

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 12, 1915

Number 42

To the Citizens of Roosevelt County

The writer wishes to say a few words to the citizens of this county with regard to the proposed creamery. In the first place, let us all remember that we are going to build a creamery. We are not entering into any controversy between any factions of any section of the county or any business houses or any farmers. The object in view is to build a creamery for Roosevelt county and this creamery will be built. The writer noticed an article by a committee in regard to an ice plant. It is true that if we can do so we want to put in an ice plant in conjunction with this creamery. We can run this creamery without an ice plant by having a refrigeration plant only. A creamery built with a refrigerating plant will perform all the functions of converting cream into butter and if it is deemed advisable by the building committee and they so see fit to do, they can build this creamery with the refrigerating plant and without the free plant. The writer does not believe that it will be necessary to do this because he has absolute faith in the patriotism boosting spirit prevalent in every citizen of this county, whether he lives in the town or the country. Therefore instead of arguing over the question as to what shall be done, let every man anti up on his subscription, get in behind the building committee and force them to go ahead and get some action. The best evidence to force them into action is the knowledge that the deposits of subscribers have been made and are in the banks. With this money in the banks they have got to act and they must act quickly.

Just stop and consider that this county is losing on the basis of 1000 pounds of butter a day, something like \$100 a day in not having this creamery in operation. It means that everyone of you producers of cream is losing his pro rata proportion of this \$100. This community realizes what it means to lose this money. The community has already expressed itself in regard to the question of building a creamery. Now let's act and get it done. Don't let any other issue muddy the water. Remember that this creamery is to be built and operated irrespective of whether a contract is made with someone to operate it under contract or whether the farmers operate it themselves. The thing you must do first is to build the creamery. The matter of its operation is the second step. Steps have already been taken looking forward finding a market for the butter, but no definite arrangements can be made until construction work is started and the creamery is started. Now Mr. Citizen, what is holding you back?

Finally, remember that the directors of the Roosevelt County creamery must provide for 12 per cent dividends on stock whether the creamery is run by you farmers or contracted out to other parties. Also that the farmers will receive for their butter fat the same price at each and every place where cream is purchased.

A. A. ROGERS.

Presbyterian Church

Sunday school at 10 a. m. It is earnestly desired that we have a full school Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. The pastor has a very important subject to discuss at this service. He kindly urges any member of the congregation to be present. He also extends a cordial invitation to the public generally to come and worship with us.

HUGH M. SMITH, Pastor.

Commissioners Proceedings

Proceedings of the board of county, commissioner of Roosevelt County, at a recessed session of the regular July, 1915, term thereof held at the court house in Portales, New Mexico, Thursday, August 5, 1915.

Present: C. V. Harris, chairman, S. E. Johnson and D. K. Smith, commissioners and J. W. Ballow, clerk.

It appearing to the board through the President and Secretary of the New Mexico State Fair, that a State Fair is to be held in Albuquerque, October the 11th, 1915, and they request on behalf of Roosevelt County an appropriation through its Board of County Commissioners, in the sum of Five Hundred Dollars (\$500.00) to prepare the necessary exhibits for Roosevelt County to be displayed at said Fair and the Board being fully advised in the premises and believing that the resources of Roosevelt County should be displayed and exhibited at said Fair, and that such appropriation would be for the best interest of the County:

Now, Therefore, It is hereby ordered that the sum of Five Hundred Dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated to the New Mexico State Fair, to defray the expenses of securing the necessary exhibit for Roosevelt County and a warrant is hereby ordered to be drawn on the General Fund of said County, to said New Mexico State Fair.

It is further ordered that A. A. Rogers, Coe Howard and Carl Turner, be and they are hereby appointed as a committee to assemble and prepare the Roosevelt County exhibit for display at said State Fair.

No further business appearing at this time, it is now ordered that court take a recess until the next regular meeting unless sooner convinced by order of the chairman.

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

G. W. Backus, proprietor of the Amarillo Marble and Granite works, of Amarillo, Texas, is in Portales this week looking after the interests of his company. This is one of the largest concerns of its kind in this part of the country and Mr. Backus says that they have done a very nice business in Portales.

Joe Howard this week sold the John W. Williams place to McKinzie and Byers, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, for the neat sum of \$8,000.00. These people purchased a quarter section west of town and some town property.

H. O. Satterwhite and C. C. Renfry, of Roaring Springs, Texas, passed through Portales Thursday enroute to Roswell. These gentlemen were looking for a location and expressed that they were highly impressed with the Portales Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. F. T. McDonald gave a dance at their home east of town Monday night. A good time was had by all. Peaches and watermelons were served. Quite number of town people attended going via hay wagon.

Mrs. B. F. Pearman of Artesia, N. M. arrived Thursday for a few days visit with friends, and to instruct in the entertainment to be given in a few days by the Woman's club.

W. A. Stephenson and family arrived this week from Estelline, Texas. Mr. Stephenson has opened up a barber shop opposite the Portales Bank and Trust Co.

C. B. Rogers of Los Gatos Cal. arrived this week for a visit with his sons, Harrold and A. A.

ROOSEVELT COUNTY FAIR COMMITTEE MEETS AND ADOPT PLANS

List of Prizes Will be Worked Out and Announced in the Near Future--Committee Will Visit Various Points in the County

Now is the Time to Begin to Prepare Your Best Stock and Produce for Exhibition, as Delay Means Loss. Everybody is Requested to Lend a Hand and Help Make this a Big Success

The fair committee, consisting of Coe Howard, Carl Turner and A. A. Rogers, held a preliminary meeting last Tuesday evening and as a result of this meeting are ready to announce that Roosevelt county will hold a county fair. The Roosevelt county fair will be held out of the funds remaining from last year's fair and subscriptions and prizes offered by various merchants, business men and farmers of the county. It is the purpose of the committee to hold this fair in Portales in order that all the best stock and farm produce of all kinds may be gathered together in competition so that a selection of the prize winning material may be gathered together and sent to the state fair at Albuquerque on an appropriation made for that purpose by the county commissioners. There are a great many people who do not realize how much high grade stock and prize winning material is already in the ownership of the farmers of this county. List of each prizes and other prizes will be worked out and announced in the near future. The committee expects to visit every portion of the county between now and the time of the opening of the fair but in the event they cannot reach every one, they want to bespeak the co-operation of all farmers, business men and citizens of the county. It is the purpose of the organization committee to appoint committees for each postoffice on the selection, organization and arrangements of exhibits from each district. These committees will be announced at a later date. Now that you have knowledge of the fact that this county fair is going to be held, it should be your pleasure to start selecting your exhibits. Get the finest stock and the finest produce you have on the farm into shape, ready for this fair.

This local fair will be held October 6th, 7th and 8th. The annual convention of the State Federation of Woman's clubs of New Mexico will be held at Portales on October 5th, 6th and 7th. This convention will visit Clovis and attend the Curry county fair in a body on Wednesday, October 6th. The Roosevelt county fair will be thrown open to the visiting delegates of this convention and a reception will be held from 4 to 5 o'clock on the afternoon of October 7th. It is desirable that all exhibits be ready and finished by this time. This will be an opportunity to display the produce of Roosevelt county to delegates from every county and town in the state of New Mexico. There will be several hundred delegates here for this convention and it will afford the women of Roosevelt county an opportunity to meet the representative women of the state. Every woman in Roosevelt county is cordially invited to be present, at least, on Tuesday from 4 to 5 o'clock in order to extend a welcoming hand to these delegates from all parts of this state.

CARL TURNER,
A. A. ROGERS,
For the Committee.

Mr. Business Man:

Is there not some way in which we could take a few minutes off and have a general get together meeting and talk over the needs and welfare of our city and country?

Do we need community cooperation such as we have been publishing in our paper for some time?

Do you want to see our prosperous city and country grow, and get the benefit rightfully due us?

Will you help, by giving a little of your spare time?

Talk this over with your friends and neighbors and let's get down to real business, and see what we can do.

Make business men out of your clerks and employees. They have good ideas and are really in a better position to know what the trades people want than you are.

Let someone make a start. Who will it be?

University of New Mexico Notes

Albuquerque, N. M., Aug. 12.—According to a preliminary statement made today by Registrar C. Z. Hodgkin, the enrollment of the University of New Mexico when it opens next Tuesday, August 17th, will be more than 250, practically all of whom enter on work of full college grade. This is an increase of considerably more than 100 percent in the student body from three years ago when President David R. Boyd assumed direction of the institution, and when the total enrollment was 99. Two years ago the total was 110, last year 137, while the total of those doing full college work has increased from 42 three years ago, to 200 who will begin work next Tuesday. The great period of growth predicted for the State University when Dr. Boyd took charge of it, is now beginning to be realized.

Hotel Arrivals

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

MONDAY
C E Lowe, Chicago.
C C Covington, St. Louis.
T W Kennedy, Clovis.
D P Anderson, Roswell.
F E Stock, Dallas.
R E Chidister, Chicago.
J P Diome, Houston.
TUESDAY
Cy Davidson, Roswell.
G S Foreman, Roswell.
J L Spalding, Roswell.
J O Manuby, Denver.
Jack Hardin, Denver.
Carl Turner, Redland.
J J Sanders, Amarillo.
J Stallings, Amarillo.
WEDNESDAY
E A Holdbrook, Amarillo.
Bob Land, Dallas.
J E Hannum, Albuquerque.
J O Curtis and wife, Amarillo.
W C Boyce, Amarillo.
J H Pitman, Hereford.
W E Roberts, Galveston.
J H Jenkins, Roswell.
THURSDAY
Fred Lee, Roswell.
J H Jenkins, Roswell.
A F Strength, Amarillo.
H P Miller, Clovis.
A K Scott, Upton.
C Greathouse, Upton.
G Mazier, St. Louis.
E D Readland, Kansas City.
L O Thompson, Kansas City.
W R Austin, Wichita.

Inspection of Stallions

In an interview with Dr. Jenkins, inspector for registration of stallions for New Mexico, he states that there are only two grades that can be registered. No. 1, pure breds, which is the same as registered horses. Grades must be that either the sire or dam must be registered, and the owner must produce affidavits by two independent parties stating that same is the case. Also Dr. Jenkins states that at the request of several stallion owners in the neighborhood of Portales and Elida, that he will examine all stallions brought to him at Portales, place to be decided by the fair committee, on October 7th. Also that if brought here on that date quite a saving can be made.

The Portales-Clovis road is progressing nicely and the earth could not be in better shape for grading. The recent rains have enabled the road crew to accomplish more than they had any right to expect. Let the good work go on, as we would like to put this road on exhibition at the County fair October 6th, 7th, and 8th.

Sam J. Nixon returned this week from a prospecting tour in the mountains of this state. The judge says that he had a most excellent trip and that he will hear from his discoveries later.

Roosevelt County was visited by a fine rain again this week which will insure all crops and put grass in fine shape.

Birthday Party

One, if not the most, enjoyable events of the season was that of a surprise party given by the younger set at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Jones, Tuesday evening, August 10, of Miss Mignon's 16th birthday, at 8 o'clock the lawn was beautifully lighted with Japanese lanterns and electric lights. Guests beginning to arrive at 8:30 were met at the door by Miss Eulalia Wollard, while Howard Leach led the way to the dining room "which was beautifully decorated with sweet peas and nasturtiums," where punch was served through out the evening by Miss Fannie Tinsley. Miss Mignon being out for a drive, arrived about 9 o'clock with an expression on her face as only a real surprise can give, received her guests in her usual pleasing manner. Various games were played until a late hour, when ice cream and cake were served to almost thirty guests. At 11:30 all departed for their homes wishing Miss Mignon many happy birthdays.

Community Co-operation

It is safe that a very small per cent of consumers are capable of accurately judging, by personal inspection, the quality and value of the many articles they buy and use.

Inferior materials and workmanship may be effectually concealed beneath veneers, — a deception that can hardly be detected until the goods have been purchased, paid for and put to the use for which they are intended. In many cases—for example, in canned goods and other preserved edibles—consumers are frequently deceived or misled.

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 possible 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.

Rev. D. F. Fuller and wife, who have been visiting in the home of C. W. Carroll for the past three weeks, returned to their home at Carrollton, Texas, this week. Rev. Fuller expressed himself as being delighted with the Portales Valley and its people and thinks that there is wonderful possibilities here for the man of industry. They made many warm friends during their stay who regretted to see them leave and hope that they will again visit with us.

Misses Ruth and Edith Mackey and Mrs. Barney Johnson, of Durant, Oklahoma, stopped off this week for a visit with their uncle, Joe Howard. They are on their way to the expositions.

THE PRICE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

Illustrations by C. D. RHODES

SYNOPSIS.

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer because of socialistic tendencies, tops with his friend Bainbridge at Chau-diere's restaurant in New Orleans and declares that if necessary he will steal to keep from starving. He holds up Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Security, in his private office and escapes with \$100,000 in cash. By original methods he escapes the hue and cry.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"The dragon may have teeth and claws, but it can neither see nor smell," he said, contemptuously, turning his steps riverward again. "Now I have only to choose my route and go in peace. How and where are the only remaining questions to be answered."

For an hour or more after his return to the riverfront, Griswold idled up and down the levee; and the end of the interval found him still undecided as to the manner and direction of his flight—to say nothing of the choice of a destination, which was even more evasive than the other and more immediately pressing decision.

His first thought had been to go back to New York. But there the risk of detection would be greater than elsewhere, and he decided that there was no good reason why he should incur it. Besides, he argued, there were other fields in which the sociological studies could be pursued under conditions more favorable than those to be found in a great city. In his mind's eye he saw himself domiciled in some thriving interior town, working and studying among people who were not unindividualized by an artificial environment. In such a community theory and practice might go hand in hand; he could know and be known; and the money at his command would be vastly more of a molding and controlling influence than it could possibly be in the smallest of circles in New York. The picture, struck out upon the instant, pleased him, and having sufficiently idealized it, he adopted it enthusiastically as an inspiration, leaving the mere geographical detail to arrange itself as chance, or subsequent events, might determine.

That part of the problem disposed of, there yet remained the choice of a line of flight; and it was a small thing that finally decided the manner of his going. For the third time in the hour of aimless wanderings he found himself loitering opposite the berth of the Belle Julie, an up-river steamboat whose bell gave sonorous warning of the approaching moment of departure. Toiling roustabouts, trailing in and out like an endless procession of human ants, were hurrying the last of the cargo aboard.

"Poor devils! They've been told that they are free men, and perhaps they believe it. But surely no slave of the Toulon galleys was ever in bit-terer bondage. . . . Free!—yes, free to toil and sweat, to bear burdens and to be driven like cattle under the yoke! Oh, good Lord!—look at that!"

The ant procession had attacked the final tier of boxes in the lading, and one of the burden-bearers, a white man, had stumbled and fallen like a crushed pack animal under a load too heavy for him. Griswold was beside him in a moment. The man could not rise, and Griswold dragged him not un-derstandingly out of the way of the others.

"Where are you hurt?"

The crushed one sat up and spat blood.

"I don't know; inside, somewhere. I been dyin' on my feet any time for a year or two back."

"Consumption?" queried Griswold, briefly.

"I reckon so."

"Then you have no earthly business in a deck crew. Don't you know that?"

The man's smile was a ghastly face-wrinkling.

"Reckon I hadn't got any business anywhere—out'n a hospital or a hole in the ground. But I kind of thought I'd like to be planted 'longside the woman and the childer, if I could make out some way to git there."

"Where?"

The consumptive named a small river town in Iowa.

In Griswold impulse was the dominant chord always struck by an appeal to his sympathies. His compassion went straight to the mark, as it was sure to do when his pockets were not empty.

"What is the fare by rail to your town?" he inquired.

"I don't know; I never asked. Somewhere between twenty and thirty dollars, I reckon; and that's more money than I've seen since the woman died."

Griswold hastily counted out a hundred dollars from his pocket fund and thrust the money into the man's hand.

"Take that and change places with me," he commanded, slipping on the mask of gruffness again. "Pay your fare on the train, and I'll take your job on the boat. Don't be a fool!" he added, when the man put his face in his hands and began to choke. "It's a fair enough exchange, and I'll get as much out of it one way as you will the other. What is your name? I may have to borrow it."

"Gavitt—John Wesley Gavitt." "All right; off with you," said the liberator, curtly; and with that he shouldered the sick man's load and fell into line in the ant procession.

Once on board the steamer, he followed his file leader aft and made it his first care to find a safe hiding place for the tramp's bundle in the knotted handkerchief. That done, he stepped into the line again, and became the sick man's substitute in fact.

It was toll of the shrewdest, and he drew breath of blessed relief when the last man staggered up the plank with his burden. The bell was clanging its final summons, and the slowly revolving paddle-wheels were taking the strain from the mooring lines. Being near the bow line Griswold was one of the two who spring ashore at the mate's bidding to cast off. He was backing the hawser out of the last of its half-hitches, when a carriage was driven rapidly down to the stage and two tardy passengers hurried aboard. The mate bawled from his station on the hurricane deck.

"Now, then! Take a turn on that spring line out there and get them trunks aboard! Lively!"

The larger of the two trunks fell to the late recruit; and when he had set it down at the door of the designated stateroom, he did half absentmindedly what John Gavitt might have done without blame: read the tacked-on card, which bore the owner's name and address, written in a firm hand: "Charlotte Farnham, Wahaska, Minnesota."

"Thank you," said a musical voice at his elbow. "May I trouble you to put it inside?"

Griswold wheeled as if the mild-toned request had been a blow, and was properly ashamed. But when he saw the speaker, consternation promptly slew all the other emotions. For the owner of the tagged trunk was the young woman to whom, an hour or so earlier, he had given place at the paying teller's wicket in the Bayou State Security.

She saw his confusion, charged it to the card-reading at which she had surprised him, and smiled. Then he met her gaze fairly and became sane again when he was assured that she did not recognize him: became sane, and whipped off his cap, and dragged the trunk into the stateroom. After which he went to his place on the lower deck with a great thankfulness throbbing in his heart and an inchoate resolve shaping itself in his brain.

Late that night, when the Belle Julie was well on her way up the great river, he fung himself down upon the sacked coffee on the engine room-guard to snatch a little rest between landings, and the resolve became sufficiently cosmic to formulate itself in words.

"I'll call it an oracle," he mused. "One place is as good as another. Just so it is inconsequent enough. And I am sure I've never heard of Wahaska."

Now Griswold the social rebel was, before all things else, Griswold the imaginative literary craftsman; and no sooner was the question of his ultimate destination settled thus arbitrarily than he began to prefigure the place and its probable lacks and havings. This process brought him by easy stages to pleasant idealizations of Miss Charlotte Farnham, who was, thus far, the only tangible thing connected with the destination dream. A little farther

along her personality laid hold of him and the idealizations became purely literary.

"She is a magnificently strong type!" was his summing up of her, made while he was lying flat on his back and staring absently at the fitting shadows among the deck beams overhead. "Her face is as readable as only the face of a woman instinctively good and pure in heart can be. Any man who can put her between the covers



She Saw His Confusion, and Charged It to the Card Reading.

of a book may put anything else he pleases in it and snap his fingers at the world. If I am going to live in the same town with her, I ought to jot her down on paper before I lose the keen edge of the first impression."

He considered it for a moment, and then got up and went in search of a pencil and a scrap of paper. The dozing night clerk gave him both, with a sleepy malediction thrown in; and he went back to the engine room and scribbled his word picture by the light of the swinging incandescent.

He read it over thoroughly when it was finished, changing a word here and a phrase there with a craftsman's fidelity to the exactnesses. Then he shook his head regretfully and tore the scrap of paper into tiny squares, scattering them upon the brown food surging past the engine room gangway.

"It won't do," he confessed reluctantly, as one who sacrifices good literary material to a stern sense of the fitness of things. "It is nothing less than a cold-blooded scribble. I can't make copy of her if I write no more while the world stands."

CHAPTER IV.

The Deck Hand.

Charlotte Farnham's friends—their number was the number of those who had seen her grow from childhood to maiden—and womanhood—commonly identified her for inquiring strangers as "good old Doctor Bertie's only," adding, men and women alike, that she was as well-balanced and sensible as she was good to look upon.

She had been spending the winter at Pass Christian with her aunt, who was an invalid; and it was for the invalid's sake that she had decided to make the return journey by river.

So it had come about that their staterooms had been taken on the Belle Julie; and on the morning of the second day out from New Orleans, Miss Gilman was so far from being travel sick that she was able to sit with Charlotte in the shade of the hurricane deck aft, and to enjoy, with what quavering enthusiasm there was in her, the matchless scenery of the lower Mississippi.

At Baton Rouge the New Orleans papers came aboard, and Miss Farnham bought a copy of the Louisianaian. As a matter of course, the first page leader was a circumstantial account of the daring robbery of the Bayou State Security, garnished with startling headlines. Charlotte read it, half-absently at first, and a second time with interest awakened and a quickening of the pulse when she realized that she had actually been a witness of the final act in the near-tragedy. Her little gasp of belated horror brought a query from the invalid.

"What is it, Charlie, dear?"

For answer, Charlotte read the newspaper story of the robbery, headlines and all.

"For pity's sake! In broad daylight! How shockingly bold!" commented Miss Gilman.

"Yes; but that wasn't what made me gasp. The paper says: 'A young lady was at the teller's window when the robber came up with Mr. Galbraith—Aunt Fanny, I was the 'young lady!'"

"You! horrors!" ejaculated the invalid, holding up wasted hands of deprecation.

Charlotte the well-balanced, smiled at the purely personal limitations of her aunt's point of view.

"It is very dreadful, of course; but it is no worse just because I happened to be there. Yet it seems ridiculously incredible. I can hardly believe it, even now."

"Incredible! How?"

"Why, there wasn't anything about it to suggest a robbery. Now that I know, I remember that the old gentleman did seem anxious or worried, or at least, not quite comfortable some way; but the young man was smiling pleasantly, and he looked like anything rather than a desperate criminal."

Miss Gilman's New England conservatism, unweakened by her long residence in the West, took the alarm at once.

"But no one in the bank knew you. They couldn't trace you by your father's draft and letter of identification, could they?"

Charlotte was mystified. "I should suppose they could, if they wanted to. But why? What if they could?"

"My dear child; don't you see? They are sure to catch the robber, sooner or later, and if they know how to find you, you might be dragged into court as a witness!"

Miss Farnham was not less averse to publicity than the conventionalities demanded, but she had, or believed she had, very clear and well-defined ideas of her own touching her duty in any matter involving a plain question of right and wrong.

"I shouldn't wait to be dragged," she asserted quietly. "It would be a simple duty to go willingly. The first thing I thought of was that I ought to write at once to Mr. Galbraith, giving him my address."

Thereupon issued discussion. At

the end of the argument the conservative one had extorted a conditional promise from her niece. The matter should remain in abeyance until the question of conscientious obligation had been submitted to Charlotte's father and decided by him.

An hour later, when Miss Gilman was deep in the last installment of the current serial, Charlotte let her book slip from her fingers and gave herself to the passive enjoyment of the slowly-passing panorama which is the chief charm of inland voyaging.

From where she was sitting she could see the steamer's yawl swinging from its tackle at the stern-staff; and after many minutes it was slowly borne in upon her that the ropes were working loose. A man came aft to make the loosened tackle fast.

Something half familiar in his manner attracted Charlotte's attention, and her eyes followed him as he went on and hoisted the yawl into place. When he came back she had a fair sight of his face and her eyes met his. In the single swift glance half-formed suspicion became undoubted certainty; she looked again and her heart gave a great bound, and then seemed suddenly to forget its office. It was useless to try to escape from the dismay-



The Niche Between the Coffee Sacks Was Empty.

ing fact. The stubble-bearded deck-hand with the manner of a gentleman was most unmistakably a later reincarnation of the pleasantly smiling young man who had courteously made way for her at the teller's wicket in the Bayou State Security; who had smiled and given place to her while he was holding his pistol aimed at President Galbraith.

It was said of Charlotte Farnham that she was sensible beyond her years, and withal strong and straight-forward in honesty of purpose. None the less, she was a woman. And when she saw what was before her, conscience turned traitor and fled away to give place to an uprush of hesitant doubts born of the sharp trial of the moment.

She got upon her feet, steadying herself by the back of her chair. She felt that she could not trust herself if she once admitted the thin edge of the wedge of delay. The simple and straightforward thing to do was to go immediately to the captain and tell him of her discovery, but she shrank from the thought of what must follow. They would seize him; he had proved that he was a desperate man, and there would be a struggle. And when the struggle was over they would bring him to her and she would have to stand forth as his accuser.

It was too shocking, and she caught at the suggestion of an alternative with a gasp of relief. She might write to President Galbraith, giving such a description of the deck-hand as would enable the officers to identify him without her personal help. It was like dealing the man a treacherous blow in the back, but she thought it would be kinder.

"Aunt Fanny," she began, with her face averted. "I promised you I wouldn't write to Mr. Galbraith until after we reached home—until I had told papa. I have been thinking about it since, and I—I think it must be done at once."

Griswold had come upon Miss Farnham unexpectedly, and when he passed her on his way forward he had seen the swift change in her face betokening some sudden emotion, and the recollection of it troubled him.

What if this clear-eyed young person had recognized him? He knew that the New Orleans papers had come aboard; he had seen the folded copy of the Louisianaian in the invalid's lap. Consequently, Miss Farnham knew of the robbery, and the incidents were fresh in her mind. What would she

do if she had penetrated his disguise? He had a shock of genuine terror at this point and his skin prickled as at the touch of something loathsome. Up to that moment he had suffered none of the pains of the hunted fugitive; but he knew now that he had fairly entered the gates of the outlaw's inferno; that however cunningly he might cast about to throw his pursuers off the track, he would never again know what it was to be wholly free from the terror of the arrow that flieih by day.

The force of the Scriptural simile came to him with startling emphasis, bringing on a return of the prickling dismay. The stopping of the paddle-wheels and the rattling clangor of the gang-plank winch aroused him to action and he shook off the creeping numbness and ran aft to rummage under the cargo on the engine-room guards for his precious bundle. When his hand reached the place where it should have been, the blood surged to his brain and set up a clamorous dinning in his ears like the roaring of a cataract. The niche between the coffee sacks was empty.

CHAPTER V.

The Chain Gang.

While Griswold was grappling afresh with the problem of escape, and planning to desert the Belle Julie at the next landing, Charlotte Farnham was sitting behind the locked door of her stateroom with a writing pad on her knee over which for many minutes the suspended pen merely hovered. She had fancied that her resolve, once fairly taken, would not stumble over a simple matter of detail. But when she had tried a dozen times to begin the letter to Mr. Galbraith, the simplicities vanished and complexity stood in their room.

Try as she might to put the sham deck-hand into his proper place as an impersonal unit of a class with which society is at war, he perversely refused to surrender his individuality. At the end of every fresh effort she was confronted by the inexorable summing-up: in a world of phantoms there were only two real persons; a man who had sinned, and a woman who was about to make him pay the penalty.

It was all very well to reason about it, and to say that he ought to be made to pay the penalty; but that did not make it any less shocking that she, Charlotte Farnham, should be the one to set the retributive machinery in motion. Yet she knew she had the thing to do, and so, after many ineffectual attempts, the letter was written and sealed and addressed, and she went out to mail it at the clerk's office.

As it chanced, the engines of the steamer were slowing for a landing when she latched her stateroom door. The doors giving upon the forward saloon deck were open, and she heard the harsh voice of the mate exploding in sharp commands as the steamer lost way and edged slowly up to the river bank. A moment later she was outside, leaning on the rail and looking down upon the crew grouped about the inboard end of the uptilted landing stage. He was there; the man for whose destiny accident and the conventional sense of duty had made her responsible; and as she looked she had a fleeting glimpse of his face.

It was curiously haggard and woebegone; so sorrowfully changed that for an instant she almost doubted his identity. The sudden transformation added fresh questionings, and she began to ask herself thoughtfully what had brought it about. Then the man turned slowly and looked up at her as if the finger of her thought had touched him. There was no sign of recognition in his eyes; and she constrained herself to gaze down upon him coldly. But when Belle Julie's bow touched the bank, and the waiting crew melted suddenly into a tenuous line of burden-bearers, she fled through the deserted saloon to her stateroom and hid the fatal letter under the pillows in her berth.

That evening, after dinner, she went forward with some of the other passengers to the railed promenade which was the common evening rendezvous. The Belle Julie had tied up at a small town on the western bank of the great river, and the ant procession of roustabouts was in motion, going laden up the swing stage and returning empty by the foot plank. Left to herself for a moment, Charlotte faced the rail and again sought to single out the man whose fate she must decide.

She distinguished him presently; a grimy, perspiring unit in the crew, tramping back and forth mechanically, staggering under the heaviest loads, and staring stonily at the back of his file leader in endless round; a picture of misery and despair. Charlotte thought, and she was turning away with the dangerous rebellion against the conventions swelling again in her heart when Captain Mayfield joined her.

"I just wanted to show you," he said; and he pointed out a gang of men repairing a slip in the levee embankment below the town landing. It was a squad of prisoners in chains. The figures of the convicts were struck out sharply against the dark background of undergrowth, and the reflection of the sunset glow on the river lighted up their sullen faces and burnished the use-worn links in their leg-fetters.

"The chain-gang," said the captain, briefly. "That's about where the fellow that robbed the Bayou State Security will bring up, if they catch him. He'll have to be mighty tough and well-seasoned if he lives to worry through twenty years of that, don't you think?"

But Miss Farnham could not an-

swer; and even the unobservant captain of river boats saw that she was moved and was sorry he had spoken.

In any path of performance there is but one step which is irrevocable, namely, the final one, and in Charlotte Farnham's besetment this step was the mailing of the letter to Mr. Galbraith. Many times during the evening she wrought herself up to the plunging point, only to recoil on the very brink; and when at length she gave up the the struggle and went to bed, the sealed letter was still under her pillow.

Now it is a well-accepted truism that an exasperated sense of duty, like remorse and grief, fights best in the night watches. It was of no avail to protest that her intention was still unshaken. Conscience urged that delay was little less culpable than refusal, since every hour gave the criminal an added chance of escape. The minutes dragged leaden-winged, and to sit quietly in the silence and solitude of the great saloon became a nerve-racking impossibility. When it went past endurance, she rose and stepped out upon the promenade deck.

The Belle Julie was approaching a landing. The electric search-light eye on the hurricane deck was just over her head, and its great white cone seemed to hiss as it poured its dazzling flood of fictitious noonday upon the shelving river bank and the sleeping hamlet beyond. Out of the dusky undergrowth came the freight carriers, giving birth to a file of grotesque shadow monsters as they swung up the plank into the field of the searchlight.

The foot plank had been drawn in, the steam winch was clattering, and the landing stage had begun to come aboard, when the two men whose duty it was to cast off ran out on the tilting stage and dropped from its shore end. One of them fell clumsily, tried to rise, and sank back into the shadow; but the other scrambled up the steep bank and loosened the half-hitches in the wet hawser. With the slackening of the line the steamer began to move out into the stream, and the man at the mooring post looked around to see what had become of his companion.

"Get a move on youse!" bellowed the mate; but instead of obeying, the man ran back and went on his knees beside the huddled figure in the shadow.

At this point the watcher on the promenade deck began vaguely to understand that the first man was disabled in some way, and that the other was trying to lift him. While she looked, the engine-room bells jangled and the wheels began to turn. The mate forgot her and swore out of a full heart.

She put her fingers in her ears to shut out the clamor of abusive profanity; but the man on the bank paid no attention to the richly emphasized command to come aboard. Instead, he ran swiftly to the mooring post, took a double turn of the trailing hawser around it and stood by until the straining line snubbed the steamer's bow to the shore. Then, dextrously casting off again, he darted back to the disabled man, hoisted him bodily to the high guard, and clambered aboard himself; all this while McGrath was brushing the impeding crew aside to get at him.

Charlotte was every move of the quick-witted salvage in the doing, and wanted to cry out in sheer enthusiasm when it was done. Then, in the light from the furnace doors, she saw the face of the chief actor; it was the face of the man with the stubble beard.

She could not hear what McGrath was saying, but she could read hot wrath in his gestures, and in the way the men fell back out of his reach. All but one; the stubble-bearded white man was facing him fearlessly, and he appeared to be trying to explain.

Griswold was trying to explain, but the bullying first officer would not let him. It was a small matter; with the money gone, and the probability that capture and arrest were deferred only from landing to landing, a little abuse, more or less, counted as nothing. But he was grimly determined to keep McGrath from laying violent hands upon the negro who had twisted his ankle in jumping from the uptilted landing-stage.

"No; this is one time when you don't skin anybody alive!" he retorted, when a break in the stream of abuse gave him a chance. "You let the man alone. He couldn't help it. Do you suppose he sprained an ankle purposefully to give you a chance to curse him out?"

The mate's reply was a brutal kick at the crippled negro. Griswold came closer.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cynical Recipe for Success.

Oliver Onions, author of "Mush-room Town," etc., recently remarked: "A cynical friend told me the other day that the secret of success was to get a name for incorruptibility and then go ahead and corrupt it for much gold. I'm sure there's a weak spot in this somewhere, but judging from a good many, both of writers and politicians, perhaps there's something in it. Only unfortunately I can't apply the recipe to my own work, because I have too much fun writing to think about corruption one way or the other."

"Cozy" is Hardly the Word to Use.

"Of course," said Mrs. M. T. Cackler, "it is real nice in the newspapers to describe the new Muehlebach hotel as cozy and homelike, but I should call a building with a tea furure and a cafe centurion, with marble floors and pillars of lapsus linguae and malefaction, and with gleaming chandeliers impending from the doomed ceilings, a great deal more retund than cozy."—Kansas City Star.

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Portales Valley News

Portales, New Mexico

E. F. Maddux, O. N. Foster and W. A. Foster, all of Cross Plains, Texas, passed through Portales Tuesday of this week on a prospecting tour. They have been all through the south part of the state and are not a bit backward in stating that the Portales Valley is the best country they have seen on their trip. Nothing strange about that either.

Lee Langston left Wednesday of this week for Albuquerque where he will enter the University of New Mexico the coming year. Lee is one of the Portales High school graduates, and will, no doubt, make a record that we will not have cause to be ashamed of.

The Portales and Rogers baseball teams played quite an interesting game here Wednesday of this week. The game was good from the start, but had to be called after the seventh inning on account of rain. The score was 6 to 4 in favor of the Portales boys.

A letter from Miss Carrie Reece to Mrs. Hardy relates the death of Miss Reece's father on August 1st, at Argonia, Kansas. Miss Reece is well known in Portales and her many friends will be sorry to hear of her misfortune.

Guy Thomas, of Clear Lake, Iowa, a creamery man of that place, was a Portales visitor the first of this week. Mr. Thomas states that the prospects for a successful creamery at Portales is much better than Iowa.

Uncle Pete McDaniels, one of the old settlers in Portales, but now of Clovis, was shaking hands with friends here this week. "Uncle Pete" is always a welcome visitor in Portales.

G. W. and Cleve Lasiter, and Roscoe Young, all of Kingstown, Oklahoma, were here this week looking over the country. They expressed themselves as being well pleased with the Valley.

The Misses Amelia, Roberta and Sue Wilson, of Clovis, were in Portales this week visiting in the home of Judge and Mrs. C. L. Carter.

Miss Jemima Onan and brother, Paul, of Duke, Oklahoma, are visiting their sister, Mrs. C. L. Perryman, for a few days.

W. D. Ellis, of Mangum, Oklahoma, arrived Tuesday of this week to look at the Portales Valley with a view of locating.

J. D. Page, of Richland has purchased the old store building formerly owned by Inda Humphrey and is moving it to his farm.

G. L. Reese and family left this week for a visit to the California expositions. They expect to be away about two weeks.

C. M. Hamil, of Breckenridge, Texas, arrived Wednesday of this week and will visit for a few days with relatives.

Temple Molinari returned this week from Kansas City where he has been visiting for the past few weeks.

J. C. Lott and Will Rogers, of Hall county, Texas, were prospecting in Portales this week.

A. J. Holloway and family, of Warren, New Mexico, were in Portales this week on business.

Miss Veta Bills, of Clovis, was a visitor in the home of C. J. Whitcomb this week.

Several loads of watermelons were sold on the streets of Portales this week.

B. F. Birdwell, of Clovis, was a business visitor in Portales this week.

Roy W. Connelly was a business visitor in Elida Tuesday of this week.

The Portales Bank and Trust Company

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FEEDS UPON INSECTS

Bobolink a Common Summer Resident in Northern States.

FEEDS MAINLY ON INSECTS

Also Devours Many Weed Seeds—Inaccurate Grading Cause of Much Loss to Western Wool Growers—Remedy is Suggested.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)
The bobolink, rice bird, or reed bird, is a common summer resident of the United States, north of about latitude 40 degrees, and from New England westward to the Great Plains, wintering beyond our southern border. In New England there are few birds about which so much romance clusters as this rollicking songster, naturally associated with sunny June meadows; but in the South there are none on whose head so many maledictions have been heaped on account of its fondness for rice.

During its sojourn in the northern states it feeds mainly upon insects and seeds of useless plants; but when rearing its young, insects constitute its chief food, and almost the exclusive diet of its brood. After the young are able to fly, the whole family gathers into a small flock and begins to live



Bobolink, Rice Bird or Reed Bird—Length About Seven Inches.

almost entirely upon vegetable food. This consists for the most part of weed seeds, since in the North these birds do not appear to attack grain to any great extent. They eat a few pats, but their stomachs do not reveal a great quantity of this or any other grain.

As the season advances they gather into large flocks and move southward, until by the end of August nearly all have left their breeding grounds. On their way they frequent the reedy marshes about the mouths of rivers and on the inland waters of the coast region and subsist largely upon wild rice. In the middle states, during their southward migration, they are commonly known as reed birds, and becoming very fat are treated as game.

Formerly, when the low marshy shores of the Carolinas and some of the more southern states were devoted to rice culture the bobolinks made great havoc both upon the sprouting rice in spring and upon the ripening grain on their return migration in the fall. With a change in the rice-raising districts, however, this damage is no longer done.

Co-operative Marketing of Wool.

Serious losses are often suffered by the flock master because of improper methods of handling the clip. Western wool growers are paid lower prices than foreign producers because of inaccurate grading. In recent years they have made some advancement in clipping and assorting fleeces as shown by cleaner clips being offered for sale in some localities. In the West some of the large sheep breeders' associations have officially recommended certain changes in the handling of wool by the growers. It is estimated that improper methods of preparing the wool for shipment cost the flock master from one to three cents a pound, for the manufacturer is frequently put to an extra expense, against which, of course, he protects himself by lowering the price to the grower.

To remedy this condition, some form of co-operation among wool growers in any given region is urged in a new publication of the department of agriculture, bulletin 206, "The Wool Grower and the Wool Trade." The individual alone can do little to improve matters, for his clip is likely to be too small to induce the buyers to make any alteration in their accustomed methods of estimating wool values. With co-operation, however, it should be possible to prepare the entire clip of any section so that the reputation of its wool would be enhanced and the growers obtain the full market value of their product. A sufficient number of wool growers should be included in each co-operative association to enable at least 4,000 or 5,000 pounds of each of the various grades to be marketed at one time.

Co-operation will, of course, do little good, however, unless the individual growers follow improved methods of handling the clip. An instance of the present low price of American wool as compared with foreign is given in the bulletin already mentioned. Two lots of wool of the same grade, one of them from Idaho and the other from Australia, were purchased by a Philadelphia manufacturer—the American at 18½ cents a pound and the foreign one at 28 cents

a pound, before scouring. In the American fleece the kind of wool that this manufacturer really wanted amounted to 86.79 per cent of the total; in the foreign fleece to 98.96 per cent. A more accurate system of grading had given this manufacturer 12 per cent more of what he wanted than the American methods. In consequence the foreign sheep grower got the larger price for his fleece. The manufacturer paid for the imported wool 28 cents a pound and for the domestic wool 18½ cents a pound—a difference of 9½ cents. By the time shrinkage, "off sorts," etc., had been deducted, however, the cost per clean pound to the manufacturer of the wool he wanted was 41.33 cents for the American fleece and 44.69 cents for the imported—a difference of only 3.37 cents. It may have cost the foreign grower a little more to prepare his fleece, but he more than recovered this in the higher price he sold it for.

The bulletin suggests 15 rules for the wool grower which, it is said, no one can afford to neglect if he is at all solicitous of the reputation of his clip. These rules are:

1. Adhere to a settled policy of breeding the type of sheep suitable to the locality.
2. Sack lambs, ewes, wethers and all buck, or very oily fleeces separately. If the bucks or part of the ewes or wethers have wool of widely different kind from the remainder of the flock, shear such separately and put the wool in separate sacks so marked.
3. Shear all black sheep at one time, preferably last, and put the wool in separate sacks.
4. Remove and sack separately all tags, and then allow no tag discount upon the clip as a whole.
5. Have slatted floors in the holding pens.
6. Use a smooth, light and hard glazed (preferably paper) twine.
7. Securely knot the string on each fleece.
8. Turn sacks wrong side out and shake well before filling.
9. Keep wool dry at all times.
10. Make the brands on the sheep as small as possible and use a branding material that will scour out.
11. Know the grade and value of your wool and price it accordingly.
12. Do not sweat sheep excessively before shearing.
13. Keep the corral sweepings out of the wool.
14. Do not sell the wool before it is grown.
15. When all these rules are followed place your personal brand or your name upon the bags or bales.

CABBAGE STORING IS SIMPLE

Cheaply Constructed Bank or Hillside Root Cellar is Only Shelter Needed—Keep Place Cool.

(By K. A. KIRKPATRICK, Minnesota Experiment Station.)

Cabbage storing is rather simple and easy. The shrinkage is small. A cheaply constructed bank or hillside root cellar, or a basement under almost any farm building, is the only storehouse necessary. This should not be too dry and should be a place which could be kept at a temperature of about 40 or 50 degrees in the early part of the season. This is often accomplished by opening the doors to let in the cool night air and closing them to keep out the warmer air during the remainder of the day. Later, of course, the doors must be kept closed continuously.

In storing, most growers place the heads in a cellar with all leaves and roots attached. Many market gardeners have a better plan. They cut off the stalk as though preparing the heads for market, but leave two or three rough leaves to protect the more tender parts. They then pack in ordinary cabbage crates and rack these crates up, leaving a gangway every third or fourth tier for air circulation.

This work is not particularly difficult, and will certainly pay the grower well if it increases the selling price of his production eight or tenfold. For the last few years, it has been marketed and harvested at from \$5 to \$7.50 a ton. The purchaser has stored it and sold it during the late winter for \$50 or \$60 a ton.

FEED THE PIGS SEPARATELY

Young Animals May Be Given Same Ration as That Provided for Mothers During Nursing Period.

When the pigs are from four to six weeks old they will begin to eat with the sows.

They should be fed separately by penning off a small space on the feeding floor or hog lot where the young pigs have access to the feed.

The feed should be given in a small trough which can be cleaned easily before each feeding.

The pigs may be given the same ration as provided for their mothers during the nursing period and continued on the same ration after weaning.

The Furrow Slice.
Regardless of the time when plowing is done, whether spring or fall, the furrow slice should be firmed down in close contact with the subsoil. Whether or not it is so firmed down is expressed largely in the yield of crop at harvest time.

Fattening Wethers for Market.
The wethers intended for the fall market should be taken from the flock, put by themselves and fed liberally until they are so fat that another week's feeding will not add a pound.

CORN TO REPLACE FALLOWING

For Fodder or Silage Crop Has Proved Very Satisfactory in Montana Valleys and Basins.

Some types of corn can be grown profitably over the entire state outside the mountains, and even in the mountainous sections. Corn for fodder or silage has proved very profitable in many valleys and basins, not only from the standpoint of forage production, but as an intertilled crop replacing summer fallow, writes M. L. Wilson of Montana in Orange Judd Farmer. The types of corn adapted to this state differ greatly from those of the states to the south and east. Many reasons can be given for growing corn, but there are three which are of great importance. Corn which has been thoroughly cultivated and kept free from weeds will produce a seedbed, for small grain, almost if not quite equal to summer tilled land.

Conditions are so varied that it is impossible to assign particular varieties best adapted to certain localities. On account of altitude and local conditions a variety which is well adapted to one farm may not be satisfactory upon another farm in the same locality. The early flint, early dent, semident, late flint, late dent, are the varieties best adapted. The late dents in particular make a rather coarse growth and are not so well adapted for silage or fodder purposes as the late flint.

Corn cultivation does not differ very greatly from that of other states. The cornfield should be harrowed after planting, and it may be harrowed after the corn is up. There are many types of cultivators, the disk, shovel, and the surface. Each type has its particular place. For cultivating corn on sod lands nothing is better than the disk, while for corn on the average dry land good results are obtained with a combination shovel and surface cultivator.

Best results in eradication of the Russian thistle have been secured by using the duckfoot cultivator shovel. This is the same type of shovel which is used in cultivating sugar beets, and most manufacturing companies now make them so they can be inserted on the cultivator shank the same as the regular shovel. As yet, there are no shredders in the state, but corn has been very successfully threshed in the ordinary threshing machines and practically the same results were secured.

TREE CROPS FOR DRY LANDS

Olive of Tunis Have a Spread and Depth of Roots Which Enables Them to Use Stored Moisture.

The French colony of Tunis is producing more than 10,000,000 gallons of olive oil per year, and expects to double that output within the next decade. A large part of the crop—more than half of it, according to some estimates—is produced on land where the average rainfall is about ten inches per year.

This is the point which has an abiding interest for a country with as much semiarid land as the United States. Only a tiny part of our dry regions is suitable for olive culture, but that is not the only tree which has proved itself able to resist drought. Why not make a systematic effort to develop the commercial value of other tree crops which can be raised in the land of little rain?

Grain lives or dies according to the moisture it receives in a single season, and two months of rainless weather may destroy a crop. The olives of Tunis have a spread and depth of roots which enables them to use the ground water stored in wet season for times of exceptional drought. Is it not possible to develop some other useful tree or shrub which can go without rain as well as the olive, and which can stand the climate of our western plains?

PREVENT INJURY TO HORSES

Sore Shoulders May Be Avoided by Application of Ointment Made of Lard and Stove Polish.

To prevent farm horses from getting sore shoulders make an ointment of stove polish and lard and put it on shoulders and collars. Put it on often enough to keep the shoulders and collars smooth and they will not rub the shoulders sore.

To cure a lump on horses' shoulders, take a pen knife or the small blade of a common pocket knife, and while holding the lump with the forefinger of one hand, work the point of the knife down in the center of the lump until the matter runs out. Clean wound out thoroughly with strong soap water and work turpentine down well into the wound.

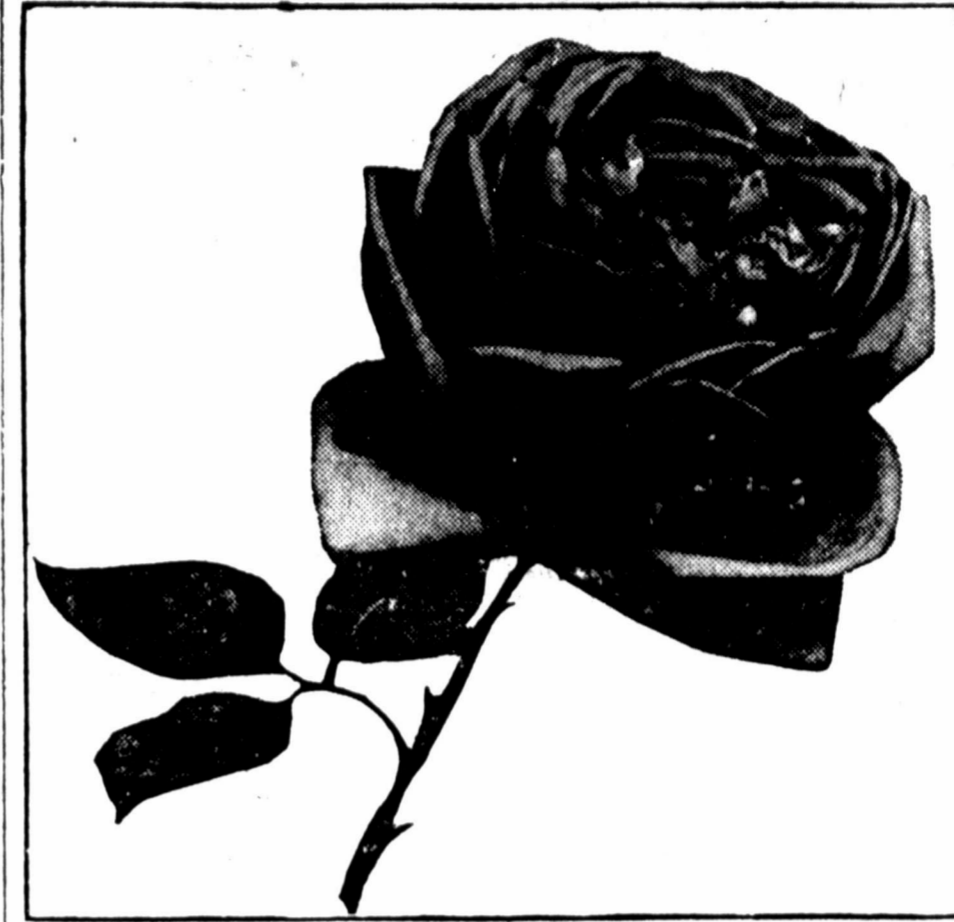
OCCUPATION FOR THE WOMEN

Income May Be Substantially Increased by Devoting Small Plot of Ground to Chickens.

Poultry keeping, when all is said, presents one of the promising fields for a woman with a little land, though it does not offer a royal road to riches, and no woman is advised to give up a lucrative position in order to raise chickens. But if a woman is earnestly seeking some means of keeping the wolf from the door and is favorably situated and is willing to work, she might do very much worse. She should substantially increase her income, and may even make a modest living.

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery
Their Care and Cultivation



Francis Scott Key Rose, Named After the Author of "The Star Spangled Banner"—The Flowers Are Usually Large and Double.

IN THE HOME GROUNDS

By EBEN E. REXFORD.

This month will be a busy one for the gardener. There will be plants to put out, weeds to pull, insects to kill—quite enough to keep one at work most of the time.

I do my transplanting on cloudy days, if possible, but if the weather persists in being sunshiny, I do the work after sundown. Before lifting a seedling, I apply enough water to thoroughly saturate the soil in which it is growing. If this is done, the young plant can be moved without exposure to the roots, and it will receive no check whatever, but will keep on growing as if nothing had happened to it. But allow its tender, delicate roots to be exposed to air for ever so little a time and you run a serious risk of losing your plant.

If this does not happen, it will receive a check from which it will take a long time to recover.

One cannot be too careful with anything as delicate as a seedling plant. In bright weather newly transplanted seedlings will require shading for a day or two. I cut out a circle of coarse brown paper, about a foot across, make a slit to the center on one side of it, and fold the paper over two or three inches, running a wire out and in through the folded part. This wire serves to hold the paper together and acts as a support for the little brown paper umbrella.

It should be at least twelve inches long—long enough to insert in the ground close to the seedling, and hold the paper cone well above the plant. It is designed to protect. This kind of a covering keeps the sun away from the plant, but does not interfere with free circulation of air about it.

What kind of a support are you going to give your gladioli? Tying their stalks to sticks gives them such a stiff and prim appearance that I always feel sorry for the poor plants. A stick in the center of a clump does not furnish a really satisfactory support to the stalks on the outside of it, and a hoop supported on sticks is open to the objection of being only a little better than nothing.

Here is my plan—and one that works well, and can be easily carried out. I take a strip of coarse mesh wire netting of the size of the bed

containing the gladioli and stretch it over the plants before they begin to send up their flower stalks. I support it on stout stakes that project about eighteen inches above the surface of the soil, using enough of them to keep the netting level all over the bed.

This is the season for making warfare on the enemies of the rose. If one would have fine flowers he must make up his mind that he's got to fight for them. I use an emulsion of soap and kerosene.

It is very necessary that the application should get to the under side of the leaves and the inside of the bushes, where the insects are likely to hide away; therefore it will be well to have someone assist by bending the bushes over and holding them in that position while the application is being made.

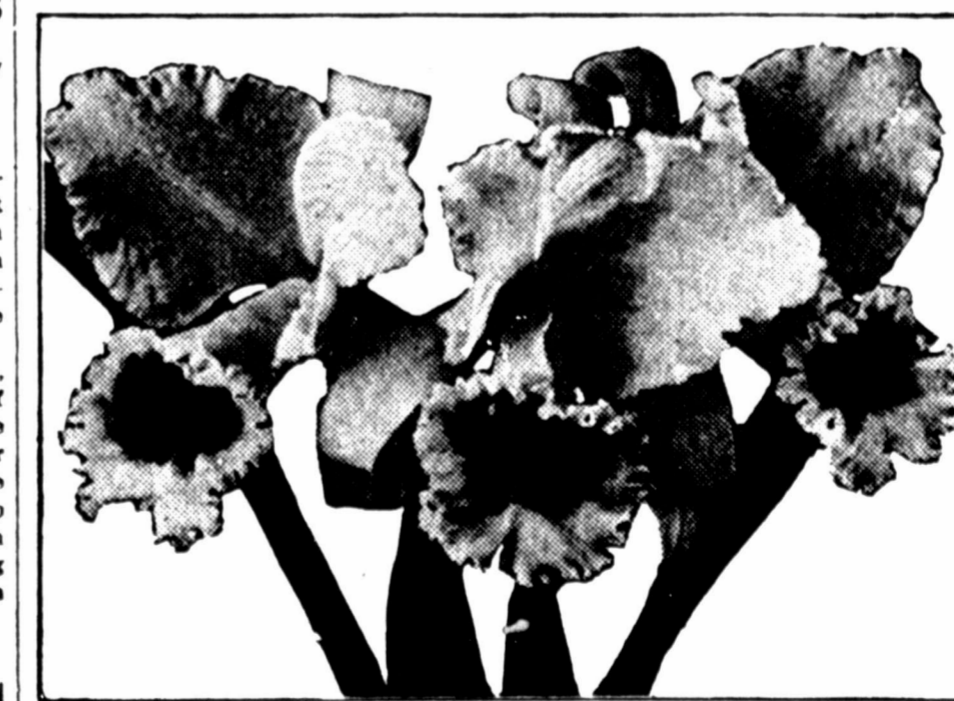
Worms, slugs, green lice and the rose-chaffer can be kept from injuring the bushes if the emulsion is applied thoroughly and frequently.

As soon as my lilacs are past the flowering periods, I go over the bushes and cut away all the seed clusters. The result is—I get a fairly good crop of flowers in what is generally considered the "off year" of this excellent old shrub. If it is allowed to develop seed, it generally has few flowers except on alternate years.

Speaking of lilacs reminds me to say, that I do not indorse what some people say about this plant being a nuisance because of its habit of sending up so many suckers from its roots.

That it is prolific in this respect I admit, but there is no good reason for allowing them to grow until you have a thicket of bushes. Give your hose blade the sharpness of a knife by filing it to a keen edge, and go over the ground about your lilacs at the sprouting season, and shave off every sprout that shows its head above the grass. You can do this just as easily and rapidly as you can cut off so many weeds, and by doing it you can keep your lilacs from spreading all over the yard.

These bushes are nuisances only when allowed to have their own way. Give them the attention they need and they are easily kept under control. The secret of success consists in not letting them get the start of you.



"Queen of the Belgians" Orchid.

\$1,000 FOR AN ORCHID

One thousand dollars has been bid in the auction for the famous "Queen of the Belgians" orchid; the proceeds of the sale went to the Belgian relief committee of the American Red Cross. This beautiful orchid, cultivated by Clement Moore, was one of the features of the recent international flower show.

The orchid, which is the only one of its kind in existence, and which connoisseurs have pronounced the most beautiful variety of Cattleya Schroederiae, is being cared for like a young baby. Following the English custom,

Mr. Stump is keeping it locked in an air-tight glass case to prevent any possibility of the pollen being stolen, for a mere touch of a feather or toothpick to its stamens would secure sufficient pollen to make possible the breeding of a similar plant by hybridizing with another orchid. Strange to say, the fact that the glass case is absolutely air tight will preserve the blossoms for a longer time than if the plant were in the open air.

Clean trees, devoid of insect life, are a credit to any home, and no yard is complete without them—for shade as well as beauty.

WHERE BLUE BLOOD RULES

In Germany and Austria it Makes No Difference How Much You Have, Only What You Are.

Miss Wylie says in her "Eight Years in Germany" that contempt for mere money is a striking characteristic of the German people. Wealth alone does not entitle its possessor to any special deference or consideration.

"The German's indifference to money," she declares, "amounts very nearly to contempt. I am not speaking only of the aristocracy. The very shopkeepers themselves have the same feeling, and it has often amused me during the Christmas shopping to watch how poverty-stricken Baroness von X is surrounded by courteous, deferential attendants, eager to sell her the sixpenny knickknack she has come to buy, whereas wealthy Frau Rosenkrantz, making her expensive purchases, receives no particular attention.

"In Germany you can be poor and live poorly without reproach. You can live in a garret and dress as your means allow, but you will not be judged by your garret and your shabbiness, but by yourself. If you have an honored name or a spark of genius the doors of the most exclusive circles are opened to you. Talent and birth are the only passwords that German society understands; and wealth, unless its owner is very tactful, or is himself indifferent to it, is not welcomed. Ostentation of any sort is an unpardonable offense."

In Austria it is birth alone that confers distinction. There is no country in the world where social caste is so immutable as it is in Austria. A man is either "born" or not. If he is "born" he is notable; if he is not "born" nothing can ever make him noble.

If a noble marries a woman of humble birth, neither he nor his children can succeed to the family property; neither he himself, his wife nor his children are received in society. Austria is therefore divided into three distinct classes: the nobility, the middle class and the peasantry, each living as it were within a ring fence. In Britain, the shopgirl of today can be the duchess of tomorrow, with all the rights of precedence at court and in the social world that attach to the rank of her husband; the country boy of today can be the prime minister of the future.

Such possibilities do not exist in Austria. Nothing opens the door of society in Austria—neither genius, great wealth, heroism, nor the highest distinction in the arts and sciences; all are unavailing unless their possessor can put the magic word "geboren" after his name. The emperor from time to time confers titles of nobility; but they do not confer the magic word, and the bearers of those titles form a class by themselves.—Chambers' Journal.

Sure Thing.
Hostess—Sh! that's my neighbor's dog. Be careful what you say about that woman.

Fair Guest—Why that's silly. Dog's can't understand.

Hostess—No, but they carry tails.—Philadelphia Record.

Deserves It.
"Heavens! The mob will tear that man to pieces! Can't something be done to stop them?"
"Let 'em alone. The man they're trying to lynch is the chap who invented the installment plan of selling books."

Regular Answer.
Teacher—Now, I want one of you to give me a sentence using the three simple tenses.
Johnnie—Don't think of the future until the present is past.

The Reason.
"I say, why did you name that dog of yours Gossip?"
"Because he's such a backbiter."

BUILT A MONUMENT

The Best Sort in the World.

"A monument built by and from Postum." is the way an Illinois man describes himself. He says: "For years I was a coffee drinker until at last I became a terrible sufferer from dyspepsia, constipation, headaches and indigestion."

"The different kinds of medicine I tried did not cure me, and finally some one told me to leave off coffee and take up Postum. I was fortunate in having the Postum made strictly according to directions on the pkg., so that from the start I liked it.

"Gradually my condition changed. The old troubles disappeared and I began to feel well again. My appetite became good and I could digest food. Now I am restored to strength and health, can sleep sound all night and awake with a fresh and rested body.

"I am really a monument built by Postum, for I was a physical wreck, distressed in body and mind, and am now a strong, healthy man. I know exactly what made the change; it was leaving off coffee and using Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup. "There's a Reason" for Postum.—sold by Grocers.

THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS

J. E. HENDERSON, Editor and Proprietor

Entered as second-class 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.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, ONE DOLLAR FOR ONE YEAR

Community Co-Operation

COPYRIGHTED FARM AND RANCH-HOLLAND'S MAGAZINE

One of this country's largest bankers made the statement not long ago that "the small-town banker is in position to render his community a most valuable service if he will recognize and take advantage of the opportunity by doing his full part in community welfare work."

His statement elicited an expression from one of our small town bankers to the effect that a large majority of small-town banks really do more to retard community welfare and development than they do to promote them. This is a most lamentable condition even if only partially correct as stated.

Many bankers consider their banks institutions for community service and conduct them accordingly. A splendid example of this came to my attention a few days ago.

The president of a bank in a small town, when asked as to his

idea concerning a bank's duties and its obligations to the community, said: "Inasmuch as we are the largest corporation in our town we feel it our duty to take the lead in every movement for the good of the locality. We are the largest subscribers to the local chamber of commerce, civic improvement funds, etc., and never fail to have the bank represented in every local improvement campaign. We also make it a rule to take as much or more advertising space in our local papers than anyone else in the town."

He further stated that "When a small borrower needs from ten to thirty dollars for a short time we charge him the same rate per cent per annum on his loan that we would if he borrowed \$25,000 or more. We treat the small customer as liberally as the large one, thus making him feel that no advantage is being taken of him because he is poor. He will remember and appreciate this when he becomes a large customer."

Earnest efforts are being put forth by many in various parts of our union to destroy the war spirit of our people. Prominent in the movement is the so-called "Carnegie Peace Movement." It will be remembered this captain of finance donated \$10,000,000 toward securing a world peace just previous to the outbreak of the great European war. And as one result of his gift many of our public schools carry such problems as this: "Boys are fond of ball games. A battleship costs \$10,000,000. How many boys at fifty cents admission would be given the pleasure of a ball game for the price of one battleship?" Other kindred examples are furnished by this movement, the design being to inculcate love of evanescent pleasure at the expense of true and lofty patriotism. With heart and soul we favor peace, but is it wise to teach a peace regardless of its cost? We think not. While our nation stands committed to peace, even to the extreme of hazard, we commend the wisdom of our great president in looking to the universal improvement of our military arm. The wisdom of the ages says: "Be Prepared for Any Emergency That May Arise." Our skies are not cloudless now. It is clear to the thoughtful that if we remain outside the European strife, we shall have no thanks due them for our good fortune. And if we look across the great waters we witness a most earnest effort to concentrate the ruling powers of Asia under one influence, and that influence, Japan. The conduct of this Empire toward China today, and her daily conduct in Korea will convince the dullest intelligence that her program is to place herself on the map of the world. History repeats itself, and man has not yet reached the exalted civilization expressed in the Lord's prayer. And until he does arrive at that point where the fatherhood of God and and brotherhood of man is realized, his ambition to dominate his fellows will create frictions, culminating in bloody and destructive strife. Our doctrine, therefore, is "Strive for Peace, but be prepared for War." If in error, we condole ourselves that we are at least on the territory which looks akin to reason.

A closer spirit of cooperation between the people of this community would produce excellent results, and especially is this true out among the farmers. If we could have stated periods for a general "get together" we could then compare notes, adopt suggestions that appear better than our own methods of conducting affairs, and materially improve the welfare and advance the financial interests of all our people. Such a movement, with its consequent comparison of ideas and experiments, should increase the output of our products without any increase in expenditure, and thereby add materially to the commercial and agricultural status of our countryside. It is worth a trial.

The silo is the greatest food saver that the farmer can have about his place. All the kaffir, maize, feterita, corn and sweet sorghum can be saved for winter feeding when it is at its best nutritive state. The harvesting should be done when the hard dough stage is reached and when the stalk has reached its maximum growth, for then the plant contains the greatest digestible nutrients.

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 E. E. Homer is plaintiff and you, the said J. A. Shoemaker, are defendant; and W. E. Roberts is guardian; said cause 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, 1916, judgment will be rendered against you and the plaintiff, 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.
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.
T. A. BELL, Agent.
31-4t p Aetna Insurance Co.

I am now with the J. E. 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

The U. D. C.'s met last Thursday evening with Mrs. Whitcomb. "The Nations at War" was discussed and a very interesting evening was spent. Quite a few visitors were present, and delicious refreshments were served.

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

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. Culbertson. 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 kaffir in the head or threshed. Taylor & Cochran. 33-tf

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

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

DUROG HOGS—2 sows with 8 pigs each. Will sell or trade for milk cows, windmill, feed grinder or fencing. W. K. Hollefeld, Dereno, N. M. 38-3t

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

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

BE A DETECTIVE. Earn big pay, easy work, travel over the world. Correspondence course in twelve lessons taught by the Fidelity Detective Training School. For full particulars write representative, Charles Vernon, Inez, New Mexico. 34-8tp

We Want Your CREAM

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

Strickland & Bland

You Are Next to the smoothest, easiest and most satisfying shave and the most up-to-date hair cut you ever got when you get in one of the chairs at

The Sanitary Barber Shop

Mrs. F. J. Hardin

(NEE KINMAN)
NURSE and MIDWIFE
Box 344 Portales, New Mexico

Needles!

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

Dr. J. S. Pearce's Pharmacy

H. C. McCALLUM...

Dray and Transfer Baggage & Express

Telephone 104
Prompt and careful attention is given to all work entrusted to my care. Will appreciate your patronage and serve you to the best of my ability.
Portales, New Mexico

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Attorney at Law
Office second door south of postoffice

GEORGE L. REESE

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

JACK THOMPSON

Auctioneer
For dates, call at the News office
Portales, New Mexico

DR. W. E. PATTERSON

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

DR. N. F. WOLLARD

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

PRESLEY & SWEARINGIN

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

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

COMPTON & COMPTON

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

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

W. O. OLDHAM, PRESIDENT P. E. JORDAN, CASHIER
A. W. FREEMAN, ASSISTANT CASHIER

First National Bank

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$75,000.00

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

Member Federal Reserve Bank, District No. 11

W.H. Braley & Son

...INSURANCE...

"We Know How" Portales, New Mexico

Kohl's Garage

...Telephone Number 45...

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

KOHL'S GARAGE

LOUIE KOHL, Proprietor

Buy Your Goods from News Advertisers

..The New Mexico State University..

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Opens Tuesday, August 17th, for the 1915-1916 College Year

The State University is YOUR institution; maintained by the state to serve you and your children. Its standards are high; its credits are accepted at all the great American colleges. Whether your son or daughter is just entering high school; whether college work is to be determined on this year or in the future, it is your duty to INFORM YOURSELF NOW about your home state university, its fine equipment and the opportunities it offers for broad and practical education.

Total Annual Expense Per Student, \$195.00

Write today for illustrated book "T." Ask for the University News a monthly magazine mailed free on request.

Address DAVID R. BOYD, President

UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

Listen

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

BUILD YOU A HOME

PORTALES LUMBER COMPANY

Now made by so plenty an shoul eagles, an witho feminine longings minded, I ter of Ev tion. The m made of ple silk, Color, the mak the fabri All the t be set do Sowerlik fifty ant

St

In the choose b the-trimz are mad or linen are made or than and does thought therefore gerie wh By com with as twisted in favor The b minsook mall, lay One of t for the An on body ant tion, in s ing is se body an

Easily Made Negligees of Crepe and Lace



Now that the finest of laces are made by wonderful machinery and are so plentiful and so cheap, every woman should indulge herself in a dainty negligee. If ever there lived a woman without a longing for this strictly feminine and most luxurious of belongings she must have been feeble-minded, for every well-balanced daughter of Eve acknowledges their fascination.

The most enticing of negligees are made of crepe de chine or thin, supple silk, with laces and ribbons.

Color plays so important a part in the makeup of these garments that the fabric is the second consideration. All the beautiful and rich colors may be set down as available, and the more flowerlike the better. Also the more dainty and frivolous and altogether irresponsible the design, the better the negligee seems to fulfill its destiny—which is just to be pretty.

These house gowns are easy to make, as may be gathered from the very good example shown in the picture. A long, plaited skirt is set on to a short baby waist having elbow sleeves covered with rows of plaiting that are edged with narrow lace. A wide ribbon girdle, with a rosette bow at the front, is tacked over the joining of the waist and skirt.

A coat of shadow lace, with draped sleeve, adds the final touch of daintiness and a new style feature at the same time. Light pink crepe and cream-white lace make as good a color combination as any, but one may consider becomingness and environment and choose whatever is most pleasing.

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Suggestion for Making Pretty Night Dress



In the matter of lingerie one may choose between much-trimmed or little-trimmed garments, providing they are made of sheer, well-woven cotton or linen fabrics. The great majority are made of cotton because it is cheaper than linen, is just as good-looking, and does not muss so easily. Linen is thought to be more durable and is therefore sometimes selected for lingerie which is to be hand-embroidered. By comparison with cotton fabrics, such as fine voiles, woven of hard-twisted thread, durability lies rather in favor of cotton.

The best known tub fabrics include nainsook, batiste, long cloth, voile, mull, lawn and the fine cotton crepes. One of the first three named is chosen for the great bulk of all lingerie.

An empire gown of nainsook, with body and sleeves of narrow val insertion, is pictured here. A narrow beading is set at the top and bottom of the body and serves to carry the narrow

sat in ribbon that adjusts the gown to the figure. It is finished with an edging of val. The sleeves are made separately and decorated with beading edged with val. Ribbon is run in the beading and tied in little bows, with hanging loops and ends, by way of dainty decoration.

The three little figures sketched in the picture suggest gown more simply trimmed but equally pretty. Each borrows the refinement of lace and the glow of color in ribbons, and each is gracefully cut. Thus they embody attractions that merit the interest and the admiration that women always accord tasteful lingerie.

Crepe de chine and wash silks are having a considerable vogue in undergarments, but they are merely extraluxurious and not more satisfying than the garments of cotton that emerge from the laundry time after time as good as new.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Life in London.

On the day after the visit of the German Zeppelins there occurred in Southwark—a wireless message from Berlin asserts—the following conversation:

"Betsy," whispered Mr. James, leading his wife into the darkest corner of the cellar, "here is a wallet. You will find in it all our valuable papers, the stocks and bonds, my will, my insurance policies, and the lock of baby's hair cut off on his first birthday. Good-by, Betsy. If I fail to return, bring up our children to be good English men and women."

"Oh, James, dear, you are not going on a dangerous journey, are you?"

"Yes, dearest. I must go up to the first floor."—New York Evening Post.

WAS DOUBLING UP ON LIFE

Small Girl's Unfortunate Remembrance of Mother's Remark Caused Embarrassment.

Col. George Harvey said at a banquet in his honor in New York: "We editors like criticism, especially when it is of the very favorable kind that I've received this evening."

"But not all criticism is favorable, even for the most successful editors. A good many editors, in fact, often find themselves in the position of the rich old broker whose little grandniece said: "Uncle, how long do people live?" "The natural span of man's life," the uncle answered, "is, as the Good Book tells us, three score years and ten."

"Oh, then you'll live to be one hundred and forty, won't you uncle?"

"The old man looked around the room crowded with relatives and laughed heartily.

"Why, no," he said, "Why, no. How do you make that out?"

"Isn't it true, then," said the little girl, "isn't it true what mamma says about you living a double life?"—Washington Star.

CARE FOR CHILDREN'S

Hair and Skin With Cuticura. Nothing Easier. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify the skin and scalp, the Ointment to soothe and heal rashes, itchy, redness, roughness, dandruff, etc. Nothing better than these fragrant super-creamy emollients for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp and hair.

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

The Test.

"Do you think Mr. Spooner's intentions are serious?" asked the girl's mother.

"I don't know yet, mamma," replied the girl. "I'm going down to the Jeweler's this afternoon to have his ring appraised."

Revised.

"Is that futurist music you're playing?" inquired hubby as his wife pumped the pianola.

"No, dear; it's Home, Sweet Home, but I think Bobby has been using it as a target for his air rifle."

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

Not Before.

"I suppose you always tell your pupils frankly just what you think of their voices, professor?"

"When their money is all gone, yes."

Beautiful, clear white clothes delights the laundress who uses Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv.

A great many men with the ability to gather it in are hopelessly inadequate when it comes to turning it loose.

It is better to remain a Rube and be satisfied than to become a Polished Article and take all that goes with it.

We would get more enjoyment out of our money if it took us as long to spend it as it does to earn it.

One trial convinces—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

King Alfonso of Spain is a general in the British army.

There are 24 clubs exclusively for ladies in London.

Insulted the Mayor.

A company had opened a new swimming bath in the place, and as a compliment sent a free ticket to the mayor.

That worthy man was very pleased. But he began to wonder when another ticket arrived.

Sitting down, he wrote to the bath proprietors as follows:

"Gentlemen: Your first ticket I received as a compliment. Your second strikes me as being rather suggestive. If you send me a third I will take it as a personal insult."

Tough Luck.

"You remember that chap Jones who made a bet of ten thousand dollars that he would walk from San Francisco to New York without a cent in his pocket?"

"Yes. Did he win the bet?"

"Not quite. He got as far as Philadelphia, and there he was arrested as a vagrant and forced against his will to ride three blocks in a patrol wagon. That disqualified him."

Best for Horses.

Give your horses good care and you will be doubly repaid by the better work they will do. For sores, galls and other external troubles apply Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Ranchmen, lumbermen and livermen recommend it. Adv.

Same Old Symptoms.

Hyker—What do you consider the one unfulfilling sign of spring?"

Pyker—The delicious feeling which makes you want to sit down and watch other people work.

They Always Look It.

Biggs—There goes Stonyfell, the multimillionaire. He's a self-made man.

Mrs. Biggs—Well, anyone can see at a glance that he isn't tailor-made.

Cold Feet.

"Are you cool in time of danger?"

"Perfectly, but at the wrong end."—Houston Post.

A gossip woman's bad enough, but when a gossip man enters the game it's us for the tall timber.

For galls use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Ohio boasts of a hustling widow who has brought up seventeen children and three husbands.

If there were no little men there would be nobody to sing bass in the male quartette.

Made since 1846—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

About the only good thing some men have is a reputation for being bad.

TEST THAT NEVER FAILED

Mine Foreman Had Particular Reason for Patronizing Sawyer's Place on His "Vacation."

Among the old miners of Siskiyou county a man can get worse whisky at Sawyer's bar than in any other place on earth. This is the belief of the gold-diggers of that section, and that faith is accepted as orthodox, says the San Francisco Call.

Regularly every Christmas Billy X, foreman of the Oro Fino mine, takes his layoff down at Sawyer's. Once the superintendent asked him why he always selected that place for his vacation.

"I want to have one yearly drunk," said Billy, "and I want to know just when I am drunk, so that I may enjoy the sensation."

"Well, can't you enjoy the sensation in any other portion of the county or state or continent?" asked the superintendent.

"No. When I'm drinking Sawyer's whisky and it begins to taste good, then I know I'm drunk."

Equitable Division.

"Did you divide the cruller as I told you with your little brother?"

"Yes, ma. I gave him the hole."

Smile, smile, beautiful clear white clothes. Red Cross Ball Blue, American made, therefore best. All grocers. Adv.

As president of the French republic M. Poincare receives a salary of \$120,000 per annum.

For poison ivy use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

India contains at least 29 cities with populations exceeding 100,000.

For any sore—Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

The railways of Egypt exceed 1,500 miles in length.

THOUGHT SHE COULD NOT LIVE

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Unionville, Mo.—"I suffered from a female trouble and I got so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without holding on to something. I had nervous spells and my fingers would cramp and my face would draw, and I could not speak, nor sleep to do any good, had no appetite, and everyone thought I would not live."

Some one advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had taken so much medicine and my doctor said he could do me no good so I told my husband he might get me a bottle and I would try it. By the time I had taken it I felt better. I continued its use, and now I am well and strong.

"I have always recommended your medicine ever since I was so wonderfully benefited by it and I hope this letter will be the means of saving some other poor woman from suffering."—Mrs. MARTHA SEAVEY, Box 1144, Unionville, Missouri.

The makers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have thousands of such letters as that above—they tell the truth, else they could not have been obtained for love or money. This medicine is no stranger—it has stood the test for years.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 30-1915.

Children Cry for Fletcher's



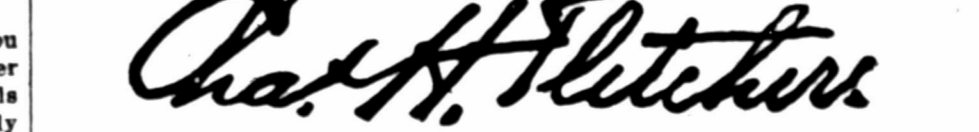
The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Purgative, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of



In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

And So It Is. The Sphinx on Natation. "What do you consider the greatest human paradox?" "A secret session of a woman's club." The Sphinx pronounced a riddle. "How many girls would swim out beyond the danger line if the life guard was a woman?" she asked.

WAITING FOR YOU

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Yes, waiting for every farmer or farmer's son—any industrious American who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is higher but her farm land just as cheap and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

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

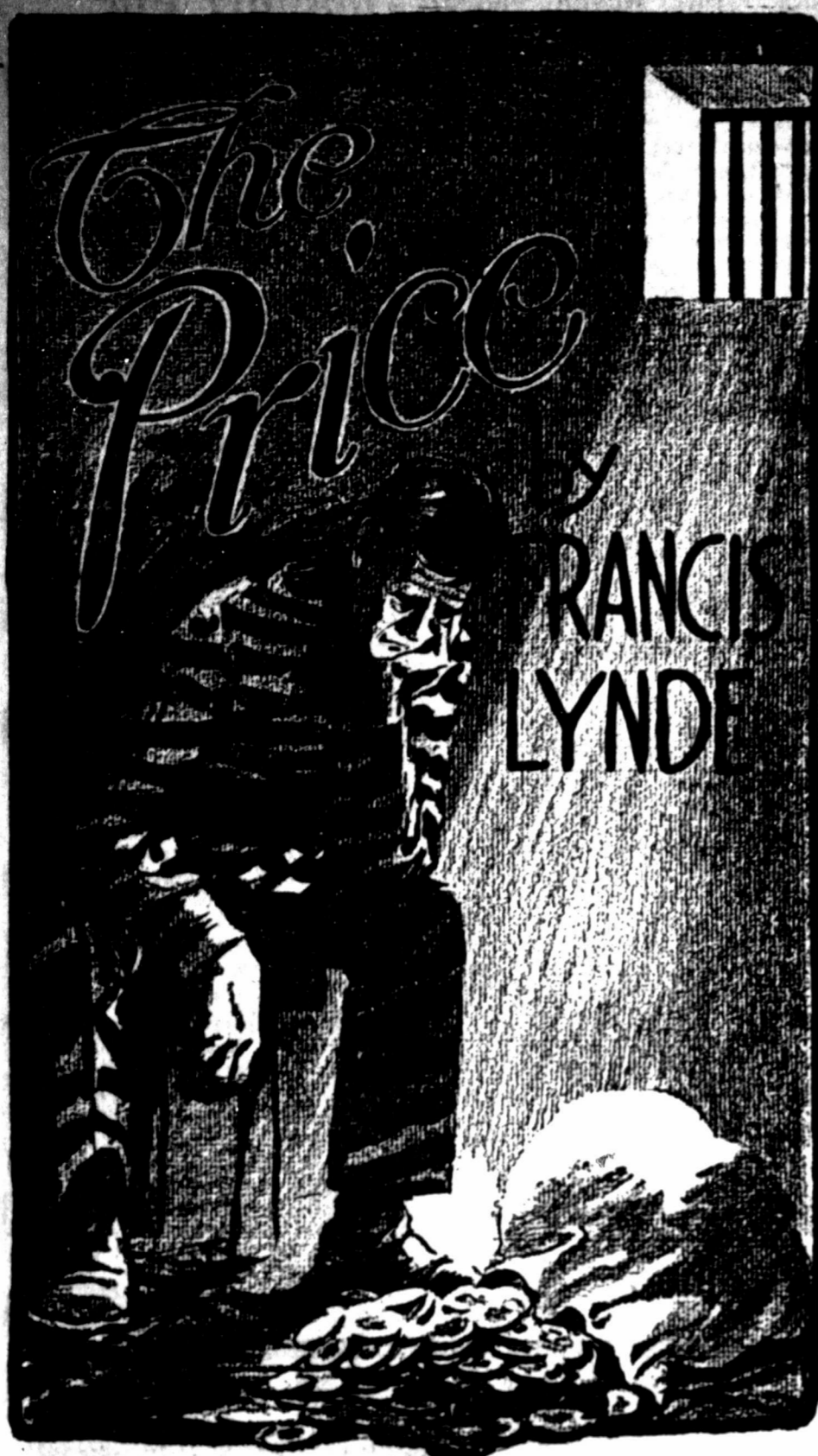
The people of European countries as well as the American continent must be fed—thus an even greater demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. Any farmer who can buy land at \$15.00 to \$30.00 per acre—get a dollar for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre is bound to make money—that's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

Military service is not compulsory in Canada. There is no conscription and no war tax on lands. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; or to

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

You Look Prematurely Old

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



The Price
FRANCIS LYND

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

THE PRICE

SEE ME..

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

J. L. FERNANDES
 BLACKSMITH & MACHINE SHOP

Don't Fail to See Us for

PAINTS, VARNISHES, WALL PAPER, OILS AND GLASS

Goodloe does Painting and Paper Hanging

C. Goodloe & Company
 OPPOSITE THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

What Do You Want
 IN JEWELRY

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

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

C. J. WHITCOMB

Notice to the Public!

Chapter No. 63 House Bill No. 92 of the 1915 Session Laws of New Mexico placing the collection of all occupation license under the charge of the city, and all persons subject to pay occupation license under sections 3299 to 3312 both inclusive of the compiled laws of the state of New Mexico are hereby notified to comply with this law and avoid the penalty which this law prescribes. See town marshall or town clerk for license.

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

Married at Hagerman
 Edwin N. Neer and Miss Bessie Parten were married at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Milton Brown Jr. at Hagerman, New Mexico, last Sunday. They returned to Portales Thursday where they will make their home. Mr. Neer is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed J. Neer and has grown to manhood in Portales. Miss Parten was a teacher in the Public schools here last year. The young couple have a host of friends who wish for them a happy and prosperous journey through life.

On Tuesday evening of this week Mr. and Mrs. J. L. May entertained a few of their friends at their home just east of the city, and from all reports a most enjoyable time was had. The evening was spent in games and contests of different kinds and music by Messers Landers and Bridges and Miss Carter. Delicious refreshments were served.

Quite a few invitations have been received here by the old soldiers to attend the reunion to be held at Amarillo, Texas, on August 25, 26 and 27. It is expected that quite a number will attend from here. Nothing has been spared to make everything pleasant and comfortable for the visitors and a great time is expected.

Mrs. Joe Addington and children came in Thursday from Spur, Texas, where she has been visiting relatives for the past two weeks.

Why is it that Mrs. G's furniture looks so new at all times? Because she uses George's furniture polish. See J. W. Geogage or C. Goodloe and Company.

Joe Howard this week sold the Mobly place to a Mr. Smith, of Texas, who will move here and make his home.

C. J. Hunt and Mrs. Lena Yoff, of Spur, Texas, were married last Saturday. Judge J. P. Henderson performed the ceremony.

S. A. Loggins and family of Dallas, Texas, came in to day day for a visit with his sister Mrs. Whit at Mann' New Mexico.

Mrs. S. F. Culberson who has been visiting relatives in the country for the past few days returned home this week.

W. R. Lepper, of Sharon, Kansas, is in Portales this week looking after his interests.

A. J. Smith, of Childress, Texas, were among the prospectors in Portales this week.

E. E. Hoagland and family returned this week from a visit with friends at Hagerman.

A. T. Holmes, of Bomarton, Texas, is visiting his brother, Felix Holmes, west of town.

Special Offer
 Dont fail to read our special offer on the combination paper rates. The Hollands Magazine and the Farm Ranch are published in Dallas, Texas and gives the farm and stock news from Texas and New Mexico. In fact it is a home paper of its kind. The Hollands is the best magazine published for the whole family. The valley News speaks for its self.

Many new faces are seen on the streets this week, most of them are prospectors.

Bryant Duckworth of Cardwell, Texas, was prospecting in the city this week.

We carry auto paint varnishes, engine paint, metal polish, cushion and top dressing. C. Goodloe and company.

Polly Monroe is visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Monroe this week.

F. M. Print and family of Duke, Okla., are visiting with their son at Longs.

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

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

DUROC HOGS—2 sows with 8 pigs each. Will sell or trade for milk cows, windmill, feed grinder or fencing. W. K. Hollefield, Dereno, N. M. 38-3t

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

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

BE A DETECTIVE. Earn big pay, easy work, travel over the world. Correspondence course in twelve lessons taught by the Fidelity Detective Training School. For full particulars write representative, Charles Vernon, Inez, New Mexico. 34-8tp

The Portales Barber Shop

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

W. A. STEPHENSON, Proprietor

New Laundry...

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

YEE HING, Proprietor

..Monuments..

I am agent for the Sweetwater Marble Works. Call on me for anything in this line.

...INDA HUMPHREY...

Now in the Citizens National Bank Bldg. Phone 104

BEGIN NOW.

To Prepare Your Exhibits for the Roosevelt County Fair

October 6th, 7th and 8th

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