

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 III

PORTALES, ROOSEVELT COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1915

Number 9

University Notes

Further important gains in students for the University of New Mexico are anticipated with the opening of the second semester on January 4th. At the opening of the present college year a class of eighty freshmen brought the University's enrollment up to about 100 percent above that of two years before, and two hundred percent over the college grade enrollment of three years ago. From a representation of only eleven counties three years ago the representation advanced to twenty-two out of the state's twenty-six counties, with special students from one of the missing counties.

Early information received by the registrar indicates that all four of the missing counties, Union, Mora, Sanjoval and Torrance, will have students in the State University after the first of January.

One of the most important advances made by the state University, and one that means much for its speedy growth is assurance of the extension of the Albuquerque street railway system to the campus during the early months of 1916. The prospects now are that cars will be operating to the University before the commencement exercises next May; and at any rate before the opening of the next college year. Lack of adequate transportation between the Albuquerque business district and the University has been one of the institution's serious handicaps. Growth of the University itself and of its neighboring residence district have combined to make the extension imperative, and strong business and property interests have provided a bonus to insure immediate construction and operation of cars on a twenty minute schedule for a period of three years. Only a small part of the necessary bonus remains unsubscribed and this is considered a certainty in the next few days.

Baptist Notes

Last Sunday our congregation was very good despite the inclement day. The Sunday school convention was very well attended when we consider the weather and the cold in the community. Dr. Raley's address was masterful Sunday night. Every father in the town should have heard it. We will have a Christmas tree at the church Friday night at 7:30. Parents are asked to put on one present for each child. The children and grown people are expected to get only one present and a treat of candies, nuts and fruits furnished by the church. All members of the Sunday school are requested to be present.

Subject for Sunday morning, "Finding our Place in the Church" from the text "What Shall This Man Do?" Baptist Union at six o'clock. Subject for the evening, "Life of Christ." You are all welcome to worship with us.

W. E. DAWN, Pastor.

Simple Method of Dehorning

Dip the finger in water and moisten the little bunch on the calf's head where the horn starts rub it with a stick of caustic pot ash until it looks a little red, not even breaking the skin, and no horn will appear. This should be done before the calf is two weeks old better even when one week old. It causes but little pain to the animal and the extreme cruelty of dehorning with a saw, which is prohibited in some states, is eliminated.

Obituary

James Monroe was born in Crockett, Houston county, Texas, July 15, 1855 and died at the family residence at Portales Monday, December 20th at four o'clock p. m. He was confined to his bed only eight days, the cause of his death being pneumonia. The remains were taken to Brownwood, Texas, his old home, the interment occurring Thursday.

The deceased was a member of a prominent south Texas family and was a grand nephew of President James Monroe. In early life he was a farmer and also in the mercantile business. For nearly 20 years he held a responsible position with the Waters-Pierce Oil Co. Ill health compelled him to resign several years ago and about five years ago he came to Portales and up until about six months ago seemed to be much benefited.

Mr. Monroe was a man who made friends with everybody he met. He was of a kindly disposition and always respected the other fellow's opinion although he differed with him. He was a loving and kind husband and a man of Christian character. Quite early in life he joined the Presbyterian church. For many years he belonged to the Knights of Pythias and the W. O. W. lodges at Brownwood which lodges had charge of the funeral.

He is survived by his widow, a brother, A. T. Monroe of San Antonio, Texas and a sister Mrs. Sarah J. Holmes of New York City. The remains were accompanied to Brownwood by Mrs. Monroe, A. T. Monroe and two nephews, Geo. Monroe and Clifton Whittle.

Staying On the Farm.

The boys are beginning to learn that staying on the farm is not nearly so bad as trying to hang onto the towns. There are so many people awakening to the fact that the boys ought to have more inducement to stay on the farm.

One thing that is making the farm more attractive is that the farmers are buying more autos and bringing the boys and girls more in touch with the social world. Give the boys more pleasure on the farm and they will stay on the farm and make a success.

The unattractiveness of farm life is responsible for the bulk of farm desertions. The craving of the human being for fellowship and amusement drives him into the places where such things can be found. The loneliness of the average farm hangs like a pall over all, especially the younger ones. Making the farm attractive is the way to keep the youth on the farm.

Lee Evans, of the Elida country this week sold his calves, which he bought from Keen Brothers and was in town Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Evans has made quite a bit of money the past year buying and selling calves.

Elmer Walker, who has been working in Deming, this state, for the past few months returned Thursday for a visit with his sister, Mrs. Sam J. Nixon.

Dwight Reynolds and wife returned Tuesday of this week from a visit with their folks at Wichita, Kansas.

Bascom Howard this week sold three town lots to H. A. Spikes.

DEATH OF A YEAR OF DEATH.

Since the time of the third century Christmas has been celebrated as a day of joy in honor of the birth of Christ, our only perfect man. It has been our policy to speak of Christmas in tones of gentleness, love, and compassion, and humility; in words of praise and thankfulness for the blessings of the year that would soon pass into history. Now we approach the glorious Christmas day with feeling of sorrow, sadness, and regret, for we are soon to witness the death of a year of death. Today, when we should revel in the joy of living, we are consumed with compassion for our brothers who are perishing in the blood soaked trenches of Europe. We are weighed down with sorrow for the unfortunate women and children who must bear the burdens of the greatest and most destructive human blight the world has ever known. Our hearts are saddened with regret that the meek and gentle spirit of the Nazarine is forgotten in a wild and bloody carnage of death and destruction.

Nineteen hundred and fifteen, a year of death, will soon reach its own fitting end—death. There comes a time in the life of every person when neither tongue nor pen can express the language of the heart. It is so with us as we write of this Christmas day. Our face should be turned toward the Christ, yet in our vision we see the crimson stained fields of Europe, the famine ridden land of Mexico, the dying race of the Christian Armenians, on every hand the grim and terrible spectre of harsh, violent, sudden and agonizing death. Death of a year of death! Farewell, 1915! May we never see your like again!

Garrison Notes

The box supper was well attended and everyone seemed to have a very pleasant time. The entertainment was excellent considering the length of time it had to be gotten up in.

After carefully looking over the account of the proceeds of the box supper Mr. G. D. Toland and J. C. English report \$59.15 instead of \$52.40 which was first reports. Miss Anna Hitt got the cake which brought \$20.50. Mr. Wayne Garrison beat Rev. J. D. Waggoner only ten votes in the contest for the cake of soap. Wayne says he has a use for that cake of soap.

The directors say they feel very grateful to the people of other districts for their friendliness and liberal contribution.

We are sorry to report that Robert Young and wife are leaving our neighborhood but glad to note that Mr. Will Hunter will move in as soon as he can arrange his business at his home in Oklahoma. Mr. Hunter, has been gone from here since last summer and is now back on business and says that Roosevelt county looks goods to him. He has purchased the Will Slough's half section. The consideration being \$2000.00.

We believe and not only that but we know that the people are in better circumstances than they are in the East. Stay with your homestead boys! G. D. Toland went to Elida on business, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dayton Brown are very proud of their baby girl.

We are very glad to note that Miss Maggie Talley returned home Sunday evening but sorry to report her on the sick list.

Mrs. G. D. Toland, visited relations in the Tar Top community last week.

Doss Items

This community was visited by a fine snow Saturday night and we have a fine plowing season in the ground.

Virgil Howard and family returned from Texas Saturday.

Mrs. Hoover, Mr. Short and families of Oklahoma have cast their lot with us. We wish them success.

Prof. Sam J. Stinnett moved Saturday to the Latimer place.

We have some new students in school this week.

C. A. Jones of Roswell was here on business this week and received a bunch of cattle that he traded his 160 acres for some time ago.

Mrs. H. S. Phillips is visiting relatives in Texas.

Mr. Boyt is improving his place some.

Mr. Bostick has sold his place so we hear for \$2,900 and we regret seeing him leave for we need more enterprising men like him in our country.

J. A. Tinsley is improving his home some.

Babe Freeman visited Henry Freeman Sunday evening.

C. A. Jones and his father visited the Freeman home Sunday.

O. R. Self and wife, of Elida, left Tuesday of this week for Roseboro, Arkansas, where they will spend the holidays.

Ursi Keen this week received a car of cotton seed cake which he fed to the cattle belonging to the Keen Cattle Co.

Thenie Mac Oldham, who has been attending the Clarendon College, is spending holidays with homefolks.

J. L. Anthony and J. R. Shock, of Elida, were business visitors in Portales the first of the week.

Inez Items

Several people from this place attended the singing convention at Rogers Sunday.

There will be a Christmas program at the Inez school house on Christmas evening. Everybody is invited.

Ramon Tollett had the misfortune to have his feed stacks burn Saturday night. It is supposed that the fire started from a match that had been dropped on the stack by some one smoking while they were threshing Saturday evening.

Billie Carder departed for Albernathy, Texas, last Saturday. The following pupils received the highest general average and are on the roll of honor this month: Thelma Campbell, Inez Mullins, Glenn Parrish, Edgalea Tollett, Leland Campbell.

Greathouse Bros. are getting along splendidly with their new thresher. They are doing good work and lots of it.

Rev. L. L. Thurston will preach here on next Sunday. On Saturday afternoon an Epworth League will be organized. Come out everybody.

Roy Gould of Ft. Cobb, Okla., is visiting his sister Mrs. D. M. Robinson. He likes New Mexico so well that he intends to locate here soon.

Lee Brown of Arch has been engaged by Mr. Robinson to drive the mail back this winter.

Honea District

Mrs. Brown and children who formerly lived at Goldwaite, Texas are visiting Mrs. Etta Brown and family at present. They will soon be joined by Mr. Brown and will make this their future home.

S. B. Boone left the 15th for visit with his brothers at Sunset, Texas and Cleo, Oklahoma.

John Killian who has been visiting with the J. E. Black family for the past several weeks left the 16th for his home at Newport, Texas.

School was dismissed Friday for a two weeks vacation. Miss Ross the teacher left Sunday to spend the holidays with her mother and sisters, near De Leon Texas.

The Oklahoma Farmer

The average Oklahoma farmer gets up at the alarm of a Connecticut clock; buttons his Chicago suspenders to Detroit overalls; washes his face with Cincinnati soap in a Pennsylvania pan; sits down to a Grand Rapids table; eats Chicago meat and Minnesota flour, cooked with Texas cottolene on a Sears-Roebuck stove; puts a New York bridle on Missouri mule, fed with Colorado alfalfa; ploughs a farm covered with a Vermont mortgage with an Illinois plough. When bedtime comes he reads a chapter from a Bible printed in Boston, says a prayer written in Jerusalem, crawls under a blanket made in New Jersey, only to be kept awake by an Oklahoma dog—the only home product on his place and then he wonders why he cannot make money raising corn.

Rev. A. C. Bell left Wednesday for Texas, for a visit with his father.

LOST—Black male pig, about three months old. Please notify C. E. Brown.

Ed Savage and Z. T. Cambell, of Elida, were here the first of the week on business.

Declines Offer

Albuquerque, New Mexico December.—Ralph F. Hutchinson, director of physical education and coach at the University of New Mexico, has refused an offer at an advanced salary from Perdue University to become head basketball coach and assistant baseball coach, in order to remain with the New Mexico institution. This became known today following a meeting of the University board of regents, when it was announced definitely that Hutchinson would remain here. Hutchinson is a graduate of Perdue and his Alma mater has been after him for some time, for various positions on the athletic staff. Hutchinson, however, established the present system of physical education in the New Mexico University, and is deeply interested in seeing his work thoroughly grounded. He has been an active influence in encouraging clean school and college sports in New Mexico.

Died

John A. W. Smithee, one of the pioneers of Roosevelt county, died at his home near Floyd, New Mexico, last Sunday morning, December 19th, and was buried in the Bethel cemetery Monday. Mr. Smithee was born in Sharp county, Arkansas, March 17th, 1844, thus making him 71 years, 9 months and 2 days old. He was a member of the Methodist church for fifty years and was a faithful member until his death. He leaves four sons and two daughters, besides a host of friends, to mourn his loss.

We the sons and daughters wish to thank the people for the kindness in which they showed toward our father.

Government Seed.

We have been requested by Senator A. B. Fall to announce that the U. S. Department of Agriculture is going to distribute a limited number of packages of seed in this section as follows:

One-pound packages of Sudan grass seed; five-pound packages of feterita seed; four-pound packages dwarf milo seed; four-pound packages Peruvian alfalfa seed; four-pound packages dwarf Hegari seed.

The distributions will be made in the spring sufficiently early for spring planting and one package to each person as long as they last. Requests will be filed in the order they are received.

The celebration of Christmas is presumed to be in honor of the birth of Christ, but quite often we slip a mental cog and it becomes a wild jamboree in the in the service of the devil.

An exchange wants to know if there is such a thing as a eugenic baby lobster. We pass it up, but we do know of a bunch of lobsters who are neither eugenic nor babies.

Notice.

I have bought out the Cottage Studio and to advertise my work will give free of charge on all work done up to Jan. 1, 1916, one beautiful calendar for 1916 with your photo on it.

The calendar alone is worth \$1.00. You must have one dozen photos amounting to \$2.50 or more and try to get here early for holiday pictures. Next door to Travelers Inn. Very resp., Mrs. J. W. Yates.

The celebration of Christmas day dates from the third century, which is a little too ancient for the personal reminiscences of "our oldest citizen."

"Slaughter of the Innocents:" Christmas turkeys.

PERUNA
 A STANDARD FAMILY REMEDY
 For Ordinary Colds
 For All Catarrhal Conditions
 For Prevention of Colds.
An Excellent Remedy
 For The Convalescent
 For That Irregular Appetite
 For Weakened Digestion
Ever-Ready-to-Take

A Slow Fellow.
 Harold—I think I will kiss you.
 Maude—Don't you ever do things before you think?
IMMEDIATE ATTENTION
 should be given to sprains, swellings, bruises, rheumatism and neuralgia. Keep Mansfield's Magic Arnica Liniment handy on the shelf. Three sizes—35c, 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Courage is a plant that cannot be destroyed by plucking one up.

Puzzled.
 A little girl in Newcastle, Ind., has a new baby sister and she has been somewhat puzzled as to the exact status of the new arrival in the family, says the Indianapolis News. She had willingly given up her bed, but something still seemed to trouble her greatly.
 One day she was found surveying the dining room just at mealtime. She looked at her own high chair, then inquired suspiciously of her father:
 "Where is she going to eat, daddie?"
He Pleaseth the Baby.
 Restaurant Patron (caustically)—I am glad to see your baby has shut up, madam.
 Mother—Yes, sir. You are the only thing that's suffering here since he saw the animals at the zoo.—Puck.
The Only Way.
 "So you are saving money?"
 "My, yes! I'm buying less than I can't afford than ever before."
The prettiest thing in feminine headgear is a good-humored face.

The Idea of "Preparedness"
 is a splendid one for the person to follow whose stomach is weak, liver inactive and bowels clogged. You can greatly assist these organs and prevent much suffering by the timely use of
HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS



ROAD BUILDING
CONTINUANCE OF GOOD ROADS
 Strong Movement Throughout Country for Honoring of Old Trails—Memorial Lincoln Highway.

No state in the nation is richer in road traditions than the state of Maryland. Much of its early history might be written from the records in which road construction, maintenance and litigation figures. Some of the roads of Maryland are of ancient and honorable antiquity, and where these can be perpetuated—under conditions of modern transformation, the state is thereby engaged in preserving

CALOMEL IS MERCURY, IT SICKENS!
STOP USING SALIVATING DRUG
 Don't Lose a Day's Work! If Your Liver is Sluggish or Bowels Constipated Take "Dodson's Liver Tone."—It's Fine!

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. You will feel like working; you'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

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.

THE NEWEST REMEDY FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM AND DROPSY

Kidney, Bladder and Uric Acid troubles bring misery to many. When the kidneys are weak or diseased, these natural filters do not cleanse the blood sufficiently, and the poisons are carried to all parts of the body. There follow depression, aches and pains, heaviness, drowsiness, irritability, headaches, chilliness and rheumatism. In some people there are sharp pains in the back and loins, distressing bladder disorders and sometimes obstinate dropsy. The uric acid sometimes forms into gravel or kidney stones. When the uric acid affects the muscles and joints it causes lumbago, rheumatism, gout or sciatica. This is the time to send Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., 10c for large trial package of "Anuric."

During digestion uric acid is absorbed into the system from meat

BANKER A REAL TIGHTWAD
 Kansas' Act Hard to Beat, Even by Those Who Have Made the Matter a Study.

Gomer Davies of the Concordia Kansas, declares that the worst tightwad story he ever heard was told him years ago by Doctor Jones at Republic City. The doctor was an all-around practitioner, and occasionally pulled teeth, the town having no dentist. The president of one of the banks came in to the doctor's office one evening leading his seven-year-old boy by the hand. "Doc," he asked, "have you a tooth forceps handy?" Getting "Yes" for an answer, he asked to see them, and the doctor handed them over.

The banker put the boy in a common chair, opened the child's mouth, inserted the forceps and yanked out a molar to the accompaniment of howls of pain. "There," said the banker, handing back the forceps, "the thing is out all right enough, and just as well as if I'd paid you 50 cents for doing it. Let's go home, kid, and quit your howling."—Kansas City Journal.



Ancient Highway in Maryland.

valued traditions while giving sanction to the established use of roads that have been traversed a century or more, says Baltimore American. There is a strong movement the country over for the honoring of the old roads and trails. This is manifest in the movement that contemplates a memorial highway to Abraham Lincoln. The Old National Turnpike has clustering about it traditions of history that have been transformed into literary lore under the magic pens of essayists and poets. In the far West agitation for the preservation of the old trails is gaining in strength, and the Old Oregon, and the Old Whiskey and other historic trails that date back to times immemorial will doubtless be preserved as far as possible and, where obliterated by the path of progress, will be marked. Thus the trails followed by the red men from Canada even down to Central America will in time be made matters of record and reverence.

Honeymooners.
 "I just got back from a trip to Bermuda. There wasn't a single passenger on the boat besides myself."
 "That's strange."
 "Not at all. They were all married."

Men and Women
 Women as well as men are made miserable by kidney and bladder trouble. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, is highly recommended by thousands.

Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that so many people say it has proved to be just the remedy needed in thousands of even the most distressing cases.

At druggists in 50c. and \$1.00 sizes. You may receive a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post, also a pamphlet telling you about it. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

What Started the Quarrel.
 Young Wife (at home)—Hello, dear-est.
 Young Husband (at the office)—Hello, who is it?—Puck.

Old Songs.
 "Don't you wish the good old songs could be heard again?"
 "Such a thing would be impossible. With Zeppelins and submarines everywhere, imagine anybody trying to arouse joyous enthusiasm by singing 'Up in a Balloon, Boys,' or 'Sailing Over the Bounding Main.'"

The woman who neglects her husband's shirt front is scarcely the wife of his bosom.

A mere man says the average woman always exaggerates except when talking about her own age.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

If a hostess did not go to extra trouble might few people would stay to dinner.

For crushed finger thoroughly apply Hanford's Balm. Adv.

Liberalty consists less in giving much than in giving wisely.

TOMMY HAD HIS OWN IDEA
 Parrot, of Course, Could Not Be an Angel, but It Was to Be Promoted.

Two children, a little boy and girl, brother and sister, had been bereaved. They had lost by death a pet parrot. Of course when their first grief had subsided they turned the sad occasion to good account, as is the way with children, and had a grand funeral. The boy, Tommy, was grave digger, and the girl, Annie, wrapped the poor brilliant corpse in a silk scarf ready for interment. And it was a mournful occasion.

When the grave had been duly pat-ted down with a small spade, the little girl said:
 "I s'pose Polly's n' he'n'n now."
 "I s'pose so," said Tommy, "but I don't know."
 "He's got wings," said Annie, "but he wouldn't be an angel, would he?"
 "Only folks is angels," said Tommy.
 "Well, then, what is he?" asked the little girl.
 "I s'pose," said Tommy, "he's a bird at paradise now."

WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR
 Dreary Samuel in Earnest Effort to Secure Employment, but Not, of Course, for Himself.

"Well, what do you want?" said the master of the house sternly to Dreary Samuel, the tattered tramp, as he stood outside the door, shivering with the most accomplished art.

"I'm looking for work," replied he of the unemployed brigade. "Ain't you got no scrubbin' or washin' or cleanin' or nothink that an honest body could do?"

This earnest appeal for work made the householder think that he had misjudged a real, honest British laborer out of work.

"Ah!" he said, "now you speak like a man. I like to hear of anyone willing to make an effort. I never thought you wanted work of that kind."

"No more I do," whined Samuel, shuddering at the bare idea. "It's work for my wife that I'm a-lookin' for."—London Answers.

He Was a Boy Himself.
 "No," said Uncle Fogy to a group of urchins. "I am not going to walk through your game of marbles, but around it. I was once a boy myself and know how you feel about it. I am not going to pat any of you on the head and prognosticate that you will be president some day. I was once a boy myself and still remember how tired I got of philanthropic old goops patting me on the head. On the other hand, you young varmintz are not going to lam me in the back with a dornick when I start on my way, as having once been a boy myself, I shrewdly suspect you intend to do, or I'll wrap my faithful hickory around you about twice apiece. Haur-raump!"—Kansas City Star.

Fair Enough.
 "Lend me your automobile this afternoon, will you? I want to take my girl out for a spin."
 "Sorry, old man, but I couldn't trust anybody else to run that machine. I'll tell you what I'll do, though. You lend me the girl."
Unpopular.
 "Higgins doesn't seem to have many friends."
 "He hasn't. Last Saturday he had three tickets to the football game, and he couldn't get anyone to go with him."

COVETED BY ALL.
 but possessed by few—a beautiful head of hair. If yours is streaked with gray, or is harsh and stiff, you can restore it to its former beauty and luster by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Natural Affinity.
 "She's not a society belle, but she's a duck of a girl."
 "Then she ought to be in the swim."
Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes
 make us look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Movies always Murise Your Eyes.—Don't sell your age.

The man who gets his hair cut on Saturday afternoon will do worse. He will also have his face massaged.



Break it up
THE DAY OF THE WASHBOARD IS OVER

Yes, Break Up Your Washboard!
 Didn't it break your back, break your arms, break your health and break your clothes? Haven't the washboard raised enough clothes to break burning up?
Magic Washing Stick
 Finished Mr. Washboard.
 And by each gentle motion. Force as you know, never get into things tight. Magic Washing Stick is soft soap, but is used with the regular soap. It is not washing powder, nor lye, nor alkali, nor soda, nor any other harmful chemical. It loosens the dirt by gentle means, by natural means. It does not damage the finest textures, nor burn the wool, nor shrivel the fabrics. The soft, soapy cleanliness of your fine linens, pretty lace and delicate fabrics will be a continual delight.
 Once you show your help how much labor is saved, how much sleep the clothes you need have no fear of their raising your clothes again.
 "I use no machine and one hour with Magic Washing Stick puts my clothes as the line. I recommend it to every body."
MRS. L., Ark.

His Share.
 "Jiggers was around again yesterday collecting money for his pet charity."
 "Huh! I wonder if he ever contributes anything himself?"
 "Oh, yes; he furnishes the fountain pen for the rest of us to write checks with."
A light diet is the best board of health.

Pleasure in Store.
 The careworn lady settled comfortably in her chair. The new servant had come and promised to be a real treasure. Moreover, the girl showed a strange appreciation for the appointments of the well-furnished house.
 "So you like to work in—er—nicely appointed homes," asked the mistress kindly.
 "I do, mum," she replied. "It's a real pleasure to have nothin' but expensive dishes to break!"

CONTROL OVER LOCAL ROADS
 State Highway Departments Should Be Given Some Measure of Supervision Over Thoroughfares.

The realization has become quite general that, in order to render maximum service, state highway departments should be given some measure of control over the construction and maintenance of local roads. For this class of roads an amount exceeding \$100,000,000 is expended annually, with comparatively little result to show in the form of improved road mileage for this great outlay. The state of Iowa has met this situation by placing all the road work in the state under the direction of the state highway department.

Traffic is increasing so rapidly as to cause excessive wear upon the roads, especially in the vicinity of congested centers of population. This results in a heavy annual maintenance cost, averaging in the large eastern states not less than \$750 per mile per annum. Many experiments have been made in the effort to devise types of road which can be maintained at relatively low cost. Thus far, aside from the cheaper forms of construction, the states are depending upon the various forms of bituminous macadam, concrete, and vitrified brick road.—Yearbook United States Department of Agriculture.

Lay Tribute on Wealth.
 Bad roads lay a heavy tribute upon our agricultural wealth every year. Only a small per cent of the farm, orchard, garden and live stock products may be loaded upon cars without hauling. Some must be hauled over poor roads a long distance. This increases the expense of marketing, which, of course, means waste of our resources.

Horse Knows Good Roads.
 If you want to know if good roads are good things, ask a horse.

Weak, Fainty Heart, and Hysterics
 can be rectified by taking "Renovine" a heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.

Men who give advice always save the best they have for themselves.

Wash Days Are Made Joy Days
FIFTEEN WARNINGS 25 CTS.
 For less than 25c a day you save two hours time, you save your clothes, you save your feelings, you save your looks. Use one stick, five washings and if not satisfied your \$15.00 WILL BE RETURNED.
 Sold by all Druggists and Grocers everywhere. If yours doesn't handle it, show him this ad and he'll get you. It costs 2¢ stamps to A. & H. HIGGINS CO., Boston, Tenn.
DISTRIBUTORS
Williamson-Halsell-Frazier Co.
 Oklahoma City, Guthrie, Elk City, Chickasha, Shawnee and Altus.
 W. N. U. Oklahoma City, No. 48-1918.

The Breakfast Shapes the Day

Load the stomach up with a breakfast of rich, greasy food, and you clog both digestion and mind.

For real work—real efficiency—try a breakfast of

Grape-Nuts and Cream


Some fruit, an egg, toast, and a cup of hot Postum.

Then tackle the work ahead with vigor and a keen mind. There's joy in it.

Grape-Nuts is a food for winners.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.



Bumper Grain Crops
Good Markets—High Prices
Prizes Awarded to Western Canada for Wheat, Oats, Barley, Alfalfa and Grasses

The winners of Western Canada at the Soil Products Exposition at Denver were easily made. The list comprised Wheat, Oats, Barley and Grasses, the most important being the prizes for Wheat and Oats and sweep stake on Alfalfa.

No less important than the splendid quality of Western Canada's wheat and other grains, is the excellence of the cattle fed and fattened on the grasses of that country. A recent shipment of cattle to Chicago topped the market in that city for quality and price.

Western Canada produced in 1915 one-third as much wheat as all of the United States, or over 300,000,000 bushels.

Canada in proportion to population has a greater exportable surplus of wheat this year than any country in the world, and at present prices you can figure out the revenue for the producer. In Western Canada you will find good markets, splendid schools, exceptional social conditions, perfect climate, and other great attractions. There is no war tax on land and no conscription.

Send for illustrated pamphlet and ask for reduced railway rates. Information as to best locations, etc. Address Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

G. A. COOK
 2012 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.
 Canadian Government Agent



WE GREET YOU WITH THANKS!

GREETINGS of the new year to you all! May it bring you the best in the land and that which you desire most of all things.

We give you our warmest thanks for the patronage you have extended to us in such liberal portions, with the full assurance that no pains will be spared in the coming year to warrant a continuance of your friendship and support. Again we thank you and wish you a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

KOHL'S GARAGE

WE THANK YOU

We desire to extend our thanks to the public for the generous patronage with which we have been favored the past year. Considering the business depression that has been prevalent throughout the country, we feel that our friends have favored us beyond our anticipations or even our hopes. We are indeed more than grateful to you all.

During the coming year we will endeavor to serve you in the same faithful and conscientious manner that has been our policy throughout our business career, and we respectfully solicit a continuance of your confidence and support. And now let us wish you and yours a prosperous year in 1916, with health and happiness in unlimited measure.

...Joyce-Pruit Co...

We Are Grateful

Just a Word to You

We desire to extend to you, the public, our thanks for the generous support you have given us during the year 1915, and to express the hope that you will remain with us during the coming year. It is not possible for us to express in cold type the gratitude we feel, but we can and will let our actions in future speak even louder and more practically than words.

We extend to you all the compliments of the season. May the new year bring you your heart's best desires.

Connally Coal Company

Many Thanks

Again it is our very great pleasure to extend our sincere thanks to the generous hearted people of this community for the increased patronage which we have been favored in 1915, as well as in former years. Our gratitude goes out to you in unstinted measure, and with it the hope that all this world of ours may be kind and generous to you in the many years we trust are yet before you. We express the hope that you will remember us in the future as you have done in the past, and we assure you our constant endeavor will be to meet your wishes in an acceptable manner in every case.

C. V. HARRIS

John Henry on Christmas Presents

By **GEORGE V. HOBART**

(Copyright by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

SAY! Did you ever take what little was left and start out to buy friend wife a Christmas token?

A quaint pastime, is it not?

Well, to make a long story lose its cunning, I clinked a few iron men together recently and started out to find something new and nifty in the gift line for Peaches.

I was browsing for a department store when I ran across Hep Hardy, limping in the direction of a taxicab stand.

"Up late, aren't you, Hep?" I inquired, glancing at the Waterbury.

"I sure am running behind my schedule this morning, John, Hep wheezed. 'Accident.'"

"What's the matter? Fuse blow out and leave you and your favorite bartender in darkness?" I ventured.

"Nix," he answered; "I interpolated a new step in the Tango about five this a. m. and my partner, an impulsive little thing from Spokane, didn't get my signal, with the result that she stepped on me and lost one of her French heels somewhere between my ankle and my instep. I had to wait till a Doctor Shop was open so he could probe for it. The medicine peddler found it all right and my left wheel is a bit wobbly, but I'll be in the roped arena tonight when the bell rings, clamoring for my favorite rag, you can bet on that, John, old pal."

"The dance bug has you for fair, hasn't it, Hep?" I laughed.

"Not at all," Hep came back; "but like a lot of other ginks who have been going through life with stoop shoulders and plantation feet I've suddenly discovered how to be graceful and I have to stay up all night to see if other people notice it. Where are you going?"

"I'm going down to see one of those stores and make a fool out of fifty dollars—little Christmas present for Peaches." I answered.

"Fifty dollars!" Hep sneered. "Say, John, if I had a wife, and we were speaking to each other, fifty dollars wouldn't buy the ribbon around the bun. Fifty dollars! You make a noise like a pike."

"Sure!" I snapped back. "If you had a wife you'd take her down to your favorite jewelry store and let the clerks throw diamonds at her till they fell exhausted. But I'm just a regular



A Lot of Eager Dames Were Pawing Over Some Chinchilla Ribbon.

human being, working for a living, and every time I see a hundred dollar bill I get red in the face and want a drink of water. You know, Hep, my father didn't spend his life wrapping it up in bundles and throwing it into an iron woodshed against the time it became old enough to use it as a torch!"

"Say!" chirped Hep, who hadn't paid the slightest attention to what I was saying. "Why don't you get her an emerald necklace? Some idea—what? I saw one the other day for \$3,000. Wait a minute I'll give you a card to the manager."

"Give it to the chauffeur," I said as I pushed Hep into the taxi. "By the time he gets you home you'll owe him enough to buy emeralds."

Then I left him fat and moseyed off for a department store to get a Christmas present for friend wife.

Say! did you ever get tangled up in

one of those department store mobs and have a crowd of perfect ladies see you for a doornail?

I got mine!

They certainly taught me the Hues to glide, all right!

At the door a nice young man with a pink necktie and a quick forehead bowed to me.

"What do you wish?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "I'm down here to get a Christmas present for friend wife. I would like something which would afford her great pleasure when I give it to her and which I could use afterward as a penwiper or a fishing rod."

"Second floor—to the right—take the elevator," said the man.

Did you ever try to take an elevator in a department store and find that 2,342 other American citizens and citizenettes were also trying to take the same elevator?

How sweet it is to mingle in the arms of utter strangers and to feel the pressure of a foot we never hope to meet again!

I was standing by one of the counters on the second floor when a shrill voice crept up over a few bales of dry



The Pale Young Woman Fainted.

goods and said, "Are you a buyer or a handler?"

"I am looking for a Christmas present for friend wife," I answered. "I want to get something that will look swell on the parlor table and may be used later on as a tobacco jar or a trouser stretcher!"

"Fourth floor—to the left—take the elevator!" said the shrill voice, but shriller.

With bowed head I walked away.

I began to feel sorry for friend wife. Nobody seemed to be very much interested whether she got a Christmas present or not.

On the fourth floor I stopped at a counter where a lot of eager dames were pawing over some chinchilla ribbon and chiffon overskirts.

"It reminded me of the way an emotional hen digs up a grub in the garden.

I enjoyed the excitement of the game for about ten minutes and then I said to the clerk behind the counter who was refereeing the match, "Can you tell me where I can buy a sterling silver Christmas present for friend wife which I could use afterward as a night key or a bath sponge?"

"Fifth floor—to the rear—take the elevator!" said the clerk.

On the fifth floor I went over to a table where a young lady was selling "The Life and Libraries of Andrew Carnegie" at four dollars a month and fifty cents a week, and in three years it is yours if you don't lose the receipts.

She gave me a glad smile and I felt a thrill of encouragement.

"Excuse me," I said, "but I am looking for a Christmas present for friend wife which will make all the neighbors jealous, and which I can use afterward as an ash receiver or a pocket flask."

The young lady cut out the giggles and pointed to the northwest.

I went over there.

To my surprise I found another counter.

A pale young woman was behind it. I was just about to ask her the fatal question when a young man wearing a ragtime expression on his face rushed up and said to the pale young lady behind the counter: "I am looking for a suitable present for a young lady friend of mine with golden brown hair. Could you please suggest something?"

The pale young woman showed her teeth and answered him in a low, rumbling voice, and the man went away.

Then came an old lady who said: "I bought some orpamide dress goods for a shirt waist last Tuesday, and I would like to exchange them for a music box for my daughter's little boy, Freddie, if you please!"

The pale young woman again showed her teeth and the old lady ducked for cover.

After about fifty people had rushed up to the pale young woman and then rushed away again, I went over and spoke to her.

"I am looking," I said, "for a Christmas present for friend wife. I want

to get something that will give her a great amount of pleasure and which I can use later on as a pipe cleaner or a pair of suspenders!"

The pale young woman fainting, so I moved over.

At another counter another young lady said to me: "Have you been waited on?"

"No," I replied; "I have been stepped on, sat on and walked on, but I have not yet been waited on."

"What do you wish?" inquired the young woman.

"I am looking for a Christmas present for friend wife," he said. "I want to buy her something that will bring great joy to her heart, and which I might use afterward as a pair of slippers or a shaving mug."

The young lady caught me with her dreamy eyes and held me up against the wall.

"You," she screamed, "you complete a total of 25,493 people who have been in this department store today without knowing what they are doing here, and I refuse to be a human encyclopedia for the sake of eight dollars a week. Go on, now; throw yourself into second speed and climb the hill!"

I began to apologize, but she reached down under the counter and pulled out a club.

"This," she said, with a wild look in her side lamps, "this is happy Tule-tide, but, nevertheless, the next guy that leaves his brains at home and tries to make me tell him what is a good Christmas present for his wife will get a bitter wallop across the forehead!"

The girl was right, so I went home without a present.

I suppose I'll have to take Hep's tip and get those emeralds after all.

But first I'll go down to the delicatessen store and see if there's anything there.

THE MYSTERY OF CHRISTMAS

One Day of the Year That All Other Days Are Learning to Envy and Imitate.

It seems to me that always, as the 24th of December commenced to shorten, the white, fleecy snow began to fall, says a writer in the Craftsman. When the street lamps flickered up like candles on an altar, they gazed on a world that was white. The gristle of the city was muffled. Carts went by, but you had to peer out through the blinds to know that they were passing—they made no sound. An atmosphere of gentleness had descended. Everyone in the house went about with stealth, as though planning some secret kindness.

And then the night and the trying to keep awake till Santa Claus should come. And the waking up, with the frost weaving patterns on the pane. Somewhere far away a harp was being played, and a cornet was challenging the silence. The tunes they played was an accompaniment to the most beautiful legend in the world. At first, dreamily, you tried to remember why for once the darkness was not frightening, and then, "Ah, it's Christmas!" As you turned, your feet made the paper crack, and at the end of the bed you were too content and happy even to look at your presents. Why was it that next day everybody and everything was different? The air was full of bells singing riotously. Every one, for this one day, ceased to think of his own happiness and found happiness in bringing cheerfulness to others. The stern girl which is fixed between children and grown-ups had vanished—there weren't any grown-ups. Somewhere in your childish heart you wondered why every day couldn't be made a day of kindness.

And that wonder of a child's heart is the Christmas message. Once a year, by a divine conspiracy, all the ships of our hopes and fears turn back from their voyages to the harbor of tenderness. They are borne back on the crest of a white tide of mysticism that sweeps round the world. A truce of God is declared to all fightings, and men and women walk as children through a world that is kind. They commence to give and cease to annex; they act in the belief that God is in his heaven. The spirit is one tremulous white day of usefulness—a day which gradually some other days in the year are learning to envy and imitate.

Why We Burn Candles.

The custom of burning candles on the Christmas tree comes from two sources. The Romans burned candles at the feast of Saturn as a sign of good cheer, while the Jews burned candles during the feast of the Dedication, which happened to fall about the same time as that of Saturn in the Roman calendar. It is quite possible that for this reason there would have been many candles burning all over Palestine about the time of the birth of Christ, and from this comes the term "Feast of Lights," which is the name used in the Greek church for Christmas day.

A Christmas Hint.

To those who may have become tired of the old-fashioned games usual at Christmas the following may be found suitable:

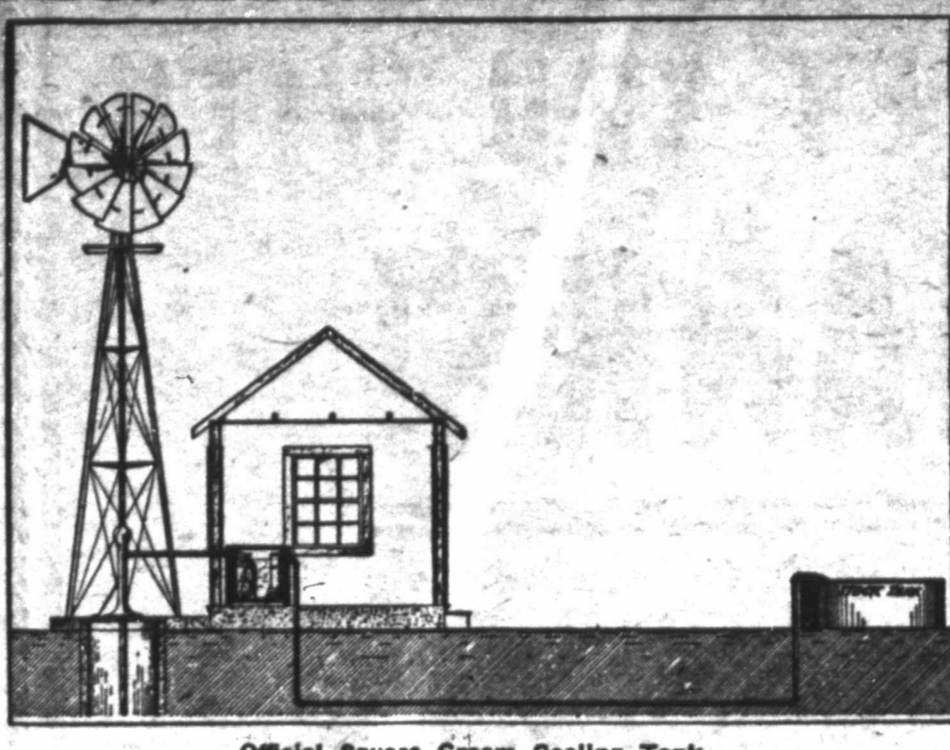
Hunt up a lot of poor people that have not got any Christmas dinner and go and give them one.

N. B.—This game may be played by any number of persons.

Welcome to Christmas!

Christmas, crown to the year! Golden clasp to the round of light and shadow. Truly the bells of it shall ring out, "Plague I banish, peace I bring!" Welcome it royally. Spread out for soul and sense a feast of good things.—Martha McWilliams.

IMPROVED QUALITY OF CREAMERY BUTTER



Official Square Cream Cooling Tank.

By J. H. FRANDEEN, Professor of Dairy Husbandry, University of Nebraska.

As a result of market investigations carried on by the United States dairy division some time ago to determine the quality of American butter, a large amount of the butter examined was found to be of inferior quality because of the poor cream from which it had been made. That such a state of affairs exists is bad enough but still more discouraging is the fact that during the last few years the amount of poor cream has not decreased.

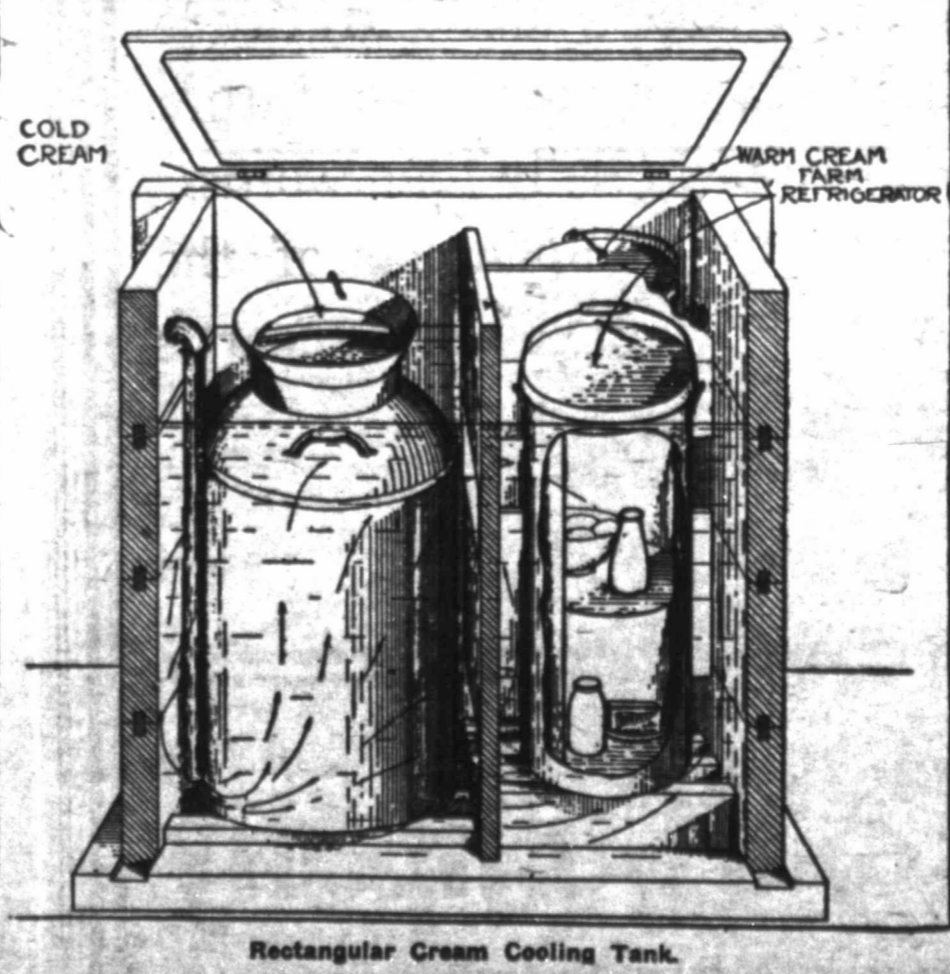
When we stop to consider that the production of cream and butter is one of the leading industries of the nation, the one industry that serves and has served the American farmer well, not only in years of bountiful crops and high prices, but has been a faithful standby in years of crop failures and hard times, it is evident that poor quality in the production of cream must mean a needless loss of thousands of dollars to the producers. Moreover, it gives foreign butter just the chance it would like to have to compete in our own markets.

Although modern methods and machinery have done much to improve the quality of creamery butter, the most skillful buttermaking using the best of machinery cannot overcome the evil effects arising from the filthy methods followed by some cream producers.

Frequent experiments have shown that low temperatures will greatly retard the growth of most germs and that cream quickly cooled will keep sweet much longer than when it is allowed to cool gradually. The practice of adding warm cream to cream that has been previously cooled is recognized as being extremely undesirable because warm cream raises the temperature of the whole mass sufficiently to start the dormant bacteria to activity, causing them to multiply rapidly, producing large amounts of acid and also undesirable fermentations before the cream is again cooled to a point where their growth is checked. Warm cream should be thoroughly cooled before it is added to the cold cream.

From these facts it appears that the most practical means at the disposal of the dairyman for checking bacterial action—the spoiling of cream—lies in the universal application of low temperatures in handling the cream. The most satisfactory and practical means of securing these desirable results has been by the use of some form of cooling tank.

Recognizing the great importance of devising a cooling tank that will be at once cheap, practical, and efficient, the department of dairy husbandry of Nebraska in co-operation with Prof. G. L. McKay and F. W. Bouska of the American Creamery Butter Manufacturers' association have spent much time investigating this problem. An effort has been made to perfect a tank that would be both effective and convenient. Such a tank must be substantially made of good insulating material and able to stand up under hard usage. It must have a tight cover in order to prevent loss of efficiency due to exposure of the cooling water to the air. The pipe through which the cooling water enters should discharge



Rectangular Cream Cooling Tank.

MANY VARIETIES OF ALFALFA

Plant Attains Highest State of Food Value on Semiarid Land of West—Favors Dry Climate.

The plant is called lucern, probably after the town of that name in Switzerland.

It came to this country from Chile. It was once grown on the plains of Babylon and is more widely cultivated than any other plant. Its height is two and one-half to three feet.

Sometimes stories are told that alfalfa will go down 50 to 60 feet in search of water. That cannot be confirmed. The roots in light, dry soil go down as deep as 15 or 20 feet.

In our middle western black loam and clay soils the roots penetrate three or four feet—seldom more, but spread out in search of plant food.

Alfalfa will maintain a good stand for 20 years or even longer in the dry, light soils of the far West.

On the hilly soils of the East, it will die out in from five to ten years. When the stem is cut off it dies down to the crown of the root, and the more frequently it is cut the more stems it will send up.

From two to four crops per annum are cut in the country east of the Missouri river. In the Pacific states from four to six crops are cut.

There are several varieties of alfalfa much better than others, while some varieties will stand more cold than others.

It grows well in Louisiana, fairly well in North Dakota, luxuriously in Kansas and Nebraska, and is grown to some extent in southern and eastern states. But its best growth is on the semiarid lands of the West.

It attains its highest state of food value on irrigated farm lands of the West, because the dry climate allows it to be perfectly cured and harvested.

East of the Missouri river it is grown best on high lands.

It requires a good soil—not too heavy—with a porous subsoil, as it will not grow well if its roots are in water.

It must have a soil free from acid. It does not grow well on gravelly upland where the subsoil is not underlaid with water, unless the rainfall is normal.

SILAGE FED TO LIVE STOCK

Good Results Obtained Both on Irrigated and Dry Farms—Splendid for Balancing Alfalfa.

(By DR. R. H. WILLIAMS, Animal Husbandman, Arizona University Experiment Station.)

It has been found that silage can be grown and fed to live stock with good results both on irrigated and dry farms. This feed makes a splendid supplement for balancing alfalfa hay and may be fed to horses, cattle and sheep. Where the soil is suitable for pit silos this type of structure will be found the cheapest to install, but on rocky soils and where the water table is close to the surface, the above ground type is best. Concrete, plaster, metal, wood stave and adobe structures have been used with satisfaction. The object in using silos is to store a large quantity of forage in a succulent, palatable form without waste. Silage is no better food than green fodder. It is bulky and should be considered a carbonaceous roughage. On this account, the best results are obtained when about 25 pounds of silage are fed each dairy cow or steer per day. Along with this there should be fed about 16 pounds of alfalfa hay and three to eight pounds of grain. This would make an excellent ration for a cow or steer weighing 1,000 pounds.

DRY FARMING BOON TO WEST

Wheat and Other Crops Replace Sage Brush and Weeds—Pioneers Were Severely Criticized.

Dry farming has proved itself a boon to the farmers of this western arid country. It has not been so many years ago when as far as the eye could see on our dry high lands, nothing but sagebrush and weeds could be seen.

The first men who suggested that grain could be raised without irrigation were severely criticized as "all pioneers, but they proved their 'Wild Idea' to be a positive fact, and now the golden grain is gradually swelling the bank accounts of those same scoffers and the sagebrush has been replaced by wheat and other crops.—Utah Farmer.

CHICKENS RELISH SOUR MILK

Recognized Among Progressive Poultrymen as Important Food Material—Aid to Digestion.

Sour milk is recognized among progressive poultrymen as being a most important food material. Aside from the food value, it has the merit of being a pronounced aid in digestion, and so allows the consumption of more feed, with a consequent gain in general condition.

A dry mash, in hoppers which will prevent waste, should be before the chickens at all times. This mash may be composed of equal parts of bran, ground oats, four middlings, cornmeal and beef scrap. If sour milk is available in sufficient quantity the beef scrap may be reduced one-half, or left out altogether.

Conserves the Moisture.

Try to save to the land all the moisture possible. We may need it sorely next season.

HAVE YOU A CHILD?

Many women love for children, but because of some curable physical derangement are deprived of the greatest of all blessings.

The women whose names follow were restored to normal health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Write and ask them about it.

"I took your Compound and have a fine, strong baby." — Mrs. JOHN MITCHELL, Massena, N. Y.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine for expectant mothers." — Mrs. A. M. MYERS, Gordonville, Mo.

"I highly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before child-birth, it has done so much for me." — Mrs. E. M. DORR, R. R. 1, Conshohocken, Pa.

"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to build up my system and have the dearest baby girl in the world." — Mrs. MOSE BLAKELEY, Coalport, Pa.

"I praise the Compound whenever I have a chance. It did so much for me before my little girl was born." — Mrs. E. W. SANDERS, Rowlesburg, W. Va.

"I took your Compound before baby was born and feel I owe my life to it." — Mrs. WINNIE TILLES, Winter Haven, Florida.

FOR OLD AND YOUNG

Tutt's Liver Pills act so kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age, as upon the vigorous man.

Tutt's Pills

Give tone and strength to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder.

its Class.
"Forestry is a science."
"No, it's an art. Isn't it where all the wood cuts come from?"

CLEAN SWEET SCALP

May Be Kept So by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

To have good hair clear the scalp of dandruff and itching with shampoo of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment to dandruff spots and itching. Nothing better than these pure, fragrant, supercreamy emollients for skin and scalp troubles.

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

The man who does his best will hold his job longer than the man who could do better but doesn't.

To Fortify the System
Against Winter Cold
Many users of GROVES TASTELESS CHILL TONIC make it a practice to take a number of bottles in the fall to strengthen and fortify the system against the cold weather of the winter. Everyone knows the tonal effect of Quinine and Iron which this preparation surpasses in a tasteless and acceptable form. It purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system. 50c.

It is seldom that the husband and wife both entertain affection for another woman.

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

The beauty of reading a threeome book is that you can skip a few pages without realizing the difference.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

The man who goes through life on a bluff eventually walks.

Write Murrine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago for Illustrated Book of the Eye Free.

The woman whose face is her fortune goes broke eventually.

Don't give up. When you feel all unstrung when family cares seem too hard to bear, and headaches, dizzy head-aches, queer pains and irregular action of the kidneys and bladder may mystify you, remember that such troubles often come from weak kidneys and it may be that you only need Doan's Kidney Pills to make you well. When the kidneys are weak there's danger of dropsy, gravel and Bright's disease. Don't delay. Start using Doan's now.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
50¢ at all Stores
Foster-Peterson Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

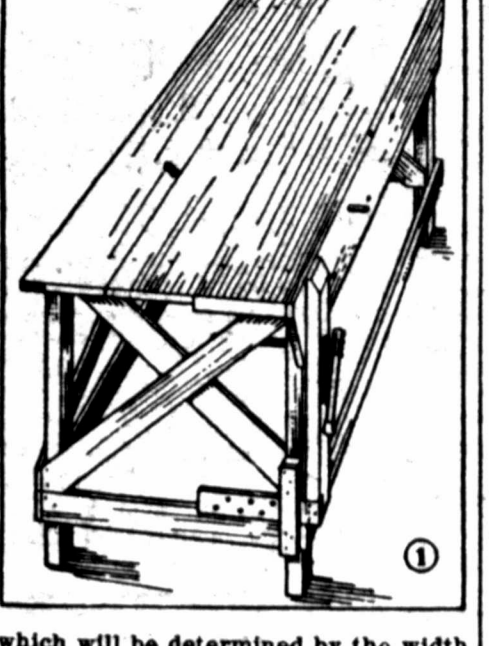
HANDICRAFT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By A. NEELY HALL and DOROTHY PERKINS
(Copyright, by A. Neely Hall)

A HOME WORK-BENCH.

It will be worth your while to save up nickels and dimes for the material necessary to build the work-bench in Fig. 1, because with such a bench you can make many things that would not be possible otherwise.

Fig. 2 shows how the framework is constructed. The legs (A) are two-by-fours two feet long, the top plates (B) are two-by-fours, the length of

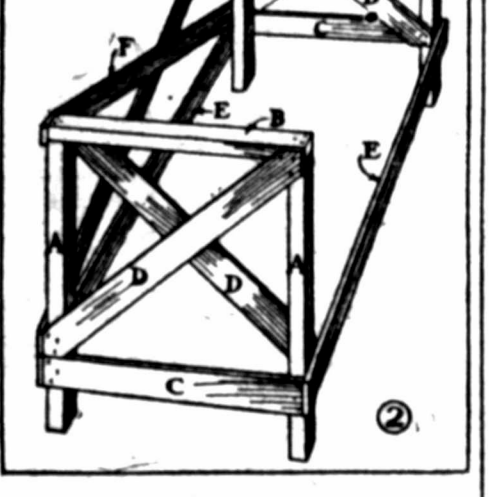


which will be determined by the width you decide to make the bench, the end cross rails (C) are one-by-fours of the same length as pieces B, the side cross rails (E) are one-by-fours, the length of which will be determined by the length you decide to make the bench, and the diagonal braces (D and F) are one-by-fours.

After sawing legs A and top plates B to the proper lengths, spike the plates to the top of the legs, and nail end rails C to the sides four inches above the bottom (Fig. 3). Then cut diagonal braces D and nail one on each side of the legs, as in Fig. 3.

Connect the end frames with the side rails E (Fig. 2), and then with the diagonal braces F.

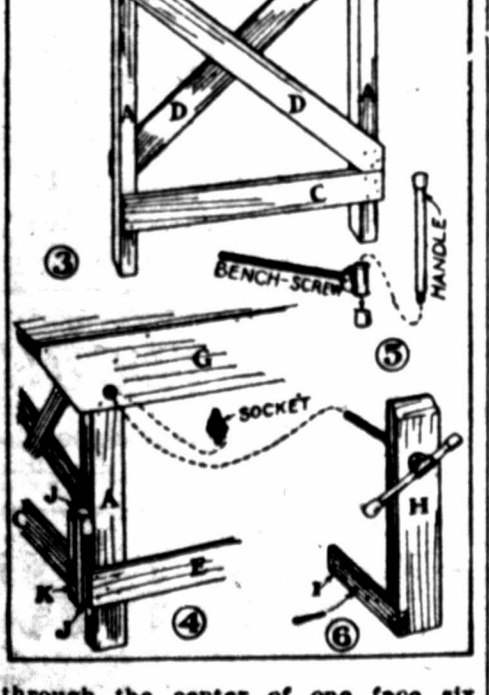
The bench top should have at least one two-inch plank in it, along the



front. Back of this plank one-inch boards may be used to save on the cost of material. A strip of wood of the proper thickness should be nailed to plates B to raise the boards to the height of the plank. The side edges of the bench top should come even with plates B.

When the top has been fastened to the framework, nail an apron (G, Fig. 1) to the front of the bench. Cut this out of an eight-inch board, of the length of the bench, and trim off each end on the diagonal as shown.

The bench-vice requires an iron bench-screw (Fig. 5). This will cost 50 cents at a hardware store. Cut the jaw (H, Fig. 6) out of a piece of two-by-six 20 inches long, bore a hole



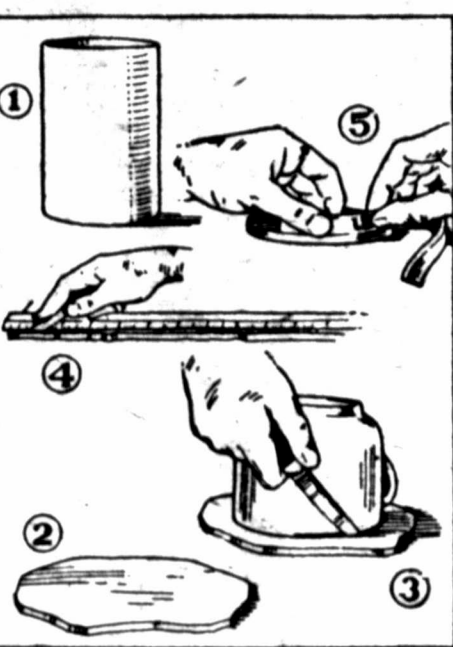
through the center of one face six inches below the top, for the bench-screw to stick through, bevel off the top as shown, and notch the lower corner for a sliding-strip (I) a piece one inch thick, three inches wide and 14 inches long.

Bore a hole through apron G and the left-hand bench leg, at exactly the same distance below the bench top that the hole in the jaw was bored below its top; then enlarge this hole, upon the inside of the leg, as much as is necessary for the iron threaded socket (Fig. 4) to fit in, and fasten the socket in the hole with screws.

HOME-MADE POTTERY.

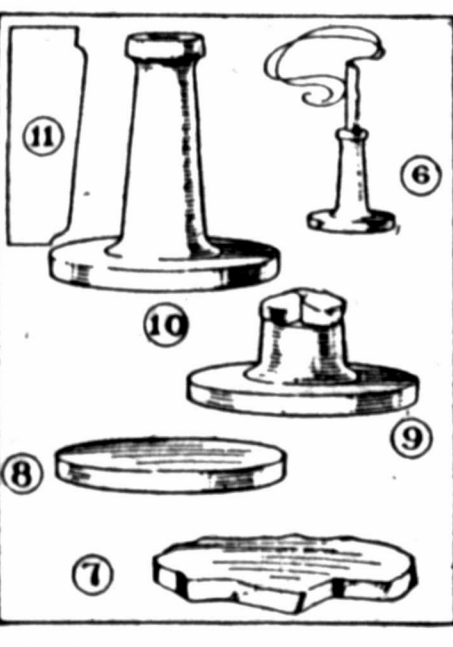
First you must get the clay. Modeling clay can be purchased wherever artists' materials are sold.

You must have a small board to work upon, a pie tin on which to build, a knife, a short stick flat on one end and pointed on the other, and a ruler. Begin the little jar in Fig. 1 with its base. Put a handful of clay on the board, pat it out with your hand until 1/4 inch thick, and smooth off the surface (Fig. 2). Then take a coffee cup, invert it upon the base, and with your knife trim away the clay outside of the rim (Fig. 3). To build up the walls, put a handful of clay on the work board, and smooth it out into a



long strip 1/4 inch thick. Then with knife and ruler trim off one edge of the piece, and cut a number of strips 1/4 inch wide (Fig. 4). Taking one strip, stand it on top of the base, and rub its edge into the base (Fig. 5). Continue building the walls by placing one strip upon another, joining each to the one beneath, and smoothing over the joints as you go, until the walls are as high as you want them to be. Fill uneven places with bits of clay, and smooth out rough places with your fingers, moistened with water.

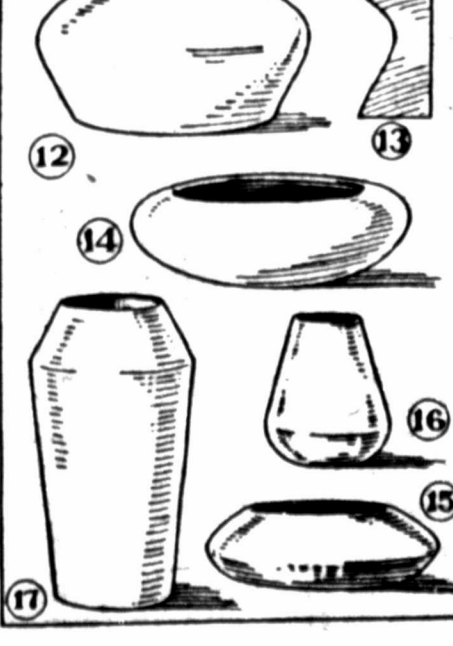
When you have learned how to build with clay, you will be able to construct any of the articles shown in Figs. 6 to 17. To make the candlestick (Fig. 6), prepare a round base 1/4 inch thick



(Figs. 7 and 8). Then put a lump of clay in the center, work it into the base, place another lump on top and work it into the lower portion (Fig. 9), and continue in this way until the candlestick is as high as you want it. Then force a candle into the moist clay, twisting it around until it has made a deep enough socket for itself (Fig. 10).

A cardboard "templet," with one edge trimmed to the proper shape, makes it easy to get the walls symmetrical and projections equal (Fig. 11).

When you must leave a piece unfinished, cover it with a wet cloth to keep the clay from hardening. Pottery that you buy is glazed, and then fired hard in a kiln, but we cannot use this process, and it is unnecessary. The clay will dry hard enough, and the



only thing we must look after is water-proofing the pieces that are to hold water. This can be done with bathtub enamel. The enamel may be mixed with pigments for outside surfaces, and by experimenting you will be able to get some very pretty color effects. Try ornamenting your pottery by drawing designs upon it with a pointed stick.

Free with SKINNER'S Macaroni Products

Send the coupon below and learn how you can get a complete set of ONEIDA COMMUNITY PAR PLATE SILVERWARE

free by saving the trade-mark signature from Skinner packages. Silverware of quality. Guaranteed ten years. Beautiful Bridal Wreath pattern.

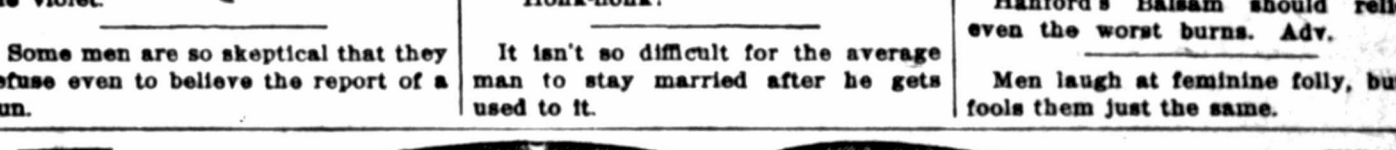
Skinner's products are made from the finest durum wheat, in the largest, cleanest and most sanitary macaroni factory in America. There are nine kinds of Skinner Products—Macaroni, Spaghetti, Egg Noodles, Cut Macaroni, Cut Spaghetti, Elbows, Soup Rings, Alphabetos, Vermicelli. These can be cooked fifty-eight different ways.

Combine with cheap cuts of meat into a delightful dish, or with cheese, tomatoes, fish, mushrooms, oysters, etc.

Skinner's Products cut down wonderfully on meat bills. More nutritious and better for your health too. We will send you a fine recipe book telling how to make many delicious dishes if you will ask for it.

Save the Trade-Mark Signatures from all Skinner packages and send the coupon today for full information how to get a complete set of Oneida Community Par Plate Silverware with Skinner's Macaroni Products.

All good grocers sell Skinner's Products. Buy it by the case—24 packages SKINNER MFG. CO. The Largest Macaroni Factory in America Dept. A Omaha, Neb.



It is all right to talk of modest worth, but the trombone player invariably attracts more attention than the violet.

Some men are so skeptical that they refuse even to believe the report of a gun.

Running Wild. "Papa, what is meant by the 'call of the wild'?" "Honk-honk!"

Many a spinster is sorry she learned to say "no."

Hanford's Balsam should relieve even the worst burns. Adv.

Men laugh at feminine folly, but it fools them just the same.

THIS REAL GOLD FILLED JEWELRY GIVEN TO YOU!

Cut out the special Christmas certificate below and mail today

This is our special Christmas offer. It closes December 31st, 1915. All you have to do is to send the Christmas certificate below, together with a signature from a one-pound package of Arbuckles' Coffee, either whole bean or ground, and the necessary amount in stamps or coin.

How to get the beautiful, double initial heart rings with any letter that you wish on it for the Christmas certificate, together with one signature and 12 cents in stamps or coin. This premium is not shown in our catalog, but is a special Christmas offer. Its value is remarkable. Absolutely real gold-filled ring (not washed or electro-plated), guaranteed to give excellent wear. If not, it will be cheerfully exchanged without question. Offered in sizes from 1 to 10. Be sure to give the ring size and initial desired. (Only one letter on each ring.) For size see directions given on the list enclosed with Arbuckles' Coffee.

How to get the Wave Spring Roll Gold Plate Bar Pin. S. No. 6. Or you can get the exquisite bar pin, shown above, for the Christmas certificate and one signature and 10 cents in stamps or coin. It is a fine quality of rolled gold plate, and will outlast all others. No other pin has these important features. Hingeless flexible joint, giving more room for fabric. Pin tongue is always in tension. The stiff spring makes this solderless pin non-loseable. No hinge to loosen or break. Flexible bridge holds pin in correct position. It makes a gift every woman would appreciate.

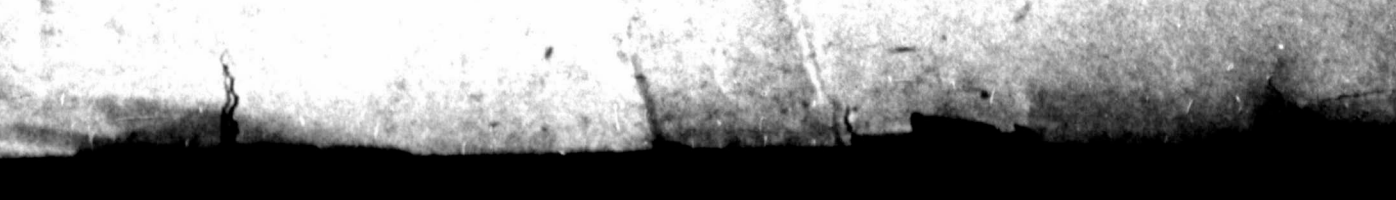
How to get the Adjustable, Gold-Filled Bracelet. S. No. 4. Or you can get this beautiful gold-filled bracelet, in a lovely flower design. An adjustable slide permits you to make this bracelet oval or round, so that it is just the shape and size to fit your arm. It is one of the greatest values. Sent for the Christmas certificate and one signature and 15 cents in stamps or coin.

What women say about these gifts. When women have once started using Arbuckles' Coffee, they say, "Why didn't I start using it long ago! It has just the flavor I have been looking for and with it I get so many lovely gifts that I have always wanted." So many say this that we make this special offer to have you get your first package now.

Your grocer has Arbuckles' Coffee. Get a package today—get the coffee which you have been looking for and make it earn lovely gifts for you. Serve it for breakfast tomorrow. Learn why more Arbuckles' Coffee is sold than any other packaged coffee—why it is by far the most popular coffee in America.

Send the signature from the package, together with the Christmas certificate below, and the necessary amount in stamps or coin, and get your choice of this valuable gold-filled jewelry. This offer holds good only until December 31st. To be sure your jewelry arrives in time for Christmas, have your order reach us before December 15th.

More suggestions for gifts. The spoon, knife, scissors and handkerchiefs shown here will make very popular Christmas gifts. Notice how few signatures you need—how quickly you can secure them. Send the number of signatures and stamps requested; for these gifts, the Christmas certificate is not required.



THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS

J. E. HENDERSON, Editor and Proprietor

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

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, ONE DOLLAR FOR ONE YEAR

By all processes of modern financial reasoning the medical profession should be solidly opposed to universal military training, for it would reduce the number of their fees from 25 to 50 per cent. Military training is without doubt the best physical tonic in existence for growing young men and boys. The system of physical training in the army, if pursued for a reasonable length of time, will transform a weak and puny lad into a strong, robust and healthy young man. It produces an erect carriage, strengthens and stimulates a healthy and vigorous action to the lungs, builds up a magnificent physique, renders a young man amenable to discipline, develops his mentality, and eventually produces a man capable of successfully coping with the innumerable obstacles that beset one's pathway through life. But be it said to the honor of the medical profession that they do not oppose military training, for they know and will frankly tell you of the magnificent race of people fifty years of such training would produce in this country—a race of people who mentally and physically would be the finest specimens of manhood in the world.

"It is more blessed to give than receive," say the ministers when the collection plate is passed. Fact, b'gosh! But editors are under the painful necessity of receiving before they can do any elaborate amount of giving.

Anybody know of an effective means of "preparedness" against the business end of a broom when wielded by an irate and muscular wife?

Crouching, shivering, freezing, dying in the trenches on Christmas day! Fortunate is the land that has the physical strength to avert war.

This is the time of the year when we pity the poor woman who takes in washing in order to pay her husband's booze bill.

Let no person know hunger in this town on Christmas day. Fortune has been too kind to the rest of us for that.

Hell in Europe, famine in Mexico, indifference and plenty in the United States. Funny old world, this.

You can make an aristocrat out of an alley cat, but a cur dog always remains a cur. Heed the lesson!

Merry Christmas! May you live to hear it yet many years to come.

"Merry Christmas" is good in theory. Let's make it so in fact.

A bright mind can always advance a new thought. Speak up!

A year of depression, and yet one of plenty. Ever see the like before?

At the Cosy
The following program will be shown at the Cosy Theatre next week.

MONDAY
"Her Three Mothers" 3 reels.
A gleaming Drama with Agnes Ternon. 42 piece dinner set given away free.

TUESDAY
"The Deficit" Featuring handsome Hobert Hensley and Agnes Vernon 3 reels.

WEDNESDAY
"Broken Coin" 2 reels
"The Woman who Lied" 4 reels
Featuring Mary Fuller.

THURSDAY
"Judge Not" Broadway Feature or the Woman of Nona Diggings 6 reels. Featuring Harry T. Cary.

FRIDAY
"House with the Drawn Shades" 2 reels Featurin Dorothy Philips and Ben Williams.
"When a Man's Fickle, Eddie Lyons and Victory Ford with a laugh a minute.

SATURDAY
"The Queen of Jungle Land" 3 reels. A great Animal Thriller Featuring The Worlds Greatest Animal Trainer.

Notice
I have put in a crusher and will be glad to have you call and see me when you have any kind of grain crushed. First door east of creamery. J. C. Crume.

Dr. Swearingin's Dates
Dr. Swearingin, of the firm of Doctors Presley & Swearingin, specialists, Roswell, New Mexico, will be in Portales, at Neer's drug store, on the 20th, 21st and 22d of each month, to treat diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, and to fit glasses.
Will, also, be in Elida the 25th of each month. 1-1f

For Exchange
My California alfalfa improved ranch, for land near Portales. Address J. W. Greathouse, 711 Slaughter building, Dallas Texas.

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

DR. W. L. JOHNSON
Chiropractor
Office at the Nash boarding house
Portales, New Mexico

DR. L. R. HOUGH
Dentist
Office hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Office in Reese building over Dobbs' Confectionery. 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

SAM J. NIXON
Attorney-at-Law
Portales, - - New Mexico

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

W. E. LINDSEY
Attorney at Law
Office second door south of postoffice

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

Notice of Pendency of Suit
No. 1166
The State of New Mexico: To Gibbs W. Dyer, Della M. Dyer, Jan. H. Walker, J. L. Johnson, Ellis V. Dyer, Big Walker Dry Good Co., Harris Folk Hat Co., Harkert Metal Trunk Co., Cluett Peabody & Co., Butler Bros., Gauss Langenberg Hat Co., Hartz Hats Co., Simon Mayer, Hamilton Overall Co., A. E. Anderson & Co., J. L. Taylor & Co., G. E. Shupert, Henry A. Bragg, and Seward Trunk Co. Defendants, Greeting:
You, and each of you, will take notice that a suit has been filed against you in the District Court of the Fifth Judicial District of the State of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt County, wherein M. C. Roswell is plaintiff and you, the above named, are defendants, said cause being numbered 1166 upon the Civil Docket of said court. The general objects of said action are as follows: The plaintiff seeks upon a promissory note and to foreclose a mortgage deed executed and delivered by the defendants, Gibbs W. Dyer, and Della M. Dyer to the plaintiff on the 18th day of September, 1911, the plaintiff claiming that there is due upon said note and mortgage the sum of \$600.00, with interest thereon at the rate of 12 per cent, per annum from the 18th day of September, 1914, till paid, 10 per cent additional upon said amount as attorney's fees and all costs of this suit; that said mortgage is upon and conveys to the plaintiff for the security of said sums the following described property, to-wit:
The Southwest quarter of Section Twenty-five in Township Two South of Range Thirty-six East of the New Mexico Meridian, New Mexico, containing 160 acres and all improvements thereon: to have plaintiff's said mortgage declared a prior and superior lien to any lien or claim of each and all of the defendants except the defendants Gibbs W. Dyer and Della M. Dyer, claim some interest in said property by virtue of conveyances subsequent and inferior to plaintiff's said mortgage: to have said mortgage foreclosed and property sold, and the proceeds of such sale applied to the satisfaction of plaintiff's said demands and costs of suit, and for general relief.
You are further notified that unless you enter your appearance in said cause on or before the 14th day of January, 1916, judgment by default will be taken against you in said cause, and the plaintiff will apply to the court for relief demanded in the complaint.
You are further notified that Geo. L. Reese is attorney for the plaintiff and his post office address is Portales, New Mexico.
Witness my hand and seal of said court, this 22nd day of November, 1915.
J. W. BALLOW, County Clerk.
5-4t

Notice of the Pendency of Suit
The State of New Mexico: To C. J. Jones, defendant, Greeting:
You will take notice that a suit has been filed against you in the District court of the Fifth Judicial District of the State of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt County, wherein Dallas M. D. McDaniel is plaintiff and you, the said C. J. Jones are defendant, said cause being numbered 1144 upon the Civil Docket of said court. The general object of said court action are as follows: The plaintiff seeks to recover the sum of \$170.00 with interest, upon a written contract executed by the plaintiff and defendant on the 9th day of May 1914, for services performed by the plaintiff for the defendant, and for the purchase price of four horses and one saddle, blanket and bridle sold and delivered to the defendant by the plaintiff pursuant to said contract.
You are further notified that your property, to-wit: One buffalo bull about four years old, four cattle cows, from six to twelve years old, and one buffalo calf from four to five months old, has been attached upon a writ of attachment issued against you in said cause, and that unless you appear and plead or answer in said cause on or before the 15th day of January, 1916, judgment will be rendered against you by default and your said property will be sold to satisfy the same.
You are further notified that Geo. L. Reese is attorney for the plaintiff and his address is Portales, New Mexico.
Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 24th day of November, 1915.
J. W. BALLOW, Clerk.
By Guy P. Mitchell, Deputy.

Strickland & Bland

When you think of your fresh meats, sausage, oysters, fish, etc., think of the many other good things to eat. We keep them and are rearing to bring them to you with the meat. Phone 11.

Think of This Seriously

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



Christmas and New Year Holiday Excursion Rates: Rates One and one third fare for the round-trip to all local points in New Mexico and Texas. Dates of sale Dec. 18, 23, 24, 25, 26, 1915, and January 1st, 1916. Final Limit January 5, 1916.
Christmas and New Year Holidays: Denver, \$25.35, Colorado Springs, \$22.40, Pueblo, \$20.60. On Sale, December 21, 22, and 23, 1915. Final Limit January 18, 1916.

W. S. MERRILL, Agt.

W. O. OLDHAM, PRESIDENT P. E. JORDAN, CASHIER
H. C. WAGGONER, ASSISTANT CASHIER

First National Bank

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$75,000.00

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

Member Federal Reserve Bank, District No. 11

J. P. Pyeatt..

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

WHERE

Do You Buy Lumber?

We carry the most complete line of lumber and building material in Eastern New Mexico and can always save you money on your bill. If you fail to figure at Kemp's we will both lose money.

First Class White Pine Boards at \$3.00 per hundred

Kemp Lumber Co.

C. A. SKELTON, Local Manager

The Portales Barber Shop

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

W. A. STEPHENSON, Proprietor

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..

Saxon "Six" Delivered \$860.00

STRENGTH - POWER - SERVICE

Saxon "Six" Features

- Continental Motor,
- Rayfield Carburator,
- Timkin Axles & Bearings,
- Atwater-Kent Ignition,
- Catlever Springs,
- 30-35 Horse Power,
- Yacht Line Body,
- Double unit starting and lighting system.

SAXON "SIX" is in a class by itself. Ask us for Demonstration. We will be glad to show you.

R. L. BLANTON, Agent
THE HIGHWAY GARAGE

The BALL of FIRE

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER
and LILLIAN CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY C.D. RHODES

SYNOPSIS

At a vestry meeting of the Market Square church, Gail Sargent returns to a discussion about the sale of the church tenement to Edward E. Allison, local traction king, and when asked her opinion of the church by Rev. Smith Boyd, says it is apparently a lucrative business enterprise. Allison takes Gail riding in his motor car. When he suggests he is entitled to rest on the laurels of his achievement, she asks the disturbing question: "Why?" Gail, returning to her Uncle Jim's home from her drive with Allison, finds cold disapproval in the eyes of Rev. Smith Boyd, who is calling there. At a boisterous party Gail finds the world uncomfortably full of men, and Allison tells her that his new ambition is to conquer the world. Allison starts a campaign for consolidation and control of the entire transportation system of the world. Gail becomes popular and Aunt Helen thinks it necessary to advise her as to matrimonial probabilities. Allison gains control of transcontinental traffic and arranges to absorb the Vedder court tenement property of Market Square church.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"How about the Crescent Island subway?"

"Ripe any time," and Tim Corman flicked the ashes from his cigar with a heavily gemmed hand. "The boosters have been working on it right along, but never too strong."

"There's no need for any particular manipulation in that," decided Allison, who knew the traction situation to the last nickel. "The city needs that outlet, and it needs the new territory which will be opened up. I think we'd better push the subway right on across to the mainland. The extension would have to be made in ten years anyhow."

"It's better right now," immediately assented Corman. "In ten years he might be dead."

"I think, too, that we'd better provide for a heavy future expansion," went on Allison, glancing expectantly into Tim's old eyes. "We'd probably better provide for a double-deck, eight-track tube."

Tim Corman drew a wheezy breath, and then he grinned the senile shadow of his old-time grin; but it still had the same spirit.

"You got a hen on," he decided. In "society," Tim could manage very nicely to use fashionable language, but in business he found it impossible after the third or fourth minute of conversation. He had taken in every detail of the room on his entrance, and his glance had strayed more than once to the red streaks on the big map. Now he approached it, and studied it with absorbed interest. "You're a smart boy, Ed," he concluded. "Across Crescent Island is the only leak you could make in a railroad. You found the only crack that the big systems haven't tied up."

"All you can get me to admit, just now, is that the city needs an eight-track tube across Crescent Island, under lease to the Municipal Transportation company," stated Allison, smiling.



"All I know is a Guess, and I Don't Tell Guesses."

with gratification. A compliment of this sort from shrewd old Tim Corman, who was reputed to be the forecast man in the world, was a tribute highly flattering.

"That's right," approved Tim. "All I know is a guess, and I don't tell guesses. This is a big job, though, Eddie. A subway to Crescent Island, under proper restrictions, is just an ordinary year's work for the boys, but this tube pokes its nose into Oakland bay."

"I'm quite aware of the size of the job," chuckled Allison. "However, Tim, there'll be money enough behind this proposition to fill that tube with greenbacks."

Between the narrow-slitted and puffy eyelids of Tim Corman there gleamed a trace of the old-time grin.

"Then it's built." He rose and leaned on his cane, twinkling down on the man whom, years before, he had picked as a "comer." "I've heard people say that money's wicked, but they never had any. When I die, and

go down to the big ferry, if the Old Boy comes along and offers me enough money, I'll go to hell."

Still laughing, Allison telephoned to the offices of the Midcontinent railroad, and dashed out to his runabout just in time to see Tim Corman driving around the corner in his liveried landau. He found in President Urbank of the Midcontinent, a spare man who had worn three vertical creases in his brow over one thwarted ambition. His rich but sprawling railroad system ran fairly straight after it was well started for Chicago, and fairly straight from that way point until it became drunken with the monotony of the western foothills, where it gangled and angled its way to the far south and around up the Pacific coast, arriving there dusty and rattling, after a thousand-mile detour from its course—but that road had no direct entrance into New York city. It approached from the north, and was compelled to circle completely around, over hired tracks, to gain a ferryboat entrance. Passengers lured to coming in over the Midcontinent, which was a well-equipped road otherwise, counted but half their journey done when they came in sight of New York, no matter from what distance they had come.

"Out marketing for railroads today, Gail?" suggested Allison.

"I don't know," smiled Urbank. "I might look at a few."

"Here they are," and Allison tossed him a memorandum slip.

Urbank glanced at the slip, then he looked up at Allison in perplexity. He had a funny forward angle to his neck when he was interested, and the creases in his brow were deepened until they looked like cuts.

"I thought you were joking, and I'm still charitable enough to think so. What's all this junk?"

"Little remnants and job lots of railroads I've been picking up," and Allison drew forward his chair. "Some I bought outright, and in some I hold control."

"If you're serious about interesting the Midcontinent in any of this property, we don't need to waste much time," Urbank leaned back and held his knee. "There are only two of these roads approach the Midcontinent system at any point, and they are useless property so far as we are concerned; the L. and C. in the East, and the Silverknob and Nugget City, in the west, which touches our White Range branch at its southern terminus. We couldn't do anything with those."

"You landed on the best ones right away," smiled Allison. "However, I don't propose to sell these to the Midcontinent. I propose to absorb the Midcontinent with them."

Urbank suddenly remembered Allison's traction history, and leaned forward to look at the job lots and remnants again.

"This list isn't complete," he judged, and turned to Allison with a serious question in his eye.

"Almost," and Allison hitched a little closer to the desk. "There remains an aggregate of three hundred and twenty miles of road to be built in four short stretches. In addition to this, I have a twenty-year contract over a hundred-mile stretch of the Inland Pacific, a track right entry into San Francisco, and this," he displayed to Urbank a preliminary copy of an ordinance, authorizing the immediate building of an eight-track tube through Crescent Island to the mainland. "Possibly you can understand this whole project better if I show you a map," and he spread out his little pocket sketch.

If it had been possible to reverse the process of time and worry and weariness of concentration, President Urbank of the Midcontinent would have risen from his inspection of that map with a brow as smooth as a baby's. Instead, his lips went dry, as he craned forward his neck at that funny angle, and projected his chin with the foolish motion of a goose.

"A direct entrance right slam into the center of New York!" he exclaimed, cracking all his knuckles violently one by one. "Vedder court! Where's that?"

"That's the best part of the joke," smiled Allison, with no thought that Vedder court was, at this present moment, church property. "It's just where you said—right slam in the center of New York; and the building into which the Midcontinent will run its trains will be also the terminal building of every municipal transportation line in Manhattan! From my station platforms passengers from Chicago or the far West will step directly into subway, L., or trolley. When they come in over the line which is now the Midcontinent, they will be landed, not across the river, or in some side street, but right at their own doors, scattering from the Midcontinent terminal over a hundred traction lines!" His voice, which had begun in the mild banter of a man passing an idle joke, had risen to a ring so triumphant that he was almost shouting.

"But—but—wait a minute!" Urbank protested. He was stuttering. "Where does the Midcontinent get to the Crescent Island tube?"

"Right here," and Allison pointed to his map. "You come out of the tube to the L. and C., which has a long-time tracking privilege over fifty miles of the Towanda Valley, and terminates at Windfield. At Forgeson, however, just ten miles after the L. and C. leaves the Towanda, that road—"

"Is crossed by our tracks!" Urbank eagerly interpreted. "The Midcontinent, after its direct exit, saves a seventy-mile detour! Then it's a straight shot for Chicago! Straight on again out west—Why, Allison, your route is almost as straight as an arrow! It will have a three-hundred-mile shorter haul than even the Inland Pacific! You'll put that road out of the business! You'll have the king of transcontinental lines, and none can ever be built that will save one kink!" His neck protruded still further from his collar as he bent over the map.

"Here you split off from the Midcontinent's main line and utilize the White Range branch; from Silverknob—My God!" and his mouth dropped open.

"Why—why—why, you cross the big range over the Inland Pacific's own tracks!" and his voice cracked.

Edward E. Allison, his vanity gratified to its very core, sat back comfortably, smiling and smoking, until Urbank awoke.

"I suppose we can come to some arrangement," he mildly suggested.

Urbank looked at him still in a daze for a moment, and a trace of the creases came back into his brow, then they faded away.

"You figured all this out before you came to me," he remarked. "On what terms do we get it?"

CHAPTER VIII.

The Mine for the Golden Altar.

Vedder Court was a very drunkard among tenement groups. Its decrepit old wooden buildings, as if weakened from disipation and senile decay, leaned against each other crookedly for support, and leered down at the sodden swarms beneath, out of broken-paned windows which gave somehow a ludicrous effect of bearded eyes. There had once been a narrow strip of curbed soil in the center of the street, where three long-since-departed trees had given the quarter its name of "court," but this space was now as bare and dry as the asphalt surrounding it, and, as it was too small even for the purpose of children at play, a wooden bench, upon which no one had ever sat, as, indeed, why should they? had long ago been placed on it, to become loose-jointed and weather-split and rotted, like all the rest of the neighborhood.

As for its tenants; they were exactly the sort of birds one might expect to find in such foul nests. They were of many nations, but of just two main varieties: stupid and squalid, or thin and furtive; but they were all dirty, and they bore, in their complexions, the poison of crowded breathing spaces, and bad sewerage, and unwholesome or insouciant food.

Into this mire there drove an utterly out-of-place little electric coupe. At the wheel was the fresh-cheeked Gail Sargent and with her was the twinkling-eyed Rufus Manning, whose white beard rippled down to his second waistcoat button. They drove slowly the length of the court and back again, the girl studying every detail with acute interest. They stopped in front of Temple Mission, which, with its ugly red and blue lettering nearly erased by years of monthly scrubbing, occupied an old store room once used as a saloon.

"So this is the chrysalis from which the butterfly cathedral is to emerge," commented Gail, as Manning held the door open for her, and before she rose she peered again around the uninviting "court," which not even the bright winter sunshine could relieve of its dinginess; rather, the sun made it only the more dismal by presenting the ugliness more in detail.

"This is the mine which produces the gold which is to gild the altar," asserted Manning, studying the sidewalk. "I don't think you'd better come in here. You'll spoil your shoes."

"I want to see it all this time because I'm never coming back," insisted Gail, and placed one daintily shod foot on the step.

"Then I'll have to shame Sir Walter Raleigh," laughed the silver-bearded Manning, and, to her gasping surprise, he caught her around the waist and lifted her across to the door, whereat several soiled urchins laughed, and one vinegary-faced old woman grinned, in horrible appreciation, and dropped Manning a familiarly respectful curtsy as he passed.

There was no one in the mission except a broad-shouldered man with a roughly hewn face, who ducked his head at Manning and touched his forefinger to the side of his head. He was placing huge soup kettles in their holes in the counter at the rear of the room, and Manning called attention to this.

"A practical mission," he explained. "We start in by saving the bodies."

"Do you get any further?" inquired Gail, glancing from the empty benches and the atrociously colored "religious" pictures on the walls to the windows, past which eddied a mass of humanity all but submerged in hopelessness.

"Sometimes," replied Manning gravely. "I have seen a soul or two even here. It is because of these two or three possibilities that the mission is kept up. It might interest you to know that Market Square church year spends fifteen thousand dollars a year in charity relief in Vedder court alone."

Gail's eyelids closed, her lashes curved on her cheeks for an instant, and the corners of her lips twitched,

"And how much a year does Market Square church take out of Vedder court?"

"I was waiting for that bit of impertinence," laughed Manning. "I shall be surprised at nothing you say since that first day when you characterized Market Square church as a remarkably lucrative enterprise. Have you never felt any compunctions of conscience over that?"

"Not once," answered Gail promptly. She had started to seat herself on one of the empty benches, but had changed her mind. "If I had been given to any such self-indulgence, however, I should reproach myself now. I think Market Square church not only commercial but criminal."

"I'll have to give your soul a chastisement," smiled Manning. "These people must live somewhere, and because Vedder court, being church property, is exempt from taxation, they find cheaper rents here than anywhere in the city. If we were to put up improved buildings, I don't know where they would go, because we would be compelled to charge more rent."

"In order to make the same rate of profit," responded Gail. "Out of all



He Dropped Behind to Slip Something Which Looked Like Money.

this misery, Market Square church is reaping a harvest rich enough to build a fifty million dollar cathedral, and I have sufficient disregard for the particular deity under whom you do business, to feel sure that he would not destroy it by lightning. I want out of here."

"Frankly, so do I," admitted Manning; "although I'm ashamed of myself. It's all right for you, who are young, to be fastidious, but your Daddy Manning is coward enough to want to make his peace with heaven, after a life which put a few blots on the book."

She laughed at him speculatively for a moment, and then she laughed. "You know, I don't believe that, Daddy Manning. You're an old fraud, who does good by stealth, in order to gain the reputation of having been picturesquely wicked. Tell me why you belong to Market Square church?"

"Because it's so respectable," he twinkled down at her. "When an old sinner has lost every other claim to respectability, he has himself put on the vestry."

He dropped behind on their way to the door, to surreptitiously slip something, which looked like money, to the man with the roughly hewn countenance, and as he stood talking, Rev. Smith Boyd came in, not quite breathlessly, but as if he had hurried.

"I knew you were here," he said, taking Gail's slender hand in his own; then his eyes turned cold.

"You recognized my pink ribbon bows," and she laughed up at him frankly. "You haven't been over to sing lately?"

"No," he replied. "Will you be at home this evening?"

"I'll have our music selected," and, in the very midst of her brightness, she was stopped by the sudden somberness in the rector's eyes.

Simple little conversation; quite trivial indeed, but it had been attended by much shifting thought. To begin with, the rector regretted the necessity of disapproving of a young lady so undeniably attractive. She was a pleasure to the eye and a stimulus to the mind, and always his first impulse when he thought of her was one of pleasure. An incident flashed back to him. The night of the toboggan party, when she had stood with her face upturned, and the moonlight gleaming on her round white throat. He had trembled, much to his later sorrow, as he fastened the scarf about her warm neck. However, she was the visiting niece of one of his vestrymen, who lived next door to the rectory.

Gail jerked her pretty head impatiently. If Rev. Smith Boyd meant to be as somber as this, she'd rather he'd stay at home. However, he was the rector, and her Uncle Jim was a vestryman, and they lived right next door.

"You just escaped a blowing up, Doctor Boyd," observed "Daddy" Manning, joining them, and his eyes twinkled from one to the other. "Our young friend from the West is harsh with the venerable Market Square church."

"Again?" and Rev. Smith Boyd was gracious enough to smile. "What is the matter with it this time?"

"It is not only commercial, but ex-

cessful," repeated Manning, with a dry smile at Gail, who now wore a little red spot in each cheek.

Rev. Smith Boyd's cold eyes turned green, as he glanced at this daring young person. In offending the dignity of Market Square church she offended his own.

"What would you have us do?" he quietly asked.

"Retire from business," she informed him, nettled by the covert sneer at her youth and inexperience. She laid aside a new perplexity for future solution. In moments such as this the rector was far from ministerial, and he displayed a quickness to anger quite out of proportion to the apparent cause. "The whole trouble with Market Square church is that they have no God. The creator has been reduced to a formula."

Daddy Manning saved the rector the pain of any answer.

"You're a religious anarchist," he charged Gail.

Her face softened.

"By no means," she replied. "I am a devoted follower of the divine spirit, the divine will, the divine law; but not of the church; for it has forgotten these things."

"You don't know what you are saying," the rector told her.

"That isn't all you mean," she retorted. "What you have in mind is that, being a woman, and young, I should be silent. You would not permit thought if you could avoid it, for when people begin to think, religion lives but the church dies, as it is doing today."

Now Rev. Smith Boyd could be triumphant. There was a curl of sarcasm on his lips.

"Are you quite consistent?" he charged. "You have just been objecting to the prosperity of the church."

"Financially," she admitted; "but it is a spiritual bankrupt. Your financial prosperity is a direct sign of your religious decay. Your financial bankruptcy will come later, as it has done in France, as it is doing in Italy, as it will do all over the world. Humanity treats the church with the generosity due a once valuable servant who has outlived his usefulness."

"My dear child, humanity can never do without religion," interposed Daddy Manning.

"Agreed," said Gail; "but it outgrows them. It outgrew paganism, idolatry, and a score of minor phases in between. Now it is outgrowing the religion of creed, in its progress toward morality. What we need is a new morality."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Activities of Women.

Women are paid ten cents a day for making army shirts in France.

Of the 79,946 women registered for war work in England, only 1,915 have been utilized.

Very few of the nearly 400,000 women school teachers in the United States are married.

As soon as the war is over Miss Genevieve Caulfield, a teacher at the Pennsylvania Institution for Instruction of the Blind, will sail for Japan, where she will devote her life to teaching the blind there.

Should Dr. Ella B. Everett of Philadelphia accept the presidency of Wilson college, she will be obliged to sacrifice a large medical practice which she now enjoys in the Quaker City.

Mrs. B. Castleton, who has just been graduated from the Atlanta Law school, took up law mainly that she might have an understanding sympathy in the work of her husband, an Atlanta attorney.

Found That Enemy Could Shoot.

A correspondent, sending news of himself, sends this hospital experience from the British front: "He and I were occupants of neighboring beds in the same ward. He had come from the trenches with a hole through his nose. I was inquisitive and he responsive. I got this 'ere just by Noove Chapel. Pal o' mine said the blighters could shoot; I said they couldn't hit me if I give 'em a chance. I stuck up me 'ead and looked at 'em. 'E got 'a tanner an' I got pipped.' Of course, the surgeon could only plug the nose of such a man with cheek."

Seville Nights.

In all the principal plazas and gardens of Seville moving picture screens are erected and small tables and chairs set out, the exhibitors either making their profits from the drinks sold or by rental of chairs at two cents each. Thousands of people go nightly to the different plazas and gardens, and the entire life of the city for about four months centers around these moving picture shows.—From Commerce Reports.

Couldn't Be More So.

"How was the party last night at the Gadders' house?"

"Oh, the usual flubdub and foolishness."

"Was there no serious note?"

"One. I overheard Mr. Gadders tell Mrs. Gadders in a whisper that another blowout like that would break him."

His Justification.

"Why did you strike this man?" asked the court.

"He told me to use my head," pleaded the prisoner.

"Well, that's no crime, is it?"

"But, your honor, I was crushing stone at the time."—Buffalo Express.

Hardest Thing to Ride.

"There is nothing so hard to ride as a young broncho," said the Westerner.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the man from back East. "Did you ever try the water wagon?"

BUSINESS IN CANADA IS GOOD

Successful Crops and Big Yields Help the Railway.

The remarkable fields that are reported of the wheat crop of Western Canada for 1915 bear out the estimate of an average yield over the three western provinces of upward of 25 bushels per acre. There is no portion of that great west of 24,000 square miles in which the crop was not good and the yields abundant. An American farmer who was indeed to place under cultivation land that he had been holding for five years for speculative purposes and higher prices, says that he made the price of the land out of this year's crop of oats. No doubt, others, too, who took the advice of the Department of the Interior to cultivate the unoccupied land, have done as well.

But the story of the great crop that Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta produced this year is best told in the language of the railways in the added cars that it has been necessary to place in commission, the extra trains required to be run, the increased tonnage of the grain steamers.

It is found that railway earnings continue to improve.

The C. P. R. earnings for the second week of October showed an increase of \$762,000 over last year, the total being only \$310,000 below the gross earnings of the corresponding week of 1913, when the Western wheat crop made a new record for that date. The increase in C. P. R. earnings for the corresponding week of that year was only \$351,000, or less than half of the increase reported this year. The grain movement in the West within the past two weeks has taxed the resources of the Canadian roads as never before, despite their increased facilities. The C. P. R. is handling 3,000 cars per day, a new record. The G. T. R. and the C. N. R. are also making new shipment records. The other day the W. Grant Morden, of the Canada Steamships Company, the largest freighter of the Canadian fleet on the Upper Lakes, brought down a cargo of 476,315 bushels, a new record for Canadian shipping. Records are "going by the board" in all directions this fall, due to Canada's record crop. The largest Canadian wheat movement through the port of New York ever known is reported for the period up to October 15th, when seven shipments of the new crop began in August. 4,165,791 bushels have been reloaded for England, France and Italy. This is over half as much as was shipped of American wheat from the same port in the same period. And, be it remembered, Montreal, not New York, is the main export gateway for Canadian wheat. New York gets the overflow in competition with Montreal.—Advertisement.

Not a Booklover.

After spending the summer in a mountain hamlet in Tennessee, the visitor hired a native to help pack up. As they were engaged in boxing a shelf of books the mountaineer remarked:

"Somehow, ah nevah keered much for books; but," he resumed after a thoughtful pause, "ah can't read, an' mebbe that had sumpin' to do wit' it."

Exchange.

For Domestic Animals.

Horses, cattle and sheep are liable to sores, sprains, galls, calks, kicks, bruises and cuts, and Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh is the standard remedy for such cases. When you consider how valuable your stock is, having the Balsam always on hand for them is a cheap form of insurance. Adv.

Speedy.

"I understand young Jiggers has taken up the pursuit of literature."

"Yes, but he hasn't caught it yet. Literature is pretty swift nowadays, you know."

An Improved Quinine, Does Not Cause Nervousness nor Ringing in Head.

The happy combination of laxatives in LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE makes the Quinine in this form have a far better effect than the ordinary Quinine, and it can be taken by anyone without affecting the head. Remember to call for the full name, Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for signature of E. W. Grove, Inc.

Superlatively Inconspicuous.

Knicker—Does Jones amount to much?

Bocker—No more than a horse at a horse show.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Gage* Children Cry for *Fletcher's Castoria*

Mean Cat!

"Algernon called on me yesterday afternoon."

"Yes; he told me he had some time to kill."—Kansas City Journal.

THAT GRIM WHITE SPECTRE.

Pneumonia, follows on the heels of a neglected cough or cold. Delay no longer. Take Mansfield's Cough Balsam. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Pleasant Work.

"So you hav a foine job, ah?"

"Sure I haif! I was chief foreman in a pretzel factory!"

Season's Greetings and Thanks for Your Patronage

Greetings of the season and best wishes for a happy and prosperous 1916 to you all! And may you have many such in the years to come!

We thank you sincerely for the liberal patronage we have received during the past twelve months. You have been generous indeed, which is the best of all evidence that the home store is nearest of all stores to your heart.

We have endeavored at all times to serve you conscientiously and acceptably in the past, and the future will see us putting forth even greater efforts to this end. We hope to see you all throughout the new year, which we trust is to be one of many blessings to our people. Again, hearty greetings from the management and clerks of this store.



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We have complete indexes to all real estate in Roosevelt and Curry counties. Abstracts made promptly. Office, upstairs in Reese building, telephone 63.

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Complete line of fresh groceries at all times. We buy your chickens and eggs.
Free Delivery - - Phone 64

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..Inda Humphrey..

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

Card of Thanks
I take this method of thanking the many friends in Portales for their kindness and many favors during the sickness and death of my brother, James Monroe. Your kindness will never be forgotten. A. T. Monroe.

OUR BANK IS YOUR BANK

Deposit your money with us. It is safe. Pay your bills by check. It is safe, convenient, businesslike, and each cancelled check is a receipt.

Substantial men own this bank; substantial men are its depositors; substantial men have made it what it is and will make it greater.

This bank wants YOU in the ranks of its substantial friends. It is your bank in theory—make it so in practice.

Portales Bank & Trust Co.
Portales, New Mexico, U. S. A.

For...

Heaters, cook stoves, ranges, stove pipe, dampers, stove boards, granite, tin, aluminum, queensware, Bowsher grinders, Eclipse windmills, barb wire, woven wire, iron roofing, shelf and heavy hardware, pipes and cylinders. Prices consistent with good business. CALL US.

...INDA HUMPHREY...
Main Street. Portales, N. M.

TO GOOD EATERS

JUST A WORD

Many of the most discriminating eaters in this community buy their groceries at this store. There are just two reasons why they buy them here. 1st, they get exactly what they want. 2nd, the price is so low it is more than satisfactory to them. Can you think of a better reason why YOU should buy your groceries from us? If it is so eminently satisfactory to them it would be equally so to you.

...The White House Grocery Co...
Telephone Number 21

WE WANT YOUR TRADE

And want you to know it. By working together can save you money. Money saved is money made. Give us a trial and be convinced.

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Store Phone 12. Home Phone 159

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...INSURANCE...

"We Know How" Portales, New Mexico

...The University of New Mexico..

Invites correspondence with young men and young women, and particularly with the Fathers and Mothers of Portales and Roosevelt county who wish to give their sons and daughters the advantages of broad thorough college education. It is not necessary to go 1000 miles from home to get an education, or to spend a fortune for it. The State University is your university; maintained by the state for the benefit of you and your children. Get acquainted with it. It can help you. You will be interested in the efficiency of its faculty; in the completeness of its equipment; in the breadth of its work and the rapidity of its advancement. The small money outlay involved in the residence at the University will astonish you. The state has placed a university education within the reach of every citizen.

The second semester of the university year, when students may enter all departments, opens January 1st, 1916. If ready to begin college work do not wait another year. Start with the new year. It costs nothing to obtain full information. Write today to

DAVID R. BOYD, President,
University of New Mexico. Albuquerque N. M.

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It certainly pays to buy your groceries at this store, because you effect a substantial saving on every purchase.

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Our Red Star Flour is the very best on the market and is very popular with the housewives of Portales.

Also there is no better sugar, salt meats, premium hams, bacon, canned goods, dried fruits, potatoes, etc, everything in the eating line is reduced to the minimum in price and the quality held right up to the top notch.

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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 III

PORTALES, ROOSEVELT COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1915

Number 9

University Notes

Further important gains in students for the University of New Mexico are anticipated with the opening of the second semester on January 4th. At the opening of the present college year a class of eighty freshmen brought the University's enrollment up to about 100 percent above that of two years before, and two hundred percent over the college grade enrollment of three years ago. From a representation of only eleven counties three years ago the representation advanced to twenty-two out of the state's twenty-six counties, with special students from one of the missing counties.

Early information received by the registrar indicates that all four of the missing counties, Union, Mora, San Jovel and Torrance, will have students in the State University after the first of January.

One of the most important advances made by the state University, and one that means much for its speedy growth is assurance of the extension of the Albuquerque street railway system to the campus during the early months of 1916. The prospects now are that cars will be operating to the University before the commencement exercises next May; and at any rate before the opening of the next college year. Lack of adequate transportation between the Albuquerque business district and the University has been one of the institution's serious handicaps. Growth of the University itself and of its neighboring residence district have combined to make the extension imperative, and strong business and property interests have provided a bonus to insure immediate construction and operation of cars on a twenty minute schedule for a period of three years. Only a small part of the necessary bonus remains unsubscribed and this is considered a certainty in the next few days.

Baptist Notes

Last Sunday our congregation was very good despite the inclement day. The Sunday school convention was very well attended when we consider the weather and the colds in the community. Dr. Raley's address was masterful Sunday night. Every father in the town should have heard it. We will have a Christmas tree at the church Friday night at 7:30. Parents are asked to put on one present for each child. The children and grown people are expected to get only one present and a treat of candies, nuts and fruits furnished by the church. All members of the Sunday school are requested to be present.

Subject for Sunday morning, "Finding our Place in the Church" from the text "What Shall This Man Do?" Baptist Union at six o'clock. Subject for the evening, "Life of Christ." You are all welcome to worship with us.

W. E. DAWN, Pastor.

Simple Method of Dehorning

Dip the finger in water and moisten the little bunch on the calf's head where the horn starts rub it with a stick of caustic pot ash until it looks a little red, not even breaking the skin, and no horn will appear. This should be done before the calf is two weeks old better even when one week old. It causes but little pain to the animal and the extreme cruelty of dehorning with a saw, which is prohibited in some states, is eliminated.

Obituary

James Monroe was born in Crockett, Houston county, Texas, July 15, 1855 and died at the family residence at Portales Monday, December 20th at four o'clock p. m. He was confined to his bed only eight days, the cause of his death being pneumonia. The remains were taken to Brownwood, Texas, his old home, the interment occurring Thursday.

The deceased was a member of a prominent south Texas family and was a grand nephew of President James Monroe. In early life he was a farmer and also in the mercantile business. For nearly 20 years he held a responsible position with the Waters-Pierce Oil Co. Ill health compelled him to resign several years ago and about five years ago he came to Portales and up until about six months ago seemed to be much benefited.

Mr. Monroe was a man who made friends with everybody he met. He was of a kindly disposition and always respected the other fellow's opinion although he differed with him. He was a loving and kind husband and a man of Christian character. Quite early in life he joined the Presbyterian church. For many years he belonged to the Knights of Pythias and the W. O. W. lodges at Brownwood which lodges had charge of the funeral.

He is survived by his widow, a brother, A. T. Monroe of San Antonio, Texas and a sister Mrs. Sarah J. Holmes of New York City. The remains were accompanied to Brownwood by Mrs. Monroe, A. T. Monroe and two nephews, Geo. Monroe and Clifton Whittle.

Staying On the Farm.

The boys are beginning to learn that staying on the farm is not nearly so bad as trying to hang onto the towns. There are so many people awakening to the fact that the boys ought to have more inducement to stay on the farm.

One thing that is making the farm more attractive is that the farmers are buying more autos and bringing the boys and girls more in touch with the social world. Give the boys more pleasure on the farm and they will stay on the farm and make a success.

The unattractiveness of farm life is responsible for the bulk of farm desertions. The craving of the human being for fellowship and amusement drives him into the places where such things can be found. The lonesomeness of the average farm hangs like a pall over all, especially the younger ones. Making the farm attractive is the way to keep the youth on the farm.

Lee Evans, of the Elida country this week sold his calves, which he bought from Keen Brothers and was in town Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Evans has made quite a bit of money the past year buying and selling calves.

Elmer Walker, who has been working in Deming, this state, for the past few months returned Thursday for a visit with his sister, Mrs. Sam J. Nixon.

Dwight Reynolds and wife returned Tuesday of this week from a visit with their folks at Wichita, Kansas.

Bascom Howard this week sold three town lots to H. A. Spikes.

DEATH OF A YEAR OF DEATH.

Since the time of the third century Christmas has been celebrated as a day of joy in honor of the birth of Christ, our only perfect man. It has been our policy to speak of Christmas in tones of gentleness, love, and compassion, and humility; in words of praise and thankfulness for the blessings of the year that would soon pass into history. Now we approach the glorious Christmas day with feeling of sorrow, sadness, and regret, for we are soon to witness the death of a year of death. Today, when we should revel in the joy of living, we are consumed with compassion for our brothers who are perishing in the blood soaked trenches of Europe. We are weighed down with sorrow for the unfortunate women and children who must bear the burdens of the greatest and most destructive human blight the world has ever known. Our hearts are saddened with regret that the meek and gentle spirit of the Nazarine is forgotten in a wild and bloody carnage of death and destruction.

Nineteen hundred and fifteen, a year of death, will soon reach its own fitting end—death. There comes a time in the life of every person when neither tongue nor pen can express the language of the heart. It is so with us as we write of this Christmas day. Our face should be turned toward the Christ, yet in our vision we see the crimson stained fields of Europe, the famine ridden land of Mexico, the dying race of the Christian Armenians, on every hand the grim and terrible spectre of harsh, violent, sudden and agonizing death. Death of a year of death! Farewell, 1915! May we never see your like again!

Garrison Notes

The box supper was well attended and everyone seemed to have a very pleasant time. The entertainment was excellent considering the length of time it had to be gotten up in.

After carefully looking over the account of the proceeds of the box supper Mr. G. D. Toland and J. C. English report \$59.15 instead of \$52.40 which was first reports. Miss Anna Hitt got the cake which brought \$20.50. Mr. Wayne Garrison beat Rev. J. D. Waggoner only ten votes in the contest for the cake of soap. Wayne says he has a use for that cake of soap.

The directors say they feel very grateful to the people of other districts for their friendliness and liberal contribution.

We are sorry to report that Robert Young and wife are leaving our neighborhood but glad to note that Mr. Will Hunter will move in as soon as he can arrange his business at his home in Oklahoma. Mr. Hunter, has been gone from here since last summer and is now back on business and says that Roosevelt county looks goods to him. He has purchased the Will Slough's half section. The consideration being \$2000.00.

We believe and not only that but we know that the people are in better circumstances than they are in the East.

Stay with your homestead boys! G. D. Toland went to Elida on business, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dayton Brown are very proud of their baby girl. We are very glad to note that Miss Maggie Talley returned home Sunday evening but sorry to report her on the sick list.

Mrs. G. D. Toland, visited relations in the Tar Top community last week.

Doss Items.

This community was visited by a fine snow Saturday night and we have a fine plowing season in the ground.

Virgil Howard and family returned from Texas Saturday.

Mrs. Hoover, Mr. Short and families of Oklahoma have cast their lot with us. We wish them success.

Prof. Sam J. Stinnett moved Saturday to the Latimer place.

We have some new students in school this week.

C. A. Jones of Roswell was here on business this week and received a bunch of cattle that he traded his 160 acres for some time ago.

Mrs. H. S. Phillips is visiting relatives in Texas.

Mr. Boyt is improving his place some.

Mr. Bostiek has sold his place so we hear for \$2,900 and we regret seeing him leave for we need more enterprising men like him in our country.

J. A. Tinsley is improving his home some.

Babe Freeman visited Henry Freeman Sunday evening.

C. A. Jones and his father visited the Freeman home Sunday.

O. R. Self and wife, of Elida, left Tuesday of this week for Roseboro, Arkansas, where they will spend the holidays.

Ursi Keen this week received a car of cotton seed cake which he fed to the cattle belonging to the Keen Cattle Co.

Thenie Mae Oldham, who has been attending the Clarendon College, is spending holidays with homefolks.

J. L. Anthony and J. R. Shock, of Elida, were business visitors in Portales the first of the week.

Inez Items.

Several people from this place attended the singing convention at Rogers Sunday.

There will be a Christmas program at the Inez school house on Christmas evening. Everybody is invited.

Ramon Tollett had the misfortune to have his feed stacks burn Saturday night. It is supposed that the fire started from a match that had been dropped on the stack by some one smoking while they were threshing Saturday evening.

Billie Carder departed for Albemath, Texas, last Saturday. The following pupils received the highest general average and are on the roll of honor this month: Thelma Campbell, Inez Mullins, Glenn Parrish, Edgalea Tollett, Leland Campbell.

Greathouse Bros. are getting along splendidly with their new thrasher. They are doing good work and lots of it.

Rev. L. L. Thurston will preach here on next Sunday. On Saturday afternoon an Epworth League will be organized. Come out everybody.

Rev. J. L. Cobb, Okla., is visiting his sister Mrs. D. A. Robinson. He likes New Mexico so well that he intends to locate here soon.

Lee Brown of Arch has been engaged by Mr. Robinson to drive the mail hack this winter.

Hones District.

Mrs. Brown and children who formerly lived at Goldwithe, Texas are visiting Mrs. Etta Brown and family at present. They will soon be joined by Mr. Brown and will make this their future home.

S. B. Boone left the 15th for visit with his brothers at Sunset, Texas and Cleo, Oklahoma.

John Killian who has been visiting with the J. E. Black family for the past several weeks left the 16th for his home at Newport, Texas.

School was dismissed Friday for a two weeks vacation. Miss Ross the teacher left Sunday to spend the holidays with her mother and sisters, near De Leon, Texas.

The Oklahoma Farmer

The average Oklahoma farmer gets up at the alarm of a Connecticut clock; buttons his Chicago suspenders to Detroit overalls; washes his face with Cincinnati soap in a Pennsylvania pan; sits down to a Grand Rapids table; eats Chicago meat and Minnesota flour, cooked with Texas cottolene on a Sears-Roebuck stove; puts a New York bridle on Missouri mule, fed with Colorado alfalfa; ploughs a farm covered with a Vermont mortgage with an Illinois plough. When bedtime comes he reads a chapter from a Bible printed in Boston, says a prayer written in Jerusalem, crawls under a blanket made in New Jersey, only to be kept awake by an Oklahoma dog—the only home product on his place and then he wonders why he cannot make money raising corn.

Rev. A. C. Bell left Wednesday for Texas, for a visit with his father.

LOST—Black male pig, about three months old. Please notify C. E. Brown.

Ed Savage and Z. T. Cambell, of Elida, were here the first of the week on business.

Declines Offer

Albuquerque, New Mexico December.—Ralph F. Hutchinson, director of physical education and coach at the University of New Mexico, has refused an offer at an advanced salary from Perdue University to become head basketball coach and assistant baseball coach, in order to remain with the New Mexico institution. This became known today following a meeting of the University board of regents, when it was announced definitely that Hutchinson would remain here. Hutchinson is a graduate of Perdue and his Alma mater has been after him for some time, for various positions on the athletic staff. Hutchinson, however, established the present system of physical education in the New Mexico University, and is deeply interested in seeing his work thoroughly grounded. He has been an active influence in encouraging clean school and college sports in New Mexico.

Died

John A. W. Smithee, one of the pioneers of Roosevelt county, died at his home near Floyd, New Mexico, last Sunday morning, December 19th, and was buried in the Bethel cemetery Monday. Mr. Smithee was born in Sharp county, Arkansas, March 17th, 1844, thus making him 71 years, 9 months and 2 days old. He was a member of the Methodist church for fifty years and was a faithful member until his death. He leaves four sons and two daughters, besides a host of friends, to mourn his loss.

We the sons and daughters wish to thank the people for the kindness in which they showed toward our father.

Government Seed.

We have been requested by Senator A. B. Fall to announce that the U. S. Department of Agriculture is going to distribute a limited number of packages of seed in this section as follows:

One-pound packages of Sudan grass seed; five-pound packages of fetereta seed; four-pound packages dwarf milo seed; four-pound packages Peruvian alfalfa seed; four-pound packages dwarf Hegari seed.

The distributions will be made in the spring sufficiently early to spring planting and one package to each person as long as they last. Requests will be filed in the order they are received.

The celebration of Christmas is presumed to be in honor of the birth of Christ, but quite often we slip a mental cog and it becomes a wild jamboree in the in the service of the devil.

An exchange wants to know if there is such a thing as a eugenic baby lobster. We pass it up, but we do know of a bunch of lobsters who are neither eugenic nor babies.

Notice.

I have bought out the Cottage Studio and to advertise my work will give free of charge on all work done up to Jan. 1, 1916, one beautiful calendar for 1916 with your photo on it.

The calendar alone is worth \$1.00. You must have one dozen photos amounting to \$2.50 or more, and try to get here early for holiday pictures. Next door to Travelers Inn. Very resp., Mrs. J. W. Yates.

The celebration of Christmas day dates from the third century, which is a little too ancient for the personal reminiscences of "our oldest citizen."

"Slaughter of the Innocents!" Christmas turkeys.

PERUNA

A STANDARD FAMILY REMEDY For Ordinary Grip; For All Catarrhal Conditions; For Prevention of Colds.

An Excellent Remedy

For The Convalescent; For That Irregular Appetite; For Weakened Digestion.

Ever-Ready-to-Take

A Slow Fellow. Harold—I think I will kiss you. Maude—Don't you ever do things before you think?

IMMEDIATE ATTENTION should be given to sprains, swellings, bruises, rheumatism and neuralgia. Keep Mansfield's Magic Arnica Liniment handy on the shelf. Three sizes—25c, 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Courage is a plant that cannot be destroyed by plucking one up.

Puzzled. A little girl in Newcastle, Ind., has a new baby sister and she has been somewhat puzzled as to the exact status of the new arrival in the family, says the Indianapolis News. She had willingly given up her bed, but something still seemed to trouble her greatly.

One day she was found surveying the dining room just at mealtime. She looked at her own high chair, then inquired suspiciously of her father: "Where is she going to eat, daddy?"

He Pleased the Baby. Restaurant Patron (caustically)—I am glad to see your baby has shut up, madam.

Mother—Yes, sir. You are the only thing that's pleased him since he saw the animals at the zoo.—Puck.

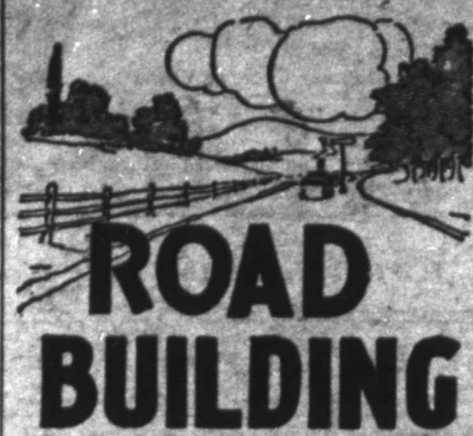
The Only Way. "So you are saving money?" "My, yes! I'm buying less than I can't afford than ever before."

The prettiest thing in feminine headgear is a good-humored face.

The Idea of "Preparedness"

is a splendid one for the person to follow whose stomach is weak, liver inactive and bowels clogged. You can greatly assist these organs and prevent much suffering by the timely use of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS



ROAD BUILDING

CONTINUANCE OF GOOD ROADS Strong Movement Throughout Country for Honoring of Old Trails—Memorial Lincoln Highway.

No state in the nation is richer in road traditions than the state of Maryland. Much of its early history might be written from the records in which road construction, maintenance and litigation figures. Some of the roads of Maryland are of ancient and honorable antiquity, and where these can be perpetuated under conditions of modern transformation, the state is thereby engaged in preserving



Ancient Highway in Maryland.

valued traditions while giving sanction to the established use of roads that have been traversed a century or more, says Baltimore American. There is a strong movement the country over for the honoring of the old roads and trails. This is manifest in the movement that contemplates a memorial highway to Abraham Lincoln. The Old National Turnpike has clustering about it traditions of history that have been transformed into literary lore under the magic pens of essayists and poets. In the far West agitation for the preservation of the old trails is gaining in strength, and the Old Oregon, and the Old Whiskey and other historic trails that date back to times immemorial will doubtless be preserved as far as possible and, where obliterated by the path of progress, will be marked. Thus the trails followed by the red men from Canada even down to Central America will in time be made matters of record and reverence.

While sentimental and practical considerations may not always be embraced in the conclusions of the good roads commission, yet these should be and doubtless are considered together in so far as the commission has enlightenment and understands the sentiment of the communities affected. But the main proposition is that the people of Maryland are a unit for the continuance of the good roads movement. Baltimore has been greatly advantaged by the construction of paved streets from the country line, over roads that enter the city. It has deep interest in the prosecution of the good roads work for the benefit of the agricultural communities of the entire state. The traffic and transportation advantages are immense, while the state is thereby elevated in the view of the country at large. Let the good roads work go on.

CONTROL OVER LOCAL ROADS

State Highway Departments Should Be Given Some Measure of Supervision Over Throughfares.

The realization has become quite general that, in order to render maximum service, state highway departments should be given some measure of control over the construction and maintenance of local roads. For this class of roads an amount exceeding \$160,000,000 is expended annually, with comparatively little result to show in the form of improved road mileage for this great outlay. The state of Iowa has met this situation by placing all the road work in the state under the direction of the state highway department.

Traffic is increasing so rapidly as to cause excessive wear upon the roads, especially in the vicinity of congested centers of population. This results in a heavy annual maintenance cost, averaging in the large eastern states not less than \$750 per mile per annum. Many experiments have been made in the effort to devise types of road which can be maintained at relatively low cost. Thus far, aside from the cheaper forms of construction, the states are depending upon the various forms of bituminous macadam, concrete, and vitrified brick road.—Yearbook United States Department of Agriculture.

Lay Tribute on Wealth. Bad roads lay a heavy tribute upon our agricultural wealth every year. Only a small per cent of the farm, orchard, garden and live stock products may be loaded upon cars without hauling. Some must be hauled over poor roads a long distance. This increases the expense of marketing, which, of course, means waste of our resources.

Horse Knows Good Roads. If you want to know if good roads are good things, ask a horse.

CALOMEL IS MERCURY, IT SICKENS! STOP USING SALIVATING DRUG

Don't Lose a Day's Work! If Your Liver Is Sluggish or Bowels Constipated Take "Dodson's Liver Tone."—It's Fine!

You're bilious! Your liver is sluggish! You feel laxy, dizzy and all knocked out. Your head is dull, your tongue is coated; breath bad; stomach sour and bowels constipated. But don't take salivating calomel. It makes you sick, you may lose a day's work.

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

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. You will feel like working; you'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

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.

Honeymooners. "I just got back from a trip to Bermuda. There wasn't a single passenger on the boat besides myself."

"That's strange."

"Not at all. They were all married."

Men and Women

Women as well as men are made miserable by kidney and bladder trouble. Dr. Elmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, is highly recommended by thousands.

Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that so many people say it has proved to be just the remedy needed in thousands of even the most distressing cases.

At drug stores in 50c and \$1.00 sizes. You may receive a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling you about it. Address Dr. Elmer S. Co., Birmingham, N. Y., and enclose ten cents. Also mention this paper.

What Started the Quarrel. Young Wife (at home)—Hello, dear.

Young Husband (at the office)—Hello, who is it?—Puck.

COVETED BY ALL

but possessed by few—a beautiful head of hair. If yours is streaked with gray, or is harsh and stiff, you can restore it to its former beauty and luster by using "La Croix's Hair Dressing. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Natural Affinity. "She's not a society belle, but she's a duck of a girl."

"Then she ought to be in the swim."

Not Gray Hairs but Tired Eyes make us look older than we are. Keep your eyes young and you will look young. After the Morley always Murine Your Eyes—Don't tell your age.

The man who gets his hair cut on Saturday afternoon will do worse. He will also have his face massaged.

Dr. E. F. Jackson, Celebrated Physician, handed down to posterity his famous prescription for female troubles. Now sold under the name of "Femenina." Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Women who are the most careful of their complexions are those who haven't any of their own.

Hanford's Balm has cured many cases of running sores of many years' standing. Adv.

A wise woman never tries to entertain her husband by singing to him in order to keep him home nights.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

Experience may be a great teacher, but a man's experience with a woman seldom teaches him good sense.

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

It's well to appreciate the good things of life, but don't be a good thing.

Weak, Faint Heart, and Hysterics can be rectified by taking "Renovine" a heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1. Adv.

Men who give advice always save the best they have for themselves.

Old Songs. "Don't you wish the good old songs could be heard again?"

"Such a thing would be impossible. With Zeppeline and submarines everywhere, imagine anybody trying to arouse joyous enthusiasm by singing 'Up in a Balloon, Boys,' or 'Sailing Over the Bounding Main.'"

The woman who neglects her husband's shirt front is scarcely the wife of his bosom.

A mere man says the average woman always exaggerates except when talking about her own age.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

If a hostess did not go to extra trouble mighty few people would stay to dinner.

For crushed finger thoroughly apply Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Liberality consists less in giving much than in giving wisely.

Break it up

THE DAY OF THE WASHBOARD IS OVER

Yes, Break Up Your Washboard!

Didn't break your back, break your arms, break your health and break your money? Washboards that washboard rubbed enough clothes to forever breaking up?

Magic Washing Stick

Finished Mr. Washboard.

And by each gentle motion. Force, as you know, never enters things right. Magic Washing Stick is not soap, but is used with the regular soap. It is not washing powder, use the soap, but it breaks the dirt by gentle motion, by natural means. It does not damage the finest texture, and herein lies the weakness of other washboards. The soft, showy cleanliness of your fine linens, pretty laces and delicate fabrics will be a continual delight.

Once you show your help how much labor is saved, how much more the clothes, you need have no fear of their ruining your clothes again.

"I see no machine and no hour with Magic Washing Stick puts my clothes on the line. I recommend it to everybody." MRS. L. Ark.

Wash Days Are Made Joy Days

FIFTEEN WASHINGS 30 CTS. For less than 30c a day you clean ten hours time, you save your clothes, you save your health, you save your looks. Use one stick. One washboard, and you clean your line. WILL BE RETURNED.

Sold by all Druggists and Grocers everywhere. If yours doesn't handle it, show him this ad—will try for you. Write for literature to A. H. BISHAM, 611, Kansas, Wash.

DISTRIBUTORS: Williamson-Halsell-Frazier Co. Oklahoma City, Guthrie, Elk City, Chickasha, Shawnee and Alva.

W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 48-1915.

THE NEWEST REMEDY FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM AND DROPSY

Kidney, Bladder and Uric Acid troubles bring misery to many. When the kidneys are weak or diseased, these natural filters do not cleanse the blood sufficiently, and the poisons are carried to all parts of the body. There follow depression, aches and pains, heaviness, drowsiness, irritability, headaches, chilliness and rheumatism. In some people there are sharp pains in the back and loins, distressing bladder disorders and sometimes obstinate dropsy. The uric acid sometimes forms into gravel or kidney stones. When the uric acid affects the muscles and joints it causes lumbago, rheumatism, gout or sciatica. This is the time to send Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., 10c for large trial package of "Anuric."

During digestion uric acid is absorbed into the system from meat

meat, and even from some vegetables. The poor kidneys get tired and backache begins. This is a good time to take "Anuric," the new discovery of Dr. Pierce for Kidney trouble and Backache. Neglected kidney trouble is responsible for many deaths, and Insurance Company examining doctors always test the water of an applicant before a policy will be issued. Have you ever set aside a bottle of water for twenty-four hours? A heavy sediment or settling sometimes indicates kidney trouble. If you wish to know your condition send a sample of your water to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and describe symptoms. It will be examined without any expense to you, and Dr. Pierce or his chemist will inform you truthfully. Anuric is now for sale by dealers in 50c pk'gs.

BANKER A REAL TIGHTWAD

Kansas' Act Hard to Beat, Even by Those Who Have Made the Matter a Study.

Gomer Davies of the Concordia Kansas, declares that the worst tightwad story he ever heard was told him years ago by Doctor Jones at Republic City. The doctor was an all-around practitioner, and occasionally pulled teeth, the town having no dentist. The president of one of the banks came in to the doctor's office one evening leading his seven-year-old boy by the hand. "Doc," he asked, "have you a tooth forceps handy?" Getting "Yes" for an answer, he asked to see them, and the doctor handed them over.

The banker put the boy in a common chair, opened the child's mouth, inserted the forceps and yanked out a molar to the accompaniment of howls of pain. "There," said the banker, handing back the forceps, "the thing is out all right enough, and just as well as if I'd paid you 50 cents for doing it. Let's go home, kid, and quit your bawling."—Kansas City Journal.

He Was a Boy Himself.

"No," said Uncle Pogy to a group of urchins. "I am not going to walk through your game of marbles, but around it. I was once a boy myself and know how you feel about it. I am not going to pat any of you on the head and prognosticate that you will be president some day. I was once a boy myself and still remember how tired I got of philanthropic old goops patting me on the head. On the other hand, you young varmints are not going to lam me in the back with a dornick when I start on my way, as, having once been a boy myself, I shrewdly suspect you intend to do, or I'll wrap my faithful hickory around you about twice aplece. Haur-raump!"—Kansas City Star.

Fair Enough.

"Lend me your automobile this afternoon, will you? I want to take my girl out for a spin."

"Sorry, old man, but I couldn't trust anybody else to run that machine. I'll tell you what we'll do, though. You lend me the girl."

Unpopular.

"Higgins doesn't seem to have many friends."

"He hasn't. Last Saturday he had three tickets to the football game, and he couldn't get anyone to go with him."

WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR

Dreary Samuel in Earnest Effort to Secure Employment, but Not, of Course, for Himself.

"Well, what do you want?" said the master of the house sternly to Dreary Samuel, the tattered tramp, as he stood outside the door shivering in the most accomplished art.

"I'm looking for work," replied he of the unemployed brigade. "Ain't you got no scrubbin' or washin' or cleanin' or nothin' that an honest body could do?"

This earnest appeal for work made the householder think that he had misjudged a real, honest British laborer out of work.

"Ah!" he said, "now you speak like a man. I like to hear of anyone willing to make an effort. I never thought you wanted work of that kind."

"No more I do," whined Samuel, shuddering at the bare idea. "It's work for my wife that I'm a-lookin' for."—London Answers.

Pleasure in Store.

At last! The careworn lady settled comfortably in her chair. The new servant had come and promised to be a real treasure. Moreover, the girl showed a strange appreciation for the appointments of the well-furnished house.

"So you like to work in—er—nicely appointed homes," asked the mistress kindly.

"I do, mum," she replied. "It's a real pleasure to have nothin' but expensive dishes to break!"

TOMMY HAD HIS OWN IDEA

Parrot, of Course, Could Not Be an Angel, but It Was to Be Promoted.

Two children, a little boy and girl, brother and sister, had been bereaved. They had lost by death a pet parrot. Of course when their first grief had subsided they turned the sad occasion to good account, as is the way with children, and had a grand funeral. The boy, Tommy, was grave digger, and the girl, Annie, wrapped the poor brilliant corpse in a silk scarf ready for interment. And it was a mournful occasion.

When the grave had been duly patished down with a small spade, the little girl said:

"I s'pose Polly's n' he've'n now."

"I s'pose so," said Tommy, "but I don't know."

"He's got wings," said Annie, "but he wouldn't be an angel, would he?"

"Only folks is angels," said Tommy. "Well, then, what is he?" asked the little girl.

"I s'pose," said Tommy, "he's a bird of paradise now."

His Share.

Jiggers was around again yesterday collecting money for his pet shanty."

"Huh! I wonder if he ever contributes anything himself!"

"Oh, yes; he furnishes the fountain pen for the rest of us to write checks with."

A light diet is the best board of health.

The Breakfast Shapes the Day

Load the stomach up with a breakfast of rich, greasy food, and you clog both digestion and mind.

For real work—real efficiency—try a breakfast of

Grape-Nuts and Cream

Some fruit, an egg, toast, and a cup of hot Postum.

Then tackle the work ahead with vigor and a keen mind. There's joy in it.

Grape-Nuts is a food for winners.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.



Bumper Grain Crops

Good Markets—High Prices

Prizes Awarded to Western Canada for Wheat, Oats, Barley, Alfalfa and Grasses

The winnings of Western Canada at the Soil Products Exposition at Denver were easily made. The list comprised Wheat, Oats, Barley and Grasses, the most important being the prizes for Wheat and Oats and sweep stakes on Alfalfa.

No less important than the splendid quality of Western Canada's wheat and other grains, is the excellence of the cattle fed and fattened on the grasses of that country. A recent shipment of cattle to Chicago topped the market in that city for quality and price.

Western Canada produced in 1915 one-third as much wheat as all of the United States, or over 300,000,000 bushels.

Canada in proportion to population has a greater exportable surplus of wheat this year than any country in the world, and at present prices you can figure out the revenue for the producer. In Western Canada you will find good schools, splendid old schools, exceptional social conditions, perfect climate, and other great attractions. There is no war tax on land and no conscription.

Send for illustrated pamphlet and get approved railway rates, information as to best location, etc. Address Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to G. A. COOK, 2012 Main St., Kansas City, Mo. Canadian Government Agent

WE GREET YOU WITH THANKS!

GREETINGS of the new year to you all! May it bring you the best in the land and that which you desire most of all things.

We give you our warmest thanks for the patronage you have extended to us in such liberal portions, with the full assurance that no pains will be spared in the coming year to warrant a continuance of your friendship and support. Again we thank you and wish you a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

KOHL'S GARAGE

WE THANK YOU

We desire to extend our thanks to the public for the generous patronage with which we have been favored the past year. Considering the business depression that has been prevalent throughout the country, we feel that our friends have favored us beyond our anticipations or even our hopes. We are indeed more than grateful to you all.

During the coming year we will endeavor to serve you in the same faithful and conscientious manner that has been our policy throughout our business career, and we respectfully solicit a continuance of your confidence and support. And now let us wish you and yours a prosperous year in 1916, with health and happiness in unlimited measure.

...Joyce-Pruit Co...

We Are Grateful

Just a Word to You

We desire to extend to you, the public, our thanks for the generous support you have given us during the year 1915, and to express the hope that you will remain with us during the coming year. It is not possible for us to express in cold type the gratitude we feel, but we can and will let our actions in future speak even louder and more practically than words.

We extend to you all the compliments of the season. May the new year bring you your heart's best desires.

Connally Coal Company

Many Thanks

Again it is our very great pleasure to extend our sincere thanks to the generous hearted people of this community for the increased patronage which we have been favored in 1915, as well as in former years. Our gratitude goes out to you in unstinted measure, and with it the hope that all this world of ours may be kind and generous to you in the many years we trust are yet before you. We express the hope that you will remember us in the future as you have done in the past, and we assure you our constant endeavor will be to meet your wishes in an acceptable manner in every case.

C. V. HARRIS

John Henry on Christmas Presents

By GEORGE V. HOBART

AY! Did you ever take what little was left and start out to buy friend wife a Christmas token? A quaint pastime, is it not? Well, to make a long story lose its cunning, I clinked a few iron men together one morning recently and started out to find something new and nifty in the gift line for Peaches.

I was browsing for a department store when I ran across Hep Hardy, limping in the direction of a taxicab stand.

"Up late, aren't you, Hep?" I inquired, glancing at the Waterbury.

"I sure am running behind my schedule this morning, John, Hep wheezed. "Accident."

"What's the matter? Fuse blow out and leave you and your favorite bartender in darkness?" I ventured.

"Nix," he answered. "I interpolated a new step in the Tango about five this a. m. and my partner, an impulsive little thing from Spokane, didn't get my signal, with the result that she stepped on me and lost one of her French heels somewhere between my ankle and my instep. I had to wait till a Doctor Shop was open so he could probe for it. The medicine peddler found it all right and my left wheel is a bit wobbly, but I'll be in the roped arena tonight when the bell rings, clamoring for my favorite rag, you can bet on that, John, old pal."

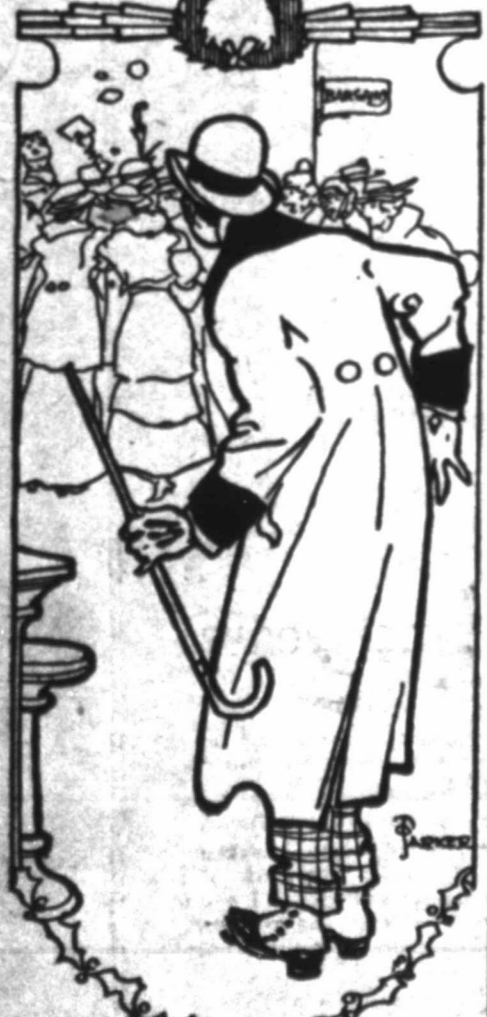
"The dance bug has you for fair, hasn't it, Hep?" I laughed.

"Not at all," Hep came back; "but like a lot of other ginks who have been going through life with stoop shoulders and plantation feet I've suddenly discovered how to be graceful and I have to stay up all night to see if other people notice it. Where are you going?"

"I'm going down to see one of those stores and make a fool out of fifty dollars—little Christmas presents for Peaches," I answered.

"Fifty dollars!" Hep sneered. "Say, John, if I had a wife, and we were speaking to each other, fifty dollars wouldn't buy the ribbon around the bundle. Fifty dollars! You make a noise like a pike."

"Sure!" I snapped back. "If you had a wife you'd take her down to your favorite jewelry store and let the clerks throw diamonds at her till they fell exhausted. But I'm just a regular



A Lot of Eager Dames Were Pawing Over Some Chinchilla Ribbon.

human being, working for a living, and every time I see a hundred dollar bill I get red in the face and want a drink of water. You know, Hep, my father didn't spend his life wrapping it up in bundles and throwing it into an iron safe against the time I became old enough to use it as a torch!"

"Say!" chirped Hep, who hadn't paid the slightest attention to what I was saying. "Why don't you get her an emerald necklace? Some idea—what? I saw one the other day for \$3,000. Wait a minute! I'll give you a card to the manager."

"Give it to the chauffeur," I said as I pushed Hep into the taxi. "By the time he gets you home you'll owe him enough to buy emeralds."

Then I left him fat and moseyed off for a department store to get a Christmas present for friend wife.

Say! Did you ever get tangled up in

one of those department store mobs and have a crowd of perfect ladies use you for a doormat?

I got mine! They certainly taught me the Huerta glide, all right!

At the door a nice young man with a pink necktie and a quick forehead bowed to me.

"What do you wish?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "I'm down here to get a Christmas present for friend wife. I would like something which would afford her great pleasure when I give it to her and which I could use afterward as a penwiper or a fishing rod."

"Second floor—to the right—take the elevator," said the man.

Did you ever try to take an elevator in a department store and find that 3,913 other American citizens and citizenettes were also trying to take the same elevator?

How sweet it is to mingle in the arms of utter strangers and to feel the pressure of a foot we never hope to meet again!

I was standing by one of the counters on the second floor when a shrill voice cropt up over a few bales of dry



The Pale Young Woman Fainted.

goods and said, "Are you a buyer or a handler?"

"I am looking for a Christmas present for friend wife," I answered. "I want to get something that will look swell on the parlor table and may be used later on as a tobacco jar or a trouser stretcher!"

"Fourth floor—to the left—take the elevator!" said the shrill voice, but shriller.

With bowed head I walked away. I began to feel sorry for friend wife. Nobody seemed to be very much interested whether she got a Christmas present or not.

On the fourth floor I stopped at a counter where a lot of eager dames were pawing over some chinchilla ribbon and chiffon overskirts.

It reminded me of the way an emotional hen digs up a grub in the garden.

I enjoyed the excitement of the game for about ten minutes and then I said to the clerk behind the counter who was refereeing the match, "Can you tell me where I can buy a sterling silver Christmas present for friend wife which I could use afterward as a night key or a bath sponge?"

"Fifth floor—to the rear—take the elevator!" said the clerk.

On the fifth floor I went over to a table where a young lady was selling "The Life and Libraries of Andrew Carnegie" at four dollars a month and fifty cents a week, and in three years it is yours if you don't lose the receipts.

She gave me a glad smile and I felt a thrill of encouragement.

"Excuse me," I said, "but I am looking for a Christmas present for friend wife which will make all the neighbors jealous, and which I can use afterward as an ash receiver or a pocket flask."

The young lady cut out the giggles and pointed to the northwest.

I went over there.

To my surprise I found another counter.

A pale young woman was behind it. I was just about to ask her the fatal question when a young man wearing a ragtime expression on his face rushed up and said to the pale young lady behind the counter: "I am looking for a suitable present for a young lady friend of mine with golden brown hair. Could you please suggest something?"

The pale young woman showed her teeth and answered him in a low, rumbling voice, and the man went away.

Then came an old lady who said: "I bought some organdie dress goods for a shirt waist last Tuesday, and I would like to exchange them for a music box for my daughter's little boy, Freddie, if you please!"

The pale young woman again showed her teeth and the old lady ducked for cover.

After about fifty people had rushed up to the pale young woman and then rushed away again, I went over and spoke to her.

"I am looking," I said, "for a Christmas present for friend wife. I want

to get something that will give her a great amount of pleasure and which I can use later on as a pipe cleaner or a pair of suspenders!"

The pale young woman fainted, so I moved over.

At another counter another young lady said to me: "Have you been waited on?"

"No," I replied; "I have been stepped on, sat on and walked on, but I have not yet been waited on."

"What do you wish?" inquired the young woman.

"I am looking for a Christmas present for friend wife," he said, "I want to buy her something that will bring great joy to her heart, and which I might use afterward as a pair of slippers or a shaving mug."

The young lady caught me with hot dreamy eyes and held me up against the wall.

"You," she screamed, "you complete a total of 25,492 people who have been in this department store today without knowing what they are doing here, and I refuse to be a human encyclopedia for the sake of eight dollars a week. Go on, now; throw yourself into second speed and climb the hill!"

I began to apologize, but she reached down under the counter and pulled out a club.

"This," she said, with a wild look in her side lamps, "this is happy Yuletide, but, nevertheless, the next guy that leaves his brains at home and tries to make me tell him what is a good Christmas present for his wife will get a bitter wallop across the forehead!"

The girl was right, so I went home without a present.

I suppose I'll have to take Hep's tip and get those emeralds after all.

But first I'll go down to the delicatessen store and see if there's anything there.

THE MYSTERY OF CHRISTMAS

One Day of the Year That All Other Days Are Learning to Envy and Imitate.

It seems to me that always, as the 24th of December commenced to shorten, the white, fleecy snow began to fall, says a writer in the Craftsman. When the street lamps flickered up like candles on an altar, they gazed on a world that was white. The strife of the city was muffled. Carts went by, but you had to peer out through the blinds to know that they were passing—they made no sound. An atmosphere of gentleness had descended. Everyone in the house went about with a softness, as though planning some secret kindness.

And then the night and the trying to keep awake till Santa Claus should come. And the waking up, with the frost weaving patterns on the panes. Somewhere far away a harp was being played, and a cornet was challenging the silence. The tune they played was an accompaniment to the most beautiful legend in the world. At first, dreamily, you tried to remember why for once the darkness was not frightening, and then, "Ah, it's Christmas!" As you turned, your feet made the paper crack, and at the end of the bed you were too content and happy even to look at your presents. Why was it that next day everybody and everything was different? The air was full of bells singing riotously. Every one, for this one day, ceased to think of his own happiness and found happiness in bringing cheerfulness to others. The stern gulf which is fixed between children and grown-ups had vanished—there weren't any grown-ups. Somewhere in your childish heart you wondered why every day couldn't be made a day of kindness.

And that wonder of a child's heart is the Christmas message. Once a year, by a divine conspiracy, all the ships of our hopes and fears turn back from their voyages to the harbor of tenderness. They are borne back on the crest of a white tide of mysticism that sweeps round the world. A truce of God is declared to all fightings, and men and women walk as children through a world that is kind. They commence to give and cease to annex; they act in the belief that God is in his heaven. The spirit is one tremendous white day of unselfishness—a day which gradually some other days in the year are learning to envy and imitate.

Why We Burn Candles.

The custom of burning candles on the Christmas tree comes from two sources. The Romans burned candles at the feast of Saturn as a sign of good cheer, while the Jews burned candles during the feast of the Dedication, which happened to fall about the same time as that of Saturn in the Roman calendar. It is quite possible that for this reason there would have been many candles burning all over Palestine about the time of the birth of Christ, and from this comes the term "Feast of Lights," which is the name used in the Greek church for Christmas day.

A Christmas Hint.

To those who may have become tired of the old-fashioned games usual at Christmas the following may be found suitable:

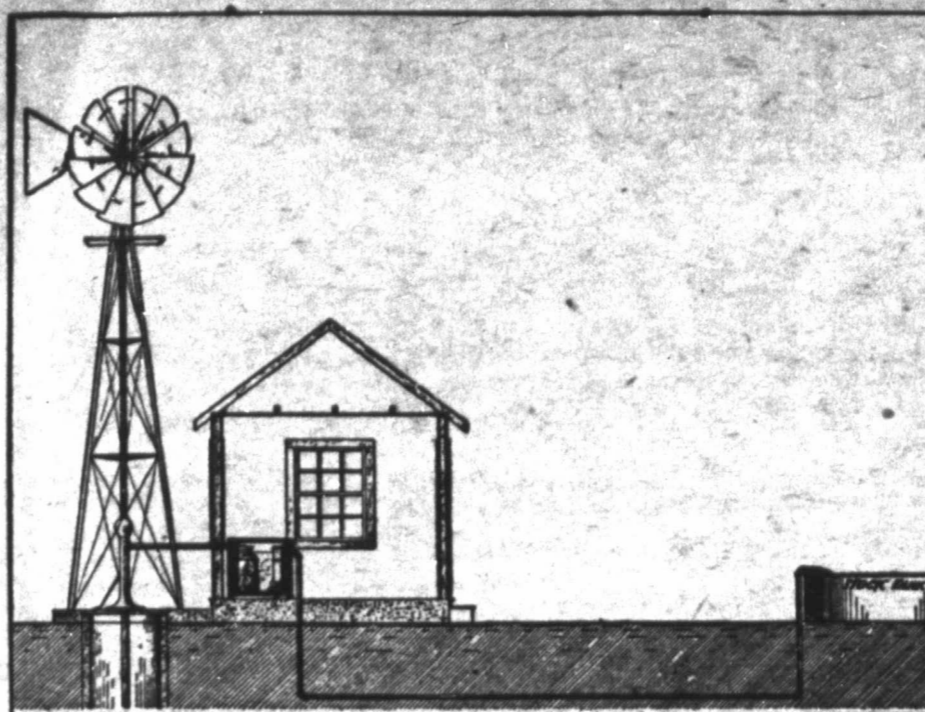
Hunt up a lot of poor people that have not got any Christmas dinner and go and give them one.

N. B.—This game may be played by any number of persons.

Welcome to Christmas!

Christmas, crown 'o the year! Golden clasp to its round of light and shadow. Truly the bells of it shall ring out. "Plague I banish, peace I bring!" Welcome it royally. Spread out for soul and sense a feast of good things.—Martha McWilliams.

IMPROVED QUALITY OF CREAMERY BUTTER



Official Square Cream Cooling Tank.

By J. H. FRANSDEN, Professor of Dairy Husbandry, University of Nebraska.

As a result of market investigations carried on by the United States dairy division some time ago to determine the quality of American butter, a large amount of the butter examined was found to be of inferior quality because of the poor cream from which it had been made. That such a state of affairs exists is bad enough but still more discouraging is the fact that during the last few years the amount of poor cream has not decreased.

When we stop to consider that the production of cream and butter is one of the leading industries of the nation, the one industry that serves and has served the American farmer well, not only in years of bountiful crops and high prices, but has been a faithful standby in years of crop failures and hard times, it is evident that poor quality in the production of cream must mean a needless loss of thousands of dollars to the producers. Moreover, it gives foreign butter just the chance it would like to have to compete in our own markets.

Although modern methods and machinery have done much to improve the quality of creamery butter, the most skillful buttermaking using the best of machinery cannot overcome the evil effects arising from the filthy methods followed by some cream producers.

Frequent experiments have shown that low temperatures will greatly retard the growth of most germs and that cream quickly cooled will keep sweet much longer than when it is allowed to cool gradually. The practice of adding warm cream to cream that has been previously cooled is recognized as being extremely undesirable because warm cream raises the temperature of the whole mass sufficiently to start the dormant bacteria to activity, causing them to multiply rapidly, producing large amounts of acid and also undesirable fermentations before the cream is again cooled to a point where their growth is checked. Warm cream should be thoroughly cooled before it is added to the cold cream.

From these facts it appears that the most practical means at the disposal of the dairyman for checking bacterial action—the spoiling of cream—lies in the universal application of low temperatures in handling the cream. The most satisfactory and practical means of securing these desirable results has been by the use of some form of cooling tank.

Recognizing the great importance of devising a cooling tank that will be at once cheap, practical, and efficient, the department of dairy husbandry of Nebraska in co-operation with Profs. G. L. McKay and F. W. Bouiska of the American Creamery Butter Manufacturers' association have spent much time investigating this problem. An effort has been made to perfect a tank that would be both effective and convenient. Such a tank must be substantially made of good insulating material and able to stand up under hard usage. It must have a tight cover in order to prevent loss of efficiency due to exposure of the cooling water to the air. The pipe through which the cooling water enters should discharge

near the bottom of the tank and the overflow near the top and at the opposite end and should be of such size that there will be no danger of water rising above the tops of the cans. With these general requirements in mind the committee, together with the co-operation of representatives of local creameries, devised, constructed and experimented with a number of different kinds of tanks to determine their cost and efficiency.

As a result the rectangular tank shown in Fig. 1 gave highly satisfactory results. Later a round tank shown in Fig. 2 embodying the features of the rectangular tank, was found to give satisfactory results and has the advantage of being constructed cheaper than would be possible for a rectangular tank. The committee is still working on a substantially built, well-insulated metal tank.

Upon the recommendation of the committee the Association of American Creamery Butter Manufacturers adopted the round and the rectangular tanks as shown in above cuts as the official tanks of the association. This association has already taken steps to have these tanks manufactured and distributed to parties interested at the lowest possible cost. To those desiring to build their own tanks plans and specifications will be furnished by the American Creamery Butter Manufacturers' association.

To sum up, it may be said that the quality of cream produced depends largely upon the conditions prevailing on the farm. Cleanliness is essential at every point. As some one has well said, "Clean cream, cool cream, rich cream are essential factors in cream production."

The responsibility, however, does not lie entirely with the farmer. The same care that must be exercised on the farm must be observed at the cream station and creamery. The cream station must be provided with proper cooling facilities and the quarters used for the cream station must be sanitary, clean, and well ventilated, otherwise the work and care of the dairyman count for naught.

Again, material improvement must come through co-operation with the railways engaged in the hauling of cream, whereby at their junction points at least shelter would be provided which would protect the cream from the sun when left on the platform. Something, too, could undoubtedly be done toward providing more sanitary and better cooled cars for use in shipping cream.

In conclusion, permit me to say that I anticipate but little trouble in getting the hearty and intelligent approval of the farmers on this bad cream propaganda, if, along with this demand, will come a cream price based strictly on grade. As long as the cream producer sees his indifferent neighbor producing poor cream and knows he receives the same price for it, it will be extremely difficult to convince him that quality really counts in the making of butter. As a matter of fact, however, one should not lose sight of the fact that every additional can of good cream helps directly or indirectly the general average of the butter made as well as the price secured for it.

MANY VARIETIES OF ALFALFA

Plant Attains Highest State of Food Value on Semiarid Land of West—Favors Dry Climate.

The plant is called lucern, probably after the town of that name in Switzerland.

It came to this country from Chile. It was once grown on the plains of Babylon and is more widely cultivated than any other plant. Its height is two and one-half to three feet.

Sometimes stories are told that alfalfa will grow down 50 to 60 feet in search of water. That cannot be confirmed. The roots in light, dry soil go down as deep as 15 or 20 feet.

In our middle western black loam and clay soils the roots penetrate three or four feet—seldom more, but spread out in search of plant food.

Alfalfa will maintain a good stand for 20 years or even longer in the dry, light soils of the far West.

On the hilly soils of the East, it will die out in from five to ten years. When the stem is cut off it dies down to the crown of the root, and the more frequently it is cut the more stems it will send up.

From two to four crops per annum are cut in the country east of the Missouri river. In the Pacific states from four to six crops are cut.

There are several varieties of alfalfa much better than others, while some varieties will stand more cold than others.

It grows well in Louisiana, fairly well in North Dakota, luxuriously in Kansas and Nebraska, and is grown to some extent in southern and eastern states. But its best growth is on the semiarid lands of the West.

It attains its highest state of food value on irrigated farm lands of the West, because the dry climate allows it to be perfectly cured and harvested. East of the Missouri river it is grown best on high lands.

It requires a good soil—not too heavy—with a porous subsoil, as it will not grow well if its roots are in water.

It must have a soil free from acid. It does not grow well on gravelly upland where the subsoil is not underlaid with water, unless the rainfall is normal.

SILAGE FED TO LIVE STOCK

Good Results Obtained Both on Irrigated and Dry Farms—Splendid for Balancing Alfalfa.

(By DR. R. H. WILLIAMS, Animal Husbandman, Arizona University Experiment Station.)

It has been found that silage can be grown and fed to live stock with good results both on irrigated and dry farms. This feed makes a splendid supplement for balancing alfalfa hay and may be fed to horses, cattle and sheep. Where the soil is suitable for pit silos this type of structure will be found the cheapest to install; but on rocky soils and where the water table is close to the surface, the above-ground type is best. Concrete, plaster, metal, wood stave and adobe structures have been used with satisfaction. The object in using silos is to store a large quantity of forage in a succulent, palatable form without waste. Silage is no better food than green fodder. It is bulky and should be considered a carbonaceous roughage. On this account, the best results are obtained when about 25 pounds of silage are fed each dairy cow or steer per day. Along with this there should be fed about 16 pounds of alfalfa hay and three to eight pounds of grain. This would make an excellent ration for a cow or steer weighing 1,000 pounds.

DRY FARMING BOON TO WEST

Wheat and Other Crops Replace Sage Brush and Weeds—Pioneers Were Severely Criticized.

Dry farming has proved itself a boon to the farmers of this western arid country. It has not been so many years ago when as far as the eye could see on our dry high lands, nothing but sagebrush and weeds could be seen.

The first men who suggested that grain could be raised without irrigation were severely criticized as are all pioneers, but they proved their "wild idea" to be a positive fact, and now the golden grain is gradually swelling the bank accounts of those same scoffers and the sagebrush has been replaced by wheat and other crops.—Utah Farmer.

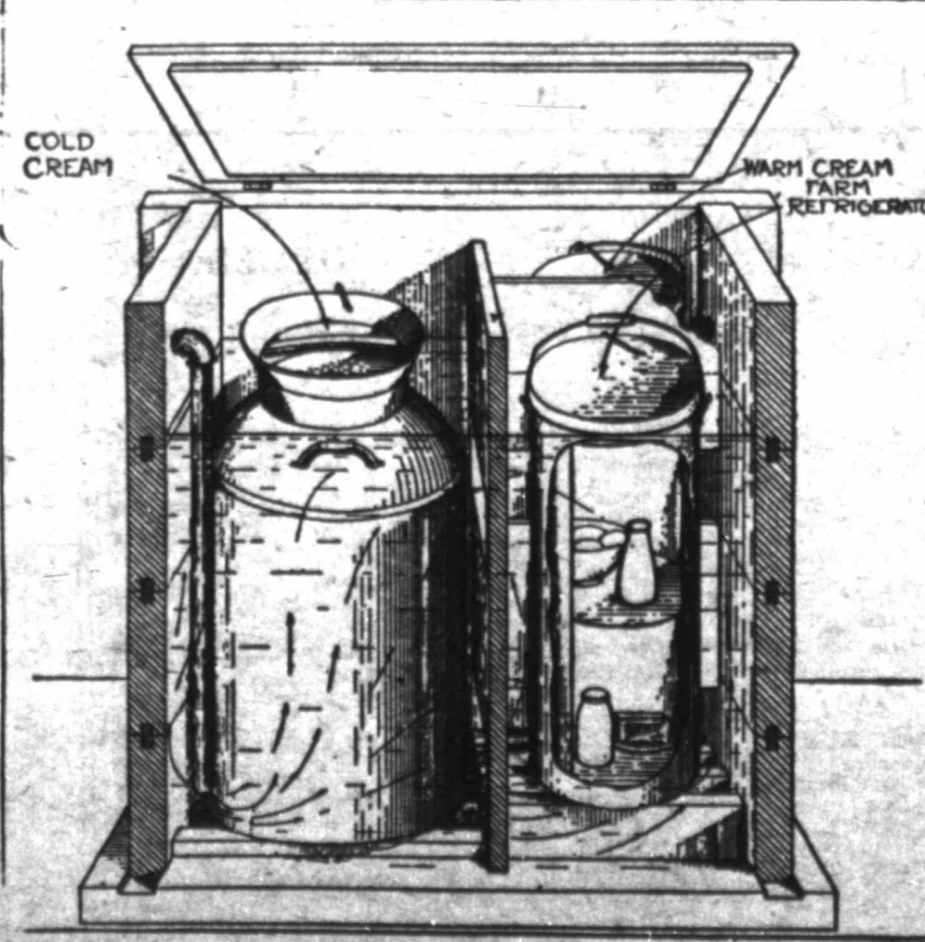
CHICKENS RELISH SOUR MILK

Recognized Among Progressive Poultrymen as Important Food Material—Aid to Digestion.

Sour milk is recognized among progressive poultrymen as being a most important food material. Aside from the food value, it has the merit of being a pronounced aid in digestion, and so allows the consumption of more feed, with a consequent gain in general condition.

A dry wash, in hoppers which will prevent waste, should be before the chickens at all times. This wash may be composed of equal parts of bran, ground oats, flour middlings, cornmeal and beef scrap. If sour milk is available in sufficient quantity the beef scrap may be reduced one-half, or left out altogether.

Conserve the Moisture. Try to save to the land all the moisture possible. We may need it sorely next season.



Rectangular Cream Cooling Tank.

HAVE YOU A CHILD?

Many women long for children, but because of various physical derangements are deprived of the greatest of all happiness.

The women whose names follow were restored to normal health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Write and ask them about it.



"I took your Compound and have a fine, strong baby." — Mrs. JOHN MITCHELL, Massena, N. Y.



"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine for expectant mothers." — Mrs. A. M. MYERS, Gordonville, Mo.



"I highly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before child-birth, it has done so much for me." — Mrs. E. W. SANDERS, Rowlesburg, W. Va.



"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to build up my system and have the dearest baby girl in the world." — Mrs. M. DORRER, Coalport, Pa.



"I praise the Compound whenever I have a chance. It did so much for me before my little girl was born." — Mrs. E. W. SANDERS, Rowlesburg, W. Va.



"I took your Compound before baby was born and feel I owe my life to it." — Mrs. WINNIE TILLS, Winter Haven, Florida.

FOR OLD AND YOUNG
Tuff's Liver Pills act as kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age, as the vigorous man.

Tuff's Pills

Give tone and strength to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder.

Its Class.
"Forestry is a science."
"No, it's an art. Isn't it where all the wood cuts come from?"

CLEAN SWEET SCALP

May Be Kept So by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

To have good hair clear the scalp of dandruff and itching with shampoo of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment to dandruff spots and itching. Nothing better than these pure, fragrant, supercreamy emollients for skin and scalp troubles.

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

The man who does his best will hold his job longer than the man who could do better but doesn't.

To Fortify the System

Against Winter Cold
Many users of GROVE'S TARTLETT'S CHILL TONIC make it a practice to take a number of bottles in the fall to strengthen and fortify the system against the cold weather during the winter. Everyone knows the tonic effect of Quinine and Iron which this preparation contains in a tasteful and acceptable form. It purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system. 50c.

It is seldom that the husband and wife both entertain affection for another woman.

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

The beauty of reading a tresome book is that you can skip a few pages without realizing the difference.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

The man who goes through life on a bluff eventually walks.

Write Hurler Eye Remedy Co., Chicago for Illustrated Book of the Eye Free.

The woman whose face is her fortune goes broke eventually.

Rest These Worn Nerves

"Every Picture Tells a Story"
Don't give up. When you feel all unwell, when family cares seem too hard to bear, and backache, dizzy head-aches, queer pains and irregular action of the kidneys and bladder may mysteriously come from weak kidneys and it may be that you only need Doan's Kidney Pills to make you well. When the kidneys are weak there's danger of dropsy, neuralgia and Bright's disease. Don't delay. Start using Doan's now.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
50¢ at all Stores
Foster-Lenox Co., Buffalo, N.Y.

HANDICRAFT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

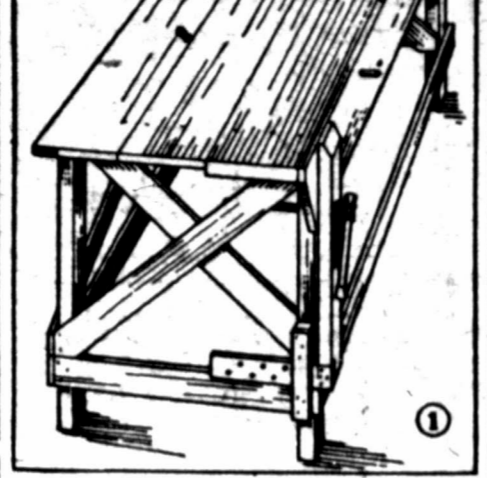
By A. NEELY HALL and DOROTHY PERKINS

(Copyright by A. Neely Hall)

A HOME WORK-BENCH.

It will be worth your while to save up nickels and dimes for the material necessary to build the work-bench in Fig. 1, because with such a bench you can make many things that would not be possible otherwise.

Fig. 2 shows how the framework is constructed. The legs (A) are two-by-fours two feet long, the top plates (B) are two-by-fours, the length of

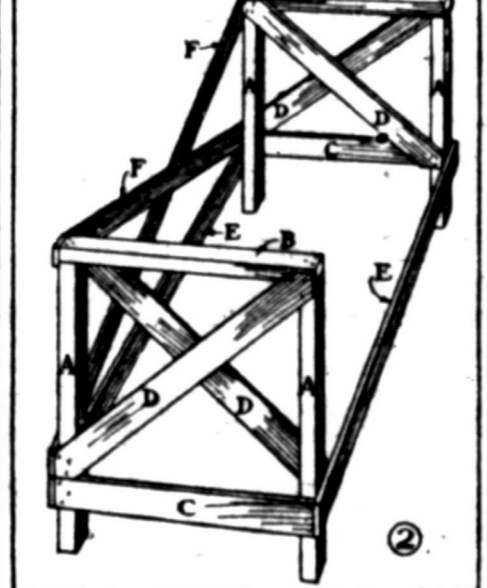


which will be determined by the width you decide to make the bench, the end cross rails (C) are one-by-fours of the same length as pieces B, the side cross rails (E) are one-by-fours, the length of which will be determined by the length you decide to make the bench, and the diagonal braces (D and F) are one-by-fours.

After sawing legs A and top plates B to the proper lengths, spike the plates to the top of the legs, and nail end rails C to the sides four inches above the bottom (Fig. 3). Then cut diagonal braces D and nail one on each side of the legs, as in Fig. 3.

Connect the end frames with the side rails E (Fig. 2), and then with the diagonal braces F.

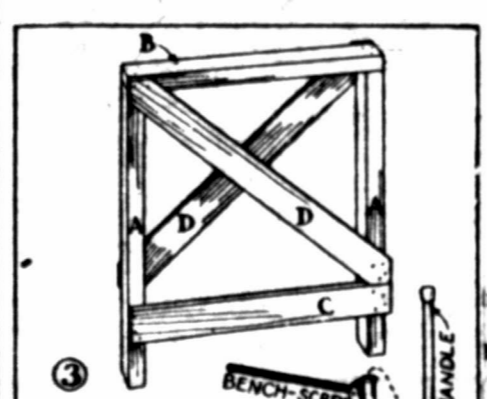
The bench top should have at least one two-inch plank in it, along the



front. Back of this plank one-inch boards may be used to save on the cost of material. A strip of wood of the proper thickness should be nailed to plates B to raise the boards to the height of the plank. The side edges of the bench top should come even with plates B.

When the top has been fastened to the framework, nail an apron (G, Fig. 4) to the front of the bench. Cut this out of an eight-inch board, of the length of the bench, and trim off each end on the diagonal as shown.

The bench-vice requires an iron bench-screw (Fig. 5). This will cost 50 cents at a hardware store. Cut the law (H, Fig. 6) out of a piece of two-by-six 20 inches long, bore a hole



through the center of one face six inches below the top, for the bench-screw to stick through, bevel off the top as shown, and notch the lower corner for a sliding-strip (I) a piece one inch thick, three inches wide and 14 inches long.

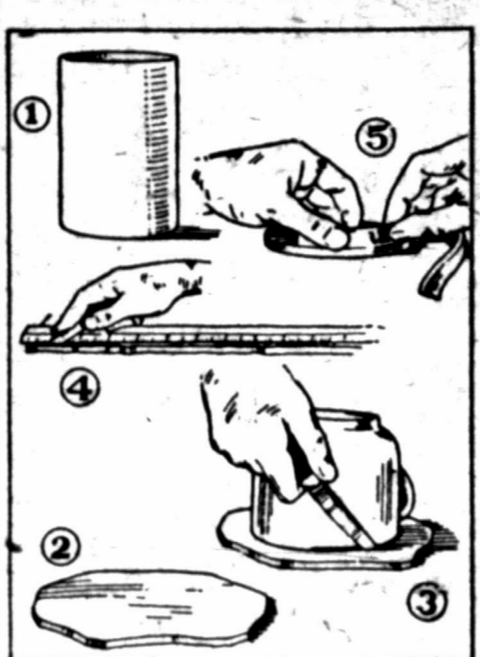
Bore a hole through apron G and the left-hand bench leg, at exactly the same distance below the bench top as the hole in the jaw was bored upon its top; then enlarge this hole, of above the inside of the leg, as much as is necessary for the iron threaded socket (Fig. 4) to fit in, and fasten the socket in the hole with screws.

HOME-MADE POTTERY.

First you must get the clay. Modeling clay can be purchased wherever artists' materials are sold.

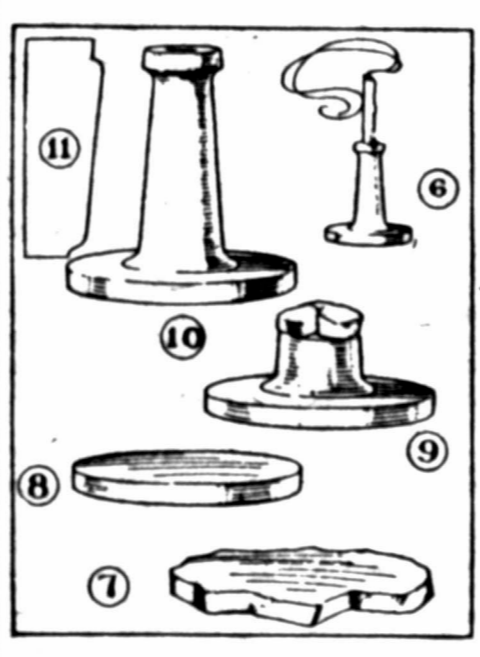
You must have a small board to work upon, a plate on which to build, a knife, a short stick flat on one end and pointed on the other, and a ruler.

Begin the little jar in Fig. 1 with its base. Put a handful of clay on the board, pat it out with your hand until 1/4 inch thick, and smooth off the surface (Fig. 2). Then take a coffee cup, invert it upon the base, and with your knife trim away the clay outside of the rim (Fig. 3). To build up the walls, put a handful of clay on the work board, and smooth it out into a



long strip 1/4 inch thick. Then with knife and ruler trim off one edge of the piece, and cut a number of strips 1/4 inch wide (Fig. 4). Taking one strip, stand it on top of the base, and rub its edge into the base (Fig. 5). Continue building the walls by placing one strip upon another, joining each to the one beneath, and smoothing over the joints as you go, until the walls are as high as you want them to be. Fill uneven places with bits of clay, and smooth out rough places with your fingers, moistened with water.

When you have learned how to build with clay, you will be able to construct any of the articles shown in Figs. 6 to 17. To make the candlestick (Fig. 6), prepare a round base 1/2 inch thick



(Figs. 7 and 8). Then put a lump of clay in the center, work it into the base, place another lump on top and work it into the lower portion (Fig. 9), and continue in this way until the candlestick is as high as you want it. Then force a candle into the moist clay, twisting it around until it has made a deep enough socket for itself (Fig. 10).

A cardboard "templet" with one edge trimmed to the proper shape, makes it easy to get the walls symmetrical and projections equal (Fig. 11).

When you must leave a piece unfinished, cover it with a wet cloth to keep the clay from hardening. Pottery that you buy is glazed, and then fired hard in a kiln, but we cannot use this process, and it is unnecessary. The clay will dry hard enough, and the

he caught her around the waist a lifted her across to the door, where several soiled urchins laughed, a one vinegary-faced old woman grinn in horrible appreciation, and dropp Manning a familiarly respectful curt as he passed.

There was no one in the mission except a broad-shouldered man with roughly brown face, who ducked I head at Manning and touched his fo finger to the side of his head. He w placing huge soup kettles in th holes in the counter at the rear of t room, and Manning called attention this.

"A practical lesson," he explained. "We start in by saving the bodies." "Do you get any further?" inquit Gall, glancing from the empty bench and the atrociously colored "religion pictures on the walls to the window past which eddied a mass of human all but submerged in hopelessness.

"Sometimes," replied Manni gravely. "I have seen a soul or t even here. It is because of these t or three possibilities that the mist is kept up. It might interest yo know that Market Square chur spends fifteen thousand dollars a y in charity relief in Vedder cot alone."

Gall's eyelids closed, her lash curved on her cheeks for an inst and the corners of her lips twitched.

Free with SKINNER'S Macaroni Products

Send the coupon below and learn how you can get a complete set of ONEIDA COMMUNITY PAR PLATE SILVERWARE

free by saving the trade-mark signature from Skinner packages. Silverware of quality. Guaranteed ten years. Beautiful Bridal Wreath pattern.

Skinner's products are made from the finest durum wheat, in the largest, cleanest and most sanitary macaroni factory in America. There are nine kinds of Skinner Products—Macaroni, Spaghetti, Egg Noodles, Cut Macaroni, Spaghetti, Elbows, Soup Kings, Alphabetos, Vermicelli. These can be cooked fifty-eight different ways. Combine with cheap cuts of meat into a delightful dish, or with cheese, tomatoes, fish, mushrooms, oysters, etc.

Skinner's Products cut down wonderfully on meat bills. More nutritious and better for your health too. We will send you a fine recipe book telling how to make many delicious dishes if you will ask for it.

Save the Trade-Mark Signatures from all Skinner packages and send the coupon today for full information how to get a complete set of Oneida Community Par Plate Silverware with Skinner's Macaroni Products.

All good grocers sell Skinner's Products

Buy it by the case—24 packages SKINNER MFG. CO.

The Largest Macaroni Factory in America Dept. A Omaha, Neb.

It is all right to talk of modest worth, but the trombone player invariably attracts more attention than the violet.

Running Wild.
"Papa, what is meant by the 'call of the wild'?"
"Hoek-hoek!"

Many a spinster is sorry she learned to say "no."

Hanford's Balm should relieve even the worst burns. Adv.

Men laugh at feminine folly, but it fools them just the same.

THIS REAL GOLD FILLED JEWELRY GIVEN TO YOU!

Cut out the special Christmas certificate below and mail today

This is our special Christmas offer. It closes December 31st, 1915. All you have to do is to send the Christmas certificate below, together with a signature from a one-pound package of Arbuckle's Coffee, either whole bean or ground, and the necessary amount in stamps or coin.

You can get one of these beautiful initial double ring sets with any letter that you wish on it for the Christmas certificate, together with one signature and 12 cents in stamps or coin. This premium is not shown in our catalog, but is a special Christmas offer. Its value is remarkable. Absolutely real gold-filled ring (not washed or electro-plated), guaranteed to give excellent wear. If not, it will be cheerfully exchanged without question. Offered in sizes from 1 to 10. Be sure to give the ring size and initial desired. (Only one letter on each ring.) For size see directions given on the list enclosed with Arbuckle's Coffee.

How to get the Wave Spring Roll-Back Gold Plate Bar Pin, No. 6. Or you can get the exquisite bar pin, shown above, for the Christmas certificate and one Gold Plate Bar Pin, No. 6. It is a fine quality of rolled gold plate, and will outlast all others. No other pin has more spring for fabric. Pin tongue is always in tension. The stiff spring makes this solderless pin non-loose. No hinge to loosen or break. Flexible bridge holds pin in correct position. It makes a gift every woman would appreciate.

How to get the Adjustable, Gold-Filled Bracelet, No. 4. Or you can get this beautiful gold-filled bracelet, in a lovely flower design. An adjustable slide permits you to make this bracelet oval or round, so that it is just the shape and size to fit your arm. It is one of the greatest values. Sent for the Christmas certificate and one signature and 15 cents in stamps or coin.

What women say about these gifts

When women have once started using Arbuckle's Coffee, they say, "Why didn't I start using it long ago! It has just the flavor I have been looking for and with it I get so many lovely gifts that I have always wanted." So many say this that we make this special offer to have you get your first package now.

Your grocer has Arbuckle's Coffee. Get a package today—get the coffee which you have been looking for and make it earn lovely gifts for you. Serve it for breakfast tomorrow. Learn why more Arbuckle's Coffee is sold than any other packaged coffee—why it is by far the most popular coffee in America.

Send the signature from the package, together with the Christmas certificate below, and the necessary amount in stamps or coin, and get your choice of this valuable gold-filled jewelry. This offer holds good only until December 31st. To be sure your jewelry arrives in time for Christmas, have your order reach us before December 15th.

More suggestions for gifts

The spoon, knife, scissors and handkerchiefs shown here will make very popular Christmas gifts. Notice how few signatures you need—how quickly you can secure them. Send the number of signatures and stamps requested; for these gifts, the Christmas certificate is not required.

This is the signature you save

Arbuckle's Coffee is the most popular coffee in America.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS CERTIFICATE

THIS IS THE SPECIAL CHRISTMAS CERTIFICATE YOU MAIL—CUT IT OUT NOW Only one to a family

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Arbuckle's Coffee Co., Dept. 11, New York

THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS

J. E. HENDERSON, Editor and Proprietor

Entered as second-class mail matter November 14, 1915, at the post office at Portales, New Mexico, under the Act of March 3, 1879

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

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, ONE DOLLAR FOR ONE YEAR

By all processes of modern financial reasoning the medical profession should be solidly opposed to universal military training, for it would reduce the number of their fees from 25 to 50 per cent. Military training is without doubt the best physical tonic in existence for growing young men and boys. The system of physical training in the army, if pursued for a reasonable length of time, will transform a weak and puny lad into a strong, robust and healthy young man. It produces an erect carriage, strengthens and stimulates a healthy and vigorous action to the lungs, builds up a magnificent physique, renders a young man amenable to discipline, develops his mentality, and eventually produces a man capable of successfully coping with the innumerable obstacles that beset one's pathway through life. But be it said to the honor of the medical profession that they do not oppose military training, for they know and will frankly tell you of the magnificent race of people fifty years of such training would produce in this country—a race of people who mentally and physically would be the finest specimens of manhood in the world.

"It is more blessed to give than receive," say the ministers when the collection plate is passed. Fact, b'gosh! But editors are under the painful necessity of receiving before they can do any elaborate amount of giving.

Anybody know of an effective means of "preparedness" against the business end of a broom when wielded by an irate and muscular wife?

Crouching, shivering, freezing, dying in the trenches on Christmas day! Fortunate is the land that has the physical strength to avert war.

This is the time of the year when we pity the poor woman who takes in washing in order to pay her husband's booze bill.

Let no person know hunger in this town on Christmas day. Fortune has been too kind to the rest of us for that.

Hell in Europe, famine in Mexico, indifference and plenty in the United States. Funny old world, this.

You can make an aristocrat out of an alley cat, but a cur dog always remains a cur. Heed the lesson!

Merry Christmas! May you live to hear it yet many years to come.

"Merry Christmas" is good in theory. Let's make it so in fact.

A bright mind can always advance a new thought. Speak up!

A year of depression, and yet one of plenty. Ever see the like before?

At the Cozy
The following program will be shown at the Cozy Theatre next week.

MONDAY
"Her Three Mothers" 3 reels.
A gleaming Drama with Agnes Ternon. 42 piece dinner, set given away free.

TUESDAY
"The Deficit" Featuring handsome Robert Hensley and Agnes Vernon 3 reels.

WEDNESDAY
"Broken Coin" 2 reels
"The Woman who Lied" 4 reels
Featuring Mary Fuller.

THURSDAY
"Judge Not" Broadway Feature or the Woman of Nona Diggings 6 reels. Featuring Harry T. Cary.

FRIDAY
"House with the Drawn Shades" 2 reels Featurin Dorothy Phillips and Ben Williams.

"When a Man's Fickle, Eddie Lyons and Victory Ford with a laugh a minute.

SATURDAY
"The Queen of Jungle Land" 3 reels. A Great Animal Thriller Featuring The Worlds Greatest Animal Trapper.

Notice
I have put in a crusher and will be glad to have you call and see me when you have any kind of grain crushed. First door east of creamery. J. C. Crume.

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

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

For Exchange
My California alfalfa improved ranch, for land near Portales. Address J. W. Greathouse, 711 Slaughter building, Dallas Texas.

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

DR. W. L. JOHNSON
Chiropractor
Office at the Nash boarding house
Portales, New Mexico

DR. L. R. HOUGH
Dentist
Office hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Office in Reese building over Dobbs' Confectionery. 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 189. 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

SAM J. NIXON
Attorney-at-Law
Portales, New Mexico

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

W. E. LINDSEY
Attorney at Law
Office second door south of postoffice

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

Notice of Pendency of Suit
No. 1180
The State of New Mexico: To Gibbs W. Dyer, Della M. Dyer, Jan. H. Watkins, J. L. Johnson, Della W. Johnson, Ely Walker Dry Goods Co., Harris Folk Hat Co., Herkert Meisel Trunk Co., Cloett Footbody & Co., Butler Bros., Gunn Langensberg Hat Co., Hertz Shoes Co., Simeon H. Hertz, Overall Co., A. E. Anderson, & Co., J. L. Taylor & Co., G. E. Shubert, Henry A. Brugg, and Seward Trunk Co. Defendants, Greeting:
You, and each of you, will take notice that a suit has been filed against you in the District Court of the Fifth Judicial District of the State of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt County, wherein M. C. Roswell, is plaintiff and you, the above named, are defendants, said cause being numbered 1180 upon the Civil Docket of said court. The general objects of said action are as follows: The plaintiff sues upon a promissory note and to foreclose a mortgage deed executed and delivered by the defendants, Gibbs W. Dyer, and Della M. Dyer to the plaintiff on the 18th day of September, 1911, the plaintiff claiming that there is due upon said note and mortgage the sum of \$600.00, with interest thereon at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum from the 18th day of September, 1914, till paid, 10 per cent additional upon said amount as attorney's fees and all costs of this suit; that said mortgage is upon and conveys to the plaintiff for the security of said sums the following described property, to-wit:
The Southwest quarter of Section Twenty-five in Township Two South of Range Thirty-six East of the New Mexico Meridian, New Mexico, containing 160 acres and all improvements thereon; to have plaintiff's said mortgage declared a prior and superior lien to any lien or claims of each and all of the defendants except the defendants Gibbs W. Dyer and Della M. Dyer, claim some interest in said property of which it is being alleged that all of the defendants except the defendants Gibbs W. Dyer and Della M. Dyer, claim some interest in said mortgage foreclosed and property sold, and the proceeds of such sale applied to the satisfaction of plaintiff's said demands and costs of suit, and for general relief.

You are further notified that unless you enter your appearance in said cause on or before the 14th day of January, 1916, judgment by default will be taken against you in said cause, and the plaintiff will apply to the court for relief demanded in the complaint.
You are further notified that Geo. L. Reese is attorney for the plaintiff and his post office address is Portales, New Mexico.
Witness my hand and seal of said court, this 22nd day of November, 1915.
J. W. BALLOW, County Clerk.

Notice of the Pendency of Suit
The State of New Mexico: To C. J. Jones, defendant, Greeting:
You will take notice that a suit has been filed against you in the District court of the Fifth Judicial District of the State of New Mexico, in and for Roosevelt County, wherein Della M. D. McDaniel is plaintiff and you, the said C. J. Jones are defendant, said cause being numbered 1144 upon the Civil Docket of said court. The general object of said court action are as follows: The plaintiff seeks to recover the sum of \$400.00 with interest, upon a written contract executed by the plaintiff and defendant on the 15th day of May 1914, for services performed by the plaintiff for the defendant, and for the purchase price of four horses and one saddle, blanket and bridle sold and delivered to the defendant by the plaintiff pursuant to said contract.
You are further notified that your property, to-wit: One buffalo bull about four years old, four catalpa cows, from six to twelve years old, and one bottle calf from four to five months old, has been attached upon a writ of attachment issued against you in said cause, and that unless you appear and plead or answer in said cause on or before the 15th day of January, 1916, judgment will be rendered against you by default and your said property will be sold to satisfy the same.
You are further notified that Geo. L. Reese is attorney for the plaintiff and his address is Portales, New Mexico.
Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 24th day of November, 1915.
J. W. BALLOW, Clerk.
By Guy P. Mitchell, Deputy.

Strickland & Bland

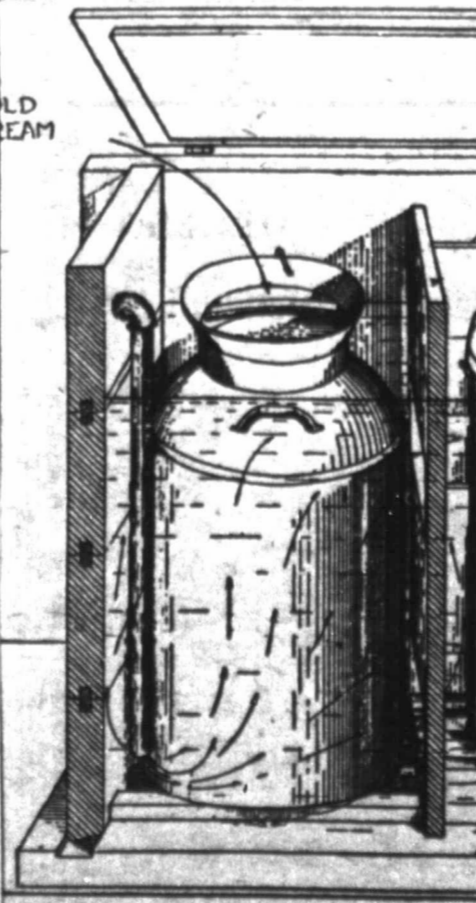
When you think of your fresh meats, sausage, oysters, fish, etc., think of the many other good things to eat. We keep them and are rearing to bring them to you with the meat. Phone 11.

Think of This Seriously

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



W. O. OLDHAM, PRESIDENT P. E. JORDAN, CASHIER
H. C. WAGGONER, ASSISTANT CASHIER

First National Bank

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$75,000.00

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

Member Federal Reserve Bank, District No. 11

J. P. Pyeatt..

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

WHERE

Do You Buy Lumber?

We carry the most complete line of lumber and building material in Eastern New Mexico and can always save you money on your bill. If you fail to figure at Kemp's we will both lose money.

First Class White Pine Boards at \$3.00 per hundred

Kemp Lumber Co.

C. A. SKELTON, Local Manager

The Portales Barber Shop

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

W. A. STEPHENSON, Proprietor

EGBERT WOOD

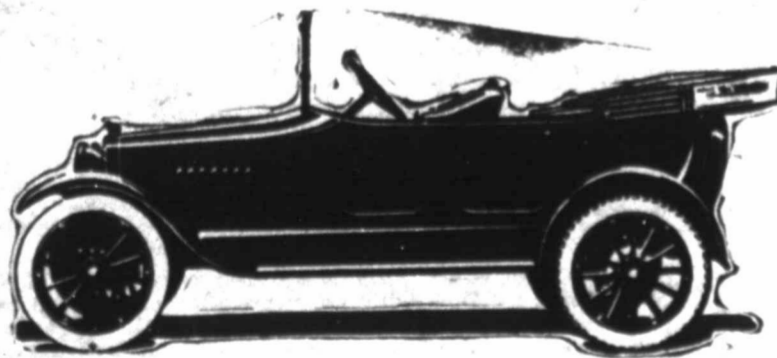
(Successor to Portales Drug Company)

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

Bring Us Your Prescription Work

..Same Store in the Same Location..

Saxon "Six" Delivered \$860.00



STRENGTH - POWER - SERVICE

Saxon "Six" Features
Continental Motor, Rayfield Carburetor, Timkin Axles & Bearings, Atwater-Kent Ignition, Catleaver Springs, 30-35 Horse Power, Yacht Line Body, Double unit starting and lighting system.

SAXON "SIX" is in a class by itself. Ask us for Demonstration. We will be glad to show you.

R. L. BLANTON, Agent
THE HIGHWAY GARAGE

The BALL of FIRE

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER
and LILLIAN CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. RHODES

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SYNOPSIS.

At a vestry meeting of the Market Square church Gail Sargent listens to a discussion about the sale of the church tenements to Edward E. Allison, local traction king, and when asked her opinion of the church by Rev. Smith Boyd, says it is apparently a lucrative business enterprise. Allison takes Gail riding in his motor car. When he suggests he is entitled to rest on the laurels of his achievements, she asks the disturbing question: "Why?" Gail, returning to her Uncle Jim's home from her drive with Allison, finds cold disapproval in the eyes of Rev. Smith Boyd, who is calling there. At a bobbed party Gail finds the world uncomfortably full of men, and Allison tells Jim Sargent that his new ambition is to conquer the world. Allison starts a campaign for consolidation and control of the entire transportation system of the world. Gail becomes popular and Aunt Helen thinks it necessary to advise her as to matrimonial probabilities. Allison gains control of transcontinental traffic and arranges to absorb the Vedder court tenement property of Market Square church.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

"How about the Crescent Island subway?"

"Ripe any time," and Tim Corman flocked the ashes from his cigar with a heavily gemmed hand. "The boosters have been working on it right along, but never too strong."

"There's no need for any particular manipulation in that," decided Allison, who knew the traction situation to the last nickel. "The city needs that outlet, and it needs the new territory which will be opened up. I think we'd better push the subway right on across to the mainland. The extension would have to be made in ten years anyhow."

"It's better right now," immediately assented Corman. In ten years he might be dead.

"I think, too, that we'd better provide for a heavy future expansion," went on Allison, glancing expectantly into Tim's old eyes. "We'd probably better provide for a double-deck, eight-track tube."

Tim Corman drew a wheezy breath, and then he grinned the senile shadow of his old-time grin; but it still had the same spirit.

"You got a hen on," he decided. In "society," Tim could manage very nicely to use fashionable language, but in business he found it impossible after the third or fourth minute of conversation. He had taken in every detail of the room on his entrance, and his glance had strayed more than once to the red streaks on the big map. Now he approached it, and studied it with absorbed interest. "You're a smart boy, Ed," he concluded. "Across Crescent Island is the only leak you could make in a railroad. You found the only crack that the big systems haven't tied up."

"All you can get me to admit, just now, is that the city needs an eight-track tube across Crescent Island, under lease to the Municipal Transportation company," stated Allison, smiling.



"All I Know is a Guess, and I Don't Tell Guesses."

with gratification. A compliment of this sort from shrewd old Tim Corman, who was reputed to be the foxiest man in the world, was a tribute highly flattering.

"That's right," approved Tim. "All I know is a guess, and I don't tell guesses. This is a big job, though, Eddie. A subway to Crescent Island, under proper restrictions, is just an ordinary year's work for the boys, but this tube pokes its nose into Oakland bay."

"I'm quite aware of the size of the job," chuckled Allison. "However, Tim, there'll be money enough behind this proposition to fill that tube with greenbacks."

Between the narrow-slitted and puffy eyelids of Tim Corman there gleamed a trace of the old-time grin. "Then it's built." He rose and leaned on his cane, twinkling down on the man whom, years before, he had picked as a "comer." "I've heard people say that money's wicked, and that they never had any. When I die, and

go down to the big ferry, if the Old Boy comes along and offers me enough money, I'll go to hell."

Still laughing, Allison telephoned to the offices of the Midcontinent railroad, and dashed out to his runabout just in time to see Tim Corman driving around the corner in his liveried landau. He found in President Urbank of the Midcontinent, a spare man who had worn three vertical creases in his brow over one thwarted ambition. His rich but sprawling railroad system ran fairly straight after it was well started for Chicago, and fairly straight from that way point until it became drunken with the monotony of the western foothills, where it gangled and angled its way to the far south and around up the Pacific coast, arriving there dusty and rattling, after a thousand-mile detour from its course—but that road had no direct entrance into New York city. It approached from the north, and was compelled to circle completely around, over hired tracks, to gain a ferryboat entrance. Passengers injured to coming in over the Midcontinent, which was a well-equipped road otherwise, counted but half their journey done when they came in sight of New York, no matter from what distance they had come.

"Out marketing for railroads today, Gail?" suggested Allison.

"I don't know," smiled Urbank. "I might look at a few."

"Here they are," and Allison tossed him a memorandum slip.

Urbank glanced at the slip, then he looked up at Allison in perplexity. He had a funny forward angle to his neck when he was interested, and the creases in his brow were deepened until they looked like cuts.

"I thought you were joking, and I'm still charitable enough to think so. What's all this junk?"

"Little remnants and job lots of railroads I've been picking up," and Allison drew forward his chair. "Some I bought outright, and in some I hold control."

"If you're serious about interesting the Midcontinent in any of this property, we don't need to waste much time," Urbank leaned back and held his knee. "There are only two of these roads approach the Midcontinent system at any point, and they are useless property so far as we are concerned; the L. and C., in the East, and the Silverknob and Nugget City, in the west, which touches our White Range branch at its southern terminus. We couldn't do anything with those."

"You landed on the best ones right away," smiled Allison. "However, I don't propose to sell these to the Midcontinent. I propose to absorb the Midcontinent with them."

Urbank suddenly remembered Allison's traction history, and leaned forward to look at the job lots and remnants again.

"This list isn't complete," he judged, and turned to Allison with a serious question in his eye.

"Almost," and Allison hitched a little closer to the desk. "There remains an aggregate of three hundred and twenty miles of road to be built in four short stretches. In addition to this, I have a twenty-year contract over a hundred-mile stretch of the Inland Pacific, a track right entry into San Francisco, and this," he displayed to Urbank a preliminary copy of an ordinance, authorizing the immediate building of an eight-track tube through Crescent Island to the mainland. "Possibly you can understand this whole project better if I show you a map," and he spread out his little pocket sketch.

If it had been possible to reverse the process of time and worry and wearing concentration, President Urbank of the Midcontinent would have risen from his inspection of that map with a brow as smooth as a baby's. Instead, his lips went dry, as he craned forward his neck at that funny angle, and projected his chin with the foolish motion of a goose.

"A direct entrance right slam into the center of New York!" he exclaimed, cracking all his knuckles violently one by one. "Vedder court! Where's that?"

"That's the best part of the joke," exclaimed Allison, with no thought that Vedder court was, at this present moment, church property. "It's just where you said—right slam in the center of New York; and the building into which the Midcontinent will run its trains will be also the terminal building of every municipal transportation line in Manhattan! From my station platforms passengers from Chicago or the far West will step directly into subway, L., or trolley. When they come in over the line which is now the Midcontinent, they will be landed, not across the river, or in some side street, but right at their own doors, scattering from the Midcontinent terminal over a hundred traction lines!" His voice, which had begun in the mild banter of a man passing an idle joke, had risen to a ring so triumphant that he was almost shouting.

"But—but—wait a minute!" Urbank protested. He was stuttering. "Where

does the Midcontinent get to the Crescent Island tube?"

"Right here," and Allison pointed to his map. "You come out of the tube to the L. and C., which has a long-time tracking privilege over fifty miles of the Towando Valley, and terminates at Windfield. At Forgeson, however, just ten miles after the L. and C. leaves the Towando, that road—"

"Is crossed by our tracks!" Urbank eagerly interposed. "The Midcontinent, after its direct exit, saves a seventy-mile detour! Then it's a straight shoot for Chicago! Straight on again out west—Why, Allison, your route is almost as straight as an arrow! It will have a three-hundred-mile shorter haul than even the Inland Pacific! You'll put that road out of the business! You'll have the king of the transcontinental lines, and none can ever be built that will save one kink!" His neck protruded still further from his collar as he beat over the map. "Here you split off from the Midcontinent's main line and utilize the White Range branch; from Silverknob—My God!" and his mouth dropped open.

"Why—why—why, you cross the big range over the Inland Pacific's own tracks!" and his voice cracked.

Edward E. Allison, his vanity gratified to see every core, sat back comfortably, smiling and smoking, until Urbank awoke.

"I suppose you can come to some arrangement," he mildly suggested.

Urbank looked at him still in a daze for a moment, and a trace of the creases came back into his brow, then they faded away.

"You figured all this out before you came to me," he remarked. "On what terms do we get it?"

CHAPTER VIII.

The Mine for the Golden Altar.

Vedder Court was a very drunkard among tenement groups. Its decrepit old wooden buildings, as if weak-kneed from dissipation and senile decay, leaned against each other crookedly for support, and leered down at the sodden swarms beneath, out of broken-paned windows which gave somehow a ludicrous effect of bearded eyes. There had once been a narrow strip of curbed soil in the center of the street, where three long-since-departed trees had given the quarter its name of "court," but this space was now as bare and dry as the asphalt surrounding it, and as it was too small even for the purpose of children at play, a wooden bench, upon which no one had ever sat, as, indeed, why should they? had long ago been placed on it, to become loose-jointed and weather-splintered and rotted, like all the rest of the neighborhood.

As for its tenants; they were exactly the sort of birds one might expect to find in such foul nests. They were of many nations, but of just two main varieties: stupid and squalid, or thin and furtive; but they were all dirty, and they bore, in their complexions, the poison of crowded breathing spaces, and bad sewerage, and unwholesome or insufficient food.

Into this mire there drove an utterly out-of-place little electric coupe. At the wheel was the fresh-checked Gail Sargent and with her was the twinkling-eyed Rufus Manning, whose white beard rippled down to his second waistcoat button. They drove slowly the length of the court and back again, the girl studying every detail with acute interest. They stopped in front of Temple Mission, which, with its ugly red and blue lettering nearly erased by years of monthly scrubbing, occupied an old store room once used as a saloon.

"So this is the chrysalis from which the butterfly cathedral is to emerge," commented Gail, as Manning held the door open for her, and before she rose she peered again around the uninviting "court," which not even the bright winter sunshine could relieve of its dinginess; rather, the sun made it only the more dismal by presenting the ugliness more in detail.

"This is the mine which produces the gold which is to gild the altar," asserted Manning, studying the sidewalk. "I don't think you'd better come in here. You'll spoil your shoes."

"I want to see it all this time because I'm never coming back," insisted Gail, and placed one daintily shod foot on the step.

"Then I'll have to shame Sir Walter Raleigh," laughed the silver-bearded Manning, and, to her gasping surprise, he caught her around the waist and lifted her across to the door, whereat several soiled urchins laughed, and one vinegary-faced old woman grinned, in horrible appreciation, and dropped Manning a familiarly respectful curtsy as he passed.

There was no one in the mission except a broad-shouldered man with a roughly hewn face, who ducked his head at Manning and touched his forehead to the side of his head. He was placing huge soup kettles in their holes in the counter at the rear of the room, and Manning called attention to this.

"A practical mission," he explained. "We start in by saving the bodies."

"Do you get any further?" inquired Gail, glancing from the empty benches and the atrociously colored "religious" pictures on the walls to the windows, past which eddied a mass of humanity all but submerged in hopelessness.

"Sometimes," replied Manning gravely. "I have seen a soul or two even here. It is because of these two or three possibilities that the mission is kept up. It might interest you to know that Market Square church spends fifteen thousand dollars a year in charity relief in Vedder court alone."

Gail's eyelids closed, her lashes curved on her cheeks for an instant, and the corners of her lips twitched,

"And how much a year does Market Square church take out of Vedder court?"

"I was waiting for that bit of impertinence," laughed Manning. "I shall be surprised at nothing you say since that first day when you characterized Market Square church as a remarkably lucrative enterprise. Have you never felt any compunctions of conscience over that?"

"Not once," answered Gail promptly. She had started to seat herself on one of the empty benches, but had changed her mind. "If I had been given to any such self-justice, however, I should reproach myself now. I think Market Square church not only commercial but criminal."

"I'll have to give your soul a chase-ment," smiled Manning. "These people must live somewhere, and because Vedder court, being church property, is exempt from taxation, they find cheaper rents here than anywhere in the city. If we were to put up improved buildings, I don't know where they would go, because we would be compelled to charge more rent."

"In order to make the same rate of profit," responded Gail. "Out of all



He Dropped Behind to Slip Something Which Looked Like Money.

this misery, Market Square church is reaping a harvest rich enough to build a fifty million dollar cathedral, and I have sufficient disregard for the particular deity under whom you do business, to feel sure that he would not destroy it by lightning. I want out of here."

"Frankly, so do I," admitted Manning; "although I'm ashamed of myself. It's all right for you, who are young, to be fastidious, but your Daddy Manning is coward enough to want to make his peace with heaven, after a life which put a few biots on the book."

She laughed at him speculatively for a moment, and then she laughed.

"You know, I don't believe that, Daddy Manning. You're an old fraud, who does good by stealth, in order to gain the reputation of having been picturesquely wicked. Tell me why you belong to Market Square church?"

"Because it's so respectable," he twinkled down at her. "When an old sinner has lost every other claim to respectability, he has himself put on the vestry."

He dropped behind on their way to the door, to surreptitiously slip something, which looked like money, to the man with the roughly hewn countenance, and as he stood talking, Rev. Smith Boyd came in, not quite breathlessly, but as if he had hurried.

"I knew you were here," he said, taking Gail's slender hand in his own; then his eyes turned cold.

"You recognized my pink ribbon bows," and she laughed up at him frankly. "You haven't been over to sing lately?"

"No," he replied. "Will you be at home this evening?"

"I'll have our music selected," and, in the very midst of her brightness, she was stopped by the sudden somberness in the rector's eyes.

Simple little conversation; quite trivial indeed, but it had been attended by much shifting thought. To begin with, the rector regretted the necessity of disapproving of a young lady so undeniably attractive. She was a pleasure to the eye and a stimulus to the mind, and always his first impulse when he thought of her was one of pleasure. An incident flashed back to him. The night of the toboggan party, when she had stood with her face upturned, and the moonlight gleaming on her round white throat. He had trembled, much to his later sorrow, as he fastened the scarf about her warm neck. However, she was the visiting niece of one of his vestrymen, who lived next door to the rector.

Gail jerked her pretty head impatiently. If Rev. Smith Boyd meant to be as somber as this, she'd rather he'd stay at home. However, he was the rector, and her Uncle Jim was a vestryman, and they lived right next door.

"You just escaped a blowing up, Doctor Boyd," observed "Daddy" Manning, joining them, and his eyes twinkled from one to the other. "Our young friend from the West is harsh with the venerable Market Square church."

"Again?" and Rev. Smith Boyd was gracious enough to smile. "What is the matter with it this time?"

"It is not only commercial, but csm-

nal," repeated Manning, with a shy smile at Gail, who now wore a little red spot in each cheek.

Rev. Smith Boyd's cold eyes turned green, as he glanced at this daring young person. In offending the dignity of Market Square church she offended his own.

"What would you have us do?" he quietly asked.

"Retire from business," she informed him, nettled by the covert sneer at her youth and inexperience. She laid aside a new perplexity for future solution. In moments such as this the rector was far from ministerial, and he displayed a quickness to anger quite out of proportion to the apparent cause. "The whole trouble with Market Square church is that they have no God. The creator has been reduced to a formula."

Daddy Manning saved the rector the pain of any answer.

"You're a religious anarchist," he charged Gail.

Her face softened.

"By no means," she replied. "I am a devoted follower of the divine spirit, the divine will, the divine law; but not of the church; for it has forgotten these things."

"You don't know what you are saying," the rector told her.

"That isn't all you mean," she retorted. "What you have in mind is that, being a woman, and young, I should be silent. You would not permit thought if you could avoid it, for when people begin to think, religion lives but the church dies, as it is doing today."

Now Rev. Smith Boyd could be triumphant. There was a curl of sarcasm on his lips.

"Are you quite consistent?" he charged. "You have just been objecting to the prosperity of the church."

"Financially," she admitted, "but it is a spiritual bankrupt. Your financial prosperity is a direct sign of your religious decay. Your financial bankruptcy will come later, as it has done in France, as it is doing in Italy, as it will do all over the world. Humanity treats the church with the generosity due a once valuable servant who has outlived his usefulness."

"My dear child, humanity can never do without religion," interposed Daddy Manning.

"Agreed," said Gail; "but it outgrows them. It outgrows paganism, idolatry, and a score of minor phases in between. Now it is outgrowing the religion of creed, in its progress toward morality. What we need is a new religion."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Activities of Women.

Women are paid ten cents a day for making army shirts in France.

Of the 79,946 women registered for war work in England, only 1,915 have been utilized.

Very few of the nearly 400,000 woman school teachers in the United States are married.

As soon as the war is over Miss Genevieve Caulfield, a teacher at the Pennsylvania Institution for Instruction of the Blind, will sail for Japan, where she will devote her life to teaching the blind there.

Should Dr. Ella B. Everett of Philadelphia accept the presidency of Wilson college, she will be obliged to sacrifice a large medical practice which she now enjoys in the Quaker City.

Mrs. B. Castleton, who has just been graduated from the Atlanta Law school, took up law mainly that she might have an understanding sympathy in the work of her husband, an Atlanta attorney.

Found That Enemy Could Shoot.

A correspondent, sending news of himself, sends this hospital experience from the British front: "He and I were occupants of neighboring beds in the same ward. He had come from the trenches with a hole through his nose. I was inquisitive and he responsible. 'I got this here just by Noove Chapel. Pal o' mine said the blighters could shoot; I said they couldn't hit me if I give 'em a chance. I stuck up me head an' looked at 'em. 'E got 's tanner an' I got pipped.' Of course, the surgeon could only plug the nose of such a man with cheek."

Seville Nights.

In all the principal plazas and gardens of Seville moving picture screens are erected and small tables and chairs set out, the exhibitors either making their profits from the drinks sold or by rental of chairs at two cents each. Thousands of people go nightly to the different plazas and gardens, and the entire life of the city for about four months centers around these moving picture shows.—From Commerce Reports.

Couldn't Be More So.

"How was the party last night at the Gadders' house?"

"Oh, the usual flubdub and foolishness."

"Was there no serious note?"

"One. I overheard Mr. Gadders tell Mrs. Gadders in a whisper that another blowout like that would break him."

His Justification.

"Why did you strike this man?" asked the court.

"He told me to use my head," pleaded the prisoner.

"Well, that's no crime, is it?"

"But, your honor, I was crushing stone at the time."—Buffalo Express.

Hardest Thing to Ride.

"There is nothing so hard to ride as a young broncho," said the Westerner.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the man from back East. "Did you ever try the water wagon?"

BUSINESS IN CANADA IS GOOD

Successful Crops and Big Yields Help the Railway.

The remarkable fields that are reported of the wheat crop of Western Canada for 1915 bear out the estimate of an average yield over the three western provinces of upward of 25 bushels per acre. There is no portion of that great west of 24,000 square miles in which the crop was not good and the yields abundant. An American farmer who was induced to place under cultivation land that he had been holding for five years for speculative purposes and higher prices, says that he made the price of the land out of this year's crop of oats. No doubt, others, too, who took the advice of the Department of the Interior to cultivate the unoccupied land, have done as well.

But the story of the great crop that Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta produced this year is best told in the language of the railways in the added cars that it has been necessary to place in commission, the extra trains required to be run, the increased tonnage of the grain steamers.

It is found that railway earnings continue to improve.

The C. P. R. earnings for the second week of October showed an increase of \$762,000 over last year, the total being only \$310,000 below the gross earnings of the corresponding week of 1913, when the Western wheat crop made a new record for that date. The increase in C. P. R. earnings for the corresponding week of that year was only \$351,000, or less than half of the increase reported this year. The grain movement in the West within the past two weeks has taxed the resources of the Canadian roads as never before, despite their increased facilities. The C. P. R. is handling 2,000 cars per day, a new record. The G. T. R. and the C. N. R. are also making new shipment records. The other day the W. Grant Morden, of the Canada Steamships Company, the largest freighter of the Canadian fleet on the Upper Lakes, brought down a cargo of 476,315 bushels, a new record for Canadian shipping. Records are "going by the board" in all directions this fall, due to Canada's record crop. The largest Canadian wheat movement through the port of New York ever known is reported for the period up to October 15th, when since shipments of the new crop began in August, 4,267,791 bushels have been loaded for England, France and Italy. This is ever half as much as was shipped of American wheat from the same port in the same period. And, be it remembered, Montreal, not New York, is the main export gateway for Canadian wheat. New York gets the overflow in competition with Montreal.—Ad-vertisement.

Not a Booklover.

After spending the summer in a mountain hamlet in Tennessee, the visitor hired a native to help pack up. As they were engaged in boxing a shelf of books the mountaineer remarked:

"Somehow, ah nevah keered much for books; but," he resumed after a thoughtful pause, "ah can't read, an' mebbe that had sumpin' to do wit' it."

—Exchange.

For Domestic Animals.

Horses, cattle and sheep are liable to sores, sprains, galls, calks, kicks, bruises and cuts, and Hanford's Balm of Myrrh is the standard remedy for such cases. When you consider how valuable your stock is, having the Balm always on hand for them is a cheap form of insurance. Adv.

Speedy.

"I understand young Jiggers has taken up the pursuit of literature."

"Yes, but he hasn't caught it yet. Literature is pretty swift nowadays, you know."

An Improved Quinine, Does not Cause Nervousness nor Ringing in Head

The happy combination of laxative in LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE makes the Quinine in this form have a far better effect than the ordinary Quinine, and it can be taken by anyone without affecting the head. Remember to call for the full name, Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for signature of E. W. Grove, Inc.

Superlatively Inconspicuous.

Knicker—Does Jones amount to much?

Bocker—No more than a horse at a horse show.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Mean Cat!

"Algernon called on me yesterday afternoon."

"Yes; he told me he had some time to kill."—Kansas City Journal.

THAT GRIM WHITE SPECTRE.

Pneumonia, follows on the heels of a neglected cough or cold. Delay no longer. Take Mansfield's Cough Balm. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Pleasant Work.

"So you hove a lotus job, eh?"

"Sure I hove! I was chief fastening in a petrol factory!"

Season's Greetings and Thanks for Your Patronage

Greetings of the season and best wishes for a happy and prosperous 1916 to you all! And may you have many such in the years to come!

We thank you sincerely for the liberal patronage we have received during the past twelve months. You have been generous indeed, which is the best of all evidence that the home store is nearest of all stores to your heart.

We have endeavored at all times to serve you conscientiously and acceptably in the past, and the future will see us putting forth even greater efforts to this end. We hope to see you all throughout the new year, which we trust is to be one of many blessings to our people. Again, hearty greetings from the management and clerks of this store.



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Many of the most discriminating eaters in this community buy their groceries at this store.

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Can you think of a better reason why YOU should buy your groceries from us? If it is so eminently satisfactory to them it would be equally so to you.

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The second semester of the university year, when students may enter all departments, opens January 1st, 1916. If ready to begin college work do not wait another year. Start with the new year. It costs nothing to obtain full information. Write today to

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