the stump has a deflector, which prevents the air from being wasted at the sides and directs the draft full upon the flames. This enforced draft blows the flames toward the stump and makes the most of them.

RAISING SHEEP ON THE FARM

Industry of Southwest Will Likely Increase in Importance Since Mutton is More Popular.

Sheep ranching has a very fascinating history in the Southwest. The lonely sheep herder and his dogs have long been displaced by the farmer with a few thoroughbred sheep, cows, hogs and chickens. In fact, general farming is now practiced where the land was formerly considered unfit for crops, suitable only for sheep grazing at specially favored seasons. The sheep industry of the Southwest will likely increase in importance since mutton is becoming more popular as a food and as ways and means are found to market a small quantity of wool.

But the small farmer who has a pasture and who raises feed crops will be the sheep man. He will breed up his animals, eliminate the unprofitable and establish a desirable herd. There are great possibilities in sheep raising where one is situated favorably for raising the animals and marketing the products.

A few sheep on the farm indicate thrift and prosperity of the manager, says Farm and Ranch. Sheep do more than keep down weeds; they bring in revenue if given the proper attention.

EXCELLENT HAY FOR STOCK

Soy Bean is Richer Than Alfalfa and Just as Palatable When it is Properly Cured.

The soy bean is far more important and has far greater possibilities as a summer legume than most people realize. The soy bean makes splendid hay. The hay is richer than alfalfa and just as palatable when properly cured. Soy beans may be planted between the rows of corn, but its greatest usefulness is to plant in rows on good land where it may be cultivated occasionally. For hogs, cows, sheep, horses and mules soy beans make fine hay.

VALUE OF COTTONSEED OIL

Liquid Becoming Quite Popular as an Ingredient of Artificial Butter—May Be Solidified.

Grain crops and cattle crops are our main sources of food, and cotton crops for clothing; but there is also a great potential food supply in the cotton crop, if we but understood how to unlock it.

In view of the European war which for the time being has embarrassed the cotton farmer, a statement prepared recently by the department of commerce, concerning the way in which European nations are finding out very rapidly how to make food of our cottonseed oil is interesting.

France, Italy and other southern nations have always considered oil an essential article of diet. Olive oil is their native supply, but they have now learned the economy of exporting their olive oil at high prices and importing in its place American cottonseed oil, which is lower in price but not lower in nutritive value.

Germany, the Netherlands and other northern countries, like ourselves, are not fond of eating pure oil, but need more butter than the cattle can produce, so they resort to artificial butter, and have developed it to a high degree of palatability. It is stated that the principal countries of northern Europe are now making artificial butter to the extent of 680,000 tons per year, and the significant part of the story is that in 1913 they used as an ingredient over 300,000 barrels of cottonseed oil from America.

By the recently discovered process of solidifying liquid oils, cottonseed oil is now beginning to compete with hard coccoanut oil, which sells at even higher prices than olive oil, and is becoming very popular as an ingredient of artificial butter. Cottonseed oil has exactly ten times the nutritive value of beefsteak and costs only half as much. As the United States makes each year over 3,000,000 barrels of refined cottonseed oil, it is worth while to study the various methods of making it acceptable as food.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

- Cropping the orchard generally does not pay.
- Weedy pastures and hay will do the milk no good.
- Milking should always be done in a clean, airy place, free from all bad odors.
- Vitality once broken is repaired at loss, and is liable to break again under a strain.
- During the summer sawdust can be used for bedding with the horses to good advantage.
- Thrift in sheep is generally secured, when the farmer thinks enough of them to care for them.
- Clean up the wood lot. If you have none, buy your fire-wood and have it sawed and stored now.
- Don't conclude that your land is unfit for truck or fruit growing until you have given it a trial.
- The best dairy cow is usually a liberal eater but every liberal eater is not always a good dairy cow.
- Some folks are inconsistent. They will permit their stock to lie down in the slush and mud, yet at their bed time, they demand a feather bed and a hot fireiron.
- It is just as important to keep weeds cut near a garden as to keep the garden itself free from them. When weed seeds mature, nature has provided means for scattering them for hundreds of feet.

CALOMEL IS MERCURY, IT SICKENS! STOP USING SALIVATING DRUGS!

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

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

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

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

LIMITED CHOICE OF VIANDS

Guest Who Didn't Care for Salmon Was in Fair Way to Have Hot Breakfast.

In some parts of the Canadian back country the recurrence of boiled salmon, broiled salmon, salmon cutlets, and salmon steak at every meal becomes, after a few weeks, a trifle monotonous. To the native palate, brought up on it, this constant reappearance of the selfsame dish is a matter of course; but to the newly arrived tourist it grows at least into a feeble joke.

"Is there nothing else for breakfast?" said one such victim of colonial hospitality, as a whole fish and a pot of mustard were laid before him on the table.

"Nothing else!" replied the host, in surprise. "Why, there's salmon enough there for six, ain't there?"

"Yes," responded the guest, mildly; "but I don't care for salmon."

"Well, then, fire into the mustard," was the rejoinder.

Mighty Handy.
Some negroes are insatiable "finers," and their favorite organizations are those which assure an ostentatious funeral.

A mistress was remonstrating with her servant about belonging to one of them.

"Bonnibel, don't you think it is mighty foolish to pay the 'Friends and True Mourners' society' twenty-five cents every month?"

"Naw'm, Miss May, I don't. You see, dee ain't like some of de s'cleties; dee acts liberal, and don't skimp on nothin'. Dee gives you de finest kind of coffin, en makes a way for ev'rybody to git to your burial. En den, 'sides dat, dee gives you thirty dollars at the grave, en you know thirty dollars comes in mighty handy."

Objected to the Statement.

"We all make fools of ourselves at times, your worship," said a man who was charged at the Lambeth police court with insulting behavior.

"You can only speak for yourself," retorted Mr. Biron.—London Tit-Bits.

Many an ill-natured wife has developed into a good-natured widow.

A mouse scares a woman almost as badly as a milliner's bill scares a man.

WINCHESTER
THE W BRAND

REVOLVER AND PISTOL CARTRIDGES.

Winchester Revolver and Pistol cartridges in all calibers prove their superiority by the targets they make. Shoot them and you'll find they are ACCURATE, CLEAN, SURE

WAITING FOR YOU

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Yes, waiting for every farmer or settler anxious to establish for himself a home and prosperity. Canada's best invitation this year is more attractive than ever. What is higher but her farms, just as cheap and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

160 Acre Homesteads are Actually Free to Settlers. Other Land at From \$15 to \$20 per Acre.

The people of European countries as well as the American must be fed—thus an even greater demand for Canadian Wheat will be up the price. Any farmer who can buy land at \$15.00 to \$20.00 per acre—get a dollar for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels in Western Canada. Wheat makes money—that's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wheat, full yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully profitable industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutritious are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good markets convenient, climate excellent.

Military service is not compulsory in Canada but there is an unusual demand for labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for service in Europe. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintending Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or to

G. A. COOK
125 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.
Canadian Government

Chic Hats for Midwinter Gayeties



ODP of beautiful hats includes ostrich-trimmed shapes, women of fashion delight in these occasions on which the hat is the dominant feature of the costume. At the club luncheon, at the afternoon reception, at the box party and for calling, the hat is the dominant feature of the costume. The most popular style is the cloche hat, which is a close fitting hat with a narrow brim and a low crown. It is made of velvet, fur, or a combination of the two. The crown is usually high and the brim is very narrow. The hat is often decorated with feathers, ribbons, or other accessories. The cloche hat is a very popular style for midwinter wear. It is a close fitting hat with a narrow brim and a low crown. It is made of velvet, fur, or a combination of the two. The crown is usually high and the brim is very narrow. The hat is often decorated with feathers, ribbons, or other accessories. The cloche hat is a very popular style for midwinter wear.

Coiffures for Matron and Maid



HAIR which is always "in" style in hair dressing, and one, which is typical of the matron, is pictured here. In the first one a mode of the hair is shown, which, with a variation, has been used for years. In the second, an idea familiar is set forth for what it is, and it remains to be seen what success it bids for favor. The middle part should not be adopted by woman unless she is a great one who can "carry off" anything, a bit of experimenting. There are two types that it is becoming popular nearly always that they are seen with very abundant hair. The coiffure pictured the hair is not "marcelled" in loose wavy waves at the front and the back. The hair on the crown is not waved. This style is not difficult to dress. The waving is done with the curling iron, or with a comb, on heavy wire hairpins or with kid rollers. The waved hair and the back hair is not waved up to the top of the crown, but is arranged in a smooth twist or plaited under. It will stay in place if it is first tied at the top with a short piece of ribbon or tape. The front hair is parted and combed down side as far as the top of the forehead.

DEFENDS POPULAR REMEDIES

Speaker Says Newspapers Should Investigate Merits of Medicines Before Barring Advertisements.

That an organized attempt has been made to blacken the reputation of the popular family remedies of this country, and to mislead the newspaper publishers into rejecting the advertising of such medicines, was the charge made by Carl J. Balliett, of Buffalo, N. Y., at the convention of the Advertising Affiliation at Detroit. Mr. Balliett is a director of the Proprietary Association of America, which includes in its membership two hundred firms which make the popular prepared medicines of America. Mr. Balliett pointed out that it is the duty of the newspaper publisher to refuse the advertising of any fake or fraudulent medicine, just as it is his duty to refuse any fake or fraudulent advertising, but it is not right to shut down on all medical advertising because there have been some fakers, any more than it would be right to refuse to publish all department store advertising because certain stores have made a practice of lying about bargain sales.

Disease and death are mysteries. People who are perfectly well are skeptical. They laugh at the time-worn patent medicine joke, just as they laugh again and again over the many variations of the operation joke. "The operation was a success but the patient died." This so-called humor has perhaps hurt the medicine business with well people, but when the hitherto healthy man feels a severe pain or illness, he immediately wants medicine, and will bless the cure whether it be at the hands of a regular doctor, a homeopath, an osteopath, a Christian Scientist or patent medicine. There is nothing more deadly than disease; nothing more honorable than to cure it.

Mr. Balliett refuted the idea sought to be spread about that patent medicines are unpopular by showing that from 1908 to 1912 the amount of prepared medicines consumed in America increased from \$100,000,000 to \$160,000,000 annually. He showed that, although the American Medical Association is trying as an organization to exterminate so-called patent medicines, the family doctor, individually, is not fighting them but prescribing them. He estimated that 40% of the prescriptions written by doctors today include proprietary medicines.

The writings of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, he said, have also aimed to destroy confidence in proprietary medicines; but that Dr. Wiley's ideas are not infallible is shown by cases where his analyses were entirely wrong. Mr. Balliett mentioned a case where, with all the power of the Government, he fought a preparation as being dangerous to health, and was gloriously walloped.

There has been spread the idea that a clever faker can mix a few useless ingredients and, by smart advertising, sell tons of it and win sudden wealth; whereas, as a matter of fact, the medicine business is notoriously difficult, and, where there has been some success at it, there have been a hundred failures. Any medicine which has no merit cannot live, because persons who are duped into buying it once will not buy it again, and the profit from advertising a medicine can only come from repeat sales to the same, satisfied people. Therefore, any medicine which has been on the market for a number of years, and is still advertised, must have merit behind it to account for its success.

In conclusion Mr. Balliett declared that no newspaper is doing justice to its readers in the matter of medical or other advertising, unless it investigates, not only the wording of the advertisement offered for publication, but the merits of the article advertised. He pointed out that the few newspapers who have been deluded into the policy of barring out medical advertising have adopted this general policy, rather than to form an investigation bureau of this kind which could, in a constructive and useful effort, investigate and decide what is a good product and what is a fraud, in not only the medicine business, but in every other business which advertises its wares to the public.

The audience seemed to agree with Mr. Balliett's ideas on the subject and the chairman decided the question at issue in his favor.

Real-Life Romance. In real life one sometimes gets the whole of a romance and sees it result in the leading lady thereof cooking for boarders.—Atchison Globe.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes, use Red Cross Ball Dye. At all good grocers. Adv.

There may be a lot of heroes in the world, but so woman will admit that she is married to one of them.

It would be not for your memory you would be unable to forget.—Omaha World-Herald.

For obstinate sores use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Occasionally a man's sense of humor may head off the doctor.

Put That Pain to Use



As to Doan's Kidney Pills, read the following enthusiastic endorsement by one who has tested them.

DARK DESPAIR
Oklahoma Man in a Bad Way With Serpous Kidney Ill.
Hugh Sanner, Alabama Ave., Anadarko, Okla., says: "I was in such bad shape with kidney complaint that I despaired of ever getting cured. Nothing had helped me and was all run down. My back ached constantly and every now and then sharp stabs of pain caught me over each kidney, just as if two knives were being thrust in me. The pain was terrible and I often had to groan. Sometimes when evening came I couldn't sit down to eat supper on account of the terrible pain to my back. When I went to bed I couldn't sleep well and there was no position that was comfortable. Mornings were tired, nervous and totally unfit for work. Headaches and dizzy spells played their part in making my lot hard to endure. The kidney secretions were unusual and profuse, then again the flow was scanty and burned like fire. There was sediment in the secretions. My hands and fingers were badly swollen and I was rapidly growing worse. Reading of the cure Doan's Kidney Pills had made in similar cases, I began taking them and noticed improvement from the first. Every symptom of the complaint was removed and my back and kidneys got strong and healthy. Four years have since gone by and by using a box of Doan's Kidney Pills occasionally, I have kept free from further trouble. I am grateful for the permanent cure."

When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
Sold by all Dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Pillburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Proprietors.

SOME TERRIBLE WAR BILLS

That of the United States Government Heads the List in Point of Size.

The wars of Napoleon in 13 years cost France \$1,000,000,000, writes Wendell Phillips Dodge in Leslie's. Our Civil war expenditure of the federal government was \$3,400,000,000, nearly thirteen times as much as a year as Napoleon's. The Franco-German war cost France \$1,580,000,000, besides an added war indemnity of \$1,000,000,000. This same great war, which lasted only 150 days, cost Germany \$460,000,000 for an average fighting force of 1,250,000 men. The other big European war of the past half century, the Russo-Turkish war, cost Russia \$786,100,000, but she had two years' fighting for her money. The war in the far East cost Japan \$650,000,000 and Russia \$723,000,000, not counting lost ships. Only toward the end had either side anything like a million men in the field. Italy's little war with Turkey cost \$400,000 a day, allowing for a mere 60,000 fighting men; and the Boer war, in which England's army averaged 200,000, cost \$1,055,000,000 in two and a half years.

A Fine Night.

Maude Marie was a sentimental miss of twenty summers, who seemed to look on the world with a gentle sigh, relates the Kansas City Star. John Henry, who though her some sweetness was almost cruelly practical. One evening they were leisurely rambling along the country road when John Henry noticed that Maude Marie's thoughts seemed far off.

"You look like somnambulism, Marie," remarked the young man. "Where are your thoughts?"

"I was thinking of the night, John, dear," tenderly replied the fair one. "Isn't it sublime? Isn't it glorious? Isn't it the most wonderful night you ever saw?"

"Yes," was the startling rejoinder of the practical John. "It is just the kind of a night to shoot cats."

Leper Asylum.

The Kwajuku asylum, Korea, has grown from an old tile-kiln where the first leper patient was housed five years ago. She had been found on the roadside, almost dead, with worn and bleeding feet, and was taken into the warm tile-kiln and fed and taught. Then followed a little wooden building of three rooms which the missionaries paid for from their own pockets. This has been displaced now by a suitable asylum, the gift of the mission to lepers. It will care for 100 patients. Doctor Wilson writes: "I am taking them out of the snow every day now, and we shall soon reach the 100 limit."

His Better Half.

"Here, my dear," said the husband, producing his purse, "here is \$50 I was playing cards over at Brown's last night. You may have it to buy that dress you wanted."

Reluctantly the conscientious wife took the money; then said, with an expression of rigid rectitude: "I simply shudder at the thought of using money gained in such a way. Henry, promise me that after you have won enough for me to buy the hat to go with the dress you will never touch those awful cards. I don't want my husband to become a gambler."

Unnerved Completely.

"Beef eaters usually have steady nerves, do they not?"

"I've always thought so, until fear of a Zeppelin raid doused the lights of London."

A youth always wants to marry a pretty girl because his parents want him to marry a sensible one.

Preparing for Eventualities.

Shortly after the declaration of war in Germany, the cashier of the largest bank in Berlin received from a stranger the following letter, postmarked Dresden:

"Dear Sir: A few weeks ago, while in Berlin on my vacation, I found myself temporarily in need of money and pawned my diamond ring. I enclose the pawn ticket to you, asking that you redeem the ring, sell it for what you can and turn the proceeds over to the Red Cross fund. It may be that I shall have no further use for jewels."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* in Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Love that feeds on beauty alone soon starves to death.

For sprained wrist rub on and rub in Hanford's Balsam thoroughly. Adv.

Possibly one joke in ten thousand makes people laugh.

SPECIAL TO WOMEN

The most economical, cleansing and germicidal of all antiseptics is

Paxtine

A soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed.

As a medicinal antiseptic for douches in treating catarrh, inflammation or ulceration of nose, throat, and that caused by feminine filth it has no equal. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been cured say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists. 50c. large box, or by mail. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

SAVE YOUR MONEY.

One box of Tutt's Pills save many dollars in doctor's bills. A remedy for diseases of the liver, sick headache, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness, a million people endorse.

Tutt's Pills

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 46-1914

Weak Heart

Many people suffer from weak hearts. They may experience shortness of breath on exertion, pain over the heart, or dizzy feelings, oppressed breathing after meals or their eyes become blurred, the heart is not sufficiently strong to pump blood to the extremities, and they have cold hands and feet, or poor appetite because of weakened blood supply to the stomach. A heart tonic and astringent should be taken which has no bad after-effect. Such is

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

which contains no dangerous narcotics or alcohol. It helps the human system in the constant manufacture of rich red blood. It helps the stomach to assimilate or take up the proper elements from the food, thereby helping digestion and curing dyspepsia, heart-burn and many uncomfortable symptoms, stops excessive tissue waste in convalescence from fever, the run-down, anemic, thin-blooded people, the "Discovery" is restoring and vitalizing.

In liquid or tablet form at most drug stores or send 50 cents for a trial box to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

Read Chapter VII on Circulatory Organs in the "Medical Advisor"—A French illustrated book of 200 pages sent on receipt of 25 cent stamp, address as above.

Rheumatism Muscle Colds

"It is easy to use and quick to respond. No work. Just apply. It penetrates without rubbing."

Read What Others Say:

"Have used your Liniment very successfully in a case of rheumatism, and always have a bottle on hand in case of a cold or sore throat. I wish to say I think it one of the best of household remedies. I would not have used it only if it was recommended to me by a friend. I wish to say it is one of the best remedies for your Liniment I ever saw."—J. W. Fuller, Denver, Col.

"Just a line in praise of Sloan's Liniment. I have been ill nearly fourteen weeks with rheumatism. I have been treated by doctors who did their best. I had not slept for the terrible pain for several nights, when my wife got me a small bottle of this Liniment and three applications gave me relief so that I could sleep."—Joseph Tomblin, 211 Governor Street, McKeenport, Pa.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Good for Neuralgia, Sciatica, Sprains and Bruises.

All Dealers 25c. Send four cents in stamps for a free TRIAL BOTTLE.

DR. EARL S. SLOAN, Inc. Dept. B Philadelphia, Pa.

You Look Premature, Old

Because of those ugly, grizzled, gray hairs. Use "LA GREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.

SOLE AGENTS FOR WICHITA
BEST AND GOLDEN SEAL
FLOUR. CLEANLINESS AND
FAIR DEALING OUR MOTTO.

The White House Grocery Co.

WE PAY HIGHEST PRICE FOR
CREAM, BUTTER AND EGGS
YOU SAVE MONEY BY BUYING
FROM US.

Portales Herald-Times

DEMOCRATIC IN POLITICS
Published Thursday at Portales, New Mexico
THE HERALD PRINTING COMPANY
Entered at Postoffice at Portales, New Mexico
as Second-Class Mail Matter

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 THE YEAR
War Revenue Tax of \$105,000,000
Levied—Bear Bears Brunt of Burden.

Congress has levied a war tax of \$105,000,000 to offset a similar amount of loss on import revenue due to the European disturbances and of this amount bear is the heaviest contributor, having been assessed approximately \$50,000,000; a stamp tax on negotiable instruments, it is estimated, will yield \$31,000,000; a tax on the capital stock of banks of \$4,300,000 and a tax on tobacco, perfumes, theater tickets, etc., makes the remainder.

Congress has decreed that the brewer, the banker and the investor must shoulder the musket and march to the front; that milady who would add to her beauty must first tip Uncle Sam, and a dollar that seeks pleasure must first salute the flag; that Pleasure and Profit—the twin heroes of many wars—shall fight the nation's battles and by an ingeniously arranged schedule of taxation congress has shifted the war budget from the shoulders of Necessity to those of Choice and Gain, touching in its various ramifications almost every line of business.

All hail the dollar that bleeds for its country; that bares its breast to the fortunes of war and risks its life to preserve the stability and integrity of the nation's credit.

The market place has always been a favorite stand for war revenue collectors. The trader is a great financial patriot. His dollar is the first to rally around the star-spangled banner and the last to hear the coo of the dove of peace. He is called upon to buy cannon; to feed and clothe the boys in blue and each month cheer their hearts with the coin of the realm. Men can neither be free nor brave without food and ammunition, and money is as important a factor in war as blood. Many monuments have been erected in honor of heroes slain in battles, poems have been written eulogizing their noble deeds and the nation honors its soldiers while they live and places a monument upon their graves when they die, but very little has been said of the dollar that bears the burdens of war.

Honor to the Dollar that Bears the Burdens of War.

All honor to the dollar that answers the call to arms and, when the battle is over, bandages the wounds of stricken soldiers, lays a wreath upon the graves of fallen heroes and cares for the widows and orphans.

All honor to the industries that bend their backs under the burdens of war; lift the weight from the shoulders of the poor and build a bulwark around the nation's credit.

All honor to those who contribute to the necessities and administer to the comforts of the boys who are marching; cool the fever of afflicted soldiers and kneel with the cross beside dying heroes.

A dollar may fight its competitor in business, industries may struggle for supremacy in trade and occupations may vie each other with envy or suspicion, but when the bugle calls they bury strife and rally around the flag, companions and friends, mess mates and chums, all fighting for one flag, one cause and one country.

The luxuries in life have always been the great burden-bearers in government. We will mention a few of them giving the annual contributions to the nation's treasury: Liquor, \$250,000,000; tobacco, \$103,000,000; sugar, \$54,000,000; silks, \$15,500,000; diamonds, \$3,837,000; millinery, \$2,479,000; furs, \$2,024,000 and automobiles, \$870,000. We collect \$865,000,000 of internal and custom revenue annually and \$450,000,000 of this amount classifies as luxuries, and to this amount we should add the \$100,000,000 war tax now levied.

The war tax is immediately effective. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! The industries are marching \$100,000,000 strong and beneath the starry flag they will fill the treasury again while they shout, "Hurrah for Uncle Sam!"

Home pride is a mighty valuable asset, and the farmer who has none is carrying a heavy handicap on the road to success.

Work is the salve that heals the wounded heart.

RAILROADS APPEAL TO PRESIDENT

The Common Carriers Ask for Relief—President Wilson Directs Attention of Public to Their Needs.

The committee of railroad executives, headed by Mr. Frank Trumbull, representing thirty-five of the leading railroad systems of the nation, recently presented to President Wilson a memorandum briefly reviewing the difficulties now confronting the railroads of the country and asking for the cooperation of the governmental authorities and the public in supporting railroad credits and recognizing an emergency which requires that the railroads be given additional revenues.

The memorandum recites that the European war has resulted in general depression of business on the American continent and in the dislocation of credits at home and abroad. With revenues decreasing and interest rates increasing the transportation systems of the country face a most serious crisis and the memorandum is a strong presentation of the candle burning at both ends and the perils that must ultimately attend such a conflagration when the flames meet is apparent to all. In their general discussion the railroad representatives say in part: "By reason of legislation and regulation by the federal government and the forty-eight states acting independently of each other, as well as through the action of a strong public opinion, railroad expenses in recent years have vastly increased. No criticism is here made of the general theory of governmental regulation, but on the other hand, no ingenuity can relieve the carriers of expenses created thereby."

President Wilson, in transmitting the memorandum of the railroad presidents to the public, characterizes it as "a lucid statement of plain truth." The president recognizing the emergency as extraordinary, continuing, said in part:

"You ask me to call the attention of the country to the imperative need that railway credits be sustained and the railroads helped in every possible way, whether by private co-operative effort or by the action, wherever feasible of governmental agencies, and I am glad to do so because I think the need very real."

The conference was certainly a fortunate one for the nation and the president is to be congratulated for opening the gate to a new world of effort in which everyone may co-operate.

There are many important problems in our complex civilization that will yield to co-operation which will not lend themselves to arbitrary rulings of commissions and financing railroads is one of them. The man with the money is a factor that cannot be eliminated from any business transaction and the public is an interested party that should always be consulted and happily the president has invited all to participate in the solution of our railroad problems.

MARKETING WORLD'S GREATEST PROBLEM

WE ARE LONG ON PRODUCTION, SHORT ON DISTRIBUTION.

By Peter Radford
Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

The economic distribution of farm products is today the world's greatest problem and the war, while it has brought its hardships, has clearly emphasized the importance of distribution as a factor in American agriculture and promises to give the farmers the co-operation of the government and the business men the solution of their marketing problem.

This result will, in a measure, compensate us for our war losses, for the business interests and government have been in the main assisting almost exclusively on the production side of agriculture. While the department of agriculture has been dumping tons of literature on the farmer telling him how to produce, the farmer has been dumping tons of products in the nation's garbage can for want of a market.

The World Will Never Starve.

At no time since Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden have the inhabitants of this world suffered from lack of production, but some people have gone hungry from the day of creation to this good hour for the lack of proper distribution. Slight variations in production have forced a change in diet and one locality has felt the pinch of want, while another surfeited, but the world as a

whole has ever been a land of plenty. We now have less than one-tenth of the tillable land of the earth's surface under cultivation, and we not only have this surplus area to draw on but it is safe to estimate that in case of dire necessity one-half the earth's population could at the present time knock their living out of the trees of the forest, gather it from wild vines and draw it from streams. No one should become alarmed; the world will never starve.

The consumer has always feared that the producer would not supply him and his fright has found expression on the statute books of our states and nations and the farmer has been urged to produce recklessly and without reference to a market, and regardless of the demands of the consumer.

Back to the Soil.

The city people have been urging each other to move back to the farm, but very few of them have moved. We welcome our city cousins back to the soil and this earth's surface contains 16,092,160,000 idle acres of tillable land where they can make a living by tilling the earth with a forked stick, but we do not need them so far as increasing production is concerned; we now have all the producers we can use. The city man has very erroneous ideas of agricultural conditions. The commonly accepted theory that we are short on production is all wrong. Our annual increase in production far exceeds that of our increase in population.

The World as a Farm.

Taking the world as one big farm, we find two billion acres of land in cultivation. Of this amount there is approximately 750,000,000 acres on the western and 1,260,000,000 acres on the eastern hemisphere, in cultivation. This estimate, of course, does not include grazing lands, forests, etc., where large quantities of meat are produced.

The world's annual crop approximates fifteen billion bushels of cereals, thirteen billion pounds of fiber and sixty-five million tons of meat.

The average annual world crop for the past five years, compared with the previous five years, is as follows:

Crop—	Decade.	Decade.
Corn (Bu.)	3,934,174,000	3,403,655,000
Wheat (Bu.)	3,522,769,000	3,257,526,000
Oats (Bu.)	4,120,017,000	3,508,315,000
Cotton (Bales)	19,863,800	17,541,200

The world shows an average increase in cereal production of 13 per cent during the past decade, compared with the previous five years, while the world's population shows an increase of only three per cent.

The gain in production far exceeds that of our increase in population, and it is safe to estimate that the farmer can easily increase production 25 per cent if a remunerative market can be found for the products. In textile fibers the world shows an increase during the past half decade in production of 15 per cent against a population increase of three per cent.

The people of this nation should address themselves to the subject of improved facilities for distribution.

Over-production and crop mortgage force the farmers into ruinous competition with each other. The remedy lies in organization and in co-operation in marketing.

Have your old suits made new and new ones made too, by Landers and Bridges.

Everybody who reads magazines buys newspapers, but everybody who reads newspapers doesn't buy magazines. Catch the Drift? Here's the medium to reach the people of this community.

IS YOUR BLOOD RICH?
Peer Blood is the indirect cause of much winter sickness—it allows chills, invites colds and sickness. Nourishment alone makes blood—not drugs or liquor—and the nourishing food in Scott's Emulsion charges summer blood with winter richness and increases the red corpuscles. Its Cod Liver Oil warms the body, fortifies the lungs, and alleviates rheumatic tendencies. YOUR DRUGGIST HAS IT.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

COAL BILL
CUTTING YOUR COAL BILL in half by lessening your supply is false economy. A case of pneumonia or rheumatism would cost you many times the price of a good supply. If your supply is light better have us fill up your bin with good clean coal. It's cheaper to buy coal by the ton than medicine by the ounce. CONNALLY COAL COMPANY

STILL EATING?
Good! We are still selling Groceries—The best groceries in town for the money—and are selling a lot of them. If you are a customer we can hold your trade without advertising. Our groceries and the service we give will do that. If you are not a customer you ought to be, and we want you to be one, for it is to your benefit. Just ask any of our customers—they will tell you—then come yourself, and you will be happy and so will we. ...C. V. HARRIS...

HUMPHREY & SLEDGE
HARDWARE
Agents for Eclipse and Daisy WINDMILLS
None better were ever made.

No. 6187
The First National Bank OF PORTALES
Capital, Surplus and Undivided profits \$80,000
A CONVENIENT METHOD
Of paying current expenses is to maintain a checking account with the First National bank and drawing checks for your bills. We invite checking accounts in any amount and render prompt, efficient and painstaking service.
The First National Bank ...of...
Portales, .. New Mexico
C. O. LEACH, Pres., P. E. JORDAN, V. Pres. W. O. OLDHAM, Cashier, A. W. FREEMAN, Ass't. Cashier.

WHY GROW OLD?
We carry Everything You need to preserve that youthful appearance in old age. PURE DRUGS PRODUCE QUICK RESULTS
GET THEM HERE
EGBERT WOOD, Proprietor
Successor to PORTALES DRUG Co.

The Portales Lumber Company
FOR ALL KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIALS
G. W. Carr, . . . Manager.
ATTENTION FARMERS
Highest CASH Price Paid for Cream and other Country Produce
L. M. WINTER, Central Hotel, Elida, N. M.

J. L. Fernandes
Appreciates your Blacksmithing, Auto and Machine Repairing. W. E. Hudson Auto Man
J. L. Fernandes
OF COURSE—WHY NOT? "Will good times ever return?" inquired a pessimist in speculating on his Christmas expenditures. Of course they will! Why not? Here's the why of the will: 1. There is just as much money in the country now as there ever was. 2. The farmers have just harvested one of the biggest crops in history and are selling at good prices. 3. Federal reserve banks have been opened and millions of dollars of new money will be placed at the disposal of the banks of the country. 4. The banks in turn will have plenty of money to loan to big manufacturing and other industries for operating capital. 5. These concerns in their turn will start the wheels of commerce to revolving and millions of unemployed men and women will return to work. 6. Foreign governments are placing heavy orders for their war supplies in prosecuting their war. 7. Other orders for American goods are pouring in from all parts of the world. 8. The financial situation has lifted, congress has adjourned, and manufacturing industries are opening up again on an extensive scale, many of them even employing in employees who were laid off weeks ago. Yes, you can dig down and find that Christmas money without fear of where the next dollar is coming from. It is on the way—and hitting high places.

Agents for Eclipse and Daisy WINDMILLS
None better were ever made.

HUMPHREY & SLEDGE
HARDWARE

Agents for Eclipse and Daisy WINDMILLS
None better were ever made.

A CHECK BOOK

Increase your standing in your community

It broadens your influence, widens the scope of your usefulness and stamps you with success.

Commence the forward movement today. Open an account with us, no matter how small beginning.

Portales Bank & Trust Co.

CAR OF HEAP GOOD FLOUR

And Feed Has Just Been Unloaded With Us.

PRICES RIGHT

When In Town Come In And See Us

STRICKLAND AND BLAND
OLD RACKET STORE

INSURANCE SERVICE

"It's Right if We Write It"

Do You know what this means? It means the correct writing of your Policies in Companies that pay their losses fairly and promptly. This is part of the Service we give those who insure with us. It will pay you to get

OUR INSURANCE SERVICE

BRALEY and BALL

"We know How"

Portales, : New Mexico

HONEST WORK

General Blacksmithing and Repair Shop...First Class Horse Shoeing in Connection...Carriage and Wagon Material Sold Right.

R. W. MOORE

Kohl's Garage and Repair Shop

WE Have a supply of Fisk Redtop and Firestone Casings and Inner Tubes. Also Agents for the Leading Brands of casings and inner tubes

Gasoline, oil and supplies will be sold as cheap as possible, but for cash ONLY

Should you need our service remember our telephone number is 45 and you will find us ready to accommodate you at all times.



Cars stored by the month at a reasonable price.

LOUIE KOHL PROPRIETOR

The Herald-Times has some reels post maps that retail at 50 cents each that we are giving in each years subscriptions, only have a limited number you had better see that you have one of these in your home.

Notice for Publication. Department of the Interior, U. S. land office at Fort Sumner, N. M., November 13, 1914. Notice is hereby given that Thomas H. Sisson of Langton, N. M., who on Nov. 22, 1911 made homestead entry Serial No. 6719 for NW 1/4 section 19 township 1 North Range 20 East N. M. P. Meridian has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before J. C. Compton, probate judge, Roosevelt county, N. M., at the office of Portales, N. M. on the 15th day of January, 1915. Claimant names as witnesses: John H. Price, of Portales, N. M.; Bruce J. Purvis, William B. Purvis, George L. Hunt, all of Langton, N. M.

PARIS PRESERVES ITS TREES

To Kill or Even Harm One in a Serious Offense in the French Capital.

To kill a tree is a serious offense in the strict enforcement of the principle of Paris. Its trees are the city's crowning glory. To maim, much more to kill a thriving tree, is a serious offense. Nor is this indulgent treatment of plants merely negative. It is not enough that they should be guarded when they begin to make a contribution to the city's beauty. The city anticipates the service each is to perform. It sees to its planting; it nurtures it in its infancy and through all the stages of its development.

A municipal nursery is maintained where expert care and attention are given young trees. The forestry department of the city government is as well organized as the public health or the street cleaning department, and the men employed in it are carefully selected.

From the time it is set out in a public street or square each tree bears a distinct identity of its own, and is the special charge of an expert gardener. Men who tend the trees have regular routes like lamp-lighters or policemen. When a tree becomes so large that it interferes with the growth of a neighbor, it is transplanted.

CORRECT WAY TO BUY TREES

They Should Be Very Carefully Inspected and Purchased From Reliable Nurserymen.

Trees should be bought just as paintings are purchased. You should delegate yourself or some one who knows something about what you should plant to carefully inspect the plants in the nursery to see that the trees are properly grown, and in good form, trimmed up to a height of six or seven feet, typical of the variety, true to type and free of insects and fungus diseases. When delivered the trees should have a well developed, fibrous root system and be free from mutilation.

In planting trees do not bury more than six inches deeper than the former depth at which the tree stood. If secured with the ball of earth, dig the roots or secured to them by a canvas wrapping, dig the hole a foot wider all around than the diameter of the ball or roots and each and a foot deeper than its depth. Scatter fertilizer in the bottom of this pit and mingle fertilizer with the loose soil with which you will fill in the hole. Place the tree properly upright, supporting it with three braces. Then pack in the earth gently. Do not pack too tight, in order to give the roots a chance to go through this rich soil easily.

If the roots of your tree are bare of earth handle them very carefully. Dig a shallow, wide hole as wide as the greatest diameter of the roots, and then place your tree in the center of this hole. Drive a substantial stake firmly into the ground alongside the tree trunk, being careful not to bruise or sever any of the big or small roots in doing this. Fasten the tree to stake with soft cord or a bandage of some old goods. Then carefully fill in the hole by hand with well fertilized soil. Pack it gently with your fingers around the roots, carefully cutting off any bruised or broken to a uniform circle. This insures growth of the tree.

See that the soil is sifted into all the crevices between the roots and press down gently until the process is complete, when you can fill in with a spade. This preliminary work must be done carefully, as it means so much to the tree. Be sure you do not bend the roots back toward the trunk. Pack the soil down at the top and water well.

An aviator in Long Island, who was arrested for speeding, is going to try to court for his trial. With this precedent established, all motoring aviators will be arrested on sight in hopes of affording the curious public a free exhibition.

Scientists at the University of Wisconsin are telling terrible tales about the microbes in kisses. Who invented kisses, anyway? He ought to be fined.

If sporting cartoonists have any sense of gratitude, they will erect a monument to the benefactor who invented the test about the office boy and his dying grandmother.

A man electrocuted in Kentucky joked as he was placed in the chair. This might be described as shocking levity.

Now a tramp comet has been discovered. As if we did not have trouble enough coming along with the gentlemanly kind!

If you don't like your mother-in-law around the house, throw her out! A Michigan judge says you have a perfect right to do so.

A Hungarian woman has left a million-dollar estate to a lap dog and a dog that can't be happy with a million bones is no good.

The Herald \$1.00 a year and worth it.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. land office at Fort Sumner, N. M., Oct. 21, 1914. Notice is hereby given that Frank Campbell, of Upton, N. M., who on October 1, 1911, made homestead entry Serial No. 6263 for north half SW quarter and north half SW quarter section 4, township 2 south range 21 east N. M. P. Meridian has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before C. A. Coffey, United States Commissioner at his office, at Upton, N. M., on the 28th day of November, 1914. Claimant names as witnesses: Oliver Gore, Emmett Gore, Albert B. Crass, Joseph R. Hartsell, all of Upton, N. M.; C. C. Henry, Register.

THE PLAINVIEW NURSERY.

Plainview Nursery has the largest and best stock they have ever had, propagated from varieties that have been tested and do the best, perfectly free from any disease. We make a specialty in propagating varieties that seldom get killed by late frosts. Prizes winning maize and Sudan grass seed for sale. Prices on application. Agents wanted to sell on commission. Address the Plainview Nursery, Plainview, Texas. adv

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. land office at Fort Sumner, N. M., November 13, 1914. Notice is hereby given that A. Anna Foster, of Floyd, N. M., who on Aug. 17, 1911, made homestead entry Serial No. 6779, for NE quarter section 32, Township 1 S. Range 25 E. N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before W. E. Lindsey, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Portales, N. M., on the 4th day of February 1915. Claimant names as witnesses: James F. Nash, Vernon B. Richman, James E. Spear, John W. Spear, all of Floyd, N. M.; C. C. Henry, Register.

YOU ARE NEXT

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

The Sanitary Barber Shop

HARDY BUILDING

City Transfer

R. S. ADAMS Proprietor

For Quick Deliveries Face To Face

DR. W. E. PATTERSON

Physician and Surgeon Phone 672 rines Office in Neer's Drug Store

JAMES F. GARMAN

Physician and Surgeon Office in Howard Block, Portales, New Mexico.

DR. E. T. DUNAWAY

Physician and Surgeon Office at Portales Drug Company Office Phone 1. Residence No. 4

Office hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

L. R. HOUGH

DENTIST Office in Reese Building

A. N. FREEMAN

JEWELER

Portales, N. M.

Washington E. Lindsey

Attorney-At-Law Notary Public United States Commissioner Final Proof and Homestead Applications PORTALES, NEW MEXICO

T. E. MEARS

LAWYER Will practice in all Courts, Territorial and Federal Portales, New Mexico

MONUMENTS

of Georgia Marble and Colorado Black Granite HUMPHELY & SLEDGE

BURL JOHNSON,

Auctioneer. See me at assessors office Rates and Dates. PORTALES, N. M.

G. L. REESE

Attorney-At-Law Practice in all Courts. Office in Reese building PORTALES, NEW MEXICO

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. land office at Fort Sumner, N. M., Oct. 21, 1914. Notice is hereby given that Edgar A. Russell, of Archa, N. M., who on February 1, 1911 made homestead entry Serial No. 6233 for E 1/2 NW 1/4 section 21, and S 1/2 NW 1/4 section 22, Township 2 south, Range 21 east on Dec. 21, 1914 made additional homestead entry Serial No. 6122 for E 1/2 NW 1/4 and W 1/2 NW 1/4 section 21, Township 2 south, Range 21 east N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before W. E. Lindsey, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Portales, N. M., on the 28th day of November 1914. Claimant names as witnesses: Lloyd Hower, George Lott, both of Archa, N. M.; Ova Brown, both of Archa, N. M.

CENTS AT WORK

Everybody reads this column. Here you will find "special bargains" advertised. Watch for them each week. It will pay you. This column will be the "clearing house" especially for our readers of the rural districts. Look about your place, see what you have that you want to dispose of and advertise it in this column, for sale or trade for the small sum of one cent a word. Try this column for results. From 4000 to 5000 people will read your advertisement every week.

See me for fresh cows and Jersey butter—L. W. Carleton.

To Trade—Good all purpose horse for a mare. J. H. Shepard. tf

We have recently printed some blank land leases which are for sale at this office.

Wall paper, a' prices at Dobbs.

FOR RENT—Residence, close in, apply at Herald-Times office.

Just received, 4400 rolls of wall paper, at Dobbs.

FOR SALE—Fresh milk cows, Harley Thompson, Portales, New Mexico. 48-11

For Sale—Cheap, two lots adjoining school block Portales, or will trade for cows or horses. J. C. Clark, Ingram, New Mexico. 49-1

For Trade—J. I. Case later in good repair; for buggy, back, wagon or feed. G. L. Hatcher, Upton, N. M. 40-4

Wanted—Farm loans in Eastern New Mexico; write for full particulars. Farm loans made everywhere. E. A. Marshall, Claim and Security Agency, Lawrence, Okla. 40-4

Cash For Grain—The C. B. Cozart Grain company will buy all your threshed grain and pay the spot cash for it. Commencing Monday, December 7, Highest market price. Phone 145, office at the Old Serris wagon yard. W. S. Odell, Manager. 50-1

Notice to cow owners: Thoroughbred Jersey bull. Service, two dollars. Cows called for in town and returned one dollar extra. J. A. Fairly. 50-4

For Sale or Trade—Late model Oliver typewriter. Prefer buggy. Call at this office. 50-4

For Sale—Sweet potatoes, 400 lbs for five dollars. Mrs. W. E. Lindsey 50-1

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. land office at Fort Sumner, N. M., Nov. 13, 1914. Notice is hereby given that Andrew F. McPhu, of Upton, N. M., who on Nov. 8, 1909 made homestead entry Serial No. 6259, for S 1/2 SW 1/4 Sec 36, Twp 1 South, Range 31, East, New Mexico Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before C. A. Coffey, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Upton, N. M., on the 4th day of January 1915. Claimant names as witnesses: William C. Coffey, Oliver Gore, John T. Hulen, all of Upton, N. M.; C. C. Henry, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. land office at Fort Sumner, N. M., Nov. 13, 1914. Notice is hereby given that James H. Doyal of Portales, N. M., who on Dec. 18, 1911, made homestead entry Serial No. 6959 for SW 1/4 Section 19, Twp 35, Range 34 E and SE 1/4 Sec 24, Township 3 south, Range 34 E, N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before W. E. Lindsey, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Portales, N. M., on the 28th day of December 1914. Claimant names as witnesses: Arthur McFall, Pinkney H. Morris, both of Red Lake, N. M.; William L. Doyal, John E. Deen, both of Portales, N. M.; C. C. Henry, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. land office at Fort Sumner, N. M., Nov. 13, 1914. Notice is hereby given that James H. Little of Canby, N. M., who on November 10, 1911 made homestead entry Serial No. 6911 for W 1/2 Sec 15, Township 3 south, Range 35 E, N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Will A. Palmer, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Canby, N. M., on the 22nd day of December, 1914. Claimant names as witnesses: Edger F. Noe, Albert G. Blaker, George W. Jones, Wesley E. Hunt, all of Canby, N. M.; C. C. Henry Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. land office at Fort Sumner, N. M., Nov. 13, 1914. Notice is hereby given that James H. Little of Canby, N. M., who on November 10, 1911 made homestead entry Serial No. 6911 for W 1/2 Sec 15, Township 3 south, Range 35 E, N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Will A. Palmer, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Canby, N. M., on the 22nd day of December, 1914. Claimant names as witnesses: Edger F. Noe, Albert G. Blaker, George W. Jones, Wesley E. Hunt, all of Canby, N. M.; C. C. Henry Register.

LOOK OUT FOR THE CARS

DO YOU know of anyone who is old enough to read, who has not seen that sign at a railroad crossing?

If everyone has seen it at some time or other, then why doesn't the railroad let the sign rot away? Why does the railroad company continue to keep those signs at every crossing?

Maybe you think, Mr. Merchant, "Most everybody knows my store, I don't have to advertise."

Your store and your goods need more advertising than the railroad needs to warn people to "Look Out for the Cars."

Nothing is ever completed in the advertising world.

The Department Stores are a very good example—they are continually advertising—and they are continually doing a good business.

If it pays to run a few ads round about Christmas time, it certainly will pay you to run advertisements about all the time.

It's just business, that's all, to ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER

See W. H. C. Smith in the Sanders building for shoe repairing.

The Herald \$1.00 a year and worth it.

H. C. M'CALLUM

For any and all kinds of hauling Telephone 104 and he will be right around.

Portales, .. New Mexico

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE.

Whereas, on the 12th day of September, 1914, in cause numbered 971 pending in the District Court of the 4th Judicial District of the State of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt county, wherein Mrs. D. R. Martin is plaintiff and Richard B. Hawkins is defendant, the plaintiff recovered a judgment and decree upon a promissory note and mortgage executed and delivered by said defendant to the plaintiff, for the sum of \$459.88, and in said decree plaintiff's said mortgage, given for the Security of said sum, was foreclosed upon the following described real estate, to-wit:

The Northeast quarter of Section Seven in Township Two South of Range Thirty-four East of the New Mexico Meridian, New Mexico; that said judgment and decree at the date of the sale hereinafter mentioned will amount to the sum of \$475.20; with all costs of suit; and:

Whereas, in said decree the undersigned, T. J. Molinari, was appointed Special Commissioner, and directed by the court to advertise and sell said property according to law, and to apply the proceeds of such sale to the satisfaction of plaintiff's said judgment and costs of suit;

Therefore, by virtue of said judgment and decree and the power vested in me as Special Commissioner, I will on the 22nd day of December, 1914, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. at the Northeast front door of the Court House in the town of Portales, New Mexico, sell said described real estate at public vendue, to the highest bidder, for cash, for the purposes aforesaid.

Witness my hand this the 23rd day of November, 1914.

T. J. MOLINARI, Special Commissioner.

Dr. D. D. Swearingin, of the firm of Presley and Swearingin, eye ear and nose specialists of Roswell, New Mexico will be in Portales, at Neer's Drug Store 20-21 22 of each month.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. land office at Fort Sumner, N. M., November 13, 1914. Notice is hereby given that James H. Doyal of Portales, N. M., who on Dec. 18, 1911, made homestead entry Serial No. 6959 for SW 1/4 Section 19, Twp 35, Range 34 E and SE 1/4 Sec 24, Township 3 south, Range 34 E, N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before W. E. Lindsey, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Portales, N. M., on the 28th day of December 1914. Claimant names as witnesses: Arthur McFall, Pinkney H. Morris, both of Red Lake, N. M.; William L. Doyal, John E. Deen, both of Portales, N. M.; C. C. Henry, Register.

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Department of the Interior, U. S. land office at Fort Sumner, N. M., Nov. 13, 1914. Notice is hereby given that James H. Little of Canby, N. M., who on November 10, 1911 made homestead entry Serial No. 6911 for W 1/2 Sec 15, Township 3 south, Range 35 E, N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Will A. Palmer, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Canby, N. M., on the 22nd day of December, 1914. Claimant names as witnesses: Edger F. Noe, Albert G. Blaker, George W. Jones, Wesley E. Hunt, all of Canby, N. M.; C. C. Henry Register.

The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated by Pictures from the Moving Picture Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.

SYNOPSIS.

Kathlyn Hare, believing her father, Col. Hare, is perishing, has summoned her, leaving her home in California to go to him in Allahabad, India. Umballa, pretender to the throne, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir. Arriving in Allahabad, Kathlyn is informed by Umballa that her father is dead, she is to be queen, and must marry him. She refuses and is informed by the priests that no woman can rule unmaried. She is given seven days to think it over. She still refuses, and is told that she must undergo two ordeals with wild beasts. If she survives she will be permitted to rule. John Bruce, an American, saves her life. The elephant which carries her from the scene of her trials runs away, separating her from Bruce and the rest of the party. She takes refuge in a ruined temple, but this haven is the abode of a lion and she is forced to flee from it. She finds a retreat in the hands of slave traders. Kathlyn is brought to the public mart in Allahabad and sold to Umballa, who finding her still unsubmitive, throws her into the dungeon with her father. She is rescued by Bruce and his friends. Col. Hare is also rescued. Umballa, with soldiers, starts in pursuit. Kathlyn is struck by a bullet. The fugitives are given shelter in the palace of Balu Khan. Supplied with camels by the hospitable prince, they start for the coast, but are captured by the bandits. Umballa makes the colonel a prisoner and orders Bruce and Kathlyn killed. The bandits quarrel over the money paid them by Umballa and during the confusion Kathlyn and Bruce escape and return to Allahabad. They concoct a plan to rescue the colonel. The colonel is nominally king, but really a prisoner. Kathlyn gains access to the palace in disguise, and her rescue plans are succeeding when the treasury is looted. During the panic Ramabai and Bruce rescue Kathlyn and her father, and the party steals away from Allahabad.

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

"There is a village not far," reminded Ahmed. "They are a friendly people. It is quite possible, with the money we have, to buy some horses, small but sturdy. But there is one thing I do not understand, sahib."

"And what is that?" asked the colonel.

"The readiness with which Umballa gave up the pursuit. It's a long walk; let us be getting forward."

Late that afternoon they were all mounted once more, on strong, tractable ponies, with water and provisions. And the spirits of all rose accordingly. Even Ahmed became cheerful.

"We'll make it, please God!" said the colonel. "Give me a telegraph office. That's all I need just now."

"Two days, sahib," said Ahmed, "we will reach the sea."

They rode all through the night, stopping only at dawn for breakfast and a cat nap after. Then forward again till they came upon a hunter's rest house, deserted. Here they agreed to spend the night. Beyond the rest house were half a dozen scattered mud huts, occupied by natives who pretended friendliness, hugging even the keen Ahmed into a sense of security. But at dawn, when they awoke cheerfully to pick up the trail, they found their horses and provisions gone.

The colonel, Bruce and Ahmed, still armed, never having permitted the rifles out of their keeping, set out grimly in pursuit of the thieves, while Kathlyn proceeded to forage on her own initiative.

She came presently upon a magnificent ravine, half a mile in depth. There was a broad ledge some fifteen feet below. It was evidently used as a goat path, for near at hand stood a shepherd's hut. Stirred by the spirit of investigation, she made preparations for descent by attaching the rope she had brought along to a stout boulder.

Panthers! They were coming up the pathway behind her. It would be simple enough to descend; but how to get back to the rest house? There was no time to plan; she must act at once. She must drop down to the ledge and trust to her star.

She called out loudly as she swung downward. The shepherd came running out of his hut, dumfounded at what he saw.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Coronation of Winnie. With the assistance of the shepherd Kathlyn went down the rope agilely and safely. Once firmly on her feet, she turned to thank the wild-eyed hillman. But her best Hindustani (and she was able to speak and understand quite a little by now) fell on ears which heard but did not sense what she said. The man, mild and harmless enough, for all his wild eyes, shrank back, for no woman of his kind had ever looked like this. Kathlyn, with a deal of foreboding, repeated the phrase and asked the way back to the hunter's rest house. He shook his head; he understood nothing.

But there is one language which is universal of the world over, and that is sign language. Kathlyn quickly stooped and drew in the rust the shape of the rest house. Then she pointed in the direction from whence she had come. He smiled and nodded excitedly. He understood now. Next, being unarmed, she felt the need of some sort of weapon. So she drew the shape of a rifle in the dust, then produced four rupees, all she had. The shepherd gurgled delightedly, ran into the hut and returned with a rifle of modern make and a belt of cartridges.

With a gesture he signified that it was useless to him because he did not know how to use it.

He took the rupees and Kathlyn took the rifle, vaguely wondering how it came into the possession of this poverty stricken hillman. Of one thing she was certain; it had become his either through violence of his own or of others. She examined the breach and found a dead shell, which she cast out. The rifle carried six cartridges, and she loaded skillfully, much to the astonishment of the hillman. Then she swung the butt to her shoulder and fired up at the ledge where the panthers had last been seen.

The hillman cried out in alarm and scuttled away to his hut. When he peered forth again Kathlyn made a friendly gesture and he approached timidly. Once more she pointed to the dust, at the picture of the rest house; and then, by many stabs of his finger



Winnie's Dark, Proud Face Showed No Terror.

in the air, he succeeded in making the way back sufficiently clear to Kathlyn, who smiled, shouldered the rifle and strode confidently down the winding path; but also she was alert and watchful.

There was not a bit of rust on the rifle, and the fact that one bullet had sped smoothly convinced her that the weapon was serviceable. Some careful hunter had once possessed it, for it was abundantly oiled. To whom had it belonged? It was of German make; but that signified nothing. It might have belonged to an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a Russian; more likely the latter, since this was one of the localities where they crossed and recrossed with their note books to be utilized against that day when the Bear dropped down from the north and tackled the Lion.

Kathlyn had to go down to the very bottom of the ravine. She must follow the goat path, no matter where it wound, for this ultimately would lead her to the rest house. As she started up the final incline, through the cedars and pines, she heard the bark of the wolf, the red wolf who hunted in packs of twenty or thirty, in reality far more menacing than a tiger or a panther, since no hunter could kill a whole pack.

To this wolf, when hunting his kill, the tiger gave wide berth; the bear took to his cave, and all fleet footed things of the jungles fled in panic.

Kathlyn climbed as rapidly as she could. She dared not mount a tree, for the red wolf would outwit her. She must go on. The bark, or yelp, had been a signal, but now there came to her ears the long howl. She had heard it often in the great forests at home. It was the call of the pack that there was to be a kill. She might shoot half a dozen of them, and the living rend the dead, but the main pack would follow on and overtake her.

She swung on upward, catching a sapling here, a limb there, pulling herself over hard bits of going. Once she turned and fired a chance shot in the direction of the howling. Far away came the roar of one of the mountain lions; and the pack of red wolves became suddenly and magically silent. Kathlyn made good use of this interval. But presently the pack raised its howl again, and she knew that the grim struggle was about to begin.

She reached the door of the rest house just as the pack, a large one, came into view, heads down, tails streaming. Pundita, who was at the fire preparing the noon meal, setted Kathlyn by the arm and hurried her into the house, barricading the door. The wolves, arriving, flung themselves against it savagely. But the door was stout, and only a battering ram in human hands could have made it yield.

Unfortunately, there was no knowing when the men folk would return from their chase of the horses, nor how long the wolves would lay siege. The two women tried shooting, though Pundita was the veriest tyro, being more frightened at the weapon in her

hands than at the howling animals outside. They did little or no damage to the wolves, for the available cracks were not at sufficiently good angles. An hour went by. Kathlyn could hear the wolves as they crowded against the door, sniffing the sill.

The colonel, Bruce, Ramabai and Ahmed had found the horses half a dozen miles away; and they had thrashed the thieving natives soundly and instilled the right kind of fear in their breasts. At rifle point they had forced the natives back to the rest house. The crack of their rifles soon announced to Kathlyn that the dread of wolves was a thing of the past. She wisely refrained from recounting her experiences. The men had worry enough.

After a hasty meal the journey toward the seaport began in earnest. Umballa's attack had thrown them far out of the regular track. They were now compelled to make a wide detour. Where the journey might have been made in three days, they would be lucky now if they reached the sea under five. The men took turns in standing watch whenever they made camp, and Kathlyn and Pundita had no time for idleness. They had learned their lessons; no more carelessness, nothing but the sharpest vigilance from now on.

One day, as the pony caravan made a turn round a ragged promontory, they suddenly paused. Perhaps twenty miles to the west lay the emerald tinted Persian gulf. The colonel slipped off his horse, dragged Kathlyn from hers, and began to execute a hornpipe. He was like a boy.

"The sea, Kith, the sea! Home and Winnie! You will come along with us, Bruce?"

"I haven't anything else to do," Bruce smiled back.

Then he gazed at Kathlyn, who found herself suddenly filled with strange embarrassment. In times of danger sham and subterfuge have no place. Heretofore she had met Bruce as a man, to whom a glance from her eyes had told her secret. Now that the door to civilization lay but a few miles away the old conventions dropped their obscuring mantles over her and she felt ashamed. And there was not a little doubt. Perhaps she had mistaken the look in his eyes, back there in the desert, back in the first day when they had fled together from the ordeals. And yet . . .

On his part, Bruce did not particularly welcome the sea. There might be another man somewhere. No woman as so beautiful as Kathlyn could possibly be without suitors. And when the journey down to the sea was resumed he became taciturn and moody, and Kathlyn's heart correspondingly heavy.

The colonel was quite oblivious to this change. He swung his legs free of the primitive stirrups and whistled the airs which had been popular in America at the time of his departure.

There was no lightness in the expressions of Ramabai and Pundita. They were about to lose these white people forever, and they had grown to love, nay, worship them. More, they must return to face their knew not what.

As for Ahmed, he displayed his orientalism by appearing unconcerned. He had made up his mind not to return to America with his master. There was much to do in Allahabad, and the spirit of intrigue had laid firm hold of him. He wanted to be near at hand when Ramabai struck his blow. He would break the news to the Colonel Sahib before they sailed.

It was four o'clock when the caravan entered the little seaport town. A few tramp steamers lay anchored in the offing. A British flag drooped from the stern of one of them. This meant Bombay, and Bombay, in turn, meant Suez, the Mediterranean, and the broad Atlantic.

The air was still and hot, for the Indian summer was now beginning to lay its burning hand upon this great peninsula. The pale dust, the white stucco of the buildings, blinded the eye.

They proceeded at once to the single hotel, where they found plenty of accommodation. Then the colonel hurried off to the cable office and wired Winnie. Next he ascertained that the British ship Simla would weigh anchor the following evening for Bombay; that there they could pick up the Delhi, bound for England. There was nothing further to do but wait for the answer to the colonel's cable to Winnie, which would arrive somewhere about noon of the next day.

And that answer struck the hearts of all of them with the coldness of death. Umballa had beaten them. Winnie had sailed weeks ago for Allahabad in search of father and sister!

Ahmed spat out his betel nut and squared his shoulders. Somehow he had rather expected something like this. The reason for Umballa's half-hearted pursuit stood forth clearly.

"Sahib, it is fate," he said. "We must return at once to Allahabad. The curse of that old guru sticks like the blood leeches of the Bengal swamps. But as you have faith in your guru, I have faith in mine. Not a hair of our heads shall be harmed."

"I am a very miserable man, Ahmed! God has forsaken me!" The colonel spoke with stoic calm; he was more like the man Ahmed had formerly known.

"No, Allah has not forsaken; he has forgotten us for a time." And Ahmed strode out to make the arrangements for the return.

"Bruce," said the colonel, "It is time for you to leave us. You are a man. You have stood by us through thick and thin. I cannot ask you to share any of the dangers which now confront

us, perhaps more sinister than any we have yet known."

"Don't you want me?" asked Bruce quietly.

Kathlyn had gone to her room to hide her tears.

"Want you! But no!" The colonel wrung the young man's hand and turned to go back to Kathlyn.

"Wait a moment, colonel. Supposing I wanted to go, what then? Supposing I should say to you what I dare not yet say to your daughter, that I love her better than anything else in all this wide world; that it will be happiness to follow wherever she goes . . . even unto death?"

The colonel wheeled. "Bruce, do you mean that?"

"With all my heart, sir. But please say nothing to Kathlyn till this affair ends, one way or the other. She might be stirred by a sense of gratitude, and later regret it. When we get out of this—and I rather believe in the prophecy of Ahmed's guru or fakir—then I'll speak. I have always been rather a lonely man. There's been no real good reason. I have always desired to be loved for my own sake, and not for the money I have."

"Money?" repeated the colonel. Never had he in any way associated this healthy young hunter with money. Did he not make a business of trapping and selling wild animals, like himself? "Money! I did not know that you had any, Bruce."

"I am the son of Roger Bruce."

"What! The man who owned nearly all of Peru and half the railroads in South America?"

"Yes. You see, colonel, we are something alike. We never ask questions. It would have been far better if we had. Because I did not question Kathlyn when I first met her I feel half to blame for her misfortunes. I should have told her all about Allahabad and warned her to keep out of it. I should have advised her to send native investigators, she to remain in Peshawar till she learned the truth. But the name of Hare suggested nothing to me, not till after I had left her at Singapore. So I shall go back with you. But please let Kathlyn continue to think of me as a man who earns his own living."

"God bless you, my boy! You have put a new backbone in me. It's hard not to have a white man to talk to, to plan with. Ahmed expects that we shall be ready for the return in the morning. He, however, intends to go back on a racing camel, to go straight to my bungalow, if it isn't destroyed by this time. Perhaps Winnie has not arrived there yet. I trust Ahmed."

"So do I. I have known him for a long time—that is, I thought I did—and during the last few weeks he has been a revelation. Think of his being your headman all these years, and yet steadily working for his raj, the British raj!"

"They can keep secrets."

"Well, we have this satisfaction: when Pundita rules it will be under the protecting hand of England. Now let us try to look at the cheerful side of the business. Think of what that girl has gone through with scarcely a scratch! Can't you read something in that? See how strong and self-reliant she has become under such misfortunes as would have driven mad any ordinary woman! Can't you see light in all this? I tell you, there is good and evil working for and against us, and that Ahmed's fakir will in the end prove stronger than your bally old guru. When I am out of the Orient I laugh at such things, but I can't laugh at them somehow when I'm in India."

"Nor I."

That night Kathlyn signified that she wished to go down to the beach beyond the harbor basin. Bruce accompanied her. Often he caught her staring out at the twinkling lights on board the Simla. By and by they

should you risk your life for people who are almost strangers?"

"Strangers?" He laughed softly. "Has it never occurred to you that the people we grow up with are never really our friends; that real friendship comes only with maturity of the mind? Why, the best man friend I have in this world is a young chap I met but three years ago. It is not the knowing of people that makes friendships. It is the sharing of dangers, of bread in the wilderness; of getting a glimpse of the soul which lies beneath the conventions of the social pact. Would you call me a stranger?"

"O, no!" she cried swiftly. "It is merely that I do not want you to risk your life any further for us. Is there no way I can dissuade you?"

"None that I can think of. I am going back with you. That's settled. Now let us talk of something else. Don't you really want me to go?"

"Ah, that isn't fair," looking out to sea again and following the lights aboard the Simla.

It was mighty hard for him not to sweep her into his arms then and there. But he would never be sure of her till she was free of this country, free of the sense of gratitude, free to weigh her sentiments carefully and unbiasedly. He sat down abruptly on the wreck of an ancient bulb embedded in the sand. She sank down a little way from him.

He began to tell her some of his past exploits; the Amazon, the Orinoco, the Andes, Tibet and China; of the strange flossam and jetsam he had met in his travels. But she sensed only the sound of his voice and the desire to reach out her hand and touch his. Friendship! Bread in the wilderness!

Ahmed was lean and deceptive to the eye. Like many Hindus, he appeared anemic; and yet the burdens the man could put on his back and carry almost indefinitely would have killed many a white man who boasted of his strength. On half a loaf of black bread and a soldier's canteen of water he could travel for two days. He could go without sleep for 48 hours, and when he slept he could sleep anywhere, on the moment.

Filling his saddle bags with three days' rations, two canteens of water, he set off on a mule, or racing camel, for Allahabad, 200 miles inland as the crow flies. It was his intention to ride straight down to the desert and across this to Colonel Hare's camp. If such a thing now existed a dromedary in good condition can make from sixty to eighty miles a day; and the beast Ahmed had engaged was of Arab blood. In four days he expected to reach the camp. If Winnie had not yet arrived, he would take the road, meet her, warn her of the dangers which she was about to face, and convey her to the seaport. If it was too late, he would send the camel back with a trusted messenger to the colonel, to advise him.

They watched him depart in a cloud of dust, and then played the most envying game in existence—that of waiting; for they had decided to wait till they heard from Ahmed before they moved.

Four nights later, when Ahmed arrived at the bungalow, he found conditions as usual. For reasons best known to himself Umballa had not disturbed anything. In fact, he had always had the coming of the younger sister in mind and left the bungalow and camp untouched, so as not to alarm her.

She had not yet arrived. So Ahmed flung himself down upon his cot and, telling the keepers not to disturb him; he would wake himself when the time came. But Ahmed had overrated his powers; he was getting along in years; and it was noon of the next day when a hand shook him by the shoulder and he awoke to witness the arrival of Winnie and her woman companion.

For the first time in many years Ahmed cursed his prophet. He that had had time to warn the child had slept like the sloth of Ceylon!

He went directly to the point. He told her briefly what had happened. He had not the least doubt that Umballa was already aware of her arrival. She must remain hidden in the go-down of the bungalow; her maid also. That night, if Umballa or his men failed to appear, he would lead her off to safety. But there was no hope of stealing away in the daytime. In his heart, however, he entertained no hope; and like the good general he was, he dispatched the messenger and camel to the sea. The father and daughter were fated to return.

Ahmed had reckoned shrewdly. Umballa appeared later in the day and demanded the daughter of Colonel Hare. Backed as he was by numerous soldiers, Ahmed resigned himself to the inevitable. They found Winnie and her maid (whom later they sent to the frontier and abandoned) and took them to the palace.

There was no weeping or wailing or struggling. The dark, proud face of the young girl gave forth no sign of the terror and utter loneliness of her position. And Umballa realized that it was in the blood of these children to be brave and quiet. There was no mercy in his heart. He was powerful because he could reach neither of his desires over their dead bodies.

The grisly and mummy Winnie went through affected her exactly as it had affected her sister. It was all a hideous nightmare, and at any moment she expected to make up in her cozy corner at Enderdale.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bully! Oh, Very Bully! Irish Policeman—If ye want to smoke here ye'll have to either put out yer cigar or go somewhere else.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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OBJECTION PLACED ON

But Young Lady's Idea Was Different From What Corporation Had Feared.

"What pensions, what millions in pensions, this horrible is going to entail," said Major . . . of Boston. He added: "And some of these pensions on longer than they should, some of the pensioners in the age will marry young girls—the pensioner makes a good party, his pension, you know, falls to death to his widow."

"I heard the other day about a Civil war pensioner who proposed to the hired girl next door, a very young girl of twenty or so. But she refused him."

"Perhaps," he stammered, stroking in his embarrassment, "the long and snow-white beard, perhaps, was a bit old."

"No," said the pretty little girl, "no, corporal, you're young."

Heredity. "That gambler's son is a city of old blood."

"I see. A poker chip."

Rub It On and Rub It In. For lame back and soreness, and strains, sore throat and stiff joints, you must rub on and rub in Hamford's Balsam of Myrtle. Remember that one good application is better than several light ones.

Like Sensible Women. Montague Glass, the author of "Mutter and Potash," says that he would not marry a woman who did not have sense enough to wait for rights for her sex. He has a wife, needless to say, comes up to expectations of what a sensible woman should be.

Unromantic Times. "Old Ironsides was the theme of a great patriotic poem."

"Yes; that was a famous ship. The loss of the Royal George inspired a noble poem."

"Quite true. Great battleships have had their names preserved in many famous poems."

"No doubt. But what are you getting at?"

"Just this: You can't write a poem about a boat labeled 'H-14.'"

Litany for Week-Days. From elderly ladies with sore throats, toothache, corns and blisters, from boiled potatoes, peas and the military "experts" of all persuasions; and from all females more than twenty-three or less than thirty years old; and from persons who know the exact difference between "who" and "whom" and so on, to tell it; and from provincial graphers, who imitate Franklin Adams; and from old and bad tails under new and seductive covers; from gilt chairs; and from men with loose hair—good Lord, do us!—Owen Hatters, in Smart Set.

Cub's Faux Pas. This may be a base libel on the noble profession, but it is told by a man who perpetrated the faux pas. He was a reporter for a Baltimore paper—or had been one for about an hour, this being his first experience newspaper work—when the city editor sent him out to see Cardinal Gibbons. The "cub" rushed down to the white house where the venerable late lives, says the Philadelphia Evening Ledger, and rang the bell. A servant opened the door.

"Is the cardinal at home?" asked the reporter.

"No, sir."

"Oh, Mrs. Gibbons will do," related the "cub."

A REBELLION Food Demanded.

The human body will stand a deal of abuse, but sometimes it will rebel and demand proper food. This is the case of the party, starchy, greasy, which it has been made sick.

Then is the time to try Grape-Nuts, the most scientific and perfect food in the world.

A lady of Washington says: "Twenty years ago I was very ill with indigestion of the stomach and was given up by one doctor. I laid in bed for months and my stomach was so weak that I could not keep down anything, or hardly any kind of food and I was weak and emaciated after four months of this starvation that my doctor could easily lift me from bed and put me in my chair."

"But weak as my stomach was," she accepted, relished and digested Grape-Nuts without any difficulty. Some time that wonderful food was given me."

"I am now strong and my health is better than for a great many years, and am gradually growing stronger. I rely on Grape-Nuts for much of the nourishment that my stomach is so weak it will not accept of."

"My baby got fat from eating Grape-Nuts. I was afraid I would have to stop giving the food to her, but I guess it is a healthy baby, and her health is just perfect."

Grape-Nuts. Look in pkgs. for the name of Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a Reason."

Never read the above letter. It appears from time to time in newspapers, free and paid circulation.

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The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated by Pictures from the Moving Picture Production of the Selig Polyscope Co.

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SYNOPSIS

Thyri Hare, believing her father, Col. Hare, in peril, has summoned her, leaving home in California to go to him in India. Umballa, pretender to the throne of that principality, has imprisoned her. Upon her arrival in Allahabad, Kathlyn is informed by Umballa that her father is dead, she is to be queen and must marry him forthwith. Because of her refusal she is sentenced to undergo two ordeals with wild beasts. John Bruce, an American, saves her life. The elephant carries her from the scene of her ordeal away, separating her from the rest of the party. After a ride filled with peril Kathlyn takes refuge in a temple but her haven is also the temple of a lion and she is forced to flee. She finds a retreat in the jungle, but falls into the hands of slave traders who bring her to Allahabad. Finding her still unresponsive, Bruce enters the dungeon with her. Bruce and his friends effect the escape of Kathlyn and the colonel, and the latter is given shelter in the palace. Kathlyn is reunited with her servants by that hospitable prince, and endeavors to reach the coast. Overpowered by a band of brigands, she is captured and taken to the being delivered to Umballa. Kathlyn escapes from their captors and returns to Allahabad, where Kathlyn that her father, while nominally in reality a prisoner. Kathlyn, him, and once more they steal from Allahabad, but return when they find that Kathlyn's young sister has come to India. Umballa makes her a prisoner. She is crowned queen of the country.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

the bazaars they began to laugh at Umballa and his coronations, for they began to jest at his efforts to crown some one through the crowd. Still, they found amusement and excitement in the sight of the square in front of the platform when Umballa put the crown on Kathlyn's head. How long this queen last?

Kathlyn, her father and Bruce were to witness the event from the balcony of the palace, dressed in costume, their faces stained with rouge and their hair in curl. Kathlyn started at the sound of that but caught himself before he spoke in the direction of whence it belonged to one Lal Singh. Kathlyn scowled, but gave no other sign. A guard divided the crowd; uselessly, however, Kathlyn touched Ramabaf's arm. "Must speak to her!" he warned. Kathlyn as she spoke she stepped toward her beloved sister, but not dreaming that this dark creature was her sister, she looked at her and beheld a card which she held in her hand. "Father and I have a plan to escape. Kathlyn."

CHAPTER XVII.

Umballa began to go about cheerfully no longer doubted his star. Kathlyn, was he? A rat from the house. Very well; there were rats and some bit so deep that they died of it. He sometimes thought the advisability of permitting Hare's headman Ahmed to be about; the rascal might in the end be too sharp. Still it was not for him to let Ahmed believe that he was in security. All Umballa was the colonel, Kathlyn and John Hunter, Bruce. It would be a grown carelessness, who would lead him or his spies to the place.

The trio were in the city Umballa did not doubt in the least, nor were they already scheming to the younger sister. All his eyes were he could put his hand on Kathlyn's idea. It was Kathlyn's idea to have Kathlyn pretend she needed aid and sunshine and a walk in the garden after the doctor's visit. The rescue would be attempted from the walls. Juggernaut, or Jagannath in Hindustani (meaning Lord of the World), was an idol so hideously done in wood that the prince of hell would have taken it to be the personification of a damned soul could he have glimpsed it in the temple of Allah. The god's face was black, his lips and mouth horribly and significantly red; his eyes were polished emeralds, his arms were of gilt, his body like that of a toad. His temporal reign in Allah was somewhere near four hundred years, and no doubt his emerald eyes had seen a crimson trail behind his car as many hundred times.

He was married frequently. Some poor, benighted, fanatical woman would pledge herself and would be considered with awe till she died. But in these times no one sung himself under the car; nothing but the increase of crushed flowers now followed his wake. His grin, however, was the same as of old. Wood, paint, gilt and emeralds! Well, we enlightened Europeans sometimes worship these very things, though we indignantly deny it. Outside the temple stood the car,

and Jasper and porphyry, she discovered a slip of white paper protruding through a square in the latticed window which opened out toward the garden of brides.

Hope roused her into activity. She ran to the window and snatched the paper eagerly. It was from Kathlyn, darling Kit. The risk with which it had been placed in the latticed window never occurred to Winnie.

The note informed her that the woman doctor of the senana had been sufficiently bribed to permit Kathlyn to make up like her and gain admittance to the senana. Winnie must complain of illness and ask for the doctor, but not before the morning of the following day. So far as she, Kathlyn, could learn, Winnie would be left in peace till the festival of the car of Juggernaut. Ill, she would not be forced to attend the ceremonies, the palace would be practically deserted and then Kathlyn would appear.

This news plucked up Winnie's spirits considerably. Surely her father and Kit were brave and cunning enough to circumvent Umballa. What a frightful country! What a dreadful people! She was miserable over the tortures her father had suffered, but nevertheless she held him culpable for not telling both her and Kit all and not half a truth. A basket of gems! She and Kit did not wish to be rich, only free and happy. And now her own folly in coming would add to the miseries of her loved ones.

Ahmed had told her of the two ordeals, the black dungeon, the whipping; he had done so to convince her that she must be eternally on her guard, search carefully into any proposition laid before her, and play for time, time, for every minute she won meant a minute nearer her ultimate freedom. She must promise to marry Umballa, but to set her own date.

Unlike Kathlyn, who had Pundita to untangle the intricacies of the bastard Persian, Winnie had to depend wholly upon sign language; and the inmates of the senana did not give her the respect and attention they had given to Kathlyn. Kathlyn was a novelty; Winnie was not. Besides, one of them watched Winnie constantly, because the bearded scoundrel had attracted her fancy and because she hoped to enchain him.

So the note from Kathlyn did not pass unnoticed, though Winnie believed she was without espionage. Kathlyn, her father, Bruce, Ramabaf and Pundita met at the colonel's bungalow, and with Ahmed's help they thrashed out the plan to rescue Winnie. Alone, the little sister would not be able to find her way out of the garden of brides.

It was Kathlyn's idea to have Kathlyn pretend she needed aid and sunshine and a walk in the garden after the doctor's visit. The rescue would be attempted from the walls. Juggernaut, or Jagannath in Hindustani (meaning Lord of the World), was an idol so hideously done in wood that the prince of hell would have taken it to be the personification of a damned soul could he have glimpsed it in the temple of Allah. The god's face was black, his lips and mouth horribly and significantly red; his eyes were polished emeralds, his arms were of gilt, his body like that of a toad. His temporal reign in Allah was somewhere near four hundred years, and no doubt his emerald eyes had seen a crimson trail behind his car as many hundred times.

He was married frequently. Some poor, benighted, fanatical woman would pledge herself and would be considered with awe till she died. But in these times no one sung himself under the car; nothing but the increase of crushed flowers now followed his wake. His grin, however, was the same as of old. Wood, paint, gilt and emeralds! Well, we enlightened Europeans sometimes worship these very things, though we indignantly deny it. Outside the temple stood the car,



Kathlyn Plans to Rescue Her Sister.

fantastically carved, dull with rubbed gold leaf. You could see the sockets where horrid knives had once glittered in the sunlight. Xerxes no doubt founded his war chariots upon this idea. The wheels, six in number, two in front and two on each side, were solid, broad, and heavy, capable of smoothing out a corrugated winter road. The superstructure was an ornate shrine, which contained the idol on its peregrinations to the river.

About the car were the devotees, some holding the ropes, others watching the entrance to the temple. Presently from the temple came the gurus, or priests, bearing the idol. With much reverence they placed the idol within the shrine, the pilgrims took hold firmly of the ropes, and the car rattled and thundered on its way to the river.

Of Juggernaut and his car more anon.

The street outside the garden of brides was in reality no thoroughfare, though natives occasionally made use of it as a short cut into town. Therefore no one observed the entrance of an elephant, which stopped close to the wall, seemingly to melt into the drab of it. On his back, however, the howdah was conspicuous. Behind the curtains Kathlyn patiently waited. She was about to turn away in despair when through the wicker gate she saw Winnie, attended by one of the senana girls, enter the garden. It seemed as if her will reached out to bring Winnie to the wall and to hold the other young woman where she was.

But the two sat in the center of the garden, the thoughts of each far away. The attendant felt no worry in bringing Winnie into the garden. A cry from her lips would bring a dozen guards and eunuchs from the palace. And the white girl could not get out alone. More than this, she gave Winnie liberty in order to trap her if possible.

By and by the native girl pretended to feel drowsy in the heat of the sun, and her head fell forward a trifle. It was then that Winnie heard a low whistle, an old familiar whistle such as she and Kit had used once upon a time in playing "a spy." She sat up rigidly. It was hard work not to cry out. Over the wall the drab trunk of an elephant protruded, and something white fluttered into the garden.

Winnie rose. The head of the native girl came up instinctively, but as Winnie leisurely strolled toward the palace, the head sank again. Winnie turned and wandered along the wall, apparently examining the flowers and vines, but all the while moving nearer and nearer to the bit of white paper which she stooped and picked up as she did so. And still in the stooping posture, she read the note, crumpled it, and stuffed it into a hole in the wall.

Poor child! Every move had been watched as a cobra watches its prey. She was to pretend illness at once. Plans had been changed. She stood up, swayed slightly, and staggered to the seat. In truth, she was pale enough, and her heart beat so fast that she was horribly dizzy.

"A doctor!" she cried, forgetting that she would not be understood. The native girl stared at her. She did not understand the words, but the signs were enough. The young white woman looked ill; and Umballa would deal harshly with those who failed to stem the tide of any illness which might befall his captive. There was a commotion behind the fretwork of the palace. Three other girls came out, and Winnie was conducted back to the senana.

All this Kathlyn observed. She bade the mahout go to the house of the senana's doctor, where she donned the habiliments familiar to the guards and inmates of the senana. Everything went forward without a hitch; so smoothly that had the object of her visit been other than Winnie Kathlyn must have sensed something unusual. She entered the palace and even led the way to Winnie's chamber—a fact which appeared natural enough to the women about but which truly alarmed Umballa's spy, who immediately set off in search of the man. One thing assured her; the hands of the senana's real physician were broad and muscular, while the hands she saw were slender and beautiful, brown though they were. She had seen those hands before, during the episode of the leopards of the treasury.

It was very hard for Kathlyn to curb the wild desire to crush Winnie in her arms, arms that truly ached for the feel of her. Even as she fought this desire she could not but admire Winnie's superb acting. To have come all this way alone in search of them, unfamiliar with the customs and the language of the people! How she had succeeded in getting here without mishap was in itself remarkable.

She took Winnie's wrist in her hand and pressed it reassuringly, then pattered about in her medical bag. Very softly she whispered:

"I shall remain with you till dusk. Give no sign whatever that you know me, for you will be watched. Tonight I will smuggle you out of the palace. Take these, and soon pretend to be quieted."

Winnie swallowed the bits of sugar and lay back. Kathlyn signified that she wished to be alone with her patient. Once alone with Winnie, she cast aside her veil.

"O, Kit!"

"Hush, baby! We are going to get you safely away."

"I am afraid."

"So are we all; but we must not let anyone see that we are. Father and Ahmed are near by. But oh, why did you attempt to find us?"

"But you cabled me to come, weeks ago!"

"I? Never! And the mystery was no longer a mystery to Kathlyn. The hand of Umballa lay bare. Could they eventually win out against a man who seemed to miss no point in the game? You were deceived, Winnie. To think of it! We had escaped, were ready to sail for home, when we learned that you had left for India. It nearly broke our hearts."

"Whatever shall we do, Kit?" Winnie flung her arms round her sister and drew her down. "My Kit!"

"We must be brave, whatever happens."

"And am I not your sister?" quietly. "Do you believe in me so little? Why shouldn't I be brave? But you've always treated me like a baby; you never tried to prove me."

Kathlyn's arms wound themselves tightly about the slender form. . . . And thus Umballa found them.

"Very touching!" he said, standing with his back to the door. "But nicely trapped!" He laughed as Kathlyn sprang to her feet, as her hand sought



The Car of Juggernaut.

the dagger at her side. "Don't draw it," he said. "I might hurt your arm in wrenching it away from you. Poor little fool! Back into the cage, like a homing pigeon! Had I not known you all would return, think you I would have given up the chase so easily? You would not bend, so then you must break. The god Juggernaut yearns for a sacrifice to prove that we still love and worship him. You spurned my love; now you shall know my hate. You shall die, unpleasantly."

Quickly as a cat springs he caught her hands and wrenched them toward him, dragging her toward the door. Winnie sprang up from the cushions, her eyes ablaze with the fighting spirit. Too soon the door closed in her face and she heard the bolt outside go slithering home.

Said Umballa from the corridor: "To you, pretty kitten, I shall come later. I need you for my wife. When I return you will be all alone in the world, truly an orphan. And do not make your eyes red needlessly."

Winnie screamed and Kathlyn fought with the fury of a netted tigress. For a few minutes Umballa had his hands full, but in the end he conquered. Outside the garden of brides three men waited in vain for the coming of Kathlyn and her sister.

The god Juggernaut did not repose in his accustomed niche in the temple that night. The car had to be pulled up and down a steep hill, and on the return, owing to the darkness, it was left at the top of the hill, safely propped to prevent its rolling down of its own accord. When the moon rose Juggernaut's eyes gleamed like the striped cat's. Long since he had seen a human sacrifice. Perhaps the old days would return once more. He was weary of hard riding over sickly flowers; he wanted flesh and bones and the music of the death rattle. His cousins, War and Pestilence, still took their tithes. Why should he be denied?

The whispering became a murmur, and the murmuring grew into excitable chattering; and by ten o'clock that night all the bazaars knew that the ancient rites of Juggernaut were to be revived that night. The bazaars had never heard of Nero, called Abenobarbus, and, being without comparison, they missed the greatness of their august but hampered regent Umballa.

Always the bazaars heard news before any other part of the city. The white memsahib was not dead, but had been recaptured while posing as the senana physician in an attempt to rescue her sister, the new queen. Oh, the chief city of Allah was in the matter of choice and unexpected announcements unrivaled in all Asia.

Yes, Umballa was not unlike Nero—to keep the populace amused so they would temporarily forget their burdens.

But why the sudden appearance of soldiers, who stood guard at every exit, compelling the inmates of the bazaars not to leave their houses? All at all why this secrecy, since they knew what was going to take place? But the soldiers, ordinarily volatile, maintained grim silence, and even went so far as to extend the bayonet to all

those who tried to leave the narrow streets.

"An affair of state!" was all the natives could get in answer to their inquiries. Men came flocking to the roofs. But the moonshine made all things ghostly. The car of the god Juggernaut was visible, but what lay in its path could not be seen.

Umballa was not popular that night. But this was a private affair. Well he knew the ingenuity and resources of his enemies at large. There would be no rescue this night. Kathlyn Memsahib should die; this time he determined to put fear into the hearts of the others.

Having drunk his king's peg, he was well fortified against any personal qualms. The passion he had had for Kathlyn was dead, dead as he wanted her to be.

Whom the gods destroy they first make mad; and Umballa was mad.

The palanquin waited in vain outside the wall of the garden of brides—waited till a ripple of the news eddied about the conveyance in the shape of a greatly agitated Lal Singh.

"He is really going to kill her!" he panted. "He lured her to her sister's side, then captured her. She is to be placed beneath the car of Juggernaut within an hour. It is to be done secretly. The people are guarded and held in the bazaars. Armed, with an elephant and armed keepers, will be here shortly. I have warned him. Umballa runs amuck!"

Suddenly they heard voices in the garden, first Umballa's, then Kathlyn's. Sinister portents to the ears of the listeners, father and lover and loyal friends. The former were for breaking into the garden then and there; but a glance through the wicket gate disclosed the fact that Umballa and Kathlyn were surrounded by fifteen or twenty soldiers. And they dared not fire at Umballa for fear of hitting Kathlyn.

The palanquin was hastily carried out of sight.

At the end of the passage or street nearest the town was a gate which was seldom closed. Through this one had to pass to and from the city. Going through this gate, one could make the hill (where the car of Juggernaut stood) within fifteen minutes, while a detour round the walls of the ancient city would consume three-quarters of an hour. Umballa ordered the gate to be closed and stationed a guard there. The gates clanged behind him and Kathlyn. This time he was guarding every entrance. If his enemies were within they would naturally be weak in numbers; outside, they would find it extremely difficult to make an entrance. More than this, he had sent a troop toward the colonel's camp.

The gates had scarcely been closed when Ahmed, his elephant and his armed keepers came into view. The men sent Pundita back to camp, and the actual warfare began. They approached the gate, demanding to be allowed to pass. The soldiers refused. Instantly the keepers flung themselves furiously upon the soldiers. The trooper who held the key threw it over the wall just before he was overpowered. But Ahmed had come prepared. From out the howdah he took a heavy leather pad, which he adjusted over the fore skull of the elephant, and gave a command.

The skull of the elephant is thick. Hunters will tell you that bullets glance off it as water from the back of a duck. Thus, protected by the leather pad, the elephant becomes a formidable battering ram, backed up by tons of weight. Only the solidity of stones may stay him.

Ahmed's elephant shouldered through the gates grandly. For all the resistance they offered that skull they might have been constructed of paper mache.

Through the dust they hurried. Whenever a curious native got in the way the butt of a rifle bestirred him out of it.

Umballa had lashed Kathlyn to a sapling which was laid across the path of the car. The man was mad, stark mad, this night. Even the soldiers and the devotees surrounding the car were terrified. One did not force sacrifices to Juggernaut. One soldier had protested and he lay at the bottom of the hill, his skull crushed. The others, pulled one way by greed of money and love of life, stirred no hand.

But Kathlyn Memsahib did not die under the broad wheels of the car of Juggernaut. So interested in Umballa were his men that they forgot the vigilance required to conduct such a ceremony free of interruption. A crackling of shots, a warning cry to drop their arms, the plunging of an elephant in the path of the car, which was already thundering down the hill, spoiled Umballa's classic.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One Dimension.

A prosperous lumberman lives in western Pennsylvania. He owns a small railroad which runs from his lumber camp to the main line. He was riding the other day on a crowded car by the side of the president of the railroad. After some conversation, the president handed the lumberman his card.

"What!" said the Pennsylvaniaan. "Are you the president of the railroad? I am the president of a railroad, too."

"What is your road," was the courteous reply.

"The M. & A."

"Strange, I have never heard of it."

"Well," said the lumberman, "my road may not be as long as yours, but it is just as wide."

To Mend Celluloid Articles.

Wet the edges with glacial acetic acid and press them close together for a few minutes.

Your Margin of Health

is very small, indeed, when the appetite is poor, the digestion bad, the liver lazy and the bowels clogged—but don't remain that way; take

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

today and let it help Nature restore these organs to their proper functions. Be sure to GET HOSTETTER'S

TYPHOID is an acute infectious disease, and is more necessary than Smallpox. Army experience has demonstrated the almost infallible efficacy, and bacteriological, of Antityphoid Vaccination. Be vaccinated NOW by your physician, you and your family. It is more vital than home insurance. Ask your physician, druggist, or send for "How to Beat Typhoid," calling of Typhoid Vaccine, made from the, and changed from Typhoid Vaccine. The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., Chicago, Ill. Prescribing Vaccines and Serums under U. S. License.

It takes a capable wife to yank the conceit out of a man.

Made since 1846—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

It takes a lot of confidence to enable a man to enjoy hash.

Red Cross Ball Blue makes the laundress happy, makes clothes whiter than snow. All good grocers. Adv.

In the Suffrage States.

"The candidates are having a club held over them."

"Is it a woman's club?"

YOUR OWN DROUGHT WILL TELL YOU Why Minnie Bro Beauty for her, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Painful, Hot Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Day by mail. Price, Minnie Bro Beauty Co., Chicago.

He Does It.

"Pa, what does a censor do?"

"Oh, licenses everybody, my son."—Baltimore American.

Another Sort.

"I gather from what he said that Jim's wife is the gray mare."

"She is more of an old nag."

His Method.

"How did that writer acquire such a flowing style?"

"I think he uses a fountain pen."

Human Nature.

"Now, Ethel, Howard says he's sorry he broke your doll, so I want you to forgive him."

"I'd feel more like forgivin' him, mother, if I could swat him one first."

—Life.

A Reformer.

"Trowbie is noted for his passionate striving after perfection."

"I must say that's a commendable trait."

"In some cases, yes, but Trowbie spends all his time trying to achieve it in other people."

Too Good.

Reggy—Sweet Arline, will you be mine?

Sweet Arline—Before I answer your question let me ask you one. Do you swear when you lose your collar stud?

Reggy—Never!

Sweet Arline—Then it cannot be. I cannot marry a man who has no spirit.

Superior

"Surpassing others in goodness, goodness, extent or value of any quality."—Century Dictionary.

That's the definition, and that's why Post Toasties are called the

Superior Corn Flakes

—the surpassing, delicate Indian Corn flavour being sealed in by skillful toasting with sugar and salt.

Post Toasties

are made in clean, airy, modern factories—cooked, seasoned, rolled and toasted to crisp golden flakes—

Ready to serve direct from the package.

To secure the Superior Corn Flakes, ask for

Post Toasties

—sold by Grocers.

A Constant Betterment Of Store Service

In keeping with this motto **JOYCE-PRUIT COMPANY** have installed a modern Rest Room in the balcony of their Dry Goods department for ladies. No expense has been spared to make this department of this enterprising firm for the comfort of mothers after a long tiresome and dirty trip to town. Large comfortable rockers, table, stationery, magazines, small children's rockers, floor rugs, toilet, lavatory, clean towels, comb, brush, soap and face powder, all for your convenience. We entreat you to make use of this rest room every time you visit Portales, use it as you would your home when in Portales. We installed it for your comfort and we wish to have every lady feel and know that she is at liberty to come bring her children and stay as long as she pleases.

Groceries
Our Grocery department will supply you with every delicacy for your Christmas dinner as well as the staple groceries that the market affords

Hardware
Our Hardware Department will soon have on display a choice selection of very useful Christmas goods. You could make no better choice than that you will be able to select from our Hardware Department.

Dry Goods
Our Dry-Goods Department is receiving Christmas goods which will soon be displayed for your inspection, useful articles as well as dolls and fancy goods.

We pay you One Dollar more per ton for your grain in trade or on account than grain dealers will give you in cash.

Do Your Christmas Shopping at Home and Enable Your Own People to Better Serve You

ONE Price the Lowest

JOYCE-PRUIT COMPANY

LADIES Rest Room

PERSONAL & LOCAL

Rev. W. E. Dawn went to Clovis Monday evening.

Uncle Jim Murphy of Cromer was transacting business here Saturday.

We pack our own box goods at the Kandy Kitchen.

Dr. L. R. Hough, our dentist, was doing work at Melrose the first of the week.

Our line of jewelry is new and up-to-date at the Kandy Kitchen.

Mrs. A. E. Selinger and children returned from Phoenix, Ariz., where they had been visiting for some time.

Slim Snell and family left the latter part of the week for Phoenix, Ariz., to spend the winter. Slim has a man coming after his cattle and expects to return in the spring.

Mrs. Sarah Monroe and Miss Willie Mae Culbers who spent Thanksgiving at their homes returned to Portales Saturday.

Only one of the candidates for the position of Inez came in to attend the election held by company M on Friday night.

K. K. Runnels a business man of Texico, was attending to some business here Saturday.

Fred Williamson and family who have been south of Texico were visitors here Saturday.

Miss Hazelwood Moore came down from Midway to visit her folks the last of the week.

Messrs. Phillips and Robinson of Delphos were transacting business here Saturday.

Arthur Bowers, electrician for the Portales Pioneer and Irrigation Co. who has been spending his vacation at home near Springer, returned Saturday.

J. W. Jones, a prominent attorney of Oklahoma came in the first of the week to visit his mother, Mrs. H. F. Jones.

J. F. Jones returned from Oklahoma City Sunday where he had been selling several cars of the Persian sheep.

B. W. Kinsolving, of Elida, member of the County Road board was here the first of the week regarding some road matter.

We are starting our new fall line of candies at the Kandy Kitchen.

The A. L. Gurley Co bought a Ford runabout for Frank Shaw their local representative. It was bought from P. E. Jordan, the local agent.

Walter A. Bradley, a dairyman who lives northwest of Elida was attending to business here the first of the week.

Watch for new window display of baskets, flower dishes, etc. at the Kandy Kitchen soon.

L. E. Forbes of Elida, was transacting business here the first of the week.

R. M. Sanders, H. M. Livingston and Jas. Monroe were entertained by R. T. Nobles and family, Sunday. They report an enjoyable time.

Deer County Clerk John Ballou issued marriage license to the following last Friday: Dayton Brown, Garfield and Miss Nellie Fished, Garfield, this county.

Ben Smith Co. Roward and Roy W. Connally were on a trip in Texas the first of the week.

Deputy Judge J. C. Conant was in Delphos Monday to look after business matters.

Mrs. Tule Stone and family moved this week to the Fickenscher house.

Hon. William M. McCoy, senator from Torrence county, who is salesman for a mercantile house was calling on the trade here Wednesday.

Judge James A. Hall went to Roswell Monday returning Wednesday. He reports that Mrs. Hall is making satisfactory progress.

Ralph Gore, the Upton merchant, and his father, Emmett Gore, were transacting business here Saturday.

Eugene Mayo has sold his broom factory to Henry Thompson.

The Portales Valley Land and Loan company have moved their office to the Howard block and will office with Jas. A. Hall, two doors from the Herald-Times office.

James Baker of San Bonita, Texas, is here visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Baker and other relatives.

Judge George L. Reese returned today from Roswell where he had been on business.

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT OF CLUB.

On account of unfavorable weather the literature department had no program Nov. 25. All who were on that program and all who were on the program for Dec. 25 will please prepare for a meeting Dec. 15. The idea is to have both programs together before the holiday rush. It is quite important that all members be present at his meeting.

Chairman Dept.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

The domestic science class of the women's club will meet with Mrs. Carr Dec. 9. As this lesson is quite important it is desired that all members be present and prepared to give best methods of preparing and serving eggs, meat, vegetables and cereals. Valuable demonstrations will be given in the preparation of some of these foods.

Chr. Dept.

BAPTIST NOTES.

On last Thursday the Baptist had a red letter day. In the morning we had a union service and Bro. Smith, the Presbyterian pastor preached a fine sermon to a large and attentive congregation. The music was fine and every one seems to enjoy the service greatly. In the afternoon the service carried out a very fine program. At one o'clock the ladies spread a fine dinner and about two hundred people proceeded to do justice to the many good things. All honors to the noble women. There were a number of things that contributed to the interest of the program among them a very fine reading by Miss Haynes. Many eyes were filled with tears when she finished the reading. We are all glad to have such a talented and accomplished woman in our community. The climax was reached when the treasurer of our church held aloft a draft of \$317.20 covering the indebtedness on the building. This debt is of long standing and we are grateful to everyone that made contributions to the debt, and especially those outside of our membership. Our Sunday morning service was called off for the dedication of the Christian Church. The night audience was fine.

Next Sunday our theme in the morning will be "Suffer Loss" in the evening we will preach the 2nd sermon on the Life of Christ. "The Childhood of Jesus." Come to our church and make yourself at home with us. Yours,

W. E. DAWN, Pastor.

INEZ ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson were visiting in the Roebuck community Sunday.

E. P. Williams and Floyd Corbin has about twenty head, each of fat hogs, they are the champion hog raisers of Inez.

Leo Bradley began his duties as Inez mail carrier Monday.

Mr. Robinson has turned farmer for a while.

Frank Greathouse returned Sunday from the N. M. E. A. at Albuquerque. He reports a big time and says that there were about 1500 teachers in attendance.

There were a large crowd out at church last Sunday. Everybody came out to Sunday School next Sunday.

B. T. Ford has been threshing this last week.

Mrs. J. D. Burrows, of Portales Springs, was visiting at Inez the first of the week.

Rev. Thurston will be here the second Sunday and fill his regular appointment. Come and let us give him a full house. He is an eloquent speaker and it is worth while to hear him.

News was received that Willie King is progressing splendidly with his school near Portales. He hails from here and of course we were pleased to hear such news; but such was expected from Prof. King for he always succeeds.

NOT RATIFIED BY ALL POWERS.

The declaration of London, framed at an international conference in London from which it drew its designation was designed as a uniform naval procedure for war times to be recognized by all powers participating in the conference. It set out definite declarations as to what articles should be considered contraband of war and defined the rights of neutral shipping. The declaration was generally viewed as marking a great advance over the conflicting practices the several nations had applied during periods of belligerency with most unsatisfactory results to neutral shipping. It has never been ratified, however, by all of the powers which participated in.

It Always Helps

says Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky. In writing of her experience with Cardui, the woman's tonic. She says further: "Before I began to use Cardui, my back and head would hurt so bad, I thought the pain would kill me. I was hardly able to do any of my housework. After taking three bottles of Cardui, I began to feel like a new woman. I soon gained 35 pounds, and now, I do all my housework, as well as run a big water mill.

I wish every suffering woman would give

GARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

a trial. I still use Cardui when I feel a little bad, and it always does me good."

Headache, backache, side ache, nervousness, tired, worn-out feelings, etc., are sure signs of womanly trouble. Signs that you need Cardui, the woman's tonic. You cannot make a mistake in trying Cardui for your trouble. It has been helping weak, ailing women for more than fifty years.

Get a Bottle Today!

NOTICE.

Know all men by these presence that I, J. E. Roach, have this the 26th day of November, 1914, purchased the entire interest in the cattle branded Cross Bar Slash, known as the J. T. Hunter and J. E. Roach cattle and we are no longer interested together.

Signed,
J. E. ROACH.

50-41

HONOR ROLL, FLOYD SCHOOL

First Grade: Dorsey Nash, Luther Jones, Mack Tolliver, Bernice Lane; 2nd grade: Tullio Tolliver; 3rd grade: Hazel Nicholas, Gladis Anderson; 5th grade: Foy Jones, George Lane, Mable Giffith, Lillie Giffith, Bettie Anderson, Donnie Giffith, Delle Jones and Eulah Price; 7th grade: Ora Pearl Nash and Lizzie Price.

MUSICAL OPERA

The musical opera, Bulbul, which will be given by home talent, under the direction of Mrs. S. E. Ward at the Cozy theater on Friday night December 11, promises to be one of the best of the season.

The best talent in the town are going to participate and are making great preparations, so show goers may expect the hit of the season.

Watch next week's paper for more about this great play.

HOLIDAY EXCURSION



Dates of sale December 20, 21 and 22, 1914. Return limit January 15, 1915.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

To points on Santa Fe in Colorado, New Mexico and Texas. Dates of sale December 23, 24, 25 and 31, 1914, and January 1, 1915. One and one-third fare for round-trip. Final limit January 4, 1915.

W.S.MERRILL, Agt.

Volume

MAKING GRE

Coming L to be Mo and

UNDER DIRECT

This Play Support zen

One of the m most enjoyable Lyceum Course Cozy Theatre (ember 11th. H bul" put on by ent citizens of direction of Mrs.

The following of the character ing the different King limit, ... Prince Casplan, Princess Bulbul, Court Chaperson.

Alain, friend of Lilla, friend of Dosay, King's at Justo, King's at

Pianist, Miss M instructress, ... A very attract up of the follow Mrs. Roy Connal Nixon, Miss My Irene Molinar; M inar, Charles M Moore; Prof. L. L. sites that will K limit, has betra the Princess Bul Casplan and the

to attend the wed have never met a ly implore her ber marry a man The prince, on t to see his future trothal ceremony outskirts of the himself and his and thus clad th The prince enters meets the maids much persuasion, the princess, who solely through grace pedler affections, and en her to marry up P-elope with him. The princess refuse to meet once mor that evening to so to part with the m hides him behind him trust her. C later when the Ki (that the prince an missing. All are when Bulbul enter long cloak over h notices that she prince, but instead a peddler. The curtain, behind w hidden, she expos view to the King s turned to joy. T in the supposed I and Bulbul is too come to be indign played upon her. Ja, who has alwa fondness for the him under a promi ternoon, and he is Alain and Lilla m couple, and three for "Tuesday at N

Special costumes for this performanc it bids well for t performance. For ity. A great amou done in preparing f merits the hearty citizen in the Valle approximately two music and we wist to the fact that in will be a number, who are able to gi performance as give country.

From such inform a very enjoyable ti pated by the audien his attendants will eral good laughs, T and the silver voice give some music of heard in this vicin informed from insid there will be some will at least prove h Tickets can be o Drug Store and it msh early reservat seen from the popul participating in this choice seats will so