

# THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS

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

Volume II

PORTALES, ROOSEVELT COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1915

Number 40

## ROOSEVELT COUNTY CREAMERY HAS BEEN ORGANIZED

Subscribers Meet at Court House and Elect Directors and Appoint Committees

All are Urged to Pay Their Amounts at Once and Not Delay the Building Committee

On Monday of this week a large number of the subscribers to the Roosevelt County Creamery met at the court house and elected the following officers: Directors, J. P. Nash, Floyd; B. B. Pendleton, Elida; H. J. Farnham, Portales. J. P. Nash was elected president and Ben Smith treasurer. There is no question but what the above named gentlemen will do their part in the management of the creamery to make it a success. It is now up to the farmers and those buying cream to see that the cream comes to the Roosevelt county creamery. The building committee is composed of the following: W. W. VanWinkle, Roger S. E. Johnson, Redlake; L. W. Carleton, Portales. The above named gentlemen were elected to act for the subscribers.

The duty of this committee is to select a site, purchase all building material, purchase all machinery and see that the creamery is completed in good, workman like manner, and it is certain the subscribers made no mistake in their choice of this committee. We are informed that payment of subscriptions are being made and that as soon as all subscriptions have been paid, the work will be rushed with the expectation that the creamery will be ready for operation about the middle of September. If you have not paid the amount you subscribed, you should do so at once, as every day you delay the work of the building committee. Let every body boost.

### Butter Fat Contest

The Chaves County Dairy association has kindly made the following proposition through the State Live Stock and Products Exposition, prizes to be awarded on Tuesday of the fair week. This contest shall be for the largest production of butter fat from any cow registered or non-registered, and for a period of seven days. The test may take place any time beginning with the first of this year up to October 1st. Such tests, as have been made officially by any of the breeding associations will be accepted upon the certified statement of the inspector in charge.

Any other cows, either registered or non-registered, of any age, may be put under a seven day test by applying to J. C. Hamilton, president of the Chaves County Dairy association, who will make all arrangements and furnish the rules and regulations governing the making of this test.

The cows will be divided into two groups; those under four years of age and those over four years of age. The prizes will be a sweepstake—\$5.00 to enter and the total amount of entry fees divided in ratios of 4, 2, and 1 between the first, second and third winner.

This competition is open for any cow in New Mexico.

Mrs. Geo. F. Williams returned this week from a visit to her daughter at La Lande.

### Woman's Club Reception

This reception was given in the halls of the public school building last Thursday as the closing of a memorable day in which the Governor visited the institute and made an address both in the morning to the teachers and to the citizens in the afternoon. The evening found a fitting climax in this reception. One hundred and fifty teachers and about as many citizens were present. Mrs. S. F. Culberson was the leading spirit and introduced Miss Bryant, president of the club, who spoke of the help that the Governor had been in securing better legislation for women and children in the state, who had signed the bill granting community property interests to women passed at the last legislature. Miss Bryant also spoke encouraging words to the teachers. The Governor was next introduced and responded in his characteristic manner of unaffected good will to all, with much applause from the audience. After which Miss Hutchison, of Las Vegas, instructor in the institute in folk-dancing, physical culture, etc. conducted the May-pole dance with the various members of the institute performing as children. It was an unbounded success and was repeated time and again during the evening, even being called for at the close.

Pineapple sherbet and wafers were served, and the evening closed another successful effort of the Woman's club to make itself a live factor in the community's social life.

Pryor B. Timmons left this week for his home in New Holland, Ohio. Mr. Timmons has been principal of the High School here for the past two years, and made many friends who are sorry to see him leave. Mr. Timmons speaks very highly of our Valley and its people and says that he will likely return some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. J. Neer left Tuesday of this week for a visit to the San Diego and San Francisco expositions. They will also visit other important cities along the western coast before returning. Robert Deen will have charge of the drug and furniture store while they are away.

Quite a bunch of baseball fans attended the ball game at Clovis Sunday. They report a good game, but in the finish Clovis had one score to the good on the Portales team. Up to the last half of the ninth inning the score was 2 to 0 in favor of our boys, when Clovis ran in three counts.

Amos W. Pollard, of Deming, New Mexico, Grand High Priest of Royal Arch Mason, visited the Portales chapter this week. Mr. Pollard complimented the Portales chapter on its work and, also, spoke very highly of the Portales Valley in general.

Miss Bessie Parten, who has been visiting friends in Portales for the past few days, left Wednesday for Hagerman, where she will visit with her sister, Mrs. Milton Brown, for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy W. Connally went to Roswell Tuesday of this week for a few days visit with friends and relatives. R. P. Connally will "keep store" for Roy while he is away.

Ed Wall, of Elida, was in Portales this week attending a meeting of the road board. Mr. Wall says the Elida country is looking fine and that crops are in first class condition.

Judge G. L. Reese was in Albuquerque the first of the week on legal business.

## Community Co-Operation

COPYRIGHTED FARM AND RANCH HOLLAND'S MAGAZINE

The winter months include the greater part of the school term, and it is during these months that the roads are at their worst. Children who have to wade two or three miles or more of mud to get to school are out of their classes a great deal of the time. The children suffer loss, the school suffers, and the community suffers.

In the same way bad roads hinder the social and religious life of the community, for the grown-ups cannot attend social and religious gatherings any more than the children can attend school when the roads are impassable. Again the community suffers. The attendance of the average

rural or village school, therefore and the service rendered by it, can be materially increased if not double by the building of good roads. At the same time conditions for a healthful social and religious life and growth will be made more nearly ideal.

How is it in your community? Do your roads take you where you want to go, or do they keep you mud-bound at home a great part of the time?

Road building is a community enterprise calling for cooperation, whether it be building a surfaced 365-day road or the regular dragging of a wellgraded dirt road. The community benefits and the community must do the work.

### County Institute Resolutions

Whereas, we the teachers of the Roosevelt County Institute, wish to express our appreciation and gratitude to those with whom we have been associated the past four weeks, therefore,

Be it resolved, that we extend our thanks to Dr. Bailey, Judge Lindsey, the Reverends Bell, Dawn, Fuller, Messrs Rodger, Jones, Robinson and Miss Sallie Bryant for uplifting and encouraging addresses, made to the institute.

We are also indebted to state superintendent Alvan N. White of Santa Fe, and superintendent E. L. Enloe of Silver City, for inspiring lectures and explanations on school law.

Be it resolved, That we thank our county superintendent for securing for us the services of such an efficient corps of instructors. We are especially grateful to the conductors, Messrs Vaughn and Deen for their kindly consideration of each ones individual needs; also Mesdames Dyer, Long and Nixon, Messrs. Timmons and Culberson for their untiring zeal in class work.

Be it resolved: We thank Mr. Conway and Miss Ross, of Agricultural College, for their demonstrations in canning and their lecture on boys and girls clubs. Also Miss Brodowsky for her very excellent instruction in penmanship, and Miss Meyers' talk on industrial work.

Be it resolved: We thank the state legislature for increasing the salary for teachers, and for lengthening the school term from five to seven months.

Be it resolved: We express our sincere appreciation to Governor McDonald for his words of wisdom and good cheer and the practical advice he gave.

Be it resolved: we thank Misses Edith Regan, Mignon Jones and Master Eldridge Mears for the rendering of special numbers.

Be it resolved: we thank the city and especially the ladies club for the hospitality and many courtesies extended to us.

Be it resolved: We furnish a copy of these resolutions to the New Mexico Journal of education and the county papers.

C. P. STONE, Chairman.  
MRS. HAMILTON, Sec.  
OLLIE MAY GREATHOUSE.  
ROSE DAVIS.  
ROBERT SCOTT.  
E. G. TAYLOR.

W. T. Branch, of the Western Weighing association, with headquarters at Amarillo, was in Portales Tuesday of this week. Mr. Branch says that Portales Valley looks better to him than anything that he has seen in Eastern New Mexico or West Texas.

### University of New Mexico Notes

Preliminary announcement was made at Albuquerque this week of the early establishment at the University of New Mexico of a department of the university devoted to training young men for commercial and official service in the South American republics where the language of both government and business is Spanish. The plan is to establish in our state university a department conducted by experts who can teach not only the Spanish languages, which fifty per cent of young men in New Mexico already know and speak fluently, but the manners and customs of Latin America, its commercial and development opportunities and needs; its banking and financial systems, and its laws as applied to business; together with an understanding of international law as it relates to business between Latin America and the United States. The United States department of education for some time has been working to secure educational opportunity of this kind, and president Boyd of the University, will attend a conference in Washington October 4 and 5 at which the whole matter will be taken up. It is recognized that New Mexico with its large numbers of young men already equipped with thorough knowledge of Spanish, is the ideal location for such a school, as part of an established state university.

### Presbyterian Church

Sunday school and preaching Sunday as usual. The pastor has a very important and much needed subject to you and you are cordially invited to come and hear it. This invitation is broad and means everybody, but it is personal and means especially you so we will expect and look for you. Remember that you can go to your dinner at 12 o'clock.

HUGH M. SMITH, Pastor.

### Something to Worry About

The allies' left is trying to move the Germans' right, but the Germans' right is also moving around the allies, left. Now, if the left of the Germans' right moves around the right of the allies' left, then what is left of the Germans' right must be right where the allies left. But if the German right's left is left right where the allies left's right before the allies left, then the left is left right where the right is left before the left's right left the right's left.—Exchange.

P. F. West, R. C. Akers, W. T. Boothe and O. P. Butler, all of Elida, were in Portales on business Wednesday. They came up in Mr. West's car.

### State Fair Notes

The counties the state are coming to the aid of the state fair as never before, realizing that a new spirit for endeavor has prevailed that institution and that a concerted effort is being made to build the fair for the glory and advancement of the entire state. Every county that has so far been asked to show its resources at the fair has responded. San Juan county has appropriated \$1000 for a big display and has arranged for a special train to the fair for the boosters and the band. Valencia county has appropriated \$500 for the same purpose and a committee is now busy gathering the exhibit. McKinley county has over half of its appropriation and the remainder has been promised. Rio Arriba county is in line with a sufficient amount to assure a fine showing of its resources. Colfax county swears that it will carry off the first prize of \$1000 for a county exhibit and that its booth will look as tough the exhibit had been gathered from the richest farming state in the middle west. Bernalillo county, of course, will have a comprehensive display. A fine display from Torrance county is also assured, as well as from some of the other counties that have not yet been visited by the exhibit commissioners of the fair. It is not believed that there is not a county in the state that will not be represented with a big exhibit. The space required for the county exhibits alone will be as large as the entire space used for exhibit purposes at some of the state fairs of the past.

The counties are also falling in line for the boys' and girls' industrial encampment. Mr. J. H. Toulouse, superintendent of the department, is visiting all of the counties to secure from five to ten boys and girls from each far the encampment. Every county visited so far has responded, being more than willing to afford a number of the farmers and stock raisers to have an opportunity to secure a week of educational pleasure.

### Board of Education Notes

The Board of Education announces that plans and specifications for proposed Public school buildings, are now deposited with it and may be seen at the office of W. E. Lindsey, president of the board. That these plans are merely projective. Have not been approved or adopted. That the Board invites or rather urges the citizens of the school district, to examine the said plans and specifications and to submit such suggestion thereon, as may occur to them. The Board is now awaiting a report from the buyer of the bonds, on the abstract of the record of their issue, which abstract went out to said buyer, on the morning of Friday, the 23rd instant.

### Methodist Church

On the account of the rain on last Sunday morning our congregation was a little bit off at eleven o'clock but at night the house was full. Brother Fuller preached a most excellent sermon at the evening hour.

There will be the regular services next Sunday. Come worship with us and you will be welcome.

A. C. BELL, Pastor.

Dr. E. T. Hensley, of the Arch neighborhood, this week purchased the old W. B. Richardson place near Inez, containing 160 acres. This makes about eleven sections now owned by Mr. Hensley. The deal was made by Bascom Howard.

## WOMEN OF STATE TO VISIT PORTALES SOON

New Mexico Federation of Women's Clubs to Meet Here October Fifth, Sixth and Seventh

Let Everybody Lend a Hand and Help the Women of Portales Entertain These People

The greatest body of women of New Mexico will honor Portales with their presence the 5th 6th and 7th of October. This gathering must interest every citizen of our city more or less. We will be sized up and if we are found to be progressive, it will soon dawn upon these women. Last year the meeting was at Silver City, the year before at Santa Fe, the previous year at Albuquerque, and the one previous to that at Roswell. So you will readily see that Portales is honored, being the first small town to entertain such a body. In all of these larger towns the town board worked with the club women in helping to clean up the city and make it a place presentable to such a body. These towns also placed a full fund at the disposal of the club women for a suitable and befitting entertainment of not only the club's, but the town's, guests.

The meeting is only two months hence. Therefore, the club women of Portales request that every citizen lend a hand. Let us clean up the weeds, the rubbish, rid the town of flies. Our women will be glad to join hands with the town and in another clean up day. We would like souvenirs of the town and valley to give to the delegates. In fact we want your co-operation in every way. Please think it over and let us see what we can do to make the visit of these women from all over the state, women who are the leaders of every community, women who have an influence in moulding opinion, go away from Portales, feeling that they did not make a mistake in choosing our city for this meeting.

### Commissioners Proceedings

Proceedings of the board of county commissioners of Roosevelt county, New Mexico, at a recess session of the regular July 1915, term thereof, held at the court house in Portales, Monday, July 26, 1915.

Present: C. V. Harris, chairman; S. E. Johnson, commissioner and J. W. Ballow, clerk.

The following accounts were examined and approved and the clerk was ordered to draw warrants in payment of same, to-wit: J. E. Morrison, commission on taxes \$23 74

Kemp Lumber company, supplies 4 60  
R. S. Adams, freight and drayage, 1 62  
J. B. Crow, supplies for jail 4 00

C. W. Isaac, cement porches and repairs court house, 126 25  
No further business appearing it was ordered that court take a recess until the next regular meeting unless sooner convinced by order of the chairman.

C. V. HARRIS, Chairman.  
Attest: J. W. BALLOW, Clerk.

J. H. Luman, and family, of Jayton, Texas, arrived this week to make Portales their home. Mr. Luman owned a fine irrigated farm which he will move on as soon as he can make improvements.

# SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY by George V. Hobart



## John Henry Gets a Present

SAY! did you ever dream you were going to get a wonderful Christmas gift from a rich relation and wake up in the kitchen?

Friend wife and I are not mercenary, but we did have a hunch that Uncle Peter would slip us an onyx clock with which we could hide the knotholes in our phoney mantelpiece, or an amethyst ash tray which we could use as a bathtub for the canary; but nothing doing!

It was a sad blow to us that Christmas morning, because the old boy is upholstered with coin. He owns all the eagles on the gold pieces. He has got names for them and keeps them cooped up like a flock of chickens.

And all he sent us was a book worth sixty cents net, written by a pretzel pen pusher named Helfenhelfen.

I wanted to throw it out the window at a taxi driver engaged in exercising his engine for the benefit of those in the neighborhood who were sleeping late on Christmas morning, but Peaches had her shoes and stockings off and was wading through the first chapter.

The book, she informed me, was a series of essays on reincarnation.

Can you tie that for a Christmas present from a man to whom money comes crying like a child and begs to be put to sleep in his safety-deposit vault?

Reincarnation is a long, loose-looking word, and to a perfect stranger it has a slightly suspicious sound, but its bark is worse than its bite.

After reading about half a gallon of Helfenhelfen's theories, Peaches began to bite her nails and make faces like a highbrow.

"The idea of a person having been somebody else in a previous existence is interesting, isn't it, John?" she gurgled. "I wonder who I was?"

"You appeared first as the Queen of Sheba," I told her; "and after chasing King Solomon up a sycamore tree you disappeared for several centuries and then you slipped into history's moving pictures as Cleopatra, and I've a dog-gone good mind to divorce you for the way you carried on with Marc Antony."

"Oh, tush!" giggled Peaches. "Have some sense. Who do you think Hep Hardy was?"

"Hep!" I said, "why Hep originally was a katydid or a tree toad, probably both. Later on he appeared as a dancing dervish and made weekly pilgrimages to Mecca to fill himself and the goshawk with grapes. Then he dropped out for several hundred years to get a new set of watertight compartments and finally reappeared as Joe Morgan in 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' and he's been playing that ever since."

"I don't see why you can't take this seriously," she pouted. "Herr Helfenhelfen's book is very wonderful."

"So is a Swiss cheese sandwich," I ventured. "Did you ever stop to think how wonderful those holes are in a

see what surprises lay hiding in the ice chest.

First Essay.

David kept his boot heel on the neck of the fallen Goliath and laughed pleasantly.

"Are you all in?" David inquired, after a pause.

"I refuse to speak until you take your spurs out of my face," replied the giant.

David at once showed his obliging nature.

"We shall meet again," Goliath replied hoarsely.

"Not if I see you first!" said David.

"I will take good care that you don't," chuckled the expiring giant.

"How?" was David's interrogation.

"It will be in the far, far future," said the giant. "You will then be one of the Common People walking in the streets."

"And you?" David asked.

"I will be a chauffeur on a smoke wagon, and what I will do to you will be a pitiful shame," responded the giant.

Then with a bitter laugh the triumphant Goliath turned over and pushed his mortal coil off the shuffleboard.

Second Essay.

The ghost of Julius Caesar looked threateningly at Brutus, the Stabbiest. Brutus sneered.

"You," he said; "to the mines!"

Not one of Caesar's muscles quivered.

Brutus used a short, sharp laugh.

"You," he said; "on your way!"

Caesar never batted an eyelash. Brutus pointed to the rear.

"Go way back," he said; "and use your laziness."

Caesar pulled his toga up over his cold shoulder.

Brutus laughed again, and it was the saucy, triumphant laugh of the man who dodges in front of a woman and grabs a seat on the elevated railroad.

"The next time we meet you will not do me as you did me at the base of Pompey's statue," said the ghost of Caesar, speaking for the first time since we began this essay.

"We will not meet again because I refuse to associate with you," said Brutus.

Caesar smiled, but it was without mirth, and as cold as the notice of suspension on the door of a bank.

"Yes, we will meet again," said Caesar.

"Where?" said Brutus.

"In the far, far future," said the ghost of Caesar shriekingly. "You will be born into the world again by that time, and in your new personality you will be one of the Common People, and you will burn gas."

"And you?" inquired Brutus.

"I will be the spirit which puts the wheels in the gas meter, and may heaven have mercy on your pocket-book!" shrieked the ghost of Caesar.

Brutus took a fit, and used it for

"And when will that be?" inquired Wellington, laughing loudly.

"In the far, far future," replied the little Corporal. "You will then be one of the Common People."

"And what will you be?" Wellington asked.

"I shall be spirit of the High Cost of Living and I shall gnaw at your pocketbook until your appetite becomes a burden unbearable. Bon soir, mes enfants, du spitzbuben!"

Then the little corporal called a cab and left Wellington flat on the battlefield.

When I came back from the kitchen I found Peaches in the front room hugging Helfenhelfen to her heart and laughing her yellow head off.

"Like it?" I asked, swelling up with the pride of authorship.

"Look!" she spluttered between laughs. "Look, John! Isn't Uncle Peter a dear old fox! He wanted us to read this book and find the real Christmas present. Look here, on page 173 he has neatly attached a thin little check for a thousand dollars! Isn't he a darling?"

"It's worth that to read 173 pages of Helfenhelfen!" I squeaked, "to cover my confusion."

Some Uncle, that old boy, and I takt back anything I may have said about



"Look, John! Isn't Uncle Peter a Dear Old Fox?"

him in those dark moments before Helfenhelfen came across with the cash.

After we sat there for two hours spending the money, I asked Peaches how my homemade essays stacked up with the German importations.

"What essays?" she inquired blankly.

"Why, I left them here on the table," I said.

"Oh, that!" she cooed. "I thought that was a letter of apology so I threw it in the wastebasket without reading it, because an apology wasn't necessary."

Isn't she the limit in imported chif-fon, I ask you?

### HER SIDE OF THE CLOTH

Younger Sister Was Anticipating What in Time She Knew Would Be Hers.

How often it is that the younger of two children in a family is at a disadvantage, in the matter of what is done for him, the clothes which he wears and the attention which he receives generally. It is sometimes pathetic, although occurring not so much from any real difference in the feelings of the parents for the two as from thoughtlessness and the natural order of things. The handing down of clothes from older to younger, for example, is almost necessary in many a family, but it is a hardship for the younger one, nevertheless.

One family once had two girls in exactly this situation, the younger being just so much behind her sister in growth and development that it came perfectly natural that the elder's dresses should fall to her lot in the course of time. And so it happened that all the new things were the elder's and the younger always had them made over for herself.

One day the elder was told by her mother to go downtown and select some material which she liked for her graduation dress and bring it home for approval. Full of glee, the girl started to go, when the younger spoke up in all seriousness: "Don't you think I ought to go with her, mamma," said she, "to see if I like the other side?"

It set the mother to thinking, and after that the younger got some new things of her very own.—Rochester, N. H., Courier.

How Shoe Peg Was Invented.

To a Massachusetts man, Joseph Walker, is due the credit of inventing the shoe peg. Previous to the year 1818 its use had not been known, and its inventor gave a new start to the manufacture of boots and shoes.

Shortly after the introduction of this invention some unscrupulous parties are said to have tried to swindle the unsuspecting by endeavoring to sell shoe pegs as a new kind of oats.

Up to 1818 boots and shoes had been sewed, and the peg, made first by hand, came in to revolutionize the trade. It was, however, the custom of shoemakers who lived away from the manufacturing centers to make their own pegs by hand even as late as 1880, but the machine-manufactured peg has now superseded them.

The piano practice of a girl is music to her ma only.

To remove soreness use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Marriage is a lottery in which the prize-winners draw alimony.

For genuine comfort and lasting pleasure use Red Cross Ball Blue on wash day. All good grocers. Adv.

A German baker utilizes a windmill to grind his grain into flour and then to mix and knead his dough.

Regular.

"Is Bronson a regular church goer?"

"Well, he goes every Sunday when it's raining too hard for golf."

Grand Prize at Panama-Pacific Exposition Awarded to Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

The Grand Prize for superiority of Cocoa and Chocolate preparations has been awarded to Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. This famous old house has received 56 Highest Awards at the leading exhibitions in Europe and America. Adv.

Poor Father!

"When I was a boy," said the head of the family, "I had to wear my father's old clothes made over."

"That's all right, dad," answered his son. "I've got a couple of old suits you can have."

To Drive Out Malaria And Build Up The System Take The Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents. Adv.

Envious.

"What is the matter, Alice?" asked her mother as the little girl came home crying as if her heart would break.

"Mabel Jones has got adenoids and I never have anything," sobbed Alice.

From the Way It Acted.

Little Aimee was learning to sew, and one day after vainly trying to thread a needle, she said: "Mamma, what do they call the hole in a needle?"

"It is called the eye, my dear," replied her mother.

"Well," continued Aimee, "I'll bet this old needle is cross eyed."

Those Changing Styles.

Mr. Styles—What did that woman want?

Mrs. Styles—She's the woman who calls for the installments on the bonnet I bought.

"But it is not due yet?"

"I know it, but she came to tell me the bonnet I bought is now out of style. She wants to sell me another one."

Expression Misunderstood.

There is a certain young man who used to be notoriously egotistic. Some of his acquaintances were one day speaking of him before an old lady who was not "up" in the slang expressions of the day.

The next time she met him she put out a congratulatory hand.

"Oh, Mr. Smith," she cried, "I am so glad you are better! I heard last week that you had a swelled head."

Hubby Had Not Forgotten

Was Right There With Wedding Anniversary Present, and Yet Wife Was Not Pleased.

It was late afternoon and time to get her husband's supper, but the woman sitting moodily by the fire never moved.

Her heart was breaking.

It was her birthday. She had been married only four years, but her husband—had forgotten her birthday already. That morning he had given her no present; not even an extra kiss before rushing off to town.

Presently there was the sound of a key turning in the lock. Into the room came her husband. Still she never moved.

He bent over her and whispered as he dropped a tiny parcel into her lap: "Many happy returns, darling!"

Her heart was mended. She sprang to her feet and seized him in a frantic grasp as she realized that, after all, he still loved her. Then she opened the parcel.

"Pipe cleaners!" she gasped, as she displayed a little bundle of feathers.

"Yes, sweetheart," said the man. "I knew that they'd please you, as you object to my using your hairpins!"

A new dishpan is rectangular to fit firmly in a kitchen sink and has rubber feet to hold it steady.

Beads of perspiration are the jewels of honest labor—perhaps.



Summer Comfort is wonderfully enhanced when rest and lunch hour unite in a dish of

# Post Toasties

There's a mighty satisfying flavour about these thin wafery bits of toasted corn.

So easy to serve, too, on a hot day, for they're ready to eat right from the package—fresh, crisp, clean. Not a hand touches Post Toasties in the making or packing.

Served with cream and sugar, or crushed fruit, they are delicious.

A Scoop.

"I'm writing a history of the European war."

"But the war isn't over yet."

"That's where I get the bulge on the rest of the historians. I can put my book on the market the day after peace is declared, and they'll have to wait two or three months."

Revenge!

Mollie—What are you letting your hair grow so long for? Going to be a musician?

Chollie—No; I've got a grudge against the barber.

The General Says:

You can buy the most durable roofing in the world at a price that is reasonable if you insist on

## Certain-teed Roofing

Your local hardware or lumber dealer can supply you with Certain-teed Roofing. Guaranteed 5, 10 or 15 years according to thickness. Don't accept a substitute. GENERAL ROOFING MFG. CO.

## Canadian Wheat to Feed the World

The war's fearful devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent. The people of the world must be fed and there is an unusual demand for Canadian wheat. Canada's invitation to every industrious American is therefore especially attractive. She wants farmers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves while helping her to raise immense wheat crops.

You can get a Homestead of 160 acres FREE and other lands can be bought at remarkably low prices. Think of the money you can make with wheat at its present high prices, where for some time it is liable to continue. During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre—many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of Oats, Barley and Flax.

Mixed farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

Military service is not compulsory in Canada. There is no conscription and no war tax on lands.

Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

G. A. COOK,  
225 W. 5th Street, Kansas City, Mo.  
Canadian Government Agents

Calm Resignation.

Reference having been made to beautiful resignation, Congressman Joseph J. Russell recalled an appropriate story.

During a dinner party some time ago, the congressman said, the topic turned to the connubial state. Among the guests was a bachelor person.

"Speaking of marriage," eventually remarked the bachelor, "it seems that the longer a man is married—"

"The happier he is," impulsively broke in a spinster party with a hopeful glance at the other.

"I was going to say," resumed the bachelor, disregarding, "that the longer a man is married the less he seems to mind it."

Expansive.

George Bowles, press agent for "The Birth of a Nation," was dealing with an editor who was hostile to the production, yet in a note to Bowles arranging for an engagement the editor wrote:

"I approach the matter with an elastic mind."

A short time later the editor invited Bowles to have dinner with him, to which Bowles replied:

"I approach the table with an elastic belt."

The production of gold in the Philippines last year gained 39 per cent over the year before.

A new electrical soldering iron is stationary, metals to be soldered being held against it.

Swiss cheese? How did they get there? You don't find them in a Camembert, do you?"

Peaches put up the storm signals and burned me with a baleful glance.

"It's easy enough to make fun of something you can't do yourself," she snapped.

We were on the verge of our first quarrel and all on account of an old German dope peddler, but it was up to me not to hoist the white flag if we were to live happily ever after.

"Why, little bright eyes," I said; "that's the easiest thing I do. Writing essays on reincarnation is where I live. I can put old Oscar Sauerkrant to sleep because I have the punch in every paragraph. Where's my fountain pen? I'll show you!"

"Indeed!" was all she said as she bounced out of the room. So it was up to me to make good as an essayist or forever lose the title of Captain.

So I dashed off the following globules of thought, left them on the center table where she'd be sure to find them, and moseyed into the kitchen to



"Are You All In?" David inquired, After a Pause.

many minutes, but the ghost kept on shrieking in the Latin tongue.

Third Essay.

Napoleon stood weeping and walling and gnashing his eyebrows on the battlefield of Waterloo.

He was waiting for the moving picture man to get his photograph.

The victorious Wellington made his appearance, laughing loudly in his sleeve.

"Back, Nap! Back to the Boulevard des Dago!" commanded Wellington.

Napoleon put his chin on his wishbone and spoke no word.

"You," said Wellington; "you to the Champs Eliza! This is my victory, and you must leave the battlefield—it is time to close up for the night."

"We will meet again, m'lord," answered Napoleon. "Avec beau temps isi bong swat!"

"What does that mean?" asked Wellington.

"It means that the next time we meet I will do the swatting," answered Napoleon bitterly.

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**THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS**

J. E. HENDERSON, Editor and Proprietor

Entered as second-class mail matter November 14, 1918, at the post office at Portales, New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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

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**ILLITERACY IN NEW MEXICO**

A late report issued by the state board of education on the literacy of the people of New Mexico is of much interest. During the last few years the percentage of illiteracy has decreased at a wonderful rate. While the percentage is still large in some portions of the state, the indications are that it will steadily lessen until within a few more years we will be near the head of the line of states. It is remarkable how rapidly we are building our educational system and the results we are getting. A new state, New Mexico has a system that surpasses those of most of her sister states. With a free school in every city and town for not less than nine months and in each rural district for not less than seven months, our educational welfare should advance at fast rate. A training that will equip the youth of the land for citizenship of the highest type is the greatest treasure we can give the young. It is our duty, and we believe pleasure, to see that every child within our state has an opportunity to secure such training as our public schools afford. One feature of the report is of especial interest to the people of Roosevelt county. With Curry county, it stands at the head of the list as having less illiteracy among its citizens than any other county of the state. Less than two per cent of the people here are illiterate, while in one county illiteracy reaches the rate of fifty-two per cent. While we do not, and should not boast of it, it is very gratifying that we may be recognized as first in education. Realizing the benefits of education, we should aid in every way in the further upbuilding of our system of training the young.

**GOOD AND BAD BOOKS**

There are just two kinds of books, good and bad. The good book, written that it might help others, will teach the boy or girl to think straight, to use correctly the English, to become well mannered, to choose good companions, to avoid cruel, thoughtless mischief, to respect learning, to honor and respect their elders. Good books will refine and elevate the lives of our boys and girls and make them more loyal, more sympathetic and more faithful to duty. The bad book, the cheap, sensational story books that are so widely spread because of their cheapness and the catchy advertisements sent out, are pernicious in every way. They ruin many boys and girls every year, who could, without their influence, become useful, intelligent citizens. These boys and girls have been cheated out of their noblest heritage—the right to be guided into truth and the best in life for them. This is not always the child's fault. Frequently parents buy books without a knowledge of their value and make the mistake of placing them in the hands of their children—books pernicious in their effects. Let us be careful that our boys and girls have only good books to read.

Good schools, good churches, as fine citizenship as can be found anywhere, a soil so very responsive to the magic touch of man, a climate unequalled and water in unlimited quantities. No wonder the visitor is charmed and begins at once to make preparation to move to the Portales Valley. Come on, you are welcome.

A million bushel grain crop for Roosevelt county means greater prosperity for the county than ever before. The farmer who lets the cow manufacture this grain into good beef before it is shipped will reap the biggest profit.

The old blue hen is no inconsiderable factor as a wealth producer in the Portales Valley. Give her a chance and she will do her part and you will find that her part is not a small one, by any means.

The Portales Valley is blossoming like the rose of Sharon. Plenty of the finest crops, fruit in great abundance, fat cattle and fatter hogs. Why shouldn't we smile? Who could ask for more?

With the creamery an assured fact, the dairymen of Roosevelt county will feel secure in the very much increased bank accounts that will come with the extra prices for their cream.

Mr. Investor, come to the pretty, plentiful, pleasing Portales Valley and invest in a good farm and live bountifully and happily forever.

Many are the glad, happy hearts among the farmers and stockmen because of the fine crops and good grass.

**A Fish Story**

Did you ever go a fishing  
With a bunch you like right well,  
'Tis of such a fish adventure  
That this rhyming aims to tell.  
On the sixteenth of July,  
Which you know was Saturday,  
Nine of us went out a fishing  
To the lake two miles away.

Well, we caught so many fishes  
That you'd think it was not true,  
But we have good proof, we're honest,  
Now you'll take our word, won't you?

We were Taibanites from Taiban,  
Quite a happy bunch were we,  
And we raced at catching fishes,  
Oh, 'twas lots of fun you see.

Mr. H. was quite an angler  
And his partner was one, too,  
For they caught the greatest number  
Such experience was quite new.

Some of them were expert cleaners,  
Some fried fishes of great (?) size;  
Should you wish to know the manner  
I'd advise you to get "Wise."

Now, my friends, if you are planning  
For a trip—just get a dray  
Tell the man to take you fishing  
Get your hooks and start today.

So we say three cheers for fishing  
And three cheers for old "Por-tales"  
And we cheer for this good county,  
To our Institute, All hail!

—A TAIBANITE.

**Notice Confederate Veterans**

Bedford Forrest Camp Confederate Veterans will hold a reunion Wednesday, August 4th, at the court house in Portales. Talks by the veterans and music by the Winnie Davis Chapter U. D. C. Everybody is invited to come and bring well filled baskets.

J. P. HENDERSON,  
Lieutenant Commanding.

**Dr. Swearingin's Dates**

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

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

I am now with the J. B. Sledge Hardware company and am prepared to do all kinds of windmill well and plumbing work. Would be pleased if you would call and get my prices before letting contract. Geo. E. Johnston. 34-tf

Dr. L. R. Hough will be in Elida on Friday before the first Saturday in each month, and at Melrose three days preceding the last day of each month to do all kinds of first class dental work.

Special prices on Palm Beach suits, cleaned and pressed, \$1.25, single pants, 50c. Warnica and Landers.

Say, U had auto se how fast Wiley hangs paper. Yes, and he can paint a little, too. 30-tf

**WANTS**

WANTED—Chickens. Highest cash price paid. Carl Moss and Dan Vinson.

FOR SALE—Johnson corn binder, in good shape. For price see Bert Prouty, Portales, N. M. 2tp

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Good silo chopper. See A. G. Kenyon, one mile east of town. 38-tf

HAY—All hay prices greatly reduced to move out stock. See Portales Utilities Company. 27-tf

LOST—Pair of glasses in Tauport case. Finder will please return to Mrs. S. F. Calberson. 1t

FOR SALE—Forty head of weaned pigs, will sell in a bunch, \$3.00 each. C. A. Johnson.

FOR TRADE—Will trade a good piano for maize or kafir in the head or threshed. Taylor & Cochran. 33-tf

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

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

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FOR SALE—One surry, brand new wheels and boxing. Price \$35.00. Can be seen at Boucher's wagon yard. C. A. Johnson.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Five head of mares, aged three, four and five years respectively, all with foal. Will sell or trade for work stock or dairy cows. See or write Clyde F. Moon, P. O. Box 7, Portales, New Mexico.

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**PORTALES LUMBER COMPANY**

# Dark Hollow

By Anna Katharine Green  
Illustrations by C. D. Rhodes  
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### CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

It had an overwhelming effect upon me. I had been very near death. Suicide must have ended the struggle in which I was engaged, had not this knowledge of actual and unpunished crime come to ease my conscience. John Scoville was worthy of death, and, being so, should receive the full reward of his deed. I need hesitate no longer.

That night I slept. But there came a night when I did not. After the penalty had been paid and to most men's eyes that episode was over, I turned the first page of that volume of slow retribution which is the doom of the man who sins from impulse, and has the recoil of his own nature to face relentlessly to the end of his days. Scoville had shot a man for his money. I had struck a man down in my wrath. Scoville's widow and little child must face a cold and unsympathetic world, with small means and disgrace rising like a wall, between them and social sympathy, if not between them and the actual means of living.

Oliver's future faced him untouched. No shadow lay across his path to hinder his happiness or to mar his chances.

The results were unequal. I began to see them so, and feel the gnawing of that deathless worm whose ravages lay waste the breast, while hand and brain fulfill their routine of work, as though all were well and the foundations of life unshaken.

I suffered as only cowards suffer. I held on to honor; I held on to home; I held on to Oliver, but with misery for my companion and a self-contempt which nothing could abate. Each time I mounted the bench I felt a tug at my arm as of a visible, restraining presence. Each time I returned to my home and met the clear eye of Oliver beaming upon me with its ever-growing promise of future comradeship, I experienced a rebellion against my own happiness which opened my eyes to my own nature and its inevitable demand. I must give up Oliver, or yield my honors, make a full confession and accept whatever consequences it might bring. I am a proud man, and the latter alternative was beyond me. I could forego pleasure, travel, social intercourse, and even the companionship of the one being in whom all my hopes centered, but I could not, of my own volition, pass from the judge's bench to the felon's cell. There I struck the immovable—the impassable.

I decided in one awful night of re-remembrance that I would send Oliver out of my life.

The next day I told him abruptly . . . hurting him to spare myself . . . that I had decided after long and mature thought to yield to his desire for journalism, and that I would start him in his career and maintain him in it for three years if he would subscribe to the following conditions:

They were the hardest a loving father ever imposed upon a dutiful and loving son.

First, he was to leave home immediately . . . within a few hours, in fact.

Second, he was to regard all relations between us as finished; we were to be strangers henceforth in every particular save that of the money obligation already mentioned.

Third, he was never to acknowledge this compact, or to cast any slur upon the father whose reasons for this apparently unnatural conduct were quite disconnected with any fault of his or any desire to punish or reprove.

Fourth, he was to pray for his father every night of his life before he slept.

Was this last a confession? Had I meant it to be such? If so, it missed its point. It averted but did not frighten him.

I had to contend with his compensations, as well as with grief and dismay. It was an hour of struggle on his part and of implacable resolution on mine. Nothing but such hardness on my part would have served me.

Had I faltered once he would have won me over, and the tale of my sleepless nights been repeated. I did not falter, and when the midnight stroke rang through the house that night it separated by its peal a sin-beclouded but human past from a future arid with solitude and bereft of the one possession to retain which my sin had been hidden.

I became a father without a son—as lonely and as desolate as though the separation between us were that of the grave I had merited and so weakly shunned.

But I was not yet satisfied. How could I insure for myself the extreme punishment which my peace demanded, without bringing down upon me the full consequences I refused to accept.

You have seen how I ultimately answered this question. A convict's bed is a convict's isolation!

But after some weeks of this, fresh fears arose. An accident was possible. For all Bela's precautions, someone might gain access to this room. This

would mean the discovery of my secret. And this fence was built.

This should have been enough. But guilt has terrors unknown to innocence. One day I caught a small boy peering through an infinitesimal crack in the fence, and, remembering the window grided with iron with which Bela had replaced the cheerful casement in my den of punishment, I realized how easily an opening might be made between the boards for the convenience of a curious eye anxious to penetrate the mystery of my seclusion. And so it came about that the inner fence was put up. This settled my position in the town. No more visits. All social life was over. It was meet, I was satisfied at last. I could now give my whole mind to my one remaining duty. I lived only while on the bench.

March 5, 1898.

There is a dream which comes to me often—a vision which I often see. It is that of two broken and irregular walls standing apart against a background of roseate sky. Between these walls the figures of a woman and child, turning about to go.

The bridge I never see, nor the face of the man who died for my sin; but this I see always—the gaunt ruins of Spencer's folly and the figure of a woman leading away a little child.

That woman lives. I know now who she is. Her testimony was uttered before me in court and was not one to rouse my apprehensions. My crime was unwitnessed by her, and for years she has been a stranger to this town. But I have a superstitious horror of seeing her again, while believing that the day will come when I shall do so. When this occurs—when I look up and find her in my path, I shall know that my sin has found me out and that the end is near.

1909

O shade of Algernon Etheridge, unforgetting and unforgiving! The wrong as has appeared! She stood in this room today. Verily, years are nothing with God.

Added later.

I thought I knew what awaited me if my hour ever came. But who can understand the ways of Providence or where the finger of retributive justice will point. It is Oliver's name and not mine which has become the sport of calamity. Oliver! Could the irony of life go further! Oliver!

There is nothing against him, and such folly must soon die out; but to see doubt in Mrs. Scoville's eyes is horrible in itself and to eliminate it I may have to show her Oliver's account of that long-forgotten night of crime in Spencer's folly. It is naively written and reveals a clean, if reticent, nature; but that its effect may be unquestionable I will insert a few lines to cover any possible misinterpretation of his manner and conduct. There is an open space, and our hand-writings were always strangely alike. Only our e's differed, and I will be careful with the e's.

Her confidence must be restored at all hazards.

### CHAPTER XIX.

Sunset.

"I do not wish to seem selfish, Oliver, but sit a little nearer the window, where I can see you whenever I open my eyes. Twelve years has a long time to make up, and I have such a little while in which to do it."

Oliver moved. The moisture sprang to his eyes as he did so. He had caught a glimpse of the face on the pillow and the changes made in a week were very apparent. Always erect, his father had towered above them then even in his self-abasement, but he looked now as though twenty years, instead of a few days, had passed over his stately head and bowed his incomparable figure. And not that alone. His expression was different. Had Oliver not seen him in his old likeness for that one terrible half-hour, he would not know these features, so sunken, yet so eloquent with the peace of one for whom all struggle is over, and the haven of his long rest near.

Had he been able at this moment to look beyond the fences which his fear had reared, he would have seen at either gate a silent figure guarding the walk, and recalled, perhaps, the horror of other days when at the contemplation of such a prospect, his spirit recoiled upon itself in unimaginable horror and revolt. And yet, who knows! Life's passions fade when the heart is at peace. And Archibald Ostrander's heart was at peace. Why, his next words will show.

"Oliver"—his voice was low but very distinct, "never have a secret; never hide within your bosom a thought you fear the world to know. If you've done wrong—if you have disobeyed the law either of God or man—seek not to hide what can never be hidden so long as God reigns or men make laws. I have suffered, as few men have suffered, and kept their reason intact. Now that my wickedness

is known, the whole page of my life defaced, content has come again. I am no longer a deceiver, my very worst is known."

"Oliver!"—This some minutes later. "Are we alone?"

"Quite alone, father. Mrs. Scoville is busy and Reuther—Reuther is in the room above. I can hear her light step overhead."

The judge was silent. He was gazing wistfully at the wall where hung the portrait of his young wife. He was no longer in his room, but in the cheery front parlor. This Deborah had insisted upon. There was, therefore, nothing to distract him from the contemplation I have mentioned.

"There are things I want to say to you. Not many; you already know my story. But I do not know yours, and I cannot die till I do. What took you into the ravine that evening, Oliver, and why, having picked up the stick, did you fling it from you and fly back to the highway? For the reason I ascribed to Scoville? Tell me, that no cloud may remain between us. Let me know your heart as well as you now know mine."

The reply brought the blood back into his fading cheek.

"Father, I have already explained all this to Mr. Andrews, and now I will explain it to you. I never liked Mr. Etheridge as well as you did, and I brooded incessantly in those days over the influence which he seemed to exert over you in regard to my future career. But I never dreamed of doing him a harm, and never supposed that I could so much as attempt any argument with him on my own behalf till that very night of infernal complications and coincidences. The cause of this change was as follows: I had gone up-stairs, you remember, leaving you alone with him as I knew you desired. How I came to be in the room above I don't remember, but I was there and leaning out of the window directly over the porch when you and Mr. Etheridge came out and stood in some final debate on the steps below. He was talking and you were listening, and never shall I forget the effect his words and tones had upon me. I had supposed him devoted to you, and here he was addressing you tartly and in an ungracious manner which bespoke a man very different from the one I had been taught to look upon as superior. The awe of years yielded before this display, and finding him just human like the rest of us, the courage which I had always lacked in approaching him took instant possession of me, and I determined with a boy's unreasoning impulse to subject him to a personal appeal not to add his influence to the distaste you at present felt for the career upon which I had set my heart. Nothing could have been more foolish and nothing more natural, perhaps, than the act which followed. I ran down into the ravine with the wild intention, so strangely duplicated in yourself a few minutes later, of meeting and pleading my cause with him at the bridge, but unlike you, I took the middle of the ravine for my road and not the one which determined our fate, father, for here I saw the stick and, catching it up without further thought than of the facility it offered for whittling, started with it down the ravine. Scoville was not in sight. The moment was the one when he had quit looking for Reuther and wandered away up the ravine. I have thought since that perhaps the glimpse he had got of his little one peering from the scene of his crime may have stirred even his guilty conscience and sent him off on his purposeless ramble; but, however this was, I did not see him or anybody else as I took my way leisurely down towards the bridge, whittling at the stick and thinking of what I should say to Mr. Etheridge when I met him. And now for fate's final and most fatal touch! Nothing which came into my mind struck me quite favorably. The encounter which seemed such a very simple matter when I first contemplated it, began to assume quite a different aspect as the moment for it approached. By the time I had come abreast of the hollow, I was tired of the whole business, and hearing his whistle and knowing by it that he was very near, I plunged up the slope to avoid him, and hurried straight away into town. That is my story, father. If I heard your steps approaching as I plunged across the path into which I had thrown the stick in my anger at having broken the point of my knife-blade upon it, I thought nothing of them then. Afterwards I believed them to be Scoville's, which may account to you for my silence about this whole matter both before and during the trial. I was afraid of the witness stand and of what might be elicited from me if I once got into the hands of the lawyers. My abominable reticence in regard to his former crime would be brought up against me, and I was too young, too shy and uninformed to face such an ordeal of my own volition. Unhappily, I was not forced into it, and—But we will not talk of that, father."

"Son,"—a long silence had intervened—"there is one thing more. When—how—did you first learn my real reason for sending you from home? I saw that my position was understood by you when our eyes first met in this room. But twelve years had passed since you left this house in ignorance of all but my unnatural attitude towards you. When, Oliver, when?"

"That I cannot answer, father; it was just a conviction which dawned gradually upon me. Now, it seems as if I had known it always; but that isn't so. A boy doesn't reason; and it took reasoning for me to—accept—"

"Yes, I understand. And that was your secret! Oh, Oliver, I shall never ask for your forgiveness. I am not

worthy of it. I only ask that you will not let pride or any other evil passion stand in the way of the happiness I see in the future for you. I cannot take from you the shame of my crime and long deception, but spare me this final sorrow! There is nothing to part you from Reuther now. Alike unhappy in your parentage, you can start on equal terms, and love will do the rest. Say that you will marry her, Oliver, and let me see her smile before I die."

"Marry her? Oh, father, will such an angel marry me?"

"No, but such a woman might."

Oliver came near, and stooped over his father's bed.

"Father, if love and attention to my profession can make a success of the life you prize, they shall have their opportunity."

The father smiled. If it fell to others to remember him as he appeared in his mysterious prime, to Oliver it was given to recall him as he looked then with the light on his face and the



"This is My Story, Father."

last tear he was ever to shed glittering in his fading eye.

"God is good," came from the bed; then the solemnity of death settled over the room.

The soft footfalls overhead ceased. The long hush had brought the two women to the door where they stood sobbing. Oliver was on his knees beside the bed, his head buried in his arms. On the face so near him there rested a ray from the westerling sun; but the glitter was gone from the eye and the unrest from the heart. No more weary vigils in a room dedicated to remorse and self-punishment. No more weary circling of the house in the dark lane whose fences barred out the hurrying figure within from every eye but that of heaven. Peace for him; and for Reuther and Oliver, hope!

(THE END.)

**Gems That Brought Misery.**

The history of diamonds and the many other precious stones, ruby, turquoise, emerald, opal, topaz, sapphire, chrysolite, sardonyx, amethyst, nearly all of which are mentioned in the Scriptures, goes far back of historic times, and is lost in a mass of religion, superstition and legend. It has been intermingled with intrigue, politics and diplomacy; murders galore; scandals unnumbered; imprisonments and beheadings. The story of the "Diamond Necklace," which, possible innocently on her part, smirched the fame of Marie Antoinette was one of the factors in agitation that led to the great French revolution. The Bastille opened to several of the actors in the scandal, one of them Cardinal de Rohan, who was arrested in his robes in the midst of his court. Cagliostro, the famous magician swindler, was another of the Bastille prisoners, and Countess Lamotte-Valois of royal lineage, who was the chief conspirator, for pecuniary gain, escaped from the prison to London, where she died in penury.

**Live as in Olden Times.**

In eastern Palestine and Arabia are to be found the most picturesque race in the East, those strange, nomadic tribes, the Bedouins.

Their mode of life has not greatly changed since Biblical times, and today they steal cattle and camels, and their young men steal wives, as was their wont in Old Testament days.

Indeed, the purloining of cattle and camels is considered lawful among them, and the more a tribe or an individual can enrich himself in this manner the more their prowess comes to be recognized.

These people, however, who live by thieving and move by stealth, are invariably hospitable to the stranger within their gates.

### He Knew.

A teacher in a children's institution was giving the geography class a lesson on the cattle ranches. She spoke of their beef all coming from the West, and, wishing to test the children's observation, she asked:

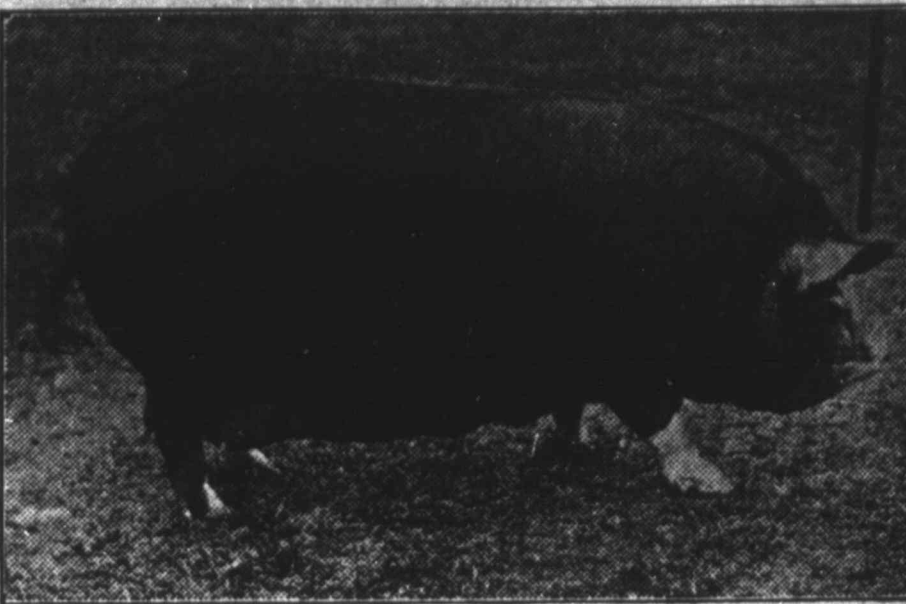
"And what else comes to us from these ranches?"

"This was a poser. She looked at her shoes, but no one took the hint. She tried again:

"What do we get from the cattle besides beef?"

One boy eagerly raised his hand. "I know what it is, it's tripe," he announced triumphantly.

## FOUNDATION UPON WHICH HERD IS BUILT



Good Sire Headed the Herd in Which This Animal Was Raised.

(By WILLIAM G. CHRISMAN.)

The selecting of the head of a herd is a question which deserves much more thought and consideration than the average farmer thinks when the subject first presents itself; and yet it is one of the most important questions with which the breeder has to deal. Why?

Because the sire is the foundation upon which the herd is built; just as no good structure can be erected without a firm foundation, neither can a good herd be established without a good sire at its head.

In selecting a head for your herd, the record must be closely examined, not only of this particular animal, but also the record of his sire and dam for generations. If he is an animal of good type, possessing the characteristics peculiar to his breed, and has well-established blood lines, you can feel pretty well assured that he will transmit these characteristics to his offspring.

Since the male represents exactly one-half of the foundation of the herd, it is much cheaper, from a business standpoint, to purchase and maintain one good animal that represents so much blood of the herd and has such a marked power or influence upon the characteristics of such a large number of animals.

In raising animals of any kind one

object should be to produce as many as possible of the same general well-fixed characteristics: uniformity of size, style, conformation, general qualities and color markings. The nearer a lot of animals conform to the same ideal the higher price they will command.

Just to give an example of a poor selection of a sire, I will cite a case I saw recently. It was a herd of swine numbering over two hundred. There were ten brood sows—no two alike in any respect, color not excepted, as black, red, white and black spotted, as well as some red and white spotted. Let us look at the sire. He was of the nondescript class—neither a bacon nor a lard hog, with long nose, long legs, rainbow back and large ears. What would you be willing to pay for such pigs? I can give you the sizes, as I saw several six-month-old pigs weighed by the butcher who had purchased them. They averaged 63 pounds! Just think of it! One weighed 61 pounds, and it was not from lack of feed, for they were well fed twice a day.

This shows the influence the sire has on the herd. Had this breeder kept a good sire, he would have raised an entirely different lot of pigs and some in which a profit could be anticipated over and above the expense of raising.

## ESSENTIAL TO KEEP ALL PIGS THRIFTY

One of Most Important Things is to Stop Leaks and Get Rid of the Boarders.

A large part of the profits in hog raising depends on the thrift and health of the herd. The pig that is stunted never is so profitable as the one that is kept thrifty and growing. One of the most important problems hog growers have to solve is to stop the leaks and get rid of the boarders, lice and worms, says Farmers' Mail and Breeze. Going out of the hog business is not the remedy. It may prevent direct losses in an occasional year such as the past one has been, but it will not utilize the feed grown on the farm and keep up the soil fertility.

Failure to use the feeds available to the best advantage is one of the biggest leaks in the hog business. It is poor policy to try to raise and fatten hogs on pasture without grain. The successful farmer will provide pasture for his hogs every month in the year if possible, and he will feed enough grain in addition to the pasture to keep his breeding hogs in good condition. The grain fed ought to provide some growth material as well as fat-forming material. Loss often is due to a failure to recognize the fact that the fattening period with most hogs is but a continuation of the growing period, and that the greatest difference in the rations used during the two periods should be in the amount rather than in the kind of feed fed.

## ERADICATE INSECTS IN POULTRY FLOCK

Pests Live on Production of Skin and Fragments of Feathers—Recipe for Powder.

It does not take long for lice to give a flock of hens something to think about besides laying eggs. The offspring from a single pair of lice will in eight weeks amount to 125,000.

These pests live on the production of the skin and fragments of feathers. It is not so much what they get as nourishment from the fowl that hurts, as the violent itching and pain they cause. They spread rapidly as they breed. The lice from one hen may spread through the entire flock. Lice breed most rapidly in poorly ventilated quarters and on poorly fed, weak stock. The bird that looks sickly is the one most likely to be infested.

Provide the flock with a dust bath and apply the following homemade powder: To one part of crude carbolic acid and three parts of gasoline, add enough plaster of paris to take up the liquid and mix thoroughly. Spread out and let dry. If it is too lumpy run through a sieve. Store away in tight cans. Work this powder well into the feathers, especially in the stuff and under the wings. Repeat in ten days and make a thorough job of it.

## LEGUMES ARE GOOD NITRATE PRODUCERS

On Average Farm Such Crops Should Be Depended Upon to Act as Soil Benefactors.

"The legumes as a source of nitrate are rather too slow in action to give real immediate profits when used to produce great money crops." This is the statement made by an advocate of the use of nitrate of soda on American soils.

Such a statement should not lead anyone away from the main fact that legumes grown with other crops in a field benefit those other crops the first year. The second year the soil itself is much better from having grown the legumes than if nitrate of soda had been used and no legumes grown.

Legumes are our natural nitrate producers. The nitrogen is cheaper, too, when furnished us in this form. And yet we should remember sodium nitrate for its value in getting quick results. It is beneficial to almost every crop when applied in the right amounts and at the right time. For quick results when starting a pasture on poor land, as an application to orchard soil for hastening fruit, in market gardens where crops demand much nitrogen, and in many other places sodium nitrate is indispensable. Such crops as potatoes, garden and truck crops grown in colder sections need quick-acting nitrates in addition to legume nitrogen to push the crops before the organic source is ready.

But on the average extensive farm let us depend largely upon the legume.

## UNNECESSARY LOSS IN MANURE HEAPS

Escape of Nitrogen Through Heating Where Piles Are Deep Is Considerable.

City manure can be bought more cheaply in some seasons of the year than in others. It is common practice to throw the carloads of manure in large piles to wait for use later on.

The chief losses come through heating and leaching when manure is left exposed. The amount of loss depends upon the conditions under which the manure is kept.

Heaps may be made so deep that there is relatively small loss from leaching, but in such case the escape of nitrogen through heating is very great. Under average barnyard conditions a loss from 25 to 50 per cent is expected from piles of manure exposed for a few months.

Even at the best, when manure is kept under a roof and is hard packed and is supplied with the right amount of moisture to prevent heating, the loss is supposed to be 10 per cent.

### Keep Cows Clean.

Send your cows to the pasture with clean flanks instead of leaving them incrustated with dried manure. And then watch the result.

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1876 PAUL REVERE HOUSE, NORTH SQUARE

# BOSTON CLINGS TO ITS INDIVIDUALITY



A BIT OF OLD LONG WHEELS

ROBABLY no American city has quite the marked individuality that Boston boasts of. Twentieth century progress and improvement has done but little to obliterate its picturesque aspects, for which antiquarians are duly thankful. One of them, Edward M. Bacon, has written a book about it. He calls it "Rambles Around Old Boston." The publishers are Little, Brown & Co.

"We were three—a visiting Englishman, the Artist, and Antiquary, says Mr. Bacon. The Artist and Antiquary were the gossiping guides; the Englishman the guided. The Englishman would "do" Old Boston exclusively. He had "done" the blend of the Old and New, and now would hark back to the Old and review it in leisurely strolls among its landmarks. He had asked the Artist and Antiquary to pilot him companionably, and they would meet his wishes, and gladly, for the personal conducting of a stranger so saturated with Old Boston lore as he appeared to be could not be other than agreeable.

Beyond the few measured historic memorials, the landmarks he especially would seek were many of them long ago annihilated in those repeated marches of progress or of improvement common to all growing cities, or effaced in the manifold markings over of the topography of the Old Town, than which none other in Christendom has undergone more. Still, if not the identical things, the sites of a select number of them could be identified for him, and their story or legend rehearsed, while the Artist's pencil would reproduce yet remaining bits of the Old Jumbled with the New.

Properly our initial ramble was within the narrow bounds of the beginnings of the Puritan capital, the "metropolis of the wilderness," hanging on the harbor's edge of the little "pear-shaped," beheaded peninsula, for which the founders, those "well-educated, polite persons of good estate," took Old Boston in England for its name and London for its model. The Lincolnshire borough on the Fitham was to be its prototype only in name. The founders would have their capital town to be New England in its humble way that London was to Old England. So Boston was built, a likeness in miniature to London.

This London look and Old England aspect, we remarked, remained to and through the Revolution; and in a shadowy way remains today, as our guest would see. It was indeed a natural likeness, for, as the record shows, Boston from the beginning was the central point of the most thoroughly English community in the New World. There was no infusion of a foreign element of consequence until the end of the colony period and the close of the seventeenth century. Then the French Huguenots had begun to appear and mingle with the native Puritans. But while early in the province period this element became sufficient in numbers to set up a church of its own and to bring about some softening of the old austere Puritan town life, it did not impair the English stamp. These French Huguenots easily assimilated in the community, which welcomed them, and in time these competent artisans and merchants, the Bowdoin, the Faneuil, Chardons, Signourne, Reveres, Molleux, Greenleafs, became almost as English, or American English, as the rest. Nor was the stamp impaired by the infusion of Scotch and Irish into the colony in increasing numbers during the latter half of the seventeenth and the early eighteenth centuries; nor by the floating population of various nationalities naturally drawn to a port of consequence, as Boston was, the chief in the colonies from the outset. These floaters coming and going merely lent variety and picturesqueness—or brought temporary trouble—to the sober streets. Up to the Revolution the population remained homogeneous, with the dominating influences distinctively of English lineage. When with the Revolution the English yoke was thrown off and the "Bostonians" tore down every emblem of royalty and every sign of a Tory and burned them in a huge bonfire in front of the old statehouse and afterward renamed King street "State" and Queen street "Court," they could not blot out its English mark. And well into the nineteenth century, when in 1823 Boston emerged from a town to a city, the population was still "singularly homogeneous."

It came to cityhood slowly and somewhat reluctantly after repeated attempts, the first early in the colony period. Edmund Quincy in his fascinating life of his distinguished father, Josiah Quincy, writing of the municipality in 1823 during Josiah Quincy's first administration as mayor—he was the city's second mayor—observes: "The great Irish and German emigration had not then set in. The city was eminently English in its character and appearance, and probably no town of its size in England had a population of such unmixed English descent as the Boston of that day. It was Anglo-Saxon and more English than the English themselves. The inhabitants of New England at that time were descended, with scarcely any admixture of foreign blood, from the Puritan emigration of the seventeenth century."



CHURCH GREEN

And today, as we ramble about the shadowy precincts of the Colony Town, we chance delectably here and there upon a twisting street yet holding its first given London name—a London-like old court, byway, or alley; a Londonish foot passage making short cut between thoroughfares; an arched way through buildings in old London style. So, too, we find yet lingering, though long since in disguise, an old London fashioned underground passage or two between courts or one-time habitations suggestive of smuggling days and of romance. Such is that grim, underground passage between old Providence court and Harvard place issuing on Washington street opposite the old South Meeting house, which starts in the court near a plumbing shop and runs alongside the huge granite foundations of the rear wall of the old Province house, seat of the royal governors, now long gone save its side wall of Holland brick, which still remains intact. This passage must have eluded Hawthorne, else surely it would have figured in one of his incomparable "legends" of this rare place of provincial pomp and elegance. Then there was, until recent years, that other and more significant passage, opening from this one, and extending under the Province house and the highway in front, eastward toward the sea. Gossip tradition has it or some latter-day discoverer has fancied that by this passage some of Howe's men made their escape to the waterfront at the evacuation. Others call it smuggler's passage. In that day the water came up Milk street to the present Library square and southward to old Church Green, which used to be at the junction of Summer and Bedford streets. An explorer of this passage—the engineer of the tavern which now occupies the site of the Province house orchard (a genuine antiquary this engineer, who during service with the tavern from its erection has delved deep into colonial history of this neighborhood)—says that its outlet apparently was somewhere near Church Green. It was closed up in part in late years by building operations, and further by the construction of the Washington street tunnel.

The peninsula as the colonists found it we recalled from the familiar description of the local historians. It was a neck of land jutting out at the bottom of Massachusetts bay with a fine harbor on its sea side; at its back, the Charles river, uniting at its north end with the Mystic river as it enters the harbor from the north side of Charlestown; its whole territory only about four miles in circuit; its less than eight hundred acres comprising several abrupt elevations, with valleys between. The loftiest elevation was the three-peaked hill in its heart, which gave it its first English name of Trimountain, and became Beacon, on the river side; the next in height, on the harbor front, were the north and south promontories of a great cove, which became respectively Copp's hill and Fort Hill.

The town was begun round about the Market place, which was at the head of the present State street, where is now the old statehouse. About the Market place the first homes were built and the first highways struck out. Thence branched the earliest of those legendary "cow paths," the lanes from which evolved the "crooked little streets" leading to the home lots and gardens of settlers. State street and Washington street were the first highways, the one "The Great Street to the Sea," the other "The High Way to Roxbury," where the peninsula joined the mainland, perhaps along Indian trails. At the outset the "High Ways" reached only as far as School

and Milk streets, where is now the old South Meeting house, and this was early called Cornhill. Soon, however, a further advance was made to Summer, this extension later being called Marlborough street, in commemoration of the victory of Blenheim. In a few years a third street was added, toward Essex and Boylston streets, named Newbury. The "sea" then came up in the Great cove from the harbor fairly close to the present square of State street, for high-water mark was at the present Kilby street on the South side and Merchants row on the North side. The Great cove swept inside of these streets. Merchants row followed the shore northward to a smaller cove, stretching from where is now North Market street and the Quincy market (the first Mayor Quincy's monument) and over the site of Faneuil hall to Dock square, which became the Town dock. Other pioneer highways were the nucleus of the present Tremont street, originally running along the northeastern spur of the then broad-spreading Beacon hill and passing through the Common; Hanover street, at first a narrow lane, from what is now Scollay square, and Ann, afterward North street, from Copp's hill square, both leading to the ferries by Copp's ferry, where tradition says the Indians had their ferry. The first street was first Prison lane, from the Mar-Court street to the prison, a gruesome dungeon, early set up, where now stands the modern City Hall annex. In its day it harbored pirates and Quakers, and Hawthorne fancied it for the opening scenes of his "Scarlet Letter." School street took its name from the first schoolhouse and the first school, whence sprang the Boston Latin school, which felicitates itself that it antedates the university at Cambridge and "dandied Harvard college on its knee." Milk street, first "Port lane," was the first way to Fort hill on the harbor front. Summer street, first "Myne lane," led to "Widow Tuthill's Windmill," near where was Church Green, up to which the water came. "Cow lane," now High street, led from Church Green, or Mill lane, to the foot of Fort Hill, Essex street, was originally at its eastern end part of the first cartway to the Neck and Roxbury, a beach road that ran along the south shore of the South cove, another expansive indentation, extending from the harbor on the south side of Fort Hill to the Neck. Boylston street, originally "Frog lane," and holding fast to this bucolic appellation into the nineteenth century was a swampy way running westward along the south side of Boston Common toward the open Back bay—the back basin of the Charles—then flowing up to a pebbly beach at the Common's western edge and to the present Park square.

Here, then, on the levels about the Great cove, in the form of a crescent, facing the sea and backed by the three-peaked hill, the town was established. The first occupation was within the scant territory bounded, generally speaking, on the east side by State street at the high-water line of the Great cove; northerly by Merchants row around to near the site of Faneuil hall; northerly by Dock square and Hanover street; westerly by the great hill and Tremont street; southerly by School and Milk streets; and Milk street again to the water, then working up toward the present Liberty square at the junction of Kilby, water and Batterymarch streets. Soon, however, the limits expanded, reaching southward to Summer street, and not long after to Essex and Boylston streets; eastward, to the harbor front at and around Fort Hill; westward and northward, about another broad cove—this the North cove, later the "Mill cove" with busy mills about it, an indentation on the north of Beacon hill by the widening of the Charles river at its mouth, and covering the space now Haymarket square, and northward, over the peninsula's north end, which early became the seat of gentility.

No further expansion of moment was made through the colony period, and the extension was slight during the Province period. Beacon hill, except its slopes, remained till after the Revolution in its primitive state, its long western reach a place of pastures over which the cows roamed, and the barberry and the wild rose grew. The foot of the Common on the margin of the glistening Back bay was the town's west boundary till after the Revolution and into the nineteenth century. Till then the tide of the Back bay flowed up the present Beacon street, some 200 feet above the present Charles street. The town's southern limit, except a few houses toward the Neck on the fourth link of the highway to Roxbury (called Orange street in honor of the house or Orange), was still Essex and Boylston streets. The one landway to the mainland, till after the second decade of the nineteenth century, remained the long, lean Neck to Roxbury. The only waterway, at the beginning of the town, was by means of ships, boats, afterward by gows. No bridge from Boston was built till the Revolution was two years past.

So the "storied town" remained, till the close of the historic chapter, a little one, the built-up territory of which could easily be covered in a stroll of a day or two. From its establishment as the capital Boston's history was so interwoven with that of the Colony that in England the Colony came early to be designated the "Bostonians," and the charter which the founders brought with them, and for the retention of which the colonists were in an almost constant struggle, was termed the "Boston Charter."

## USING DISK BEFORE PLOWING

One of the Most Important Practices in Handling of Soils—Land Will Absorb More Moisture.

(By M. F. MILLER, Missouri Experiment Station.)  
The disking of stalk or stubble land before plowing is one of the most important practices in the handling of soils. The recent droughts have emphasized its importance. Each year larger numbers of farmers are following this practice, which has been recommended and used by the Missouri agricultural experiment station. The disking of land before plowing is one of the things which all farmers, but particularly those located on high-priced corn-belt land, should practice. Some men have found it profitable to disk blue-grass sod, and the practice has its greatest advantage when applied to stalk and stubble land.

The soil will absorb more water when it is disked before plowing. This has been a very important point in recent years when the soil has been rarely soaked with water. The more water stored in the soil, when the crops are put in, the larger will be the return if the season is dry. The thorough mixing of the stalks, stubble and other surface matter with the soil, which results from the disking, is very advantageous. On stalk land particularly the weighted disk takes the place of the stalk cutter, and this at the same time thoroughly mixes the organic matter with the soil. A disk may also be used to cut up green manure crops before turning them under and brings about a more thorough mixing of this organic matter with the soil. One of the fundamental principles in plowing any land is to thoroughly mix the organic matter with the surface soil, and this is greatly favored by disking in advance of the plow.

Land with a pulverized surface can be turned with a plow in such a way as to give a much better seedbed than where the disking is not done. The land plows more easily, and the pulverization is at the same time more thorough. The disk harrow is one of the most valuable of farm implements and its use in advance of the plow is just as important as its use following the plow.

## BEST CORN FOR DRY FARMING

Australian White Flint is Hardy, Drought Resistant and Earlier Maturing Than Dent.

P. Byrnes of Pueblo, Colo., farmer, both dry-land and irrigated, and editor, is a great believer in flint corn. He writes about it as follows:  
The Australian white flint corn is a hardy, early, drought-resistant variety of corn and for dry farming it cannot be excelled. Besides having the qualities mentioned in this paragraph it comes in from two to three weeks earlier than most of the dent varieties of corn and as feed for the live stock runs low in the early fall, it fulfills a very important mission.  
In wet seasons it sends out long ears and two ears on a stalk are no exception. Besides, it suckers to a large extent and is a great fodder producer. Because of its nature to stool out it should be planted thin and it will then produce more corn, especially if the season is dry.  
Australian white flint corn is grown extensively throughout the West, and it would be hard to carry on nonirrigated farming without it.  
It is hard and very flinty, but if shelled and soaked for one hour before feeding it will be found to have softened considerably and horses eat it readily. It contains a higher percentage of nutriment than the soft varieties of corn and hogs fatten on it in a less time than when fed the softer dent corn, as any observing farmer can verify by trial.  
White flint corn usually yields from 15 to 25 bushels to the acre, but on irrigated land it runs as high as 50 bushels to the acre, but much care should be used in irrigating it, as too much water injures instead of helps it because from its nature it grows with a minimum of moisture.

## PRODUCTION OF GOOD BUTTER

High-Grade Articles Sent to Market in Attractive Package Will Appeal to Taste of Buyers.

The essentials in the making of good butter can be secured by anyone who will take a little pains. There has been so much discussion of the subject of caring for milk and cream through the columns of the farm papers that it really seems that a better grade of butter could be made now with modern equipment than at any time in the past. And if a high-grade article can be produced, and it is sent to market packed in a dainty manner that will appeal to the eyes as well as to the tastes of the buyers, it will sell at a price that will assure the producer a good margin of profit.  
Save Vegetable Seeds.  
If you have some extra good kinds of vegetables, it pays to save the seeds of the best plants. Watch your peas, beans, tomatoes, and other vegetables, and save for seed the earliest, extra-good ones you have. By doing this you will be able to improve the stock a little every year, and have the satisfaction of knowing what you are planting.  
Keep Chicks Growing.  
After the chicks are hatched, see that they are fed regularly several times a day, so as to keep them growing right along.

## Look For This Name

A mother's fervent hope is that her daughters, when they marry, will do better than she did.  
Keep Hanford's Balm in your Home. Adv.  
The roll of honor is fresh from the oven.

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Famous hard water laundry soaps and  
**WATER LILY**

The delicately scented toilet and bath soap. These soaps are made in Oklahoma especially for hard waters. Makes wash-day easier—saves the clothes, but knocks the dirt. We share profits with you. Send for big premium catalogue now.

**PRODUCTS MANUFACTURING CO.**  
OKLAHOMA CITY  
**DEFIANCE STARCH**  
is constantly growing in favor because it Does Not Stick to the Iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purposes it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money.  
**DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska**

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450 Rooms 300 Baths  
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10c a Roll Any Size  
Film packs, any size, 16c. Prints up to and including 8x10. 3c. 8x10 and 8x12, 5c. 8x12, 6c. 10x12, 7c. 10x12, 8c. 10x12, 9c. 10x12, 10c. 10x12, 11c. 10x12, 12c. 10x12, 13c. 10x12, 14c. 10x12, 15c. 10x12, 16c. 10x12, 17c. 10x12, 18c. 10x12, 19c. 10x12, 20c. 10x12, 21c. 10x12, 22c. 10x12, 23c. 10x12, 24c. 10x12, 25c. 10x12, 26c. 10x12, 27c. 10x12, 28c. 10x12, 29c. 10x12, 30c. 10x12, 31c. 10x12, 32c. 10x12, 33c. 10x12, 34c. 10x12, 35c. 10x12, 36c. 10x12, 37c. 10x12, 38c. 10x12, 39c. 10x12, 40c. 10x12, 41c. 10x12, 42c. 10x12, 43c. 10x12, 44c. 10x12, 45c. 10x12, 46c. 10x12, 47c. 10x12, 48c. 10x12, 49c. 10x12, 50c. 10x12, 51c. 10x12, 52c. 10x12, 53c. 10x12, 54c. 10x12, 55c. 10x12, 56c. 10x12, 57c. 10x12, 58c. 10x12, 59c. 10x12, 60c. 10x12, 61c. 10x12, 62c. 10x12, 63c. 10x12, 64c. 10x12, 65c. 10x12, 66c. 10x12, 67c. 10x12, 68c. 10x12, 69c. 10x12, 70c. 10x12, 71c. 10x12, 72c. 10x12, 73c. 10x12, 74c. 10x12, 75c. 10x12, 76c. 10x12, 77c. 10x12, 78c. 10x12, 79c. 10x12, 80c. 10x12, 81c. 10x12, 82c. 10x12, 83c. 10x12, 84c. 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Mansfield Casings,  
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The prices charged for our groceries of purity and reliability are no greater than those often charged by some for a much inferior article. It is a relief to your household expense account, as well as to your mind. Others find it the better way. Why not you? Make the start today. Tomorrow never comes.

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# ..MOVED..

I have moved my jewelry stock to the building occupied by W. H. Braley & Son, and invite you to call when in need of anything in my line.

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Is now open and ready for business and for 30 days, beginning July 15th and lasting until August 15th, we will give, free of any charge, one enlarged picture 8x10, with one dozen photos, any style, where the order amounts to one dozen or more. I have had 17 years experience in the photo business and will guarantee entire satisfaction.

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#### Pointed Paragraphs

Never strike a man when he's down--especially for a loan.

No man should try to run an auto unless he has horse sense.

A fool can lay plans, but it takes a wise man to hatch them out.

Occasionally a knocker throws away his little hammer and gets an axe.

Experience is a great teacher, but even experience can't teach some people.

A woman fights harder to get into society than she prays to get into heaven.

If you keep quiet and listen you may learn a lot from people who talk too much.

The man who always looks straight a head misses a lot of beautiful scenery on the side.

Blessings of poverty are appreciated, especially by those who have never been blessed that way.

Some people are always saying "There ought to be something done about it," but they never do anything themselves.

Many a rich man will probably find it as difficult to enter the kingdom of heaven as he finds it easy to keep outside a mundane jail. --Exchange.

#### Notice Confederate Veterans

Bedford Forrest Camp Confederate Veterans will hold a reunion Wednesday, August 4th, at the court house in Portales. Talks by the veterans and music by the Winnie Davis Chapter U. D. C. Everybody is invited to come and bring well filled baskets.

J. P. HENDERSON,  
Lieutenant Commanding.

#### Dr. Swearingin's Dates

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

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

Several loads of peaches were sold on the streets here this week.

W. F. Faggard and Carl Moss were in Clovis Thursday on business.

Highest cash price paid for chickens. Carl Moss and Dan Vinson.

Born to Mr and Mrs J. B. Crow, Monday, July 26, a nine pound girl.

C. S. Hart last week purchased 1500 head of fine steers at Lordsburg, New Mexico.

Jack Hamil and family, of Melrose, were here this week visiting with relatives.

Bud Morrison and family, of Spur, Texas, were here this week visiting friends and relatives.

Chas. Meese, representative of the Texas Oil company, was in Portales the first of this week.

Misses Anna and Mabel Boucher left this week for Melrose to visit with their brother for some time.

Mrs Joe Addington and children left this week for a visit with her parents at Spur, Texas.

Miss Ella Garner, of Spur, Texas, was visiting, in the home of her sister, Mrs. Joe Addington, this week.

Louis Anderson, of Rogers, returned this week from Denver Colorado, in a new Metz automobile.

Miss Mattie Doss Hightower, left Thursday for Hagerman where she will visit friends for a few days.

Misses Tollett and Cook, of the Inez community, returned this week from Silver City where they have been attending the state normal.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Evans returned this week from Silver City, where they have been attending the state normal at that place.

The Rogers people are expecting a crowd at their picnic, Tuesday, August 3, and from all indications they will not be much disappointed.

Yee Hing, of Silver City, arrived this week and will put in a hand laundry in the old Crosby barber shop building opposite Faggards store.

Mrs. E. G. Sandefur and daughter, Miss Lurline, returned this week from Kansas, where they have been visiting for the past few months.

A. A. Rogers and children left Thursday of this week for a fishing and hunting trip near Las Vegas. They expect to be gone about two weeks.

Arnet Knapp this week sold his new Overland to W. W. Van-Winkle, of Rogers. Mr. Knapp will leave Sunday for El Paso where he will get two new cars.

Dr. L. R. Hough will be in Elida on Friday before the first Saturday in each month, and at Melrose three days preceding the last day of each month to do all kinds of first class dental work.

C. S. Payne, of Rowen, Iowa, arrived this week in the interest of the creamery. Mr. Payne is a first-class butter maker and will, probably, have charge of the butter making in the creamery which is now being organized here.

Mr. J. M. Smith, brother-in-law of J. A. Vick of Redland, was in town Thursday. Mr. Smith accompanied by W. E. Miller, are from Trent, Texas, looking for a location. They both praise the Portales Valley and say that it looks better than the cotton country.

## The Portales Bank and Trust Company

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

### Portales Bank & Trust Co.

Portales, New Mexico, U. S. A.

## For a Limited Time

WE WILL SELL AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:

No. 8, 18 inch Oven, Cast Coal Cook Stove	\$10.00
Four Shovel Riding Cultivators	\$17.50
50 Tooth Drag Harrow	\$6.00
60 Tooth Drag Harrow	\$8.00

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Only \$9.99 Only

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