

THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS

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PORTALES, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1916

Volume XV, Number 6

Back from Toledo

Louie Kohl returned Sunday from Toledo, Ohio, where he attended the big convention of Overland automobile dealers. Louie says that it was the greatest thing he ever went up against. The visitors were carried to Toledo in a special train of Pullmans and all the expenses paid by the Overland company. Upon their arrival, the trains, of which there were several, were parked in the company switch yards and the occupants marched to the steps of the administration building, where they were met by Mr. Willys, who delivered to them the keys of the institution, after which their photographs were taken and then they were marched to the company dining hall and had breakfast.

Louie says that it is impossible for anyone to even imagine the magnitude of this automobile manufactory, the largest thing of the kind in the world. There he saw the rough wood and pig iron taken into the factory and converted into a standard automobile while he waited, the entire process requiring but a few minutes time. He says that the machinery employed is something wonderful. As an illustration, he said that in case of a bent shaft, here it necessitated taking out the piece and putting in an hour or two, truing it up again, while at the factory they would make a new one before the injured piece could be taken out of the machine.

Another thing that attracted much attention was a Knight motored machine with the cylinder sides taken out and replaced with glass, the starting device was then slowed down to its minimum speed and the engine started. The spark point was fitted with a small electric bulb which was lighted as the engine operated in lieu of the spark that ignited the gasoline mixture for the power. With this glass arrangement every movement of the engine could be seen and was a powerful demonstration of the good points of the Knight motor.

The visitors lived at the plant, where they have a regular dining room, gymnasium, theater, billiard room and all the modern conveniences obtainable in a city of the first class. They have one of the finest bands in the state of Ohio, every member of which is an Overland employe, also the theater, which he says is as good as any he has ever attended, is composed entirely of talent found in the factory.

Mr. Kohl returned full to the brim with Overland enthusiasm and says that the trip was well worth the time it cost.

Moved to New Quarters

The People's Store management has rented the business house formerly occupied by M. J. Faggard & Company, and Tuesday of this week moved their stock of general merchandise to the new location. While this is a comparatively new store, yet they have increased their business and their stock until the old location was too small to accommodate their trade.

W. F. Faggard will this week move to his cow ranch in Eddy county. He has something like one hundred sections of land and will run from one to two thousand head of cattle. Mr. Faggard has formerly been in the grocery business here and is one of the oldest grocery men in the city, having been in business continuously since about the year 1903.

Portales Poultry Show

The poultry show at Portales was, without doubt, the best thing of the kind ever pulled off in the state of New Mexico, and it would rank well with similar exhibitions of any state in the union. There were birds here from all parts of the United States as far east as Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and as far west as California. Nearly every known specie of fowl was to be seen, but the coop that attracted the most attention was the one containing Crested Polish chickens. These birds are jet black with an enormous white crest on their heads and they are certainly a peculiar looking fowl. As an ornament and a curiosity they have no equal in the chicken line.

There were many entries from Portales and Roosevelt county and nearly all of them won some prizes. Among the most notable of the Portales birds were those belonging to Mrs. W. E. Lindsey, White Plymouth Rocks, and they drew a silver cup. Also Carl Mueller had some silver laced and white Wyandottes. The judge who awarded the premiums, said that Mr. Mueller had the best silver laced Wyandotte cockerel that he had scored this year. Carl won several prizes. Mrs. W. M. Wilson had some splendid buff Plymouth Rocks that pulled down several good premiums. Dr. J. L. Reid and his bunch of Rhode Island Reds made keen competition for the foreign birds and he got his share of the grapes. Carl Mueller also had a coop of geese, the only geese on display, also some fine turkeys, which were prize winners, every one of them. There were many more home birds on display but the awards were made so late and the hurry necessary to get through and get the exhibits loaded for Clovis, where the show finishes, that it was impossible to get anything like a complete list of the exhibits or the awards, however, this will be given next week.

The management of this show is to be complimented upon the success of the undertaking. As to attendance, there were not nearly so many present as the merit of the display warranted, but in point of numbers and quality of poultry shown, it far surpassed anything heretofore pulled off in the sunshine state. The armory and the skating rink were filled to their capacity with coops of poultry and there was not a scrub in the bunch. It is hoped that this show will be the means of rousing enthusiasm in the poultry industry, which is one of the very important industries for the farm, and that the next show of this character that is put on in Portales should have the united support of the entire county.

Mr. R. G. Bryant advises the News that he has several sets of forms and instructions for the organization of rural credit associations. Those who are interested in the matter can get information by seeing Mr. Bryant.

Bascom Howard this week sold the irrigated farm formerly owned by Henry Shapcott. This farm is three miles from town and is a very desirable piece of property.

Porter Deen has bought out the interests of Ed J. Neer and Edwin N. Neer in the Deen-Neer Grocery company, and is now the sole owner of that institution. Mr. Deen is a grocery man of much experience and there is no doubt but what he will make good.

Yes, Do It Now

DO your shopping early while the good things are on tap,
Grab the early bargains while they're on the bargain map.
Don't be one of those kites that hit the shopping trails
When all the clerks are weary after forty thousand sales.
What's the use of loafing while the early shoppers win?
When you are sweating lava, those same early birds will grin!

Christmas eve the pleasant girls who ladle out the toys
Will be so worn and weary they'll have no Christmas joys.
Haven't they a right to holler at your putter and delay?
Pray leave them strength to celebrate a bit on Christmas day!
If you put off your shopping till the very last hour,
I hope you draw a lemon that is second-hand and sour!

The tardy shopper blithely said, "A Merry Christmas girlie!"
The clerk replied, "If you were dead or did your shopping early
We could enjoy a little fun around our Christmas table,
But slow-pokes keep me on the run, till Christmas joy's a fable."

W. O. W. Elect Officers

Proceedings of regular meeting of Hamilton camp No. 17 W. O. W. held Monday evening, December 11, 1916. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

Upon roll call the following officers were present: Bascom Howard, past Con. Com., present and filled the chair as Con. Com.; S. B. Owens, banker; W. H. Braley, clerk; T. V. Denton, watchman; C. M. Dobbs, manager; all other officers absent.

Claim for Sol Maxwell for sick benefit for twenty days was presented, approved and ordered paid.

This being the regular meeting for the election of officers for the ensuing year the lodge went into the election of officers and the following officers were duly elected: Bascom Howard, council commander; Walter Crow, advisory lieutenant; S. B. Owen, banker; W. H. Braley, clerk; B. L. Lawrence, escort; W. W. Bracken, watchman; H. L. Atkinson, secretary; Arch L. Gregg, manager for three years; J. E. Henderson, was also elected captain of the degree team.

The manager was instructed to employ someone to audit the books of the camp after the first of January as soon as possible.

A committee consisting of Managers Dobbs and Gregg, Council Commander Howard, and Captain Henderson to select and order all necessary robes, equipment and paraphernalia as is deemed necessary for the lodge.

After the meeting was over all members present went to Slim's restaurant, where the committee had arranged for splendid lunch.

There being no further business lodge adjourned.

Bascom Howard, C. C.
Attest: W. H. Braley, Clerk.

Frank Skillman, of Nocona, Texas, arrived last week and has accepted a position in the Warren-Fooshee store, taking the place of Seth A. Morrison, county clerk elect.

Hunting Party

The hunting party especially arranged by Mr. Ben Smith and Miss Pearl Stone, honoring Mrs. Rankin, was one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season. The Ely Ranch was the scene of the hunt, the party being met at the north windmills by Mr. and Mrs. Ely and Miss Fouts, who cordially and graciously received them. A large camp fire and a most delicious lunch, consisting of innumerable good things to eat, made the royal welcome only the more pronounced and appreciated. The hunt was started at twelve o'clock and was soon made triumphant by the capture of one wolf and a very large wild cat, besides smaller game. At six o'clock the party repaired to the spacious and beautiful ranch home, where delicious hot supper was served, after which the Victrola charmed with its sweetest strains as the guests were being entertained by social games.

The party consisted of Mrs. Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. Ely, Mr. and Mrs. Nixon, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Connally, Misses Eggeston, Stone, Fouts, Messrs Lee Carter and Ben Smith.

The cat was sent to Charles Greathouse, at Upton, who will mount it, after which it will be placed in Mr. Ely's splendid zoological collection at his ranch.

The Humphreys Give Dinner

An elegant and enjoyable dinner was served by Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey as hosts to a few friends last Sunday. Those present were Dr. and Mrs. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Priddy, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson and Judge and Mrs. Lindsay.

The hospitality of the Humphrey home is most enjoyable and noted in Portales.

Sunday of this week the Amarillo Sash and Door company plant was destroyed by fire, the loss being about \$30,000.00. Mr. Rockwall, the president of the company, is also the principal stockholder in the Portales Lumber company, of this place.

Mrs. Rankin Musicales

The largest audience of recent date greeted Mamie Harris-Rankin in her appearance at the Methodist church Tuesday evening, December 12th. The peculiarly expectant attitude with which our citizenship had been waiting her coming had not lessened, and eagerly and hopefully they awaited the first strains of the voice that in former years exhibited such rare ability and power to charm. This inevitably critical, but perfectly natural, condition was confidently met and conquered by Mrs. Rankin, and her triumph was complete. Rounds of applause followed, after the closest and most careful consideration and attention ever extended to any singer appearing here. As song after song was sung, each requiring the most skilled technique and ability, it became only too apparent that her wonderful voice had lost none of its sweetness, and as the realization of its growth, development and artistic power and charm dawned upon the audience, the attitude of expectancy and hope changed to one of complete confidence, satisfaction and pride. Mamie Harris-Rankin had made good in the world of song, and Portales was glad. The program consisted of the highest artistic productions, both classical and simple. Her charming personality, grace and ease of manner, and splendid pronunciation, made the rendition of the entire program completely charming.

Miss Elsie Eggeston, the accompanist, gave three splendid piano numbers, which delighted the audience. She exhibited a most able musicianship throughout the entire program, her artistic ability being easily discerned and appreciated by all.

The Woman's club is to be congratulated upon bringing to Portales this excellent entertainment and of giving our citizens an opportunity to hear real talent. Should a return engagement be arranged for they will have to get a house of more than double capacity of the church.

Mrs. Nixon Entertains

An informal reception was given by Mrs. S. J. Nixon on Saturday, December 9th, in honor of Mrs. Mamie Harris-Rankin. About sixty ladies enrolled their names in the guest book, on the cover of which was painted in water colors the H Bar ranch. Mrs. Rankin appreciated this souvenir, as the famous old place was the scene of pleasant memories during the time she lived here.

The attractive rooms were decorated with pink and white carnations, and Mrs. G. M. Williamson, president of the Woman's club, and Mrs. J. P. Stone assisted Mrs. Nixon in receiving. Chocolate and coffee were served by Mrs. Carr and Mrs. Seay and sandwiches by Misses Keen, Mitchell, Hawkins, Pearce and Jones.

Many of the ladies present were former friends of Mrs. Rankin and of her parents, and she greatly enjoyed meeting them after the lapse of years. It was equally pleasant for them to meet and congratulate her. Portales is proud of the beautiful singer who was once a resident of our town, and rejoices in her growing fame.

Judge James A. Hall tried a contest case at Elida Monday of this week.

Money apportioned by county superintendent to the schools of Roosevelt County, New Mexico, on a basis of \$1.50 per capita—\$4533.00.

Mrs. Rankin Honored Socially

Most unique and cleverly planned was the "homespun dinner" given by Mrs. Judge Jones in honor of Mamie Harris-Rankin on Monday evening of this week. The event was typical in every way of the old south and the hostess never more graciously reflected the fine old aristocratic and honored customs of the south than upon this occasion. The dinner consisted of the splendid old time dishes, most exquisitely and deliciously prepared, and served with all the grace and hospitality that the hostess was capable of. A most pleasing social hour followed the dinner. The guests were Mesdames Rankin, Harris, Meers, Calherson, Nixon and Miss Stone.

Council Proceedings

Portales, New Mexico, December 4, 1916.—The town council met in regular session, and upon role call S. A. Morrison, and Charles Goodloe, town trustees, and W. H. Braley, clerk, were present, all other members being absent, there being no quorum, S. A. Morrison acting mayor, recessed the meeting until Wednesday evening, December 5th.

Wednesday Evening, December 5, 1916.—The town council met in adjourned session and upon roll call the following officers were present: J. P. Deen, mayor; Charles Goodloe, S. A. Morrison, P. E. Jordan, trustees; absent, G. M. Williamson.

Minutes of previous meeting read and approved. The following claims were presented and after having been examined and audited by the finance committee, were approved and ordered paid as follows:

C. O. Leach Coal Co., car coal	\$156.94
W. E. Keeter, salary	100.00
M. E. Duncan, salary	60.00
H. L. Atkinson, salary	50.00
S. A. Morrison, salary	25.00
B. B. Clayton, salary	25.00
W. H. Braley, salary	25.00
C. J. Whitcomb, rent fire department	10.00
W. H. Braley, for cash paid out for post cards	5.00
Goodloe Paint Co., painting street signs	3.15
L. B. Tucker, making street signs	5.00
W. F. Faggard, light globes	6.50
C. O. Leach Coal Co., car coal	146.01
J. L. Fernandes, labor sup.	11.90
Bob Adams, drayage	1.00
T. P. Sifton, labor at plant	2.40
Jim Battenfield, hauling coal	3.50
Sledge Hardware Co., sup.	6.05
Kemp Lumber Co., sup.	2.35
Henry King, hauling coal	2.50
Joyce-Fruit Co., supplies	7.60
Nunn Electric Co., supplies	.79
Mountain States Telep. Co	.55
Continental Oil Co.	16.31

J. P. Morrison and family left Friday morning of this week for Spur, Texas, where Mr. Morrison will go upon the ranch of his brother. "Uncle" Jesse and family have lived near Portales for many years, being among the first settlers in the county. They have a large number of friends here who, while they will always be glad to hear of anything that will be of benefit to them, are sorry to lose them from the community.

Mrs. Cunningham has leased the Pecos Valley hotel and has renovated and papered it all new. She offers her friends and customers the same splendid accommodations at her new location as in the past.

Toys! Toys at Ed J. Neer's.

ROBERTS IS PRESIDENT

HEADS NEW MEXICO EDUCATORS FOR COMING YEAR.

Successful Meeting Closes With Election of Officers and Selection of Santa Fé as 1917 Meeting Place.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Santa Fé, N. M.—The New Mexico Educational Association voted 759 to 445 to hold the next convention again in Santa Fé. Dr. Frank H. H. Roberts of Las Vegas was elected president, Miss Isabella Reikes of Silver City receiving 350 votes. Other officers chosen are: J. S. Long, Alamogordo, vice president; Miss Grace Goebel of Deming, secretary; C. L. Burt of Mountain Air, treasurer; President D. R. Boyd of the State University, member of educational council and executive committee.

In the closing hours of the educational convention, a discussion took place over a number of resolutions read for the resolutions committee by Dr. David R. Boyd, chairman, and embodying some of the recommendations made by various section meetings. No less than five amendments to the state constitution were suggested, but one of these was voted down or rather modified, after spirited debate.

The convention put itself on record as favoring the appointment of county supervisors of education with pay by the county superintendent; for an increase of contingent expenses allotted to the department of education; for the election of school officials and boards to be held in fall instead of spring but at a different time than the general election, for appointment by the governor of a business or professional man and of a city superintendent upon the State Board of Education; for a teachers' pension act and the granting of a million acres of the public lands to provide a teachers' retirement fund. In this connection, a resolution was adopted condemning the present practice "of selling and leasing school lands in large bodies," and asking for the creation of a commissioner of education who would look after the administration of the school lands in the interests of the schools.

Winners in the various contests follow:

Declamatory Contest—First prize, Miss Mary Sands of East Las Vegas; second prize, Miss Lena Langston of the New Mexico Normal University; third, Miss Mamie Smith of Santa Rosa.

Oratorical Contest—College section, Carl D. Brereton of the University of New Mexico.

Oratorical Contest—High school section, Donald Blevins of Albuquerque, first prize; Jack Pullen of Tucuman, second prize.

Potash Found in New Mexico.

Santa Fé—Potash, the one mineral that is being sought in every part of the United States and that is urgently needed by the warring nations of Europe, exists in New Mexico. Prof. J. D. Clark of the University of New Mexico has in his laboratory specimens sent him from "somewhere" in New Mexico, which are the much-sought potash. He does not know where the mineral was found, except that it was within the state boundaries, as the discoverers are keeping the location a secret.

Man Killed in Saloon Fight.

East Las Vegas—Jose Maria Chavez, aged 33, a resident of Tecolote, a settlement near here, was instantly killed in a fight in the rear of the Buffalo beer hall, on the Plaza. Juan Angel, who is believed to have fired the shots that ended Chavez's life, escaped, and has not been found. Jose Chavez, a brother of the dead man, was hit on the head, probably with the butt of a revolver, and partially dazed.

Wounded Man Will Recover.

Silver City—Pablo Ybarro, charged with the stabbing to death at the Hurley mining camp of his paramour, Mrs. Sara Lenos, is recovering in the county jail from a jagged stab wound in his abdomen, inflicted in an attempt to take his own life. Attending surgeons say he will get well.

Elks' Lodge of Sorrow.

East Las Vegas.—The annual memorial service for departed members of the Las Vegas lodge of Elks was held in the Elks' lodge room, O. A. Larrazolo, a member of the lodge, made the principal address.

To Develop Copper Property.

Silver City.—With the chartering by the state corporation commission of the Fierro Copper Company, with a capitalization of \$1,000,000, of which \$2,000 has been paid in, the preliminary step toward the developing of an extensive copper property in the Fierro-Hanover mining district, adjacent to Silver City, has been taken.

Guilty of Misbranding Calf.

East Las Vegas.—Leon Gutierrez, when arraigned in the District Court on a charge of unlawfully branding a calf belonging to E. B. Cropp of Sanchez, pleaded guilty. Gutierrez said he thought he had a right to brand the calf as his own under the old maverick law.

Shooting at Albuquerque.

Albuquerque.—Pedro Gutierrez, a Cuban, was shot in his left thigh at a social hotel.

NEW MEXICO STATE NEWS

Western Newspaper Union News Service. COMING EVENTS. June 14-17—Cowboys' Reunion at Las Vegas.

Farmers of the Mimbres valley are preparing to raise sisal hemp.

According to the federal census New Mexico has a population of 416,000.

A carload of oil casings was received by the Toltec Oil Company of Roswell.

Colfax county road builders are making good progress on the state highway.

L. J. Knight raised \$90 worth of turnips from one acre of ground on his farm north of San Jon.

Senator-elect A. A. Jones filed a statement in Washington showing his campaign expenses were \$8,197.

About 1,600 tons of beets were delivered by Colfax county growers to the dumps at French and Maxwell.

W. C. Willis, of San Jose, raised 2,950 pounds of beans on five and a half acres, bringing him over \$40 per acre.

While chopping wood, a chip flew up and hit G. W. Puce, fore-man at the U. S. experiment farm near Tucuman, in the eye and put it out.

The little son of Nat Roberts was almost instantly killed at Knowles by a big automobile striking him, knocking him down and passing over his body.

At the request of the state corporation commission, Pullman service will be maintained between Deming and Silver City for the next ninety days.

The body of A. Wollang, a Norwegian, was found in a room in an Albuquerque hotel with an empty carbolic acid bottle and a suicide note by his side on the bed.

Gallup is to have a new corporation with a capital stock of \$150,000. The name of the new organization will be the Citizens Light, Power and Telephone Company.

Almost three-quarters of a million dollars is the amount of income which the state lands have contributed to the maintenance of the state government during the year 1916.

Albuquerque police were told by Governor McDonald over the long distance telephone that he had honored Governor Hunt's requisition for the return of Jack Elliott, held at Albuquerque, to Arizona.

Farmers in the Miami valley of Colfax county are busily engaged erecting large barns and sheds as rapidly as material can be hauled to their premises with a view of purchasing large numbers of dairy cows for the dairy industry.

Thomas Transgard, formerly an employe of the Santa Fé railway at Las Vegas, has sued the Santa Fé Company for \$10,000, the suit growing out of the injuries sustained on Nov. 28, 1914, while in the employ of the defendant company.

Carl Hinton, secretary of the Silver City Chamber of Commerce since Feb. 1, 1915, has tendered his resignation, effective Dec. 31. Mr. Hinton has been elected secretary of the Denver Manufacturers' Association and will take up his new duties on Jan. 1.

Dashing past the prison guards as they unlocked the steel cells to allow the cooks to prepare the morning meal, five convicts of the state penitentiary made a bold attempt to scale the eighteen-foot brick walls at the Santa Fé prison and were restrained from climbing up a blanket ladder only after forty shots had been fired in their direction.

The Oaks Company is making another shipment to custom mill of ore from Clinton mine obtained in development. North and south drifts at 50-foot level on Eberle mine are yielding mill ore. Both of these properties are on the Queen vein, Mogollon district.

The resolution offered by Prof. W. B. McFarland to get the government to appropriate 15,000,000 acres of government land for a permanent educational fund for New Mexico—land that is not mineral or timbered and is unoccupied, passed unanimously before the convention of the New Mexico Educational Association at Santa Fé.

The library section of the Educational Association, which met in annual session at the Old Palace in Santa Fé, elected Miss Myrtle Cole of Raton, president; Mrs. Willa Skipwith of Roswell, vice president; Miss French of State College, secretary; Miss Louise Henderson of the Silver City Normal school a member of the Educational Council for three years; Miss Pauline Madden of Albuquerque for two years, and Miss Lola C. Armijo of Santa Fé for one year.

The selection of Santa Fé as the convention city for 1917 and the election of Dr. F. H. H. Roberts as president for the coming year were the principal features of the closing day of the thirtieth annual convention of the New Mexico Educational Association.

According to a news article, Dr. I. N. Woodman, who was arrested at Costilla, Taos county, several weeks ago on a charge of murdering "Tex" Williams of Tularosa more than a year ago, has been freed from that charge and rearrested in another alleged murder case.

CHRISTMAS

Comes but once a year; let's all be merry together. You'll find here just what you want for that present at this store.

Jewelry, Manicure Sets, Cut Glass, Kodaks, Toilet Sets, Perfumes, French Plate Mirrors, Fountain Pens, Fancy Stationery, Candies, Christmas Boxes, Christmas Cards

The above are but a few of the many handsome and appropriate articles that we have on display. Any of them would make a gift sure to be appreciated. Don't wait until the last day. Make your selections early, before the choicest are gone.

We thank you for your patronage in the past and hope for its continuance in the future. We wish you all a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy and Prosperous New Year."

THE PORTALES ..DRUG STORE..

...Prescriptions...

BEST PLAN TO KEEP FALL PIGS GROWING

Large Hogs Should Be Marketed Soon as in Fit Condition for the Market.

It is not good practice to leave small pigs with the larger ones now. The small ones will become stunted by being crowded away from feeding troughs and much loss will be incurred. If the larger hogs are fit for market it will not pay to feed them longer. They should be sold as soon as fit, but not a day sooner. There is a time when hogs are at a maximum of efficiency regarding profit. And it pays to keep the fall pigs growing. The more growth before hard winter weather the more profitable will be the development.

Comfortable quarters will promote the desired growth and also plenty of exercise should be given. Charcoal ashes, sulphur and salt should be kept in every feeding yard.

The breeder of hogs should be wide awake. There are many apparently small items in the management that are liable to be overlooked. See that the animals are clean and free from lice. A lousy hog is hard to fatten and is never a money maker.

PRODUCTIVE PERIOD OF THE DAIRY COWS

Most Useful Age Is Between Third, Fourth, Fifth and Possibly Sixth Calf.

(By DR. R. H. WILLIAMS, Animal Husbandman, Arizona Experiment Station.)
Cows gradually increase in the quantity of milk yielded with each lactation period until the third or fourth calf is dropped. After this time about two or three lactation periods remain about the same and then they begin to fall appreciably in the amount of milk. Thus it is seen that the most useful period of a cow is between the third, fourth, fifth and possibly sixth calf, and it is a good plan to try to purchase cows at the beginning of this period and sell them towards the end of it.

Unfortunately, the other fellow has the advantage of milking the cows first, and if he is an intelligent person, he will not sell anything but the inferior milkers. On this account it is often necessary to raise one's helpers and test them out for one's self.

Good purebred cows are always retained in the herd as long as they prove satisfactory breeders. On the other hand ordinary or inferior purebred cows should be disposed of when they are about eleven or twelve years old, for after this time they are not as regular breeders and it is just possible that calves from old cows are not as good as those from cows in their prime of life. In a well-managed herd one can have the cows to average a calf at twelve or thirteen months, if only good vigorous animals are retained. On the other hand, in most herds dairy cows do not average a calf for the herd in less time than fifteen or eighteen months. Since the calves raised are not an inconsiderable item in the profit of the dairy business it is thus important to keep your vigorous cows that are persistent and regular breeders.

ROTATION REASONS

1. Because it helps to maintain soil fertility.
2. Because it tends to improve the physical condition of the soil.
3. Because it assists the farmer to defeat weeds, insects, and plant diseases.
4. Because it furnishes a variety of feeds.
5. Because it distributes the farm work throughout the year.
6. Because it leads to livestock farming—one of the farmer's best assurances.
7. Because it provides a safeguard against ruinous crop failures.

AT DOBBS'—Fine line of Congolium Rugs and floor coverings. This is one kind of up-to-date floor covers that the war did not advance in price.

Blood Transfusion.

This month's number of La Revue describes a new method of transfusion of blood, an operation often necessary under conditions which do not always allow certain precautions to be taken.

The method is due to Prof. Luis Agote, an Argentine surgeon, and successful experiments have been made before the rector of the Sorbonne, the dean of the faculty of medicine, and several professors and doctors.

Blood is taken from the bend of the elbow of the subject willing to lend his aid and collected in a receptacle which contains a solution of neutral citrate of soda, prepared in the proportion of one gram of salt for 100 grams of blood. This mixture prevents the blood from coagulating, without destroying its vital properties, and as the citrate employed is inoffensive to the organism it can be injected into the forearm without danger, thus obviating the chief drawbacks to the transfusion as generally practiced.

The receptacle for the blood drawn is a graduated glass with double tubing and has a large enough opening to allow the blood to fall directly into it. The end is pointed to allow the tube for injection to collect the maximum of blood without allowing air to enter. From three to five grams of solution are placed in it, a sufficient quantity for 300 grams of blood.—Paris Correspondence to New York Sun.

Investigating New Serum.

Scientists in the Johns Hopkins university are experimenting with a newly discovered serum which they believe will eventually be able to restore a person to life after asphyxiation or drowning. The experiments performed upon animals in a number of instances restored them to life after they had been to all appearances dead for several hours. A few days ago an animal was brought back to life four hours after its apparent death by the injection of this serum. In this case, however, the animal died shortly afterward from blood pressure. It is believed that this tendency can be overcome and the new serum utilized in the resuscitation of human beings who would otherwise "die" permanently.

Walter Crow, at the creamery, will buy your hides.

From Photograph of Tuberculosis Sanatorium

Save him—
to be a useful American

If he were your boy, there is no extreme to which you would not go to snatch him from the clutches of the White Plague.

Unfortunately he has no able protector. His life depends upon what you and other patriotic Americans give at this Christmas to help him fight for his existence. RED CROSS XMAS SEALS give you this opportunity. Make the most of it. Buy generously.

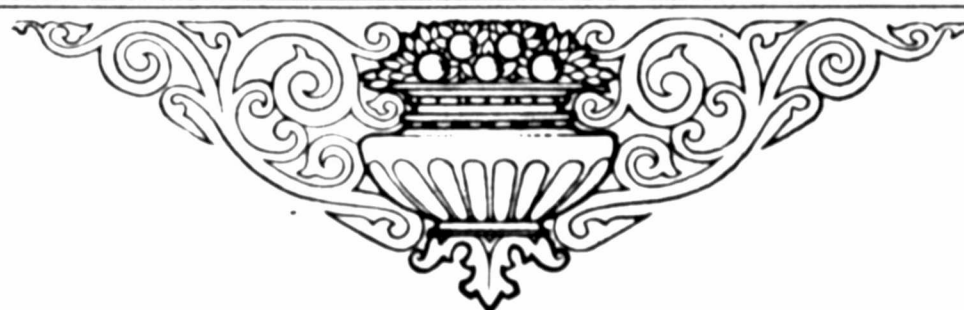
Santa Fe Ry.

For Holiday and all year tourist rates, call Santa Fe ticket office.

T. C. JOHNSON, Agent



Our Holiday Announcement



The management of the People's Store desires, at this time, to extend to the people of Roosevelt County the compliments of the season and wish you all "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." While we have only been among you a few months, we feel that you are our friends, and we want you to know that we appreciate your friendship, and that we shall do everything in our power to merit and to maintain it. It is, also, a matter, over which we congratulate ourselves, that we have, during these times of high priced food stuffs, done more than a little to make your burdens less irksome; that we have made it possible for you to enjoy your Christmas dinner by removing much of the expense incident thereto. That we sell standard goods much cheaper than any of our competitors is a matter of common knowledge, and will be vouched for by any of our customers. If you have not been getting the benefits afforded at our store, you should lose no time in rectifying that mistake. One visit will convince you that you save one-third by dealing with us.

We Make Our Money in Buying Right and Selling Only for Cash

We make our profit when we buy our goods. We go into the market with the spot cash and are tied to no particular house or firm, consequently, we own our goods for much less than those who buy under different conditions. Another thing, we sell for cash only and thus avoid pricing our goods high to recoup losses. You can make a good investment by borrowing the money, paying interest on it, and buying our goods for cash. We have not lost a customer since we opened our doors, and our store is always crowded. It's quality goods cheaper than the other man can sell them. Come in and be convinced. The profit is all yours, the pleasure ours

THE PEOPLE'S STORE

"K"

By
MARY ROBERTS RHINEHART

CHAPTER I.

The Street stretched away north and south in two lines of ancient houses that seemed to meet in the distance. It had the well-worn look of an old coat, shabby but comfortable. It was an impression of home, really, that it gave. There was a house across and a little way down the Street, with a card in the window that said: "Meals, twenty-five cents." The Nottingham curtains were pinned back, and just inside the window a throaty baritone was singing:

Home is the hunter, home from the hill,
And the sailor, home from the sea.

For perhaps an hour Joe Drummond had been wandering down the Street. His slender shoulders, squared and resolute at eight, by nine had taken on a disconsolate droop. Prayer-meeting at the corner church was over; the Street emptied. The boy wiped the warm band of his hat and slapped it on his head again. Ah!

Across the Street, under an old alantus tree, was the house he watched, a small brick, with shallow wooden steps and—curious architecture of the Middle West sixties—a wooden cellar door beside the steps. In some curious way it preserved an air of distinction among its newer and more pretentious neighbors. The taller houses had an appearance of protection rather than of patronage. It was a matter of self respect, perhaps. No windows on the Street were so spottily curtained, no door so accurately placed, no "yard" in the rear so tidy with morning glory vines over the whitewashed fence.

The June moon had risen. When the girl came out at last, she stepped out into a world of soft lights and shimmering shadows, fragrant with tree blossoms hushed of its daylight sounds. The house had been warm. Her brown hair lay moist on her forehead, her thin white dress was turned in at the throat. She stood on the steps and threw out her arms in a swift gesture to the cool air. From across the Street the boy watched her with adoring, lumbie eyes. All his courage was for those hours when he was not with her.

"Hello, Joe."

"Hello, Sidney."

He crossed over, emerging out of the shadows into her enveloping radiance. His ardent young eyes worshiped her as he stood on the pavement.

"I'm late. I was taking out bastings for mother."

"Oh, that's all right."

Sidney sat down on the doorstep, and the boy dropped at her feet. She settled herself more comfortably and drew a long breath.

"How tired I am! Oh—I haven't told you. We've taken a roomer!" She was half apologetic. The Street did

not approve of roomers. "It will be, with the rent. It's my doing, really. Mother is scandalized."

Joe was sitting bolt upright now, a little white.

"Is he young?"

"He's a good bit older than you, but that's not saying he's old."

Joe was twenty-one, and sensitive of his youth.

"He'll be crazy about you in two days."

She broke into delightful laughter.

"I'll not fall in love with him—you can be certain of that. He is tall and very solemn. His hair is quite gray over his ears."

"What's his name?"

"K. Le Moyne."

Interest in the roomer died away. The boy fell into the ecstasy of content that always came with Sidney's presence. His inarticulate young soul was swelling with thoughts that he did not know how to put into words. It was easy enough to plan conversations with Sidney when he was away from her.

But, at her feet, with her soft skirts touching him as she moved, her eager face turned to him, he was miserably speechless.

Unexpectedly, Sidney yawned. He was outraged.

"If you're sleepy—"

"Don't be silly. I love having you. I sat up late last night, reading. I wonder what you think of this: One of the characters in the book I was reading says that every man who who cares for a woman leaves his mark on her!"

"Every man? How many men are supposed to care for a woman, any how?"

"Well, there's the boy who—likes her when they're both young."

A bit of innocent mischief this, but Joe straightened.

"Then they both outgrow that foolishness. After that there are usually two rivals, and she marries one of them—that's three. And—"

"Why do they always outgrow that foolishness?" His voice was incoherently.

"Oh, I don't know. One's ideas change."

Sidney was fairly vibrant with the zest of living. Sitting on the steps of the little brick house, her busy mind was carrying her on to where, beyond the Street, with its dingy lamps and blossoming umbrellas, lay the world that was one day to be to her hand. Not ambition called her, but life.

The boy was different. Where her future lay visualized before her, heretofore, great ambitions, wide charity, he planned years with her, selfish, contented years. As different as smug satiated summer from visionary, impatient spring, he was for her—but she was for all the world.

By shifting his position his lips came close to her bare young arm. It tempted him.

"Don't read that nonsense," he said, his eyes on the arm. "And I'll never outgrow my foolishness about you, Sidney."

Then, because he could not help it, he bent over and kissed her arm.

She was just eighteen, and Joe's devotion was very plain. She thrilled to the touch of his lips on her flesh, but she drew her arm away.

"Please—I don't like that sort of thing."

"Why not?" His voice was husky.

"It isn't right. Besides, the neighbors are always looking out of the windows."

The drop from her high standard of right and wrong to the neighbors' curiosity appealed suddenly to her sense of humor. She threw back her head and laughed. He joined her, after an uncomfortable moment. But he was very much in earnest. He sat, bent forward, turning his new straw hat in his hands.

"I thought, perhaps," said Joe, growing red and white, and talking to the hat, "that some day, when we're older, you—you might be willing to marry me, Sid. I'd be awfully good to you."

It hurt her to say no. Indeed, she could not bring herself to say it. In all her short life she had never willingly inflicted a wound. And because she was young, and did not realize that there is a short cruelty, like the surgeon's, that is mercy in the end, she temporized.

"There is such a lot of time before we need think of such things! Can't we just go on the way we are?"

"I'm not very happy the way we are."

"Why, Joe?"

She leaned over and put a tender hand on his arm.

"I don't want to hurt you; but, Joe, I don't want to be engaged yet. I don't want to think about marrying. There's such a lot to do in the world first. There's such a lot to see and be."

"Where?" he demanded bitterly.

"Here on this Street? Do you want more time to put bastings for your mother? Or to run up and down stairs, carrying towels to roomers? Marry me and let me take care of you."

Once again her dangerous sense of humor threatened her. He looked so boyish, sitting there with the moonlight on his bright hair, so inadequate to carry out his magnificent offer. Two or three of the star blossoms from the tree had fallen on his head. She lifted them carefully away.

"Let me take care of myself for a while. I've never lived my own life. You know what I mean. I'm not unhappy; but I want to do something. And some day I shall—not anything big; I know I can't do that—but something useful. Then, after years and years, if you still want me, I'll come back to you."

He drew a long breath and got up. All the joy had gone out of the summer night for him, poor lad. He glanced down the Street, where Palmer Howe had gone home happily with Sidney's friend Christine. Palmer would always know how he stood with Christine. But Sidney was not like that. A fellow did not even kiss her easily. When he had only cased her arm—He trembled a little at the memory.

"I shall always want you," he said. "Only—you will never come back."

It had not occurred to either of them that this coming back, so tragically considered, was depending on an entirely problematical going away. Nothing more unlikely than that Sidney would ever be free to live her own life. The Street, stretching away to the north and to the south in two lines of houses that seemed to meet in the distance, hemmed her in. She had been born in the little brick house, and, as she was of it, so it was of her. Her hands had smoothed and painted the pine floors; her hands had put up the twine on which the morning glories in the yard covered the fences; had, indeed, with what agonies of slacking lime and adding bluing, whitewashed the fence itself!

"She's capable," Aunt Harriet had grudgingly admitted, watching from her sewing machine Sidney's strong young arms at this humble spring task. "She's wonderful!" her mother had said, as she bent over her handwork. She was not strong enough to run the sewing machine.

So Joe Drummond stood on the pavement and saw his dream of talking Sidney in his arms fade into an indefinite futurity.

"I'm not going to give you up," he said doggedly. "When you come back, I'll be waiting."

The shock being over, and things only postponed, he dramatized his grief, thrust his hands savagely into his pockets and scowled down the street. Sidney smiled up at him.

"Good night, Joe."

"Good night, I say, Sidney. It's more than half an engagement. Won't you kiss me good night?"

She hesitated, flushed and palpitating. Perhaps, after all, her first kiss would have gone without her heart—gone out of sheer pity. But a tall figure loomed out of the shadows and approached with quick strides.

"The roomer!" cried Sidney, and backed away.

"Is—the roomer?"

The roomer advanced steadily. When he reached the doorstep, Sidney was demurely seated and quite alone.

The roomer looked very warm. He carried a suitcase, which was as it should be. The men of the Street at ways carried their own luggage, except the younger Wilson across the way. His tastes were known to be luxurious.

"Hot, isn't it?" Sidney inquired after a formal greeting. She indicated the place on the step just vacated by Joe. "You'd better cool off out here. The house is like an oven. I think I should have warned you of that before you took the room. These little houses with low roofs are fearfully hot."

The new roomer hesitated. He did not care to establish any relations with the people in the house. Long evenings in which to read, quiet nights in which to sleep and forget—these were the things he had come for.

But Sidney had moved over and was smiling up at him. He folded up awkwardly on the low step. He seemed much too big for the house. Sidney had a puny thought of the little room upstairs.

"I don't mind heat. I—suppose I don't think about it," said the roomer rather surprised at himself.

"I'm afraid you'll be sorry you took the room."

The roomer smiled in the shadow.

"I'm beginning to think that you are sorry."

His quick mind grasped the fact that it was the girl's bedroom he had taken. Other things he had gathered that afternoon from the humming of a sewing machine, from Sidney's businesslike way of renting the little room, from the glimpse of a woman in a sunny window, bent over a needle. Gentle poverty was what it meant, and more—the constant drain of disheartened, middle-aged women on the youth and courage of the girl beside him.

K. Le Moyne, who was living his own tragedy those days, what with poverty and other things, swore a quiet oath to be no further weight on the girl's buoyant spirit. He had no intention of letting the Street encroach on him. He had built up a wall between himself and the rest of the world, and he would not scale it. But he need no grudge against it. Let others

get what they could out of living. Sidney, suddenly practical, broke in on his thoughts:

"Where are you going to get your meals?"

"I hadn't thought about it. I can stop in somewhere on my way downtown. I work in the gas office—I don't believe I told you."

"It's very bad for you," said Sidney, with decision. "It leads to slovenly habits, such as going without when you're in a hurry, and that sort of thing. The only thing is to have someone expecting you at a certain time."

"It sounds like marriage." He was lazily amused.

"It sounds like Mrs. McKee's boarding house at the corner. Twenty-one meals for five dollars, and your ticket is good until it is punched. But Mrs. McKee doesn't like it if you miss."

"Mrs. McKee for me," said Le Moyne. "I dare say I'll be fairly regular to my meals."

It was growing late. The Street, which mistrusted night air, even on a hot summer evening, was closing its windows. By shifting his position, the man was able to see the girl's face. Very lovely it was, he thought. Very pure, almost radiant—and young. From the middle age of his almost thirty years, she was a child. There had been a boy in the shadows when he came up the Street. Of course there would be a boy—a nice, clear-eyed chap—

Sidney was looking at the moon, with that dreamer's part of her that she had inherited from her dead and gone father, she was quietly worshipping the night. But her busy brain was working, too—the practical brain that she had got from her mother's side.

"What about your washing?" she inquired unexpectedly. "I suppose you've been sending things to the laundry, and—what do you do about your stockings?"

"Buy cheap ones and throw 'em away when they're worn out." There seemed to be no reserves with this surprising young person.

"And buttons?"

"Use safety pins. When they're closed one can button over them as well as—"

"I think," said Sidney, "that it is quite time someone took a little care of you. If you will give Katie, she'll do your washing and not tear your things to ribbons. And I'll mend them."

Sheer stupefaction was K. Le Moyne's. After a moment:

"You're really rather wonderful, Miss Page. Here am I, lodged, fed, washed, ironed and mended for seven dollars and seventy-five cents a week."

"I hope," said Sidney severely, "that you'll put what you save in the bank."

He was still somewhat dazed when he went up the narrow staircase to his swept and garnished room. Never, in all of a life that had been active—until recently—had he been so conscious of friendliness and kindly interest. He expanded under it. Some of the tired lines left his face.

"New underwear for yours tomorrow, K. Le Moyne," he said to himself, as he unknotted his cravat. "New underwear, and something besides K. for a first name."

He pondered over that for a time, taking off his shoes slowly and thinking hard. "Kenneth, King, Kerr—"

None of them appealed to him. And, after all, what did it matter? The old heaviness came over him.

Sidney did not sleep much that night. She lay awake, gazing into the scented darkness, her arms under her head. Love had come into her life at last. A man—only Joe, of course, but it was not the boy himself, but what he stood for, that thrilled her—had asked her to be his wife.

The desire to be loved? There was coming to Sidney a time when love would mean, not receiving but giving—the divine fire instead of the pale flame of youth. At last she slept.

A night breeze came through the windows and spread coolness through the little house. The alantus tree waved in the moonlight and sent sprawling shadows over the wall of K. Le Moyne's bedroom. In the yard the leaves of the morning glory vines quivered as if under the touch of a friendly hand.

CHAPTER II.

Sidney could not remember when her Aunt Harriet had not sat at the table. It was one of her earliest disillusionments to learn that Aunt Harriet lived with them, not because she wished to, but because Sidney's father had borrowed her small patrimony and she was "boarding it out."

Eighteen years she had "boarded it out." Sidney had been born and grown to girlhood; the dreamer father had gone to his grave, with valuable patents lost for lack of money to renew them—gone with his faith in himself destroyed, but with his faith in the world undiminished—for he left his wife and daughter without a dollar of life insurance.

Harriet Kennedy had voiced her own view of the matter, the day after the funeral, to one of her neighbors:

"He left no insurance. Why should he bother? He left me."

To the little widow, her sister, she had been no less bitter, and more explicit.

"It looks to me, Anna," she said, "as if by borrowing everything I had George had bought me, body and soul, for the rest of my natural life. I'll stay now until Sidney is able to take hold. Then I'm going to live my own life. It will be a little late, but the Kennedy's live a long time."

The day of Harriet's leaving had seemed far away to Anna Page. Sid-

ney already dealing in larger figures. The recklessness of pure adventure was in her blood. She had taken rooms at a rental that she determinedly put out of her mind, and she was on her way to buy furniture. No pirate, fitting out a ship for the highways of the sea, ever experienced more guilty and delightful excitement.

The afternoon dragged away. Doctor Ed was "out on a case" and might not be in until evening. Sidney sat in the darkened room and waved a fan over her mother's rigid form. At half past five Johnny Rosenfeld, from the alley, who worked for a florist after school, brought a box of roses, and departed grinning impishly. He knew Joe, had seen him in the store. Soon the alley knew that Sidney had received a dozen Killarney roses at three dollars and a half, and was probably engaged to Joe Drummond.

"Doctor Ed," said Sidney, as he followed her down the stairs, "can you spare the time to talk to me a little while?"

Perhaps the elder Wilson had a quick vision of the crowded office waiting across the Street; but his reply was prompt:

"Any amount of time."

Sidney led the way into the small parlor, where Joe's roses, refused by the petulant invalid upstairs, bloomed alone.

"First of all," said Sidney, "did you mean what you said upstairs?"

Doctor Ed thought quickly.

"Of course; but what?"

"You said I was a born nurse."

The Street was very fond of Doctor Ed. It did not always approve of him. It said—which was perfectly true—that he had sacrificed himself to his brother's career—that for the sake of that brilliant young surgeon, Doctor Ed had done without wife and children; that to send him abroad he had shaved and skimped; that he still went shabby and drove the old buggy while Max drove about in an automobile coupe. Sidney, not at all of the stuff martyrs are made of, sat in the scented parlor, and, remembering all this, was ashamed of her rebellion.

"I'm going into a hospital," said Sidney.

Doctor Ed waited. He liked to have all the symptoms before he made a diagnosis or ventured an opinion. So Sidney, trying to be cheerful, and quite unconscious of the anxiety in her voice, told her story.

"It's fearfully hard work, of course," he commented, when she had finished.

"So is anything worth while. Look at the way you work!"

Doctor Ed rose and wandered around the room.

"I don't think I like the idea," he said at last. "It's splendid work for

an older woman. But it's life, child—life in the raw. It seems such an unnecessary sacrifice."

"Don't you think," said Sidney bravely, "that you are a poor person to talk of sacrifice? Haven't you always, all your life?"

Doctor Ed colored to the roots of his straw-colored hair.

"Certainly not," he said almost irritably. "Max had genius; I had—ability. That's different. One real success is better than two halves. Not—"

he smiled down at her—"not that I minimize my usefulness. Somebody has to do the back-work, and, if I do say it myself, I'm a pretty good back."

"Very well," said Sidney. "Then I shall be a back, too. Of course I had thought of other things—my father wanted me to go to college—but I'm strong and willing. And one thing I must make up my mind to, Doctor Ed; I shall have to support my mother."

Harriet passed the door on her way in to a belated supper. The man in the parlor had a momentary glimpse of her slender, sagging shoulders, her thin face, her undisciplined middle age.

"Yes," he said, when she was out of hearing. "It's hard, but I dare say it's right enough, too. Your aunt ought to have her chance. Only—I wish it didn't have to be."

Sidney, left alone, stood in the little parlor beside the roses. She touched them tenderly, absently. Life, which the day before had called her with the beckoning finger of dreams, now reached out grim, insistent hands. Life—in the raw.

"I Don't Think I Like the Idea," He Said.

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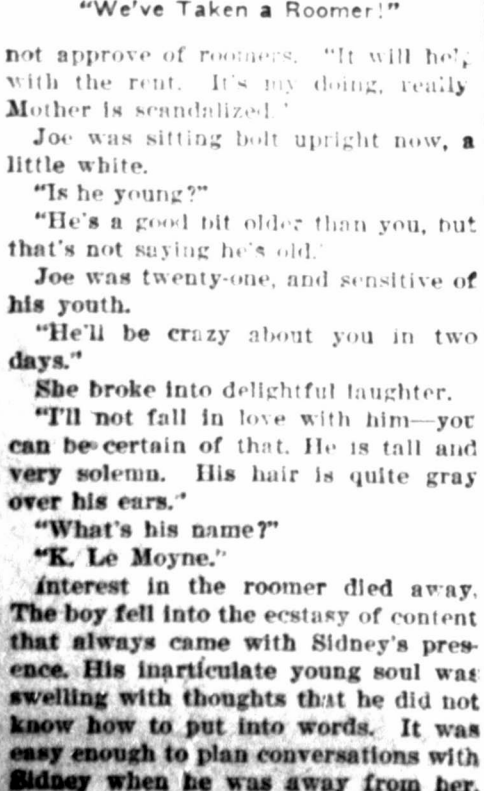
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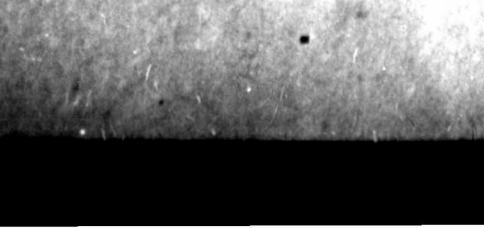
The New Roomer Hesitated.



"I Don't Think I Like the Idea," He Said.



"We've Taken a Roomer!"



"We've Taken a Roomer!"

"We've Taken a Roomer!"

"We've Taken a Roomer!"

"We've Taken a Roomer!"



The Great Iron Cross

A Christmas Story

by Harry Irving Greene



OST things Deacon took as they came, and with great calmness of spirit, for he was an even-tempered old horse, whose disposition a dozen years, filled with the usual allotment of equine adversity, had thoroughly seasoned. Yet now he was pawing and stamping as impatiently as any four-year-old. At intervals he would stretch his neck, thrust forward his old white nose, and indulge in a complaining whinny. There was reason for Deacon's restlessness. More than an hour ago he should have been on the move, but here he was still waiting in the post office shed, and never a sign or word from his driver. Deacon, you understand, pulled Uncle Sam's mail over Rural Free Delivery Route No. 2, Havertown P. O. He had pulled it for three years, and he was fairly well versed in the business. At any rate, he knew that it was past his starting time. Long before had the sway-back sorrel on Route No. 1 taken the road. The pert little bay mare on No. 3 had followed a few minutes later. Yet here was Deacon, with the heaviest and longest route of them all, still standing idly in the shed.

Inside, in the Havertown post office, were a number of men whose frame of mind was worse than Deacon's. One



But Deacon Would Not Turn.

of them was the postmaster himself. In the first place, the simultaneous arrival of a three-foot snowfall and the bulk of the Christmas mail was bad enough. Next came the disabling of one of his best drivers, and the discovery that two substitute carriers were out of town. Well, the postmaster said things. Dan Sweeney, driver of No. 2 route, was disabled beyond doubt. There he was sitting on a pile of mail sacks, his back against a steam radiator, his face white and drawn out of shape by twinges of rheumatism. He had dragged himself down to the office, but that was all he could do. Now, although he should have been sent back to bed, he was sorting the mail for his route.

"The Christmas mail, too!" groaned Dan. He had a conscience. Dan had, and his heart was in his work. It was a sight of the great pile of packages which made Danny groan deepest. They were more to him than simply so much fourth-class matter, these string-tied boxes and bundles. They were invested with something besides the statute-guarded sanctity of the United States mail, for which Dan Sweeney had no light respect. He knew that each one of them carried not only merchandise but a subtle freightage of the goodly holiday spirit, the joyful sentiment of Christmastide.

And to think, just because of this plaguey rheumatism of his, many of them might not be delivered until the holiday was over with, when they would be coming along, as stale as firecrackers on the 5th of July! So Danny groaned.

"There!" said Danny at last, to the office clerk who was to attempt the task, "you stow the packages in just that order and do your best to find where they go. Old Deacon'll take you over the route all right if you give him his head. He knows it like a book."

So the Christmas mail was finally started out over Route No. 2. Deacon turned an inquiring eye on the new man, as much as if to ask what was the matter with Danny.

FOUGHT IN MIDAIR

EXPERIENCE OF STEEPLEJACK WITH CRAZY COMRADE.

Worker Tells of the Time When Dan O'Brien Had an Impulse to Jump and How Narrowly a Tragedy Was Averted.

"Did you ever have an impulse to jump off a steeple?" I questioned, recalling the sensation of many people looking down even from a housetop.

"I've kept pretty free from that," said he; "but there's no doubt climbing steeples does tell on a man's nerves. Now, there was Dan O'Brien; he had an impulse to jump off a steeple one day, and a strong impulse, too. He went mad on one of the tallest spires in Cincinnati; right at the top of it."

"Went mad?"

"Yes, sir, raving mad, and I was by him when it happened. I forgot whether the church was Baptist or Presbyterian, but I know it stood on Sixth street, near Vine, and there was a big hand on top of the steeple, the forefinger pointing to heaven.

"We were putting fresh gliding on this hand. I was working on the thumb side and O'Brien on the little-finger side, both of us standing on tiny stagings about the size of a chair-seat, and both of us made fast to the steeple by lifelines under our arms. That's an absolute rule in climbing steeples—never to do the smallest thing unless you're secured by a lifeline.

"It was coming on dark, and I was hurrying to get the gold leaf on, because we'd given the hand a fresh coat of sizing that would be dry before morning. We hadn't spoken for some time, when suddenly I heard a laugh from O'Brien's side that sent a shiver down my spine. Did you ever hear a crazy man laugh? Well, if ever you do, you'll remember it. I looked at him, and saw by his face that something was wrong.

"What are you doing?" said I.

"He answered very polite and steady like, but his tone was queer. 'I'm trying to figure out how long it would take a man to get down if he went the fastest way.'

"I thought I had better keep him in a good humor, so I said: 'I'll tell you what, Dan, you brace up and get this gold on, and then we'll race to the ground in our saddles.'

"That's a fair idea," said he in a shrill voice, "but I've got a better one. We'll race down without any saddles; yes, sir, without any lines, without a blamed thing!

"Don't be a fool, Dan. What you want to do is to get that gold on—quick!" I tried to speak sharply.

"No, sir; I'm going to jump, and so are you!"

"I caught his eye just then and saw it wasn't any time to bother about gold leaf. I reached up and eased the hitch of my line around the hand so I could swing toward him. I knew if I once got my grip on him he wouldn't make any more trouble. But I'd never had a crazy man to deal with, and I didn't realize how tricky and quick they are. While I was working around to his side and thinking he didn't notice it, he was laying for me out of the corner of his eye, and the first thing I knew he had me by the throat and everything was turning black. I let go of the line and dropped back on my saddle-board helpless, and if it hadn't been for blind luck I guess the people down below would have got their money's worth in about a minute. But my hand struck on the toolbox as he pressed me back, and I had just strength enough left to shut my fingers on the first tool I touched and strike at him with it. The tool happened to be a monkey wrench, and when a man gets a clip on the head with a thing like that he's pretty apt to keep still for a while. And that's what O'Brien did. He keeled over and lay there, and I did, too, until my head got steady. Even then I guess we'd both have fallen if it hadn't been for the lifelines."

What the Sign Says.

An unusual way of asking golfers for their co-operation in keeping their course in good condition and in refraining from undesirable practice is employed by a Cincinnati golf club, which has placed a large sign beneath the bulletin board on the first tee of the course, according to Popular Mechanics magazine. It reads: "Treat the course as though you loved it." Every player is sure to see the request before starting over the links. A similar sign has been put up at the tenth hole.

Aeroplanes Meet in Air.

One of the most remarkable accidents in the history of aviation is reported from the cattle front. Two French flying machines, each containing a pilot and observer, were seen to meet as if attacking, "lock horns," and plunge downward together. For six thousand feet they fell, performing all manner of gyrations, while the spectators watched horrified. The machines finally landed in the top of a tree and the four men were taken down uninjured.

How We Waste Wood.

There are more than 48,000 saw-mills in the United States, and their output of waste in the form of sawdust, shavings, slabs and other wood refuse is estimated at 36,000,000 cords a year—enough to fill a bin one-half mile high with a base covering a forty-acre lot, or to make a solid block more than a quarter of a mile on each edge.—Literary Digest.

Christmas Specialties

It is not necessary to send your Christmas orders out of the city to get them filled. I will duplicate all mail order house prices on identical quality goods. I have some splendid values to show you in the following lines:

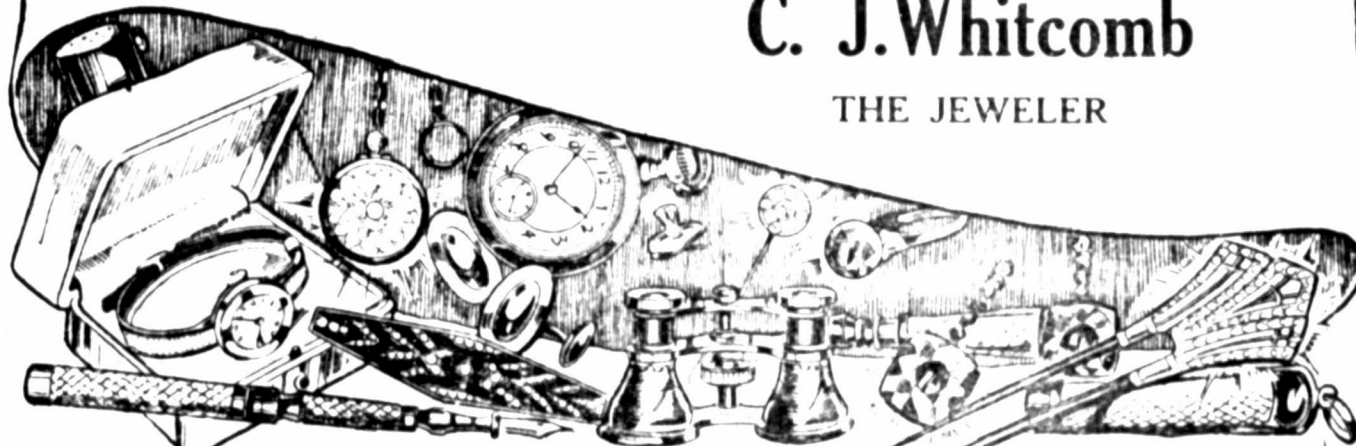
- LA VALLIERES, FROM \$2.50 TO \$25.00
- DORINE SETS, BELT BUCKLES, TOILET SETS
- SMALLEST WRIST WATCHES MADE
- PIN SETS, BIRTH STONE RINGS, SOUVENIR SPOONS,
- FLEXIBLE BRACELETS, PERFUME BALL AND CHAIN
- CUT GLASS, SILVERWARE, ETC.

Any of the above would be a gift sure to be appreciated by the lady or gentleman receiving it. Come early and make your selections, leave a small deposit, if you wish, and I will reserve them for you until later.

Lyric, the Ford of the Graphophone, \$25.00

C. J. Whitcomb

THE JEWELER



Each boy or girl, under six years of age, coming to Humphrey's Hardware store, with its parents, will receive a gift during the holidays.

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Everything in Hardware

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Sell your hides to us. They bring the most money green. . . .

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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

..Monuments..

Agents for Swallowwater Marble works, Bill Brothers and Jones-Rapp Monument companies. Glad to show samples.

..Inda Humphrey..

Dr. Swearingin's Dates

Dr. Swearingin, the specialist from Roswell, New Mexico, will be in Portales, at Neer's drug store, on the 20th day of each month, to treat diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, and to fit glasses.

W. O. OLDHAM, President

P. E. JORDAN, Cashier

H. C. WAGGONER, Assistant Cashier

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OF PORTALES, NEW MEXICO



Capital, Surplus and Profits,	-	-	-	\$100,000.00
Total Resources, Over	-	-	-	\$400,000.00

WE believe the best way to succeed with our business is to help you to a more prosperous condition. If the people of this community were all thrifty and prosperous, we would have more business and a larger bank. We now have more faith in this, our country, than ever before. We have been here longer than most of you and have seen the tide of immigration come and go. We have seen men go broke and fortunes wasted; we have seen men with no help come slowly up until they are now on a good, solid foundation. It has been our pleasure to help many worthy men and women to a better condition. We boast of having helped more people of Roosevelt and adjoining counties than all the banks of Roosevelt county combined. x x

We desire to extend to all the people of Roosevelt county our best wishes for the Holidays, and to assure them that it will be our purpose during the New Year to increase our usefulness in this country. Come tell us your wants. x x x x x x

...**"WE ARE ABLE AND WILLING"**...

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A MERRY

CHRISTMAS

AND A

HAPPY NEW YEAR

TO ALL

We wish to thank our friends and patrons for the business given us during the past year, and assure you that the same has been appreciated.

We are always at your service and will be glad to figure on your lumber bills, and you will always find our stock complete, with prices right. ❄ ❄ ❄ ❄

YOURS FOR A BETTER 1917

Kemp Lumber Company

PORTALES, NEW MEXICO

door of the big stone house did not conceal her surprise as Angy asked for Mrs. Eads.

"Mrs. Eads has been dead almost a year," explained the maid. "Oh, please pardon me," stammered Angy, "but this message must have been long delayed. Is her son here? The message can be given to him."

Angy was admitted to the warm hall, and a few minutes later a tall, broad-shouldered young man appeared in the wide doorway of the library. In the semi-darkness of the great house she delivered the package and explained how and when it came into her possession.

"You are wonderfully kind to come at once." The young man's hands trembling and his voice husky as he finished reading the note. "I've made a dozen searches for the ring, but had given up finding it. Poor mother must have kept it near her heart as long as she lived. I felt that she'd like her clothing to go to those who could use it, and so I had the housekeeper send a lot of it to that committee. I wish I knew how to thank you enough."

"But you've already done so much for me by sending the things that mother needed so. Daddy always said that blessings and sorrows were made to be shared, but—"

"Wait! Surely there was only one man who said it just that way." The young man was looking hard at Angy now. "Is it really Angy Lane? Can it be?" Angy's surprised affirmative brought this further exclamation: "And I am Harry, Angy. When I came home from college last summer I went to see your father, but all the people could tell me was that he had died and that you and your mother had moved away. Has the world been good to you, Angy?" Then for the first time since they had recognized each other both of them remembered how they had been brought together. There were tears in the eyes of both as Harrison Eads, whom Angy had known before only as Harry, led her into the sunny breakfast room. "Sit here and have a cup of coffee, and then we'll talk everything over," he said quietly, as he placed a chair for her across the table from where his own unfinished breakfast awaited his return.

In talking everything over there was so much to say and so many times to say "and do you remember" that it was nearly noon before either of them knew it. When Angy started home she was in a big limousine beside Harry, with a fur robe tucked all about her. When they went together into her mother's room, there were "do you remember" all over again, until Harry's deep but trembling voice told the father that he and Angy had agreed to share all their blessings and sorrows as long as they lived, including the joy of having her with them as their mother. As proof, he pointed to the old-fashioned ring he had placed on Angy's finger.

LIVE STOCK

RUSTED STRAW FOR FEEDING

Value Demonstrated by Experiments Made by Canadian and Other Experiment Stations.

There has evidently not been much investigation on the effect of rust on straw as to its feeding value. Most of the analyses made show that rust increases the feeding value of the straw. The Dominion experiment station in Canada and the experiment stations in North Dakota and Minnesota, have found that the rusted straw has a larger feeding value than rust-free straw. The analysis made at the North Dakota experiment station one year, however, showed that the straw had a decreased feeding value. The reason for an increase feeding value is explained by the fact that the plant first produces the nourishment in the stem and leaves and later passes it up into the head to fill out the kernels. The rust interferes with this food passing up into the head. It has a little the same effect as cutting the grain for hay.

The value of the rusted straw depends on a good many factors, among which are the time at which rust strikes the crop, how the straw is cured, and whether it has any shriveled grain in it. Cases have been reported in which animals have been harmed by being fed rusted straw.

One way to determine if it is harmful is to feed it to a few of the less valuable animals for a week or two and observe the effect that it has on them. Some other roughage should be fed with the rusted straw and do not make a sudden change from other feed to rusted straw. Shaking the straw to remove the dust as far as possible is also advisable. Observe the animals that are being fed rusted straw to see what effect it has on them. —North Dakota Experiment Station.

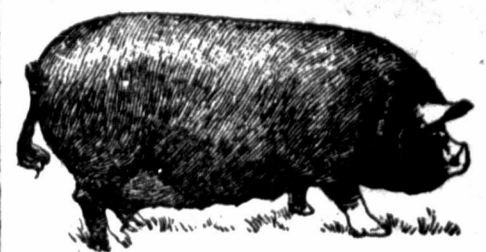
VALUE OF WHEAT FOR SWINE

Tests Made at Missouri Agricultural College to Find Suitable Substitute for Corn.

(By L. A. WEAVER)

Information of value to all pork producers, especially in seasons when the corn crop is short, has been obtained by carrying on experimental work with other crops grown on the farm by the Missouri agricultural experiment station. By conducting feeding trials with wheat it has been shown

that under some conditions wheat may well be used for hog feeding instead of corn. Results obtained show that when corn is worth 70 cents or more



Prize Winning Sow Owned by Missouri Agricultural College.

a bushel, wheat may be profitably substituted for corn if the wheat is worth 90 cents or less. Likewise if corn is worth 80 cents per bushel, wheat is worth \$1.03 a bushel as hog feed.

It has been further shown that pork may be produced more cheaply by adding a small amount of tankage to a mixture of corn and wheat than by feeding these feeds without such a supplement.

For example, the cost of producing 100 pounds of pork with corn and tankage was 60 cents less than when corn alone was used. This would mean an additional profit to the producer of \$100 or more on each carload of hogs fed.

GIVING MEDICINES TO SWINE

By Using Old Shoe With Hole Cut in Toe, There Is Little Danger of Strangulation.

If it should be necessary to administer medicines to a hog, simply cut a small opening in the toe of an old shoe, have an attendant hold hog in its natural position as possible, insert toe of shoe in mouth, pour drench in shoe carefully, and the hog will do the rest (of course powders should be liquidified with water). By this method there is practically no danger of strangulation, no danger of breaking dressing horn or bottle or any other vessel that may be used, the hog in trying to eject shoe from mouth will simply swallow.

RIGHT CARE OF BROOD MARE

Careful Plowman Can Use Her Up to Within Few Days of Time She Is to Drop Her Colt.

A careful plowman can use the mare up till within a few days of the time she is to drop her colt without danger, and likewise he can begin work with the mare ten days or two weeks after the colt is born, provided the work is reasonably light and the mare is cured for properly.

It is not necessary that the colt follow its dam while she is in harness, but it is better to leave the colt in the pasture or the barn while the mare is driven.

Angy's Post-Christmas Gift

By CATHARINE CRANNER

(Copyright)

TWO weeks of intermittent blizzards paralyzed so much of the activity of the city that Angy Lane had been unable to find a day's work as saleswoman, for it was the depressing season which follows the inflated Christmas trading. On the first moderate day within weeks Angy was walking down a business street looking for work when she saw a long line of pale, starved-looking people waiting their turn to enter a large building in temporary use as a distributing point for food and clothing contributed by the city's well-to-do citizens in response to an appeal from a relief committee. In the doorway stood a big policeman.

Angy passed shudderingly by, thinking that not even for her sick mother's sake could she become one of that "line." Then she remembered that for her mother's sake she must not go home until she had secured either work or food, and she knew that her mother actually needed warm garments. Illness had tightened upon her mother just when the business depression had taken Angy's position from her, and it had been a hard fight to get enough money for the necessary food and medicine and rent. She thought of how they had once lived so happily in the suburban cottage where her father had mended musical instruments and tended their pretty garden, and had sent her with gifts of flowers or fruit or her mother's good chicken broth to many a humble home and to some quite pretentious. "Blessings and sorrows were made to be shared" had been a favorite saying of her father's, and as she remembered the quaint philosophy of his gentle life, Angy determined to let her wealthier fellows share their blessings with her and her mother. She deliberately turned back and took her place at the end of the waiting line of women.

As she stood waiting her turn to enter the building, she recalled the handsome, laughing boy they had known only as Harry, who used to come with his violin to be mended or strung, and who always went away

wearing some flower from their garden. Sometimes he had brought them rare flowers from his mother's large garden, where a real gardener kept everything in formal order.

"Some warm clothes for my mother and a little food," was Angy's timid response to the inquiry of the motherly woman at the head of the big distributing counter inside the building.

"This box seems to have been just meant for you," smiled the lady, as she held out a large pasteboard box



She Stepped Behind the Chair to Spread the Warm Garment on Her Mother's Shoulders.

containing a downy gray kimono, a knitted shawl and slippers and some stockings and underwear. At another counter Angy received packages of coffee, bread and bacon. Then she hurried to her mother, wondering how she could introduce the various things gradually enough to prevent the real source of such plenty being suspected.

"How good the news, mother!" she exclaimed cheerily. "The snow is beginning to melt at last. And see the good things to eat!" As she spoke she spread the packages before the rheumatic cripple's surprised eyes.

"How good that coffee smells!" exclaimed her mother.

"And soon you shall taste! Oh, we're going to have a regular game of the five senses, for you're going to feel something good, too, pretty soon."

ly sleeping, Angy opened the package. It was but a folded envelope of note size. She drew out the contents, which proved to be a sheet of paper containing a written message and a tiny package wrapped in tissue paper.

"My dear boy," began the note in a delicate and cramped handwriting, "because one girl proved undeserving of this gift, you think now you'll never want to bestow it upon another, but somewhere in the world is a good, true girl who will love you for yourself alone, as I did your father when he gave this gift to me. After I am gone, keep this until the right girl comes into your life; then give to her with my blessing. I am sure you will find one who will become as you say your wife must be — like your loving mother."

Unwrapping the tissue, Angy found a small chain-link bag containing a ring set with an old-fashioned cluster of diamonds. Inside the ring was engraved, "Arthur and Emily, June, 1885." Within the chain-link bag was written the name, "Emily Harrison Eads." Across the top of the sheet of note paper was an engraved street address — "44 Oxford place."

Angy sat a long time huddled near the faintly heated register, planning how she would return the ring to its owner. She reflected that as those people had shared their bounty with her she must lose no time in restoring to them their lost treasure.

Early next morning she was at a pawnbroker's shop with a tiny gold pencil, which had been a gift to her



"Sit Here and Have a Cup of Coffee."

father from the boy Harry, and which until now she had not consented to part with. The sum she received for it was very small, but it would leave her a few nickels after paying car fare to the distant Oxford place address. The neat maid who opened the

GREETINGS!

The Cosy management thanks you for the past year's patronage and wishes all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. ❄ ❄ ❄

PARAMOUNT! **Holiday Specials** PARAMOUNT!

Friday, December 22nd

"DAVID GARRICK" featuring Dustin Farnum

A wonderfully faithful screen adaptation of the celebrated play. Five acts.



Monday, Dec. 25th

Metro--Special Christmas Master Production--Metro

"GODS HALF ACRE"

A Metro Wonder Star in a Wonderful Play MABEL TALIAFERRO. Five acts of romance and supreme thrill.



Scene from "GODS HALF ACRE"

Wednesday, December 27th

"ALIEN SOULS"

Featuring the world's greatest Japanese actor, SESSUE HAYAKAWA. His last appearance here with Fannie Ward in "The Cheat" will be remembered by many.

Friday, Dec. 29th

"MARIA ROSA"

A greater play than "CARMAN." Featuring America's Foremost Artist of Grand Opera and Screen, and an All Star cast, WALLACE REID, ANITA KING, and others.



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QUALITY Our Motto

Cosy Theatre

S. D. Beaver Proprietor



Her Happy Christmas

by Clarissa Mackie



THE schoolteacher at Rock Gulch dismissed her pupils with a smiling face. Behind the smiles lurked unshed tears. When the last youngster had vanished down the snow-covered trail, Bernice leaned her head against the window frame and the hot, rebellious tears flooded her soft gray eyes.

How she hated this far western country, with its crude ways, its dowdily dressed women, its unpolished men, and, above all, its loneliness! It was all so different from New England—and yet she fled from Massachusetts to hide a headache.

"There is something wrong with me," she sighed at last. "It can't be the country or the people—they are kind and generous—it's the way I feel! How can I cure the ache and the homesickness for things that may never be?"

No answer came to her out of the swiftly falling winter twilight.

Perhaps the knowledge that a wedding was taking place in Boston at that very hour confused her reasoning powers. The man had ceased to love her and she had offered him his freedom and he had accepted it, and so, being without near relatives, Bernice had found a position out here in Montana. This was her first Christmas in Rocky Gulch.

After awhile she locked the schoolhouse door, and with the children's Christmas offerings in her lunch basket, the lonely little schoolm'am set off down the trail toward the Tucker place, where she boarded.

It was snowing hard now and the trail was rapidly disappearing under the white blanket. In the deepening gloom dark shapes appeared, approaching and receding, but they proved to be the pine trees fringing the steep slopes.

Far below, the lights of the town gleamed through the darkness and then vanished, and Bernice, plunging out of the path to avoid a deep drift, took a wrong turning and soon acknowledged to herself with a frightened sob that she was lost on the mountain in a raging blizzard.

Hours afterward, she sank exhausted at the foot of a pine tree and dropped her head on her outstretched arms.

"I will rest for a few minutes," she murmured drowsily.

Down in the town Mrs. Tucker waited supper that Christmas eve until nine o'clock. Then little Willie Tucker sleepily announced that Mrs. Halliday had invited teacher to spend the night and eat Christmas dinner at the Halliday ranch. Chiding Willie for his tardy information, Mrs. Tucker hastened to the telephone and called the Halliday ranch; but the wires were all down, and so the anxious little woman decided that the teacher had been unable to send word about her change of Christmas plans, and went about the trimming of the Tucker Christmas tree with renewed activity.

Bernice opened her eyes in the living room of a warm log cabin. Gay Navajo blankets hung from the walls and covered the broad couch on which she reclined before a blazing fire of hickory logs.

Two men were bending over the fire; one was stirring something in a bright tin saucepan, something hot and steaming which he poured into a tumbler and brought to her bedside.

"Hello!" he smiled. "Awake are you?"

Drink this mess and tell us how it all happened."

Bernice smiled back into a bronzed face that inspired instant confidence. He was young, with very blue eyes and very brown hair.

Bernice obediently drank the steaming mixture and snuggled down in the blankets and went to sleep.

"I wonder who she is, Jim," said the last comer.

"She came to us out of the storm—a little snowbird," murmured Jim Butler.

Billy Smith smiled shrewdly. "Little Snowbird will be missed on Christmas eve," he said. "Some one is probably looking for her now, so don't set your heart on her, Jim."

Jim laughed softly. "Oh, get out, you old idiot!" he grinned. "Can't a chap sentimentalize a bit on Christmas eve without your getting silly? I was thinking it will be a sorry Christmas for this little girl, and this blizzard looks good for all day tomorrow!"

"Sure thing—so I'm going out to cut a Christmas tree for her," said Billy struggling into his heavy coat.

"You're an angel," laughed Jim, getting out an ax.

He had never seen Bernice Avery before the moment when he had stumbled over her snow-covered form. He had carried her to the cabin three miles up the mountain and given Billy Smith the surprise of his adventurous life.

James Butler was a timber expert in the employ of the government and Billy was his right-hand man.

Suddenly the door opened and Billy staggered in, powdered with whiteness, carrying a small, symmetrical hemlock tree.

"Our Christmas tree for the kid," he said solemnly.

"Good," chuckled Jim, and they set to work.

It was Christmas morning when Bernice awoke again. Dimly she remembered the events of the night and when full realization came upon her she sat up in bed and looked around.

"Dear me, how horrid I feel!" she yawned sleepily, and at that instant she saw the Christmas tree and her eyes popped wide open.

The little tree stood on a table near the fire, propped with heavy stones. Strings of popcorn festooned it and there were puzzling tinsel ornaments—nuts covered with tinfoil. There were a Mexican quilt, a pair of gayly beaded Indian moccasins, a roll of Navajo blankets and some apples and oranges.

"I wonder whose Christmas tree this is," marveled Bernice.

The sun was streaming through the windows when Jim and Billy knocked at the door and entered in response to her call.

They had arrayed themselves in their best garments and they glanced expectantly from the girl's shyly smiling face to the gay little tree.

"Merry Christmas!" all three said in unison, and then laughed in gay friendliness.

"It looks so Christmasy in here," said Bernice. "I'm afraid I've stumbled upon somebody's Christmas tree."

Jim laughed. "Oh, that's your tree!"

"Mine?" she stammered.

"Yes—it was Billy's idea—your being away from home and everything. Those are just trifles we had around the house. Please don't cry!" he protested as tears filled the lovely eyes of his guest.

"But you don't know how beautiful it is," she sobbed. "I was hating Christmas this year—I was so lonesome—and everything!"

She told them how she had disliked the West, not dreaming it could hold such kindness, and in return both men became very gruff indeed and Billy sternly insisted upon her coming out and eating her breakfast of cornbread, bacon and coffee. Jim said nothing, but his eyes were eloquent.

It was late afternoon when the storm ceased so that they could put on snowshoes and set out down the trail toward the Gulch. Bernice hugging her precious gifts close to her heart.

"It's the happiest Christmas I ever had," she told Jim, with eyes all a-shine.

SAFETY DEMANDS FEDERAL CONTROL OF THE RAILROADS

Only Way to Meet Emergencies of Nation, Says A. P. Thom.

STATES' RIGHTS PRESERVED

Principles Which Railways Hold Should Govern Regulatory System in Interests of Public and the Roads—Compulsory System of Federal Incorporation Favored.

Washington, Dec. 4.—That the interests of national defense require that control of railway lines should rest with the federal government and not with the states was the claim advanced by Alfred P. Thom, counsel of the Railway Executives' Advisory Committee, in concluding his preliminary statement of the case for the billways before the Newlands Joint committee on Interstate Commerce. "We must be efficient as a nation if we are to deal successfully with our national emergencies," said Mr. Thom, "and we must appreciate that efficient transportation is an essential condition of national efficiency. If we are to do so and weaken our transportation systems by state lines, by the permanent imposition of burdens by unwise legislation, we will make national efficiency impossible."

States' Rights Would Not Suffer.

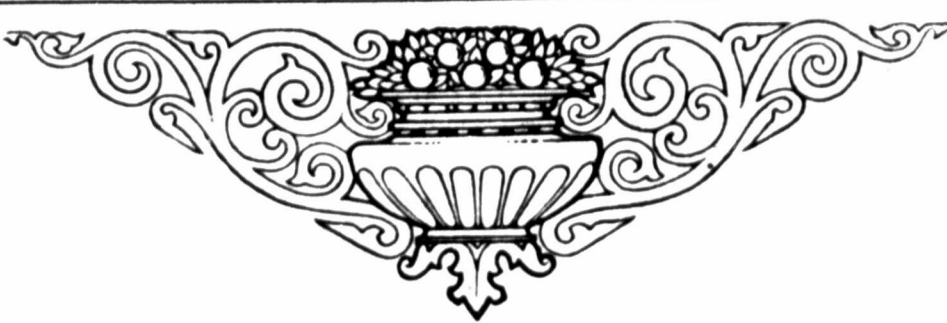
Mr. Thom cited many instances in which shippers in one state were seriously affected by selfish regulations imposed on the railroads by neighboring states. He pointed out that federal regulation would be no invasion of the rights of the states but would be the means of preserving the rights which they acquired when they entered the Union, one of which was a right to the free movement of their products across state boundaries.

What the Railroads Advocate.

The principles which the railroads believe should be incorporated in any system of regulation were summarized by Mr. Thom as follows:

1. The entire power and duty of regulation should be in the hands of the national government, except as to matters so essentially local and incidental that they cannot be used to interfere with the efficiency of the service or the rights of the carriers.
2. As one of the means of accomplishing this, a system of compulsory federal incorporation should be adopted, into which should be brought all railroad corporations engaged in interstate or foreign commerce.
3. The Interstate Commerce Commission under existing laws has too much to do and is charged with conflicting functions, including the investigation, prosecution and decision of cases. The proper duties should be placed in the hands of a new body which might be called the Federal Railroad Commission. Regional Commissions should be established in different parts of the country to assist the Interstate Commerce Commission by handling local cases.
4. The power of the Commission should be extended to enable it to prescribe minimum rates and not merely maximum rates as at present. This would increase their power to prevent unjust discriminations.
5. Justice to Public and Roads. It should be made the duty of the Interstate Commerce Commission, in the exercise of its powers to fix reasonable rates, to so adjust these rates that they shall be just as to the public and to the carriers. To this end the Commission, in determining rates, should consider the necessity of maintaining efficient transportation and extensions of facilities, the relation of causes to rates and the rights of shippers, stockholders and creditors of roads.
6. The Interstate Commerce Commission should be invested with the power to fix the rates for carrying mails.
7. The federal government should have exclusive power to supervise the issue of stocks and bonds by railroad carriers engaged in interstate and foreign commerce.
8. The law should recognize the essential difference between things which trade in the case of ordinary mercantile concerns and those which trade in the case of common carriers. The question of competition should be the only fair criterion.
9. The law should expressly provide for the meeting and agreement of traffic or other officers of railroads in respect of rates or practices. This would, however, be safeguarded by requiring the agreements to be filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission and to be subject to be disapproved by it.
10. Any legal proposition. Mr. Thom said that the Constitution as it is gives full authority to Congress to regulate the instrumentalities of interstate commerce in all their parts. The power of regulation is to reach public requirements. It must be co-operative with the instrumentalities of commerce.
11. Mr. Thom explained that the roads do not ask either of the Committee of Congress any increase in revenue, but that they are merely asking for a perfecting of a system which will be able to meet any need that may

LISTEN



We wish to thank our many friends and customers for their patronage and good will during the past year, and wish for them a

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

Portales Lumber Co.

ONE PIECE OR A CAR LOAD

...Build You a Home...

The Portales Mill and Elevator Co.

Market price paid for all kinds of grain. : : : :

Grinding for custom every day in the week. : : : :

We wish you a "MERRY CHRISTMAS" and a "HAPPY NEW YEAR." :: :: ::

Portales Mill & Elevator Co.

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PORTALES, ::: ::: NEW MEXICO

The Lost Letter

By LOUISE HEILGERS

THE bells were ringing for it was Christmas day. Outside upon the frozen path a robin hopped, the sky was clear, cold and blue. The tall cypress trees which fringed the lawn stood stiffly at attention like sentinels. A pale December sun lay like a ghost upon the grass.

But Miss Emmeline Barton, staring idly out of the window, had no eye for the beauty of it all. Because it was Christmas day, she was dressed in lavender silk and her mother's rings sparkled coldly upon her fingers. The orthodox holly and mistletoe were scattered in vases and behind picture frames about the room. Miss Emmeline herself had but recently returned from early morning service in the little church, tucked cozily away in the churchyard.

But of the Christmas peace and beauty there was no trace in Miss Emmeline's heart. Instead, she noticed, with annoyance, as she stared out of the window, that some of the shrubs wanted cutting and that one of the gardeners had left a pair of shears on the ground.

How insistently the call of the bells came. "Be happy! Be happy! Be happy!" they seemed to say as a friendly wind carried their message far and wide. With an impatient movement Miss Emmeline turned from the window. As she did so her glance fell on the morning mail lying, as was customary, awaiting her attention in a neat pile on her desk.

A disdainful smile curved her lips as her long thin fingers turned over the envelope. Then suddenly her face changed. It was as if a summer wind had blown a little pink into its coldness—for a moment only. The old frosty look came back into her face as she ripped open the envelope. Two letters fell from it into her lap. One sealed, the other a folded piece of note paper. Miss Emmeline rucked up the open letter without glancing at the sealed one. In her heart she said coldly: "From his wife, I suppose."

"Dear Aunt Emmeline," her nephew wrote, in his big sprawling handwriting. "I expect you will be awfully wild at my writing to you after your having told me you never wished to hear from me again, but I am now writing along the inclosed. And I thought, with the explanation about it, you might forgive a Christmas wish or two slipping in as well."

"Here is the explanation. You know Anne and I are living now in your old home. It is such a beautiful old house, by the way—Anne simply dotes on the spindle-legged furniture in the drawing room, but I had to have some repairs done. The roof leaked incidentally, and the dragons on the hall



The Sun Danced Merrily Upon Its Shiny Surface as She Read.

paper made me feel like a St. George whenever I looked at them. The workmen were doing something to the letter box when they found the letter. I am sending you. You know what an antediluvian affair the box was. One of the panels was loose and the letter in some amazing way had slipped behind it. It looks a bit y-flow, and no wonder, considering the time it must have been there. Anne will persist the address is in her father's handwriting, but I told her it is nonsense. I don't believe you ever met the old chap."

Miss Emmeline picked no further. With trembling hands she reached up the second letter. Two little spots flared suddenly in her cheeks as she stared at the envelope. Yes, it was the handwriting of the man she loved that stared back at her. She had not cried for years, but now she felt the sharp sting of tears behind her eyelids. The brassy clang of bells turned suddenly into the droning of bees. She was walking in a garden, a young and golden youth, with a man and a girl, as she was young and fair; a little

stream ran bubbling at the end of the garden.

It was just here he had taken her into his arms and kissed her swiftly, and Miss Emmeline's soul had drowned in the kiss, as the shadows of the budding trees overhead drowned in the water of the stream. He had spoken no word. There had been no time. Interruption by others had followed immediately on the kiss, but as they separated he said to her: "Tonight."

And the night had come, dressing the April sky in pale stars, and Miss Emmeline in satin and pearls. But the man himself never came. She had never seen or heard from him again. Indirectly she learned from village gossip that he had been called to town, but from him there had come no message out of the void.

The days crept into months and lengthened into years, money came to Miss Emmeline, and a spacious house and friends in plenty. It was only love that had passed her by. The eager, happy girl turned into the cold, hard woman. One day, she learned from an announcement in the papers that he had married—years afterwards from the same source, that he was dead. And only a few months before her nephew, the one human being in the world upon whom she had lavished what affection she had left in her to give, had married the daughter of the man who had won her heart one spring day and thrown it away as carelessly as he might have flung away a faded flower from his coat.

But had he? Was it possible that, after all, they had been separated not by his indifference, but by some awful



The Christmas Peace Stole Into Miss Emmeline's Heart.

mistake? Had fate intervened, perhaps, and diverted the traffic of their lives into separate turnings? Had he—Miss Emmeline's breath caught in her throat with a queer little spasm—really loved her, after all? A mist loomed up before her as the envelope fell away from the sheet. Then the mist cleared and the sun danced merrily upon its shiny surface as she read:

"My Dearest: I have no right to call you this yet, but I am hoping that you will give me the right by return mail, for I am in town. Emmeline, suddenly called there by most pressing and urgent business. I had no time to write and explain before I left yesterday. I am afraid you must have thought my absence in the evening strange, but if you love me, dear, you will forgive me. Love, you will find, is mostly that—forgiveness. But do you love me, Emmeline? That is the question I want above all others to have answered. Had I leisure I could write you words that, like faith, could remove mountains of opposition and compel love, but this business presses so hardly on me at the moment that it is with difficulty I have snatched the time to write even these few words."

"But, whether or not you love me, believe me that I am ever your devoted lover."

"Ralph."

The letter slipped from Miss Emmeline's hand with a little rustling sound as of protest as it met the stiff silk of her gown. Emmeline, white-haired, sedately garbed, as she was, was in the arms of her lover. What matter if the man who wrote these magic words were dead, and that it was Christmas instead of spring? At last she need be ashamed of her love no longer, she could bring it forth, a thing of joy. Into the sunshine of her thoughts, he had returned her love. He had wanted her. She had been the desire of his youth.

Miss Emmeline rose proudly from her chair. She trailed her skirt across the room with the air of a queen. When the butler answered her ring, she spoke imperiously:

"Earnings, I want this telegram sent at once. Also please tell Mrs. Yates that I am expecting my nephew and his wife at any moment, and that I wish rooms to be prepared for them immediately."

When the man had left the room again, Miss Emmeline walked across to the long French window, and, smiling happily, threw it open. She was anxious now to hear the bells. All the bitterness of many years had melted from her heart, as snow melts in the sun. She could meet Walter's wife now without hate, lay with eagerness, Walter's wife, who might have been her own child. She drew a deep breath as the bitter-sweet scent of the chrysanthemums came into the room with a rush of cold air. It was a good world after all.

The Christmas peace stole into Miss Emmeline's heart as she looked upon the whiteness of the hills. The bells still rang loudly, for it was Christmas day and the Christ child walked about a happy winter world.

SPELL CAST BY WILDERNESS

Veteran Prospector Tells of Weird Effect Long Sojourn in the Wilds Had on Him.

The hours we spent with another prospector, the "Old Man of the Mountains," as we called him, were ones that held us with a charm. There was something about the deeply-set, penetrating eyes, the square chin, and the benevolent expression of the face that reminded us of the quiet lakes and the strength of the distant mountain peaks.

"Many is the time," said the old man, "that I have been prospecting so far back in the wilderness of British Columbia that men have said I would never see civilization again, that I would either die or go insane."

"Once I had been in the wilderness of British Columbia for a year," he continued, "winter was breaking up, and with the signs of spring coming on I began to make my way back to the world again. I traveled long and hard, and when I walked down the street of the first village to which I came, the children gathered around me and the women came to their doors. One woman asked me into her house."

"Why do the children all behave so toward me?" I asked. "Because you look so strange," she replied. And then she let me take a looking glass, and I was startled at the sight of myself. I had never noticed that my hair was growing long; but there it was, and my beard, very long and white. There was a strange look in my eyes and I knew that I had just left the wilderness in time."—Blanche E. Herbert, in World Outlook.

SECRET OF MUSCULAR POWER

Principle Can Be Understood by Knowledge of Conditions That Govern Horse's Kick.

We have finally found the secret to muscular power, which is entirely different from what is generally supposed.

My son, Newton C. Grover, likes technical physiology. He explains that thoughts are material things and that different kinds of thoughts can be produced by different kinds of chemical foods. After filling out several times over our arguments on physiology, the secret to the muscular power of the human machine finally resulted.

Briefly stated, the principle is this: The horse does not raise his leg; it is the repelling force of the entire universe that performs the act, as soon as the horse has lined up the conditions that make the movement possible. The horse's part of the work is to line up the conditions and to keep up the supply of the conditions. It would be impossible for a muscle to contain enough force to perform what a muscle appears to perform.

Another important effect of universal force is produced by the moon and planets, the moon being the principal cause of the difference in the sex of animals, fowls and fishes; and the planets being secondary causes. In a long cycle of years the cause of one sex is exactly equal to the cause of the other; but the results can be changed. —Kansas City Letter to New York Sun.

Wonderful Harbor of Rio.

The harbor of Rio is one of the most interesting to enter in the western hemisphere, comparable to that of New York. But the wonders of New York harbor are man made, while those at Rio are placed there by nature. Sugarloaf peak is the first of them—a needle of rock rising 1,200 feet sheer from the water line. The people of Rio say that Sugarloaf is an exclamation point set there as an appropriate punctuation to the surrounding scenery. The resemblance is not striking enough, however, to argue anything but a lively imagination on the part of the Brazilians.

There are two other sharply towering peaks, range brothers to the Sugarloaf but twice as high, just across the bay from him, which makes an outline that, seen from the proper angle, is not utterly unlike a human profile. The apparition is sometimes known as "Lord Hood's nose," but who Lord Hood was, to have his nose thus honored, is not a matter of record.

About Good Manners.

A rough-natured person could never achieve good manners by mere honesty. To cite the savage is a great mistake; primitive people are always conventional and ceremonial.

So one takes refuge in saying that manners, like so many other things which we know and appreciate as facts, are felt, but cannot be explained. That good manners are the manners of a good man is very nearly what Aristotle would have said. It sounds a truism; it is not always true; yet you will not get much further than that, once you begin analyzing and arguing.

Diplomacy Always Wins.

Mrs. Newcomb—Good morning! Is this Miss Wise's private academy?

Mrs. Binks (hotly)—No, it is not! This is a private house, and these are my own children.

Mrs. Newcomb (hastily)—Why, I thought it must be a school, because the children looked so educated and scholarly and—refined, you know.

Mrs. Binks (genially)—Oh, yes, of course. Come in and sit down. Lucy, call your six brothers and five sisters, and introduce them to the lady, while I just put on my hat to show her where Miss Wise's school is."

The Leach Coal Co.

The following letter and its answer are self explanatory as to the coal situation in Eastern New Mexico:

PORTALES, N. M., December 11th, 1916.

Mr. Cramer, with Alfalfa Lumber Co., Clovis, New Mexico.

Dear Sir:—Would you mind telling me your retail price on coal? We want to keep in line with prices at other places and are, we feel, lower than we should be. We are now selling the best Colorado coal at \$10.50 to rural trade and \$11.00 to city trade. Trying times. While we have never been out of coal we are very nervous all the time.

Yours truly,
LEACH COAL COMPANY,
By C. O. Leach.

CLOVIS, N. M., December 12, 1916.

The Leach Coal Company, Portales, New Mexico.

Dear Sirs:—We are getting the same prices that you are. Clovis is entirely out of coal and it seems like it is impossible to get it at any price.

Yours truly,
W. B. CRAMER.

While the people of Roosevelt county may feel that prices are a little high, we want to assure you that the profits are less than have been known for several years. Another thing, we have kept the trade supplied while most of the other towns are entirely out and unable to get the coal necessary for even the town use. Give us your patronage and you shall not want for coal.

Thanking you for past favors and soliciting a continuance of the same, we wish you the compliments of the season.

..The Leach Coal Company..

HUNT'S LIGHTNING OIL

Good druggists everywhere are quick to recommend Hunt's Lightning Oil when a healing lotion or liniment is asked for. It has been the standard home remedy for more than thirty years. Nothing is so powerful in dealing with pain.

SOLD ONLY IN 25c AND 50c BOTTLES

RHEUMATISM—Simply rub Hunt's Lightning Oil on action, drawing the pain entirely out—soothing the burning parts. It is truly astonishing to feel the same instant effect in this powerful liniment has on pain. The burning seems to be gone almost before the application is completed.

NEURALGIA? I have been afflicted with spells periodically for several years until I learned of Hunt's Lightning Oil. It permanently cured me. I have never had a pain that it would not alleviate and I have been using Hunt's Lightning Oil for fifteen years. says Uncle Jesse Leving, the best known citizen of Grayson County, Texas.

CUTS & BURNS I would almost as soon run my farm without implements as without Hunt's Lightning Oil. Of all the liniments I have ever used for cuts and burns, it is quickest in action and most successful. For burns and flesh cuts it is absolutely wonderful. I regard it as a household necessity," says Mr. S. Harrison, Kosciusko, Miss. Thousands praise it.

HEADACHES If a space would permit, I should like to print all of the testimonials written of the relief that Hunt's Lightning Oil has given to headaches, no news would be published in this paper. It would all be Hunt's Lightning Oil praise. If you suffer, don't hesitate a moment but come to our store and get a bottle of Hunt's Lightning Oil. A surprise will be in store for you. 25c and 50c bottles.

SOLD LOCALLY BY

Dr. J. S. Pearce

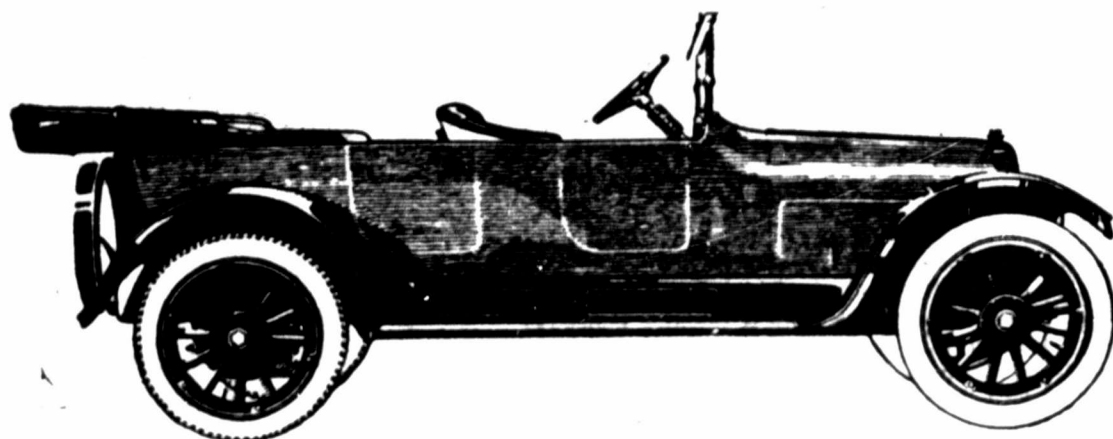
J.P. Pyeatt

NEW AND SECOND-HAND
.. FURNITURE ..
CAN SUPPLY YOUR WANTS

...The Overland is a Good Automobile...

I have just returned from the Willys Overland automobile manufactory, where I saw the world famous Overland cars made from the raw wood and pig iron. One who has not seen, with his own eyes, this gigantic manufactory at work can have no conception of the magnitude of that institution, neither can he realize the perfection of the finished product until he has had this experience. I cannot hope to tell you much about this car in this advertisement, but I hope that you will come to the garage and let me tell you some of the many things that go to make the Overland the greatest automobile in the world, without any exception.

The 1917 Overlands and the Knight motored Overlands, are simply superb, the very last word in automobile construction. There is nothing on the market, within \$500 of its purchase price, that can begin to compare with its service or its luxurious ease and elegance.



You Ought to Own This Car

The new models are different, they are not made on the same lines and they have no equals, no matter how you take them. The painting is the acme of perfection and the body pattern is a model of grace and beauty. You must see these cars to fully appreciate them.

I will, about the middle of January, have several of these new Overlands, and I want every person in Roosevelt county, who is considering the purchase of a car, to let me demonstrate the Overland for them. Do not buy in haste and repent at leisure. Be on the safe side, see these cars first.

I want to thank my friends and customers for their liberal patronage during the past year, and to ask for a continuance of the same. I wish you all a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year."

...KOHL'S GARAGE...

E. L. KOHL, Proprietor



I love little girls and boys,
And I like to bring
them candies and
toys:
So, sleep sound,
And I'll come around
To leave you a bundle
of joys.

ROOSEVELT COUNTY TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION at Taiban, New Mexico

JANUARY 26th and 27th, 1917

Friday, 10 a. m.

Welcome Address R. A. Deen
Response A. D. Smith
Music Selected
"Shall Arithmetic be Taught in the First Grade?"
Mrs. C. L. Burns, Miss Mattie Doss Hightower, Miss
Lucy Culberson.
Illustration of Dramatization Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Burns
Music Selected
"The County School Fair" L. L. Brown, J. E. Owen

Friday, 1:30 p. m.

"Athletics in Rural Schools"
R. W. Moore, J. W. Russell, Miss Pearl Lambert
Music Selected
"Current Events in the School"
C. J. Pendergraft, E. L. Hinton, Miss Lillian Norvell

Saturday, 9 a. m.

"Importance of Diacritical Marks"
H. H. Smith, Miss Linnie Forrest, Miles Frost
Music Selected
"Essentials of First Year English."
Judd Miller, Ed Frost, Miss Irene Molinari
"Co-operation" Judge McGill

FEEL AWE AT CRAZER LAKE

Marvelous Sheet of Water Inspires
All by Its Charm—Attraction
Almost a Fascination.

Crater lake has been known to inspire reverence in visitors who claimed to feel little or none at sight of the Grand canyon. It is difficult to imagine anybody who would remain untouched by the canyon, which is probably the most magnificent natural spectacle in the world; but if such a person exists, he might still feel the spell of Crater lake.

For Crater lake has the charm of simplicity, of a direct beauty that grows after the shock of the first view. The canyon, if anything, is too grand; it seems to have been built and colored for the amusement of the gods and is likely to oppress too impressionable humans after a time with an uncomfortable sense of their own unimportance and insignificance. There is something very different in the placid brooding beauty of Crater lake.

Crater lake can be described in a few words. It is a cliff-walled body of sparkling water, held high in the air in the cup of a volcano that has retired from active business for so these many years. Also, it is blue—exceedingly blue, blue beyond the habit of earthly water. At times it looks like a patch of tropic sky seen in the early morning. The only item in the characteristics of Crater lake a bare inventory fails to include is its peculiar attraction that is almost a fascination. The Indians peopled it with all manner of gods and spirits, and it is easy to see why they did so. It takes more than a chemical combination of hydrogen and oxygen to give out the peculiar atmosphere of mystery and unreality that hangs over the sunlit turquoise waters.

EXIST IN PRIMITIVE EASE

Pueblo Indians Live in Exactly the
Same Manner as Have Generations
of Ancestors.

Perhaps the most unique settlement in the United States is the Pueblo Indian village, located in Arizona, observes the Christian Herald. This village comprises 1,500 peaceable Indians, whose sole and almost only aim in life is to secure a livelihood as easily as possible. This settlement is located in the hottest section of the state, but the excessive heat is not uncomfortable to these people, whose ancestors have lived in that desert section for unnumbered generations. Wastes of burning sand stretch for miles and miles on every side of this village.

A peculiar thing about this people is that they have two distinct villages. The summer village is located upon the floor of the valley, where the Pueblos occupy themselves in agriculture. The

produce they raise, over what they need to eat during these hot months, is stored away for winter use. There are only a few places in that section of the desert where water is obtainable, and in these places the Pueblos pursue their primitive agriculture. Seasons come and seasons go, but as each goes by it sees these people living as they did during the preceding one. Since the white man first knew of this colony, which was back in the sixteenth century, the habits of this tribe have not changed. They eat the same kind of food, do the same sort of fancy work and live just as did their ancestors. So far as is known to historians, this is the oldest colony of any kind in

"Murphy's Mules."

A hero of Anzac, whose name did not appear in any of the dispatches, says the Manchester Guardian, was a certain stretcher bearer. His real name was Simpson, but for some unaccountable reason he was called "Murphy." Many an Australian lives to bless "Murphy's mules."

There were so many wounded to be fetched into safety that Murphy commandeered a pair of mules, and officers connived at the theft when they found what noble work he was doing. He used to leave the animals just under the brow of a hill and dash forward himself into the firing line to save the wounded.

Day after day he climbed the hill, smiling and cheery. But one day Murphy's mules came out. The wounded cried out to the overworked stretcher bearers: "For God's sake send Murphy's mules!" The mules were found grazing contentedly in Shrapnel valley—and Murphy? He had done his last climb to the top of the hill.

"Where is Murphy?" asked one of the First battalion.

"Murphy is at heaven's gate," answered a sergeant, "helping the soldiers through."

Really Little Known of Poland.

Poland's history, with its fights for freedom, justice and equality, its struggles in defense of Christianity and European civilization and its unselfishness in aiding the weak, made it famous among the world's nations, both in success and adversity. The achievements of the Polish nation in art, music, literature, science and religion are known, as are the lifedeeds of its great men.

But the industries, mines, trade and natural wealth of that unhappy country have since its partition been to a great extent a sealed book to most of the people outside of the nations attempting to assimilate the Poles. This was principally due to the inability of people from the outside to break through the network of foreign governmental systems in which Poland is enmeshed.

Announcement!

To My Customers and Friends:

On account of the extremely high prices of all kinds of merchandise, I have decided that after January 1st, 1917, I will put my business on a CASH basis, or cash within 30 days at least. I feel that by adopting this method, I can make better prices and serve the trade much better. Thanking my friends for past patronage and assuring you that your future trade will have careful attention with better goods and better prices

..C. V. HARRIS..

New Soliciting Agent for Santa Fe Effective December 1st P. N. Montgomery is appointed soliciting freight and passenger agent with headquarters at Amarillo, announces C. C. Dana, general freight and passenger agent. Mr. Montgomery will work through northwest Texas and eastern New Mexico, a territory of over 1100 miles.

FOR SALE One three year old bull about seven-eighths short horn Durham, large for age. His conditions are the best. Price, \$75. His beef value is \$60 or \$65. I have kept him two years. If interested come and see Charley Gunn three miles west of Upton, New Mexico.

Dobbs has all kind of electrical supplies, Hot Point cooking utensels and appliances fine for Christmas presents. See them.

PROFITABLE
Farmer's
Tomato

Many a
to find th
the little
the best
the farm.
Many a
notion th
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with the
gral gard

THE CHRISTMAS STORE

We have done our best to make this the "Christmas Store" for the people of Portales and Roosevelt county. We have bought a nice assortment of toys, dolls and all the little knick-knacks so dear to the heart of childhood and you will have no trouble finding here just what you want for the little ones. For the grown-ups we have a nice line of suitable gifts that cannot help but please whoever is so lucky as to receive one of them. Do not make your Christmas purchases until you have visited our store.

Dr. J. S. Pearce's Pharmacy

APPROPRIATE PRESENTS

Why Not Buy Your Family a Real Christmas Present

We have one that each and every member of your family will appreciate more than anything you could possibly get

....AN AUTOMOBILE....

Highway Garage Company

PORTALES, NEW MEXICO

PROFITABLE PIECE OF LAND

Farmer Surprised to Find Little Girl's Tomato Patch Best Paying Spot on the Farm.

Many a farmer has been surprised to find that the tenth-acre devoted to the little girl's tomato patch has been the best paying piece of ground on the farm.

Many of them are getting out of the notion that the garden business is foolishness and the women's work. They are beginning to take hold and help out with the planting, cultivating and general garden work.

FIGHT AGAINST HESSIAN FLY

Careful Manuring and Proper Precautions Should Be Taken to Avoid Short Wheat Crop.

Careful manuring and proper precautions against the Hessian fly should be looked after this fall if we are to do everything possible to avoid another short wheat crop. Plenty of barnyard manure, and clover, alfalfa or some other legume in rotation furnish the nitrogen that wheat needs most cheaply, but lime, phosphorus and potash must sometimes be added in other ways.

USING LIME ON ACID SOILS

Ohio Experiment Station Recommends Application After Plowing for Spring Crop.

While it is better to use lime on acid soils at any time of the year than not to apply any, soil specialists at the Ohio experiment station recommend that this material be used after plowing for some cultivated spring crop. The lime can then perform its full function in promoting the growth of the bacteria that grow on clover roots.

HAD TO WIRE FOR ADDRESS

Englishman Visiting in Paris Took Roundabout Method of Finding Out Where He Lived.

A young Englishman who had a rather treacherous memory went to spend a holiday in Paris. With a little difficulty he sought out a hotel, and, anxious to make the best of his time, he sallied forth the next morning to have a look at the boulevards. Having spent a few hours there, he would return to his quarters. But to get to the boulevards and then get back to the hotel he soon found were very different things, for, to his great annoyance, he had utterly forgotten the name of the place where he had taken up his abode.

Further, a mere smattering of French was all he knew, and as everyone he encountered appeared to have no knowledge of English, the difficulty of explaining himself seemed insurmountable. At last, to his great joy, he stumbled across a fellow-country man who, after a little conversation suggested an ingenious escape from his dilemma.

"By the way," said he, "did you send to your people in England any intimation of your safe arrival last evening?"

"Of course, I did," was the ready reply. "I wrote to my folk at once, as I promised my father I should."

"Then don't you think," remarked the quick-witted Englishman, "that it would be a good idea to wire home and ask them, if they have received your letter, to let you know your address in Paris?"

Absurd though it seemed at first, it was the only thing to be done, and, luckily, his letter had been written on hotel paper. He waited patiently in the telegraph office until he received the welcome intelligence which sent him on his way rejoicing.

COULD NOT BE OVERLOOKED

Good Reason Why Autoist's Action Aroused the Indignation of Public-Spirited Sheriff.

Barney Dareboy's giant Crackard bicycle purred joyously as Barney drove it at a 37 1/2-mile clip along the sandy highway toward Flat Rock, Mich.

"I'd like to see the hecker that can stop me today!" chuckled Barney as he fell off in the town.

But at that moment he observed an individual ahead of him in the center of the road, so busy giving a simultaneous imitation of Pavlova and George M. Cohan that he never even heard the onrushing Crackard bicycle.

Just in the nick of time Barney swung aside and crashed through a hog-tight fence into a meadow, and the next minute Sheriff Weegles dashed up and had him by the collar.

"Have a heart, sheriff," protested Barney. "You know dum-dasted well you wouldn't even have got my number if I hadn't turned aside to save that poor man's life. A kind deed like that—"

"I don't object to stray chickens being run down, and I don't object to nothin' under a hundred miles an hour," said Sheriff Weegles grimly. "When a guy deliberately busts a town property fence instead o' killin' a loafer that's been a burden on the community for eight years, he's a-goin' to get fined good and stiff, he is."—Detroit Free Press.



The Great Iron Cross

A Christmas Story

by Harry Irving Greene



IT WAS upon one of those good old days of nearly four hundred years ago when that prince of bold buccaners, Cortez, was grinding Mexico under his iron heels and sending his ships back laden with treasures, and while all Spain was ringing like a bell to the tune of his deeds, that the beginning of the circumstances happened. As to whether the ending was due to a near miracle or pure chance each must take his choice, but the way it all happened was like this: Carlos de Montbar, grown old and gray as a silver fox in adventures upon land and sea and adventures upon land and sea and listening with his ear to the ground the better to hear the rumbles from afar, arose saying to himself:

"Cortez! Who, then, is he to be a worker of marvels which I cannot do? True, he has shaken the tree of conquest first and many golden apples have fallen into his helmet, but in his haste has he not left as many more behind? I will follow in his steps, and with much less trouble than befell him gather those he has left behind, also becoming rich and famous. I will take my two ships, summon my men and sail to this land of gold." And thus having determined he assembled his crews, after which he sought out the good padre Ferdinand.

"Father," he said, "I have two as good ships as ever broke a wave and

said as he crossed himself, "you have come prepared to convert a universe." "If the better the day the better the deed, why may it not as well be that the greater the emblem the greater the good?"

Whereupon they made sail and disappeared adown the western horizon. And from that day nearly 400 years ago until but a few months ago no eye of man saw sign or trace of them.

Up the Gulf of Mexico the oil barge Crescent came wallowing like a pig in the trough of burly, rough and tumble seas that ran over her like the slithering tongues of monstrous brutes gone mad. Deep down in her the old engines clanked and wheezed, while McArdle, the engineer, scratched his head dubiously as he watched their spasmodic laborings. "And while by the grace of the Lord they may last the trip out, I sometimes misdoubt it," he muttered. "For at any minute are they liable to fly to flinders like the wondrous old one-horse shay."

And fly to pieces they did. With the report of a gun a connecting pin snapped asunder, and the next instant its rod had jammed, while with the roar of a cannon a cylinder head went crashing through a bulkhead. In an instant the engine room was deluged with live vapor, but with one thrust of his arm the engineer shut off the steam and half fainting from his scalds went working his way forward between sens to the bridge where Captain Travers was clinging in a smother of spume. "And its gone to glory they have, sir," he reported, with a death's head grin. Gray of face, Travers pointed to the bar of Madre de la Laguna with its spouting foam a few miles under their lee.

"Then so have we along with them. Our anchor will never hold on this bottom, and we'll all eat Christmas dinner tomorrow in Davy Jones' locker." Reverently McArdle drew a small cross from his pocket, kissed it and replaced it while the captain looked on silently.

"It will take a bigger cross than that to save us," he announced grimly. The engineer straightened his pain-twisted face.

"That may be, sir. Yet big and small, that same token has saved many a man and 'tis my belief it will save many another. Leastwise, 'tis our only hope." Down to his own cabin he went creeping in search of oil and bandages.

All night long the Crescent, plunging backward against her restraining cable as a wild horse bucks against its tether, dragged the anchor closer and closer to the seething bar where she must break her back, casting them all into a seething pot where neither man nor boat could survive a minute. At dawn of Christmas morning, with destruction but an hour away, Captain Travers summoned his men before him. He pointed an ominous finger at the roaring bar now but a cable's length away.

"My friends," said he, "in an hour from now it will all be over. This will be our last Christmas day. We have but little time in which to say our last words. Therefore, what shall they be?" From somewhere among the despairing dozen the hoarse voice of the engineer arose in a croaking attempt at song.

"To the cross I cling—" One by one they joined their voices in a ragged accompaniment of chorons that was torn from their lips by the hurricane to be lost in the veil of the surf upon the bar. And as their last words ceased there came a mighty tug upon the cable as if some giant of the depths inconceivably vast had seized the anchor and was holding the ship fast against the drift. And as they saw that it dragged no more they looked at each other, first in amazement, then with the joy of men snatched from the very jaws of death by a miracle.

"The anchor has found its grip and is holding," they told each other. But that such good fortune could long continue each had but little faith.

Yet 24 hours later when the sea had calmed they still found themselves riding in safety. Then they gave the steam which full power and gradually the anchor came to the surface, still holding in its grip the object which it had found and fastened itself to so desperately. And as the crew burning with curiosity bent over the rail to gaze upon the mysterious thing which had preserved them, and which foot by foot was being dragged from its bed of sand, they saw rising through the waters in the anchor's grip a great object blackened and incrustated by the waters of the sea, a monstrous iron cross such as it might take 40 strong men to carry.

"By all the saints, Father," he



There Came a Mighty Tug Upon the Cable.

crews of whom even Satan himself is afraid. We are to sail to the wonderful land of Mexico and fill our holds with its treasures. But there will be storms to overcome, dying comrades to minister to and proper prayers for our success to be said, therefore we cannot sail without a priest. Be one of us as our holy advisor and your share shall be next to mine." The priest smiled up at him.

"Yes, you will need a priest, and therefore I will go. But it is not the gold of these heathens that I wish, but merely their souls. May I claim them as my share?" Montbar laughed loudly.

"As many as you can get. But how do you plan to snare such cunning things?"

"Listen and I will tell. Upon some mountain top from whence it may be seen from afar your men must build me a great mission. In front of this mission I will place a great magic lure, so that all seeing it shall be drawn closer. And once I have them before me I shall talk to them of the true faith until one by one they shall embrace it that Christ may receive them. Thus in my keeping will be their souls. Am I not crafty, also?" Montbar slapped his thigh.

"Wonderous so, Father, and it is a good bargain for both of us—the souls for you and the gold for me. But what is to be the magic lure?"

"That, my son, you shall know in good time. You say you sail in a fortnight. Upon the morning of your departure you must send me 40 of your men to convey it to the ship. You promise that?"

"As many as you wish," Montbar agreed.

And when the day of sailing came and 40 straining men hauled aboard one of the ships a great cross made of iron, Montbar walked about it in much awe. "By all the saints, Father," he

Suggestions for Christmas

Why not add that which is Practical to Your Gift Buying this Year?

With high living costs trying to match our prosperity, most of us are debating, more or less seriously, the Christmas question. There is a scarcity in holiday goods, this year, the country over. It applies to staple lines of merchandise, too. In view of which, this store offers a suggestion to all holiday shoppers to combine the practical with their gift buying this year. As the best possible explanation of just what we mean, we have gone through our stock and made selections from all lines of merchandise to serve as useful and appreciated gifts. The entire store has contributed to this advertisement, and every member of the family will find something they would like for themselves or others. Don't skip a single item. What you want is here.

Gentleman's List

Burnt Wood Boxes, containing Leather Purse, Belt, Garters and Cuff Buttons.
 Holly Boxes, containing Tie, Belt and Scarf Pin.
 Holly Box, containing Belt and Watch Fob.
 Fancy Box, containing Tie, Match and Cigarette Case.
 Neckties in Holly Boxes. A beautiful assortment to meet every whim.
 Leather Cased Manicure sets
 Purses
 Bath Robe Blankets.
 Silk Shirts
 Picture Frames
 Garters
 Sweaters
 Mufflers
 Suspenders
 Gloves
 Handkerchiefs
 House Slippers
 Belts
 Socks
 Tie Pins
 Cuff Buttons

Florsheim Shoes
 Caps
 Stetson Hats
 Kirschbaum Clothes
 Thermos Bottles
 Shaving Stands
 Books
 Clothes Brushes
 Military Brushes

For The Kiddies

Toys, including
 Trains
 Autos
 Fire Wagons
 Games
 Stuffed Animals
 Dolls
 Banks
 Stick Horses
 Blackboards
 Tinker Toys
 Erectors
 Toy Stoves
 Pop Guns
 Story Books
 Iron Wagons
 Surprise boxes
 Soldier Outfits
 Whistles
 Harps
 Balls
 Tops



For The Lady

Toilet Articles in White Ivory, including:
 Mirrors
 Powder Boxes
 Hair Receivers
 Brushes and Combs
 Clocks
 Nail Files
 Shoe Buttoners
 Cuticle Knives
 Picture Frames
 Jewel Boxes
 Candle Sticks
 Soap Boxes
 Trays
 Brushes
 Perfume Bottles
 Bud Vases
 Holiday Stationery
 JEWELRY, including:
 Pearl Necklaces
 Pin Sets
 Ear Drops
 Hair Bow Holders
 Rings
 Mesh Bags

"SILVERUM" Non-Tarnished

Picture Frames, in all sizes.
 Genuine Leather Hand Bags in different styles.
 Leather Cased Manicure Sets
 Books
 Camisoles
 Boudoir Caps
 Handkerchiefs
 Towels
 Sweaters
 Fur Sets
 Silk Dresses
 Silk Waists
 Kid Gloves
 Navajo Rugs
 Table Linens
 Thermos Bottles
 Perfume Boxed
 Silk Hose
 Kimonas
 J. & K. Shoes
 House Slippers
 Cap and Scarf Sets
 Novelty Pin Cushions
 Novelty Sewing Sets
 Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

Our Hardware Department

Probably you would not, naturally, turn to a hardware store in your quest for suitable Christmas gifts, until you remember that we are showing Community Silver, acceptable anywhere; lasts a life time. Attractive; in separate pieces or complete sets.

INGERSOLL WATCHES—Dependable, well-known time keepers for men and boys.

POCKET KNIVES—A full variety of beauties for every purpose, Keen-Kutter quality, always an appreciated gift

SAFETY RAZORS—The kind you can get "chummy" with, because they give a pleasant and satisfactory shave.

FLASH LIGHTS—All sizes, guaran-

teed quality, why not give this practical, household necessity?

GUNS—A good assortment, select your favorite.

ALUMINUM WARE—"Weaver" brand, use it a life time and then give it to your children. Beautiful and acceptable.

TOYS—Hobby Horses, Express Wagons, Tricycles, Coasters, Electric Engines, Etc.

Our Grocery Department

Christmas Joy Bells ring a doleful sound without

...GOOD THINGS TO EAT...

We expect to have for you everything that we can possibly assemble to make this Christmas dinner the real event of the day. Especially, on this festal occasion, you will not be willing to risk food stuffs of questionable quality, when you can buy

Where Quality is Paramount

Everything to Eat, Wear and Use

JOYCE-PRUIT
 COMPANY

Everything to Eat, Wear and Use



Why not give your friends something useful? We have just received from a specialty company the latest novelties, consisting of Sport Coats, Bath Robes, Vanity Bags, Bourdoir Caps, Children's Muff Sets, Bath Sets, Men's Suspenders, Garters, Handkerchiefs, Ties and Hose Sets, Silk Handkerchiefs, Mufflers and Ties in endless variety. The prices are right.

**A Full Line of Staple Dry Goods, Shoes, Hats and Caps
Men's, Ladies' and Children's Underwear, Blankets, Etc.**

...Special Prices on Groceries for Ten Days...

12 Pounds of Granulated Sugar for	- - - \$1.00	4 Packages Arm and Hammer brand Soda	- - - 25c
4 Pounds of No. 1 Peaberry Coffee	- - - 1.00	3 Pounds Cooper's Best Coffee	- - - 90c
K. C. Baking Powdr, 25c can	- - - 20c	Calumet Baking Powder, 25c can	- - - 20c

We are Going to Sell Goods Cheap for Cash, so Bring Your Cash and Come and See Us

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

C. V. HARRIS

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

DAIRY

ROPE FOR THE KICKING COW

System Described in Which Milk Stool is Eliminated—Much Better Than Being Kicked.

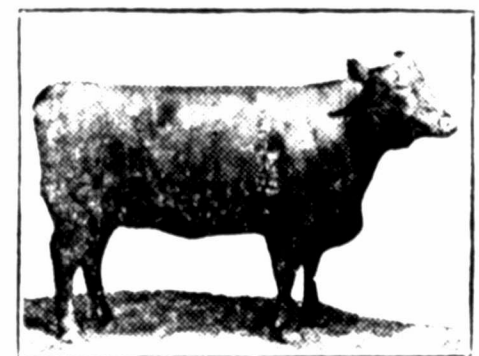
Tie the cow about the neck with a rope in a bowline knot. Tie the other end of the rope to the manger or post, leaving about 18 to 20 inches of rope from the cow to the post. Next place the pail on the ground near the cow, but at a distance great enough to keep her from kicking it. Put your head against the cow just about the flank (there being no stool in this system). If she starts to kick the contraction of the muscles under your head warns you and you must start to push against her with all your might. If you start soon enough she will not kick as she gives her with your head causes her to think she will lose her balance and she keeps her feet on the ground to prevent falling. In the event of her succeeding in getting one foot raised, be sure to keep a good hold on her head and don't stop pushing against her. In a few lessons the cow learns that it is not safe to raise her feet and you can just place your head as stated and lean against her. Of course, this is very tiresome at first, but it is much better than being kicked and after you get the "knack" of the thing you will put the milk stool in the junk heap.

REGULAR FEEDING FOR COWS

Greatest Degree of Contentment in Herd Can Only Be Secured by Strictest Regularity.

It is of great importance that strict regularity should be observed, both in feeding and in milking. In order to secure the greatest degree of contentment in the herd, first give the grain mixture, and milk the cows while they are eating it. This routine is recommended because, with some cows, the milk comes more freely while they are eating their ration which has the most relish. Cured roughage should be fed after milking because it fills the air in the barn with dust. Succulent feed, like silage and roots, should also be fed after milking, because of the odor that it gives. Feeding twice a day will bring better returns than more frequent and wasteful feeding. Give half

the concentrates in half the roughage in the morning and half in the evening. In the winter they should be allowed



Dual-Purpose Cow.

to spend the day in the stall, and for two or three hours about midday they should not be disturbed. Turning them out into the yard, or giving them access to a strawstack or field of corn stalks, will cause them to shrink in milk, no matter how much or how well they may be fed in the morning and evening. No more feed should be given them than they will eat up. The mangers should be absolutely clean and free from any feed during the day and night.

CAP PROTECTS MILK BOTTLE

Sanitary Device Placed on Market to Exclude All Dirt, Flies, Etc., While in Use.

In order to keep milk bottles, while in use, free from dirt and flies, a sanitary milk-bottle cap has been placed on the market. This is arranged so



Device Protects Bottles.

that, by moving the stop, milk may be poured without difficulty. When closed the milk is kept almost airtight.

CALF REMAINING WITH DAM

Three Days is Limit, Shorter Period Being Better—Colostrum Milk Has Laxative Effect.

The young calf should not remain with its dam longer than three days. A shorter time is better. The calf should receive the first milk drawn from the udder of its dam. This milk is known as colostrum milk. It has a valuable laxative effect. If the cow dies so that the colostrum cannot be obtained, it is advisable to give the calf a dose of castor oil.

The DAIRY



INCREASING YIELD OF MILK

Two Quarts of Wheat Bran Morning and Evening Will Bring About Desired Results From Cows.

If the milk is sold it will pay to give each cow two quarts of wheat bran morning and evening. Give a forkful of hay or straw to each the first thing in the morning, and after the hay is eaten the bran may be given. This method of feeding keeps the cows in good order, the milk yield is increased and there is less danger from bloat from eating wet clover. Another advantage from feeding bran comes



Right Kind to Keep for Milk.

from the fact that less grass will be needed by the cows, and the droppings from the cows will enrich the pasture to a considerable extent. The manure should be broken fine and spread over the sod and not left in a solid cake to kill the grass under it. Keep the cows in the pasture day and night.

It may not pay to feed grain on some farms, especially when the grass

is abundant. Most milk farmers believe it pays to feed a little grain all through the summer months—this is the custom in most dairy districts. If grain cannot be fed, arrange to have plenty of fodder corn, millet or sugar cane. Fodder corn has the most food value when the crop is in milk. Cut and allow the fodder to wilt a few hours before feeding. Place an armful of this fodder in each cow's stall for the night's feed, the cows will be ready to come to the stable in milking time as soon as the pasture gate is opened, grain or a forkful of green feed in the cows' stall will keep them quiet during the time of milking—and a larger yield of milk may be had when this is provided.

PICKED UP AROUND DAIRY

Small-Top Milk Pail is Necessary—Dirty Milk is Dangerous—Always Feed Full Ration.

The small-top milk pail is a necessity in the production of clean milk. Dirty milk is more dangerous than dirty water because disease germs that would starve in water will multiply rapidly in milk.

When the dairy cow is fed just enough to maintain her body weight she cannot be expected to give much milk.

About one-half of the nutrients in the average ration go to sustain the body.

Always feed a full ration.

CALF REQUIRES MUCH CARE

Future Success of Dairymen Depends Largely on Attention Given to Young Animals.

The well-bred calf is made or unmade the first 12 months of its life. Good dairymen are poor calf raisers, and this has resulted in the stunted calf we see on the average farm. Calves are well cared for in Holland and Denmark, which fact has had much to do with the development of the industry in those countries. The future success of the dairymen depends so largely upon the care of his calves that too much emphasis cannot be placed upon this subject.

REMOVE CALF FROM MOTHER

Strong, Vigorous Youngster Can Very Safely Be Taken Away After One Good Filling Up.

The time of taking a calf from its mother should be governed by the condition of the calf. A strong, vigorous calf can very safely be removed after one good filling up; but it is a distinct mistake to take a weakly, poor-nourished calf from its dam before three days or a week.

Common sense is worth many fixed rules in handling stock—particularly young stock.

ARGENTINA LAND OF LUXURY.

South American Country Almost Ranks in Riches With Its Great Neighbor, The United States.

Like the English colonies which became our United States, the "United Provinces of the Rio de la Plata," declaring their independence on July 9, 1816, had to make good their assertions by a long war. The Argentine struggle lasted from 1817 to 1824. It was not until 1842 that Spain conceded to Argentina her freedom.

Having achieved liberty by their arms the Plata provinces fell apart and were not brought together until 1851, when Buenos Ayres, Entre Rios, Corrientes and Santa Fe agreed upon a union which they invited the other provinces to enter. Anarchy was the answer. There was no stable government until some time after the adoption of a Constitution in 1852, for Buenos Ayres repeatedly refused to accept the document. Argentina's present prosperous estate is the work of the last 50 years. Her growth may be said to have paralleled ours since we emerged from the wastage of our civil war.

How great that growth has been is better indicated by trifling details than by impressive statistics. In Buenos Ayres scrubwomen get \$3 a day. The fee for membership in a well-known club is \$1,500. The membership is not small either. Travelers leaving Buenos Ayres sometimes journey a whole day on an express train without once losing sight of enormous herds of grazing cattle. In La Plata the country has a newspaper with correspondents in all parts of the world from whom it receives, at the cost of heavy cable tolls, despatches that fill three pages daily. The Argentine has replaced the North American as the personification of unlimited riches in European eyes. His is the country of magnificent earnings and of equally magnificent prices as well.

How vexed the old Spanish conquistadores would be were they alive today at the pastoral wealth they overlooked here. In their view the only wealth was solid silver and gold; they exulted in the dress of Peru and left the region of the La Plata to shift for itself, having found that the Parana and Paraguay rivers hid none of the silver that the early explorers had dreamed of finding. But this very neglect was Argentina's good fortune. Her colonists were left to develop the country for themselves; when the wars of the Liberation came they found few sentimental ties to bind them to Spain, and they possessed already the spirit of self-help necessary to insure the future of their country.

See the beautiful patterns of wall paper of Dobbs'.

DR. W. L. JOHNSON

Chiropractor

Office at the Nash boarding house Portales, New Mexico

SAM J. NIXON

Attorney-at-Law

Portales, New Mexico

DR. J. S. PEARCE

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Dentist

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W. E. LINDSEY

Attorney at Law

Office second door south of postoffice



Portales Bank and Trust Company

Portales, New Mexico

The Bank that is big enough to accommodate you
and not too big to appreciate you
extends

The Season's Greetings

with

every good wish for the coming year
and a cordial invitation to you to do your banking
where you will receive every courtesy

G. M. WILLIAMSON, President

J. K. REESE, Cashier

Portales Bank and Trust Company

Portales, New Mexico



Holiday Bargains



..PRE-INVENTORY SALE..

OF THE

DEEN-NEER COMPANY, INCORPORATED

The Largest Exclusive Retail Grocery Stock in Roosevelt County. Cash Will Work Wonders Here.

Having purchased the Neer stock of the Deen-Neer Company, I find it necessary to "GET THE MONEY." In order to raise this money quickly I offer, for cash, our entire stock of Groceries at a saving to you of 25 to 50 per cent. Some of the many bargains are listed below, and our entire stock is offered in proportion. ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

\$4.75—Famous Guaranteed Red Star Flour—\$4.75

This is an Advance Sale Proposition and After Arrival of Car Will Be Sold at Current Market Price

An early buy enables us to offer a carload of the Famous Guaranteed Red Star Flour at the above price. To be fair to our customers we limit the amount of flour to each customer to 300 pounds. We have a car in transit and accept flour orders at this price to be delivered upon the arrival of the car, only. : : : :

\$1—7 Pounds Coffee,—\$1

- Only 317 pounds of this coffee in stock, so buy early.
- 3 lb. bucket Star Coffee for 85c.
- 20 pounds of Rice for - \$1.00
- 1 dozen boxes matches, - 45c
- 4 packages of Soda for - - 25c
- Large size Quaker Oats, - - 20c
- Small Size Quaker Oats, - - 10c
- Post Toasties, 2 for - - 25c
- Korn Flakes, per package, - 10c
- White Laundry Soap, 6 bars, 25c
- White Laundry Soap, case, \$3.90

A \$ GOES MUCH FARTHER HERE

EXTRA SPECIAL

- Sun Bright Cleanser, 10c size,
- 5 packages for - - - 25c
- 25c size Gold Dust Twins, - 20c

Don't Overlook This One

- 1 quart Welch's Grape Juice, 35c
- 10 pound pail Swift's Jewel Compound for - - \$1.55
- 5 pound pail Swift's Jewel Compound for - - 80c
- 10 pound pail Cottolene, - \$1.90

We can't replace these goods at this money

VALUE RECEIVED FOR YOUR \$'s

Below Cost Below Cost

California Table Fruits Del Monte Brand

A broken line of this famous brand causes us to offer them at below cost. Buy heavy if you need Peaches, Pears, Cherries or Blackberries.

Save 10c on Your Shells

Peters smokeless chilled shot shells, 12 gauge, per box, 95c

..Saving You \$'s All the Way Through..

Best Granulated Sugar, 12 lbs. \$1.00. ❧

Full Line of Xmas Candies and Nuts

We wish to thank you, one and all, for your past patronage and assure you that we will do all in our power to merit a continuance of the same in the future. We wish you all a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy and Prosperous New Year." ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

...Come in and Register and Get a Beautiful Calendar...

DECEMBER 15

Deen-Neer Co.

DECEMBER 30

J. P. DEEN, Proprietor

The Christmas Shop

..Christmas Dry Goods..

Once more winter is here and Christmas is on the way. But a few days now until the Holidays are here. In the meantime, it reminds us of the many things we will have to buy. Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Novelties, Books, Toys, Etc. Owing to the continual advance of all kinds of merchandise, it is good business for everyone to make their purchases early. We were never better prepared to serve you. We bought our winter goods early and before the heavy advance of all woolen and cotton goods. Consequently, we can and are saving our customers money on all their present purchases. Come in at your earliest convenience and buy those Christmas goods. :-: :-: :-:

CLOTHING

Why worry about style? Wear SCHLOSS BROS. Clothes and know you are correct. All their suits are designed and made by the best tailors the world affords.

Price \$17.50 to \$25.00

Also a large line of medium priced suits in all wool materials, at \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00 and \$16.50

MEN'S SHOES---Walk-Overs

English Walker in black and tan, price \$5.00
Kangaroo Shoes in black, button or lace, at \$5.00
Gun Metal Shoes in button, blucher and lace, at \$4.00 and \$5.00
Box Calf and Vici Kid Shoes in black-button and blucher, priced at \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50
Men's Cowboy Boots in long and short tops, price \$7.50 and \$8.50
Men's Bootees in tan, 16 inch top, price \$6.00 and \$8.00
Men's Artics, one buckle Overshoes, at \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.00
Men's Artics, four buckle Overshoes, at \$2.25 and \$2.75

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' SUITS

A large stock of the late styles to select from. Priced at \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$8.00, \$10.00

Toy Department

The little folks and Santa Claus both appreciate toys. We have a nice line of popular priced toys of all descriptions.

Prices 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c, and Up
Also a nice line of Dolls, Books, Etc.

Christmas Boxes

A large line of Men's Ties, the new styles and shades, put up in single boxes, at 25c and Up
Men's Suspenders in best makes, in Xmas boxes, at 50c
Men's Supporters, put up in Xmas boxes, at 25c
Men's and Ladies' Hose in Xmas boxes priced at 25c and Up
Ladies' Scarfs put up in Xmas boxes, priced at 60c

Ladies' Handkerchiefs

Just received a large stock from New York especially for our Xmas trade. Put up in Christmas boxes at 35c and Up
Also in bulk at 10c, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

BOYS' CAPS

All the new styles in boys' and men's winter caps. Priced at 50c to \$1.50

Ladies Coats and Suits

At Bargain Prices

Ladies' \$27.50 and \$25.00 Suits and Coats, to close them out at \$19.75
All \$18.50 and \$17.50 Suits and Coats at 14.50
All \$16.50 and \$15.00 Coats and Suits at 12.50
All \$13.50 and \$12.50 Coats to close at 9.75
All \$10.00 and \$8.50 Coats to close at 6.75

Misses' and Girls' Coats

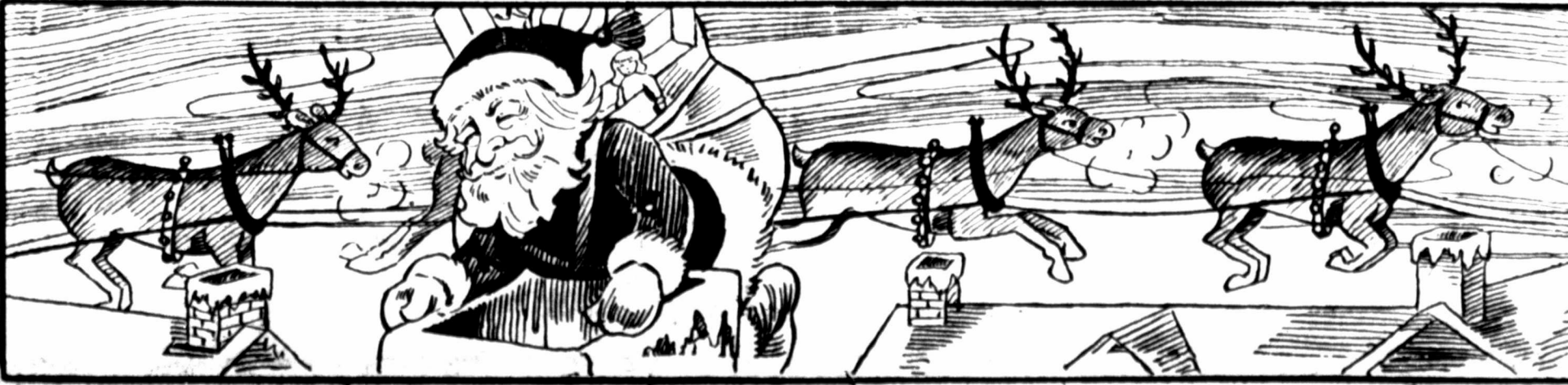
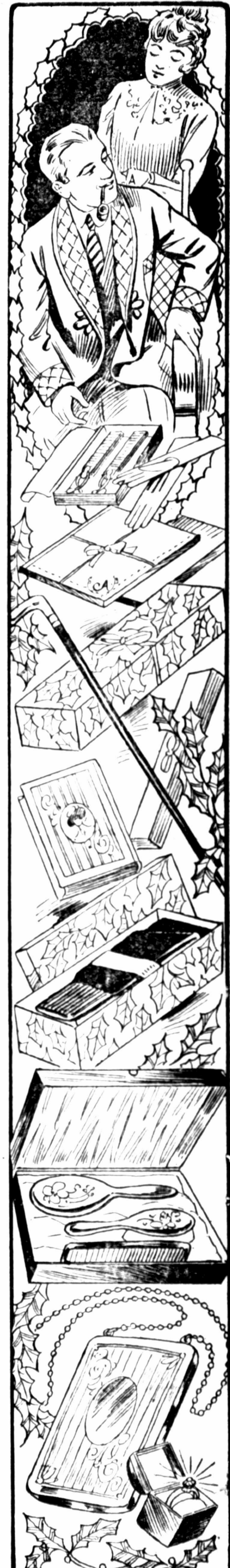
\$10.00 Coats to go at \$6.75
\$8.50 Girls' Coats to go at 5.75
\$7.50 Girls' Coats to go at 4.75
\$6.00 Girls' Coats to go at 3.75
\$5.00 Girls' Coats to go at 3.45
\$3.50 Girls' Coats to go at 2.75
\$3.00 Girls' Coats to go at 2.25

DRESS GOODS

36 inch Taffeta and Satine, all colors, at \$1.25 to \$1.50
36 inch Fancy Silks at \$1.25 to \$1.50
40 inch Crepe de Chine, in the leading shades, at \$1.50 to \$2.00
40 inch Georgette Crepe, in all the leading colors, at \$1.75 to \$2.00

Of the many holiday seasons that we have passed in Portales, this is one in which we wish to urge the selection of gifts that are useful. In times of high prices moderate incomes are subjected to severe burdens in supplying merely the necessaries, hence a gift that is useful is thrice welcome. Thanking you for your patronage in the past and assuring you of our continued efforts to merit your approval, we wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Warren-Fooshee & Co.
PORTALES
THE HOME OF GOOD GOODS



Portales
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