

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, AUGUST 5, 1915

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OLD CONFEDERATE VETERANS MEET AT PORTALES

Hold a Most Enjoyable All-Day Session on the Court House Lawn—Dinner on the Ground

Many Excellent Talks Given Which Brought Back Memories of the Days Gone By

On Wednesday of this week the old Confederates held their reunion on the court house lawn. It was a notable gathering. Old men ranging from 68 to 88 years of age and each of them had seen the full hell of war in its destruction of life, limb and property. Some of their bodies carrying the scars of wounds received and all of them carrying memories too deep for destruction and too precious for trifling. To look upon the forms and faces of such men is a real privilege. Their principles were, to them, more precious than ease, home-life itself, and a man who voluntarily offers his life in an imminent peril as a sacrifice for public good is no ordinary being. He is not a fanatic but a true patriot. All honor to them. Their memory cannot perish, for their valor and self-denial have put them in history to remain and the unborn generations shall hear the story of their lives and receive an inspiration therefrom which shall ennoble their lives and bless their day. Among the interesting features of the day were reminiscence addresses by J. P. Henderson, M. C. Reynolds, C. L. Carter, Rev. Perry Hollyman, of Portales; Uncle Jimmie Williams, of Arch; J. C. Boucher, of Ardmore, Oklahoma; Rev. D. F. Fuller, of Carrollton, Texas; and music by Mrs. Nixon and a song by Mr. Boucher and his little grand daughter. Others, whose names we failed to remember, also spoke. These remarks were heard with great interest.

The dinner came at one o'clock. It was quite a contrast with many dinners these old vets had devoured. How far removed from parched corn, pea bread, mule meat, etc. Messrs. Boucher and Fuller were in the siege of Vicksburg and know just how mule tastes. It is a memory which will not fade. After the dinner, Rev. D. F. Fuller, in an address, discussed the causes leading up to the war, the armies contrasted, the conduct of the war, the Confederate soldier of '65 and of today. Undivided attention was given the speaker and numerous requests for the address in full were made. It was true to the facts of history, and in coming days the truth will be told. T. E. Mears also delivered a most excellent address which was roundly applauded.

"God Be With You 'Till We Meet Again," was sung and the old soldiers with tearful eyes shook hands. Rev. Fuller devoutly prayed for "a reunion with those gone before, where the roar of battle is hushed in the eternal quiet of peace, and where the sun never goes down and sorrows cannot come." Then one by one homeward they turned their faces, full of sweet memories and abounding in hope of a brighter day to come.

G. C. Johnson passed through Portales this week on his way to Wichita Falls, Texas. Mr. Johnson has been in Albuquerque for some weeks past.

County Road Board Meets

The Roosevelt County Road board met last week and, in company with Messrs Bell and Humphrey, went over the west road to the south line of J. W. Thompson's place to what is known as the east road, and back to Portales. After viewing both roads Messrs Molinari and Wall, of the board, decided to build the west road and employed W. S. Roach as foreman and began operation at once. This road, when completed will be a great help to Portales as well as the farmers. It will open up traffic from the Rogers, Redland, Inez and Causey communities, and all the south and east. This was a very much needed improvement for the farmers of that territory in bringing their heavy loads of grain and produce to market and hauling back the things necessary for improvements and life. Mr. Molinari says that the board expects to spend every dollar available in road building in the county. After this road is completed they will do some work on the East road to put it in better condition. The members of our county road board are not receiving any compensation whatever for their labor and services and they should be highly praised for the good work they are doing. Every man in Roosevelt county should boost for good roads and give these gentlemen all assistance possible. Of late years good roads are going on the map as the best advertisement for the state, county and community.

Woman's Club Notes

The Woman's club is making preparations to entertain the New Mexico Federated clubs at the October meeting with every courtesy. The following committees are at work on the various problems under their respective charges:

Finances: Mrs. S. J. Nixon, chairman; Mesdames Humphrey, Priddy and Miss Bryant.

Decoration: Mrs. Carr, chairman; Mesdames Williams, Amos, Hawkins, Stone, Williamson and Puckett.

Home Entertainment: Mrs. Howard, chairman; Mrs. Hough, vice chairman; Mesdames Leach and Dunaway.

Autos: Mrs. Roy Connally, chairman; Mesdames C. V. Harris and T. E. Mears.

Luncheon: Mrs. Long, chairman; Mesdames Hall, Deen, Merrill, Hoagland, Jordan, Thompson, Ball, Hightower, Whitcomb, Pew, R. Culbertson, Hardy and May.

Music, Entertainment: (Bulbul), Mrs. S. E. Ward, chairman; Mesdames A. A. Rogers, Neer, Knapp, H. Rogers, and Misses Montana Grinstead and Mignon Jones.

Pages: Miss Cornie Smith, chairman.

Valley Souvenirs: Mrs. A. A. Rogers.

Auto Penants: Mrs. Dwight Reynolds and Mrs. Reese.

Club Bannerets: Mrs. Molinari.

Artist: Mrs. Oldham.
General Chairman: Mrs. W. E. Lindsey.

Birthday Party

On Wednesday afternoon, from two to five o'clock, Mrs. J. A. Saylor entertained about seventeen of the small children of Portales, at her home in the east part of town. The occasion was given in honor of Mrs. Saylor's son, Adna, being his sixth birthday. The little ones enjoyed the afternoon in playing games of different kinds, and as refreshments, they were served with delicious ice cold watermelons, after which they departed for their respective homes wishing Adna many more happy birthdays.

NINTH ANNUAL PICNIC AT ROGERS WAS A DECIDED SUCCESS IN EVERY WAY

More Than Two Thousand People Attended and Participated in One of the Greatest Events Ever Pulled Off in the County

Many Prominent Speakers Were Present and Made Addresses in the Interest of the General Upbuilding of New Mexico and Roosevelt County in Particular

The ninth annual picnic of Rogers was held Tuesday, August 3rd and was a grand success in every way. There were about two thousand people in attendance, and Portales was well represented. The principal amusements of the day was speaking, baseball, racing and bronc riding. The forenoon session was called to order by Rev. Maxwell, of Rogers, who spoke upon the purpose of the convention, the growth and success of the neighborhood and country. Judge T. E. Mears and Capt. T. J. Molinari, also, made very interesting talks. They praised the people of Rogers for their community cooperation in making this picnic a success. Other important subjects were discussed among which were the needs of the county in general. Dinner was then spread and it is needless to say that the hosts of people enjoyed the feast that had been prepared by the good ladies of that community. The afternoon session was called to order by the chairman, and Judge Lindsey, of Portales, was introduced. He spoke of the success of the festival and complimented the people on being such an industrious bunch. He also told of customs of the ancient people in observing their annual meetings. He also discussed the European conflict and questions of our own nation, touching upon our form of government, the necessity of education in all practices and professions in life. R. E. Putney, president of the New Mexico State Fair association, was next introduced and gave an excellent address regarding the state fair and pleaded with the people of Roosevelt county to take part and be represented at the fair this fall. Everyone present reported an exceedingly good time and hope to have the pleasure of attending the 10th anniversary in 1916.

Road Foreman Dies

C. J. Marius, foreman of the Portales-Clovis road, died at his camp about twelve miles north of here last Sunday afternoon. Judge Henderson was summoned, and in company with Captain Molinari and others went to the camp and held an inquest over the body, the decision of which was, that death came as a result of heart trouble. The deceased was subject to this ailment, but had not complained until a few minutes before his death. At about 3 o'clock p. m. the camp cook asked him to dinner, and he said he was not feeling well, and about 3:30 the cook took him a lunch and found him dead. The remains were brought to Portales and prepared for burial and, upon instructions from Santa Fe, was shipped Tuesday morning to Brooklyn, New York, where his family resides.

Mr. Marius has been here several months and has made many friends while here. He has been in the service of the state for some time prior to coming here and has a good record for knowledge in road building.

Some Garden Truck

E. P. Kuhl called at News office this week exhibiting some very fine squashes and rhubarb. One leaf of rhubarb measured two feet eight inches across. This is only two articles of the many varieties of vegetables in his field. Mr. Kuhl convinced us that anything can be grown in the Portales Valley, that can be in the Eastern States.

State Fair Men Visit Here

R. E. Putney and R. W. Wiley, president and secretary of the state fair commission visited Portales Tuesday and Wednesday in the interest of the state fair to be held at Albuquerque this fall. These gentlemen are live wires and put lots of life in the business men of our town. We give them credit for spreading the enthusiasm among our citizens and farmers to assure Roosevelt county being represented at the fair. They attended the picnic at Rogers where Mr. Putney delivered an eloquent address appealing to the people to take part and exhibit their resources to the rest of the state. Before leaving they were assured that our county would be represented.

Methodist Church

Rev. D. F. Fuller will fill the pulpit at the Methodist church Sunday, next, at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m. Rev. Bell, the pastor is absent in Texas among the kins-folks and conducting a revival meeting.

O. R. Lightfoot, of Sacramento, California, arrived this week with an immigrant car. Mr. Lightfoot has purchased the Logan place southeast of town, and will follow stock raising and farming. He brought with him a fine Arabian stallion, an American jack and a fine bunch of mares. Portales Valley is drawing the attention from the distance.

J. N. Moore, of Woodward, Oklahoma, arrived Wednesday for a visit with relatives.

Commissioners Proceedings

Proceedings of the board of county commissioners of Roosevelt County, at a recessed session of the regular July, 1915 term thereof, held at the courthouse in Portales, New Mexico, Saturday July 31, 1915.

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

Whereas, Kelly and Kelly and Arthur Seligman, bond attorneys and brokers, of Kansas City, Missouri, having offered the State of New Mexico \$475,000.00 for the \$50,000.00 State Highway Bonds authorized by law and duly approved by the electors of the State of New Mexico, said offer of \$475,000.00 being the highest and best offer that has been made for said bond issue and the State of New Mexico being compelled under the law authorizing said bond issue to not accept less than per value for said bonds, and the State Highway Commission, and, in the opinion of this Board, a large majority of the electors of the State of New Mexico, being anxious to secure a par value of these bonds at as early a date as possible and have the same expended on the public highways of the State of New Mexico as soon as available; said Kelly and Kelly and Arthur Seligman have asked and are asking the several counties of the State of New Mexico to put up an amount equal to two per cent of each county's proportionate share of said bond issue for the purpose of paying the difference between their offer for said bond issue and the par value of said bonds; and the Attorney General of the State of New Mexico having rendered an opinion that the Boards of County Commissioners of the several counties of the State of New Mexico, or any Board of County Commissioners thereof, are, or is, duly authorized under the board general authority given in the fifth subdivision of Section No. 664 of the Compiled Laws of 1897 to make an appropriation from the general fund of their respective counties for said purposes;

Now therefore, after due consideration in all the premises, it is ordered that the proposition of Kelly and Kelly and Arthur Seligman is hereby accepted and the chairman and clerk of this board are directed and instructed to draw warrant in favor of the state treasurer of New Mexico on the general fund for the sum of \$250.00, same being two per cent of \$12,500.00 being Roosevelt county's pro rata share of said bond issue as distributed by the state auditor, and the chairman of this board is hereby instructed to sign an agreement submitted by Kelly and Kelly and Arthur Seligman, and approved by this board. There being no further business appearing at this time, it is ordered that court take a recess until the next regular meeting unless sooner convened by order of the chairman.

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

Jones Appointed Foreman

D. W. Jones was this week appointed to succeed C. J. Marius, deceased, as foreman of the Portales-Clovis road and work will proceed without delay. Mr. Jones is an experienced road builder, in fact, he has practically had charge of the construction work of this road for some time past. He expects to double the force in a short time. This road, when completed, will be one of the highways in the state and will be a great drawing factor for the Portales Valley.

ROOSEVELT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS HOLD MEETING

Appropriate \$500.00 to Represent Roosevelt County at the New Mexico State Fair This Fall

Committee is Appointed and Will Begin at Once to Make Preparation for this Event

The county commissioners met Wednesday of this week and appropriated \$500.00 for Roosevelt to be represented at the State Fair at Albuquerque this fall. They also appointed A. A. Rogers and Coe Howard, of Portales, and Carl Turner, of Redland, as a committee to supervise and push this good work along. One of the members informs us that they now have \$200.00 in the treasure and that they will make a special effort to raise \$300.00 or more in private donations so that they might be able to bring back, at least, one thousand dollars to the farmers of Roosevelt county this year. They assure us that the county fair is a certainty with at least two days attraction and say that they are going to make this years fair the best ever. We feel sure they will do their part in making this a success and ask that each individual in the county do their full share in this matter.

Town Council Proceedings

The town council met in regular session August 3, 1915, and upon roll call the following members were present: E. B. Hawkins, mayor; J. P. Deen, S. A. Morrison and D. Hardy, trustees. Minutes of previous meeting was read and approved. The following claims were presented and after having been examined and audited, were ordered paid as follows:

W. E. Keeter, salary	\$100 00
Geo. Williams, salary	70 00
Harve Atkinson, salary	40 00
B. B. Clayton, salary	25 00
S. A. Morrison, salary	25 00
W. H. Braley, salary	25 00
Mrs. J. R. Goadloe, rent	8 00
Connally Coal Co., coal	156 35
Hugh Knox, drayage	25
R. S. Adams, drayage	50
M. E. Duncan, unloading coal	3 50
Portales Lumber Co, lumber	20
J. B. Sledge, supplies	2 65
Kemp Lumber Co., lumber	1 10
Fairbanks-Morse & company, supplies	59 96
Ft. Wayne Electric Works, supplies	6 50
W. E. Keeter, telegram and express	1 35
Mine and Smelter company, supplies	22 38
Herald-Times, printing	75
Pittsburg Meter Co., payment on meters	28 80
Continental Oil company, supplies	8 05
W. H. Braley, postage	5 00
Fairbanks-Morse & Co., payment on old note	200 00

The council instructed the clerk and town treasurer to proceed to collect all occupation license in the town of Portales in conformity House Bill No. 93 passed by the last legislature.

There being no further business the council adjourned.

E. B. HAWKINS, Mayor.
Attest: W. H. BRALEY, Clerk.

J. H. Trout and son arrived last week from San Diego, California, visiting in the home of Coe Howard. Mr. Trout is the father of Mrs. Howard.

THE PRICE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by C. D. RHODES

CHAPTER I.

It was at Chaudiere's that Griswold had eaten his first breakfast in the Crescent city, and it was at Chaudiere's again that he was sharing a farewell supper with Bainbridge of the Louisiana. Six weeks lay between that and this; forty-odd days of discouragement and failure superadded upon other similar days and weeks and months.

Without meaning to, Bainbridge had been strewing the path with fresh thorns for the defeated one. He had just been billeted to write up the banana trade for his paper. Boyishly jubilant over the assignment, he had dragged the New Yorker around to Chaudiere's to a small parting feast. Not that it had required much persuasion. Griswold had fasted for 24 hours, and if Bainbridge were not a friend in a purist's definition of the term, he was at least a friendly acquaintance.

The burden of the table talk fell upon Bainbridge, and it occurred to the host that his guest was less than usually responsive, a fault not to be lightly condoned under the joyous circumstances. Wherefore he protested.

"What's the matter with you tonight, Kenneth, old man? You're more than commonly grumpy, it seems to me; and that's needless."

Griswold looked up with a smile that was almost ill-natured, and quoted cynically: "Unto everyone that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath."

Bainbridge's laugh was tolerant enough to take the edge from his retort.

"That's a pretty thing to fling at a man who never knifed you or pistolled you or tried to poison you! An innocent bystander might say you envied me."

"I do," rejoined Griswold gravely. "I envy any man who can earn enough money to pay for three meals a day and a place to sleep in."

"Oh, cat's foot!—anybody can do that," asserted Bainbridge, with the air of one to whom the struggle for existence has been a mere athlete's practice run.

"I know; that is your theory. But the facts disprove it, I can't, for one."

Griswold was a fair man, with reddish hair and beard and the quick and sensitive skin of the type. A red flush of anger crept up under the closely cropped beard, and his eyes were bright.

Bainbridge scoffed openly; but he was good-natured enough to make amends when he saw that Griswold was moved.

"I take it all back," he said. "I suppose the book-chicken has come home again to roost, and a returned manuscript accounts for anything. But, seriously, Kenneth, you ought to get down to bed-rock facts. Nobody but a crazy phenomenon can find a publisher for his first book, nowadays, unless he has had some sort of an introduction in the magazines or the newspapers. You haven't had that; so far as I know, you haven't tried it."

"Oh, yes, I have—tried and failed. It isn't in me to do the salable thing, and there isn't a magazine editor in the country who doesn't know it by this time. I tell you, Bainbridge, the conditions are all wrong when a man with a vital message to his kind can't get to deliver it to the people who want to hear it."

Bainbridge ordered the small coffees and found his cigar case.

"That is about what I suspected," he commented impatiently. "You couldn't keep your peculiar views muzzled even when you were writing a bit of a pot boiler on sugar planting. You drop your fool socialistic fad and write a book that a reputable publisher can bring out without committing commercial suicide, and you'll stand some show."

"Call it what you please; names don't change facts. Listen"—Griswold leaned upon the table; his eyes grew hard and the blue in them became metallic—"For more than a month I have tramped the streets of this cursed city begging—yes, that is the word—begging for work of any kind that would suffice to keep body and soul together, and for more than half of that time I have lived on one meal a day. That is what we have come to; we of the submerged majority. And that isn't all. The wage worker himself, when he is fortunate enough to find a chance to earn his crust, is but a serf; a chattel among the other possessions of some fellow man who has acquired him in the plutocratic redistribution of the earth and the fulness thereof."

Bainbridge glanced at his watch.

"I must be going," he said. "The Adelantado drops down the river at eleven. How are you fixed for the present, and what are you going to do for the future?"

Griswold's smile was not pleasant to look at.

"I am fixed to run twenty-four

hours longer, thanks to your hospitality. For that length of time I presume I shall continue to conform to what we have been taught to believe is the immutable order of things. After that—"

He paused, and Bainbridge put the question. "Well, after that; what then?"

"Then, if the chance to earn is still denied me, and I am sufficiently hungry, I shall stretch forth my hand and take what I need."

Bainbridge fished in his pocket and took out a ten-dollar banknote. "Do that first," he said, offering Griswold the money.

The proletary smiled and shook his head.

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The fruit steamer Adelantado, outward bound, was shuddering to the first slow revolutions of her propeller when Bainbridge turned the key in the door of the stuffy little stateroom to which he had been directed, and went on deck.

"Why, hello, Broffin! How are you, old man? Where the dickens did you drop from?"

It was the inevitable steamer acquaintance who is always at hand to prove the trite narrowness of the

world, and Bainbridge kicked a chair into comradely place for him.

Broffin, heavy browed and clean shaven save for a thick mustache that hid the hard-bitted mouth, replaced the chair to suit himself and sat down. In appearance he was a cross between a steamboat captain on a vacation and an up-river plantation overseer recovering from his annual pleasure trip to the city. But his reply to Bainbridge's query proved that he was neither.

"I didn't drop; I walked. More than that, I kept step with you all the way from Chaudiere's to the levee. You'd be dead easy game for an amateur."

"You'll get yourself disliked, the first thing you know," said Bainbridge, laughing. "Can't you ever forget that you are in the man-hunting business? Where are you headed for, Broffin?"

The man who might have passed for a steamboat captain or a plantation overseer, and was neither, chuckled dryly.

"You don't expect me to give it away to you, and you a newspaper man, do you? But I will—seeing you can't get it on the wires. I'm going down to Guatemala after Mortsen."

"The Crescent bank defaulter? By Jove! you've found him at last, have you?"

The detective nodded. "I've been two years, off and on, trying to locate Mortsen; and now that I've found him, he is where he can't be extradited. All the same, I'll bet you five to one he goes back with me in the next steamer—what?"

CHAPTER II.

The Right of Might.

Two days after the supper at Chaudiere's the unimpetuous routine of the business quarry of New Orleans was rudely disturbed by the shock of a genuine sensation.

To shatter at a single blow the most venerable of the routine precedents, the sensational thing chose for its colliding point with orderly system one of the oldest and most conservative of the city's banks—the Bayou State Security. At ten o'clock, following the precise habit of half a lifetime, Mr. Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State, entered his private room in the rear of the main banking apartment, opened his desk, and addressed himself to the business of the day. At half-past the hour the president was left alone to read his correspondence.

Being a man whose mental processes were all serious, and whose hobby was method, Mr. Galbraith had established a custom of giving himself a quiet half-hour of inviolable seclusion in which to read and consider his mail. During this sacred interval the stenographer, standing guard in the outer office, had instructions to deny his chief to callers of any and every degree. Wherefore, when, at 20 minutes to 11, the door of the private office opened to admit a stranger, the president was justly annoyed.

"Well, sir; what now?" he demanded, impatiently, taking the intruder's measure in a swift glance shot from beneath his bushy white eyebrows.

The unannounced visitor was a young man of rather prepossessing appearance, a trifle tall for his breadth of shoulder, fair, with blue eyes and a curling, reddish beard and mustache, the former trimmed to a point. So much the president was able to note in the appraisive glance—and to remember afterward.

The caller made no reply to the curt question. He had turned and was closing the door. There was a quiet insistence in the act that was like the flick of a whip to Mr. Galbraith's irritation.

"If you have business with me, you'll have to excuse me for a few minutes," he protested, still more impatiently. "Be good enough to take a seat in the anteroom until I ring MacFarland should have told you."

The young man drew up a chair and sat down, ignoring the request as if he had failed to hear it. Ordinarily Mr. Andrew Galbraith's temper was equable enough; the age-cooled temper of a methodical gentleman whose long upper lip was in itself an advertisement of self-control. But such a deliberate infraction of his rules, coupled with the stony impudence of the visitor, made him spring up angrily to ring for the watchman.

The intruder was too quick for him. When his hand sought the bell push he found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver, and so was fain to fall back into his chair, gasping.

"Ah-h-h!" he stammered. And when the words could be managed: "So that's it, is it?—a robbery?"

"No," said the invader of the presidential privacy calmly, speaking for the first time since his incoming. "I am not a robber, save in your own very limited definition of the word. I am merely a poor man, Mr. Galbraith—one of the uncounted thousands—and I want money. If you call for help, I shall shoot you. It is merely a question of money, and if you are amenable to reason—"

"If I'm—but I'm not amenable to your reasons!" blustered the president, recovering a little from the first shock of terrified astoundment. "I refuse to listen to them. I'll not have anything to do with you. Go away!"

The young man's smile showed his teeth, but it also proved that he was not wholly devoid of the sense of humor.

"Keep your temper, Mr. Galbraith," he advised coolly. "The moment is mine, and I say you shall listen first and obey afterward. Otherwise you die. Which is it to be? Choose quickly—time is precious."

The president yielded the first point, that of the receptive ear; but grudgingly and as one under strict compulsion.

"Well, well, then; out with it. What have you to say for yourself?"

"This: You are rich; you represent the existing order of things. I am poor, and I stand for my necessity, which is higher than any man-made law or custom. You have more money than you can possibly use in any legitimate personal channels; I have not the price of the next meal, already twenty-four hours overdue. I came here this morning with my life in my hand to invite you to share with me a portion of that which is yours chiefly by the right of possession. If you do it, well and good; if not, there will be a new president of the Bayou State Security. Do I make myself sufficiently explicit?"

Andrew Galbraith glanced furtively at the paper-weight clock on his desk. It was nearly eleven, and MacFarland would surely come in on the stroke of the hour. If he could only fend off the catastrophe for a few minutes, until help should come. He searched in his pockets and drew forth a handful of coins.

The invader of privacies glanced at the clock in his turn and shook his head.

"You are merely trying to gain time, and you know it, Mr. Galbraith. My stake in this game is much more than a handful of charity silver; and I don't do you the injustice to believe that you hold your life so cheaply; you who have so much money and, at best, so few years to live."

The president put the little heap of coins on the desk, but he did not abandon the struggle for delay.

"What's your price, then?" he demanded, as one who may possibly consider a compromise.

"One hundred thousand dollars—in cash."

"But man! ye're clean daff! Do ye think I have—"

In the midst of his vehement protests the stranger sprang out of his chair, stepped back a pace and raised his weapon.

"Mr. Galbraith, you are juggling with your life! Write a check while there is yet time!"

The hammer of the leveled pistol clicked. Andrew Galbraith shut his eyes and made a blind grasp for pen and checkbook. His hands were shaking as with a palsy, but the fear of death steadied them suddenly when he came to write.

"Indorse it!" was the next command. The voices had ceased beyond the partition, and the dead silence was relieved only by the labored strokes of the president's pen and the tap-tap of the typewriter in the adjacent anteroom.

The check was written and indorsed, and under the menace of the revolver Andrew Galbraith was trying to give it to the robber. But the robber would not take it.

"No, I don't want your paper; come with me to your paying teller and get me the money. Make what explanation you see fit; but remember—if he hesitates, you die."

They left the private office together, the younger man a short half-step in the rear, with his pistol-bearing hand thrust under his coat. The president did not despair. In the public lobby there would be eyes to see, and perhaps some that would understand. Mr. Galbraith took a firmer hold upon his self-possession and trusted that some happy chance might yet intervene to save him.

But chance did not intervene. There was a goodly number of customers in the public space, but not one of the half-dozen or more who nodded to the president or passed the time of day with him saw the eye-appeal which was the only one he dared to make. On the short walk around to the paying teller's window, the robber kept even step with his victim, and try as he would, Andrew Galbraith could not summon the courage to forget the pistol muzzle menacing him in its coat-covered ambush.

"At the paying wicket there was only one customer, instead of the group the president had hoped to find; a sweet-faced young woman in a modest traveling hat and a gray coat. She was getting a draft cashed, and when she saw them she would have stood aside. It was the robber who anticipated her intention and forbade it with a courteous gesture; whereat she turned again to the window to conclude her small transaction with the teller.

The few moments which followed were terribly trying ones for the gray-haired president of the Bayou State Security. None the less, his brain was busy with the chance possibilities. Failing all else, he was determined to give the teller a warning signal, come what might. It was a duty owed to society no less than to the bank and to himself. But on the

pinnacle of resolution, at the instant when, with the robber at his elbow, he stepped to the window and presented the check, Andrew Galbraith felt the gentle pressure of the pistol muzzle against his side; nay, more—he fancied he could feel the cold chill of the metal strike through and through him.

So it came about that the fine resolution had quite evaporated when he said, with what composure there was in him: "You'll please give me currency for that, Johnson."

The teller glanced at the check and then at his superior; not too inquisitively, since it was not his business to question the president's commands.

"How will you have it?" he asked; and it was the stranger at Mr. Galbraith's elbow who answered.

"One thousand in fives, tens and twenties, loose, if you please; the remainder in the largest denominations, put up in a package."

The teller counted out the one thousand in small notes quickly; but he had to leave the cage and go to the vault for the huge remainder. This was the crucial moment of peril for the robber, and the president, stealing a glance at the face of his persecutor, saw the blue eyes blazing with excitement.

"It is your time to pray, Mr. Galbraith," said the spoiler in low tones. "If you have given your man the signal—"

But the signal had not been given. The teller was re-entering the cage with a bulky packet of money paper.

"You needn't open it," said the young man at the president's elbow. "The bank's count is good enough for me." And when the window wicket had been unlatched and the money passed out, he stuffed the loose bills carelessly into his pocket, put the package containing the ninety-nine thousand dollars under his arm, nodded to the president, backed swiftly to the street door and vanished.

Then it was that Mr. Andrew Galbraith suddenly found speech, opening his thin lips and pouring forth a torrent of incoherence which presently got itself translated into a vengeful hue and cry; and New Orleans the unimpetuous had its sensation ready-made.

CHAPTER III.

Io Triumphal!

Once, safely in the street, Kenneth Griswold, with a thousand dollars in his pocket and the packet of banknotes under his arm, was seized by an impulse to do some extravagant thing to celebrate his success. It had proved to be such a simple matter, after all—one bold stroke; a tussle, happily bloodless, with the plutocratic dragon whose hold upon his treasure was so easily broken; and presto! the hungry proletary had become himself a power in the world, strong to do good or evil, as the gods might direct.

This was the prompting to exultation as it might have been set in words; but in Griswold's thought it was but a swift suggestion, followed instantly by another which was much more to the immediate purpose. He was hungry; there was a restaurant next door to the bank. Without thinking overmuch of the risk he ran, and perhaps not at all of the audacious subtlety of such an expedient at such a critical moment, he went in, sat down at one of the small marble-topped tables, and calmly ordered breakfast.

Since hunger is a lusty special pleader, making itself heard above any pulpit drum of the higher faculties, it is quite probable that Griswold dwelt less upon what he had done than upon what he was about to eat, until the hue and cry in the street reminded him that the chase was begun. But at this, not to appear suspiciously incurious, he put on the mask of indifferent interest and asked the waiter concerning the uproar.

The serving man did not know what had happened, but he would go and find out if M'sieu' so desired. "M'sieu'" said breakfast first, by all means, and information afterward. Both came in due season, and the hungry one ate while he listened.

Transmitted into the broken English of the Gascon serving man, the story of the robbery lost nothing in its sensational features.

It was very evident that the plutocratic dragon did not intend to accept defeat without a struggle, and Griswold set his wits at work upon the problem of escape.

"It's a little queer that I hadn't thought of that part of it before," he mused, sipping his coffee as one who need not hasten until the race is actually begun. "I suppose the other fellow, the real robber, would have figured himself safely out of it—or would have thought he had—before he made the break. Since I did not, I've got to do it now, and there isn't much time to throw away. Let me see—" he shut his eyes and went into the inventive trance of the literary craftsman—"the keynote must be originality; I must do that which the other fellow would never think of doing."

On the strength of that decision he ventured to order a third cup of coffee, and before it had cooled he had outlined a plan, basing it upon a cross-questioning of the Gascon waiter. There had been but one man concerned in the robbery, and the sidewalk gossip was beginning to describe him with discomforting accuracy.

Griswold paid his score and went out boldly and with studied nonchalance. He reasoned that, notwithstanding the growing accuracy of the street report, he was still in no immediate danger so long as he remained in such close proximity to the bank. It was safe to assume that this was one of the things the professional "strong-arm man" would not do. But it was also evident that he must speedily lose his identity if he hoped to escape; and the lost identity must leave no clue to itself.

Griswold smiled when he remembered how, in fiction of the felon-catching sort, and in real life, for that matter, the law-breaker always did leave a clue for the pursuers. Thereupon arose a determination to demonstrate practically that it was quite as possible to create an inerrant fugitive as to conceive an infallible detective. Joining the passers-by on the sidewalk, he made his way leisurely to Canal street, and thence diagonally

through the old French quarter toward the French market. In a narrow alley giving upon the levee he finally found what he was looking for; a dingy saloon barber's shop. The barber was a negro, fat, unctuous and sleepy looking, and he was alone.

"Yes, sah; shave, boss?" asked the negro, bowing and scraping a foot when Griswold entered.

"No; a hair cut." The customer produced a silver half-dollar. "Go somewhere and get me a cigar to smoke while you are doing it. Get a good one, if you have to go to Canal street," he added, climbing into the rickety chair.

The fat negro shuffled out, acenting tips. The moment he was out of sight Griswold took up the scissors and began to hack awkwardly at his beard and mustache; awkwardly, but swiftly and with well-considered purpose. The result was a fairly complete metamorphosis easily wrought. In place of the trim beard and curling mustache there was a rough stubble, stiff and uneven, like that on the face of a man who had neglected to shave for a week or two.

"There, I think that will answer," he told himself, standing back before the cracked looking-glass to get the general effect. "And it is decently original. The professional cracksmen would probably have shaved, whereupon the first amateur detective he

met would reconstruct the beard on the sunburned lines. Now for a pawnbroker; and the more avaricious he happens to be, the better he will serve the purpose."

He went to the door and looked up and down the alley. The negro was not yet in sight, and Griswold walked rapidly away in the direction opposite to that taken by the obliging barber.

A pawnbroker's shop of the kind required was not far to seek in that locality, and when it was found, Griswold drove a hard bargain with the Portuguese Jew behind the counter. The pledge he offered was the suit he was wearing, and the bargaining concluded in an exchange of the still serviceable business suit for a pair of buttoned trousers, a second-hand coat too short in the sleeves, a flannel shirt, a cap, and a red handkerchief; these and a sum of ready money, the smallness of which he deplored piteously before he would consent to accept it.

The effect of the haggling was exactly what Griswold had prefigured. The Portuguese, most suspicious of his tribe, suspecting everything but the truth, flatly accused his customer of having stolen the pledge. And when Griswold departed without denying the charge, suspicion became conviction, and he pledged clothing, which might otherwise have given the police the needed clue, was carefully hidden away against a time when the Jew's apprehensions should be quieted.

Having thus disguised himself, Griswold made the transformation artistically complete by walking a few squares in the dust of a loaded cotton float on the levee. Then he made a tramp's bundle of the manuscript and the moribund book, the pistol, and the money in the red handkerchief; and having surveyed himself with some satisfaction in the bar mirror of a riverside pot-house, a daring impulse to test his disguise by going back to the restaurant where he had breakfasted seized and bore him uptown.

The experiment was an unqualified success. The proprietor of the bank-neighborhood cafe not only failed to recognize him; he was driven forth with revellings in idiomatic French and broken English.

"Bete! Go back on da levee were you belong to go. I'll be kipping dis cafe for shentlemen! Scelerat! Go!"

Griswold went out, smiling between his teeth.

"That settles the question of identification and present safety," he assured himself exultantly. Then: "I believe I could walk into the Bayou State Security and not be recognized."

As before, the daring impulse was irresistible, and he gave place to it on the spur of the moment. Fouling a five-dollar bill in the mud of the gutter, he went boldly into the bank and asked the paying teller to give him silver for it. The teller sniffed at the money, scowled at the man, and turned back to his cash book without a word. Griswold's smile grew to an inward laugh when he reached the street.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"You Couldn't Keep Your Peculiar Views Muzzled."



The Hammer of the Leveled Pistol Clicked.



Griswold Went Out Smiling Between His Teeth.

THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS

J. E. HENDERSON, Editor and Proprietor

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

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

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How many buyers of shoes are competent to judge for themselves the quality and actual value of a shoe? Paper, composition and other inferior materials may easily be substituted for leather and unwary purchasers be none the wiser until too late for the information gained to be of pos-

sible benefit to them. This same line of reasoning applies to clothes, hats furniture, stoves, carpets, rugs, pianos, talking machines, watches, jewelry, breakfast foods, tools practically all of the almost countless articles in common use.

Manufacturers who had spent much time and large sums of money to establish favorable reputations for products bearing their names, or trade names, positively can not afford to misrepresent their goods to the public, or allow their lines to fall below the standards they have established. Goods upon which they place their names must come up to the claims they make for them and must render purchasers continuous, uniform service at a reasonable cost. Otherwise the demand for them will cease, thus destroying their greatest asset.

Roosevelt county stands first in education, first in fertility of soil and first in crop production in the Sunshine state. Why not have the county fair? It will be the biggest, best boost we can make.

Swot the fly and save the babies, keep the family in good health. The rainy seasons require much more attention to sanitary conditions than dry seasons. So do not let the fly breed nor the weeds grow about your premises.

Great things are expected of the citizens of the Portales Valley, and they are always ready to do the right thing. This is evidenced by the great majority for the \$30,000.00 school bond issue, and the hearty response to the call for organizing a creamery and ice plant. These propositions speak volumes for the intelligence and enterprise of our people.

The State schools are offering better and stronger courses than ever before and our boys and girls can find the courses they want in them, except law and medicine, and it is our duty to patronize home schools and help to build them up and keep New Mexico money at home. Think seriously of this, parents, before selecting the school for your children to attend.

The earnest, intelligent farmer who is willing to fertilize the Portales Valley soil with brain and perspiration, can successfully compete with the farmers of any section of the world, for the reason that nature has prepared a soil of unequalled fertility, water in abundance and plenty of sunshine. So, Mr. Prospector, if you want to locate where you can be happy, healthy and successful, come to the Portales Valley, there is room and welcome for you.

Say, Mr. Merchant, Mr. Landman, Mr. Lawyer, Mr. Everybody! Do you know that a good, well arranged county fair and the display carried to the state fair, will be the biggest hit that Roosevelt county could possibly make? Why not? With the best crops the county has ever had, more cattle, more hogs, more chickens and finer grades of these than ever before, there is no sensible reason why we should not have the finest agricultural exhibit in the state, and we all know that we can beat the best in a livestock show. Let's get our heads together and make the necessary arrangements at once.

No effort is required to be a destructionist, but the constructionist must be at the work all the time to overcome the natural difficulties that retard progress and to check the onslaughts of the faultfinder who has nothing to think of but criticising the work of the people who do things. If we would be honest with ourselves and fair-minded in our relations with others, we would have less time and fewer occasions for criticising others. Let us all join the class of workers and be less selfish, then we will have fewer faults to find and be happier in our associations with others.

Summons by Publication

No. 1102

The state of New Mexico, to J. A. Shoemaker, defendant. You will take notice that a suit has been filed against you in the district court of the Fifth judicial district of the state of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt county, New Mexico, wherein B. F. Bonmar is plaintiff and you, the said J. A. Shoemaker, are defendant, and W. E. Roberts is co-defendant; said case being numbered 1102 upon the civil docket of said court. The general objects and nature of said action are as follows: The plaintiff sues to recover judgment against the defendant for the sum of \$137.50, alleged to be due the plaintiff from the defendant under a contract by which the plaintiff employed the defendant to procure a purchase for lots three and four of section two, the northwest quarter of section eleven, the north half of the southeast quarter and the south half of the northeast quarter of section ten, all in township six south of range thirty-seven east of the New Mexico meridian in New Mexico, the defendant agreeing to pay the plaintiff five per cent upon the price for which said land was sold for procuring a purchaser for said premises; that the plaintiff procured one W. E. Roberts who purchased said premises for the sum of \$2750.00, upon the terms agreed upon by the defendant, the defendant thereby becoming indebted to the plaintiff in said sum of \$137.50.

You are further notified that your money and effects to-wit: A debt due and owing to you from the garnishee, W. E. Roberts, has been garnished in the hands of the said W. E. Roberts, and that unless you enter your appearance in said cause on or before the 24th day of September, 1915, judgment will be rendered against you and said garnishee, W. E. Roberts, by default, in the sum of \$137.50, and your money and effects will be disposed of as provided by law to pay said judgment.

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

Witness my hand and seal of office this 4th day of August, 1915.

(SEAL) J. W. BALLOW, County Clerk.

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

Some Good Advice

If the times look kinder gloomy, And your chances rather slim; If the situation is puzzling, And your prospects awful grim; 'Tis a sign you need a policy In the old AETNA line, Which organized in Connecticut In eighteen forty-nine.

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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

John Horn returned Monday from Ft. Cobb, Oklahoma, at which place he has been for the past year. John says that he is back to stay.

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

GIRL WANTED—To take care of two-children and do light house work. See Mrs S. D. Beavers, or phone 143.

LOST—Pair of glasses in Taupert case. Finder will please return to Mrs. S. F. Culberson. 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

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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.

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PORTALES LUMBER COMPANY

SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY

by George V. Hobart



John Henry Goes Sleighriding

SAY! Isn't it great to get all wrapped up in fur robes in a fine old sleigh and let a fine old horse drag you over the fine old snow on a fine old country road?

Answer: It is. It's great if all the ingredients are properly proportioned, but nine times out of ten something goes wrong with the horse or the sleigh or the snow or the road and you find yourself four miles from nowhere, sitting on an ice hummock and screaming for transportation, while the harsh winds of winter are biting their initials on your southern exposure.

Peaches and I went to visit Uncle Peter and Aunt Martha upstate, and when friend wife found the ground covered with snow, right away she began to sit up and beg a sleigh ride.

She said that the sweet jingle-jangle of the bells would bring rest to her nerves after a season of trying to cross the streets in New York without being struck by a taxicab, so Uncle Peter told me where to find a livery stable and off I hiked.

Anyone who has never lived in a semi-rural town will doubtless recall that handsome specimens of equine perfection may be found in the local livery stable—not.

The liveryman in the town where Uncle Peter lives is named Henlopen Laffenwell, and he looks the part.

I judged from the excited manner in which he grabbed my deposit money that he had a note falling due next day.

Then Henlopen shut his eyes, counted six, turned around twice, multiplied the day of the week by 19, subtracted 7, and the answer was a cream-colored horse with four pink feet and a frightened face.

The gargoyle gazed at me sadly, sighed deeply and then backed up into the shafts of a sleigh that looked something like a barber's chair and something like the tumbrel Marie Antoinette used the afternoon she went to the guillotine.

The liveryman said that the name of the horse was Lohengrin, because it seemed to go better in German.

I drove Lohengrin up to Uncle Peter's residence and all the way there we ran neck to neck with a coal cart. Lohengrin used to be a fast horse, but quite some time ago he stopped eating his wild oats and now leads a slower life.

When I reached the gate I whistled for Peaches, because I was afraid to get out and leave Lohengrin alone. He might go to sleep and fall down.

Friend wife came out, looked at the rig and then went back in the house and bade everybody an affecting farewell.

There were tears in her eyes when she came out and climbed into the sleigh. She said she was crying because Aunt Martha wasn't there to see us driving away and have the laugh of her life.

We started off and we were rushing along the road, passing a fence and

sized hunk of ice which was to be my argument, Lohengrin came out of his trance and started off, but Peaches forgot her instructions and spoke above a whisper and he stopped again.

Then I took the reins, cracked the whip, shouted a few paragraphs of the language General Villa uses in Mexico when he captures a Federal soldier, and away we rushed like the wind—when it wasn't blowing hard.

The hours flew by and we must have gone at least half a mile, when another Kerosene Wagon came bouncing toward us from the opposite direction.

In it was a happy party of ladies and gentlemen, who were laughing and chatting about some people they had just run over.

Lohengrin saw them coming and stopped still in the middle of the road. Then he hung his head as low as he could, and I believe if that horse had been supplied with hands he would have put them over his ears.

The people in the Bubble began to shout at us, and I began to shout at the horse, and friend wife began to shout at me, while Lohengrin stood there and scratched his left ankle with his right heel.

Then the machine made a sudden jump to the right and hiked by us at the rate of about a \$100 fine, while the lady passengers in the cabin de luxe stood up and began to hand out medals to each other because they didn't run us down.

Ten minutes later Lohengrin came to and looked over his shoulder at us with a smile as serene as the morning and once more resumed his mad career onward, ever onward.

We were now about two miles from home, and suddenly we came across a big red touring car which stood in front of a roadhouse, sneezing inwardly and sobbing with all its corrugated heart.

Lohengrin saw the machine before we did. He knew there must be an automobile somewhere near, because he stopped still and quietly passed away.

I jumped out and tried to lead him by the Coroner's Delight, but he planted his four feet in the middle of the road and refused to be coaxed.

I took the horse by the ear and whispered therein just what I thought about him, but he wouldn't talk back. I told him my wife's honor was at stake, but he looked my wife over and his lips curled with an expression which seemed to say, "Impossible."

It was all off with us. Lohengrin simply wouldn't move until that sobbing Choo Choo Wagon had left the neighborhood, so I went inside the roadhouse to find the owner.

I found him. He consisted of a German chauffeur and eight bottles of beer.

When I explained the pitiful situation to him the chauffeur swallowed two bottles of beer and began to cry.

Then he told the waiter to call him at 7:30, and he put his head down on

meets an automobile he goes to sleep and tries to forget it. Isn't that better than running away and dragging you to a hospital? There must be something about an automobile that affects Lohengrin's heart. I think it is the gasoline. The odor from the gasoline seems to penetrate his mind to the region of his memory and he forgets to move. Lohengrin is a fine horse, with a most lovable disposition, but when the air becomes charged with gasoline he forgets his duty and falls asleep at the switch."

I went out and explained to my wife that Lohengrin was a victim of the gasoline habit, and that he would never leave that spot until the Bubble went away, and that the Bubble couldn't go away until the chauffeur woke up, and that the chauffeur couldn't wake up until his mind had digested a lot of wood alcohol, so she jumped out of the trick sleigh for the purpose of telling Lohengrin just what she thought about him.

At that moment somebody opened the folding doors in the barn just ahead of us, and Lohengrin, with a withering glance at friend wife and a shrug of his shoulders in my direction, tippy-toed to cover and left us flat.

Ostler Joe, the charge d'affaires of the barn, tried to stop Lohengrin and ask for his credentials, but the equine onion brushed right by and planted himself and the droshky in the middle of the barn floor, where he promptly went to sleep again.

Just as we hurried away to flag an approaching trolley car I heard Ostler Joe say to the slumbering Lohengrin:



The Gargoyle Gazed at Me!

"Wake up, you doggone ol' rabbit, wake up and git out'n our barn. I know you, dag gone you, even if you be disguised by hidin' behind that tar four-poster bed on runners. Wake up, you ol' jitt! You be Henlopen Laffenwell's accomplice in crime, beent' ye? Waa, you git right out'n our barn an' do your sleppin' where you belong. Dag gone if you kin use our barn to give your imitations of Rip Van Winkle. Come on now, git!"

When we finally reached home Aunt Martha asked us how we enjoyed the sleighride.

"The scenery was perfectly lovely—it was so stationary," Peaches answered, with chattering teeth.

"One of the best walks I ever had," I said as I put both feet in the fireplace to warm up.

Lohengrin, eh? To make him go Mr. Wagner would have to set him to rag time.

Do not dodge. Whatever the difficulties to be met, they are not made easier by trying to dodge them. In trying to dodge a missile from one direction you may come in line with one from a different direction. When we dodge trouble we are more than likely to get into other trouble no less easy to endure. Lock with courage on what must be met. Faced with courage difficulties are half conquered. Better to meet and conquer difficulties than to dodge them. Do not dodge duties that devolve on you. Duties performed add strength and dignity to character. It matters little what these duties are; though they may be of the simplest and humblest, well and truly done, they acquire dignity. Stand up bravely and squarely to meet the difficulties of life. With courage you will conquer. You will come through life with fewer scars than by trying to dodge duty or difficulty. Trying to evade begets in a man a cringing spirit. He gets a habit of truckling, and upright, self-respecting manhood is gone. Don't dodge if you would hold yourself above meanness.—Milwaukee Journal.

But He Understood. The artist was painting—sunset, red, with blue streaks and green dots. The old rustic, at a respectful distance, was watching.

"Ah," said the artist, looking up suddenly, "perhaps to you, too, nature has opened her sky-pictures page by page? Have you seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping across the livid east; the red-stained, sulphurous islets floating in the lake of fire in the west; the ragged clouds at midnight, black as a raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?"

"No," replied the rustic, shortly; "not since I signed the pledge."—Tit-Bits.

Idle Metaphors. "What is the title of that book you are reading?" "The Sea of Matrimony."

"Hum! Any submarines about?" "Oh, yes, but the particular ship whose fortunes I am following is in no danger. It is conveyed by a dreadnaught."

"Meaning?" "The bride's mother."

Magic Washing Stick

This is something new to housewives—something they have wanted all their lives, but never could get before. It makes it possible to do the heaviest, hardest washing in less than one-half the time it took by old methods, and it eliminates all rubbing and muscular effort. No washing machine is needed. Nothing but this simple little preparation, which is absolutely harmless to the finest fabrics—white, colored or woolen. It scales the hardest task of the week a pleasant pastime—a delightful occupation. You will be delighted at the clean, spotless, snow-white clothes that come out of the rinsing water, without injury to the most delicate goods, colored or white, woolens, blankets, lace curtains, etc. Contains no acids, no alkalies, no poisonous ingredients to make its use dangerous. 45 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists and Grocers everywhere. If yours doesn't handle it, show him this ad—he'll get it for you. Or send 25c in stamps to R. H. HARRIS, St. Thomas, Texas—Adv.

An Insufficient Supply. "I want to buy a cow, Silas." "Well, Hi, I've got one as is a hefty creature. She's got one pint—" "That ain't enough. I need at least a quart, Silas."

Tending That Way. "Do you believe these South American revolutions are contagious?" "As a rule, revolutions are things which have a tendency toward going around."

LOOK YOUR BEST

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

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. These fragrant super-creamy emollients preserve the natural purity and beauty of the skin under conditions which, if neglected, tend to produce a state of irritation and disfigurement.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Sandstorm Smith Was Reassured. "Say, looky yur!" snarled Sandstorm Smith, the widely-known Oklahoman, emerging from the elevator in a Kansas City hotel five minutes after he had apparently retired to his room for the night. "Who in the blazes is that cuss in the next room to mine?"

"A guest who was in an automobile accident this afternoon," replied the clerk. "The gasoline caught fire and burned him pretty badly. I am sorry his groans disturbed you, but—"

"Aw, that's all right! I thought it was one of them infernal cabaret performers practicing on an accordion."—Kansas City Star.

It Didn't Work. The crowded car was overflowing. "Get off the step," the conductor cried. "I've got to shut the door."

"Don't mind me," replied the man on the step. "Close it if you like. It's true that I have a couple of sample packages of dynamite in my overcoat pockets and the windows might be broken and the roof blown off, but don't hesitate on my account. I haven't many friends, anyway, and I don't think many would sorrow over my early demise. Go ahead and close your door."

Then the conductor closed it.

No Accounts Opened. "Do you charge things here?" "Only storage batteries, madam."—Boston Evening Transcript.

But a woman always stops talking long enough to give a man a chance to propose.

UGH! CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK! CLEAN LIVER AND BOWELS MY WAY

Just Once! Try "Dodson's Liver Tone" When Bilious, Constipated, Headachy—Don't Lose a Day's Work.

Live up your sluggish liver! Feel fine and cheerful; make your work a pleasure; be vigorous and full of ambition. But take no nasty, dangerous calomel, because it makes you sick and you may lose a day's work.

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

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

back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick.

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

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



Catarrhal Fever

3 to 6 doses often cure. Use 50-cent bottle SPOHN'S guaranteed to cure a case. Safe for any man, woman, child or baby. Dozen bottles \$6. Get it of druggists, harness dealers or direct from manufacturer, express paid. SPOHN'S is the best preventive of all forms of disease. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Gothen, Ind., U. S. A.

But, even at that, what our neighbors think about us isn't apt to be very far out of the way.

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

An Insect Tragedy. First Mosquito—What's become of our old friend? Second Mosquito—His was a horrible fate. Those human beings poured kerosene all over the place.

F. M.—But he liked kerosene. S. M.—That was the trouble. He gorged himself with it, and then collided with a firefly.

Gloomy Observation. "Do you think the world is getting better?" "I don't know anything about it," replied the melancholy observer. "It seemed to be doing very well for a time, but, judging from the European news, I should say it is suffering a terrible relapse."

Expert. "Is Smith a good accountant?" "He's so good that none of the gang he commutes with will let him keep score in a pinochle game."

Unmasked. Him—Who is that homely female over by the piano? Her—Why, that is Mme. Cosmetique, the famous beauty specialist.

The trimming of a woman's hat is all on the outside; that of a man's is all on the inside.

Women seldom mean the pleasant things they say to men.

When his wife is trying, a man is generally guilty.

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

Love is a malady of the mind that swells the head but makes \$10 look like 30 cents.

Nobody knows as much about rearing children as the old maid sister of their mother.

California has 12,000 acres of olive orchards. There are only 600,000 colonies of bees in California.

Are you old enough to remember the old-fashioned mothers who used to rock cradles?

On Her Part It Was. "So Alice married the rich Mr. Gilder. Was it a love match?" "Yes. Alice loves money."

His Version. "That baseball umpire has revised the old saying."

"What's that?" "He says you can't touch a pitcher without being reviled."

Reason for His Belief. "I never saw such a superstitious fellow as Bibby."

"What's his latest?" "Why, he's been trying all the morning to prove that 1915 is an unlucky year. He's manipulated the figures 1-9-1-5 with addition, subtraction, multiplication, division and the rule of three."

"What has he found that seems unlucky?" "Nothing, except that when he added 1-9-1-5 together and subtracted the total, 16, from 1915 it left 1899."

"Yes?" "And that was the year he married."



"Tippy-Toed to Cover and Left Us Flat."

overtaking a telegraph pole every once in a while, when suddenly we heard behind us a very insistent choof-choof-choof!

"It's one of those Careless Wagons," I whispered to Peaches, and then we both looked at Lohengrin to see if there was a mental struggle going on in his forehead, but he was rushing onward with his head down, watching his feet to make sure they didn't step on each other.

Choof-choof-choof came the Torpedo Destroyer behind us, and I wrapped the reins around my wrist, in case Lohengrin should get uneasy and want to print horseshoes all over the automobile.

The next minute the machine passed us, going at the rate of 14 constables an hour, and as it did so Lohengrin stopped still and seemed to be biting his lips with suppressed emotion.

I coaxed him to proceed in English, in Spanish and Italian, and then in a pale blue language of my own, but he just stood there and bit his lips.

I believe if he had possessed finger nails he would have bitten them too. I gave the reins to friend wife with instructions how to act if the horse started, and I jumped out to argue him.

When I had picked out a good

the table and went to sleep with his face in a cute little nest of hard-boiled cigarettes.

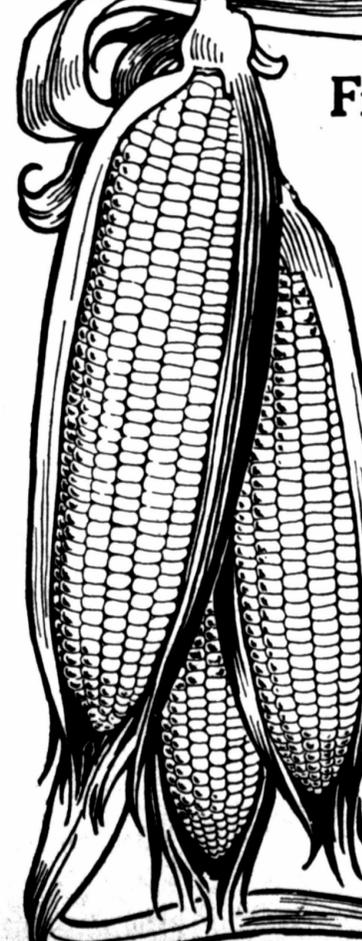
I rushed to the telephone and called up the liveryman, but before I could think of a word strong enough to fit the occasion he whispered over the wire: "I know your voice, Mr. Henry. I suppose Lohengrin is waiting for you outside."

Forthwith I tried to tell that liveryman just what I thought about him and Lohengrin, but the telephone girl short-circuited my remarks and they came back and set fire to the woodwork.

"My, my!" I could hear the liveryman saying. "Lohengrin's hesitation must be the result of the epidemic of automobiles which is now raging over our country roads. The automobile has a strange effect on Lohengrin. It seems to cover him with a pause and gives him inflammation of the speed."

I thought of poor Peaches shivering out there in that comedy sleigh starting at a dreaming horse, while in front of her a Red Devil Wagon complained internally and shook its tonneau at her, and once more I jolted that liveryman with a few verbal twisters.

"Don't get excited," he whispered back over the phone. "Lohengrin is a new idea in horses. Whenever he



From Corn to Toasties

—a capital evolution

The ripened kernels of pearly white Indian Corn with their succulent goodness, are cooked, then rolled into thin, wafery bits, and toasted to a golden brown.

Add a little cream and sugar—perhaps some fresh berries—and the combination smacks wondrous good.

Post Toasties are untouched by human hand from start to finish of the making, and come to you crisp and sweet—ready to eat from the package. Wholesome, nourishing—a Royal dish for hot days—and all days.

Post Toasties

Sold by Grocers Everywhere

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HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubs
Their Care and Cultivation



Go to Your Own Woods and Select Your Trees.

SHADE FOR THE FARM HOME

An abundance of shade is one of the luxuries which every farm home can and should have. The city dweller is often a renter and must take things as they are. Or if he owns a home, the lot is restricted in size, and large trees are an impossibility. But on the farm land for a commodious yard should always be reserved.

Those having a grand old elm, maple, or oak to begin with, are fortunate, indeed. But the idea that trees planted now of these species will be a comfort only to succeeding generations is quite a mistake.

Most of the maples, and especially the sugar and red maples are of rapid growth, and at a few years at most will give an abundance of shade.

Do not make the mistake of using fruit or nut trees in the yard. Both make a mess at certain seasons, which renders them a sort of nuisance entirely unnecessary. If you had no room for an orchard it would be a different matter. You want the yard for solid comfort, and not as a crop producer.

Because the city man uses the horse chestnut for shade, do not follow his example. He does it because this tree is low growing and compact—neither of these things are desirable in the farm yard. They do so enjoy the shelter either on the ground or in the air. With your broad expanse a more aspiring species should be chosen. Besides the burs are a nuisance.

There is nothing better on the farm lawn than native trees. They thrive admirably, and in every community there are those well worth attention.

The maple in some form is widely disseminated. Its leaf is graceful in outline, the flowers and fruit are dainty, and the tree is charming in its autumn dress.

The catalpa is a favorite in parts of the West because of its quick growth. The flowers are also dainty. Yet there is never the stability of the oak, and the hammock is preferably hung from a more sturdy specimen.

The tulip tree or white wood is one of the best of our native species, the queerly cut leaves, tulip-shaped flowers with their beautiful orange crescents marking each petal, and compact forms rendering them most useful shade trees. The tree is a relative to the magnolia, and one of our most valuable timber trees.

The basswood, so serviceable as bee pasturage, and several of the oaks are satisfactory and highly recommended. In fact, when lamenting that you cannot afford to pay high prices to a nurseryman, just go to your own woods and select a few tall, straight specimens. As they can be replanted at once there is no danger of injury through exposure of the roots. They are in the best possible condition to grow.

Do not neglect to include one or two evergreens, for the birds if not for your own sake. They do so enjoy the shelter either on the ground or in the air. With your broad expanse a more aspiring species should be chosen. Besides the burs are a nuisance.

There is nothing better on the farm lawn than native trees. They thrive admirably, and in every community there are those well worth attention.



Remarkable Collection of Insect-Eating Plants, Including Pitcher Plants.

BEAUTIFUL AND MURDEROUS PLANTS

At a recent flower show in New York there was a most remarkable collection of insect-eating plants, including pitcher plants, nepenthes, sarracenia, mandarin, and mosses flowers. They were brought from Australia by W. A. Manda, formerly curator at Harvard university botanical gardens. Sensitive plants which close up when they hear sharp sounds were also in the group.

A publisher from Buenos Aires, Brazil, has in his collection some remarkable sensitive plants, among them an unnamed species which differentiates between the sound of violin playing harmoniously and a harsh sound either too loud or unpleasantly shrill to be appreciated by the human ear.

In one case the plant apparently enjoys the sweet music by moving the petals of its blossoms slightly, and on the other hand closing up almost completely.

Certain varieties of sarracenia are

said not only to eat insects but will stretch toward the spot where insects are. In any event, they have been found extended in the direction of a tree upon which insects were feeding on sap running from an incision.

Persons of wealth are now importing fine plants from foreign countries, and amateur horticulturists are now endeavoring to secure rare varieties and freak plants.

An American woman, Mrs. Treat, proved conclusively that leaves of certain plants could hear insects or were conscious of the nearness of insects even when there was no contact between the plant and the body of the insect, and demonstrated it by pinning a live fly half an inch from a leaf of sundew, whereupon the leaf moved itself within the succeeding two hours near enough to fasten its tentacles upon the insect.

Possibly this was due to the sense of smell, but the fact that the buzzing of the fly's wings as it died made a hum would indicate that the sense of hearing actuated this carnivorous plant.

COULD NOT STAND ON FEET

Mrs. Baker So Weak—Could Not Do Her Work—Found Relief In Novel Way.

Adrian, Mich. — "I suffered terribly with female weakness and backache and got so weak that I could hardly do my work. When I washed my dishes I had to sit down and when I would sweep the floor I would get so weak that I would have to get a drink every few minutes, and before I did my dusting I would have to lie down. I got so poorly that my folks thought I was going into consumption. One day I found a piece of paper blowing around the yard and I picked it up and read it. It said 'Saved from the Grave,' and told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for women. I showed it to my husband and he said, 'Why don't you try it?' So I did, and after I had taken two bottles I felt better and I said to my husband, 'I don't need any more,' and he said 'You had better take it a little longer anyway.' So I took it for three months and got well and strong." — Mrs. ALONZO E. BAKER, 9 Tecumseh St., Adrian, Mich.

Not Well Enough to Work. In these words is hidden the tragedy of many a woman, housekeeper or wage earner who supports herself and is often helping to support a family, on meagre wages. Whether in house, office, factory, shop, store or kitchen, woman should remember that there is one tried and true remedy for the ills to which all women are prone, and that is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It promotes that vigor which makes work easy. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

To Cleanse Rusty Nail Wounds. Always Get It to the Bottom. HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh ALINEMENT. For Galls, Wire Cuts, Lameness, Strains, Bunches, Thrush, Old Sores, Nail Wounds, Foot Rot, Fistula, Bleeding, Etc., Etc. Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. OR WRITE C. C. Hanford Mfg. Co., BYLAKE, N. Y.

FROG IN BABY'S STOMACH

Tadpole Grew and Waxed Fat on the Infant's Milk Diet—Child Is Dead.

The eighteen-month-old child of Mrs. Harry Wolf of Chicago is dead, following an operation which disclosed conditions that many surgeons had declared to be impossible, says a Gothen (Ind.) dispatch to the Indianapolis Star.

While visiting her parents in Syracuse, Coeclunsko county, last summer, Mrs. Wolf permitted the baby to drink hydrant water. Within a short time the infant became sickly and lost flesh. Treatment for indigestion was given, but it did not reach the seat of the trouble. Then an X-ray examination disclosed a black spot on the stomach, and an operation resulted in a frog weighing more than half a pound being taken from the infant.

Doctors who operated said they believed that when the child drank hydrant water in Syracuse a tadpole was taken into the stomach and that the frog developed and lived on milk, which was given the patient in large quantities. Following the operation the child improved rapidly and complete recovery was practically assured, when pneumonia developed, causing death.

Prize Drawing. "I hear Jack has fooled us all and got married."

"Yes, he went way down to New Orleans for his bride. I understand he had known her only a very few days."

"Sort of a Louisiana lottery for Jack, eh?"

If all women were mind readers every man on earth would take to the tall timber.

You can tell more about a woman by looking at the man she is with than by looking at her.

BIG INCREASE OF FARM PRODUCTS

Province of Alberta Shows Increase of Over 20 Millions.

Figures just compiled by the publicity branch of the provincial department show that last year, notwithstanding that quite a third of the province was affected by the drought to a very serious extent, the total value of agricultural products actually produced in the province showed an increase of over twenty million dollars over that of the previous year. Although southern Alberta had a bad year agriculturally, the province as a whole experienced a period of great prosperity, due principally to mixed farming, which is becoming more general with each succeeding year.

The value of mixed farming, in fact, was never better illustrated than last year as the value of the animals slaughtered and sold alone equaled the value of the spring wheat crop, without taking into consideration the value of the butter, milk, cheese, poultry, vegetables, and other by-products of the farm.

Oats was the banner grain crop, 1,147,382 acres being seeded, and producing 34,397,117 bushels, or 30.15 to the acre. Sold at an average of 50c per bushel, these yielded a revenue of \$17,198,558. Comparatively little winter wheat was produced, the yield being a little short of one million bushels, but the spring wheat crop amounted to 15,102,083 bushels, the yield per acre being 15.26. At an average of \$1.35 per bushel, the value of the spring wheat crop was therefore \$20,387,812. The total production of barley was 7,847,640 bushels, which, at 55c per bushel, yielded a revenue of \$4,316,202.

Other productions were as follows: Flax, 207,115 bushels, \$310,672.00; rye, 261,843 bushels, \$196,392.00; speck, 42,707 bushels, \$32,030.00; hay, 200,000 tons, \$2,500,000; potatoes, four million bushels, \$3,000,000; turnips, three million bushels, \$750,000; carrots, 360,000 bushels, \$180,000; mangolds, 640,000 bushels, \$320,000; animals slaughtered and sold, \$20,000,000; butter and cheese, \$1,500,000; milk, \$3,000,000; wool clip, 1,300,000 pounds, \$100,000; fish, \$195,000; game and furs, \$600,000; horticultural products, \$150,000; poultry and products, \$2,650,000.

The total of the agricultural products is given as \$78,516,891, as compared with \$58,098,084 in 1913.

The statistics also show that the value of the live stock in the province at the end of the year was \$110,044,630, this being an increase of \$7,762,845 over the previous year. There were 699,125 horses, 750,789 swine, 501,188 sheep, 192,905 dairy cows, 165,035 other cows, 190,923 beef cattle and 533,020 other cattle.—Advertisement.

Candy Relieves Fatigue. The value of candy is recognized by military authorities. The British soldiers in France are reported as consuming "prodigious quantities of sweets." A captain at the front with the British army reports that the canteen has "five times the demand for sweets that was expected, and one-fifth the demand for beer." The Australians encamped in Egypt have eaten all the chocolate to be had in Cairo. Scientists contend the sugar has much food value and is a good substitute for alcohol. Chocolate, for example, is harmlessly stimulating. Soldiers have discovered what scientists knew before, that sugar will relieve fatigue quickly and give a sense of strength that is real without the subsequent depression experienced by those who use spirits. Sugar and candies are found to be useful not only to the physically tired, but to those who suffer mental exhaustion.—Westminster Gazette.

Was Making Signs. While Jane, the new maid, was taking her first lesson in arranging the dining table, someone in the basement kitchen put something upon the dumb-waiter below.

"What's that noise?" asked Jane quickly.

"Why, that's the dumb-waiter," responded the mistress.

"Well," said Jane, "he's a scratchin' to get out!" —Collier's.

The One Exception. "Everyone seems to be here for his health," remarked the new arrival at the summer resort.

"Yes, everyone but the hotel proprietor," replied the guest who had been there three days. —Judge.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Why Merz's Eye Remedy for Red, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail. Free. Merz's Eye Remedy Co. Chicago.

Common Fate. Wilkins—I have to dig to live. Bikins—Every man does! Down in his jeans!

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

Minnesota averages 35 bushels of corn per acre.

Friend in Need. Four-year-old Donald was out on the lawn, wrestling with a somewhat older boy, and getting decidedly the worst of it. His quick wit thought out a way to avoid defeat, so he called out:

"Mamma, did you call me?"

Not receiving any reply, and being on the verge of defeat, Donald yelled desperately:

"Call me in, mamma; call me in quick!" —National Food Magazine.

On a Ladder. Hampton—How did you get the paint on your coat?

Rhodes—From the men higher up.

Taking No Chances. "So you're leaving to get married, Mary?"

"Yes, mum."

"And how long have you known the young man?"

"Three weeks, mum."

"Isn't that a rather short time? Don't you think you ought to wait until you know him better?"

"No, mum. I've tried that several times, and every time the man changed his mind when he got to know me better."

It's a wise man who can appear stupid at times—but some men carry it to excess.

The Effects of Opiates.

THAT INFANTS are peculiarly susceptible to opium and its various preparations, all of which are narcotic, is well known. Even in the smallest doses, if continued, these opiates cause changes in the functions and growth of the cells which are likely to become permanent, causing imbecility, mental perversion, a craving for alcohol or narcotics in later life. Nervous diseases, such as intractable nervous dyspepsia and lack of staying powers are a result of dosing with opiates or narcotics to keep children quiet in their infancy. The rule among physicians is that children should never receive opiates in the smallest doses for more than a day at a time, and only then if unavoidable.

The administration of Anodynes, Drops, Cordials, Soothing Syrups and other narcotics to children by any but a physician cannot be too strongly decried, and the druggist should not be a party to it. Children who are ill need the attention of a physician, and it is nothing less than a crime to dose them willfully with narcotics.

Castoria contains no narcotics if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

No War This Time. Critical Husband—This beef isn't fit to eat.

Wife—Well, I told the butcher that if it wasn't good I would send you around to his shop to give him a thrashing; and I hope you'll take someone with you, for he looked pretty fierce, and I didn't like the way he handled his big knife.

Husband—Humph! Oh, well, I must say I've seen worse meat than this.

One Danger. Optimist—The world owes me a living.

Pessimist—Look out that it doesn't declare a moratorium.—Judge.

The Floor Did. Jimmy, five years old, had discovered that he could do a few turns on the swinging rings in the gymnasium of the Boys' club, following the athletic example of his older brother. But, as all joy must end, so ended the happiness of the young swinger. His hold slipped and he landed on the floor. His brother rendered first aid.

"Did the rings hit you?" he asked.

"No," Jimmy replied between sobs, "but the floor did."

Train up a child in the way he should go and it's fountains to fudge he'll take a flyer in the opposite direction.

It's a Picnic Getting Ready for a Picnic

Spanish Olives Pickles Sweet Relish Ham Loaf Veal Loaf
Chicken Loaf Fruit Preserves Jellies Apple Butter
Luncheon Meats Pork and Beans

Libby's Ready to Serve Food Products
Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago



Serve it—especially when you want everything nice

There are many varieties of coffee and just as many varieties of flavor. Very few people are able to tell these varieties apart merely from appearance.

There is a way, however, for you to be sure of the coffee you buy. Over a million other women get good coffee every time they make it, by using Arbuckles' Coffee.

With Arbuckles', you too can get the sparkling color and fine, full flavor that make this the coffee over a million women delight in serving, especially when they want everything particularly nice. Get a package of Arbuckles'—either whole bean or ground—and know why more of it is used than any other packaged coffee.

Make your coffee even lovelier gifts. Save the signature on every Arbuckle wrapper. Get beautiful, useful gifts—articles you have always wanted. Arbuckles' premiums are almost as famous as Arbuckles' Coffee. In one year we gave away over a million of one premium alone! Send for our big Premium Catalog showing 150 of our most popular premiums. Write today to Arbuckle Bros., 11-12 Water Street, N. Y.



Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

If Yours is Suffering or Weak, use RENOVINE. Made by Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price \$1.00

Mansfield Casings,
Red and Gray Auto Tubes,
All Sizes of Spark Plugs

Hardy Hardware Co.
Telephone Number 91

Aluminum and Granite Cooking
Utensils, Mason Fruit Jars
and Fruit Jar Rubbers

This Will Whet Your Appetite

This store is filled with the choicest groceries money can buy---with groceries entirely free from all adulterations---with groceries with the most absolute and unquestioned purity---with groceries that build up the system and instill that remarkable energy which insures success in life.

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.

Deen-Neer Company

Telephone 15, Formerly Portales Drug Company Building

..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.

C. J. WHITCOMB

The Cottage Studio

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.

..C. M. SETSER..

Next Door to Travelers Inn Portales, New Mexico

Paints and Wall Paper

We handle all kinds of Paints, Varnishes, Oils and Glass. Paint now while paint is cheap.
LET GOODLOE DO YOUR WORK

C. Goodloe & Company

OPPOSITE THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

W. F. Smith was in Portales the first of the week.

G. B. Chastain, of Pharr Texas, was here Tuesday visiting in the home of John W. George.

Say, U had auto se how fast Wiley hangs paper. Yes, and he can paint a little, too. 30-1f

Joel Fuller was in the city Saturday from the ranch and reports crops fine in his part of the country.

D. K. Smith and brother, of La Lande, were business visitors in Portales Wednesday of this week.

Mrs. C. Evans returned Monday from Carlsbad where she visited her brother. Chester is all smiles again.

J. A. Fooshee and family left this week for their home in Nacoma, Texas, after a few days visit in the home of J. B. Priddy.

Mrs. H. F. Jones returned Wednesday from Atoka, Oklahoma, where she has been visiting with her son for a few days.

R. Hardy returned the first of the week, from Ardmore, Oklahoma, where he has been in a sanitarium for some time.

Rev. A. C. Bell and family left Monday morning for Throckmorton, Texas, where brother Bell will hold a protracted meeting.

esrs. J. A. Wier, J. H. Pitman, C. H. Churchill and r McMinn, all of Hereford, Texas, were in Portales Tuesday of this week looking for cattle.

J. H. Saylor, of Goldthwaite, Texas, stopped off in Portales Tuesday for a few days' visit with his brother, J. A. Saylor. Mr. Saylor is on his way to the California expositions.

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. 34-1f

Hotel Arrivals

Following is a list of those registered at the Travelers Inn during the week, up to Thursday noon:

Monday. Max Buchanan, Alamoosa, California, P. W. Wysoe, Clovis; Speed Brown, St. Louis; Tom Murphy and wife, Ft. Worth.

Tuesday. W. M. Edwards, Kansas City; W. O. Stallup, J. P. Moore, M. H. House, Amarillo; S. R. Hawks, Wichita; G. Brown, Amarillo.

Wednesday. Ross Richardson, Dustin, Oklahoma; James Buys, W. H. Kinsey, Grand Rapids.

Thursday. S. R. Hawks, Wichita; Harvey Leight, Denver; W. M. Plaster, Amarillo; S. W. Grant, Amarillo; R. Dunley, Dallas; W. S. Foster, Chicago.

Presbyterian Church

Dr. John R. Gass of Albuquerque, will preach for us Sunday, and you are cordially invited to come and worship with us.

HUGH M. SMITH, Pastor.

The finance committee of the Woman's Club will place a high class entertainment before the Portales public soon. This committee has engaged the services of Mrs. B. F. Pearman of Artesia, a former resident of Portales and a charter member of the Woman's Club, to drill our young people for a fine entertainment to be given at the opera house in about two weeks.

A card from Prior B. Timmons bearing date of July, 31st, and postmarked at San Diego, California. States that he had just seen the pictures of this county and that they were fine. Also, the New Mexico building was one to be proud of and made him glad that he was from the Sunshine state.

Some people are so considerate they forget to tell the editor of a piece of news concerning their family and then kick worse than an army mule because he doesn't publish something he knows nothing about. We just naturally love such people.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Anderson returned this week from Lamesa, Texas, where they have been attending a reunion of Mrs. Anderson's people. They were accompanied home by Mrs. Anderson's mother, Mrs. Morgan.

W. B. Reid has accepted a position with a large real estate company and will have headquarters at Clovis. We regret to lose this good family from Portales, but our best wishes go with them.

Roy Scott, one of the old time boys of Portales, arrived this week from Davidson, Oklahoma, and will visit for a few days with his sisters, Mrs. J. A. Saylor and Mrs. J. E. Henderson.

Mrs. Nolan and children, of Rivera, Texas, returned home Monday, after a visit with the families Frank McDermott and F. E. Wilson.

W. A. Stephenson and family arrived this week from Hall county Texas. Mr. Stephenson will put in a new barber shop in the Nixon building next to Portales Hotel.

W. L. Johnson, Chiropractor, of Comanche, Oklahoma, arrived this week and will make his home in Portales. He will open up an office just as soon as his fixtures arrive.

Elmer Walker returned this week from the mountains where he and Judge Nixon had been on outing. Judge Nixon went from there to Clifton, Arizona, where he had some important business.

J. C. Boucher, of Ardmore, Oklahoma, father of E. S. Boucher, arrived this week and will visit for a few days with relatives.

Joe Patterson went down to Roswell this week to help the Clovis boys out in a ball game.

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