

County

# PORTALES JOURNAL

A NEWSPAPER THAT IS DEMOCRATIC TWELVE MONTHS IN THE YEAR

VOLUME IV

PORTALES, ROOSEVELT COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1920

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## Republican Free-for-All

The state Republican free-for-all is now history. This great assemblage of G. O. P. camouflagers have put one over on the state constitution. Larrazola went down for the count in the third round and Merritt C. Mechem, one of the most unpopular district judges in the state was nominated for governor. Fall, Bursum, "Bloody" Sec. Romero, and the balance of the bunch permitted the Larrazola forces to do all the shouting previous to nominations, but the minute real business starts they applied the spur and the trained animals wheeled into line. Regardless of the fact that the constitution provides that supreme and district judges may be candidates for judicial positions only, Mechem was nominated, after which he tendered his resignation as district judge and the resignation was accepted. It is not believed that a little thing like a state constitution will be allowed to interfere with the machinations of a state Republican convention. The convention, itself, was strongly for Larrazola and he would have been re-nominated had the delegates been permitted to vote their choice, but the powers that be ruled otherwise. That the Republican party of the state is hopelessly split is the opinion of a majority of the delegates who were present, and predictions of Democratic success in November were current even on the floors of the convention.

It is conceded that the ticket nominated is one of but little force, all the really strong men of the party taking occasion to dodge such nominations as were to be had. Pankey, the most popular Republican in the state, refused all overtures, evidently reading defeat in the convention itself. Apparently all offices, except that of governor, went begging, sometimes it being necessary to call the roll the second time in order to get a nomination, which nomination was immediately made by acclamation when received. There was none of the old time scramble to get on the ticket that is always noticeable when the chances for success are bright.

One of the most noticeable features of the convention was the actions of the Taos delegation which, after Mechem's nomination, left the convention and returned wearing Hanna badges, their declarations that they would support the Democratic ticket, in fact, many claim that the gubernatorial nomination was the greatest political steal ever perpetrated in the state, and that is some strong, if true.

The ticket as nominated is as follows: Governor, Merritt C. Mechem; lieutenant governor, R. Crile; justice of the supreme court, Frank W. Parker; secretary of state, Manuel Martinez; auditor, Edward Safford; treasurer, C. U. Strong; attorney-general, Harry Bowman; land commissioner, Nolson B. Field; state superintendent of instruction, J. V. Conway; corporation commissioner, Hugh H. Williams.

FOR SALE—One Jersey cow and one Shetland pony. See Mrs. G. M. Williamson, phone 19.

## WHO IS THE MAN?

Reproduced from the Albuquerque Morning Journal.

At a late hour yesterday the bosses were looking for the least objectionable figure they could find around whom to develop the anti-Larrazola strength.

He must be so neutral that he is colorless; so free from antagonisms that he has no definite convictions; so weak that he can be easily led.

Having laid the necessary ground work by asking that delegates be sent without instructions, the bosses expect to brazenly take advantage of their cunning.

Watch and see who the little man is who fills the necessary requirements recited above.

Are the bosses trying to joke with the great Republican party while great issues wait?

Such is the pen portrait of Merritt C. Mechem, Republican nominee for governor, as drawn by Carl Magee, editor of the Albuquerque Morning Journal, just prior to opening of the Republican state convention last week. This paper believes the Journal told the truth; Carl Magee believes he told the truth; the Santa Fe New Mexican believes it true. The Morning Journal now stands pat for Mechem; it, in effect, repudiates itself, recants, goes over to the bosses. How is the public to know when the Journal is honest and when it is four-flushing? Has the barrel been opened in New Mexico?

### Federal Road Project

Eastern New Mexico is to have another great highway. This is a north and south cross-connecting highway. The new highway will connect with the Bankhead National Highway and the Spanish Old Trail either at Pecos or Van Horn, Texas, and from there will connect with El Paso over the Bankhead National Highway.

The highway will then go north through Carlsbad, Pearl, Lovington, and Tatum, where it will cross the Dixie-Overland Highway, the Southern National Highway and the Borderland Highway, thence it will extend through Portales, to Clovis where it will cross the Ozark Trails, the Postal Highway, and the Pass route and the Bankhead National Highway.

From Clovis the route will extend through Grady to Tucumcari where it again crosses the Ozark Trails and the Fort-to-Fort Highway, and on through Logan to Clayton where it crosses the Colorado-to-Gulf Highway, and the National Parks Gulf Highway.

The route from Clayton leads through the corner of the Oklahoma Panhandle to Lamar, Colorado, where it will cross the Santa Fe Trail and the National Old Trails; thence through Burlington, Colorado, crossing the Pikes Peak Ocean-to-Ocean Highway and the Midland Trail. From there it will extend through Julesburg, Colorado, to a connection with the Lincoln National Highway.

There are three distinct advantages of this road according to D. W. Jones, Secretary of the Clovis Chamber of Commerce. First, it will cross-connect sixteen great national highways making an in-

valuable connecting link with those of the south. Second, it will give eastern New Mexico and the Texas Panhandle a direct route into Colorado. Third, it will provide a new winter route into El Paso that is below the snow line. This route will be available in the event the mountain passes in the west are blocked with snow.

### Notice to the Public

Notice is hereby given to all that I have been appointed and have qualified as marshal of the town of Portales, New Mexico. Also that I have been instructed by the mayor and trustees of the said town to rigidly enforce all the ordinances thereof, and with especial reference to the traffic ordinance, and the ordinance prohibiting children under fourteen years of age from driving. You are hereby notified that the speed limit is fifteen miles per hour within the city limits; there are provisions for the parting of cars and for the manner in which motor vehicles must make the turns on the principal streets. While not wishing to take any advantage of the public in the matter of enforcing the ordinances, it will, nevertheless be my duty to arrest and present for trial any and all persons who are caught in violation of the town. This is the last notice to the public, all infractions will be rigidly prosecuted after this notice.

U. N. HALL, Town Marshal.

Joe Blankenship and Eddie Lee Hall were married last Sunday, Rev. J. F. Nix officiating. Both these young people are well and favorably known here, both being formerly pupils in our public schools.

### Isaac N. Knight

He was a christian gentleman, an American father and husband of the noblest type. Ever loving and thoughtful of loved ones. Kind and considerate to all. Honored by his neighbors, respected by business associates, his character was above reproach. While his passing is a loss to friends and relatives it is heavens gain.

He was born April 12, 1870, at Gomway, Missouri. He was converted at the age of 36. It was our privilege to baptize him about four years ago, at which time he received the baptism of the holy spirit. Our brother in passing left the testimony that all was well and he had no fear of the "Great Beyond" but rather welcomed his advent into a brighter future. During his long illness he was patient and considerate of others.

He died Thursday, Sept. 2, 1920, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. M. Kornegay. Neither expense nor untiring effort was spared in trying to prolong his life and after his spirit had departed beyond, every consideration was shown in the funeral arrangements. The services were held at the Baptist church under our direction. On behalf of the family we thank every one who rendered services and kindness in their trying hour. Among those present were his four brothers from points in Missouri, and Oklahoma, also Mrs. Knight's mother, sister and brother from Amarillo, Texas. We left the beautiful flowers to fade on the new made mound, but his memory shall never perish from our hearts. He is gone but not forgotten. His loved ones have our sympathy.

### Big Day at Elida

Last Monday, was jubilee day at Elida and, apparently, every man, woman and child in Roosevelt county was present. They came in cars, they came in wagons and those who had neither came either on the train or walked, but nothing was allowed to keep them away. It is estimated that fully two thousand people and some three hundred automobiles and Fords were there. The only disappointment of the day was the failure of Judge Hanna, Democratic nominee for governor, to make connections. His place on the program was filled by Col. J. D. Atwood, Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor. Colonel Atwood made a splendid address. Every number on the program was good and there was not a feature advertised that was not shown. Probably the best was the goat roping, the time of the four highest being close to the record; it was 18, 21, 22 and 23 seconds, respectively, the names of the winners not being known to the Journal man. The ball game was also good Portales winning over Elida by a score of seven to four. Horse racing was likewise much above the average. Taken as a whole this was, probably, the most successful event of the kind staged since the organization of the county. Elida lived up to her reputation as an entertainer and all present declared it a real celebration, even to those who overgorged on the barbecue.

### Trades Day

Trades day proved to be quite a success in the matter of numbers and interest manifested. It is true that the opening of court on the same day helped some in the matter of crowd. The farm products put on exhibition were the best ever shown in Roosevelt county. These products, after having been judged and the premiums awarded, were sold at auction and the proceeds given to the orphans' home. Judge Sam G. Brattin bought all the cantaloupes and watermelons and treated the crowd.

Melvin Fitzpatrick, of Brooklyn, New York, arrived Saturday and is looking for a location. Mr. Fitzpatrick is a nephew of Captain T. J. Molinri.

D. W. Shapcott this week sold his residence to W. E. Johnson and will move to some location to be determined later. Louie Anderson bought his interest in the Quick Service garage.

Rogers cleaned the Portales ball team Sunday in the best game of the season last Sunday, the score being four to two, and Portales made the two.

E. P. Kuhl this week brought to the Journal office one dozen of as good cantaloupes as were ever grown in any man's country. Cantaloupes are not all the good things raised by Mr. Kuhl and he always sees that the printer-man gets his.

The grand jury returned one true bill and two or three no-bills. Evidently, the people of Roosevelt county are a law abiding lot.

## STRIPED BEETLE QUITE HARMFUL

Insect Transmits Bacterial Wilt to Cucumbers, Squashes and Other Plants.

### SPRAYING IS RECOMMENDED

Insects Prefer Unsprayed Plants as Food and Efficiency of Control Would Be Enhanced by Use of Early Trap Crop.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Infection with the bacterial wilt of cucurbits does not occur through soil or seed. The striped cucumber beetle and the 12-spotted cucumber beetle are both summer carriers, and probably the only means of summer transmission of the disease in the localities that have been studied. Introduction of virulent bacteria into the interior plant tissues is necessary for infection.

These points are given in a recent United States department of agriculture publication detailing the results of studies on the disease, which occurs in 31 states, including the territory from Vermont and Canada to Florida and west to Minnesota, Nebraska, Colorado and Texas. The disease also probably occurs in parts of California. Of the common domestic cucurbits the disease affects cucumbers, cantaloupes, summer and winter squashes and pumpkins, but not watermelons.

#### Use Bordeaux Mixture.

Spraying with strong bordeaux mixture and lead arsenate paste (4-5-50 plus 2) is recommended where the disease is likely to be severe. Treatments should begin as soon as the cucumber plants develop their first true leaves and should continue at intervals of about a week until the cucumber beetles practically disappear from the field. In localities where downy mildew is also prevalent the treatments should be continued later as a partial insurance against this disease. The beetles prefer unsprayed plants as food, and undoubtedly the efficiency of wilt control would be enhanced if a slightly earlier trap crop, such as squash, were planted along the edges of the cucumber field. The beetles could be easily poisoned there with a strong insecticide.

Pulling of wilted vines during the first part of the season, or as long as it can be done without mechanically injuring the healthy plants, will greatly assist in controlling bacterial wilt if consistently done in all neighboring fields. The diseased vines should be buried, or otherwise removed from access by the beetles.

Where a few plants only are grown in garden plots, screening the hills with fine mosquito netting will prevent the appearance of the disease.

#### Control in Greenhouses.

For control in greenhouses the beetles, in the first place, should be kept out. Do not grow cucurbits nor pile cucurbit refuse in the immediate vicinity of greenhouses, as this attracts the beetles and many will later find their way into the houses. If the beetles once gain entrance to a house filled with growing plants hand picking is the only remedy to be recommended until some fumigant is found that will kill the beetles without injuring the cucumber plants. Besides destroying the cucumber beetles, great care must be exercised in disinfecting all instruments used in pruning wilted vines before using them again on healthy plants. This may easily be done with a bottle of 1 to 1,000 mercuric chlorid and a sponge.

### TO DESTROY JOHNSON GRASS

Crop of Oats or Wheat Will Keep Plants in Weak Condition and Prevent Root Penetration.

If during the early and mid part of summer the Johnson grass can be kept short enough to keep the plants in a weak condition, comparatively few root-stalks that penetrate deep into the ground will be formed. An oat or a wheat crop serves this purpose quite well. When the Johnson grass is in this weakened condition, plowing in August will further weaken the plants and will entirely kill many of them. If the ground then is given clean cultivation until fall, nearly all of the grass that is not killed by the cultivation will freeze out during the winter. In case a good deal of the grass shows up after this midsummer plowing it may be advisable to plow in late fall so as to further expose the roots to freezing.

Babylon's Population a Million. Babylon is believed to have been the first city to attain a population of 1,000,000.

## TRANSPORTATION IS BOTHERING FARMERS

Particularly True in Case of Perishable Produce.

Adequate Facilities Would Enable Producer to Pick His Market and Sell When and Where It is Most Advantageous.

Regardless of the shortage of labor and other production problems confronting the farmer, the main cause for his not securing the full profits due him can still be traced to insufficient transportation facilities, at the time he must get his crops to market. The farmer who can convert the spoilage on the farm into cash goes a long way toward satisfactorily offsetting everything else eating into his returns.

This is particularly true in the case of highly perishable produce, also that which has a high market value early in the season. Another advantage of adequate farm transportation is that it enables the farmer to pick his market. He can sell when and where it will be to his greatest advantage to do so.

The farmers in the potato growing section of Maine have a period of about seventy days to market their crop. The case of one man in Aroostook county and what he did to put his yearly returns in the plus column is not only interesting but typical of how these men solved their haulage difficulties.

This particular grower had a 160-acre potato farm situated seven and one-half miles from a railroad. It yielded about 150 barrels to the acre for a total crop of around 24,000 barrels a year. Road conditions were such that one team of horses could haul but 20 barrels to a load and make but one trip a day to the railroad storage house. In other words, he required



Gathering Potatoes in Field and Loading on Truck.

20 teams to handle his crop if he got it to the warehouse in the 70 days between "digging" and snow. Of course all the other farmers of the community were in the same position and naturally none of them could secure anything like 20 teams. Even if they had the loads could not have been handled at the loading platform. Incidentally, the haulage cost of the 20 teams would have been \$6,000.

The farmer in question put the problem up to a truck concern. They prescribed a truck for his job. He bought it. This handled 45 barrels of potatoes to the load, made six trips a day and more at night, put the potatoes in the storehouse in 70 days and more than paid for itself while it was doing it as the regular haulage rate by teams was 25 cents a barrel.

The motortruck is not a cure-all for every transportation ill, but it has barely scratched the surface of a farm transportation unit.

### SOY BEAN GOOD SUBSTITUTE

When Cured in Time Crop Makes Hay That is Quite Palatable—Yield is Satisfactory.

It will take two or three years to get back to the normal amount of hay land, and in the meantime the soy bean is one of the best substitutes for the regular perennial legume hays. If cured in time, it makes a hay that is very palatable and at the same time gives a satisfactory return per acre. Probably two and a half tons of cured hay would be about the average yield.

### GIVE VELVET BEANS SUPPORT

Corn is One of Best Crops to Combine With This Plant to Keep Pods Off Ground.

Some support is needed for the long, trailing vines of velvet beans, as the production of seed is lessened if the vines lie flat on the ground and there is also more rotting of the pods. Corn is one of the best plants to combine with this crop.

## WASHINGTON SIDELIGHTS



### "Who's Who" on Congressional "Junket?"



WASHINGTON.—"Who's Who" on the excursion promoted by the Pan-Pacific union to enable members of congress and government officials to study trade conditions in the trans-pacific countries that sailed on the army transport Great Northern July 5 from San Francisco?

Nobody seems to know. Originally more than 200 were listed when the invitation was first given out by Representative Randall of California. Quite a few members who wanted to make the trip and take along several friends at Uncle Sam's expense were scared off by the cry of "junket," oth-

ers were plainly told in letters and resolutions from their constituents that they had better stay at home.

Originally the cost was fixed about \$1.75 a day. Then it was given out that all must pay their own expenses other than transportation. The trip includes visits to Hawaii, the Philippines, China, Japan and Korea.

It's known that the party reached Hawaii July 11 and left two days later. Later advices from Shanghai said China was preparing an elaborate program for the "party of 136 members."

Newspaper men were invited to make the trip with the congressmen, so that there could be publicity for the trip and articles written to promote better understanding between the countries. But later orders barred the newspaper men from the trip and restricted it to congressmen and members of their immediate families.

Who the congressmen are was to have been made public when the Great Northern sailed. But the transport sailed with the state secret undivulged.

### Soldiers' Bonus Legislation in Congress

ALL chance of the passage of soldiers' bonus legislation next winter seems to have gone glimmering. Failure of the party platforms to declare for the proposition seems to have destroyed all hopes of favorable action by congress.

Supporters of the bonus bill had relied implicitly on the political conventions taking a stand on the subject. They had gone on the theory that political pressure from the ex-service men would be so strong that both parties would be sure to declare for some form of adjusted compensation.

The soldiers' bonus bill as passed by the house a week before the recent adjournment is pending in the senate committee on finance. The committee has given the bill no consideration and may prefer to allow it to slumber without action during the coming session. Officers of the American Legion, however, are certain to agitate and probably will force the committee to report the bill to the floor of the senate.

Even in case the bill in some miraculous manner should get through the senate and a conference report is ap-



proved by both houses its veto by President Wilson is considered certain. The administration's view of the proposal has been made clear through a letter sent by Secretary of the Treasury Houston to the house ways and means committee flatly opposing any bonus legislation, and also by the attitude of the administration spokesman at San Francisco in the drafting of the platform.

Both the Republican and Democratic platforms declare for proper treatment of the ex-service men, but both carefully avoid any specific mention of either the cash bonus scheme or any forms of adjusted compensation designed to aid those who suffered no wounds.

### Your Uncle Sam's Big Insurance Company

POLICIES 9,651,773  
INSURANCE \$4,284,892,500



HOW Uncle Sam has developed one of the biggest insurance companies in the world is shown in a statement issued by the bureau of war risk insurance summarizing the progress which has been made in bringing the bureau's work to a current basis.

The marine and seamen's insurance division, which, during the early part of the war, wrote war risk hazards on hulls, cargoes and seamen, has done a total business of \$2,457,913,851; collected premiums amounting to \$47,585,880; paid claims of \$29,118,887, and has a surplus over expenses and refunds of \$17,560,821.

The allotment and allowance division, which developed into a bank-

ing business run for the benefit of soldiers, sailors and marines and their families and dependent relatives, has since the beginning of the war approved 2,000,893 claims for allotment and allowance, involving payments for allotments amounting to \$389,333,900, for allowances amounting to \$266,481,905, a total expenditure of \$555,815,511.

The insurance division has written 4,631,993 policies covering insurance to the amount of \$40,284,892,500, collected gross premium remittances from all sources approximating \$338,612,000, handled 128,300 claims for insurance on account of death represented by insurance to the amount of \$1,141,818,133, while 3,256 claims for insurance on account of permanent and total disability involve insurance to the amount of \$28,536,340.

The medical division has developed a medical practice of the following proportions:

Patients given treatment and examination, 452,000; patients admitted to hospitals under government supervision, 54,790; patients at present receiving hospital treatment, 17,500; potential patients, 641,600.

### Nobody Seems to Want MacGregor Ross

WHAT to do with MacGregor Ross has become an international question, for negotiations are in progress between the United States and Great Britain over the Ellis Island prisoner. England does not want him, the United States cannot prove he was born in Scotland, and Ross is very candid to say that he himself cannot remember where he was born. It is charged that he is a member of the Industrial Workers of the World. He has been very active in its affairs on the Pacific coast, and has been ordered deported as an undesirable alien.

To the federal authorities in Seattle Ross's name sounded so Scotch that they arrested him with 85 aliens and sent him to Ellis Island. Though he claims the United States is his native land, there are no records to prove it.

Ross's earliest recollection is of selling papers on the Bowery in 1804, when he was about 10 years old. He remembers driving a canal team in Pennsylvania and of going west later. Assistant Secretary of Labor Louis F.



Post, who reviewed the case, signed the order of deportation.

To deport an alien, however, it is necessary to obtain a passport from the country to which he is to be sent. The British authorities in the absence of proof, refuse to believe he is a British subject and will not issue a passport.

This is Ross's second visit to Ellis Island. His first was in February, 1919, when he was arrested in Seattle with two or three hundred undesirables. Later he obtained his release through the federal courts and returned to Seattle.

## FARMERS DO WELL

Record Prices Paid Wheat Growers of Western Canada.

Will Get Above 40 Cents Over the Fixed Scale Set—World Looking to the Dominion for its Grain.

It will be of interest to many readers to learn that their farmer friends in Canada will do so well out of the wheat they grew on western Canada's prairies last year.

There was a fixed price of \$2.15 per bushel paid for their wheat last season.

Not knowing the price at which it would be possible to market the crop, the Canadian grain board, which organization handled the whole of the crop last summer, fixed \$2.15 as a minimum price for No. 1 wheat, and arranged that each farmer should be given certificates for the quantity of wheat he delivered. The amount received over and above the fixed price which was paid to the farmers when selling their wheat was to be divided pro rata at the end of the season, and the holders of these certificates will, therefore, participate in the extra price received according to the quantity of wheat sold.

The latest advices are that the wheat board will pay at least 40 cents a bushel over the fixed rate of \$2.15 a bushel for their wheat of last season. This means that about \$40,000,000 will be distributed among the farmers of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. This sum represents the difference in the price at which the wheat crop was sold and the price that was fixed for last season's crop.

#### Canadian Wheat in Demand.

A declaration that Canadian wheat would in all probability sell this year at between \$3 and \$5 per bushel, was made recently before a conference of western supporters of the government by Dr. Robert Magill, who was one of a deputation from the Winnipeg grain exchange. Dr. Magill argued in favor of open trading from the aspect of world conditions. He stated that no wheat could be exported from Russia owing to internal troubles.

Roumania would have absolutely none to export, India was prohibiting export, while Australia's acreage would fall from 12,000,000 to 7,000,000. The result would be that Australia would scarcely have enough to feed herself, and there would be absolutely no wheat for Europe, except from the Argentine and North America.

Dr. Magill, according to formal announcement, though it would be impossible to secure as good a price for the producer by control as by the open market. The United States market was now open, and, according to present prospects, there would be mighty little to spare from that quarter. The net result would be that Canadian wheat would undoubtedly go to a record figure.—Advertisement.

Don't be hasty in jumping at a conclusion. You may not be able to collect your insurance.

#### A Lady of Distinction

Is recognized by the delicate fascinating influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap and hot water to thoroughly cleanse the pores, followed by a dusting with Cuticura Talcum powder usually means a clear, sweet, healthy skin.—Adv.

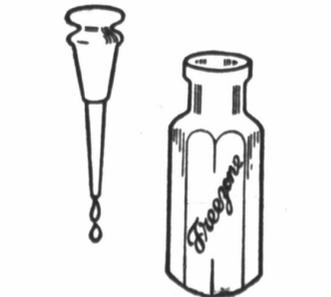
If there are millions of people in a movement, the adherence of the foolish can't hurt it.

#### SAY "DIAMOND DYES"

Don't streak or ruin your material in a poor dye. Insist on "Diamond Dyes," Easy directions in package.

### "CORNS"

Lift Right Off Without Pain



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Hope for the best and prepare against the worst.

## DOES BUSINESS ON OTHER MAN'S CASH

Capital of the Mail Order House is Furnished by Its Customers.

## WORKS ALWAYS ON 'VELVET'

Buyers Supply Money to Support Enterprises Competing With Those in Which They Are Interested.

(Copyright.) It is a mighty nice thing to be able to do business on the other fellow's money, but there are few people who can do it. Probably the only business men who, as a class, are able to do this, are the mail order men in the big cities.

Did you ever stop to think—you, who have ordered goods from a mail order house and there are probably few who have not done that at some time or other—that you are supplying the cash upon which the mail order man is doing business? You are well aware of the fact that your cash must go with your order if you expect to receive the goods, but have you ever stopped to think what that means? Do you realize that you are supplying the capital for a business which is running in direct competition with your home merchants, upon whose prosperity you and your fellow townsmen are dependent for a livelihood?

The majority of mail order houses do not carry large stocks of goods. They do not have to. When the mail order man gets your order, accompanied by the cash, of course, he can take a part of your money and go to the manufacturer or the wholesaler and buy the article that is wanted. The rest of the money he can put down in his pocket after paying his operating costs, which are light when compared with those of the merchant who must carry a large stock of goods to meet the demands made upon him.

**In Class by Themselves.** There is absolutely no other class of men who do business on the capital furnished by their customers. Even the retail store which sells for cash only cannot do this for he must carry a large stock and in most cases must pay cash for it in order to get prices that will enable him to make lower prices to his customers than can be made by the merchant who gives credit to his customers.

The mail order man doesn't need to have any of his own capital invested in his business—or any large amount of it, at least, in proportion to the volume of the business which he does. He does not have to pay interest to the banks on money borrowed to help him finance his business. The mail order man figures that about one-half of the amount he receives on any order goes to the wholesaler or manufacturer in payment for the goods ordered. Of the remainder a part goes for postage, printing, maintenance of office and plant, insurance, etc. What is left, which is by no means an insignificant part of every dollar received, goes into dividends to stockholders in the mail order corporation. All this has been done without any capital other than that which may be required to pay office expenses.

Suppose, for a minute, that you did business with the local merchants on the same plan. Suppose that they did not carry any goods in stock, that when you wanted to buy something you should go to one of your home merchants, look in his catalogue and pick out an article that seemed to be similar to the one that you wanted, hand over the price as shown by the catalogue and tell him to order it for you. The merchant would take your money and you would wait for your goods until they arrived from a distant city.

**Not So Anxious.** But the people who make up any community are not nearly as anxious to furnish capital to the home merchant—the man who helps "make" the town—as they are to the mail order man in the far distant city, who does nothing and cares nothing for the people who furnish him the money on which to do business. They insist that the home merchant shall carry a large stock of goods from which they can select what they wish, when they think it is to their interest to buy from him. They insist that he shall stand back of the goods he sells and make good any defect that may appear in them. They insist that he shall wait for the money until they get ready to pay it. They insist that he shall sell goods at the same prices or lower prices than the mail order

houses charge for goods of poorer quality. And finally, they insist that the home merchant shall furnish the large amount of capital that is required to conduct a business on this plan.

The mail order buyer may say that he has the right to spend his money anywhere he pleases and he has, legally. But he probably has never stopped to reflect on the fact that he is supplying the capital for the operation of a concern which is in direct competition with enterprises in which he is directly interested, for every man, woman and child in a town is directly interested in the success of the business enterprises in that town. If these business enterprises are not prosperous, the town cannot be prosperous. To supply capital to your competitor is not very good business.

### SECURITY STATE BANK

(Under State and National Supervision)

We appreciate you banking business.

### CAPITAL GARAGE

Guaranteed car work, acetylene welding and storage battery service station.

LEE PERCIFULL, Prop'r

### PORTALES OVERLAND CO.

Overland-4 is the easiest riding car made. Let us tell you why. Old Kohl Garage Building.

### Portales Cream Station

We pay the highest cash market price for cream, eggs and produce. See the others and then come to us last.

Phone 69

### Kemp Lumber Company

It is cheaper to paint than not to paint.

Phone No. 25

### PORTALES GARAGE

Expert Repairers Always Busy—There's a Reason Phone 18

### PORTALES TAILORING CO.

Agent for Schoenbrun and Royal Tailors Clothes. We can please you.

### C. J. WHITCOMB

Jewelry and watch repairing. Bring your catalog with you. Will meet any competition on same quality of goods.

### "WHITCOMB"

Millinery and Ladies Ready-to-Wear. An Exclusively ladies house. We'll please you. Call any time.

### PORTALES LUMBER CO.

See our plans for beautiful homes. "HOME BUILDERS"

### The Capital Auto and Electric Service Station

Edison Mazda Lamps and Auto Supplies. T. J. MOLINARI & SON

### HENRY GEORGE

Buy where you can buy the cheapest Stamped envelope furnished to those who can beat my prices from mail order houses. Furniture, new mattresses, gas engines, everything from a gas engine to an automobile. Armory building

### Notice for Publication

018519 Department of the interior, U. S. land office at Fort Sumner, N. M. June 11th, 1920. Notice is hereby given that Jewell A. Grinstead, of Portales, N. M. who, on Dec. 27, 1919 made additional homestead entry, No. 018519, for W 1/2 NW 1/4 Sec. 29, SE 1/4 SE 1/4, N 1/2 SE 1/4, N 1/2 SW 1/4, SW 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 20, township 4-S, range 33 E, N. M. P. meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before James A. Hall, U. S. commissioner, in his office, at Portales, N. M., on the 22nd day of July, 1920. Claimant names as witnesses: Lee Evans, of Red Lake, N. M.; Samuel Guss, of Elida, N. M.; Arthur A. Woolford, of Portales, N. M.; Miss M. Grinstead, of Elida, N. M. W. R. MCGILL, Register.

# THE First National Bank

Portales, New Mexico

A real desire to understand the customer's need; a realization of public responsibility; an earnest effort to co-operate usefully in every proper way. These points make up the spirit of service extended to every patron of this bank.

This service is available to those who wish to make the most of the possibilities that are to be found through a connection with a progressive bank, a bank of personal service.

With United States Governmental Supervision  
With National Bank Protection  
With Federal Reserve Bank Assistance

### DR. N. F. WOLLARD,

Rectal Diseases a Specialty Piles Cured Without the Knife

Office at Neer's Drug Store. Office phone, 67 two rings, residence, 169, Portales, N. M.

### GEORGE L. REESE

Attorney at Law

Office up stairs, Reese Building

### COMPTON & COMPTON

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Practice in courts. Office over Humphrey Hardware store, Portales, N. M.



### The Huge Cape

distinguishes this garment. Just to look at the picture one can imagine the warmth, the comfort and the unusual appearance of prosperity which such a coat provides. Of course it has that same good label,



that is on all our coats and suits. That label stands today, as it has for many decades, for all that is good and desirable in women's garments.

"WHITCOMB"

LOST—An open face Elite watch and leather fob. Finder please leave with Dr. D. B. Williams.

### Insure In

## The Security The American United States Fire

Insurance Companies

### Helen Lindsey, Agt.

### A. T. ARMSTRONG

CHIROPRACTER

Office, rooms 6-7 Reese building Portales, New Mexico.

### G. W. Wood & Co.

Real Estate Oil Leases

Office in City Hotel building, P. O. Box 101, Portales, N. M. Telephone 53.

### Col. Bill Gore

AUCTIONEER

Pedigreed Live Stock and General Farm Sales. Wire or phone me at my expense. Elida, New Mexico.

### DR. M. BYRNE,

DENTIST

Office hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Office in Reese building, over Dobb's confectionery, Portales New Mexico.

### THE OTHER SHOP

D. W. COLLIGAN, Prop.

BARBERS---BATHS

Everything that's new

All the late electrical equipment for massage, etc. Lindsey Building.

## The Purpose of an Advertisement

is to serve your needs. It will help sell your goods—talk to the people you want to reach. An advertisement in this paper is a reference guide to those whose wants are worth supplying.

### Notice of Suit

In district court of Roosevelt county New Mexico. No. 1604

Lec Percifull, plaintiff,

vs. Henry Driver, B. W. Hale, and all unknown claimants of interests in the premises adverse to plaintiff, defendant.

The state of New Mexico to Henry Driver, B. W. Hale, and all unknown claimants of interests in the premises adverse to the plaintiff, greeting.

You are hereby notified that a suit has been filed in the district court of Roosevelt county, New Mexico, numbered and entitled as above, wherein you are the defendants, and that the object of said suit are to establish the fee simple estate of the plaintiff, free and unencumbered, in and to the lots one, two and three of block sixteen; of the town of Elida, Roosevelt county, New Mexico against any and all adverse claims that you be forever barred and estopped from having or claiming any right, title or interest in and to the said premises that unless you appear and plead in the cause on or before the 17th day of September, 1920, you will be adjudged in default and plaintiff accorded the relief demanded.

The name of the plaintiff's attorney is James A. Hall, and his business address is Portales, New Mexico.

Dated at Portales, Roosevelt county New Mexico, this 31st day of July 1920

(Seal) SETH A. MORRISON, Clerk. By A. J. GOODWIN, Deputy.

### Notice for Publication

No. 015277

Department of the interior, U. S. land office at Fort Sumner, N. M. June 11th, 1920. Notice is hereby given that William E. Copland, of Arch. N. M. who, on May 15th, 1919 made homestead entry, No. 015277, for N1-2N 1-4, N1-2NE 1-4, sec. 1, township 2-S, range 37-W1-2W1-4, W1-2NE 1-4, section 6, township 2 range 37-E, N. M. P. meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. C. Compton, probate judge, in his office, at Portales, N. M., on the 7th day of July, 1920.

Claimant names as witnesses: Alfred A. Bester, Henry P. Townsend, Walter W. Ridway, John W. Buchman, all of Prch. N. M. W. R. MCGILL, Register

### Notice for Publication

012901

Department of the interior, U. S. land office at Fort Sumner, N. M. July 3rd, 1920.

Notice is hereby given that John M. Price, of Elida, N. M., who, on Feb. 1st, 1917, made homestead entry, No. 015908 for NW 1-4, Section 6, township 1-N, range 31-E, N. M. P. meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. C. Compton, probate judge, in his office, at Portales, N. M., on the 12th day of August, 1920.

Claimant names as witnesses: Alonzo Walker, William G. Borden, William H. Be Harrison Clarry all of Floyd, N. M. W. R. MCGILL, Register

### Notice for Publication

014109

Department of the interior, U. S. land office at Fort Sumner, N. M. July 1st, 1920.

Notice is hereby given that Lee A. Hoov, mother of John T. Hoover, deceased, of Arillo, Texas, who, on March 6, 1916, made homestead entry, No. 014109, for S1-2 NE 1-4, Sec. 5, S1-2 SW 1-4, Sec. 9, NE 1-4, Sec. 17, township range 28-E, N. M. P. meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before James A. Hall, U. S. commissioner, in his office, at Portales, N. M., on the 11th day of August, 1920.

Claimant names as witnesses: Ellis But Charles Butts, both of Fort Sumner, N. M.; B. L. Johnson, John W. Beatty, both of Arillo, Texas. W. R. MCGILL, register

### Notice for Publication

014967

Department of the interior, U. S. land office at Fort Sumner, N. M. March 22, 1920.

Notice is hereby given that William H. Be of Portales, N. M., who, on Dec. 16, 1916, made additional homestead entry, No. 014967, for N1-2SW 1-4, and S1-2NW 1-4, Sec. 22, township 1-N, range 34-E, N. M. P. meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before James A. Hall, U. S. commissioner, in his office, at Portales, N. M., on the 6th day of May, 1920.

Claimant names as witnesses: Martin L. Grett, John W. Taylor, Lon Beatty, Robert Woods, all of Portales, N. M. W. R. MCGILL, register

## Will Not be One Day Without PE-RU-NA

*This Lady TELLS Her FRIENDS*

Mrs. Mary Fricke, 507 Bornman St., Belleville, Ill., is just one of the many thousands of ladies throughout the country who, after an agony of years, have at last found health, strength and vigor in PE-RU-NA.

Her own words tell of her suffering and recovery better than we can do it: "I suffered with my stomach, had awful cramps and headaches so I often could not lay on a pillow. Saw your book, tried PE-RU-NA and got good results from the first bottle. To be sure of a cure I took twelve bottles. I have recommended PE-RU-NA to my friends and all are well pleased with results. I will not be one day without PE-RU-NA. Have not had a doctor since I started with PE-RU-NA, which was about fifteen years ago. I am now sixty-three years old, hale, hearty and well. Can do as much work as my daughters. I feel strong and healthy and weigh near two hundred pounds. Before, I weighed as little as one hundred. I hope lots of people use PE-RU-NA and get the results I did." An experience like that of Mrs. Fricke is an inspiration to every sick and suffering woman.

If you have catarrh, whether it be of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, or other organs, PE-RU-NA is the remedy. It is not new; it is not an experiment. PE-RU-NA has been tried. PE-RU-NA has been used by thousands who once were sick and are now well. To prevent coughs, colds, grip and influenza and to hasten recovery there is nothing better.

PE-RU-NA will improve the appetite and digestion, purify the blood, soothe the irritated mucous linings, eradicate the waste material and corruption from the system. It will tone up the nerves, give you health, strength, vigor and the joy of living. Do what Mrs. Mary Fricke and thousands more have done—try PE-RU-NA. You will be glad, happy, thankful.

Tablet or Liquid. Sold Everywhere.



MRS. MARY FRICKE

## WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

SOLD FOR 50 YEARS FOR MALARIA, CHILLS and FEVER Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic. SOLD BY ALL DRUG STORES.

### SOMETHING NEW TO MOTHER

Dear Old Lady Had a Good Deal to Learn About the Latest Idea in Silk Stockings.

Styles may come and styles may go, but an old-fashioned mother like Bab's can't be expected to keep abreast with the latest creations. She is always looking after the welfare of the family, whether it is preparing father's choice dish or skipping her own needs so that Johnny or Bab may keep up appearances with the twentieth century younger set.

Mother recently was going over the week's washing, putting a patch here, catching a button there and seeing to it that the stockings were carefully mended. She came across a pair of stockings that Bab had purchased the week before. They were the latest thing dictated by fashion, the lisle stocking with lace designs on the sides, which very much resembles the lowly "run."

"And bless you, mother sewed up every one of them," giggled Bab to a friend, a few days later, "and they cost me \$8 a pair, too."

#### The Main Question.

"Should Lefthook or Plexus win that prize fight?"

"Lefthook should have the best of the argument."

"I am not interested in who has the best of the argument. How about the fight?"

#### Paging Herself.

While a member of a college society, I was called upon one evening to act as recording secretary in the absence of the one elected to that office. After a short prayer, with which all programs were opened, I began to call the roll. When I came to my own name, which I called several times, I waited so long for the "here" or "present" response that a smile and titter ran around the hall. I then became conscious of what I was doing, and proceeded to finish the roll call in a hurry.—Chicago Tribune.

#### Popular—Indeed.

Mrs. W. had just brought home her new hat and was exhibiting it to her husband hoping to win his approval thereby. He looked at it critically. "Yes," she chirruped, "it's real old-fashioned. Just look at the flowers—popples and petunias and nasturtiums and see here—this wheat."

"Um huh," Mr. W. nodded his approval. "But if you wanted this hat to be popular, Mary, why didn't you have them change this wheat on your hat to rye?"

#### Keep Up Fighting Spirit.

Be patient with every one, but above all with yourself. I mean, don't be disturbed because of your imperfections, and always rise up bravely from a fall.—Francis de Sales.

Riches formerly had wings, but now they have wheels.

## When Something Is Wrong With Your Comfort

—when nervousness, indigestion, biliousness or some other upset makes you think you are not eating or drinking the right thing

—if you're a coffee drinker, cut out coffee ten days and use

## Postum Cereal

This delicious drink with its coffee-like flavor, suits coffee drinkers. Its value to health soon shows, and its economy is so apparent under use that one quickly realizes.

**"There's a Reason"**

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc. Battle Creek, Michigan

## EARTH NOT ALONE

Many Universes Besides Our Own in Space.

Recent Discoveries Have Greatly Expanded Mankind's Knowledge of Astronomy—Now We Know the "Sun Do Move."

The high priests of Babylonia and Egypt, 8000 years and more ago, had a considerable knowledge of astronomy; but, leaving out of question the few thus learned in science, creation to the ancients was a three-story affair, or rather two stories and a cellar, the latter being the abode of the dead, while on the second floor, ornamentally bespangled with stars, dwelt the gods.

Earth, of course, was flat. The sun passed across the heavens once in every 24 hours, and, going under, appeared again in the east next morning. There was also the moon, which had a similar habit; and that was about all there was of the cosmos.

Since then our ideas on the subject have vastly expanded, and now, in view of recent discoveries, they seem destined to expand enormously beyond anything hitherto imagined. We are beginning to grasp the notion of other universes outside of our own—at distances from our own universe well-nigh inconceivable.

Rev. Jasper declared that "the sun do move." He was right. Not only does it revolve on its own axis (as may be plainly seen by the "spots" which travel across its disc), but it is moving in a straight line through space, like a gigantic projectile, at a speed of at least ten miles a second. As it thus moves, the earth and its sister planets, of course, go with it.

Astronomers, in the course of centuries, have actually been able to observe this movement, by the closer gathering of stars in the sun's wake and the widening out of constellations ahead of us—just as might be noticed of trees and houses passed or approached in a railroad train.

All the stars are suns, most of them much bigger than our own solar luminary, and every one of them is traveling at a terrific speed. The so-called Runaway Star (known to astronomers as 1830 Groombridge) is going at a rate of 200 miles a second. What imaginable power could have set all these suns in motion? And why are they all traveling in different directions, apparently? Our own seeming destination is the constellation Lyra.

It is now thought probable that our universe, which we call the Milky Way (we seem to be not far from the center of it) is in reality a vast spiral in form, and that this spiral is revolving, so to speak, in its own plane. Assuming this to be true, the straight line in which our sun appears to travel is actually a curve.

What has led to this belief is observation of other spirals which are now thought to be distant universes, many of them so far away that light from them, traveling 186,000 miles a second, takes something like 10,000,000 years to reach us. Their form plainly shows that they are revolving.

Everything in the cosmos seems to go round and round. The moon travels around the earth, the earth around the sun; and presumably the sun is following an orbit about some center, whether a giant sun or merely a point in space. Our universe (if the theory above outlined be accepted) is whirling. Probably, as it whirls, it is making a journey of its own about some center, perhaps in concert with other universes.

Space being infinite in extent, it is, when one comes to think of it, absurd for us to imagine that ours is the only universe.

We shall never know. But at least we may claim that our ideas on the subject of creation are expanding.—Kansas City Star.

#### Increase in Foreign Mails.

A comparison of United States mails dispatched to foreign countries by steamers for the first nine months of the last two fiscal years shows that 2,560,043 pounds of letters and postcards were dispatched in 1920 and 1,794,822 pounds in 1919, or 32.63 per cent increase. In 1920 there were 17,377,424 pounds of prints dispatched and 16,943,543 pounds in 1919, or 2.56 per cent increase. The dispatch of parcel post amounted to 26,453,549 pounds in 1920 and 12,883,722 pounds in 1919, or an increase of 105.25 per cent.

#### An Intellectual.

"You often hear it said that Mrs. Gilthery has all the brains in the Gilthery family."

"But Mr. Gilthery is a successful business man."

"Oh, yes. However, he merely makes money. While sipping tea and smoking a perfumed cigarette Mrs. Gilthery can discuss more abstruse questions that have nothing to do with housework or the upbringing of the Gilthery twins than any other woman in her set."

## DODSON STOPS SALE OF CALOMEL

"Dodson's Liver Tone" is Taking Place of Dangerous, Sickening Chemical, Say Druggists

Every druggist in town has noticed a great falling off in the sale of calomel. They all give the same reason. Dodson's Liver Tone is taking its place.

"Calomel is dangerous and people know it." Dodson's Liver Tone is personally guaranteed by every druggist who sells it. A large bottle doesn't cost very much but if it fails to give easy relief in every case of liver sluggishness and constipation, just ask for your money back.

Dodson's Liver Tone is a pleasant, purely vegetable remedy, harmless to both children and adults. Take a spoonful at night and wake up feeling fine; no biliousness, sick headache, acid stomach or constipated bowels. It doesn't gripe or cause inconvenience all the next day like violent calomel. Take a dose of calomel today and tomorrow you will feel weak, sick and nauseated. Don't lose a day.—Adv.

By-and-by is always too late.

## MOTHER!

"California Syrup of Figs" Child's Best Laxative



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its fruity taste. Full directions on each bottle. You must say "California."—Adv.

Vanity is the quicksand of reason.

## INVENTIVE GENIUS ROBS CALOMEL OF NAUSEA AND DANGER

Doctors' Favorite Medicine Now Purified and Refined from All Objectionable Effects. "Calotabs"—the New Name.

What will human ingenuity do next? Smokeless powder, wireless telegraphy, horseless carriages, colorless iodine, tasteless quinine,—now comes nausealess calomel. The new improvement called "Calotabs" is now on sale at drugstores.

For biliousness, constipation and indigestion the new calomel tablet is a practically perfect remedy, as evidenced by the fact that the manufacturers have authorized all druggists to refund the price if the customer is not "perfectly delighted" with Calotabs. One tablet at bedtime with a swallow of water—that's all. No taste, no nausea, no griping, no salts. By morning your liver is thoroughly cleansed and you are feeling fine, with a hearty appetite. Eat what you please—no danger—go about your business. Calotabs are not sold in bulk. Get an original package, sealed. Price, thirty-five cents.—(adv.)

Ignorant people are born critics.

When a woman's husband isn't appreciative she may take the lecture platform.

### After Ten Years—

**Eatonic Proves the Best**  
"I say, God bless eatonic," writes Mrs. Della M. Doyen. "I can truthfully say, after suffering with stomach trouble for ten long years, that I have never had anything do me so much good as this one box of eatonic."

We print these grateful words from this dear lady, so that sufferers everywhere may have hope and a little faith—just enough to give eatonic a trial. Why, folks, last year over half a million people used eatonic and found relief.

This is the secret: Eatonic simply takes up the excess acids, poisons and gases, and carries them right out of the body. Of course, when the cause is removed, the sufferer gets well. Stomach trouble causes about seventy non-organic diseases, so, if you are suffering any kind of misery, not feeling well, go right to your druggist today and obtain a big box of eatonic; cost is a trifle. Use it and find quick, sure relief.

Make this test—you will see, and then, if you are not satisfied, your druggist will hand your money back. He does not want one penny unless eatonic pleases you. Adv.

All things might come to the man who waits—if starvation didn't get there first.

## Liggett & Myers KING PIN PLUG TOBACCO

Known as "that good kind" Try it—and you will know why

## Cuticura Soap

Is Ideal for The Complexion

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

## FRECKLES

POSITIVELY REMOVED BY Dr. Barry's Freckle Ointment—25c. Sold by Dr. C. E. Barry, 207 1/2 First Street, New York, N. Y.

## WOMEN WILL TALK



For three generations women have been talking about Stella Vitae—"Woman's Relief," "Mother's Cordial." Telling each other what Stella Vitae has done for them, and their daughters, and their friends. Any woman may try Stella Vitae on the positive guarantee that if the first bottle doesn't help, the druggist will refund the money. Ask your druggist.

What Some Women Say About

## STELLA-VITAE

MR. H. L. HALL, of Larkinsville, Ala., a well-known merchant who sold STELLA VITAE and used it in his family, writes: "STELLA VITAE has proved to be the best medicine my wife has ever used for a run-down system."

MRS. LILIE REYNOLDS of Madison, S. C., says: "I have been using your STELLA VITAE with wonderful results. It is the most wonderful medicine for women that I have ever used. I want all my friends to try STELLA VITAE."

THACHER MEDICINE CO., Chattanooga, Tenn., U. S. A.

# The Devil's Own

A Romance of the Blackhawk War

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Contributed," "Shoes of the Irish Brigade," "When Wilderness Was King," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"Kirby, stand up! Drop that rifle—take it, Eloise. Now raise your hands, Tim."

"What's up?"

"Is there anything serious going on outside?"

"No; 'nuthin' much—just pow-wowin'. Yer want me?"

"Search that scoundrel for weapons. Don't ask questions; do what I say."

He made short work of it, using no gentle methods.

"Wal, the gent wasn't exactly harmless," he reported, grinning cheerfully, "considerin' this yere knife an' cannon. Now, maybe ye'll tell me what the h—'s up?"

Kirby stood erect, his dark eyes searching our faces, his lips scornful. "And perhaps, Mr. Lieutenant Knox," he added sarcastically, "You might condescend to explain to me also the purpose of this outrage."

"With pleasure," but without lowering my rifle. "This boy here belonged to the company of soldiers massacred yesterday morning. You know where I mean. He was the only one to escape alive, and he saw you there among the savages—free, and one of them."

"He tells you that? And you accept the word of that half-wit?"

"He described your appearance to us exactly twenty-four hours ago. I never thought of you at the time, although the description was accurate enough, because it seemed so impossible for you to have been there. But that isn't all, Kirby. What has become of the emblem pin you wore in your tie? It is gone, I see."

His hand went up involuntarily. It is possible he had never missed it before, for a look of indecision came into the man's face—the first symptom of weakness I had ever detected there.

"It must have been lost—misaid—" "It was; and I chance to be able to tell you where—in this very room. Here is your pin, you incarnate devil. I found it caught in those blankets yonder. This is not your first visit to this cabin; you were here with Indian murderers."

"It's a d—d lie—" But Kennedy had him, locked in a vise-like grip. It was well he had, for the fellow had burst into a frantic rage, yet was bound so utterly helpless as to appear almost pitiful. The knowledge of what he had planned, of his despicable treachery, left us merciless. In spite of his struggles we bore him to the floor, and pinned him there, cursing and snapping like a wild beast.

"Tear up one of those blankets," I called back over my shoulder to Hall. "Yes, into strips, of course; now bring them here. Tim, you tie the fellow—yes, do a good job; I'll hold him. Lie still, Kirby, or I shall have to give you the butt of this gun in the face."

He made one last effort to break free, and, as my hand attempted to close on his throat, the clutching fingers caught the band of his shirt, and ripped it wide open. There, directly before me, a scar across his hairy, exposed chest, was a broad, black mark, a tribal totem. I stared down at it, recognizing its significance.

"By Heaven, Tim, look at this!" I cried. "He is an Indian himself—a black Sac!"

I do not know what delayed the attack of the savages, unless they were waiting for some signal which never came. I passed from loophole to loophole, thus assuring myself not only that they still remained, but that the cabin was completely surrounded, although the manner in which the warriors had been distributed left the great mass of them opposite the front. The others evidently composed a mere guard to prevent escape. No movement I could observe indicated an immediate assault; they rather appeared to be awaiting something.

Those I saw were all dismounted, and had advanced toward the cabin as closely as possible without coming within the range of guns. They had also sheltered themselves as far as possible behind clumps of brush, or ridges of rock, so that I found it difficult to estimate their number. Only occasionally would a venturesome warrior appear for a moment in the open, as he glided stealthily from the protection of one covert to another. No doubt some were brought within range of our rifles, as these efforts were usually made to more advanced

positions, but I forbade firing, in the vague hope that, not hearing from Kirby, the chiefs might become discouraged and draw off without risking an open attack.

This was more a desperate hope, rather than any real faith I possessed. Beyond doubt the Indian chief knew, or thought he knew, our exact strength before he consented to use his warriors in this assault.

If the band had trailed us to this spot, it had been done through the influence of Kirby, and he had, beyond question, informed them as to who we were, and the conditions under which we had fled from Yellow Banks. The only addition to our party since then was the rescued boy. They would have little fear of serious loss in an attack upon two men, and two women, unarmed, except possibly with a pistol or two, even though barricaded behind the log walls of a cabin. And, with one of their number within, any attempt at defense would be but a farce. This same gang had already sacked the cabin, taking with them, as they believed, every weapon it contained. In their haste they had overlooked the cellar below. They had no thought of its existence, nor that we awaited them rifles in hand and with an ample supply of powder and lead. Whatever might be the final result, a surprise of no pleasant nature was awaiting their advance.

The main assault would undoubtedly be delivered from the front, directed against the door, the only point where they could hope to break in. Here Tim and myself held our positions, as ready as we could be for any emergency, and watchful of the slightest movement without. Tim had even brought up the half-keg of coarse powder from the cellar, and rolled it into one corner out of the way. His only explanation was, a grim reply to my question, that "it might be mighty handy ter hav' round afore the fracas was done." There was no fear in Eloise, no shrinking, no evidence of cowardice. Not once did I feel the need of giving her word of encouragement—even as I glanced toward her it was to perceive the gleam of a pistol gripped in her hand. She was of the old French fighting stock, which never fails.

Against the log wall a few yards away, Kirby strained at his blanket bonds, and had at last succeeded in lifting himself up far enough so as to stare about the room. There was none of the ordinary calm of the gambler about the fellow now—all the pitiless hate, and love of revenge which belonged to his wild Indian blood blazed in his eyes. He glared at me in sudden, impotent rage.

"You think you've got me, do you?" he cried, scowling across; then an ugly grin distorted his thin lips. "Not yet you haven't, you soldier dog. I've got some cards left to play in this game, you young fool. What did you butt in for anyway? This was none of your affair. D— you, Knox, do you know who she is? I mean that white-faced chit over there—do you know who she is? She's my wife; do you hear?—my wife! I've got the papers, d— you! She's mine!—mine; and I am going to have her long after you're dead—yes, and the whole d— Beaulac property with her. By G—! you talk about fighting—why there are fifty Indians out here. Wait till they find out what has happened to me. Oh, I'll watch you die at the stake, you sneaking white cur, and spit in your face!"

"Kirby," I said sternly, but quietly, stepping directly across toward him. "You are a prisoner, and helpless, but I am going to tell you now to hold your tongue. Otherwise you will never see me at the stake, because I shall blow your brains out where you lie."

"You dare not do—" "And why not? It will rid the girl of you, and that means something to me—and her. Just try me, and see."

He must have read the grim meaning in my face, for he fell back against the log, muttering incoherently, his dark eyes wells of hate, his face a picture of malignancy, but utterly helpless—the lurking coward in him, unable to face my threat. I left him and stooped above her.

"We shall be busy presently; the delay cannot be much longer. I am afraid that fellow may succeed somehow in doing us harm. He is crazed enough to attempt anything. May I trust you to guard him?"

Her eyes, absolutely fearless and direct, looked straight up into mine.

"Yes, he will make no movement I shall not see. Tell me; do you believe there is hope?"

"God knows. We shall do our best. If the worst comes—what?"

"Do not fear for me; do not let any memory of me turn you aside from your work," she said quietly. "I know what you mean and pledge you I shall never fall into his hands. It—It cannot be wrong, I am sure, and—and I must tell you that. I—I could not, Steven, for—for I love you."

My eager hands were upon hers, my eyes greedily reading the message revealed so frankly in the depths of her own. She only was in my thoughts; we were there alone—alone.

"They're a comin', Cap," yelled Kennedy and his rifle cracked. "By G—! they're here!"

With one swift spring I was back at

my deserted post and firing. Never before had I been in an Indian battle, but they had told me at Armstrong that the Sacs were fighting men. I knew it now. This was to be no play at war but a grim, relentless struggle. They came en masse, rushing recklessly forward across the open space, pressing upon each other in headlong desire to be first, yelling like fiends, guns brandished in air, or spitting fire, animated by but one purpose—the battering of a way into that cabin. I know not who led them—all I saw was a mass of half-naked bodies bounding toward me, long hair streaming, copper faces aglow, weapons glittering in the light. Yes, I saw more—the meaning of that fierce rush; the instrument of destruction they brought with them. It was there in the center of the maelstrom of leaping figures, protected by the grouped bodies, half hidden by gesticulating red arms—a huge log, borne irresistibly forward on the shoulders of twenty warriors, gripped by other hands, and hurled toward us as though swept on by a human sea. Again and again I fired blindly into the yelling mob; I heard the crack of Tim's rifle echoing mine, and the chug of lead from without striking the solid logs. Bullets ploughed crashing through the door panels and Eloise's shrill screams of fright rang out above the unearthly din. A slug tore through my loophole, drawing blood from my shoulder in its passage, and imbedded itself in the opposite wall. In front of me savages fell, staggering, screams of anger and agony mingling as the astonished assailants realized the fight before them. An instant we held them, startled, and demoralized. The warriors bearing the log stumbled over a dead body and went down, the great timber crushing out another life as it fell. Again we fired, this time straight into their faces—but there was no stopping them. A red blanket flashed back beyond the big tree; a guttural voice shouted, its hoarse note rising above the hellish uproar, and those demons were on their feet again, filled with new frenzy. It was a minute—no more. With a blow that shook the cabin, propelled by twenty strong arms, the great tree butt struck, splintering the oak wood as though it were so much pine, and driving a jagged hole clear through one panel. Kennedy was there, blazing away directly into the assailants' eyes, and I joined him.

Again they struck, and again, the jagged end of their battering ram protruded through the shattered wood. We killed, but they were too many. Once more the great butt came crashing forward, this time caving in the entire door, bursting it back upon its hinges. In through the opening the red mob hurled itself, reckless of death or wounds, mad with the thirst for victory; a jam of naked beasts, crazed by the smell of blood—a wave of slaughter, crested with brandished guns and gleam of tomahawks.

There is nothing to remember—nothing but blows, curses, yells, the crunch of steel on flesh, the horror of cruel eyes glowering into yours, the clutching of fingers at your throat, the spit of fire singeing you, the strain of combat hand to hand—the knowledge that it is all over, except to die. I had no sense of fear; no thought but to kill and be killed. I felt within me strength—desperate, insane strength. The rifle butt splintered in my hands, but the bent and shapeless barrel rose and fell like a fall. I saw it crush against skulls; I jabbed it straight into red faces! I brought it down with all my force on clutching arms. For an instant Tim was beside me. He had lost his gun and was fighting with a knife. It was only a glimpse I had of him through red mist—the next instant he was gone. A huge fellow faced me, a Winnebago. I knew, from his shaven head. I struck him once, laying open his cheek to the bone; then he broke through and gripped me.

The rest is what—a dream; a delirium fever? I know not; it comes to me in flashes of mad memory. I was struck again and again, stabbed, and flung to the floor. Moccasined feet trod on me, and some fiend gripped my hair, bending my head back across a dead body, until I felt the neck crack. Above me were naked legs and arms, a pandemonium of dancing figures, a horrible chorus of maddened yells. I caught a glimpse of Asa Hall flung high into the air, shot dead in mid-flight, the whirling body dropping into the ruck below. I saw the savage, whose fingers were twined in my hair, lift a gleaming tomahawk and circle it about his head; I stared into the hate of his eyes, and as it swept downward there was a glare of red and yellow flame between us, the thunder of an explosion; the roof above seemed to burst asunder and fall in—and darkness, death.

Some slight, scarcely distinguishable noise aroused me. Yes, it was actually a sound, as though someone moved in the room—moved stealthily, as though upon hands and knees, seeking a passage in the darkness. I imagined I could distinguish breathing. Who, what could it be? A man; a prowling wild animal which had scented blood? But for my dry, parched lips I would have cried out—yet even with the vain endeavor, doubt silenced me. Who could be there—who? Some sneaking, cowardly thief; some despoiler of the dead? Some Indian returned through the night to take his toll of scalps, hoping to thus proclaim himself a mighty warrior? More likely enemy than friend. It was better that I lie and suffer than appeal to such a fiend for mercy.

The slight sound shifted to the right of where I lay, no longer reminding me of the slow progress of a moving body, but rather as though someone were attempting blindly to scrape together ashes in the fireplace. I pressed my one free hand beneath my neck, and thus, by an effort, lifted myself so as to see more clearly beyond the shoulder of the dead Indian. The first tiny, flickering spark of fire had caught the dry wood, and was swiftly bursting into flame. In another moment this had illumined that stooping figure, and rested in a blaze of light upon the lowered face, bringing out the features as though they were framed against the black wall beyond—a woman's face, the face of Eloise!

I gave vent to one startled, inarticulate cry, and she sprang to her feet, the mantling flames girdling her as though she were a statue. In that first frightened glance she failed to see me; her whole posture told of fear, of indecision.

"Who was it spoke? Who called? Is someone alive here?"

The trembling words sounded strange, unnatural. I could barely whisper, yet I did my best.

"It is Steven, Eloise—come to me."

"Steven! Steven Knox—alive! Oh, my God; you have answered my prayer!"

She found me, heedless of all the horror in between, as though guided by some instinct, and dropped on her knees beside me. I felt a tear fall on my cheek, and then the warm, eager pressure of her lips to mine, I could

I could see nothing, hear nothing. All about was impenetrable blackness and the silence of the grave. I found myself unable to move my body and when I desperately attempted to do so, even the slightest motion brought pain. I became conscious also of a weight crushing down upon me, and stifling my breath. One of my arms was free; I could move it about within narrow limits, although it ached as from a serious burn. By use of it I endeavored through the black darkness to learn the nature of that heavy object lying across my chest, feeling a it cautiously. My fingers touched cold, dead flesh, from contact with which they shrank in horror, only to encounter a strand of coarse hair. The first terror of this discovery was overwhelming, yet I persevered, satisfying myself that it was the half-naked body of an Indian—a very giant of a fellow—which lay stretched across me, an immovable weight. Something else, perhaps another dead man, held my feet as though in a vise, and when I ventured to extend my one free arm gropingly to one side, the fingers encountered a moccasined foot. Scarcely daring to breathe, I lay staring upward and, far above, looking out through what might be a jagged, overhanging mass of timbers, although scarcely discernible, my eyes caught the silver glimmer of a star.

I was alive—alive! Whatever had occurred in that fateful second to deflect that murderous tomahawk, its keen edge had failed to reach me. And what had occurred? Then it was that the probable truth came to me—that flash and roar; that last impression imprinted on my brain before utter darkness descended upon me, must have meant an explosion, an upheaval shattering the cabin, bringing the roof down upon the struggling mob within, the heavy timbers crushing out their lives. And the cause! But one was possible—the half-keg of blasting powder Kennedy had placed in the corner as a last resort. Had Tim reached it in a final, mad effort to destroy, or had some accidental flame wrought the terrible destruction? Perhaps no one could ever answer that—but was I there alone, the sole survivor? Had those others of our little party died amid their Indian enemies, and were they lying now somewhere in this darkness, crushed and mangled in the midst of the debris?

Kennedy, Eloise Clark, the half-witted boy Asa Hall—their faces seemed to stare at me out of the blackness. They must be dead! Why, I had seen Kennedy fall, the heedless feet crunching his face, and Asa Hall tossed into the air and shot at as he fell. Eloise! Eloise! I covered my eyes with the free hand, conscious that I was crying like a child—Eloise. My God, Eloise! I wonder if I fainted; I knew so little after that; so little, except that I suffered helplessly. If I did not faint, then I must have been upon the verge of insanity, for there was a time—God knows how long—when all was blank.

Some slight, scarcely distinguishable noise aroused me. Yes, it was actually a sound, as though someone moved in the room—moved stealthily, as though upon hands and knees, seeking a passage in the darkness. I imagined I could distinguish breathing. Who, what could it be? A man; a prowling wild animal which had scented blood? But for my dry, parched lips I would have cried out—yet even with the vain endeavor, doubt silenced me. Who could be there—who? Some sneaking, cowardly thief; some despoiler of the dead? Some Indian returned through the night to take his toll of scalps, hoping to thus proclaim himself a mighty warrior? More likely enemy than friend. It was better that I lie and suffer than appeal to such a fiend for mercy.

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"Steven! Steven Knox—alive! Oh, my God; you have answered my prayer!"

She found me, heedless of all the horror in between, as though guided by some instinct, and dropped on her knees beside me. I felt a tear fall on my cheek, and then the warm, eager pressure of her lips to mine, I could

not speak; I could only stare at her with my one hand.

"You are suffering," she cried. "What can I do? Is it this Indian's body?"

"Yes," I breathed, the effort of speaking an agony; "He lies directly across my chest, a dead weight."

It taxed her strength to the utmost, but, oh, the immediate relief! With the drawing of a full breath I felt a return of manhood, a revival of life. Another body pinned my limbs to the floor, but this was more easily disposed of. Then I managed to lift myself, but with the first attempt her arm was about my shoulders.

"No; not alone—let me help you. Do you really think you can stand? Why, you are hurt, dear; this is a knife wound in your side. It looks ugly, but is not deep and bleeds no longer. Are there other injuries?"

"My head rings, and this left arm appears paralyzed, from blows, no doubt; there are spots on my body which feel like burns. No, I am not in bad shape. Now let me stand alone; that's better. Good God, what a scene!"

The fire, by this time blazing brightly, gave us a full view of the entire dismantled interior. The cabin was a complete wreck, the roof practically all gone and the upper logs of the side walls either fallen within or dangling in threat. Clearly enough it had been the sudden plunge of heavy timbers and the dislodgment of those upper logs, which accounted for this havoc of death. There were dead there pierced by bullets and brained by rifle stocks, but the many had met their fate under the avalanche of logs, and amid the burning glare of exploding powder.

Only between arched timbers and sections of fallen roof could we move at all, and beneath the network of this entanglement the majority of the bodies lay, crushed and mangled. I saw Kirby, free from his bonds, but dead beneath a heavy beam. His face was toward us and the flicker of flame revealed a dark spot on his forehead—his life had never been crushed out by that plunging timber which pinned him there; it had been ended by a bullet. My eyes sought hers, in swift memory of my last order, and she must have read my thought.

"No," she said, "not that, Steven. It was the boy who shot him. Oh, please, can we not go? There is light already in the sky overhead—see. Take me away from here—anywhere, outside."

"In a moment; all these surely are dead, beyond our aid, and yet we must not depart footless. We know not how far it still may be to Ottawa. Wait, while I search for the things we need."

"Not alone; I must be where I can touch you. Try to understand. Oh, you do not know those hours I have spent in agony—I have died a thousand deaths since that sun went down."

"You were conscious—all night long?"

"Conscious? Yes, and unhurt, yet prisoned helpless beneath those two logs yonder, saved only by that overturned bench. Eloise, poor thing, never knew how death came, it was so swift, but I lay there, within a foot of her body unscratched. I could think only of you, Steven, but with never a dream that you lived. There were groans at first and cries. Some Indians crept in through the door and dragged out a few who lived. But with the coming of darkness all sound ceased and such silence was even more dreadful than the calls for help. Oh, I cannot tell you," and she clung to me, her voice breaking. "I—I dared not move for hours, and then, when I did try, found I could not; that I was held fast. Only for a knife in the hands of a dead savage, which I managed to secure, I could never have freed myself. And oh, the unspeakable horror of creeping in the darkness among those bodies. I knew where the fireplace must be; that there might be live coals there still. I had to have light; I had to know if you were dead."

"Don't think about it any more, dear heart," I urged. "Yes, we can go now—nothing else holds us here."

We crept out through the door, underneath a mass of debris, into the gray of the dawn. Beyond a little grove we found some horses browsing in the deep grass; they were those that had brought us from Yellow Banks, and whinnied a greeting as we drew near. Two of them were fit to ride and the others followed, limping along behind.

A half mile up the valley we came to a beaten trail, running straight across from bluff to bluff, and disappearing into the prairie beyond, heading directly toward the sunrise. We stopped and looked back for the first time. There on the side of the slope, under the shade of the big tree, stood the cabin. Only for the wreck of the roof it spoke no message of the tragedy within. The sun's rays glided it, and the smoke from its chimney seemed a beckoning welcome. I reached out and took her hand, and our eyes met in understanding. What I whispered need not be told, and when we again rode forward, it was upon the trail to Ottawa.

[THE END]

## CHAPTER XVII.

The Trail to Ottawa.

When my eyes again opened it was to darkness and silence as profound as that of my former unconsciousness. For the moment I felt no certainty even that I was actually alive, yet slowly, little by little, reality conquered, and I became keenly conscious of physical pain, while memory also began to blindly reassert itself.

THE PORTALES JOURNAL

Entered as second-class matter June 6, 1917, at the post office at Portales, N. M. under Act of March 3, 1879.

H. B. RYTHER, Manager

Published every Friday at Portales, New Mexico, and devoted to the upbuilding of Roosevelt County, the garden spot of the Sunshine State.

One Year \$1.00  
Six Months .50  
Three Months .25

A DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER



Larrazola said it was either the governorship or nothing and he succeeded in getting--nothing.

The Republicans were determined to ditch Larrazola even if it was necessary to break a few provisions of the state constitution.

Judging from convention notes Hanna badges were more in evidence on the floor of the Republican convention than were those of their own candidates.

It now develops that Mr. Hardinf is not only a "wet" candidate but that for forty years, or until national prohibition came, he was a heavy stockholder in a brewery.

Apparently there is not much hope of success among the Republicans. Who ever heard of a g. o. p. politician refusing a nomination when Republican success was even dreamed?

Yes there was harmony in the state Republican convention--the same sort of harmony there is between two Tom cats whose legs have been tied together and then hung on a clothes line.

Will the nomination of Mechem revive all those contempt and libel cases in which the New Mexican contended that Mechem double crossed it? Watch the N. M. get on the Mechem band wagon.

It now appears that Governor Cox underestimated the Republican slush fund that is being raised to buy the presidency. Hays said that Cox was a liar, but his treasurer came through with some dope that proved that Cox had a straight tip.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the interior, U. S. land office at Roswell, N. M., Sept. 10, 1920.  
Notice is hereby given that Lewis H. Fawcett, of Richland, N. M., who on July 16th, 1920, made homestead entry No. 038030, for SW1/4 NE1/4 Sec. 12, T. 6 S., R. 35 E., NE1/4 SW1/4 lot 4, sec. 7 NE1/4 NW1/4 lot 1, sec. 18, township 6 S., range 36 E., N. M. P. M. meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before J. C. Compton, judge of the probate court of Roosevelt county, New Mexico, at Portales, N. M., on the 21st day of Oct. 1920.  
Claimant names as witnesses: Earl J. Stratton, John O. Sigall, James W. Partin, Preston Williams, all of Richland, N. M.  
EMMETT PATTON, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the interior, U. S. land office at Roswell, N. M., Sept. 10, 1920.  
Notice is hereby given that George E. Roris, of Elida, N. M., who on February 2nd, 1916, made homestead entry No. 03917 for SE1/4 Sec. 23, SW1/4 Sec. 5, and who on July 15th, 1918, made additional homestead entry, No. 037113, for E1/2, Sec. 24, township 7 S., range 32 E., N. M. P. M. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before R. H. Grissom, U. S. commissioner at Elida, N. M., on the 20th day of Oct. 1920.  
Claimant names as witnesses: Willie H. Crye, Albert W. Stanford, Edward C. McCown, William H. Nichol, all of Elida, N. M.  
EMMETT PATTON, Register.

State of New Mexico  
Notice for Publication

Public Land Sale  
Roosevelt County

Office of the commissioner of public lands, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the provisions of an act of congress, approved June 20, 1910, the laws of the state of New Mexico, and rules and regulations of the state land office, the commissioner of public lands will offer at public sale to the highest bidder at 11 o'clock a. m. on Tuesday, December 14th, 1920, in the town of Portales, county of Roosevelt, state of New Mexico, in front of the court house therein, the following described tracts of land, viz:

Sale No. 1637, NE1-4, Sec. 19; T. 6-S, R. 33-E, containing 160 acres. There are no improvements.

Sale No. 1638 S1-2SE1-4, Sec. 12; T. 6-S, R. 33-E. Lot 4, E1-2, Sec. 7; W1-2W1-2, Sec. 8; T. 6-S, R. 34-E, containing 598.57 acres. There are no improvements.

Sale No. 1639, S1-2, Sec. 19; S1-S, Sec. 20; T. 7-S, R. 34 E., S1-2, Sec. 5; T. 8-S, R. 21-E., containing 891.69 acres. The improvements consist of fencing, value \$135.50.

Sale No. 1640, S1-2SN1-4, Sec. 3; T. 8-S, R. 34-E., containing 80.00 acres. The improvements consist of fencing, value \$0.00.

Sale No. 1641, NE1-4SW1-4, N1-2SE1-4, SE1-4SW1-4, sec. 8; T. 8 S., R. 34-E., containing 160.00 acres. The improvements consist of fencing, value \$30.00.

No bid on the above described tracts of land will be accepted for less than five dollars (\$5.00) per acre, which is the appraised value thereof, and in addition thereto the successful bidder must pay for the improvements that exist on the land.

Each of the described tracts will be offered for sale separately.

The above sale of land will be subject to the following terms and conditions, viz:

The successful bidder must pay to the commissioner of public lands or his agent holding such sale, one-twentieth of the price offered by him for the land, four per cent interest in advance for the balance of such purchase price, fees for advertising and appraisal and all costs incidental to the sale herein, each and all of said amounts must be deposited in cash or certified exchange at the time of sale and which said amounts and all of them are subject to forfeiture to the state of New Mexico, if the successful bidder does not execute a contract within thirty days after it has been mailed to him by the state land office, said contract to provide that the purchaser may at his option make payments of not less than one-thirtieth of ninety-five per cent of the purchase price at any time after the sale and prior to the expiration of thirty years from the date of the contract with interest on deferred payments at the rate of four per cent per annum payable in advance on the anniversary of the date of the contract, partial payments to be credited on the anniversary of the date of the contract next following the date of tender.

The above sale of land will be subject to valid existing rights, easements, rights of way and reservations.

All mineral rights in the above described tracts of land are reserved to state.

The commissioner of public lands, or his agent holding such sale, reserves the right to reject any and all bids offered at said sale.

Possession under contracts of sale for the above described tracts will be given on or before October 1st, 1921.

witness my hand and the official seal of the state land office of the state of the state of New Mexico, this first day of September, 1920.

N. A. FIELD,  
Commissioner of Public Lands  
state of New Mexico.

In the probate court of Roosevelt county, state of New Mexico.  
No. 207

In the matter of the last will and testament of Edward C. Price, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was appointed executor of the last will and testament of Edward C. Price, deceased, by J. C. Compton probate judge of Roosevelt county, New Mexico, on the 6th day of September, 1920, at the regular sept., 1920 term of the probate court for the county and state aforesaid.

Therefore any and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file or present the same on or before one year from date hereof, according to law, or the same will be barred.

Dated this 6th day of Sept. 1920.  
JOHN M. PRICE, Executor.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the interior, U. S. Land Office at Fort Sumner, N. M., Sept. 10, 1920.  
Notice is hereby given that Asa L. Williams, of Richland, N. M., who, on January 5th, 1916, made homestead entry, 036689 for S1-2SE1-4 N1-2NE1-4 SW1-4NE1-4; NW1-4SE1-4; SE1-4SW1-4; section 17, NE1-4NW1-4; section 20, and who on July 17, 1918 made additional homestead entry, No. 036996, for NE1-4SE1-4; SE1-4NE1-5; NE1-4SW1-3; section 17, N1-2NE1-4, section 20, NW1-4NW1-4 section 21; S1-4SE1-4 section 8, township 7-S, range 36-E, N. M. P. M. meridian has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before R. H. Grissom, U. S. commissioner, at Elida, N. M., on the 19th day of Oct. 1920.  
Claimant names as witnesses: John W. Sigall, Andrew J. DeBord, Ida Beeman, John A. E. Keston, all of Richland, N. M.  
EMMETT PATTON, Register.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET



- President of the United States—  
JAMES M. COX, of Ohio.
- Vice-President of the United States—  
of New York.
- FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT,  
STATE OFFICERS.
- Presidential Electors—  
J. B. PRIDDY, of Roosevelt.  
R. L. YOUNG, of Dona Ana.  
SEFERINO MARTINEZ, of Colfax.
- For Congressman—  
ANTONIO LUCERO, of San Miguel.
- For Governor—  
RICHARD H. HANNA.
- For Lieutenant Governor—  
COL. J. D. ATWOOD.
- For Secretary of State—  
F. C. DeBACA.
- For State Auditor—  
CARLOS MANZANARES.
- For State Treasurer—  
HARRY SLACK.
- For Attorney General—  
ROBERT C. DOW.
- For Land Commissioner—  
HAL KERR.
- For Justice of Supreme Court—  
HARRY L. PATTON.
- For State Superintendent—  
R. S. TIPTON.
- For Corporation Commissioner—  
GEORGE L. PERRIN.

- FOR STATE SENATOR—  
Twenty-First Senatorial District.  
SETH A. MORRISON
- FOR REPRESENTATIVE—  
Twentieth Representative District.  
COE HOWARD.

District Attorney, Fifth Judicial District, comprising the counties of Roosevelt, Curry and DeBaca—  
C. M. COMPTON, JR., Portales, N. M.

Clerk—  
R. H. GRISSOM

Treasurer—  
J. R. SHOCK

Assessor—  
J. A. (Jack) PIPKIN

Sheriff—  
JESS McCORMACK

County Superintendent of Schools—  
R. A. PALM

Probate Judge—  
H. B. RYTHER

Commissioner, 1st District—  
CALVIN R. LANGSTON.

Commissioner, 2nd District—  
GEO. T. LITTLEFIELD

Commissioner, 3rd District—  
CHAS. S. TOLER.

Notice for Publication.  
038824

Department of the interior, U. S. land office at Roswell, N. M. June 2, 1920.  
Notice is hereby given that William E. Massey, of Richland, N. M., who, on July 18th, 1918, made additional homestead entry, No. 038824, for lots 1, 2, 3, 4; E1-2W1-2; Sec. 30, township 6-S, range 37-E, N. M. P. meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before James A. Hall, U. S. commissioner, at Portales, N. M., on the 13th day of July, 1920.  
Claimant names as witnesses: Henry C. Boteler, of Allie, N. M. James I. Massey, of Richland, N. M. Will W. Morehead, of Rogers, N. M. John H. Kidd, of Lingo, N. M.  
EMMETT PATTON, Register.

DUDLEY B. WILLIAMS, M.D.

Office in rear of First National Bank. office phone No. 60, residence phone No. 90. Calls answered day and night.

PORTALES NEW MEXICO,

Notice of Pendency of Suit

The state of New Mexico to H. S. Lewis and J. F. Hallwegon, defendants, greeting.  
You and each of you are hereby notified that a suit has been filed against you in the district court of the Fifth judicial district of the state of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt county, wherein J. T. Wilcox is plaintiff and the Nu-mex Oil Company, a corporation, and the said H. S. Lewis and J. F. Hallwegon are defendants, said cause being numbered 1603 upon the civil docket of said court. The general objects of said action are as follows:

The plaintiff sues the defendants alleging in his first cause of action that the defendants are indebted to him in the sum of \$495.84, by virtue of a contract made between the plaintiff and defendants on the 3rd day of November, 1919, whereby the defendants employed the plaintiff as drilling superintendent, to superintend the construction of Nu-mex oil well No. 1, in Roosevelt county New Mexico.

The plaintiff further alleges in his second cause of action that the defendants are indebted to him in the sum of \$528.49 on account of valid claims of indebtedness due from the defendants to Owen Summers, in the sum of \$280, W. D. Kenyon in the sum of \$192.50, Joel Fuller in the sum of \$10.00, and the Portales Lumber Company in the sum of \$55.90; that said claims in favor of said Owen Summers, Joel Fuller, W. D. Kenyon and the Portales Lumber Company were and are due for work and labor performed by all of said above named parties for the defendants under contracts with the defendants made during the month of July, 1920, except the claim of the Portales Lumber Company, which is for lumber and materials furnished the said defendants by the said lumber company, under contract with them dated the 9th day of January, 1920; and that all of said claims were; for a valuable consideration duly and legally assigned to the plaintiff, who is now the owner thereof; that plaintiff's total claim under both causes of action amounts to the sum of one thousand thirty-four dollars and twenty cents, with legal interest.

The plaintiff seeks judgment for said amount against said defendants, and each of them, together with costs of suit.

You, the said H. S. Lewis and J. F. Hallwegon are further notified that the Security State bank of Portales, New Mexico, garnishee in said action, has been garnished and that your money and effects in said bank have been garnished and that unless you appear in said cause on or before the 24th day of September 1920, and plead or answer therein, judgment will be rendered against you and said garnishee in said cause and your money applied, and your effects will be disposed of as provided by law, to said judgment.

You are further notified that George L. Reese is attorney for the plaintiff in the above entitled cause and that his post office address is Portales, New Mexico.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court on this the 5th day of August 1920.  
(Seal) SETH A. MORRISON, Clerk.  
By A. J. GOODWIN, Deputy.

In the probate court of Roosevelt county state of New Mexico.  
No. 206

In the matter of the last will and testament of Emanuel Rhoades, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was appointed executrix of the last will and testament of Emanuel Rhoades, deceased, by J. C. Compton, probate judge of Roosevelt county, New Mexico, on the 6th day of September, 1920, at a regular term of the probate court in and for the county and state aforesaid.  
Therefore, any and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file or present the same on or before one year from date hereof, according to law, or the same will be forever barred.  
Dated this 6th day of Sept., 1920.  
MARY P. RHOADES, Executrix.

Notice for Publication

Department of the interior, U. S. Land office at Fort Sumner, N. M., August 27, 1920.  
Notice is hereby given that Thomas D. Jacobs, of Emzy, N. M., who on June 1st, 1917, made additional homestead entry, No. 015746, for lots 3, 4, Sec. 27, lots 1, 2, 3, and 4, Sec. 34, township 5-S range 37-E, N. M. P. meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. C. Compton, probate judge, in his office, at Portales, N. M., on the 14th day of Oct. 1920.  
Claimant names as witnesses: Vance V. Greer, Henry Rudder, Fred Henry, Tillman Trammell, of Emzy, N. M.  
W. R. McGill, Register.

Notice for Publication

Department of the interior, U. S. Land office at Roswell, N. M., May 13, 1920.  
Notice is hereby given that Luther M. Billberry, of Lingo, N. M., who, on Sept. 15, 1915, made homestead entry 032920, for S 1-2, Sec. 17, and who on Jan. 11, 1919, made additional homestead entry No. 038436, for N 1-2, Sec. 17, township 7-S, range 38-E, N. M. P. meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before James A. Hall, U. S. commissioner, at Portales, N. M., on this the 21st day of June, 1920.  
Claimant names as witnesses: Richard C. Rogers, Robert L. Allen, these of Lingo, N. M. John Kidd, of Garrison, N. M. Jim Leller of Emzy, N. M.  
EMMETT PATTON, Register.

Two milch cows for sale, 1 Jersey 6 years old; 1 white face Hereford coming 3 yearsr See Wilhelm Drautz, one half mile east of town.

In the district court of Roosevelt county, state of New Mexico,

Hon. J. C. Compton, Probate judge.  
No. 208

In the matter of the estate of Raymond C. Mathis, deceased.

Notice of Appointment and Notice to Creditors

Notice is hereby given, that letters of administration on the estate of Raymond C. Mathis, deceased, were granted to the undersigned by the probate court of the county of Roosevelt, state of New Mexico, on the 19th day of August, 1920.

All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit the same to the undersigned at his office in Clovis, Curry county, New Mexico, for allowance, within twelve months after the date of this publication with necessary vouchers, or they will be forever precluded from any benefit of said estate; or, said claims may be filed with the clerk of said probate court.  
Dated this 20th day of August, A. D. 1920.

R. E. Rowells, Administrator.

Notice of Pendency of Suit

State of New Mexico  
to Samuel Atkinson, Mary B. Atkinson, Caleb H. Winfrey, all unknown heirs of the said Caleb H. Winfrey, and all unknown claimants of interest in the premises adverse to the plaintiff.

Greeting:  
You are hereby notified that a suit has been filed against you in the district court of the Fifth judicial district of the state of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt county, wherein Lester S. Smith is plaintiff, and the said above named parties are defendants, said cause being numbered 1586 upon the civil docket of said court.

The general objects of said suit are as follows:

The plaintiff sues the defendants, alleging that he is the owner, in fee simple of the northeast quarter and the east half of the northwest quarter of section thirty-two in township one south of range thirty-four east of the New Mexico meridian, New Mexico; and that he and his predecessors have been in open, continuous and notorious, adverse possession of said property for more than ten years last passed, paying the taxes thereon, that the defendants are making some claim to said premises adverse to the estate of the plaintiff; and the plaintiff prays that his title to said property be established against all such adverse claims; that the defendants be barred and estopped from making any claim to said premises; and that plaintiff's title be forever quieted and set at rest.

You are further notified that unless you appear in said cause and plead or answer therein on or before the 31 day of July, 1920, judgment by default will be taken against you and the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

You are further notified George L. Reese is attorney for the plaintiff and that his post office address is Portales, New Mexico.

Witness my hand and the seal of the said court on this the 8th day of June, 1920.

(Seal) SETH A. MORRISON, Clerk.  
By A. J. GOODWIN, Deputy.

In the probate court of Roosevelt county state of New Mexico.  
No. 205

In the matter of the last will and testament of Emanuel Rhoades, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was on the 17th day of June, 1920, appointed administrator of the estate of O. Wendel, deceased, by Hon. J. C. Compton, probate judge of Roosevelt county, New Mexico.  
Therefore all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same with the county clerk of Roosevelt county, New Mexico, within one year from the date of said appointment as provided by law, or same will be barred.  
TYRE BEAL, Administrator.

In the probate court, Roosevelt county state of New Mexico.  
No. 202

In the matter of the estate of John W. Moon, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, was on the 22, day of June, 1920, appointed administrator of the estate of John W. Moon, deceased, by Hon. J. C. Compton, probate judge of Roosevelt county New Mexico.  
Therefore all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same with the county clerk of Roosevelt county, within one year from date of said appointment as provided by law, or the same will be barred.  
ERNEST LONGENEGER, Administrator.

Notice for Publication

Department of the interior, U. S. Land Office at Fort Sumner, N. M., June 11th, 1920.  
Notice is hereby given that Silas M. Griestead of Elida, N. M., who, on May 29th, 1917, made additional homestead entry, No. 016705, for N1-2 Sec. 20, township 4-S, range 33-E, N. M. P. meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before James A. Hall, U. S. commissioner, in his office at Portales, N. M., on the 22nd day of July, 1920.  
Claimant names as witnesses: Arthur A. Woolford, of Portales, N. M. Samuel Gusa, of Elida, N. M. Lee Evans, of Red Lake, N. M. Jewe A. Griestead, of Portales, N. M.  
W. R. McGill, Register.

FOR SALE or TRADE— One Wyllis-Knight car. See Mrs. G. M. Williamson, phone 19.

## END OF EIGHT YEARS MISERY

Used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Recovered.

Newark, N. J.—"The doctor said I had an organic trouble and treated me for several weeks. At times I could not walk at all and I suffered with my back and limbs so I often had to stay in bed. I suffered off and on for eight years. Finally I heard that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was a good medicine and tried it with splendid effect. I can now do my housework and my washing. I have recommended your Vegetable Compound and your Blood Medicine and three of my friends are taking them to advantage. You can use my name for a testimonial."  
—Mrs. THERESA COVENTRY, 76 Burnett St., Newark, N. J.

You are invited to write for free advice. No other medicine has been so successful in relieving woman's suffering as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Women may receive free and helpful advice by writing the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. Such letters are received and answered by women only and held in strict confidence.

Uncomplimentary  
A man who possesses a corpulent figure takes a Sunday-school class. Recently he gave a lesson upon how sin affected the future life. "Well, boys," he asked, in conclusion, "what would happen to me when I die if I had led a bad life?" "The fat would be in the fire," replied one lad, after some reflection.

### Sure Relief



**BELL'S**  
FOR  
INDIGESTION  
25 CENTS

6 BELL'S  
Hot water  
Sure Relief  
FOR INDIGESTION

### PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair  
10c and \$1.00 at druggists.  
Hiscox Chem. Works, Patagonia, N. Y.

### HINDERCORNS

Removes Corns, Callouses, etc., stops aches, ensures comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. 10c. by mail or at Druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patagonia, N. Y.

### SQUEEZED TO DEATH

When the body begins to stiffen and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking

### GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Famous since 1696. Take regularly and keep in good health. In three sizes, all druggists. Guaranteed as represented. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

### Tan-No-More "The Skin Beautifier."

40c, 80c and \$1.00 Jars - always - between you and the Sun.

Is a sure protection against the beaming sun or blistering wind. It brings to the skin the velvety softness of youth. Used before going out in the evening, it assures a faultless complexion.

Guarantee: Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if Tan-No-More fails to please, you. Baker Laboratories, Memphis, Tenn.

### SAYS PILES ALL GONE AND NO MORE ECZEMA

"I had eczema for many years on my head and could not get anything to stop the agony. I saw your ad and got one box of Peterson's Ointment and I owe you many thanks for the good it has done me. There isn't a blotch on my head now and I couldn't help but thank Peterson, for the cure is great." Miss Mary Hill, 420 Third avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"I have had itching piles for 15 years and Peterson's is the only ointment that relieves me, besides the piles seem to have gone." A. B. Ruger, 1127 Washington avenue, Racine, Wis.

Use Peterson's Ointment for old sores, salt rheum, chafing and all skin diseases. 60 cents. Druggists recommend it. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 32-1920.

## CAMERA INSTEAD OF RIFLE

Big Game Hunters Get the Thrill of the Sport Without the Useless Slaughter.

It was a notable event in the history of the wild life of our country when the first big game hunter hung up his rifle and took to the woods with a camera.

Ever since the first photographer went afield with a sportsman, the camera man has been the best exponent and advertiser of the prowess of the man with a gun. During the days of the slow and cumbersome wet plate and long exposures the alert and sudden wild animal was about as unattainable pictorially as the canals of Mars.

The dry plate opened up great possibilities in the photographing of dead game in its haunts. From 1884 onward American hunters of big game joyously welcomed the startling pictures made by Laton A. Huffman of Miles City, Mont. Mr. Huffman was a true sportsman, a fine shot, and as a photographer of hunting scenes he long stood without a rival. Never will I forget the thrills that I received in his little old log cabin studio in "Milestown," when he showed me his stereoscope views of "elk and dead grizzlies, glory enough for one day"; a mountain sheep ram on the brink of a precipice, many buffalo-killing pictures, and antelope and deer galore. I think that Mr. Huffman—who still lives and photographs—enjoys the distinction of having had more photographs stolen for publication without credit than any other camera man on earth; and that, I know, is a large order.

American sportsmen hailed with joy the birth of the light, ever-ready, universal-focus camera. It was the opening of a new and delightful field of Christian endeavor. It presented a highway of escape from the flood of game-slaughter photographs that had been sweeping over the continent like a deluge.—"Masterpieces of Wild Animal Photography," by William T. Hornaday, in Scribner.

When Nature Conspires.  
We are told that the "walking and climbing leaves" of Australia were, for over half a century, among the best attested of natural wonders.

It is related that a party of sailors, wandering inland, sat down to rest under a tree. A gust of wind shook to earth several dead and brown leaves. These, after remaining prone on the ground for a few minutes, proceeded to show signs of life and crawl toward the trunk, which they ascended, and attached themselves to their respective twigs.

Hence, the sailor-men, who promptly ran away, said the spot was bewitched. The simple fact turned out to be that the so-called leaves were really leaf-shaped insects, having long, pendulous legs, which could be folded out of sight, and possessing the chameleon-like power of varying their color to correspond with that of the foliage they were clinging to.

Upon being shaken to the ground, instinct taught them to seek the shelter of the friendly leaves again as soon as possible.—Exchange.

### An Extended Tour.

Just before the St. Mihiel show the Germans blew up an ammunition dump near a company of Yanks. It was reported that there was a large quantity of gas shells in the dump, and as soon as the explosions began the Americans immediately made themselves scarce with great rapidity.

When the danger had passed all started drifting back with the exception of one man who did not appear till the next day.

"Well, where you been?" demanded the top kick, eyeing him coldly. "Sergeant," replied the other earnestly, "I don't know where I been but I give you my word I been all day gettin' back.—American Legion Weekly.

### Gas Tank Terrified Walters.

Pandemonium reigned in El Prado cafe for a few fast and furious seconds, the Havana Post states.

Shortly after 8 o'clock, when the extra waiters were busy handling the evening's largest crowd, there suddenly burst out in the cafe a rapid succession of short, sharp, hissing sounds:

Psst—psst—psst!

It seemed as though all Havana was suddenly giving the well known Cuban call for service. A hundred thousand people crowding about the cafe and shouting "Psst, chico!" could not have created more excitement. Walters looked under chairs, behind the bar, rushed to all their customers, wiped off tables frantically, tossed their napkins desperately in midair and gave other signs of frenzy.

The fuss did not begin to abate until the proprietor, red faced and sweating with exertion, discovered the source of the hissing sounds. A large cylinder of the carbonated gas in the corner of the cafe had sprung a leak, the gas hissing mysteriously as each whiff of it escaped.

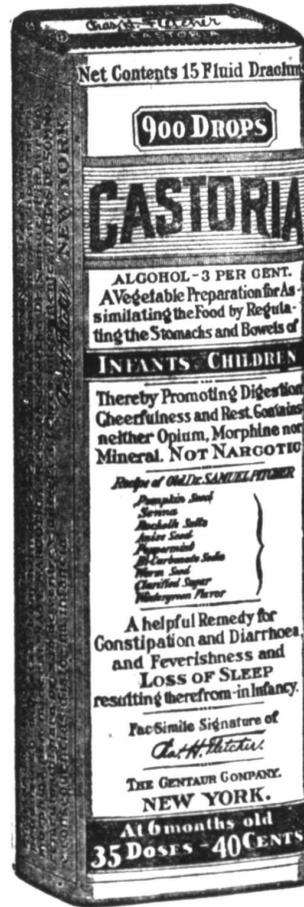
## Some More Truths.

WOULD you use a steam shovel to move a pebble? Certainly not. Implements are built according to the work they have to do.

Would you use a grown-up's remedy for your baby's ills? Certainly not. Remedies are prepared according to the work THEY have to do.

All this is preliminary to reminding you that Fletcher's Castoria was sought out, found and is prepared solely as a remedy for Infants and Children. And let this be a warning against Substitutes, Counterfeits and the Just-as-good stuff that may be all right for you in all your strength, but dangerous for the little babe.

All the mother-love that lies within your heart cries out to you: Be true to Baby. And being true to Baby you will keep in the house remedies specially prepared for babies as you would a baby's food, hairbrush, toothbrush or sponge.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

## Children Cry For Fletcher's CASTORIA

Are You Prepared?

A doctor in the house all the time would be a good idea. Yet you can't afford to keep a doctor in the family to keep baby well or prevent sickness. But you can do almost the same thing by having at hand a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria, because it is a wonderful remedy for indigestion, colic, feverishness, fretfulness and all the other disorders that result from common ailments that babies have.

Fletcher's Castoria is perfectly safe to use. It is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. Children cry for Fletcher's Castoria, and mothers recommend it because they have found it a comfort to children and a mother's friend.

If you love your baby, you know how sweet it is to be able to help baby when trouble comes. You cannot always call upon a doctor. But doctors have nothing but good to say of Fletcher's Castoria, because they know that it can only do good—that it can't do any harm—and they wouldn't want you to use for baby a remedy that you would use for yourself.

MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher.*

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Concentration Wins. The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may fail to accomplish anything.—Carlyle.	Apprehensive. "Why do you speak so kindly of pajama drama?" "Anything to dodge bathrobes." If opportunities were females more men would embrace them.	Injuring the Profession. "Here's a man says the freak business is falling off." "He's right. Too many outside of sideshows." If a man lives up to his wife's expectations he is always busy.
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# WARNING!

The "Bayer Cross" on tablets is the thumb-print which positively identifies genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over 20 years, and proved safe by millions.



Safety first! Insist upon an unbroken "Bayer package" containing proper directions for Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago and for Pain generally. Made and owned strictly by Americans.

## Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoclonoldest of Salicylic Acid

## Johnson Brothers Service

Looks beyond profit to the satisfaction of serving honestly and well. Costs less.  
Embalmers and Funeral Directors, Undertaking Parlors,  
Phone 68—Motor Hearse.

**JOHNSON BROTHERS UNDERTAKING COMPANY**  
HENRY GEORGE, Manager

### Council Proceedings

Portales, N. M., Aug. 17, 1920.  
The town council met in regular session and upon roll call the following were present: mayor, G. L. Reese, trustees, C.J. Whitcomb and Wat Stewart.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

The following claim was presented and audited.

Mine and Smelter Supply Co., supplies. . . . . \$18 48

Motion duly made and seconded that above bill be allowed and paid. Motion unanimous carried.

Motion made by Stewart and seconded by Whitcomb that town enter into contract proposed by A.T. & S.F. railway company for lighting Santa Fe depot at Portales, New Mexico

Motion unanimously carried.

Motion made by Stewart and seconded by Whitcomb that Supt. Williams be instructed to put all customers of town plant on meter basis and disconnect all wires heretofore operated on flat rate

Motion unanimously carried.

Motion duly made and seconded that town marshal be instructed to serve notices on all parties required to connect with sewer in the town, notifying them if they do not make a boni fide effort to connect with sewer within ten days by contract with plumber or otherwise, complaints will be filed against them and prosecution commenced.

There being no further business the council adjourned.

G. L. REESE, Mayor,  
Attest: S. N. HANCOCK, Clerk.

Portales, N. M., Aug. 28, 1920.

The town council met in called session and upon roll call the following were present: mayor, G. L. Reese; trustees, C.J. Whitcomb, Wat Stewart and A. D. Ribble.

Motion made by Ribble and seconded by Whitcomb that mayor and town clerk certify to levy on taxable property of town of Portales to the board of county commissioners as follows:

To the honorable board of county commissioners of Roosevelt county, New Mexico.

The town of Portales, New Mexico, through its board of trustees, hereby certifies that the following rate for assessment upon the taxable property within the said town have been made by the said town of Portales for the year nineteen-twenty (1920), as follows, to-wit:

To pay interest on bonds for water, sewer, lights and improvements, nine (9) mills.

For General expense of city government, three (3) mills.

To create a sinking fund to pay water, light and sewer bonds, six (6) mills.

For health purposes, one half (1/2) mill.

Is hereby levied upon the taxable property within the corporate limits of said town of Portales, N. M.

And a special sewer tax is hereby levied as provided in ordinance No. 49, of the town of Portales

for the purpose of defraying the expenses of maintaining and the operating and keeping in repair the sewer system of said town, on assessment as follows, to-wit:

Ten (10) cents per front foot upon improved lots and lands, and three (3) cents per front foot upon unimproved lots and lands, adjoining streets and alleys through which sewer pipes are laid; and ten (10) cents per front foot upon improved lots and lands otherwise situated but having sewer connections for the purpose of defraying the expenses of maintaining, operating and keeping in repair the sewer system of said town.

In witness whereof, the said town of Portales has caused this certificate to be executed by its mayor and attested by its clerk this the 28th day of August, A.D. 1920.

G. L. REESE, Mayor.  
Attest: S. N. HANCOCK, Clerk.

The mayor recommends the appointment of U. N. Hall town marshal at a salary of \$35.00 per month.

Motion made by Stewart and seconded by Ribble that appointment be confirmed. Motion unanimously carried.

Motion made by Stewart and seconded by Whitcomb that the town of Portales accept the proposition presented by W.E. Lindsey, attorney for the owner of certain water and sewer bonds to beebm \$4000.00 par value of bonds for the payment of \$3891. cash, each payment to be made out of sinking fund.

Motion unanimously carried. There being no further business council adjourned.

G. L. REESE, Mayor.  
Attest: S. N. HANCOCK, Clerk.

"Bob" Poindexter, Clyde and Lee Doyal have purchased the Capital restaurant from J. F. Gardener and have remodeled and fixed it up in good shape. These boys say that they will give you your money's worth of the best the market affords. "Home Grown" cookin' at prices you can pay. What's yours, sir?



**You May Talk to One Man**  
But an advertisement in this paper talks to the whole community.  
**Catch the Idea?**

# There's a Reason

There's a reason why the Security State Bank has the largest clientele of any bank in the county. It's because we're your friend as well as your banker, a real, honest-to-grandma, friend. Become a member of this big family, get the best banking service in the state.

## SECURITY STATE BANK

UNDER STATE SUPERVISION

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the interior, U. S. land office at Roswell, N. Mex., Aug. 10, 1920.  
Notice is hereby given that Mary E. Moore, of New Hope, N. M., who, on November 22, 1915, made homestead entry No. 033377, for S 1-2, Sec. 12, township 7-S, range 34-E, N. M. P. meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final 3 year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. C. Compton, judge of the probate court of Roosevelt county, N. M. at Portales, N. M., at Portales, N. M. on the 15th day of September, 1920.  
Claimant names as witnesses: William H. Landess, Etta Landess, John Creech, Roy Betts, all of New Hope, N. M.  
EMMETT PATTON, Register.

### DUDLEY B. WILLIAMS, M.D.

Office in rear of First National Bank, office phone No. 60, residence phone No. 90. Calls answered day and night.  
PORTALES NEW MEXICO,

### THE OTHER SHOP

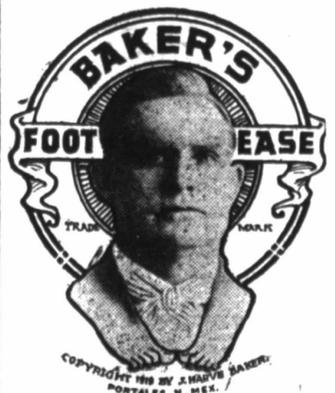
D. W. COLLIGAN, Prop.  
**BARBERS---BATHS**  
Everything that's new

All the late electrical equipment for massage, etc. Lindsey Building.

### G. W. Wood & Co.

Real Estate  
Oil Leases

Office in City Hotel building, P. O. Box 101, Portales, N. M. Telephone 53.



Baker's Foot Ease will stop those feet from sweating, from smelling bad. This remedy guarantees foot comfort. If it doesn't prove satisfactory, come and get your money back.

**HARVE BAKER**

AT OWENS SHOE SHOP

## Wallace Grocery Co.

Staple and Fancy Groceries  
Wall Paper, Paints, Varnishes and Oils

Phone 27

We Deliver  
Get your orders in early, please

### BONDED ABSTACTERS

## Carter-Robinson Abstract Co.

LEE CARTER, Manager

Abstracts, Insurance, Notary Public. Portales, New Mexico

## Ballow & Johnson

COAL, GRAIN, HAY AND ICE

Ice House open Sundays  
8 to 9:30 a. m.

TELEPHONE NUMBER THREE

## Ed J. Neer, Undertaker

Embalmers

LICENSED BY STATE BOARD

Calls answered day or night. Office phone, 67 two rings-residence, 67 three rings. Agent for Roswell and Arma, rillo Greenhouses. Portales, New Mexico.

### Col. Bill Gore

AUCTIONEER

Pedigreed Live Stock and General Farm Sales. Wire or 'phone me at my expense. Elida, New Mexico.

### A. T. ARMSTRONG

CHIROPRACTER

Office, rooms 6-7 Reese building Portales, New Mexico.

## Listers, Go-Devils

GET THEM FROM US--GET THEM NOW

## J. B. Sledge Hardware Co.

PORTALES, NEW MEXICO