

# 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, SEPTEMBER 9, 1915

Number 46

## RICHLAND FAIR AND PICNIC WAS A GRAND SUCCESS

More than Twelve Hundred People of Roosevelt and Adjoining Counties Were Present

The Big Feast Which Was Prepared by the Good Women Was Much Enjoyed

The fair at Richland September 8th, was quite a success in every way and well attended. Something like twelve hundred people being present, coming from all directions, many from Portales, Elida, Kenna, Clovis and one car from Plainview, Texas. The committee is to be congratulated upon their success in making this the greatest fair and having the largest crowd ever assembled at that place. The display was much larger and better than last year and we wish to say that they had some of the best farm products that could be found anywhere. The morning session was taken up in speaking and music. The evening was enjoyed by speaking, bronch riding and baseball amusement. The Richland and Roger boys played a good game of ball, resulting in a score of two to four in favor of Rogers. Among the prominent speakers were: Judge W. E. Lindsey, and R. G. Bryant, of Portales, and J. Brinker, of Amarillo, Texas. About noon we heard remarks that on account of the big crowd there would not be enough to eat, but we will say right here, that the good women of Richland fooled them, we partook of one of the best feeds we have had in a long time. There was chicken in all styles, roast beef, vegetables, pies and cakes galore, and well prepared too. And "lest we forget" there was also a feast of the prize water melons, after the ball game.

Richland is about twenty-five miles south of Portales, in the Portales Valley and anyone who would go down in that country and look at their crops would readily see where she derived her name.

### Ben Smith Sells Calves

J. T. Wilcox, of Fairbury, Illinois, arrived this week to receive some calves which he purchased from Ben Smith. These calves number 175 and were bought by wire, the purchaser having never seen them. Mr. Wilcox has just returned from a trip through North and South Dakota, Kansas, Montana, Nevada, Wyoming and Utah and he says that of all the country he visited he never saw anything that will come up with this country in raising stock. Plenty of feed, mild winters and everything that goes to make an ideal stock farming country, we have them. Mr. Wilcox owns a large tract of land in the south part of the country and is putting stock on it and there is no doubt but what they will make him a nice little piece of money within a few years.

### Notice to Clerks of School Districts

The clerk of each school district in Roosevelt county is respectfully requested to send in their census reports to the county superintendent at once. The state office is now calling for these lists and the time allowed is about expired.

MRS. S. F. CULBERSON,  
County Superintendent.

## NO. 6187 The First National Bank

Report of the condition of

At Portales, in the state of New Mexico, at the close of business September 2, 1915.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$155,457.52
Overdrafts, unsecured	34.27
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	\$50,000.00
U. S. Bonds pledged to secure postal savings deposits (par value)	1,000.00
Subscription to stock of Federal Reserve Bank	4,500.00
Less amount unpaid	2,250.00
All other stocks, including premium on same	4,750.00
Value of banking house (if unincumbered)	2,800.00
Furniture and fixtures	1,500.00
Real estate owned other than banking house	8,600.30
Net amount due from Federal Reserve Bank	5,201.96
Net amount due from approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis	\$ 3,139.38
Net amount due from approved reserve agents in other reserve cities	24,736.31
Net amount due from banks and bankers (other than above)	13,450.96
Outside checks and other cash items	1,113.19
Notes of other National Banks	490.00
Lawful money reserve in bank:	
Total coin and certificates	6,747.35
Legal tender notes	525.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (not more than 5 per cent on circulation)	2,500.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$254,695.03</b>

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus fund	25,000.00
Undivided profits	\$11,124.13
Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid	1,587.17
Circulating notes	50,000.00
Due to banks and bankers (other than above)	\$ 14,750.50
Demand deposits:	
Individual deposits subject to check	\$105,000.43
Cashier's checks outstanding	3,500.66
Postal savings deposits	245.84
Time deposits (payable after 30 days, or subject to 30 days or more notice)	15,290.64
Certificates of deposit	10,827.00
Redemptions with Federal Reserve Bank	430.00
Letters of credit	430.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$254,695.03</b>

STATE OF NEW MEXICO, COUNTY OF ROOSEVELT, ss.  
I, F. E. JORDAN, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
F. E. JORDAN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of September, 1915.  
MYRTLE MOORE,  
Notary Public.

Correct-Attest: W. O. OGDHAM, G. W. CARR,  
Ed. J. NEER, Directors.

### RECAPITULATION

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$155,497.79
U. S. Bonds	\$1,000.00
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank	2,250.00
Bonds and Stocks	4,750.00
Banking House, Furniture and Fix	4,300.00
Other Real Estate	8,600.30
Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasurer	2,500.00
Cash and Exchange	\$4,897.94
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$254,695.03</b>

### LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus	25,000.00
Undivided Profits	9,536.96
Circulation	50,000.00
Re-Discount with Federal Reserve Bank	10,827.00
Deposits	139,897.07
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$254,695.03</b>

### "The Captain of Plymouth"

This Operetta, which was given auspices of the finance committee for the State Federation of clubs, which will be held in Portales, October 5th, 6th and 7th, was one of the finest performances by home talent, ever given by the younger set. It was given under the direction of Mrs. B. F. Pearman, of Artesia, a prominent club woman of the state, and a charter member of the Portales Woman's club. It was therefore viewed with much interest by all the Portales society folks, and was given a \$100 house, which was held in rapt attention from beginning to end, with not a single flaw to break the attention. On the other hand, the story being that of the Puritans, and the courtship of Miles Standish, with all the little sidelight jokes and humor, which are bound to be a part of human life where youth is concerned, were fully portrayed.

Surely Mrs. Pearman and the finance committee have every reason to feel fully satisfied with the successful issue.

### Methodist Church

The revival at the Methodist church, under the leadership of Rev. A. C. Fisher, and wife, is progressing splendidly. There has been a number of conversions and additions to the church. We are working, hoping and praying for a greater victory. We invite and urge the general public to come to the meeting. The song services are one of the most important features of the meeting. Portales has never had better leaders of song. The music is simply grand.

A. C. BELL, Pastor.  
Ike Moore, of Estelline, Texas, was in town this week prospecting

## STATE BANK REPORT Report of the condition of

Portales Bank & Trust Company

of Portales, New Mexico, at the close of business September 2, 1915.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	\$79,497.49
Overdrafts	46.43
Banking house and lots	8,600.00
Furniture and fixtures	2,500.00
Other real estate owned	6,540.60
Due from banks	19,960.50
Checks and other cash items	769.75
Actual cash on hand	4,334.30
<b>Total resources</b>	<b>\$122,289.07</b>

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$25,000.00
Surplus	5,000.00
Undivided profits (including accrued interest and any other amounts set aside for special purposes, less current expenses, interest and taxes paid)	759.75
Due to banks	632.94
Individual deposits, subject to check without notice	86,158.33
Certificates of deposit	4,073.84
Cashier's checks outstanding	764.21
<b>Total liabilities</b>	<b>\$122,289.07</b>

State of New Mexico, County of Roosevelt, ss.  
I, Ben Smith, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
BEN SMITH, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of September, 1915.  
(SEAL) MAUDE SMITH, Notary Public.

### About Hunting License

The following letter is self-explanatory and will be of interest to many of our readers:

Santa Fe, August 30, 1915.  
Hon. R. G. Bryant,  
Portales, New Mexico.

I am just in receipt of your letter of the 26th instant in which you ask for the opinion of this office as to that portion of section 7 of chapter 101 of the Laws of 1915 which reads as follows:

No person shall at any time shoot, hunt or take in any manner any wild animals or birds or game fish as here in defined in this state without first having in his or her possession a hunting license as hereinafter provided for the year in which such shooting, fishing or hunting is done. The presence of any person in any open field, prairie or forest, whether enclosed or not, with traps, gun or other weapon for hunting, without having in possession a proper hunting license as herein provided, shall be prima facie evidence of the violation of this section."

You state that from a reading of this section it would seem that "A farmer could not go into his own pasture with a gun to kill rabbits, wolves or hawks that are after his chickens, without first having in his possession a hunting license."

Your interpretation of the language of this act is undoubtedly correct, but it is the opinion of this office that such a law cannot be enforced, as it would seem to be in conflict with the provisions of Section 6 of Article II of the Constitution, which is:

"The people have the right to bear arms for their security and defense, but nothing herein shall be held to permit the carrying of concealed weapons."

Rabbits, wolves and hawks are not protected by our game law, and a person cannot be required to obtain a hunting license before killing such pests. So far as the carrying of weapons by travelers is concerned, I refer you to a volume of the opinions of this office a copy of which I am sending to you under separate cover, where you will find at pages 155 and 216, our views as to the law.

Yours very truly,  
H. S. CLANCY,  
Assistant Attorney General.

### More Subscriptions to Fair

The names below are to be added to the list of Roosevelt County Fair contributors given in last week's paper.

G. M. Williamson	\$50.00
Strickland and Bland	10.00
Compton and Compton	5.00
Charles Ison	3.00
Slim's Restaurant	1.00
H. C. McCallum	1.00

Mr. Williamson was one of the first contributors, but on account of a clerical error it was omitted from the original list.

## NO. 8348 The First National Bank

Report of the condition of

at Elida, in the State of New Mexico, at the close of business September 2nd, 1915.

RESOURCES	
1. Loans and Discounts	\$111,823.93
2. U. S. bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	25,000.00
3. Subscription to stock of Federal Reserve Bank	\$1,800.00
Less amount unpaid	900.00
4. Furniture and fixtures	2,500.00
5. Real estate owned other than banking house	8,670.00
6. Net amount due from Federal Reserve Bank	3,540.52
7. Net amount due from approved reserve agents in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis	\$ 2,083.57
8. Net amount due from approved reserve agents in other reserve cities	12,797.57
9. Net amount due from banks and bankers (other than included in 9 or 10)	9,701.60
10. Outside checks and other cash items	\$1,702.20
11. Fractional currency, nickels and cents	8.24
12. Notes of other national banks	450.00
13. Lawful money reserve in bank:	
Total coin and certificates	7,824.75
Legal tender notes	100.00
14. Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (not more than 5 per cent on circulation)	1,250.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$188,292.38</b>

LIABILITIES	
1. Capital stock paid in	\$ 25,000.00
2. Undivided profits	\$2,359.75
3. Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	1,171.25
4. Circulating notes	25,000.00
5. Due to banks and bankers	\$ 485.42
6. Demand deposits:	
Individual deposits subject to check	\$127,481.73
Cashier's checks outstanding	1,346.97
7. Time deposits, (payable after 30 days, or subject to 30 days or more notice)	129,164.12
8. Certificates of deposit due on or after 30 days	2,809.76
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$188,292.38</b>

State of New Mexico, County of Roosevelt, ss.  
I, A. A. HERRMAN, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
A. A. HERRMAN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of September, 1915.  
(SEAL) CHARLES A. COFFEY, Notary Public.  
My commission expires Jan. 31, 1918.

Correct-Attest: G. W. ROBERTSON, J. N. LILLEY,  
W. F. BENNETT, Directors.

### Asks for Endorsement

Captain T. J. Molinari, of company M, is in receipt of a letter from Surgeon General A. Milliken, of the 1st. infantry N. M. N. G., asking his endorsement for a good physician in our vicinity and states he would like to appoint a commissioned surgeon here. He states he is interested in our guard here and that he has seen all of the guards mustered in and that outside of two, Company M. has the best material for a guard.

In addition to the above, recruiting Officer J. C. Compton, has been supplied with the necessary blanks and recruiting will begin at once. This has been brought about by reason of the outrages committed by the bandits on the border. In the past week there has been several exchanges of shot between troops and rangers, of the United States and supposed bandits on the Mexican side. With several Mexicans dead and wounded, some of which proved to be wearing uniforms of the Carranza army. The latest papers state that at Brownsville, there has been found circulars, urging the Mexicans to rise and conquer California, Arizona, Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico. The circulars suggest renaming the state "The Republic of Texas," and boast that the Mexicans are powerful enough to do it. San Antonio is named as headquarters in the manifesto.

### Public School Opened Monday

The Portales Public School opened Monday with the largest attendance ever enrolled at the beginning of school. The opening ceremonies were held at the Methodist church, which was largely attended by both old and young. Professor Long opened the program with an interesting talk as to the educational advancement of Roosevelt county. Other good speeches were made by A. C. Fisher, W. E. Lindsey and Mrs. S. F. Culbertson. The school is not yet fully attended on account of several students harvesting their crops.

Roscoe Davidson and family of Roswell, and R. W. Lovelace, of Hereford, Texas, passed through this city Wednesday, in a Ford car, enroute to Hereford.

## Baptist Notes

The annual meeting of the Portales association convened with the Texico church on last Wednesday. I was made moderator and Rev. Herbert Hayward, of the Fort Sumner church, was elected clerk and corresponding secretary and S. B. Owens, of Portales, Treasurer. There was a fine representation of the different churches. The Texico church entertained in a magnificent manner. Everything was up to the high water mark and the meeting was one of mutual joy and blessing. Rev. W. W. Taylor is doing a splendid work as pastor of the Texico church. The association goes next year to Fort Sumner. Our services last Sunday morning was one of joy and helpfulness. All teachers seem ready for business and were greeted by full classes. Good attendance at the preaching service. Subject for next Sunday morning, "The duty of the pastor to his church, and the duty of the members to their pastor and church." All members are requested to be present in the morning service. There will be no service at night, owing to the protracted meeting in progress at the Methodist church. All friends and strangers are welcome to worship with us.

### Energetic Campaign Begins

The campaign to extend the membership of the recently organized Taxpayers' Association of New Mexico into every county of the state in force, has begun from the organization office in Albuquerque. President Herbert J. Hagerman, of Roswell, is giving his personal attention to the work and it is predicted by those who are familiar with the aims and working organization of the association that the next thirty days will see a large membership in every county. It is a business organization, headed by business men and aimed to remedy the most serious faults of the taxation and revenue system of the state. Full information and membership applications may be had on application to R. G. Bryant, member of the General Council for this county, or by addressing Taxpayers' Association of New Mexico, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

### Read the Bank Statements

The News calls attention this week to the bank statements of the First National Bank and the Portales Bank and Trust Company of Portales and the First National Bank, of Elida, all of which will be found in this issue. There is no better way on earth to find out the condition of a country than by keeping up with the bank reports. These are all good institutions and have cause to be proud of the fine showing they are making.

P. E. Carter was this week appointed rural mail carrier for Rural route No. 1 at Elida and will go there Monday to begin duty. We think that a more capable man could not have been found. Mr. Carter came to Portales twelve years ago and has won both fame and friends for himself in the county and state. We wish him much success in his new position.

Frank T. Henderson and family left Tuesday morning for their home in Amarillo, Texas, after a three weeks' visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Henderson.

If you want pencils and tablets, come to C. M. Dobbs. We handle all kinds, at the right prices.

## LESS THAN MONTH UNTIL STATE FEDERATION MEETING

Good Programs Have Been Prepared for the Entertainment of the Ladies of the State

This Meeting Will be a Great Advertisement for Portales and the Portales Valley

The 5th, 6th and 7th of October, marks the event of great interest to all Portales in having won the State Federation meeting. Noted speakers will also be here. Dr. Roberts and Miss Hickey, will speak Wednesday evening, with music by the state, under the direction of Mrs. Hinds, of Tucumcari. Thursday afternoon, Miss Myers, of Santa Fe, Mrs. Gawler, of Elephant Butte and Miss Ross, of Las Cruces, will speak with music by Portales under the direction of Mrs. Ward. Tuesday afternoon marks the first business meeting with a president's night and an informal reception. Wednesday will be the trip to Clovis with luncheon by the Clovis Woman's Club, at the Harvey House. Thursday will be luncheon by the Portales Woman's club, and Civic and Art club, with a reception by the fair commission from 4 to 5 p.m. Thursday evening will be given over to Portales, and Mrs. Ward will place the operetta of Bulbul, at the Cosy theatre. Wednesday evening also will be given over, after the evening program, to a reception by the U. D. C. at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Leach. The whole time is crowded with business meetings and general programs. The public generally are welcome to all meetings as guests, and especially the President evenings, Wednesday evening and Thursday afternoon, also Thursday afternoon. Tickets will be sold for Bulbul in order to defray the expenses of the evening. Every other program is entirely free to the public, and a special request is made that all avail themselves of viewing the workings of this fine organization of women in the state.

### State Fair at Albuquerque

There is every evidence now that the State Fair for the coming October at Albuquerque will be of state-wide interest and that it will have some educational bearing. Perhaps every county will make an appropriation for a county display of its products and the whole exhibit will prove a surprise to some who do not know the resources of the state.

The educational situation should in some way be represented by pictures of buildings and pupils, by work, industrial as well as literary, and by printed pages, pamphlets, etc., giving facts regarding conditions in rural, city and state schools. The University will be represented.

E. P. Williams, of the Inez community, shipped another top car of hogs to the Fort Worth market Tuesday. There is but little we can add, for when we say they were top hogs, its Nuff Sed. Uncle Polk shipped two cars in July and his bunch brought second highest market in the United States for the day's sale. The highest market being two and one half cents per hundred, in the Chicago market.

All the new shades in gingham at Harris'.

14/2/15  
4.10/15

# The PRICE

By FRANCIS LYNDE  
ILLUSTRATIONS by CDRHODES

### SYNOPSIS.

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful writer, because of socialistic tendencies, holds up Andrew Galbraith, president of the Bayou State Security. In the president's private office and escapes with \$100,000 in cash. By original methods he escapes the hue and cry and goes aboard the Belle Julie as a deckhand. He unexpectedly confronts Charlotte Farnham of Wahaska, Minn., who had seen him cash Galbraith's check in the bank. Charlotte recognizes Griswold, and decides to denounce him. She sees the brutal mate rescued from drowning by Griswold. She talks to Griswold and by his advice sends a letter of betrayal to Galbraith anonymously. Griswold is arrested on the arrival of the boat at St. Louis, but escapes from his captors. He decides on Wahaska, Minn., as a hiding place, and after outfitting himself properly, takes the train. Margery Grierson, daughter of Jasper Grierson, the financial magnate of Wahaska, starts a campaign for social recognition by the "old families" of the town. Griswold falls ill on the sleeper and is cared for and taken to her home in Wahaska by Margery, who finds the stolen money in his suitcase. Broffin, detective, takes the trail. Margery asks her father to get Edward Raymer into financial hot water and then help him out of it.

### CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"He ain't the man to go to his women-folks when he gets into hot water. He'll keep it to himself, and they'll go on bluffing you, same as ever."

Miss Grierson pulled on her gauntlets and made ready to go, leisurely, as befitted her pose.

"That is where you are mistaken," she objected, coolly. "It isn't very often I can give you a business tip, but this is one of the times when I can. When John Raymer died, he left an undivided half of his estate to his wife, the other half to be shared equally by the children. At the present moment every dollar the entire family has is invested in the iron plant. You will let Mr. Raymer get himself into hot water, as you call it, and then, when I say the word, you'll reach in and pull him out."

When she was gone, the president selected another of the overgrown cigars from a box in the desk drawer, lighted it, and tilted back in the big armchair to envelop himself in a cloud of smoke. It was his single expensive habit—the never-empty box of Broddingnagian cigars in the drawer—and



"That's Where You Are Mistaken," She Objected Coolly.

the indulgence helped him to push the Yellow-Dog period into a remoter past.

After a time the smoke cloud became articulate, rumbling forth chucklings and Elizabethan oaths, mingling with musings idiotic and profane.

"By gad, I believe she thought she was fooling me—I do, for a fact! But it's too thin. Of course, she wants to make the women know, but that ain't all there is to it—not by a jugful. But it's all right; she plays her own hand, and she's bully good and able to play it. If she's after Raymer's scalp, he might as well get ready to wear a wig, right now. I'll back her to win, every time."

Accordingly, when Mr. Edward Raymer came out of the president's room at the Farmers' and Merchants' bank the following morning, he was treading upon air. For in his mind's eye there was a fair picture of a great and successful industry to be built upon the substantial extension of credit promised by the capitalist whose presence chamber he had just quitted.

### CHAPTER XII.

**Loss and Gain.**

Striving feebly as one who gathers up the shards and fragments after an explosion, Griswold remembered cloudily the supper of tasteless courses at the Hotel Chouteau. Afterward there were vague impressions, momentary breaches in the wall of inclosing darkness. In one of these intervals a woman had stood beside him, and he seemed to remember that she had put her cool hand on his

forehead. When complete consciousness returned, the dream impression was still so sharply defined that he was not surprised to find her standing at his bedside.

Before he could frame any of the queries which came thronging to the door of the returned consciousness, she smiled and shook her head and forbade him.

Later in the day the doctor came; and when the professional requirements were satisfied, Griswold learned the bare facts of his succoring. It was characteristic of the Griswold of other days that the immense obligation under which the Griswolds had placed him made him gasp and perspire afresh.

Griswold looked long and earnestly at the face of his professional adviser. It was a good face, clearly lined, benevolent, and, above all, trustworthy. "Tell me one thing more, doctor, if you can. What was the motive? Was it just heavenly goodheartedness—or—"

The doctor's smile was the least possible shade wintry.

"When you have lived a few years longer in this world of ours, you will not probe too deeply into motives; you will take the deed as the sufficient exponent of the prompting behind it. If I say so much, you will understand that I am not impugning Miss Grierson's motives. There are times when she is the good angel of everybody in sight, Mr.—"

The pause after the courtesy title was significant, and Griswold filled it promptly. "Griswold—Kenneth Griswold. Do you mean to say that you haven't known my name, doctor?"

"We have not. We took the Good Samaritan's privilege and ransacked your belongings—Miss Margery and I—thinking there might be relatives or friends who should be notified."

"And you found nothing?" queried the sick man, a cold fear gripping at his heart.

"Nothing but clothing and your toilet tools, a pistol, and a typewritten book manuscript bearing no signature."

Griswold turned his face away and shut his eyes. Once more his stake in the game of life was gone.

"There was another package—of papers in one of the grips," he said, faintly; "quite a large package wrapped in brown paper."

"We found nothing but the manuscript. Could anyone else make use of the papers you speak of?"

Griswold was too feeble to prevaricate successfully.

"There was money in the package," he said, leaving the physician to infer what he pleased.

"Ah; then you were robbed. It's a pity we didn't know it at the time. It is pretty late to begin looking for the thief now, I'm afraid."

"Quite too late," said Griswold monotonously.

It was not until after the doctor had gone that Griswold was able to face the new misfortune with anything like a sober measure of equanimity. With or without money, he must relieve the Griersons of their self-assumed burden at the earliest possible moment.

This was the thought with which he sank into the first natural sleep of convalescence. But during the days which followed, Margery was able to modify it without dulling the keen edge of his obligation. What perfect hospitality could be done, without ostentation, with the exact degree of spontaneity which made it appear as a service rendered to a kinsman. It was one of the gifts of the daughter of men to be able to ignore all the middle distances between an introduction and a friendship; and by the time Griswold was strong enough to let the big, gentle Swede plant him in a Morris chair in the sun-warmed bay window, the friendship was a fact accomplished.

"Do you know, you're the most wonderful person I have ever known!" he said to Margery, on the first of the sunning days when she had come to perch in the window seat opposite his chair. "Do you believe in destiny?"

She nodded brightly. "Sometimes I do; when it brings things out the way I want them to come out."

"I've often wondered," he went on musingly. "Think of it—somewhere back in the past you took the first step in the path which was to lead you to that late supper in the Chouteau. Somewhere in my past I took the first step in the crooked trail that was to lead me there."

"Well!" she encouraged.

"The paths crossed—and I am your poor debtor," he finished. "I can never hope to repay you and your father for what you have done."

"Oh, yes you can," she asserted lightly. "You can pass it along to the man farther down. Forget it, and tell me what you want to know about Wahaska."

"First, I'd like to know my doctor's name."

"The idea!" she exclaimed. "Hasn't there been anybody to introduce you?"

He is Wahaska's best-beloved "Doctor Bertie"; otherwise Doctor Herbert C. Farnham.

"Doctor Farnham?—not Miss Char—" He bit the name in two in the middle, but the mischief was done.

"Yes; Charlotte's father," was the calm reply. Then: "Where did you meet Miss Farnham?"

"I haven't met her," he protested instantly; "she—she doesn't know me from Adam. But I have seen her, and I happened to learn her name and her home address."

"Oh," said the small fitter of deduction pegs; and afterward she talked, and made the convalescent talk, pointedly of other things.

This occurred in the forenoon of a pleasant day in May. In the afternoon of the same day Miss Grierson's trap was halted before the door of the temporary quarters of the Wahaska public library. Raymer saw the trap and crossed the street, remembering—that his sister had asked him to get a book on orchids.

Miss Margery was in the reference room, wading absently through the newspaper files. She nodded brightly



"It is Pretty Late to Begin Looking for the Thief Now."

when Raymer entered—and was not in the least dumb-blinded by the library card in his hand.

"You are just in time to help me," she told him. "Do you remember the story of that daring bank robbery in New Orleans a few weeks ago?—the one in which a man made the president draw a check and get it cashed for him?"

Raymer did remember it, chiefly because he had talked about it at the time with Jasper Grierson, and had wondered curiously how the president of the Farmers' and Merchants' would deport himself under like conditions.

"If you should meet the man face to face, would you recognize him from the description?" she flashed up at Raymer.

"Not in a thousand years," he confessed. "Would you?"

"No; not from the description," she admitted. Then she passed to a matter apparently quite irrelevant.

"Didn't I see Miss Farnham's return noticed in the Wahaskan the other day?"

With Charlotte's father a daily visitor at Mereside, it seemed incredible that Miss Grierson had not heard of the daughter's homecoming. But Raymer answered in good faith.

"They came up as far as St. Louis on one of the Anchor line—the Belle Julie—and even Miss Gilman admits that the accommodations were excellent."

She nodded absently and began to turn the leaves of the newspaper file. Raymer took it as his dismissal and went to the desk to get the orchid book. When he looked in again on his way to the street, Miss Grierson had gone, leaving the file of the Pioneer Press open on the reading desk. Almost involuntarily he glanced at the first-page headings, thrilling to a little shock of surprise when one of them proved to be the caption of another Associated Press dispatch giving a 20-line story of the capture and second escape of the Bayou State Security robber on the levee at St. Louis.

The reading of the bit of stale news impressed him curiously. Why had Miss Margery interested herself in the details of the New Orleans bank robbery? Why—with no apparent special reason—should she have remembered it at all—or, remembering it, have known where to look for the two newspaper references?

Raymer left the library speculating vaguely on the unaccountable tangents at which the feminine mind could now and then fly off from the well-defined circle of the conventionally usual. On rare occasions his mother or Gertrude did it, and he had long since learned the folly of trying to reduce the small problem to terms of known quantities masculine.

"Just the same, I'd like to know why, this time," he said to himself, as he crossed the street to the Manufacturers' club. "Miss Grierson isn't at all the person to do things without an object."

### CHAPTER XIII.

**The Convalescent.**

After a few more days in the Morris chair—days during which he was idly contented when Margery was with him, and vaguely dissatisfied

when she was not—Griswold was permitted to go below stairs, where he met, for the first time since the Grierson roof had given him shelter, the master of Mereside.

The little visit to Jasper Grierson's library was not prolonged beyond the invalid's strength; but notwithstanding its brevity there were inert currents of antagonism evolved which Margery, present and endeavoring to serve as a lightning arrester, could neither ground nor turn aside.

Griswold took away from the rather constrained ice-breaking in the banker's library a renewed resolve to cut his obligation to Jasper Grierson as short as possible. How he should begin again the mordant struggle for existence was still an unsolved problem. Of the one-thousand-dollar spending fund there remained something less than half; for a few weeks or months he could live and pay his way; but after that—? Curiously enough the alternative of another attack upon the plutocratic dragon did not suggest itself. That, he told himself, was an experiment tried and found wanting. But in any event, he must not outstay his welcome at Mereside; and with this thought in mind he crept downstairs daily after the library episode, and would give Margery no peace because she would not let him go abroad in the town.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless—what shall I say—patient, or guest, or friend?" she laughed, garbling the quotation to fit the occasion.

"Shakespeare said 'child,'" he suggested mildly.

"And so shall I," she gibed—but the gibe itself was almost a caress. "Sometimes you remind me of an impatient boy who has been promised a peach and can't wait until it ripens. But if you must have a reason why I won't drive you this afternoon, you may. We are going to have a tiny little social function at Mereside this evening, and I want you to be fresh and rested for it."

"Certainly, I shall come, if you wish it," he assented, remembering afresh his immense obligation; and when the time was ripe he made himself presentable and felt his way down the dimly lighted library stair, being minded to slip into the social pool by the route which promised the smallest splash and the fewest ripples.

It was a stirring of the Philistine in him that led him to prefigure weariness and banality in the prospect. Without in the least expecting it, Griswold was a Brahmin of the severest sect on his social side; easily disposed to hold aloof and to criticize, and, as a man eastern-bred, serenely assured that nothing truly acceptable in the social sense could come out of the Nazareth of the West.

For this cause he was properly humiliated when he entered the spacious double drawing-rooms and found them so comfortably crowded by a throng of conventionally clothed and conventionally behaved guests that he was immediately able to lose himself—and any lingering trace of self-consciousness—in a company which, if appearances were to be trusted, was western only by reason of Wahaska's location on the map.

And the charming young hostess—hitherto he had known her only as his benefactress and the thoughtful caretaker for his comfort. But now, at this first sight of her in the broader social field, she shone upon and dazzled him. Admitting that the later charm might be subtly sensuous—he refused to analyze it too closely—it was undeniable that it warmed him to a newer and a stronger life; that he could bank in its generous glow like some hibernating thing of the wild answering to the first thrilling of the springtide. True, Miss Grierson bore little resemblance to any ideal of his past imaginings. She might even be the Aspasia to Charlotte Farnham's Saint Cecilia. But, even so, was not the daughter of Axiolchus well beloved of men and of heroes?

It was some little time afterward, and Jasper Grierson, stalking like a grim and rather unwilling master of ceremonies among his guests, had gruffly introduced three or four of the men, when Griswold gladly made room in the window seat for his transformed and glorified mistress of the fitnesses. As had happened more than once before, her nearness intoxicated him; and while he made sure now that the charm was at least partly physical, its appeal was none the less irresistible.

"Are you dreadfully tired?" she asked, adding quickly: "You mustn't let us make a martyr of you. It's your privilege to disappear whenever you feel like it."

"Indeed, I'm not at all tired," he protested. "It is all very comforting and homelike; so vastly—" he hesitated, seeking thoughtfully for the word which should convey his meaning without laying him open to the charge of patronizing superciliousness, and she supplied it promptly.

"So different from what you were expecting; I know. You have been thinking of us as barbarians—outer barbarians, perhaps—and you find that we are only harmless provincials. But really, you know, we are improving. I wish you could have known Wahaska as it used to be."

"It is all very grateful and delightful to me," he confessed, at length. "I have been out of the social running for a long time, but I may as well admit that I am shamelessly, epicurean by nature, and an ascetic only when the necessities drive."

"I know," she assented, with quick appreciation. "An author has to be both, hasn't he?—keen to enjoy, and well hardened to endure."

He turned upon her squarely.

"Where did you ever learn how to say such things as that?" he demanded.

It was an opening for mockery and good-natured rally, but she did not make use of it. Instead, she let him look as deeply as he pleased into the velvety eyes when she said: "It is given to some of us to see and to understand where others have to learn slowly, letter by letter. Surely, your own gift has told you that, Mr. Griswold?"

"It has," he acknowledged. "But I have found few who really do understand."

"Which is to say that you haven't yet found your other self, isn't it? Perhaps that will come, too, if you'll only be patient—and not expect too many other gifts of the gods along with the one priceless gift of perfect sympathy."

"When I find the one priceless gift, I shall confidently expect to find everything else," he asserted, still held a willing prisoner by the bewitching eyes.

She laughed softly. "You'll be disappointed. The gift you demand will preclude some of the others; as the others would certainly preclude it. How can you be an author and not understand that?"

"I am not an author, I am sorry to say," he objected. "I have written but the one book, and I have never been able to find a publisher for it."

"But you are not going to give up?"

"No; I am going to rewrite the book and try again—and yet again, if needful. It is my message to mankind, and I mean to deliver it."

"Bravo!" she applauded, clapping her hands in a little burst of enthusiasm which, if it were not real, was at least an excellent simulation. "It is only the weak ones who say, 'I hope.' For the truly strong hearts there is only one battle cry, 'I will!' When you get blue and discouraged you must come to me and let me cheer you. Cheering people is my mission, if I have any."

Griswold's pale face flushed and the blood sang blithely in his veins. He wondered if she had been tempted to read the manuscript of the book while he was fighting his way back to consciousness and life. If they had been alone together, he would have asked her. The bare possibility set all the springs of the author's vanity upbubbling within him. There and then he promised himself that she should hear the rewriting of the book, chapter by chapter. But what he said was out of a deeper and worthier underthought.

"You have many missions, Miss Margery; some of them you choose, and some are chosen for you."

"No," she denied; "nobody has ever chosen for me."

"That may be true, without making me a false prophet. Sometimes when we think we are choosing for ourselves, chance chooses for us; oftener than not, I believe."

She turned on him quickly, and for a single swiftly passing instant the velvety eyes were deep wells of soberness with an indefinable underdepth of sorrow in them. Griswold had a sudden conviction that for the first time in his knowing of her he was looking into the soul of the real Margery Grierson.

"What you call 'chance' may possibly have a bigger and better name," she said gravely.

Some little time after this Raymer, who had been one of the men introduced by Jasper Grierson, turned up again in the invalid's corner. Raymer



"You Have Many Missions, Miss Margery."

suggested the smoking-room and a cigar, and Griswold went willingly.

From that on the path to better acquaintance was the easiest of short cuts, even as the mild cigar which Raymer found in his pocket case paved the way for a return of the smoker's zest in the convalescent. Without calling himself a reformer, the young ironmaster proved to be a practical sociologist. Wherefore, when Griswold presently mounted his own sociological hobby, he was promptly invited to visit the Raymer foundry and machine works, to the end that he might have some of his theories of the universal oppression of wage earners charitably modified.

"Of course, I don't deny that we're a long way from the millennium yet," was Raymer's summing up of the conditions in his own plant. "But I do claim that we are on a present-day, living footing. So far as the men un-

derstand loyalty, they are loyal; partly to my father's memory; partly, I hope, to me. We have never had a strike or an approach to one, or a disagreement that could not be adjusted amicably. Whether these conditions can be maintained after we double our capacity and get in a lot of new blood, I can't say. But I hope they can."

"You are enlarging?" said Griswold.

Raymer waited until the only other man in the smoking den had gone back to the drawing-rooms before he said: "Yes, I caught the fever along with the rest of them a few weeks ago, and I'm already beginning to wish that I hadn't."

"You are afraid of the market?"

"No; times are good, and the market—our market, at least—is daily growing stronger. It is rather a matter of finances. I am an engineer, as my father was before me. When it comes to wrestling with the money devil, I'm outclassed from the start."

"There are a good many more of us in the same boat," said Griswold, leaving an opening for further confidences if Raymer chose to make them. But the young ironmaster was looking at his watch, and the confidences were postponed.

"I'm keeping you up, when I dare say you ought to be in bed," he protested; but Griswold held him long enough to ask for a suggestion in a small matter of his own.

Now that he was able to be about, he was most anxious to relieve Miss Grierson and her father of the charge and care of one whose obligation to them was already more than mountain-high; did Raymer happen to know of some quiet household where the obligated one could find lodging and a simple table?

Raymer, taking time to think of it, did know. Mrs. Holcomb, the widow of his father's bookkeeper, owned her own house in Shawnee street. It was not a boarding house. The widow rented rooms to two of Mr. Grierson's bank clerks, and she was looking for another desirable lodger. Quite possibly she would be willing to board the extra lodger. Raymer himself would go and see her about it.

"It is an exceedingly kind-hearted community, this home town of yours, Mr. Raymer," was the convalescent's leave-taking, when he shook hands with the ironmaster at the foot of the stairs; and that was the thought which he took to bed with him after Raymer had gone to make his adieux to the small person who, in Griswold's reckoning, owned the kindest of kind hearts.

### CHAPTER XIV.

**Broffin's Equation.**

Having Clerk Maurice's telegram to time the overtaking approach, Broffin found the Belle Julie backing and filling for her berth at the Vicksburg landing when, after a hasty Vicksburg breakfast, he had himself driven to the river front.

Going aboard as soon as the swing stage was lowered, he found Maurice, with whom he had something more than a speaking acquaintance, just turning out of his bunk in the texas.

"I took it for granted you'd be along," was Maurice's greeting. "What bank robber are we running away with now?"

Broffin grinned.

"I'm still after the one you took on in the place of John Gavitt."

"Humph!" said the clerk, sleepily; "I thought that one was John Gavitt." "No; he merely took Gavitt's place and name. Tell me all you know about him."

"I don't know anything about him, except that he was fool enough to pull Buck McGrath out of the river just after McGrath had tried to bump him over the bows."

"Of course, so far as you know, nobody on the boat suspected that the fellow who called himself Gavitt was anything but the 'roustie' he was passing himself off for? You didn't know of his having any talk with any of the upper-deck people?"

"Only once," said the day clerk, promptly.

"When was that?"

"It was one day just after the 'man-overboard' incident, a little while after dusk in the evening. I was up here in the texas, getting ready to go to supper. Gavitt—we may as well keep on calling him that till you've found another name for him—Gavitt had been cubbing for the pilot. I saw him go across the hurricane-deck garboards; and a minute later I heard him talking to somebody—a woman—on the guards below."

"You didn't hear what was said?"

"I didn't pay any attention. Passengers, woman passengers, especially, often do that—pull up a 'roustie' and pry into him to see what sort of wheels he has. But I noticed that they talked for quite a little while; because, when I finished dressing and went below, he was just leaving her."

Broffin rose up from the bunk on which he had been sitting and laid a heavy hand on Maurice's shoulder. "You ain't going to tell me that you didn't find out who the woman was, Clarence—what?" he said anxiously.

"That's just what I've got to tell you, Matt," returned the clerk, reluctantly. "I was due at the second table, and I didn't go as far forward as the stanchion she was holding to. All I can tell you is that she was one of the half-dozen or so younger women we had on board; I could guess at that much."

Broffin's oath was not of anger; it was a mere upbubbling of disappointment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Red and Gray Auto Tubes,  
All Sizes of Spark Plugs

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Telephone Number 91

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

## READ THIS

..For Your Stomach's Sake..

Be good to your stomach, for without it you will not go far. Keep it in prime condition by consuming quality foodstuffs, and bear in mind that the cheap, adulterated grades are an abomination and a lasting physical injury. Your stomach cannot thrive on impurities, and your lease of life and physical usefulness is dependant mainly on the care you give your digestive organs.

When you buy Flour, Sugar, Teas, Coffee, Canned Goods, Bottled Goods, or anything on earth for the table, "for the stomach's sake" get something that is high grade and keep ever in mind the fact that we sell goods that are pure and strong in health productive qualities, and our prices are RIGHT.

New Car of RED STAR Flour in Transit

## Deen-Neer Company

Telephone 15, Formerly Portales Drug Company Building

## Attend the Roosevelt County Fair

Portales, October 5th, 6th, and 7th

And while here; call at this office and ask about our Special Clubbing Offer, which is composed of Holland's Magazine 2 years, Farm and Ranch 1 year, and the Portales Valley News 1 year. By special arrangements we are able to give you these papers as above stated for only

**\$2.00**

A better combination for the farmer or stockman could not be selected. Call and lets us show you.

## Portales Valley News

Portales, New Mexico

### Town Council Proceeding

The town council met in regular session September, 7th, 1915, the mayor being present and on account of there not being a quorum of the members present, the mayor adjourned the meeting over to Wednesday evening September, 8th, at 7 o'clock.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1915.

The council met in an adjourned session and the following members were present: E. B. Hawkins mayor, J. P. Deen, S. A. Morrison and G. M. Williamson, trustees. Minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved and after having been examined and approved, were ordered paid as follows:

J. W. Robinson, cutting weeds	\$ 1 00
Claude Martin, cutting weeds	1 00
Joe Griffin, cutting weeds	7 00
Tom Maxwell, cutting weeds	8 00
E. G. Denton, cutting weeds	4 40
T. V. Denton, cutting weeds	8 00
Stoakes Sanders cutting weeds	6 00
Mack Duncan, cutting weeds	5 00
Elmer Walker, cutting weeds	4 90
Joe Griffin, cutting weeds	7 00
Tom Maxwell, cutting weeds	7 00
T. V. Denton, cutting weeds	5 00
E. G. Denton, cutting weeds	7 00
Stoakes Saoders, cutting weeds	7 00
M. E. Duncan, cutting weeds	6 00
Elmer Walker, cutting weeds	7 00
Joe Griffin, cutting weeds	1 10
M. E. Duncan, cutting weeds	1 10
A. D. Wallace, cutting weeds	18 00
A. D. Wallace, cutting weeds	3 00
W. E. Keeter, salary	100 00
George Williams, salary	70 00
Harve Atkinson, salary	40 00
B. B. Clayton, salary	25 00
S. A. Morrison, salary	25 00
W. H. Braley, salary	25 00
W. H. Braley, postage	3 00
Mrs. J. Rush Goodloe, rent	8 00
C. M. Dobbs, supplies	5 07
Portales Printing company printing	16 50
Herald-Times, printing	1 50
Inda Humphrey, supplies	1 25
Joyce - Pruitt company, supplies	6 30
Deen - Neer company, supplies	75
Continental Oil company oil	8 63
Bob Adams, drayage	50
Pittsburg Meter company, meters	24 00
J. L. Fernandes, work	5 00

A petition was presented, asking the town to furnish all night service at the light plant during the county fair, to which the Council agreed and also to start the plant at one o'clock, in the day time. There being no further business, the council adjourned.

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

If it is school books or supplies you are looking for, you will find a complete line at C. M. Dobbs' confectionery.

### Notice to Hunters

Hunters are notified that the season is still closed on quails and that in all cases where the evidence of violations of the game and fish laws can be secured, prosecutions will follow, and this without fear or favor. You are also notified that it is unlawful to hunt without first having a license therefor.

DEPUTY GAME WARDEN.

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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

## 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.

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# SEEING LIFE with JOHN HENRY by George V. Hobart



John Henry on Human Nature

SAY! Did you ever sit around in the Pullman Car and study a few paragraphs from the world's most famous text book—human nature?

Go after it the first chance you get—you'll learn a lot.

For instance, during a trip recently on one of Mr. Pullman's sleep-wagons I soon learned that the brisk and breezy crew in the seats around me were commercial travelers, and they were fanning each other with fairy tales about the goods they sold.

I learned that the one who looked like a human apple was affectionately known as Slim because he's so fat that every time he turns around he meets himself coming back.

And it wasn't hard to learn that the tall one with the sandy hair was Nick Dalrymple, who goes after the orders for a hardware house in Columbus and knows everybody in the world—bar one family living in Yonkers.

Then there was Tod Gilpin, who cuts ice for a match factory in Newark, and he's the life of a small party.

Tod's main hold is to creep into the "reading room" of a Rube hotel after the chores are done of an evening and throw saive at the come-ons. Tod tells them that their town is the brightest spot on the map, and they warm up to him and want to buy him sarsaparilla and root beer. Then when he gets them stuck on themselves he sells them matches.

Presently I learned that the party with the mauve forehead and the magenta mustache was Mutt Dawson—the most reckless spendthrift with his words and the meanest man to the English language I ever listened to.

The 'Dream Builders' Association was in full session when Wedge Murray caromed over and weighed-in with the party.

Wedge is a saucy little party, five foot four, with three foot shoulders. I learned that Wedge sells canned shirt waists for the Shine Brothers, and if he's ever let into the firm it will be as a brother.

Wedge is one of those goose-headed ginks who scratch gravel and start in to make a killing every time they see a pretty girl.

Across the aisle sat two pet ca-

He sat on the arm of the seat and steamed up.

In less than a minute he crowded the information on them that he was a millionaire who had escaped from Los Angeles, California, and he was just going to put them both in grand opera, when Slim toddled over to him and said: "Next stop Erie! You told me to remind you to send that telegram to your wife in Logansport."

Curtain. Of course the fact that Wedge didn't have a wife in Logansport or elsewhere made no difference. He couldn't prove an alibi, so he faded out into the day coach and became as one who isn't.

The Roast-Beef Sisters seemed to be all carved up about something or other.

While these more or less grin-producing incidents were occurring there was ever present in my own noodle the grim reality that bedtime was approaching and I had drawn an upper berth.

Say! I'll be one of a party of six to go before Congress and tell all I know about an upper berth.

As a place to tie up a small bundle of sleep a boiler factory has it beat to a whimper.

Strong men weep every time the ticket agent says, "Nothing left but an upper," and lovely women have hysterics and begin to make faces at the general public when the colored porter points up in the air and says, "Madam, your eagle's nest is ready far up the mountainside."

While the porter was cooking up my attack of insomnia I went out in the smoking room to drown my sorrow, but I found such a bunch of sorrow killers out there ahead of me that I had to hold the comb and brush in my lap and sit up on the towel rack while I took a little smoke.

Did you ever notice on your travels that peculiar hog on the train who pays two dollars for a berth and always displaces eight dollars' worth of space in the smoking car?

If he would bite the end of a piece of rope and light up occasionally he wouldn't be so bad, but nix on the smoke for him.

He simply sits there with a face like a fish and keeps George Nicotine

buffet car on the train, so he offers to buy the drinks.

"Don't you believe that all men are born equal?" inquired the Kansas Cityite.

"Yes, but some of them have pull enough to get over it," responded the Providence philosopher; whereupon the smokeless hog by the window took out a flask and began to dampen his conscience.

Just then the towel rack fell with a crash, and after I picked up the comb and brush and myself I decided to retire to my bracket on the wall and try to sleep.

When I left the smoker the smokeless hog was occupying two and a half seats and was now busy breathing in some second-hand cigarette smoke which nobody seemed to care for.

"How do I reach my Alpine bungalow?" I said to the porter, whereupon he laughed toothfully and hit me on the shins with a stepladder.

The spectacular gent who occupied the star chamber beneath my garret



"Their Names Were Millie and Tillie."

was sleeping as noisily as possible, and when I started up the stepladder he began to render Mendelssohn's obligato for the trombone in "The Key of G."

Above the roar of the train from away off in lower No. 2 faintly I could hear an answering bugle call.

I climbed up prepared for the worst and in the twinkling of an eye the porter removed the stepladder and there I was, sitting on the perilous edge of my pantry shelf with nothing to comfort me save the exhaust of a professional snorer.

After about five minutes devoted to a parade of all my sins, I began to try to extract my personality from my coat, but when I pushed my arm up in the air to get the sleeve loose my knuckle struck the hardwood finish and I fell backward on the cast-iron pillows, breathing hoarsely like a busy jackrabbit.

I waited about ten minutes while my brain was bobbing back and forth with the excitement of running fifty miles an hour over a careless part of the country, and then I cautiously tried to approach my shoe laces.

Say! If you're a man and you weigh in the neighborhood of 200 pounds, most of which is in the region of the equator, you will appreciate what it means to lie on your back in an upper berth and try to get your shoes off.

And this goes double for the man who weighs more than 200 pounds.

Every time I reached for my feet to get my shoes off I bumped my head off; so I decided that in order to keep my head on I had better keep my shoes on also.

Then I tried to divorce my suspenders from my shoulders but just as I got the suspenders half way over my head I struck my crazy bone on the rafters, and there I was, suspended between heaven and earth, but praying with all my heart for a bottle of arnica.

Finally I decided to sleep as nature made me, with all my clothes on including my rubbers.

So I stretched out, but just then the train struck a curve and I went up in the air till the ceiling hit me, and then I bounced over to the edge of the precipice and hung there, trembling on the verge.

Below me all was dark and gloomy, and only by the hoarse groans of the snorers could I tell that the Pullman company was still making money.

Luck was with me, however, for just then the train struck an inshoot curve which pushed me to the wall, and I bumped my head so completely that I fell asleep.

When I woke up a small package of daylight was peeping into the car, so I decided to descend from my cupboard shelf at once.

I peeped out through the aluminum curtains, but there was no sign of the colored porter and the stepladder was invisible to the naked eye.

The car was peaceful now, with the exception of a gent in lower No. 4, who had a strange hold on a Beethoven sonata and was beating the cadence out of it.

I made a short prayer and concluded to fall out, but just then one of my feet rested on something solid; so I put both feet on it and began to step down.

Alas, however, the moment I put my weight on it my stepping stone gave way and I fell overboard with a splash.

"How dare you put your feet on my head?" yelled the man on the ground noor of my bedroom.

"Excuse me. It felt like something wooden," I whispered, while I dashed madly for the smoker.

From that day to this I have never been able to look a Pullman car in the face, and whenever anybody mentions an upper berth to me I lose my presence of mind and get peevish.

If you have ever been there your self I know you don't blame me! Do you?

## JUSTICE TO PLUMBER

Writer Calls a Halt on the Venerable Joke.

"Skilled Scientist" is New Appellation Given Him, and It May Be That He Will Be Held Deserving of It.

Time to call a halt on the venerable joke about the plumber. He is a skilled scientist, just as is the surgeon a trained and highly intelligent artist. The only difference is that one ministers to a body diseased or smashed up in some of its essential parts, and the other ministers to the larger organism in which a group of humans make their home, healing its diseases so far at least as they have to do with the circulatory and other important systems upon which the health of the whole depends.

For instance: the other day something went wrong with Smith's house in its most vital parts. The kitchen boiler cracked, to be definite. The symptoms could be interpreted by anybody, and clearly a major operation was immediately necessary. The skilled surgeon was summoned. It was decided that the house should have a new heart. Also after consultation and mature consideration it was determined that certain minor defects of the circulatory system, as leaking taps and insufficient valves, should be patched up and put on the job again. The cisterns no longer should murmur.

Alas! The following night Smith was awakened by the steady dripping of water close by the side of his couch. The candle which was hurriedly procured showed that upon the ceiling there was a circular patch of wetness rapidly gaining in size. Quizzical investigations showed that all seemed to be in order. The ear applied to walls and floors detected no gaspings or gurglings. The reservoirs seemed to maintain their correct levels. The telephone emergency call got from the nearest plumber, after a half hour of rather wild work, merely the advice—"Tap on the supply pipe with a hammer." That was not entirely satisfactory, and another plumber was summoned. He measured, calculated and listened. He finally diagnosed thus: "Must be the supply pipe just before it enters the top of the reservoir."

And all hands went over to the house, turned off the supply in the cellar, drained the cisterns and sought peace and sleep once more.

In the morning the plumber made his official call. A brief examination convinced him that his colleague's diagnosis of the night before had been correct. Serious measures being necessary, he began to pull up floors and remove baseboards. Thus there were laid bare the secrets of the anatomy of the house. All the hidden organs were revealed. Wires and

pipes and traps and mysterious appliances hidden beneath paint and wall paper acquired a threatening look, and the observer could not but wonder what might happen if they should once take possession of the premises on their own account.

Examination by the master surgeon, with Mr. Smith trailing at his heels, revealed no serious lesions nor fractures. A temporary restoration of circulation showed no flaw in the main arteries. Mr. Smith in despair mentioned one or two of the emergency measures of the night before, the minor adjustments of taps and valves. The surgeon smiled. "Fill up the cisterns and wait," he said. The pipes began to throb. The water rose to the customary level. When the top of the reservoir filled and the noise was reduced to the minimum, there it was again.

There in the bedroom—"Drip, drip," it came again. The flaw was found at last. It was in the waste or overflow pipe of that top reservoir. For the seventeenth time the weary Mr. Smith climbed to the top of his house. There was a short spout, perhaps six feet long, that made the whole trouble.—Boston Herald.

**Made a Difference.**  
At a dinner party the other evening, reference having been made to the good old days in the little brick schoolhouse, this story was recalled by James L. Rice, coach of the Columbia college crew:

The teacher in a public school was giving a demonstration in mental arithmetic, and after speaking at some length she turned to a bright-faced boy at the head of the class.

"Now, then, Willie," said she, "do you think that you can answer me a question in mental arithmetic?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the confident rejoinder of the beaming youngster.

"Well, then," resumed the teacher, "how old would a person be who was born in 1876?"

"That depends," quickly rejoined little Willie. "Was the person a man or a woman?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

**A Change of Luck.**  
Hicks—How do you happen to be going fishing on Friday? I thought you believed Friday was an unlucky day?

Wicks—Well, I always have, but it occurred to me this morning that perhaps it would be unlucky for the fish!

**Beautiful Neutrality.**  
The Venus of Milo explained, "An endeavor to be neutral," she said; "arms are munitions of war."

The trouble about looking up to other people is that it encourages them to look down on us.  
All men are born ignorant and some never get over it.

Art at best turns out a poor counterfeit of nature.

## WANTED TO SEE THE FINISH

Small Girl Did Not Consider That the End of the Proceedings Had Been Reached.

The short interval that elapsed between the visit of the little girl to a commencement exercise and attendance at an old-fashioned camp-meeting may explain a remark that she made at the religious event. She went there with her grandmother, and, very much interested in everything that occurred, asked numerous questions which her grandparent attempted to answer to the best of her ability.

"Who is that woman up there and what is she doing?" asked the little girl, referring to a woman who was on her knees in the "amen corner."

"I don't know who she is, but she's going to get religion," was the reply.

Some time elapsed and the woman remained on her knees. Finally, the grandmother of the little girl became tired of the service and announced that it was time to leave.

"Oh, let's not go yet," exclaimed her grandchild. "Let's wait and see 'em give it to her."—Louisville Times.

**Touch Pre-eminent.**  
"A cozy picture, eh? A man lolling in an easy chair and his beautiful wife leaning over him to light his cigar?"

"You haven't seen the companion picture to it, have you?"

"Why, no."  
"It's the same man savagely chewing the end of his cigar and writing a check."—Kansas City Star.

**Extravagance.**  
"Well, my dear," said the head of the family jubilantly, "I closed the deal for the new house today. I had the title searched and found it perfectly clear. It cost me a hundred dollars for the search, but—"  
"Now isn't that a perfect shame!" interrupted his better half. "All that money wasted for nothing."

**A Difference.**  
Angelina—And so you love me with all your heart? Would you die for me?

Edwin—No, dear.  
Angelina—You wouldn't die for me? Edwin—No; mine is an undying affection.

**Couldn't Do It.**  
"I want you," said the fair society leader, "to give me a plain opinion about my latest photograph."  
"Madam," said the gallant cavalier, bowing, "to speak in plain terms of that portrait would be impossible!"

What is worth doing at all is worth doing well, unless you are going to make a fool of yourself.

Time is money, yet lots of people with plenty of time on their hands will strike you for a loan.

All things come to him who waits, but he is generally dead by the time they reach him.



"The Moment I Put My Weight on It my Stepping-Stone Gave Way."

naries from Plainfield, New Jersey. They were members of the Soubrette Singing Society, and they were en route to the West to join the "Bunch of Birds Burlesque Company."

Their names were Millie and Tillie, and they wore Feather Duster hats. Millie was fully aware that she could back Duse off the map, and Tillie was ready to bet a week's salary that she could make Bernhardt feel like she was out in the storm we had day before yesterday.

Tod called them the Roast-Beef Sisters, Rare and Well-done.

In a minute the castors on Wedge's neck began to turn.

Nick put the others wise with a wink, so they lit the fire and began to cook it up.

Wedge's heart was warming for the birds in the gilded cage.

"Nothing into it!" said Slim. "It's a plain case of Appomattox. The war is over and they are yours, Wedge!"

Wedge turned a few more volts into his twinkling lamps.

"Lower your mainsail, Wedge, and drop alongside; you've made the landing," suggested Nick.

Wedge began to feel his necktie and play patty-cake with the little bald spot on the top of his head.

"Stop the hansom and get out; you're at your corner," said Tod.

The Sweet Dreams across the way were giving Wedge the glorious eye-roll, and he felt that dinner was ready.

"Hang up your hat, Wedge, and gather the myrtle with Mary!" Slim shipped in.

Then Wedge bounced over and began to show Millie and Tillie what a handsome brute he was at close quarters.

and all the real rag burners from enjoying a smoke.

If ever a statue is needed of the patriot Buttinski I would suggest a model in the person of the smokeless smoker who always travels in the smoking car.

Two busy gazabes were discussing politics when I squeezed into the smoker on this particular occasion, and I judge they both had lower berths; otherwise their minds would have been busy with dark and personal fears of the future.

"Well," exclaimed the gabby one from Kansas City, "what is politics? Well, what is it?"

"Politics," replied Wise Willie from Providence, "politics is where we get it—sometimes in the bank, sometimes in the neck!"

Everybody present peeled the cover off a loud laugh and the smokeless hog at the window stole four inches extra space so that he could shake more when he giggled.

"Well," resumed the inquisitive person from Kansas City, "what is a politician? Do you know? Eh, well, what is a politician?"

"A politician," replied the fat man from Providence, "a politician is the reason we have so much politics."

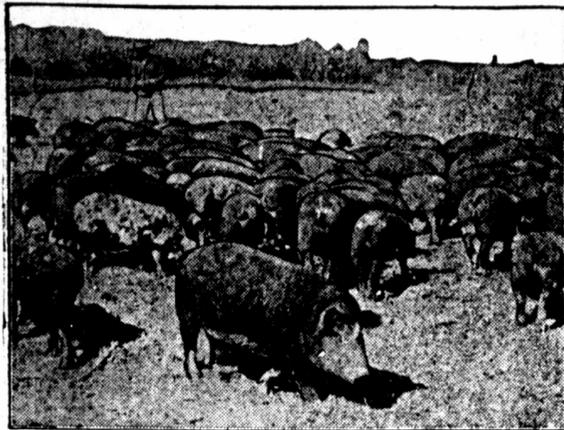
Much applause left the hands of those present, and the smokeless hog turned sideways so that he could make the others more uncomfortable.

"Perhaps," insinuated gabby Jim from Kansas City, "perhaps you know what a statesman is, eh?"

"A statesman is a politician in good luck," was the comeback from our fat friend from Providence, and in the enthusiasm which followed the smokeless hog found out there was no

Cracking Good—  
**Post Toasties**  
and cream  
A Royal Treat

**GO SLOW IN FEEDING NEW CORN TO HOGS**



Healthy, Vigorous Bunch of Hogs.

With new corn the greatest danger is in overfeeding. Farmers who have old corn left over who will take the trouble to mix it with the new, can feed the new crop to very good advantage because the green stuff is greatly relished by the pigs and it adds to the palatability of the old corn.

But it is a mistake to start hogs on new corn alone and all well informed feeders know that it takes more grain and longer time to make fat hogs from new than from old corn.

Another thing: It is believed by many hog raisers that heavy feeding with new corn produces cholera. While this is not likely, it is almost certain to produce disturbance of the digestive organs and prevent that steady laying on of fat which is the aim of all feeders.

We all know that corn is the most fattening feed that can be used but many of us have not yet learned that constant and heavy feeding of this grain alone produces serious trouble and does not make as good pork as when fed judiciously with other kinds of food.

When a hog is stuffed with corn and nothing else, he soon becomes overfatted and his growth stops, simply because he does not get the proper material in his food to make bone and muscle and his fat is piled on a small, weak frame.

A corn-fat hog is also deficient in rich blood, lacks stamina and is in a

poor condition to resist any disease that is liable to attack him under such conditions. It is all right to crowd pigs from birth to maturity provided they are crowded with growth as well as fat.

The first two months must be spent in building up a frame work and constitution which will carry a load of fat which is to be put on during the close of the feeding period.

The wise feeder does not figure so much on the amount of fat he can put on his hogs as he does on how quickly and cheaply he can prepare them for market and how much profit he can make during the feeding period.

The farmer who has a hundred acres of corn and no clover pasture or alfalfa is not in a good position as regards hog feeding. Clover, alfalfa, wheat bran, pumpkins and skim milk are all necessary to the proper feeding of hogs from the time they are pigs to the time they are sent to market. If a man has no sensible knowledge of balanced rations, he can, if he is a close observer and possessed of common sense, generally tell when his hogs are making the right kind of growth.

If he observes his hogs becoming chubby with rolls of fat, skin pale, showing anemic conditions, listless and lacking in snap and vigor, he will know that they are getting too much corn and will change or vary his ration to overcome these unfavorable conditions.

**DESTROY WHITE FLY ON TOMATO PLANTS**

Department of Agriculture Recommends Fumigation With Hydrocyanic Gas.

For white fly on tomatoes the experts of the department of agriculture recommend fumigation with hydrocyanic acid gas. Special care is necessary for the use of this poisonous gas, however, and in some cases it is undesirable or impractical. In such cases an all-night fumigation with a tobacco extract is recommended. This should be followed the next day by a syringing with whale oil soap or its equivalent. The best brands of whale oil soap, used in the proportion of one to one and one-half ounces per gallon of water, have been found to destroy all of the white flies except the eggs, a small percentage of the nearly mature pupae, and from 25 to 50 per cent of the adults which escape the spray by flying from the plants. It is not advisable to syringe tomato plants in greenhouses at any time, when avoidable, as syringing interferes with pollination and produces a damp atmosphere which promotes rot, but the injury by syringing may be as nothing compared with that which is caused daily by the insects.

**HARNESS OILING IS JOB FOR RAINY DAY**

Little Use in All Kinds of Weather Works a Great Change in Flexibility.

Harness oiling is a rainy day job on the farm and a regular part of the stable work in the city. It's a vitally necessary part, too. There's no trouble about spilling a harness—the question with the horse owners is how not to spill harness.

A very little use in all kinds of weather works a great change in the flexibility and "snappiness" of harness leather. It gets hard, dry, lifeless—crossed and recrossed with little checks which eat into the leather and soon bring it to the breaking point.

Every man who owns or drives a horse knows that the preventive and cure is oiling.

Up-to-Date Dairying. A visit to a first-class dairy farm in these days will show how every modern invention is seized upon and applied to expedite the business of caring for the animals and milk. The stables are almost as clean as parlors while everything is carried on so systematically and methodically that there is a great contrast between the methods of today and the older time.

**MAKE PROFIT WITH SHEEP ON ANY FARM**

Properly Cared For, They Have Fewer Ailments Than Any Other Farm Animal.

For the man who has rough or poor land with short pastures, sheep are much more profitable than cattle. On a farm of 100 acres or over, it pays much better to sell sheep as mutton instead of stock for other people to fatten.

Sheep should be graded according to size, putting the prime ones in a lot to be fed by themselves, and if you are determined to keep the poor ones put them in a different lot and do the best you can with them. Better sell them, though.

If your ewes drop their lambs and these are in need of attention which their mother cannot give them, dilute cows' milk with about one-third water.

There is nothing better for sheep than clover, except possibly alfalfa.

Some farmers say they do not keep sheep because they are subject to disease, which is a great mistake; because properly cared for sheep have fewer ailments than any other farm animal.

No animal on the farm is as dainty as the sheep when it comes to drinking water. It must be clean before the sheep will touch it.

If you have had no experience with sheep do not buy a ram on your own judgment, but get some man who owns sheep to buy it for you. And don't be stingy in the matter of price.

The big fairs are great object lessons which the farmer who tries to keep up with the times cannot afford to miss.

If you intend to go into the sheep business better go to the state fair this fall.

**CHICKEN DRIVER IS NOT HARD TO MAKE**

Simple Palm Leaf Fan Wired to Long Stick Will Prove Entirely Satisfactory.

Not very easy to drive young chickens where they don't want to go. "Shooting" with the apron or throwing up the arms only serves to frighten them; and rarely accomplishes the object desired.

A simple palm leaf fan wired to a long stick, used gently, the young chicks may be guided in any direction, and are never frightened.

This device is especially good for the purpose of driving ducks, as they are extremely nervous and easily frightened.

**DEFINITION OF DRY FARMING**

Principal Things Are Water Conservation, Drought Resistant Crops and System of Rotation.

Dry farming simply means good farming. There is no place in the United States where crops are not reduced to some extent every year on account of an insufficient supply of water. The principal things then in dry farming are water conservation, the proper selection of drought resistant crops, and a wise system of crop rotation, large proportion of the land devoted to forage and feed crops, with a sufficient number of animals to consume all the cheap roughage produced on the farm.

In controlling the water supply the first thing to do is to get the water into the ground and then prevent percolation and evaporation. The soil will absorb water more rapidly and hold a greater quantity if it is properly tilled. Hence, fall plowing of the land, if it does not blow, is advisable. The plowing should be deep and thorough. Since organic matter will hold much more water than an equal volume of soil particles, the addition of vegetable matter is very important. After the water is in the soil much of the evaporation can be prevented by frequent and shallow cultivation. An endeavor should be made to keep the loose soil mulch, but not a dust blanket, as it is frequently called.

Dry farming consists of: First, tilling so that the water will be absorbed by the soil; second, a good selection of drought resistant crops and the proper utilization of the crops.

There have been several good bulletins published on this subject. Most of these bulletins can be secured free of charge by writing to the different stations mentioned below:

Bulletin No. 112, Utah Experiment Station, Logan, Utah.

Bulletin No. 61, New Mexico Experiment Station, Agricultural College, New Mexico.

Montana Experiment Station, Bozeman, Mont.

United States department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

**"DRY FARMING" IN THE WEST**

Just What It Means When Practiced Under Semi-Arid Conditions—Congress Held at Denver.

The extent to which "dry farming" has become a part of our national agriculture is indicated by the preparations that are being made for the congress that is to be held in Denver, September 26 to October 10 next. Thirteen states outside of Colorado have already made direct or indirect appropriations, and seven other states are considering the matter favorably or have indicated their intention to make some kind of state display. These virtually include all of the states west of the Missouri river, together with Wisconsin, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana and Minnesota.

"Dry farming" consists essentially in the selection of crops suitable to semi-arid conditions with such methods of cultivation as will secure the most favorable results in production from the scanty rainfall. These special methods of farming, remarks the Pueblo (Colo.) Chieftain, have already added hundreds of thousands of acres to the productive area of the western states, and millions to the annual crop value. A much larger benefit is certain to be realized from this source in the future, and it is not surprising that the people of all the western states should be desirous of learning more about the principles of "dry farming" and their application under the various local conditions.

**GET EDIBLE OIL FROM WEED**

Hitherto Worthless Plant May Be Utilized for Food—It is Also Valuable for Live Stock.

The discovery that oil from the devil's claws, a hitherto worthless weed, can be utilized for food may result in making it a valuable industrial product for the semiarid regions of Kansas, according to Prof. E. H. S. Bailey, the University of Kansas food chemist.

Laboratory investigations showed that this weed, now growing abundantly on the waste lands of western Kansas, Colorado, Texas and New Mexico, produces a seed from which an edible oil is extracted that may take the place of olive or cottonseed oil.

The press cake from the oil is also valuable for stock food, as it has a high protein value.

**SURE CURE FOR MELON BUGS**

Successful Market Gardener Gets Rid of Insects by Liberal Use of Bone Dust Around Plants.

(By C. M. SCHULZ.) A very successful market gardener told me last fall that he had a sure cure for the little striped melon bugs. He said he had paid \$10.00 for the secret and it had been worth \$100.00 to him since. It was nothing more nor less than a liberal use of bone dust or bone meal around the plants. He says it will absolutely drive away the striped bugs when everything else has failed. I have not yet had a chance to try it myself, but it is possible that he is right. If so, it is a valuable idea. The bone dust will be a good thing for the plants, any way, whether it drives away the bugs or not, for it is a rich fertilizer. It can be had from any dealer in fertilizers at a cost of probably \$3.00 per hundred pounds.

**WOE FILLS DUXBURY**

Town Mourns Passing of Bivalve Musicians.

Visitors to Famous Massachusetts Watering Place Dug Them to Eat, All Unmoved by Their Plaintive Murmurings.

From Duxbury, Mass., comes the news that the singing clams, for which that resort has long been famous, are now facing extermination, and soon will be relegated to the past along with the dodo, side hill gouger and plesiosaurus.

Phineas Rainnetor, choirmaster of the little church on the hill in Duxbury, who has lived in that village for many years, was in New York the other day buying dance records for the phonograph used for the Saturday night parish dances.

The singing clams have been one of Duxbury's greatest attractions since the landing of the Pilgrims," he said, "and the rapacity and inordinate appetites of the newcomers of the summer colony are responsible for the fact that they are rapidly being wiped out.

"By 'newcomers' I mean those of the summer colony who have been coming to Duxbury for only the last 50 years. The others, the genealogical aristocrats of the colony, have been coming to Duxbury since before the discovery of the sacred cod—and that, of course, was long before the Revolution.

"I had heard of the singing clams long before I went to Duxbury, about forty years ago, and when I became domiciled there, one of the first things I did was to investigate them.

"I found that their singing, instead of being a myth grown from the folklore of the fishermen, was an absolute fact.

The clams are different from any of their kind in the world and that is one reason why the government ought to preserve them, even if the residents of Duxbury have so little pride in the greatest attraction of their town. Unlike all other shellfish, these clams have an ejection of water. This, combined with their singing, seems to me to prove conclusively that they are descended from birds.

"They live along the shores of the bay, where there are long stretches of mud and sand flats. My investigations proved to me that when the tide was in and water covered these flats, the clams, disliking the water, burrowed down into the soft bottom for a few inches and waited there until the water receded.

"Their keen sense of sound told them when it was gone, and they then come to the surface, zigzagging their way through the soft ooze.

"Then they lie outside their holes, and after a few moments open their shells. Immediately the singing commences.

"In weird, minor key, like the notes of an aeolian harp far off in the forests, their plaintive voices arise. Forty years ago there were almost millions of them, and the great chorus, half an hour after the tide went out, was most amazing.

"As the tide came in, each succeeding wave covering more clams, this chorus died out, until by the time the waves were lapping the marsh-grass, it was absolutely stilled. This proved to me that just as soon as a clam felt the waves he again sank into his shell to sleep until the next low tide.

"The natives and fishermen of Duxbury never ate the clams. In fact, they were known to feed them the cranberries for which Duxbury is famous. They were proud of their singing clams and their little voices led the children of the village calling them the 'Little Angels of the Bay.'

"It used to be the custom, when the tide was low at night, for the lads and lassies to stroll or sit along the beach listening to the clams. Their faint, sweet voices heard in the moonlight have prompted many a good man to pop the fatal question.

"Now all this is changed. A crude business person discovered that each voice came from a clam that was perfectly good to eat. He started out to catch them, and before long their fame as 'steamed clams' became known among the colonists, and the end was in sight.

"The colonists now bring 'clam forks' as part of their baggage when they move to Duxbury each summer, and with one of these any man or woman who does not mind a little mud, can pick up enough clams for a family meal in a very short time.

"Yes, the women also catch the clams. One would think that they would have too much heart to still these small voices in a frying pan, but they haven't.

"Various reasons have been advanced for the singing of the clams, but I have never heard one that seemed satisfactory. It has occasioned many peculiar incidents.

"When the French cable from Brest, which arrives at Duxbury, was first connected up, the operators used to complain of the singing noises they heard each day when the tide was low. After finding that it was the voice of the clams, they fixed the cable and had no more trouble.

"I expect that this is the last summer that it will be possible to listen to the clams, and I intend spending a part of every fine day enjoying their voices.

"At the rate that the colonists are eating them they will be all gone in a year or two, and, if possible, I intend to be the last citizen of Duxbury to hear the 'awan song' of the last of the famous singing clams."—New York Times.

**Another Hunger Strike.**

Patience—I understand Mr. Styles has refused to give his wife money for new clothes.

Patrice—What's she going to do? "She's going on a hunger strike."

**His Stunt.**

Flatbush—I see in the Indian Army all orders are given in English.

Bensonhurst—Well, if the colonel wants some pate de foie gras for luncheon, how does he order it?

The consequences are seldom pleasant when you sit on either fresh paint or fresh children.

Some people seem to have an idea it's a poor rule that won't work both ways at once.

The mermaid is perhaps the only female creature in the world that has no kick coming.

It's all right to save time, but some people lose a lot figuring how they can save a little.

After a man is married perhaps it is only right that he shouldn't have a single idea.

Have a little patience. Even a cork-screw doesn't go straight to the point, but it gets there.

**DID WITHOUT FRILLS**

Marriage a Simple Affair in the Early Days.

Little Chance for Courting and Absolutely No Need for the Formality Customary in the Countries of Europe.

On the frontier, courtship and marriage are not the matters of convention or even of sentiment that they are in long-established communities. For example:

My grandfather came to this country in 1831, writes a subscriber, by sailing vessel to New Orleans. Thence he went up the Mississippi river to St. Louis, and there he bought a horse, saddle and other fixin's.

He settled on the north bank of the Missouri river about sixty miles from St. Louis. He and a cousin of his built a log cabin and began to clear the land. They took turns doing the outside work and the cooking.

One day, during the cousin's turn at cooking, he upset the pot into the fire, and when my grandfather came in the discouraged cook said to him: "See here, Julius, this sort of thing won't do any more; we must have a housekeeper. One of us must get married."

"Well, you don't marry, then?" said grandfather.

"No, you are the older; you must marry first."

"That's easy said. You know that the only family where there are girls old enough to marry lives 40 miles from here, and I don't know whether any of them will have me. We are strangers and from a foreign country, you know."

"Well, you can try, can't you?" So the following Sunday grandfather rode 40 miles over to Squire McClenny's. The squire greeted him cordially, for callers were always welcome in those days.

After talking about the weather, the crops, the hunting, and so forth, grandfather, with some embarrassment, introduced the subject of a housekeeper and asked the squire if he had any objection to his marrying one of his daughters.

"None at all," said the squire. "Have you asked the gal yet?"

"Oh, no, I only wanted your permission to court her. That is what we have to do in the old country. And, besides, I can't wait two or three years before I marry, as they do over there."

"Oh," said the squire, "if the gal's willin' I'll marry you right now." And calling to his wife, he said: "Mary, tell Ellnor to come in!"

Ellnor was the oldest of his twelve children and, although not yet sixteen, was tall, well grown and fully developed.

When she entered he said: "Ellnor, here's a man who wants to marry you. Are you willin'?"

"Oh, pa, that's rather sudden."

"Well, well, you can talk to ma about it, and sleep over it. Let me know in the mornin'."

The next mornin' she said "Yes," and the wedding was set for two weeks later.

Everyone within a radius of forty miles and more was there.

The day after the wedding grandfather rode up to the horse block, his young wife got up behind him, and thus they went home.—Youth's Companion.

Virtue is the only nobility.



**Food For Thought**

Proper nourishment and well chosen books are food for thought for those who are fitting themselves for the battles of life.

**Grape-Nuts**

FOOD

by providing thorough nourishment to both body and brain keeps one in fine fettle—bright and alert to absorb the world's great lessons.

For "thinkers" and "doers."

**"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts**

**THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS**

J. E. HENDERSON, Editor and Proprietor

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

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

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, ONE DOLLAR FOR ONE YEAR

**LEND THE HELPING HAND**

Every citizen of this community should stand loyally by and lend a helping hand to our public schools, for education is one of the strongest bulwarks of our modern civilization. Instead of criticising, and knocking and disrupting this social and commercial necessity, let us exert our individual efforts to its advancement and expansion. The public school is one of our greatest constructive agencies, and without its aid and assistance in creating and cultivating the intellect of our young people this community would soon be sinking to the ancient plane of ignorance and superstition. There is nothing to be gained by jeopardizing the work and influence of our public school system, but there is everything to gain by fostering and encouraging and extending it a helping hand. Education is a vital necessity of the day, and its effects are felt in every walk of life. Without it a young man enters upon the serious problems of life handicapped in a thousand ways. We of the community are personally interested in the welfare of the community, and there is no way in which we can better serve our individual and collective interests than by standing loyally behind our public schools. They need our good will and encouragement—not only need them, but should have them.

**READ—THEN THINK**

Now that you have commenced to read this article, just keep right on to the end, and then you will have absorbed the meat of the coconut. What has this town ever done for you? It has fed you, and clothed you, and housed you, and given you employment, and kept the wolf from your door for these many years. It has done more. It has furnished you recreation, and enjoyment, and has guided you safely over many of the stones that beset the pathway of life. It has praised your good deeds and has thrown the mantle of charity over your questionable ones. It has been, and is, your home. But what have you done for the town? You are making your money here, but where are you spending it? Are you buying goods from the local dealer, who pays taxes and otherwise contributes liberally to the upkeep of the community and your home, or are you sending your money away to some catalogue house that wouldn't lend you a five cent piece to save your soul from purgatory? And now you have reached the point where we want you to stop and think, and think hard, and to a sane, sensible and patriotic purpose.

**FOR GROCERIES**

...COME TO THE WHITE HOUSE GROCERY...

"WICHITA'S BEST" FLOUR

We offer you groceries and other eatables that will stand the test—that will register 100 per cent pure. It is economy to buy such goods.

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NEW AND SECOND HAND GOODS

Buys and sells all kinds of second hand goods. Watkins Remedies for sale. Our motto is "Courteous Treatment and Low Prices for Cash."

Next Door to J. B. Crow's Tin Shop

**Only a Dollar**  
"I am a dollar. A little age-worn, perhaps, but still useful for being in circulation. I am no tomato can dollar, not I. This town is only my adopted home, but I like it and hope to remain permanently. When I came out of the mint I was adopted into a town about like this in another state. But, after time, I was sent off to a big city, many miles away, I turned up in a mail order house. For several years I stayed in that city. Millionaires bought cigars with me. I didn't like that for I believe in plain people."

"Finally a traveling man brought me to this town and left me here. I was so glad to get back to a smaller town that I was determined to make a desperate effort to stay. One day a citizen of this town was about to send me back to the big city. I caught him looking over a mail order catalogue. Suddenly I found my voice and said to him:

"Look here; if you let me stay in this town I'll circulate around and do you a lot of good. You buy a big beefsteak with me, and the butcher will by groceries, and the grocer will buy hardware the hardware man will pay his doctor bill with me, and the doctor will spend me with a farmer for oats to feed his horse with, the farmer will buy some fresh meat from the butcher, who will come around to the dentist to get his tooth mended. In the long run, as you see, I'll be more useful to you here at home than if you send me away forever."

"The man said it was a mighty stiff argument. He hadn't looked at it in that light before, so he went and bought the beefsteak, and I began to circulate around home again. Now, just suppose all the dollars that are sent to Chicago or some other big city were kept circulating right here at home—you could see the town grow. Honest, now, ain't I right."

Mens' and boys' nobby caps and hats, at Harris'.

**Notice of Contest**

F. S. 09650—Cont. 0226  
Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Fort Sumner, New Mexico, August 10th, 1915.  
To Alice McDaniel, of record address, Lacy, New Mexico, contestee.  
You are hereby notified that Isabella Patterson, who gives Portales, New Mexico, as his postoffice address, did on June 10th, 1915, file in this office his duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your homestead entry serial No. 09650, made July 1911, for northwest quarter of section 23, township 1 north, range 33 east, N. M. P. M., and as grounds for his contest he alleges that the said Alice McDaniel never has at any time, established her residence on the said land; that she has wholly abandoned the same. You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken by this office as having been confessed by you, and your said entry will be canceled thereunder without your further right to be heard therein, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the fourth publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically meeting and responding to these allegations of contest, or if you fail within that time to file in this office due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail. If this service is made by the delivery of a copy of your answer to the contestant in person, proof of such service must be either the said contestant's written acknowledgment of his receipt of the copy, showing the date of its receipt, or the affidavit of the person by whom the delivery was made stating when and where the copy was delivered; if made by registered mail, proof of such service must consist of the affidavit of the person by whom the copy was mailed, stating when and the post office to which it was mailed, and this affidavit must be accompanied by the postmaster's receipt for the letter.  
You should state in your answer the name of the postoffice to which you desire future notices to be sent to you. A. J. EVANS, Register.  
Date of 1st publication, August 26, 1915.  
Date of 2nd publication, September 2, 1915.  
Date of 3rd publication, September 9, 1915.  
Date of 4th publication, September 16, 1915.

**To the Taxpayers of Roosevelt County**

The Taxpayers Association of New Mexico invites you to become a member and participate in the benefits which will accrue to you, your county and the state from the work of this association.

This is your business; Help attend to it.

Dues in the association, three-fourths of 1 per cent of your last year's taxes; with a minimum of \$1.50 a year. For further information, address,

Taxpayers' Association of New Mexico  
Box 601. Albuquerque, N. M.

**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**

**We Want Your CREAM**

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

**Strickland & Bland**

**Mrs. F. J. Hardin**  
(NEE KINMAN)  
**NURSE and MIDWIFE**

Box 344 Portales, New Mexico

**...MONU MNTS...**

I am agent for the Sweet-water Marble Works. Call on me for anything in this line. Telephone No. 104.

**..Inda Humphrey..**

**Owens' Shoe Shop**

I now have a first-class shoe repairer and can do your work promptly. Work and material guaranteed.

S. B. OWENS, Proprietor

**H. C. McCALLUM....**

**Dray and Transfer Baggage & Express**

Telephone 104

Prompt and careful attention is given to all work intrusted to my care. Will appreciate your patronage and serve you to the best of my ability.

Portales, New Mexico

**W. E. LINDSEY**  
Attorney at Law

Office second door south of postoffice

**GEORGE L. REESE**  
Attorney at Law

Practice in all courts. Office up-stairs Reese Building

**SAM J. NIXON**  
Attorney-at-Law

Portales, - - New Mexico

**COMPTON & COMPTON**  
Attorney at Law

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

**DR. W. L. JOHNSON**  
Chiropractor

Office at present, at Mrs. Johnson's boarding house. Phone 86 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

**DR. L. R. HOUGH**  
Dentist

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

**D. W. WILEY**  
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  
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**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

**EGBERT WOOD**

(Successor to Portales Drug Company)

Drugs, Proprietary Medicines, Sundries  
Toilet Articles, Perfumes and Jewelry  
....Headquarters for Sporting Goods....

Bring Us Your Prescription Work

..Same Store in the Same Location..

**Listen**

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

BUILD YOU A HOME

PORTALES LUMBER COMPANY

# HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery  
Their Care and Cultivation



Specimen Polypodium Mandalaianum.

## THE WINDOW GARDEN

By EBEN E. REXFORD.

It may not seem reasonable to the reader to treat of winter window gardens in midsummer, but a careful consideration of the subject from my point of view will convince the flower-loving person, I feel quite sure, that this article is "timely."

Look over the window gardens of your neighbors in winter, when they ought to be at their best to give the fullest degree of satisfaction, and I think you will find the majority of them far from satisfactory.

The plants will be small, much too small to be ornamental; and if you keep an eye on them throughout the season you will find that few of them reach the flowering stage before March, which is to say that most specimens in the ordinary house collection of plants give few or no flowers at the period when a window garden should afford us the greatest amount of pleasure.

What we aim at is flowers in winter—not in the spring, when the blossoms of the outdoor garden are at hand.

Said a woman to me, not long since: "I don't see why it is that I can't have flowers in the winter. Some of my friends have, and they don't take half as good care of their plants as I do. Why, some of them don't report their plants at all, still I notice they have flowers from them; and I go over all my plants just before winter sets in, and report them and cut them back or start new ones and take pains to give them the best soil and am so careful about watering, and fertilizing, and airing, but most of them will not blossom for me. They look healthy and they grow well, but one doesn't care for just leaves."

Now, this woman's failure to obtain flowers from her plants was explained by three words she made use of—"just before winter." The attention she gave the plants at that period came several months too late.

The fact is, as anyone will readily see when they come to think the matter over, a plant cannot be satisfactorily developed in two or three months. Not much can be expected from a plant that is not made ready for winter until that season is about upon us.

In order to secure a good collection of good-sized plants for the winter, one must begin to get ready during the summer. By the term "good-sized," I do not mean large plants in the usual sense of the word, but rather plants of sufficient development to justify one in expecting flowers from them for the holidays.

Age is often a more important factor in plant culture than mere size. Young plants seldom bloom while development is taking place most rapidly. They must "get their growth" so to speak, before we can expect them to bend their energies to the production of flowers.

Therefore, I advise the owner of a collection of house plants from which she wishes to secure flowers all

through the winter season to get the plants under way now. If some of them are large, cut them back and allow them to renew themselves wholly, as to branches, during the months between now and winter.

Report now, if necessary, and shift such as seem to need larger pots. If young plants are to be used, procure them at once and keep them going ahead steadily.

Do not be so anxious to secure rapid development that you fall into the error of overfeeding. Simply aim to bring about a strong, healthy growth, and as long as a plant seems to be making such growth do not make use of the fertilizers.

It is one of the hardest things I know of to make an enthusiastic amateur plant grower satisfied to "let well enough alone." She is constantly wanting to urge her pets on a little faster, and in her efforts to do this she gives them more food than they can digest, and the consequence is a breakdown from overstimulation nine times out of ten.

A plant that does not get as much food as it can make good use of, will give vastly greater satisfaction in the long run, than the plant that gets so much food that it doesn't know what to do with it.

Some persons are under the impression that all plants for winter use must be young ones. Such is not the case, however. Year-old plants, as a general thing, are much preferable to the young ones.

There are exceptions as in the case of Chinese primroses, Primula obconica and others of a habit similar, in some respects to our annuals; but for the majority of plants adapted to house culture like geraniums, heliotropes, begonias, abutilons, asparagus in variety and carnations, older plants should always be chosen.

This summer I start the geraniums which I intend to depend upon for winter flowers a year from the coming winter. These will bloom some this winter if I let them, but I shall hold them in check to a great extent for future service.

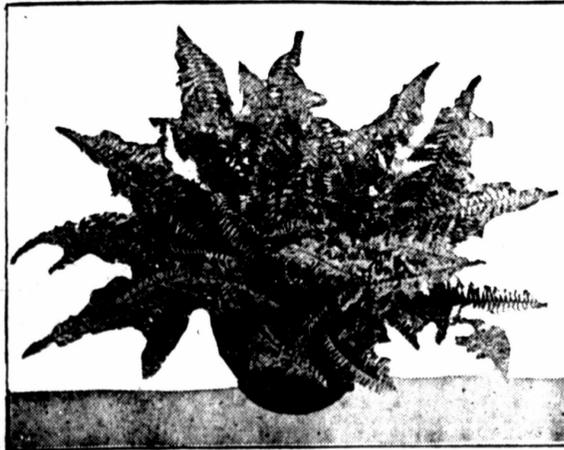
The person who preaches "young plants for winter flowering" to you does not take into consideration the fact that a plant started this season from a cutting will have but few branches by winter, and a plant that has but few branches cannot give many flowers because ample flowering surface means many branches.

Therefore, instead of letting the geraniums you start this summer blossom in the winter, keep pinching them back to produce a sufficient number of branches to give the desired amount of flowering surface.

The more branches there are the more flowers you may expect.

Cut your ferns apart now and use each division of the roots that has a piece of crown attached as the basis of a new plant. Use leaf mold or turfy loam for this class of plants, if obtainable.

Hanging baskets should receive attention at once.



Nephrolepis Tuberosa Plumosa.

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

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

Liven up your sluggish liver! Feel fine and cheerful; make your work a pleasure; be vigorous and full of ambition. But take no nasty, dangerous calomel, because it makes you sick and you may lose a day's work. Calomel is mercury or quicksilver, which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into sour bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

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

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

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

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

## CHARITY CLOSE TO HOME

Smith's Seemingly Generous Action Was Not Altogether a Matter of Philanthropy.

Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas remarked the other day that philanthropy was not always actuated by a beautiful and generous heart, and told this story to back up his statement:

One afternoon a bunch of congenial spirits were talking about the various leading citizens of the town when a parsimonious party by the name of Smith was smilingly referred to.

"Speaking of Smith," interposed another of the bunch, "I met him yesterday afternoon going around town with a petition trying to collect money for a poor widow that she might pay her rent."

"What's that?" exclaimed the amazed crowd, all of whom knew Smith. "Collecting funds for a widow's rent! Whateth out for the millennium at 6 a. m. tomorrow?"

"Oh, no, it isn't as bad as that," explained the other. "You see, Smith owns the house that the widow lives in."

## DISTRESSING PIMPLES

Removed by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

Smear them with the Ointment. Wash off in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. Repeat on rising and retiring. These fragrant supercreamy emollients do much for the skin, and do it quickly.

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

Sacrifice for Art. One cold, wet and windy night he came upon a negro shivering in the doorway of an Atlanta store. Wondering what the darky could be doing standing on a cold, wet night in such a place, the proprietor of the shop said:

"Jim, what are you doing here?" "Scuse me, sah," said Jim, "but I'm gwine to sing bass tomorrow mornin' at church, an' I am trying to ketch a cold."

One or the Other. "Do I make myself perfectly plain?" asked Miss Fortysmith, who is intellectual, concluding her argument. "More so than anybody I ever saw before in my life," answered J. Fuller Gloom. "Er—er—well, either that or you were born so."—Kansas City Star.

## 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.

Logical. Blobbs—Bjones is the most unlucky fellow at cards I ever met.

Slobbs—Then I suppose he is lucky in love? Blobbs—I suppose so. At any rate, he has never been married.—London Opinion.

We hear of new uses of Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. In delirium catle, light applications help to stop bleeding, making the use of a hot iron unnecessary. Adv.

The government of Hawaii has set aside 690,000 acres of forest reserves and will experiment with planting eucalyptus for firewood.

If you wish to interest an audience tell it a story about a bully being whipped by a pale, studious and retiring young man.

To stop bleeding use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

On the sea of adversity the pawnbroker is captain of the watch.

It takes a self-made man a lifetime to correct his bad grammar.

## Faded Sentiment.

That beautiful sentiment eventually dies a sad death would seem to be demonstrated by a story told the other night by a southern congressman.

Smith, who lives in the suburbs, was about to hustle for the commutation train some time since, when his wife followed him to the door as usual to make sure that his shoes were tied and that he hadn't forgotten his necktie.

"Say, John," reflectively remarked the good woman as they reached the veranda, "do you know that this is the fifteenth anniversary of our wedding?"

"Why, so it is," returned John, doing some hasty mental arithmetic. "I will bring you home a nice bunch of roses."

"Roses are very sweet," was the practical response of mother, "but you had better make it some oysters to fry for supper."

Why We Eat Eggs. "I am a firm believer in advertising," said a great advertising expert. "I impute a great part of my own success to it."

Here the expert's sunburnt and healthy face was illuminated by one of his rare and charming smiles.

"When a duck lays an egg," he said, "she waddles back to the duck pond in indifferent silence. But when a hen lays an egg her frantic cackles make it known."

"The hen advertises." "And that, my dear friends, is why the world eats hens' eggs instead of ducks' eggs."

Settling It. They were just about to get married and were discussing the details of domestic economy.

"But I'm afraid, dearest, we shall not be able to afford a servant at first," he said, looking tenderly at her.

"Oh, Harry, whatever will the neighbors say when they see me doing my own work?"

"Why, darling," replied Henry, genuinely puzzled, "whose work do you want to do?"

"Old and Distinguished." "Gerald," said the young wife, noticing how heartily he was eating, "do I cook as well as your mother did?" Gerald put up his monocle and stared at her through it.

"Once and for all, Agatha," he said, "I beg you to remember that although I may seem to be in reduced circumstances now, I come of an old and distinguished family. My mother was not a cook."

Pessimistic View. "Do you believe the microbes said to be in kisses ever develop into anything dangerous?" asked the fair maid.

"I'm afraid they do," replied the old bachelor. "At least I've been told that marriage is often the result."

For Burns and Scalds. In case of burns and scalds apply Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh and get relief. Apply it to cool the skin and take the fire out. Have a bottle always on hand to use in case of accidents. Adv.

Not Easy to Do. "Why is it that the dog is always referred to as the most intelligent animal?" asked the elephant.

"Because he knows how to get a good living without doing any work," replied the horse.

Thoroughly Lost. Othello explained his jealousy. "I thought she lost it waving a Chau-tauqua salute," he cried.

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

Walters at one well-known London restaurant are being instructed in the French language at the expense of their employers.

When two cats fight in the dark they merely scratch a match.

On the other hand, the mare sometimes makes the money go.

## ORDER HAD HIM "IN THE AIR"

Boatswain's Mate Considerably Muddled by Command That Was Entirely New to Him.

In all the naval services tradition is strong. As Chief Boatswain McCarthy, U. S. N., has shown in an article in "The Proceedings of the United States Naval Institute," the adherence to custom extends to the manner in which the boatswain's calls are varied for different occasions, and even, in the old navy, at least, it extended to the way in which the officers gave their orders.

The language used in passing words was the vernacular of the sailor rather than academic English, and the officer who did not know that usually got poor results from the boatswain's mate, who had his own ideas about passing the word, and got muddled in interpreting any unusual order.

On one occasion, the officer of the morning watch gave this order: "Boatswain's mate, scrub down with rapidity." This was a new one, and after causing the officer to repeat the order three times, the boatswain's mate became desperate. He grabbed a deck bucket, and forced it into the hand of the nearest apprentice, whom he started on his way with a push that sent the youngster reeling, and followed him with this shout:

"Go to the captain of the hold and get him for a bucketful of it! I never heard of anything to scrub a deck with but sand and lime, and I don't know anything about these new 'sooky-moogies,' anyway."—Youth's Companion.

## He Hadn't Been There.

"Mr. Daubyn said he would keep house while Mrs. Daubyn was away."

"Yes." "He wrote glowing letters to her about his experiments in the kitchen and the fun he was having washing dishes."

"Fine!" "When Mrs. Daubyn returned at the end of two weeks Mr. Daubyn, of course, met her at the station and escorted her home."

"And the sequel?" "At the door he discovered that she took his latch key away with her the day she left."

## Some Drink.

"What are you doing?" demanded Marc Anthony, as Cleopatra dropped a priceless pearl into her glass of wine.

"I'm inventing a new summer drink," replied the queen. "I'm going to call it pearl sundaes."

## Oh, Pickles!

Hazel—I don't like windy weather. It plays havoc with one's complexion.

Almee—Perhaps you don't get your complexion on thick enough.

Happy is the home where Red Cross Ball Blue is used. Sure to please. All grocers. Adv.

The trouble with many of those who advocate the right is that they are so disagreeable about it they do more harm than good.

You can safely place faith in Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Adv.

A man will sometimes pocket his pride, but a woman can never find her pocket.

## COTTON BOLL

A white laundry soap, pure and economical—free from lye. Will not destroy the clothes.

**KING NAPHTHA** Do not boil your clothes. Perfect results obtained by using in cold or tepid water. Use cold water and keep cool.

## WATER LILY

A white, pure scented toilet and bath soap. Can be used with safety on flannels, woollens and fine fabrics. Will not shrink goods. The best soap value ever offered for 5 cents.

**IT FLOATS**—PREMIUMS of real value given for wrappers and coupons—write today for free catalogue.

PRODUCTS MANUFACTURING CO. OKLAHOMA CITY OKLAHOMA

## GRATE BARS—SMOKESTACKS

If your machinery needs repairing or overhauling, let us know.

Price and Quality Guaranteed.

Thirty Years Experience

N. S. SHEPHERD MACHINERY WORKS  
Phone W 7600 Oklahoma City, Okla.

## Off His Guard.

A detective in a Y. M. C. A. lecture in Duluth on crime detection said:

"The criminal can't be always on his guard, of course. Well, when he's off his guard, then he gives himself away, like the bank clerk, you know."

"A bank clerk was having his fortune told at a church fair. The pretty fortune teller, holding the young man's hand in hers said:

"Beware of a dark woman!" "Black Maria!" gasped the bank clerk, and he turned as pale as death."

## Curio Fakers.

Lincoln Springfield, the English editor, was lurching in London when a Samoan entered and shook him by the hand.

"What do the natives do for a living over there?" Mr. Springfield asked the Samoan.

"Oh," said the other, "they sell coconuts, and birds-of-paradise, and Robert Louis Stevenson's inkwell."

The discovery of fish glue is attributed to a Massachusetts man, who, while making chowder, found that it stuck to his fingers.

For mosquito bites apply Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

All telephone operators in Egypt are required to be able to speak English, French, Italian, Greek and Arabic.

## PREVENTION

better than cure. Tutt's Pills if taken in time are not only a remedy for, but will prevent SICK HEADACHE, biliousness, constipation and kindred diseases.

Tutt's Pills

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 34-1915.

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

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, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. 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

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

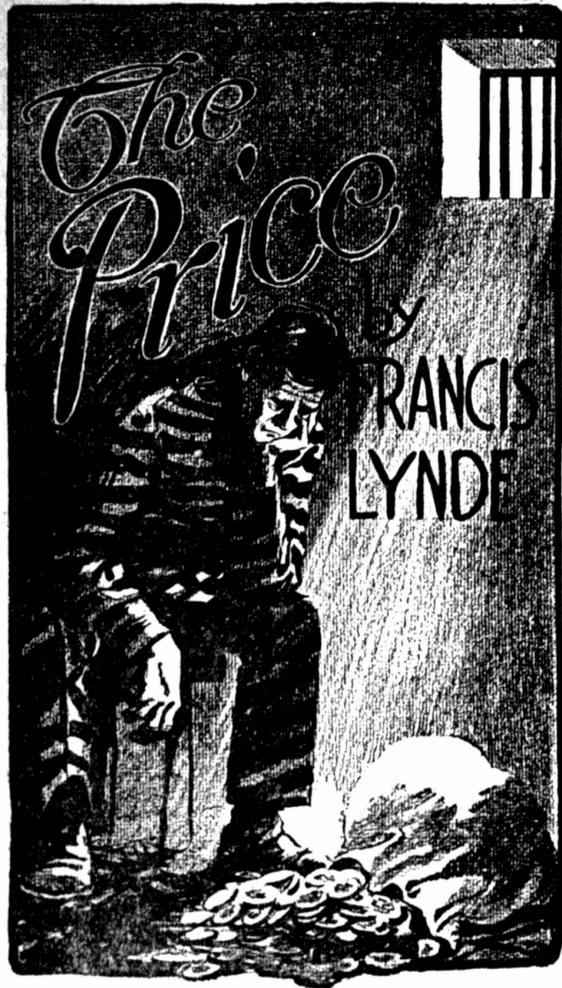
# You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA OREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, 51.00, retail.

A full line of Wall Paper, Paints, Varnishes, Oils, Brushes, Glass, etc. It will pay you to figure with us.

**C. Goodloe & Company**  
OPPOSITE THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

When you think paint, think Goodloe, he does Paper Hanging, House Painting and Sign Work.



**THE PRICE**  
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**

**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**

**ED J. NEER UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER**

LICENSED BY STATE OF NEW MEXICO

Coffins, Caskets and Undertakers' Supplies. Calls answered day and night. Our motto, "Courtesy and Efficiency." Office phone 67 2-rings, residence 67 3-rings.

**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

**Notice**

To the patrons of school district No. One: All persons that have not enrolled their children are requested to call at the Pearce drug store and do so at once. J. S. PEARCE, Member School Board. If you want pencils and tablets, come to C. M. Dobbs. We handle all kinds at the right prices.

All the latest weaves and shades in silks, at Harris'.

P. G. Fletcher, of Texline Texas, arrived Monday looking after his property south of town.

A. A. Beeman, cashier of the First National bank at Elida, was a business visitor this week in Portales.

H. S. Douthett sold his feed and wagon yard this week to John Grider of Clovis. Mr. Grider took charge Monday.

Go to C. V. Harris for your school shoes.

F. G. Calloway purchased the Hill grocery stock this week. The new firm will be known as F. G. Calloway and Company.

C. M. Dobbs has just what you want in the line of school books, pencils, tablets and other supplies.

Mrs. J. P. Stone and children, arrived this week from Fort Sumner where she visited her sister Mrs. C. C. Henry.

Misses Helen Lindsey, Lucy Culberson and Nora Fairley left this week for Las Vegas, where they will enter the Normal Institute.

Big line of comforts and blankets at Harris'.

Mrs. T. J. Molinari returned this week from St. Joe Missouri, where she went to the bed side of her sister who was quite ill, she left her improving nicely.

Work began Tuesday in resurfacing on the Bethel road. Let the good work go on as the people from this territory appreciate and deserve good roads hauling the big crop to market this fall.

J. B. Maxwell and family arrived Tuesday from a trip through California and other western points. John thinks Portales is the best yet.

Mrs. B. J. Reagan and Daughter, left Sunday for Las Vegas where Miss Edith will enter Normal Institute. Mrs. Reagan will stay there until the end of the term.

Harry Austin, of near Plainview, Texas, was a visitor here this week. Mr. Austin has the contract to straighten the Texas-New Mexico line fence, and will begin work soon.

Outings and flannels, from 7 to 10 cents, at Harris'.

No man is richer than another in time. Each has his twenty-four hours a day to spend as he pleases. There are time-spend-thrifts as well as spend-thrifts in money.

Clifford Deen was found in the bath tub Wednesday morning in an unconscious condition from the effect of inhaling gas from a stove on which the water was heated. He is getting along nicely at present.

W. H. Ball was showing a photograph he received from R. K. Puckett, mailed at Long Beach California, this week. We could readily recognize Bob's "mug," but the photograph had no resemblance of Mrs. Puckett. They report a royal time.

The U. D. C. met with Mrs. Coe Howard, Tuesday, August 7th. A very interesting program was given. Several visitors were present. A delicious salad course was served. Mrs. Howard was assisted by Mrs. Jordan.

W. H. Ball and wife, W. H. Garrett and Robert Hicks returned Monday from a business trip to Colorado, Texas. They made the trip in a Ford car and had no trouble whatever. They report crops in fine condition but none of it as good as the Portales Valley.

**New Fall Dry Goods**

Prospects are favorable for the banner crop of Roosevelt county. Accordingly our buyer has bought one of the largest stocks of Fall and Winter Dry Goods and Furnishings that has ever been bought for Portales. In addition to the lines always carried by us, we have added a complete line of Ladies' Coat Suits, Coats, Skirts, Coat Sweaters, Silk Sweaters, Tams, Collars, etc. These lines will be in stock in a few days and it will pay you to wait for them.

**Men's SCHLOSS BROTHERS Suits**

are now in stock and you'll find these clothes as different from ordinary clothes as this year's styles are from those of last season. Why not get the best? They cost no more. Also, our Walk-Over Shoes for Fall in all the new lasts. We are headquarters for boys clothing, hats and caps. Don't fail to see our new fall Stetson hats, all the new styles. Call and see us.

Yours for business,



SCHLOSS BALTIMORE CLOTHES

**Warren-Fooskee & Co.**  
PORTALES  
THE HOME OF GOOD GOODS

Harris has the nobbyest line of dress goods in town.

Circus Mary, with Mary Fuller and Mat Moore, in three acts and the Black Box at the Cosy Theater Tuesday night, September 14th.

U. Z. Irwin, T. P. Barnard, John Abernathy and L. A. Robinson, all of Haskell, Texas, were viewing the Valley this week and looking for farms. They themselves as being delighted with our country and will likely locate among us.

C. Harvey and family, left Tuesday, for Phoenix, Arizona where they will make their future home. Mr. Harvey likes the Portales Valley better than Arizona, but owing to the fact that there is more work, in his line of business there, he thinks he will be justified in moving. He says he will likely move back next spring as he still has confidence in this country which is evidence enough for he still owns property here.

**WANTS**

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

FOR TRADE—Good brood mare, 10 years old. Will trade for maize. Inquire of J. at News office.

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

LOST—Tan coat, on road to H—ranch. Finder, please leave at Neer's drug store and receive reward.

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.

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

A 5 acre tract with good 4 room house and wind-mill, 1 mile from Court House, handy to school, for sale at a bargain. I have several big bargains in farms and residences on easy terms. T. J. Molinari, Owner.

**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**

**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

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