

THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS

Portales Herald Consolidated with Portales Times March 27, 1915
Portales Valley News Bought Portales Herald-Times September 12, 1916.

PORTALES, NEW MEXICO, THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1918

Volume XVI, Number 38

Franco-American Forces Advance on Aisne Front

The German's fifth drive this of the fourth day, the maximum gain was six miles on a very small front was recorded. Then the Americans and French got busy in returning the favor and this morning finds them with much of the ground given to the Germans back in their possession.

The drive of the Americans and French is slowing down some on account of bad weather, according to this morning's press dispatches.

The Franco-American forces have captured five towns in their drive towards the Aisne river. At the same time the French began a drive in west of Montdidier and indications are that this French drive will develop into a big drive.

The British under General Haig are expected to start a drive soon. They hold the west end of the battle line through France and the movements of the offensive are getting closer to them. The German army opposite them is weakening through reinforcements being sent to the army in the Soissons-Rheims line and the British are expected to start an offensive at any time.

The whole tone of the war has been changed within the last ten days, during the latest drive of the Germans. For the first time the Allies, with Uncle Sam's boys, are in the offensive on a large scale. Developments in the next few days or weeks may probably tell to a large extent the resistance power of the German barbarians.

There are not over a quarter million Americans in the fighting line today, but there are over 1,200,000 Americans in France, according to the weekly statement of the war department, 200,000 having been sent over in the first three weeks in July. Authorities in Washington say that two million will be in France at the end of this fighting season and that plans for the five million talked of in congress, are maturing.

American aviators took over one of the most important non-patroling stations in England. It is the first station in England to be in charge of Americans.

But six men are reported to be missing from the San Diego, sunk Friday.

A Hun U-boat sunk three seows a tug and a fishing boat on the coast off Long Island last week.

50,000 negroes have been called to report to the national army August 5th.

There is no doubt but that the figure of one million men being lost by the Germans since March 1st, is nearly correct. The figure is the result of compilations by British and French men.

All kinds of legal blanks at The News office.

Miss Nola Keen entertained with a dinner party at her ranch home Saturday evening a large number of friends. After the meal a line party at the Cosy was enjoyed. The evening was in honor of Miss Lurline Sandefur, who left Sunday for Albuquerque, where she is attending business college.

The boiler at the Santa Fe pump house got out of order last Thursday afternoon, but was repaired in time to keep the city water pressure on. The city is still dependent on the Santa Fe for power to pump water, as the engine just installed at the city plant is not able to pump water into the stand pipe.

A Communication

The improvement of the rural schools is a work, to me, very interesting, and also one of the most important steps being taken in our county at the present. It should have the support of every citizen.

Consolidation is beginning to move in Roosevelt County and is becoming more popular all over the state. The people are demanding graded schools. I hope there will be no great hindrance to the onward move of consolidation in this county. It is not difficult to find people of middle age, who have made a fair success in life with the one-roomed school training as a basis of their training. Sometimes such people think that in order for their children to be a success in present day life, they must have exactly the same educational equipment that they themselves had when children some 40 years ago. Many of these people are honest in their attitudes towards education but nevertheless they are wrong in their thinking although they are unconscious of it.

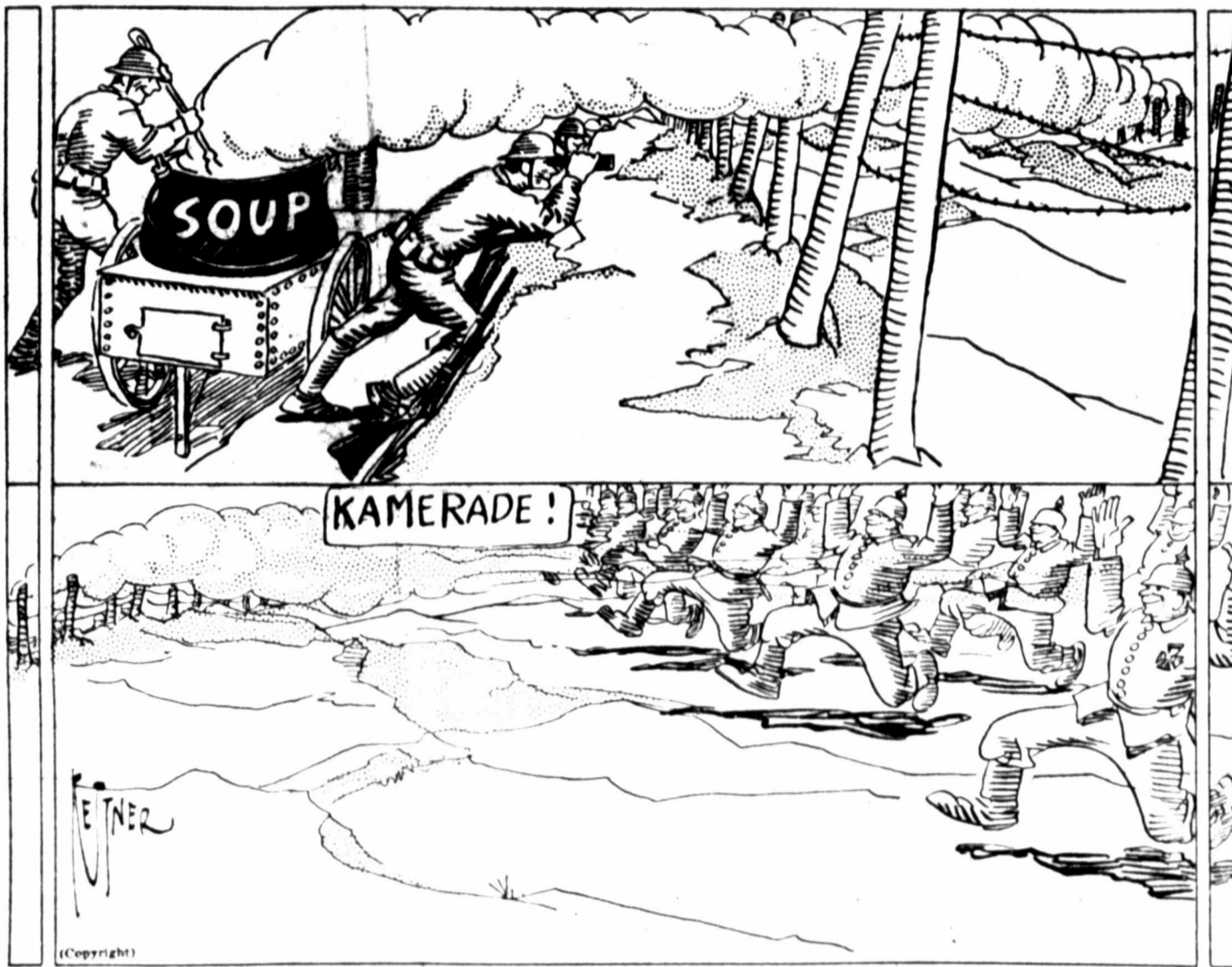
There is no longer any difference of opinion among intelligent people as to whether a single teacher can do more efficient work when teaching one grade in a graded school where she can also have helpful suggestions from the other teachers in the building than when teaching eight grades in a lonely, isolated, one-roomed (district school). Occasionally individuals present the argument that the small children in the one-roomed school house by listening to the larger children recite. But such people are not cognizant of the fact that such learning is largely accidental. They are not aware that the children of the various grades should have the most appropriate intellectual food at the time and when it will do them the most good. The small children may need protein, the more mature person may need fat. It is more nearly possible in the graded school to give each pupil the kind of intellectual food he needs at the time when it is most needed.

Here is some history of consolidation, which began in one form or another over 100 years ago. In the pioneer days of our forefathers, they built their humble homes in the green woods. The itinerant teacher was a common agent in the education of the children in this early time. He went from one home to another giving instruction. Each home was a school. Presently, the people saw that that it would be well to consolidate. They chose a site centrally located and built a school house. They employed a teacher and the children were sent to the centralized school. They found this type of school more economical and more beneficial socially.

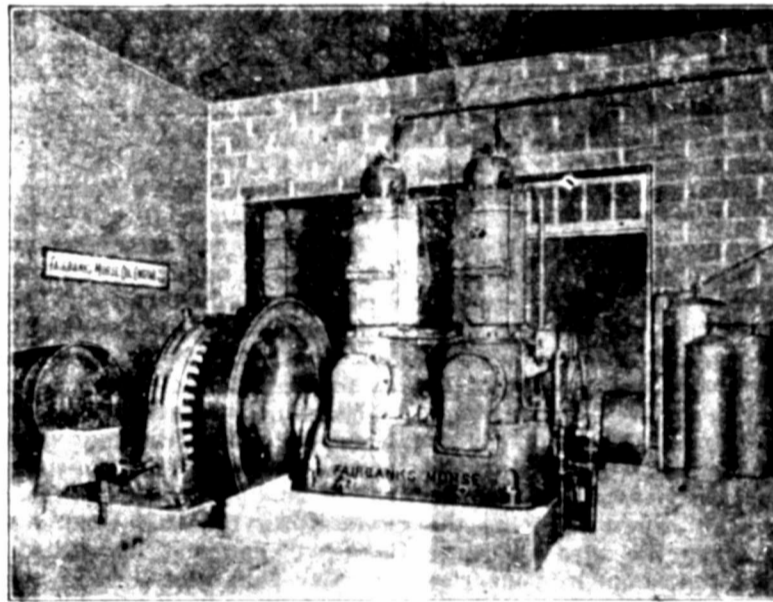
It indeed seems strange that any one would think that the movement of a century ago was the acme of progress in the matter of consolidation yet it is not impossible to find people, who are at least 100 years behind the times on this subject. The consolidated school of the present day simply enlarges the unit which our forefathers made a hundred years ago when travel was much more difficult. In our modern consolidated schools when hundreds of pupils meet daily for a period of at least 12 years, on one site and in one building, the opportunity of forming a large acquaintance is furnished every pupil. Certainly it is difficult to realize what it means for a young man of 18 to be acquainted with the thousand or more people as a result of the opportunities furnished him during the 12 years of his public school career. He certainly would have a better understanding of people as a result of this experience and knowledge of people is valuable.

The business man who is well (Continued on Last Page.)

Food Will Win the War



The 100 Horse Power Engine to Be Installed At the City Plant Soon



The above is an illustration of the two cylinder oil burning engine to be installed at the city water and light plant in the next few weeks.

It is of 100 horse power and was purchased by the city council last spring with August first delivery at the factory. The last word from the factory was that work on the engine was on sched-

ule and that delivery would be made from the factory, Beloit, Wisconsin, August 1st. It is the last word in economical power producing machinery, and has the dynamo, attached direct to the shaft.

The builders of the new unit, Fairbanks Morse and Co., are considered leaders in their line of work.

RECOVER STOLEN 4RD

Car Belonging to L. A. Little, of Garrison Is Recovered.

Sheriff Gregg phoned yesterday afternoon that he had recovered the L. A. Little Ford that was stolen last week, and had a suspect under arrest. The sheriff phoned from Lockney, Texas and said that he would be back in Portales Friday.

The car of the Little family was stolen Friday night from the garage at the home of the Little's, at Garrison.

J. R. Webb is home again after a few days spent at his ranch.

As Johnnie Hubbard, small son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hubbard, was running across the street in front of his father's store Saturday afternoon, he was struck and run down by a car driven by Judge Mears. The car passed the front wheel over the boys chest. He was taken home by Judge Mears and the injuries attended to by a physician, who believed that no serious injuries will result. Judge Mears was driving slowly at the time of the accident, as only the front wheel passed over the boy.

FROM COUNTY FOOD MAN

Dr. R. H. Bailey, Newly Appointed Man Makes Announcement To the 100 per cent American.

You have all read of the way our boys met the enemy in the fifth German drive. You have all felt the swelling in the throat that made you try to swallow something that wouldn't go down and felt the tears well up in the eye as you thought of the great deeds of our boys.

We don't say that the boys could not have done this thing if half fed, but how glad we are to know that we ate corn bread and did not eat steak and sugar and in this way did our part in filling the stomachs of the boys who are fighting for us.

But the fight is not over yet. The terrible Hun is not vanquished yet and we must continue to conserve and sacrifice some of our comforts to continue the great army in the field.

We have a great wheat crop. But we are assured that we must still continue to eat war bread. There is a shortage of sugar but we will have no sugar famine if we are all 100 per cent Americans and abide by the requests of the food administration. Can your fruit and fruit juices without sugar. After the next crop is on the market, we may have all we need and can make our jelly and preserves without taking the sugar away from our boys and our Allies.

Our Mr. Hoover suggests that we evaporate more and can less. Do not ask for more than 25 pounds of sugar for preserving. Don't eat white bread, cut out the cold drinks that take sugar, they are better let alone from a health standpoint if no other. If in doubt on any food question ask the county food administrator he will give you the rulings and treat all alike without fear or favor. We all want to be loyal Americans. None of us want to put one straw in the way of the steam roller that is just commencing to crush the life out of Autoerasy. We all want to make the necessarily hard life of our boys as easy as possible. Abide by the rulings of our great president and his helpers and we will help win the war and bring our boys back home a bunch of Heroes. All—Dr. R. H. Bailey, County Food Administrator.

Isaac Corhn has purchased the Adam Troutt insurance office.

The picnic at Twin Mills will be held August 1st.

Mrs. Charles J. Wheaton and Miss Elizabeth Dorothy Hogrebe entertained a few friends at an eight course dinner Thursday evening at the Travelers' Inn. Decorations were in pink and white. The ladies gowns were very attractive. Those present were: Messrs. Jack Wilcox, Harry Buchanan, Ben Smith, and Scott McDowell and Frank Campbell.

Marriage Licenses

A marriage license was issued this week by County Clerk Morrison to Miss Carl G. Talley, Garrison B. B. Swofford, Richland

Only Four in This County Reclassified

Reclassification of the men in the draft ages has been completed by the local board. The classifications of only four men in the county were changed. The following men were changed from Class Two to Class One.

Eunel Nelson Keegan
Charles L. Morris
Burt Johnson
Bert Thornton

The board is in receipt of a call for ten men to leave Portales in the five day period starting August 5th. The board has not received official notification as to where the men are to go, but it is believed that Camp Cody, at Deming, is the destination of this latest call. Cards have been sent to 13 men in Class One to hold themselves ready.

With the call for ten men to go August 5th, there only remains 7 men in class 1 in the county. Further calls will be filled by calling out the new registrants who were classified in Class One.

Only two of the men who registered June 5th, have failed to returned their questionnaires.

All plans are ready for the sending of the 20 men, whose names were published last week, to Camp Travis at San Antonio, Texas. The men leave Portales tomorrow morning at 3:17.

Was on San Diego

A Portales boy, Archie Stephenson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Stephenson, was on the ill fated U. S. Cruiser San Diego, sunk last week off the New Jersey coast.

The parents received a telegram from Archie telling of his being safe after he had been in the water for three hours. Up to the time the parents had received the telegram, they did not know that he was on the San Diego.

Elected New Chairman

Rev. W. W. Turner, of Portales was elected County Red Cross Chairman at the picnic Saturday, taking the place of J. S. Long. A recent ruling sent out from the Washington headquarters of the Red Cross prohibits any political candidate holding an office in the Red Cross and as Mr. Long, is candidate for representative, he resigned.

The picnic was quite a success. Several quilts being sold and the money given to the Red Cross. Short talks were given by many of the ladies belonging to the auxiliaries over the county. The main address of the evening was that of Judge Sam G. Bratton, of Clovis.

Bunking Party.

Quite a number of the young ladies of the city gathered at the home of Mrs. E. B. Neal last Friday night for a bunking party and weenie roast. All report a most enjoyable time. Those present were: Misses Leta and Irma Bell Smith, Lucia and Mary Lee Knoles, Sydney Pearce, Lurline Sandefur, Nola Keen and Mrs. Orma Sandifer-Johnson.

To The Shrine

Among those from Portales who will attend the Shrine's meeting at Roswell are Seth A. Morrison, W. B. Oldham, G. M. Williamson, Ed J. Neer and Dr. A. J. Evans, of Elida.

Over Inch of Rain

Over an inch of rain fell in and near Portales Monday evening. The moisture came in the form of light showers. Lightning with the rain burned several transformers out over town.



OVER THE TOP

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

CHAPTER XXVI.

All Quiet (?) on the Western Front. At brigade headquarters I happened to overhear a conversation between our G. O. C. (general officer commanding) and the divisional commander. From this conversation I learned that we were to bombard the German lines for eight days, and on the first of July the "big push" was to commence.

In a few days orders were issued to that effect, and it was common property all along the line.

On the afternoon of the eighth day of our "strafing," Atwell and I were sitting in the front-line trench smoking pipes and making out our reports of the previous night's tour of the trenches, which we had to turn in to headquarters the following day, when an order was passed down the trench that Old Pepper requested twenty volunteers to go over on a trench raid that night to try and get a few German prisoners for information purposes. I immediately volunteered for this job, and shook hands with Atwell, and went to the rear to give my name to the officers in charge of the raiding party.

I was accepted, worse luck. At 9:45 that night we reported to the brigade headquarters dugout to receive instructions from Old Pepper.

After reaching this dugout we lined up in a semi-circle around him, and he addressed us as follows:

"All I want you boys to do is to go over to the German lines tonight, surprise them, secure a couple of prisoners, and return immediately. Our artillery has bombarded that section of the line for two days and personally I believe that that part of the German trench is unoccupied, so just get a couple of prisoners and return as quickly as possible."

The sergeant on my right, in an undertone, whispered to me:

"Say, Yank, how are we going to get a couple of prisoners if the old fool thinks personally that that part of the trench is unoccupied.—sounds kind of fishy, doesn't it mate?"

I had a funny sinking sensation in my stomach, and my tin hat felt as if it weighed about a ton and my enthusiasm was melting away. Old Pepper must have heard the sergeant speak because he turned in his direction and in a thundering voice asked:

"What did you say?"

The sergeant with a scarlet look on his face and his knees trembling, smartly saluted and answered:

"Nothing, sir."

Old Pepper said:

"Well, don't say it so loudly the next time."

Then Old Pepper continued:

"In this section of the German trenches there are two or three machine guns which our artillery, in the last two or three days, has been unable to tape. These guns command the sector where two of our communication trenches join the front line, and as the brigade is to go over the top tomorrow morning I want to capture two or three men from these guns' crews, and from them I may be able to obtain valuable information as to the exact location of the guns, and our artillery will therefore be able to demolish them before the attack, and thus prevent our losing a lot of men while using these communication trenches to bring up reinforcements."

These were the instructions he gave us:

"Take off your identification disks, strip your uniforms of all numerals, insignia, etc., leave your papers with your captains, because I don't want the Boches to know what regiments are against them as this would be valuable information to them in our attack tomorrow and I don't want any of you to be taken alive. What I want is two prisoners and if I get them I have a way which will make them divulge all necessary information as to their guns. You have your choice of two weapons—you may carry your 'persuaders' or your knuckle knives, and each man will arm himself with four Mills bombs, these to be used only in case of emergency."

A persuader is Tommy's nickname for a club carried by the bombers. It is about two feet long, thin at one end and very thick at the other. The thick end is studded with sharp steel spikes, while through the center of the club there is a nine-inch lead bar, to give it weight and balance. When you get a prisoner all you have to do is just stick this club up in front of him, and believe me, the prisoner's patriotism for "Deutschland ueber Alles" fades away and he very willingly obeys the orders of his captor. If, however, the prisoner gets high-toned and refuses to follow you, simply "persuade" him by first removing his tin hat, and then—well, the use of the lead weight in the persuader is demonstrated, and Tommy looks for another prisoner.

The knuckle knife is a dagger affair,

the blade of which is about eight inches long with a heavy steel guard over the grip. This guard is studded with steel projections. At night in a trench, which is only about three to four feet wide, it makes a very handy weapon. One punch in the face generally shatters a man's jaw and you can get him with the knife as he goes down.

Then we had what we called our "come-alongs." These are strands of barbed wire about three feet long, made into a noose at one end; at the other end, the barbs are cut off and Tommy slips his wrist through a loop to get a good grip on the wire. If the prisoner wants to argue the point, why just place the large loop around his neck and no matter if Tommy wishes to return to his trenches at the walk, trot, or gallop, Fritz is perfectly agreeable to maintain Tommy's rate of speed.

We were ordered to black our faces and hands. For this reason: At night, the English and Germans use what they call star shells, a sort of rocket affair. They are fired from a large pistol about twenty inches long, which is held over the sandbag parapet of the trench, and discharged into the air. These star shells attain a height of about sixty feet, and a range of from fifty to seventy-five yards. When they hit the ground they explode, throwing out a strong calcium light which lights up the ground in a circle of a radius of between ten to fifteen yards. They also have a parachute star shell which, after reaching a height of about sixty feet, explodes. A parachute unfolds and slowly floats to the ground, lighting up a large circle in No Man's Land. The official name of the star shell is a "Very-light." Very-lights are used to prevent night surprise attacks on the trenches. If a star shell falls in front of you, or between you and the German lines, you are safe from detection, as the enemy cannot see you through the bright curtain of light. But if it falls behind you, and, as Tommy says, "you get in the star shell zone," then the fun begins; you have to lie flat on your stomach and remain absolutely motionless until the light of the shell dies out. This takes anywhere from forty to seventy seconds. If you haven't time to fall to the ground you must remain absolutely still in whatever position you were in when the light exploded; it is advisable not to breathe, as Fritz has an eye like an eagle when he thinks you are knocking at his door. When a star shell is burning in Tommy's rear he can hold his breath for a week.

You blacken your face and hands so that the light from the star shells will not reflect on your pale face. In a trench raid there is quite sufficient reason for your face to be pale. If you don't believe me, try it just once.

Then another reason for blackening your face and hands is that, after you have entered the German trench at night, "white face" means Germans, "black face" English. Coming around a traverse you see a white face in front of you. With a prayer and wishing Fritz "the best of luck," you introduce him to your "persuader" or knuckle knife.

A little later we arrived at the communication trench named Whisky street, which led to the fire trench at the point we were to go over the top and out in front.

In our rear were four stretcher bearers and a corporal of the R. A. M. C. carrying a pouch containing medicines and first-aid appliances. Kind of a grim reminder to us that our expedition was not going to be exactly a picnic. The order of things was reversed. In civilian life the doctors generally come first, with the undertakers tagging in the rear and then the insurance man, but in our case, the undertakers were leading, with the doctors trailing behind, minus the insurance adjuster.

The presence of the R. A. M. C. men did not seem to disturb the raiders, because many a joke made in an undertone, was passed along the winding column, as to who would be first to take a ride on one of the stretchers. This was generally followed by a wish that, if you were to be the one, the wound would be a "cushy Blighty one."

The stretcher bearers, no doubt, hoping that, if they did have to carry anyone to the rear, he would be small and light. Perhaps they looked at me when wishing, because I could feel an uncomfortable, boring sensation between my shoulder blades. They got their wish all right.

Going up this trench, about every sixty yards or so we would pass a lonely sentry, who in a whisper would wish us "the best o' luck, matek." We would blind at him under our breaths; that Jonah phrase to us sounded very ominous.

Without any casualties the minstrel troop arrived at Suicide ditch, the front-line trench. Previously, a wiring

party of the Royal Engineers had cut a lane through our barbed wire to enable us to get out into No Man's Land. Crawling through this lane, our party of twenty took up an extended-order formation about one yard apart. We had a tap code arranged for our movements while in No Man's Land, because for various reasons it is not safe to carry on a heated conversation a few yards in front of Fritz's lines. The officer was on the right of the line, while I was on the extreme left. Two taps from the right would be passed down the line until I received them, then I would send back one tap. The officer, in receiving this one tap, would know that his order had gone down the whole line, had been understood, and that the party was ready to obey the two-tap signal. Two taps

meant that we were to crawl forward slowly—and believe me, very slowly—for five yards, and then halt to await further instructions. Three taps meant, and inflict as many casualties as possible, secure a couple of prisoners, and then back to your own lines with the speed clutch open. Four taps meant, "I have gotten you into a position from which it is impossible for me to extricate you, so you are on your own."

After getting Tommy into a mess on the western front he is generally told that he is "on his own." This means, "Save your skin in any way possible." Tommy loves to be "on his own" behind the lines, but not during a trench raid.

The star shells from the German lines were falling in front of us, therefore we were safe. After about twenty minutes we entered the star shell zone. A star shell from the German lines fell about five yards in the rear and to the right of me; we hugged the ground and held our breath until it burned out. The smoke from the star shell traveled along the ground and crossed over the middle of our line. Some Tommy sneezed. The smoke had gotten up his nose. We crouched on the ground, cursing the offender under our breath, and waited the volley that generally ensues when the Germans have heard a noise in No Man's Land. Nothing happened. We received two taps and crawled forward slowly for five yards; no doubt the officer believed that Old Pepper had said, "Personally I believe that that part of the German trench is unoccupied." By being careful and remaining motionless when the star shells fell behind us, we reached the German barbed wire without mishap. Then the fun began. I was scared stiff as it is ticklish work cutting your way through wire when about thirty feet in front of you there is a line of Boches looking out into No Man's Land with their rifles lying across the parapet, straining every sense to see or hear what is going on in No Man's Land; because at night, Fritz never knows when a bomb with his name and number on it will come hurtling through the air aimed in the direction of Berlin. The man on the right, one man in the center and myself on the extreme left were equipped with wire cutters. These are insulated with soft rubber not because the German wires are charged with electricity, but to prevent the cutters rubbing against the barbed wire stakes, which are of iron, and making a noise which may warn the inmates of the trench that someone is getting fresh in their front yard. There is only one way to cut a barbed wire without noise and through costly experience Tommy has become an expert in doing this. You must grasp the wire about two inches from the stake in your right hand and cut between the stake and your hand.

If you cut a wire improperly, a loud twang will ring out on the night air like the snapping of a banjo string. Perhaps this noise can be heard only for fifty or seventy-five yards, but in Tommy's mind it makes a loud noise in Berlin.

We had cut a lane about halfway through the wire when, down the center of our line, twang! went an improperly cut wire. We crouched down,

the blood was streaming down my tunic, and the pain was awful. When I came to I said to myself, "Emp, old boy, you belong in Jersey City, and you'd better get back there as quickly as possible."

The bullets were cracking overhead. I crawled a few feet back to the German barbed wire, and in a stooping position, guiding myself by the wire, I went down the line looking for the lane we had cut through. Before reaching this lane I came to a limp form which seemed like a bag of oats hanging over the wire. In the dim light I could see that its hands were blackened, and knew it was the body of one of my mates. I put my hand on his head, the top of which had been blown off by a bomb. My fingers sank into the hole. I pulled my hand back full of blood and brains, then I went crazy with fear and horror and rushed along the wire until I came to our lane. I had just turned down this lane when something inside of me seemed to say, "Look around." I did so; a bullet caught me on the left shoulder. It did not hurt much, just felt as if someone had punched me in the back, and then my left side went numb. My arm was dangling like a rag. I fell forward in a sitting position. But all the fear had left me and I was consumed with rage and cursed the German trenches. With my right hand I felt in my tunic for my first-aid or shell dressing. In feeling over my tunic my hand came in contact with one of the bombs which I carried. Gripping it, I pulled the pin out with my teeth and blindly threw it towards the German trench. I must have been out of my head, because I was only ten feet from the trench and took a chance of being mangled. If the bomb had failed to go into the trench I would have been blown to bits by the explosion of my own bomb.

By the flare of the explosion of the bomb, which luckily landed in their trench, I saw one big Boche throw up his arms and fall backwards, while his rifle flew into the air. Another one wilted and fell forward across the sandbags—then blacked.

Realizing what a foolhardy and risky thing I had done, I was again seized with a horrible fear. I dragged myself to my feet and ran madly down the lane through the barbed wire, stumbling over cut wires, tearing my uniform, and lacerating my hands and legs. Just as I was about to reach No Man's Land again, that same voice seemed to say, "Turn around." I did so, when, "crack," another bullet caught me, this time in the left shoulder about one-half inch away from the other wound. Then it was taps for me. The lights went out.

When I came to I was crouching in a hole in No Man's Land. This shell was the one who had sneezed about

half an hour previously. What we wished him would never make his new year a happy one.

The officer, in my opinion, at the noise of the wire should have given the four-tap signal, which meant, "On your own, get back to your trenches as quickly as possible," but again he must have relied on the spiel that Old Pepper had given us in the dugout, "Personally I believe that that part of the German trench is unoccupied." Any way, we got careless, but not so careless that we sang patriotic songs or made any unnecessary noise.

During the intervals of falling star shells we carried on with our wire cutting until at last we succeeded in getting through the German barbed wire. At this point we were only ten feet from the German trenches. If we were

discovered, we were like rats in a trap. Our way was cut off unless we ran along the wire to the narrow lane we had cut through. With our hearts in our mouths we waited for the three-tap signal to rush the German trench. Three taps had gotten about halfway down the line when suddenly about ten to twenty German star shells were fired all along the trench and landed in the barbed wire in rear of us, turning night into day and silhouetting us against the wall of light made by the flares. In the glaring light we were confronted by the following unpleasant scene.

All along the German trench, at about three-foot intervals, stood a big Prussian guardsman with his rifle at the end, and then he found out why we had not been challenged when the man sneezed and the barbed wire had been improperly cut. About three feet in front of the trench they had constructed a single fence of barbed wire and we knew our chances were one thousand to one of returning alive. We could not rush their trench on account of this second defense. Then in front of me the challenge, "Halt," given in English rang out, and one of the finest things I have ever heard on the western front took place.

From the middle of our line some Tommy answered the challenge with, "Aw, go to h—l!" It must have been the man who had sneezed or who had improperly cut the barbed wire; he wanted to show Fritz that he could die game. Then came the volley. Machine guns were turned loose and several bombs were thrown in our rear. The Boche in front of me was looking down his sight. This fellow might have, under ordinary circumstances, been handsome, but when I viewed him from the front of his rifle he had the goblins of childhood imagination relegated to the shade.

Then came a flash in front of me, the flare of his rifle—and my head seemed to burst. A bullet had hit me on the left side of my face about half an inch from my eye, smashing the cheek bones. I put my hand to my face and fell forward, biting the ground and kicking my feet. I thought I was dying, but, do you know, my past life did not unfold before me the way it does in novels.

The blood was streaming down my tunic, and the pain was awful. When I came to I said to myself, "Emp, old boy, you belong in Jersey City, and you'd better get back there as quickly as possible."

The bullets were cracking overhead. I crawled a few feet back to the German barbed wire, and in a stooping position, guiding myself by the wire, I went down the line looking for the lane we had cut through. Before reaching this lane I came to a limp form which seemed like a bag of oats hanging over the wire. In the dim light I could see that its hands were blackened, and knew it was the body of one of my mates. I put my hand on his head, the top of which had been blown off by a bomb. My fingers sank into the hole. I pulled my hand back full of blood and brains, then I went crazy with fear and horror and rushed along the wire until I came to our lane. I had just turned down this lane when something inside of me seemed to say, "Look around." I did so; a bullet caught me on the left shoulder. It did not hurt much, just felt as if someone had punched me in the back, and then my left side went numb. My arm was dangling like a rag. I fell forward in a sitting position. But all the fear had left me and I was consumed with rage and cursed the German trenches. With my right hand I felt in my tunic for my first-aid or shell dressing. In feeling over my tunic my hand came in contact with one of the bombs which I carried. Gripping it, I pulled the pin out with my teeth and blindly threw it towards the German trench. I must have been out of my head, because I was only ten feet from the trench and took a chance of being mangled. If the bomb had failed to go into the trench I would have been blown to bits by the explosion of my own bomb.

By the flare of the explosion of the bomb, which luckily landed in their trench, I saw one big Boche throw up his arms and fall backwards, while his rifle flew into the air. Another one wilted and fell forward across the sandbags—then blacked.

Realizing what a foolhardy and risky thing I had done, I was again seized with a horrible fear. I dragged myself to my feet and ran madly down the lane through the barbed wire, stumbling over cut wires, tearing my uniform, and lacerating my hands and legs. Just as I was about to reach No Man's Land again, that same voice seemed to say, "Turn around." I did so, when, "crack," another bullet caught me, this time in the left shoulder about one-half inch away from the other wound. Then it was taps for me. The lights went out.

When I came to I was crouching in a hole in No Man's Land. This shell was the one who had sneezed about

half an hour previously. What we wished him would never make his new year a happy one.

We can handle your sale bill in short order. With the New linotype, we can print them so you can put up bills going home.

Stockmen's pocket size bills of sale at News office.

Food
Will Win the War—Don't Waste It—Save it Now.

Braley's Insurance Agency

INSURANCE OF EVERY KIND
—THAT INSURES

"WE KNOW HOW"

Braley's Insurance Agency

..This is Windmill Weather..

We handle Leader, Star and Challenge Windmills and a general line of piping, casing and sucker rod. Also repairs for all kinds of mills.

..J. B. Sledge Hardware Co..



Paint is a necessity
—not a luxury

After your house needs painting, every year you wait it will require more paint and more labor to put it in good condition. And every year you wait your house is worth less. Good-paint money is good paint insurance. And it's pretty good insurance on the value of your property, too.

DEVOE Lead and Zinc Paint

The Guaranteed
Fewer Gallons—Wears Longer

If your house needs painting, come in and let us tell you what it will cost you to use Devoe.

We say "Devoe" because it's absolutely pure.

That's why Devoe takes fewer gallons, wears longer—and costs less by the job or by the year. And that's why we guarantee Devoe without reserve.

Ask for helpful illustrated booklet—"Keep Appearances Up and Expenses Down."

C. GOODLOE

EVERYTHING IN WALL PAPER, PAINTS AND PAINT SUNDRIES

PORTALES, NEW MEXICO

PAINT DEVOE PAINT

BUICK

EVERY Buick owner has the satisfaction of knowing that his car represents the highest type of present day road travel.

W. B. OLDHAM :: MONROE HONEA

Your Troubles Will Be Less

When you have your plumbing done by a practical plumber. I carry bath tubs, sinks and full line plumbing fixtures.

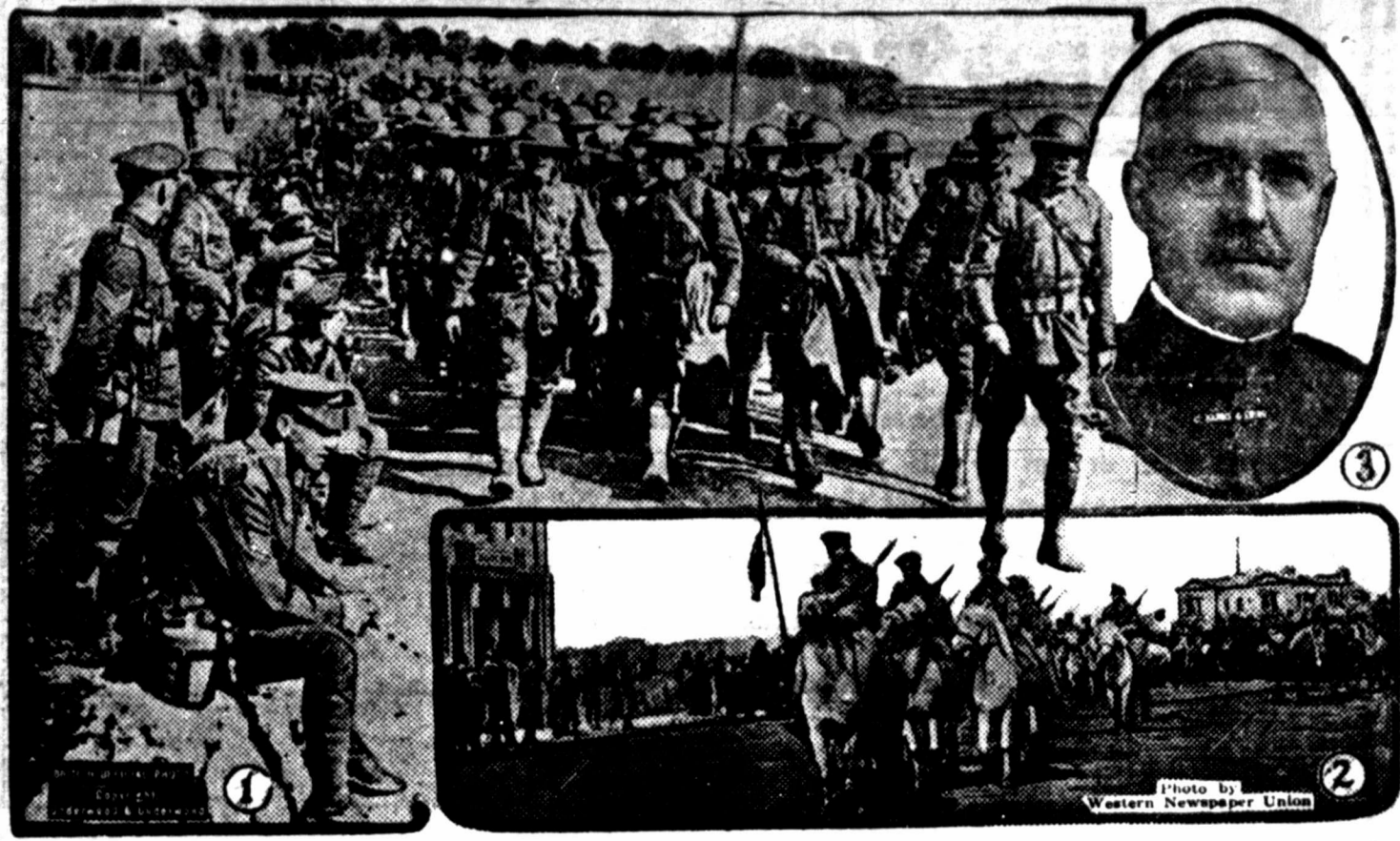
S. HOWELL, The Plumber.



Receiving First Aid.

cursing under our breath, trembling all over, our knees lacerated from the strands of the cut barbed wire on the ground, waiting for a challenge and the inevitable volley of rifle fire. Nothing happened. I suppose the fellow who cut the barbed wire improperly was the one who had sneezed about

(Continued on Page 7)



1—American troops on their way to front-line trenches, passing through British comrades. 2—Cossack cavalry of the Semenov-Orloff force passing through Harbin on their way to East Siberia to fight the bolsheviks. 3—Maj. Gen. William R. Smith, one of the American commanders recently promoted by President Wilson.

NEWS REVIEW OF THE PAST WEEK

Two New Pro-Ally Republics Are Established in Northern Part of Russia.

PROBLEM OF AID UNSOLVED

Von Hintze, Pan-German, to Succeed Von Kuhlmann—Italians and French Conducting Successful Offensive Against the Austrians in Southern Albania.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD.

"What shall we do to help Russia?" was still the leading question for the governments of the allied nations last week. Developments, though they were in the main favorable to the allied cause, had not greatly clarified the situation. It seems apparent that Germany, too, is in doubt as to what course to pursue in the near East. Her policy of terrorism and grab-all has not been working out well and has caused bitter complaint even in the Reichstag.

The people of the Murman coast, between Finland and the White sea, where there are large allied military stores under guard of British and American forces, have created the White sea republic, and in the rest of Arctic Russia, from the White sea to Siberia, the republic of Volokladzhe has been established. Both of these new states are anti-German and pro-ally and their people promise to form active forces against the Germans if given aid. In western Siberia the bolsheviks have been defeated again and are reported to have evacuated Irkutsk, and a provisional government for Siberia has been set up in Novonikolayevsk. This government has laid out a program that includes the liberation of Siberia from the bolsheviks; the avoidance, if possible, of foreign intervention; universal suffrage, distribution of the land among the landless and other economic reforms. It intends to summon a constituent assembly and to restore law and order. All this is being done under the protection of the army of Czechoslovaks that has continued its victorious campaign against the bolsheviks and the German and Austrian war prisoners who are aiding them.

Thus there appears to be forming the established authority that has been considered requisite for the extending of aid to the Russians, at least in Siberia. But President Wilson would not consent to the dispatch of an armed force that would mean the weakening of the western front in Europe, and doubtless the other allied leaders agreed with him. Furthermore, Mr. Wilson especially is averse to departing from the policy of non-interference in the internal affairs of a friendly nation. This does not mean that the allies will abandon the plan to send to Siberia supplies from America and a commission to extend help of an industrial and economic nature. Moreover, the Czechoslovaks there are doing so valuable a work that the entente powers intend to give them such moral and material support as they may need, provided they stand by their pledge to refrain from assuming permanent control over the country through which they are passing. If a military force is sent into Siberia it probably will be largely made up of Japanese and Chinese.

Through German sources comes the assertion that the soviet government of Russia has declared it will ally itself with Germany if an Anglo-Japanese expedition intervenes in Siberia. No doubt Lenin would commit himself to such a course, but it is a question whether he would be sustained by any great numbers of Russians.

Germany's penetration of western Russia and Finland has been accompanied by such brutalities that the minority socialists in the Reichstag have been attacking the government's policy strongly. Their leader, Hugo Haase, asserts that since the Germans entered Finland 73,000 workmen have

been arrested and many of them, including 50 socialist members of parliament, executed. Because of the numerous executions there, he said, the town of Sveaborg has been renamed Golgotha. Finland is on the point of starvation, despite its German friends, and General Mannerheim, commander of the Finnish army, asked Mr. Morris, American minister to Sweden, what chance there was for Finland to get food from the United States. Mr. Morris told him plainly it was very slim so long as Germany held the country under her control. Ostensibly as a measure to save food, the Finnish government has ordered the expulsion of all Jews.

When the news came of the assassination of Count von Mirbach, German ambassador to Russia, in Moscow, at the instigation of a group of social revolutionists, there were many predictions that the kaiser would get revenge by sending a great army to occupy the chief Russian cities, and indeed it was semi-officially stated in Berlin that such would be his course. But after breaking off diplomatic relations the chief Hun apparently thought better of it and a mild statement was issued hoping "that the Russian government and people will succeed in nipping the present revolutionary agitation in the bud." It is not easy to see how Germany would gain much by further grabbing in distracted and starving Russia.

The pan-German party triumphed over its opponents and forced the resignation of Foreign Minister von Kuhlmann because of his "peace impossible by force" speech, and then proceeded to pick Admiral von Hintze, the trickiest and most disreputable of Teutonic diplomats, as his successor. Great excitement in the Reichstag resulted and the socialists agreed not to vote the war credit, which could not be passed without their aid, until the new minister had announced his policies. Von Hintze is a swashbuckling militarist and the creature of Admiral von Tirpitz. As minister to China he disgraced himself, and as minister to Mexico he deliberately stirred up a row between Huerta and Carranza in order to embroil the United States. The French press accepts the selection of Von Hintze as evidence that the militarists in Germany are stronger than the diplomats and are determined upon a war to the finish. They believe he will do the pan-Germans much more harm than good.

Military operations of prime importance last week were confined to Albania, a field of which little has been heard for a long time. There the Italians and French got very busy and, with the aid of British naval forces in the Adriatic, started an offensive that met with considerable success and is still progressing as this is written. Within a few days the allied forces had advanced more than twenty-five miles on a battle front sixty miles long, had captured Fieri, an important town eight miles from the Adriatic, and had practically surrounded Berat, the chief city of southern Albania. They also had occupied mountain positions of great strategic value. Before the week closed the Austrians had evacuated Berat.

This Albanian offensive was counted on to have great political effect, especially in Austria-Hungary and among the small nations of the Balkans. Already it had caused evident uneasiness among the forces of the central powers that face the allies from the Adriatic to Saloniki. In Macedonia they made several costly and vain attacks on the allies. The apparent objective of the allies in Albania is the Shkumbi valley and the old Roman road, the Via Egnatia, leading to the Vardar valley and opening the way to a movement toward the east that would outflank the enemy north of Monastir.

If the Austrians are decisively defeated in this region the kaiser may force them to accept Von Below as their generalissimo, despite their protests. The efforts to Germanize the Austrian general headquarters have stirred up the already angry people of the dual kingdom. Another row there has been caused by more or less open assertions that Empress Zita ruined the offensive on Italy by preventing the use of gas and otherwise hampering the commanders. A big

scandal resulted, and extremists in Vienna are asserting that both the emperor and the empress should be literally sequestered and made to take orders from Berlin. Hungary, too, is furious at Austria because the Hungarian regiments were forced to bear the brunt of the attack in Italy and in some cases were practically wiped out.

There were no major operations on the Italian front last week, but the Italians uneasily harassed the enemy by raids and sorties and in the mountain region improved their own positions considerably. The American aviators on that front kept up their excellent work.

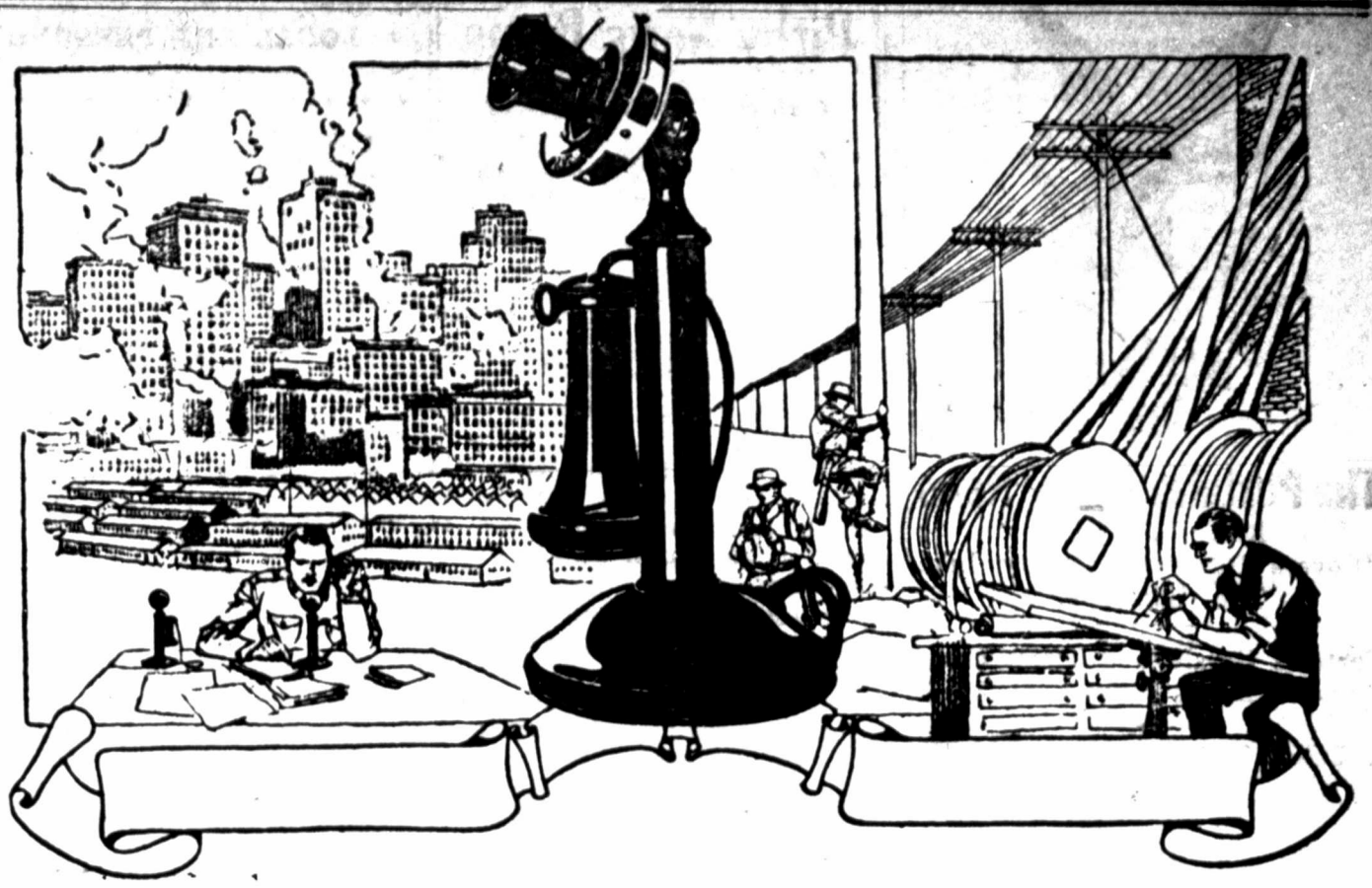
On the western front there was an ominous silence on the part of the Huns. The usual 40 days needed by them to organize a new drive had nearly expired, but still they did not start. However, abnormal activity was observed behind their lines, especially in the regions where the Americans are stationed. On Tuesday the French undertook the first considerable infantry operation in many days and, with the aid of tanks, advanced more than a mile on a front of two and a half miles northwest of Compiègne. Prisoners and guns were captured and positions occupied that serve to protect the important railway junction at Estrees-St. Denis. General Petain also took important ground east of the Retz forest on the Marne front. There were many raids by all the allied forces during the week, and some artillery activity beyond the ordinary in the British sectors.

Such splendid work is being done by the air forces of the allies on the west front that military observers now assert the superiority in the air now unquestionably rests with them. The British flyers have engaged in a number of extraordinary exploits, and the French and Americans are keeping up their end of it most satisfactorily. On Wednesday a squadron of American scout planes flew back to the German lines in the Chateau Thierry region for 50 miles, obtaining valuable information and all returning safely. Colonel Roosevelt was elated by the news that his youngest son, Lieut. Quentin Roosevelt, had downed his first Hun plane. Bombing raids on German cities by the allied airmen are increasing in frequency and effectiveness.

In preparation for the next big drive Von Hindenburg called for a million more men, to be taken from the factories, their places being filled by prisoners and foreigners, and, contrary to agreements, by exchanged prisoners of war. Recruits of sixteen, seventeen and eighteen years are being called, and everything indicates that the supreme command is straining every nerve to end the war this year. To encourage the troops there has been a systematic campaign to mislead them as to America's participation in the war. The people now refuse to believe we are taking an active part in the conflict or that there are more than a few thousands of our men in France.

There have been many stories of the declining morale of the German troops, due partly to the prevalence of Spanish influenza, but it would be foolish to grow optimistic over these reports. The enemy is still strong and can produce an amazing number of men, and confidence in our victory must be based on our growing strength rather than on his growing weakness. The stream of Americans across the Atlantic continues, although it may be they are not being sent so rapidly just now as in recent months. The war department recently decided that all men of the new drafts should be given six months' training on this side.

The senate gave a big boost to the plan for a bone-dry America by voting in favor of the prohibition rider to the agricultural extension bill. It went on record first by reversing the ruling of the chair, that the amendment is general legislation and therefore barred from an appropriation measure. The wets admitted their defeat since the move for war prohibition originated in the lower house, and relied on the president to veto the bill on the ground that the workers in vital war industries should not be deprived of alcoholic beverages.



Saving for Service

WHEN the war began The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company was ready to render instant service to the Government. It at once, on its own initiative, made the needs of the Government paramount, giving them precedence over general economic requirements, and adopted a policy of strict conservation of all its resources.

To meet all the wartime telephone needs of our territory the Mountain States System has restricted to war purposes new construction and the limited supply of material and labor, as far as possible without impairing the general service. Every bit of plant equipment has been utilized and new methods of handling traffic devised.

Each telephone user is an essential part of the system upon whose cooperation the conservation of its resources and the maintenance of good service depend.

The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Co.

HAWK EYE VALLEY

(From Elida Enterprise)

W. E. Brown has had well drilled at work for him the past week. He is drilling a new one. Mrs. Charley McLain and children are spending the week with her parents. J. H. Hobson and family made a business trip to Bob Grissom's Monday. J. L. Paxton and family spent Thursday of last week with Mr. Hendry's folks. John Miller and family and Bob, Bennie and Miss Susie Grissom spent Sunday with Ess Taylor and family. Mrs. Merrill who had been visiting her sister, Mrs. C. H. Letton returned to her home in Portales. Grandma Page spent Sunday night and Monday with Mrs. W. D. Pipkin.

VALLEY VIEW O

(From Kenna Record)

Miss Ellen Miller and Mrs. Lola Crier went to Elida Monday. Mrs. Frank Dunn and children visited Mrs. Lola Crier Sunday. Alfred Guffey and John Smith have left San Diego, Calif. where they have been taking vocal training and are now on the road to France. Mrs. Hammer and daughters left for Roswell Tuesday. Their son and brother Douglas is there. The surprise dance at Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Roberts Friday night was enjoyed by all. Lee Smith returned from Texas this week. Walter Smith is drilling a well in the yard where the new school house is to be built.

Rabbit metal at the News office

Dr. Swearingin's Dates

Dr. Swearingin and Presley, the specialists of Roswell, 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

Wanted

Second hand sacks of all kinds Will pay you cash. J. A. Saylor

Want Ads

RATES:—One cent per word for each insertion. Payable when ordered. Try these want ads, as people read them every week.

WANTED—Cows from 3 to 8 years old G. W. Robertson, Portales, N. M. 30-f

Those wishing to study expression see Ester Hanning, phone 96 3 rings. 31-f

24x36 carbon paper for fancy work 15¢ at News.

WANTED—Second hand typewriter. Must be worth the money and in good condition.—Bax H. Epton, N. M. 37-2p

News want ads for results.

Batteries tested and charged at Braley's Garage.

Good 12 foot red wood combination counter cabinet for sale at rare bargain.—Valley News.

LAND LOANS—See W. O. Oldham or W. B. Oldham. 49-f

I shall teach a summer class in piano and violin. Ruth Hanning phone 96 3 rings. 31-f

FOR SALE—Two room house and one lot close to school. Has small cow shed and chicken yard. Inquire or address G. H. Kenady, care of W. F. Kenady, Portales. 36-3p

With the new linotype we are able to print your sale bills so you can tack them up on the road home. We give real service in job work.

FOR SALE—Good Dodge car, a bargain. Would trade for right kind of stuff. Also one set of good leather harness and an Al Frazier saddle.—S. N. Hancock, Portales, N. M. 37-f

FOR SALE—Choice residence lot in block adjoining school, Portales, \$45, if taken at once.—W. C. Adams, Paola, Kans. 37 2t

IT will pay you to get our prices before you order

SALE BILLS

All kinds of legal blanks at The News office.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, at Ft. Sumner, New Mexico, June 29th, 1918. NOTICE is hereby given that James C. Bancroft, of Floyd, N. M., who, on May 1st, 1915, made Homestead entry, No. 012244, for SW 1/4, Sec. 17, Township 1 S., Range 32 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. C. Compton, Probate Judge in his office at Portales, N. M., on the 2nd day of Sept., 1918. Claimant names as witnesses: Edward C. Price, Peter E. Wikel, James E. Spear, James P. Nash, all of Floyd, N. M.

A. J. Evans, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, at Ft. Sumner, New Mexico, June 29th, 1918. NOTICE is hereby given that Walter M. Hughes, of Elida, N. M., who, on April 5th, 1915, made Original Homestead Entry, No. 012461, for SE 1/4, Sec. 7, and on July 6th 1915, made additional Homestead entry 012671, for NE 1/4, Sec. 18, Township 2 S., Range 32 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final three year Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before James A. Hall, U. S. Commissioner in his office at Portales, N. M., on the 21st day of August, 1918. Claimant names as witnesses: U. S. Markland, of Elida, N. M., W. G. Upton, of Elida, N. M., Clarence Newman, of Floyd, N. M., A. E. Banister, of Portales, N. M.

A. J. Evans, Register

35 5 t

35 5 t

When You Are Ready For Summer Tours

Bring your car here and we will rehaul it completely so that you can enjoy your trip without car troubles.

Expert mechanics who know their work, and reasonable prices make our work appreciated. Telephone No. 45.

Braley's Garage

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, at Ft. Sumner, N. M., July 3rd, 1918.

NOTICE is hereby given that John W. Lackey, of Portales, N. M., who, on Sept. 1st, 1915, made Homestead entry, No. 012911, for nw 1-4, Section 15, Township 3 S., Range 34 E., N. M. P. Meriden, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. C. Compton, Probate Judge, in his office, at Portales, N. M., on the 16th day of September, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: George W. Lackey, Sam Harris, Dock Whitt, John Sanders, all of Portales, N. M. A. J. Evans, Register

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, at Fort Sumner, N. M., July 17th, 1918.

NOTICE is hereby given that Thomas F. Chalk, of Arch, N. M., who, on Feb. 21st, 1914, made Homestead entry, No. 011193, for SE 1/4, Sec. 8, SW 1/4, Sec. 9, Township 2 S., Range 37 E., N.M.P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. C. Compton, Probate Judge, in his office, at Portales, N. M., on the 3rd day of September, 1918.

Claimant names as witnesses: Ben P. Alls, Henry P. Townsend, William W. Hassell, Ben Townsend, all of Arch, N. M. A. J. Evans, Register

We build auto tops.—Portales Garage.

Used Vast Amount of Wire.

It has been estimated that the wire in the cores and sheathing of the world's submarine cables that have been made since they were first used in 1857, would reach from the earth to the moon.

Why Iron Chimney Stacks Corrode.

The cause of corrosion of galvanized iron extensions to chimneys is laid generally to condensation which forms inside the stack, and which in conjunction with the carbon which has been deposited in use, creates a galvanic action which soon destroys the zinc coating and finally cuts through the iron or steel base. To prevent the condensation an air space around the stack is recommended. The stack is made double from the base to a point close to the top, with small iron braces between the inner and outer casings. These may be riveted close to the ends of the sheets in course of construction. The air space may be one or two inches, according to size of smokestack, and local conditions.—Scientific American.

Man in the Making.

We are all sculptors of life. From the anthropoid ape stage clear up through the ages, in the slow process of evolution, man has been at work chiseling himself. Always on the whole bettering himself a little, eliminating the animal, the brute qualities more and more, in spite of setbacks, he has persistently struggled toward the realization of his ideals—the higher man, the ideal man.

Our sculpturing is mental; our thought is the chisel that traces the ideal in life's marble. Angel and demon, beauty and ugliness, success and failure lie side by side in the marble of life.—Dr. Orison Sweet Marden, in New Success.

Growth of Tower of London.

A royal palace, consisting of what is now known as the "white tower," appears to have been the beginning of the Tower of London. It was commenced by William's son, William Rufus, who, in 1098, surrounded it with walls and a broad ditch. Several succeeding kings made additions to it, and King Edward III erected the church in 1328 the old white tower was rebuilt and in the reign of Charles II a great number of additions were made to it. The new buildings in the tower were completed in 1850.

Sawing Through Diamond.

The old proverb about diamond cut diamond used to be true, but today diamond can be sawed through by thin disc of phosphor copper revolving about 3,000 times a minute. For many years all diamonds had to be sent to Amsterdam, where the Jew had a monopoly of the trade of diamond cutting. Even the Cullinan diamond was sent there to be "clef" into two.

How Birds Roost.

In roosting, birds usually perch on one leg only, folding the other close to the body. The weight of the body over one foot, according to Borell, causes the tendons of the muscles which bend the claws with the same firmness that a nail would do, driven through foot and perch. Neither rocking nor pitching by wind or storm, shaking the perch, disturbs the sleep of the bird nor its balance or center of gravity. The great length of toes enables other birds to stand steadily on one foot.

Be Diligent.

Let everyone who is called by diligent in preparation for his employment, so as not to fail without reasonable occasion to do so.—Jeremy Taylor.

A Long Overland Trip.

The News is glad to publish a letter from W. D. Lewis and family who recently drove from Portales to San Diego, Calif.

We left Portales May 18th, for San Diego, Calif., and from Portales to Roswell the roads were rough and sandy in spots. The grass was brown from drouth. When we came near Roswell the scenery changed from brown, to green with fields of alfalfa and orchards, irrigated by artesian wells. There were large trees on the road sides, which made the road shady and pleasant while we were passing through Roswell. We camped 2 miles west of Roswell at a man's house named Shropshire. They were very hospitable, and offered room in the house for the night, but we refused as we were prepared for camping.

The next day we drove through the Hondo valley irrigated from the Hondo river. The people who live in this valley are Mexicans.

There were no more plains country but hills and mountains with scrubby timber and cedar on them. Between Roswell and Alamogordo there are some very high hills some almost barren, others covered with timber. Near the divide which separates the eastern half of the state from the western half, the hills were covered with pines and spruce. This divide is about 30 miles east of Alamogordo and goes through the Mesquero Indian Reservation.

We saw a lot of Indian wigwams but not many Indians. Some of them were dressed in ordinary clothing, but the squaws wore bright colored blankets.

Almogordo is at the foot of the Sierras but very little vegetation and to the west of them stretches the desert. Some one (years ago) planted cotton wood trees for several miles in every direction and the little town when viewed from a distance looks like an oasis in a desert.

Between Alamogordo and Las Cruces the country is rough but bare and some of the hills are rocky while others are alkaline. The peaks of the alkaline mountains look as if they were snow capped.

Most of the inhabitants of this country are Mexicans, who live in the low adobe houses. About 15 miles east of Las Cruces, we were joined by two families, one by name of Lee from Elida, composed of a widow, three boys and a little girl. The oldest boy's name was Arthur and he was very fleshy and was usually called Fatty. He was very jolly and gave us many laughs. The other family was named Houston and were from Texas, near the New Mexico line. Both families were going to Phoenix and as this was our route, we traveled together, which was not a bad idea, for we were traveling through a desert country, sparsely settled.

Had no trouble until we were several times and it took every one of us to push out. Fatty was always the first one to help when any of us were in trouble. He was rest out always and would always ask, "What's the matter with the fiver, won't she percolate?" Las Cruces, like other towns in the desert is irrigated and has rows and rows of trees along the ditches. We crossed the Rio Grande going out of Las Cruces. There was a dam and falls on one side of the bridge and the river itself had banks like an irrigation ditch. The people have reclaimed a good deal of land the river once covered and irrigated it from the river. From Las Cruces to Deming we traveled south towards El Paso until about 50 miles from there we turned west.

Deming is a good sized mining town. Near there copper and coal are mined. There is a large cantonment there, where we saw thousands of soldiers.

Rodeo was our next town and is on the border line of the states New Mexico and Arizona. Then we went through Douglas and camped about ten miles west of there. Douglas is one of the largest towns in the west. Copper is mined there. About 12 miles on the west side of Douglas, early the next morning as we started out on our day's trip, we met several Mexicans, staggering along the road bleeding awfully.

One of the Mexicans halted us and when we slowed down, to see what he wanted, he went on as if he had not stopped us. So we decided that they were drunk and had been in a fight, but on a little further, we saw the cause. A big c rghad been wrecked, loaded with Mexicans. Three were on the ground unable to get away while the others had gone toward town. We gave them some water, all we had to give them, as help was coming from town.

We had left the Lee family and the Houston family and ourselves traveled together. Because one of the Lee boys had taken sick the night before we were unable to travel next day. Our next towns were Lowell and Bisbee, both mining towns.

(To be continued Next Week)

CITY OF QUEER CONTRASTS

Nome, Desolate in Winter, is Feverishly Lively During the Short Months of Summer.

Ships approaching the coast of Alaska watch eagerly for the first glimpse of a break in the low horizon line, and as the faint silhouette of a city is caught by the spy glass word goes round that Nome is in sight. The square outlines grow steadily plainer and broader. Unmindful of the heavy waves that crash so dangerously near its doors the city is reaching out to the very water's edge to greet the incoming ship. A bobbing launch comes out to meet the ship and bring in the passengers to the shore.

The gold seekers built Nome in the rush of 1898, and the gold seekers still add their quota to its population. They have made it a city of contrasts—of ostentatious wealth and hopeless destitute. Where they camped on the beach and built wooden huts and saloons the city has grown up. When more space was needed, it spread its houses along the beach in long uneven rows.

From November to June it is frozen into a dull apathy from which it rouses to attend theaters, dances, and other social frivolities which make the winter tolerable. Ice bound and dark the winter may be, with only three or four hours of pale sunlight a day, but the popular idea of the wilds of Nome is an interesting myth. Electric lights, telephones, department stores, banks, hotels—Nome has all of these perquisites of modern civilization.

When the sun begins to shine steadily and the fresh surf pounds on the beach, Nome awakes and the summer residents who have gone "outside" return. The population is practically doubled. Nome spends its summer months in wildly rushing about to make up for the enforced dullness of the frozen winter.

MUSICIANS HAVE LONG LIFE

Reasons Why Those Who Furnish Us With Sweet Sounds Are Not Cut Off in Youth.

Investigations made recently by a well-known doctor lead him to conclude that musicians who play wind instruments are exceptionally long lived.

Cornet players are credited by him with an average life of 69.1 years. Clarinet players are next with 64.4, while the average oboe and bassoon player lives to be about sixty-three years old. The lowest duration of life by these players of wind instruments is in men who handle the flute. Because of the formation of their instruments, they do not have opportunity for full exercise of their lungs. Therefore the flute player, according to this authority, reaches an average age of 61.2 years.

It is interesting to observe the number of seemingly aged men who are members of orchestras. The theater orchestra that does not number one or two men who have left their hair far behind with the years, or are so gray that they appear well upon the century mark, is an exception. The truth is that a steady and moderate daily use of the lungs, which is followed by the performance of professional duty, is responsible for this remarkably high average of existence.

PRETTY LEGEND OF NIAGARA

How the Great Lakes Joined in Their Wondrous Leap Over the Famous Ridges.

In old, old times, on the highest peak of a great mountain, there dwelt a hunter and his five sparkling daughters. Their lodge was of bright betula bark and on clear days they could see the distant ocean flashing like a silver band. "Come out! Come out!" cried the youngest daughter, the little Er. "Come Sa! Come Hu! Come Mi! Come Cla!" (The names stand in order for Erie, Superior, Huron, Michigan and St. Clair). Let us away to the sea, where the foaming breakers roar!" So they left their lodge and leaped and sang with happy hearts. Their robes were of blue and chrysolite green and floated on the breeze. Their moccasins were of frozen water drops and their wings of painted wind. And they scampered and romped across the plain or floated beneath the sky, or rushed past valley and hill and field, singing and shouting with glee. At last they came to a precipice of jagged rocks and moss. "Alas!" cried Er, "what a dreadful leap! But we have come so far that we must go on or our father will laugh at us! So come Sa! Come Hu! Come Mi! Come Cla! and follow me!" So over the steep they sprang and floated down on their painted wings. They leaped and they sang like happy-hearted birds. Then the little Er cried: "Let us up and down the steep again!" And up and down the five maids skipped and laughed at the sport and foam and called it Niagara Falls. And today, through the rainbow mist, you may see their robes of blue and chrysolite green and their painted wings and their twinkling feet, as the five play in the waterfall.—New York Evening Post.

ROOM FOR MANY MILLIONS

Vast Spaces of Siberia That Have Yet to Be Surveyed and Exploited by Man.

The biggest and loneliest land on the globe is Siberia, of which at the present moment there is so much talk, says London Answers. Any one who would set about its conquest by invasion would find the task a herculean one, for it contains nearly five million square miles, and is about 45 times as big as the British Isles!

In these vast spaces there is a population less than London contains by a couple of millions, and there are hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory where no human being is to be seen. The mighty rivers of Siberia are almost rendered useless by the fact that they flow mostly into the Arctic ocean, and their lower courses are icebound during the greater part of the year, and their mouths are at all times very difficult of access. Arctic Siberia is a vast country in itself, but very inhospitable.

Siberia, it is said, is destined to be the granary of the world; and the opening of the railway across its entire breadth has certainly done much to develop its resources.

Burglars Dread a Noise.

"Noise is the greatest enemy of the burglar and is what he most fears. Bear that in mind if you believe a thief has entered your home."

So says Frank McCarrick, lieutenant in Manhattan's downtown detective headquarters, whose long years in the police department give weight to his statements.

"The best of alarms in a household," he continued, "is a glass or chinaware pitcher or similar vessel. Slam it through the window and its crash above will be followed by another as the missile falls to the street or the areway below.

"Never grapple with a midnight prowler, for he is prepared for such eventualities and has it on you. Generally no quarrel of conscience would come between him and murder if there was danger of his being caught."

Japanese "Fish Sausage."

The "kamaboko" or "fish sausage" of the Japanese is described by a consular report as made by chopping the white meat of any fish, passing through a colander, and mixing into a paste, with a flavoring of sugar, salt, and the brewed alcoholic beverage called "Mirin." The paste is made into loaves, steamed on boards an hour and a half to three hours, and at once packed in cans.

SAVE FOR VICTORY

Buy a U.S. Saving Stamp To-day



There is a WAR STAMP, or a THRIFT STAMP, waiting for you TODAY at your post office, your bank, or any one of the many depots of your Government's campaign of thrift. Get it before you go home. It is your proof to yourself and your nation that you are doing your duty by the men fighting at the front for you and your country—doing your duty every day. Thrift is household patriotism. It is the saving of the American home back of the men in the trenches that will bring victory. Every citizen must save.

Therefore, your Government exhorts you to save. It helps you to save with War Stamps and Thrift Stamps. It rewards you for it with compound interest on your savings invested in War Savings Stamps.

U.S. Saving Stamp Facts—\$5.00 Stamps bear interest at a rate yielding 4%. Interest compounded quarterly.

"Save a Thrift Stamp a Day"



Notice!

Owing to the excessive increase in the cost of materials, from 50 to 300 per cent, and the fact that the wholesale houses sell for cash, I am forced to ask my many friends and customers that they pay me cash for my work. Also the high cost of living and all expenses have so increased that I am compelled to adopt this plan.

By cash work I am enabled to hold down the rising costs of blacksmithing work.

The war has made the iron and steel market very strong and as the Government comes first in this line we can only get what materials we can and when we can.

J. L. FERNANDES
THE BLACKSMITH

GEORGE L. REESE
Attorney-at-law
Practice in all courts
Office upstairs in Reese
building.
Portales, New Mexico

ED J. NEER
Funeral Director
and Embalmer

PHONES
Undertaking Parlors 67-2
Ed J. Neer, residence 67-3

R. S. (BOB) ADAMS

will do your hauling on
short notice and at reason-
able price. Will appreciate
your patronage.

TELEPHONE NO. 71

V. J. CAMPBELL
AUCTIONEER

Will appreciate your busi-
ness. Farm sales are a
specialty. Will make your
stuff bring all it is worth

LONGS, NEW MEXICO

FORBES
Auctioneer
Clovis

DR. L. R. HOUGH
THE DENTIST
Office hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Office in Reese bldg., over Dobbs.
PORTALES, NEW MEX.

DR. J. S. PEARCE
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
Office at Pearce's Pharmacy
Office phone 34. Residence 23
PORTALES, NEW MEX.

DR. D. B. WILLIAMS
Office in Reese Bldg.
PORTALES, NEW MEX.

DR. N. F. WOLLARD
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
Office at Neer's drug store, phone
67-2R. Residence phone 169.
PORTALES, NEW MEX.

DR. JAMES F. GARMAN
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
Main office and residence at the
JF-bar ranch, 2 1/2 miles north-
west of Benson, N. M. Address
either Portales or Benson.
Portales Phones — 193 or 188

COMPTON & COMPTON
Attorneys at Law
Practice in all courts. Office over
The News. Portales, N. M.

TATE & RAMEY
AUCTIONEERS
Reference:—Any bank, business
man or county officer in Clovis.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
CLOVIS, — — — N. M.

TEDDY BEER
"Hits the Spot"
Ice Cold—Other Bottled Soft Drinks.
...LIGHT LUNCHES...

W. L. ADAMS
Stockmen's pocket size bills of
sale at News office.

FOR SALE

5 burros at \$5 each.

Metal wheeled wagon and
rack, \$20.

Rapid hand baler for bear
grass \$10.

HERD LAW JONES

CONFESSIONS
By AGNES G. BROGAN.

Judith, in her pretty frock, sat at the piano and played enchantingly. Douglas, back among the shadows, sighed as the tender words came to him. Something about:

"When breeze of springtime blows the lilac blooms apart,
The image of one's first love is shaken on one's heart."

"That's true," he murmured involuntarily.

Judith swung around on the stool. "Speaking from experience?" she teased, but the serious face of her fiancée checked further rallery.

"Dearest," he said, "come here. That pathetic little song has awakened memories; perhaps I owe you a confession. I was very insistent, you remember, probing into your girlish friendships, to make sure there had been no other love before me. Your more generous nature did not require that assurance.

"What is it your song says, Judith? 'The image of one's first love is shaken on one's heart.' Well, the pitiful memory that stirs in my heart, but makes me love you more. Yet, it is there, every springtime, with the coming of the flowers. It was spring time when I met her, the girl who claimed my first youthful fancy. When I have told you of her, the ghost may be forever laid, and flowers lose their power to shake this image on my heart."

The man laughed shortly. "An uneasy conscience would be the more truthful explanation of my memories," he said. "I had just graduated from college, when father sent me over to France to learn that branch of our business. My duties brought me in touch with the peasant class, and there was among our workers a little maid, golden haired, with the appealing dark eyes of a child. She was very shy, Marie."

"She lived farther up in the village, she told me, and aimlessly one evening I made my way to the cottage home. Hardly more than one room it was, and spring flowers blooming all around. There was a white ruffled curtain in the window, and Marie's potted flowers nodding there, too. She wore a white muslin cap on her head, and her eyes would dance beneath its saucy fold, as I talked my stammering French."

The man paused, again he sighed. "I thought it was love," he said. "Marie's invalid mother would call to us cheerily from her couch as we sat side by side on the porch stone at twilight. And one night, when the scent of flowers, and the silvery moonlight seemed to fill the world with magic, I asked Marie to be my wife."

"Quick and tearful was her acceptance. 'My son!' called the mother from her couch, and it was done. After that, I know not how, the romance fled. Evenings upon the porch stone, grew to be wearisome realities, Marie with her pretty tricks of expression but the amusing peasant girl of the workroom."

Douglas paused; Judith, with a catch in her voice spoke.

"And then?"

"I came away," he answered slowly, "back to this country."

"The French girl loved you?" Judith persisted.

Across the man's eyes flashed a memory of Marie's oft-repeated assurance. Impatiently he nodded his head.

His fiancée arose wearily. "You left her to break her heart," she accused, "while you found happiness with me. Do you think I can keep you now, Douglas, with that always between us? Oh!" she turned on him fiercely, "did you send her no consoling message? Did you not try to learn what became of that poor little unhappy thing, with her sick mother?"

"I wrote her," the man answered doggedly, "saying that it had all been a mistake. Her response came, but much was unintelligible to me."

Judith's lip curled scornfully. "If you still have that letter, may I see it?" she asked.

"I will bring it to you," Douglas promised. But his fiancée shook her head.

"You may mail it," she said. "I do not wish to see you again until I have thought things out."

"You mean—" he demanded, but the girl eluded his outstretched arms. The scent of spring flowers seemed nauseating, as he gloomily passed out through the garden, then in desperate resignation Douglas searched out the old French letter and mailed it.

After a misery of waiting Judith summoned him by telephone.

"Marie's letter," she began evenly, "appears also to be a confession. The little peasant girl was marrying you to benefit her invalid mother. The true love of her heart, a poor but honest Frenchman being 'desolated' thereby. Your departure afforded her grateful relief, and so as she writes, 'All was well that ended well.'"

Douglas spoke eagerly: "If Marie has nothing to forgive," he said, "can you decree my punishment?"

"I have tried," the girl answered tremulously, "and cannot."

Judith, in her white frock, was at the piano when he entered the room.

"When breeze of springtime blows (she sang) the lilac blooms apart,
The image of one's true love is shaken on one's heart."

"I have changed the wording, Douglas," she laughingly said, and slipped into his arms.

DELPHOS
The Red Cross unit at Delphos has 22 members.
Mr. Hestor, of O'Donnell, Tex., has been a business visitor in our midst lately. He has been pasturing a lot of cattle here with W. W. Hensley. He shipped the cattle to K. C. Thursday.

Mr. Hensley and wife have exchanged their property here for Portales property and will move to town August 20.

The bear grass press finished up its job Wednesday and has moved to town. A car of grass was loaded out Tuesday and another Friday.

Doek Herndon shipped cattle one day last week and decided to stay in Kansas for a while.

It is the opinion of some of our county officials that a high school will be located at Delphos.

A Sunday School was organized at Delphos Sunday. It is to meet at 4 p. m. each Sunday.

A splendid shower fell in our neighborhood last Tuesday and is coming in mighty handy.

Preaching every Sunday at 11. Several car loads of cattle were shipped out Thursday enroute to Kansas City.

R. E. McAllister is visiting his mother and other relatives in Texas this week.

A pie-supper given in the interest of the Red Cross July 20 reports \$46.75 collected. A box of fruit was offered to the prettiest girl. They all looked pretty to the scribe but Miss Lorene Hensley got the most votes. One dozen hard-boiled eggs were awarded to the ugliest man. That was a woman's scheme. They thought that by making it a dozen the ugly dickens would eat enough to kill himself, but we fellows caught on in time and gave them to the best looking guy in the house, P. M. Caton.

The Red Cross workers meet every Friday afternoon.

The Kaiser plans to make this war so terrible that the world will shudder every time they think of Germany. Why not make the war so terrible that Germany will shudder every time she thinks of war.

Had Kaiser Bill lived in the time of Noah he would have had the Ark torpedoed.

From the best we can find out the Kaiser is having to sleep with his head under his wing to keep his crown from being slapped off.

ROGER 3
The singing convention at Inez last Sunday was a great success. The crowd was small but all had a good time.

The rains we have been looking for so long have not come here yet.

The Red Cross is doing great work, all busy as bees and knitting and sewing.

W. W. Duke received a card from his son Ben saying that he had arrived safely in France. Mr. Duke has two boys there, one of them being at the front a long time.

Ben Pratter took a load of the young folks to the sand hill the first of the week after plums.

Mr. and Mrs. Duke took dinner with Prater Mrs. Hensley last Sunday. In the afternoon they went to Inez to the convention.

Mrs. Kersey visited Mrs. Clem this week.

Miss Bow is very sick at this writing.

Mr. Phillips left last week for the wheatfields.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beshears and daughters made a trip to Portales Monday.

Mrs. Fred Duke spent Friday with Mrs. Escue.

Church here every third Sunday. Come.

Bartie Escue is one our soldier boys after July 25th, when he leaves for Camp Travis.

Longevity of Customs.
The longevity of customs is curious. Illustrated in the case of Lord Forester, the fifth baron, whose death is announced. King Hal took an ancestor of Lord Forester so deeply into favor as to grant him leave to wear his hat in the "presence." The right became an heirloom, and is one of the trifles of etiquette to be remembered on occasion by officials of the court. The Foresters were originally of Watling street, and had charge of the Wrekin forest.—London Chronicle.

With the new linotype we are able to print your sale bills so you can tack them up on the road home. We give real service in job work.

THOUSANDS HE SPENT WERE THROWN AWAY
Went to Hot Springs Seven Times—Tanlac Restores Health After 20 Years of Suffering

"I can recommend Tanlac, because since taking it I feel better than I have in years and I believe if it helps me, it will help others," said S. W. Curlin, of 202 King William street, San Antonio, Texas, recently.

"For twenty years," he continued, "I have suffered with malaria chills and fever, and while this seemed to be all, it was enough to put me out of commission. I have made seven trips to Hot Springs, besides spending thousands of dollars for other treatments and medicines but got no results that I could notice. It was just money thrown away. I kept getting worse until I had to give up my position with the Gulf Refining Co. at Beaumont and for some time now I have not been able to do any work at all."

Tanlac is fast making a well man of me. I'm already feeling better than I have in the past seven years and I have just finished my second bottle of the medicine. I wouldn't take anything on earth for the good it has done me and I'm so glad to see my health being restored that I feel like telling everyone about Tanlac."

Tanlac is sold in Portales by Ed. J. Neer, druggist.

KENNA
(From Kenna Record.)

Mrs. W. A. Fry received word that her brother Byde Thomas was in France.

Miss Louise Perry is spending the week with Miss Mary Malone near Olive.

The little child of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Jones has been very sick, but is reported better now.

Dave Howell was in Roswell Saturday.

Lee Riechard was up from Roswell the first of the week.

T. P. Crume and Mr. and Mrs. Price Crume, were in Portales Tuesday.

L. C. Denton was in Roswell on business this week.

P. T. Bell, W. A. Fry and W. H. Cooper were in Roswell Friday afternoon.

Mrs. C. H. Spriggs and child, on left Tuesday for Oklahoma.

C. W. Ayres made a business trip to Portales the first of the week.

OLIVE
(From Kenna Record.)

Sunday school at 1:30. Everybody invited.

Jo and Loyd Deering were at the Lucas ranch Saturday.

H. B. Lucas rounded up Thursday.

J. W. Jennings is fencing his additional filing.

Charlie Myers rounded up Saturday at the White ranch.

Jess and John Tow are building fence this week for Oscar Hewatt. There will be a meeting here next week with Rev. Todd of Elida, in charge.

RICHLAND
(From Elida Enterprise)

Charley Bennett is back from Kansas to move his family. He will turn the post office over to Mrs. Ad Hobbs.

The mail schedule on the route from Elida to Richland will be changed to leave Richland instead of Elida on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Mrs. Charles H. Parlin has leased her place to J. W. Stigall for four years and will leave for Louisiana. Mr. Stigall will move about August 1st.

Frank Beeman has moved his stock to Texas for grass.

Ad Hobbs has purchased a Dodge truck and is hauling.

S. C. McBreath and family have left for Fayetteville, Ark., looking for a location.

CARTER ROBINSON
ABSTRACT COMPANY
Incorporated

We have complete indexes of all real estate in Roosevelt and Curry Counties. Abstracts made promptly. Office, upstairs in Reese Bldg. Phone 63

HENRY GEORGE
AUCTIONEER

Sale first Saturday in each month at Portales. Farm sales a specialty. Six years experience as a salesman. References upon request.

ROGERS, NEW MEXICO

**LIVER DIDN'T ACT
DIGESTION WAS BAD**

Says 65 year Old Kentucky Lady, Who Tells How She Was Relieved After a Few Doses of Black-Draught.

Meadowville, Ky.—Mrs. Cynthia Higginbotham, of this town, says: "At my age, which is 65, the liver does not act so well as when young. A few years ago, my stomach was all out of fix. I was constipated, my liver didn't act. My digestion was bad, and it took so little to upset me. My appetite was gone. I was very weak... I decided I would give Black-Draught a thorough trial as I knew it was highly recommended for this trouble. I began taking it. I felt better after a few doses. My appetite improved and I became stronger. My bowels acted naturally and the least trouble was soon righted with a few doses of Black-Draught."

Seventy years of successful use has made Theford's Black-Draught a standard, household remedy. Every member of every family, at times, need the help that Black-Draught can give in cleansing the system and relieving the troubles that come from constipation, indigestion, lazy liver, etc. You cannot keep well unless your stomach, liver and bowels are in good working order. Keep them that way. Try Black-Draught. It acts promptly, gently and in a natural way. If you feel sluggish, take a dose tonight. You will feel fresh tomorrow. Price 25c. a package—One cent a dose. All druggists. J. G.

**SERVICE QUALITY
SATISFACTION**

Have you a good coal bin or house to store your coal in the winter?

We would be glad to show you our plans and give you prices on them.

KEMP LUMBER CO.
Phone 25 Portales, N. M.

FOR SALE

Often you can get a used car for a price that will save you big money and give you good service; we have at now

3 Used Fords and 1 Dodge

come in and look at them.

We specialize in rebuilding tires. We have a large stock of rebuilt and also used tires. This is another chance for you to save money.

PORTALES GARAGE
Stewart Bros. Portales, New Mexico

I AM LOOKING AFTER THE INTERESTS OF THE
Gates Half Sole Company
of Denver, Colorado, Service Station at Clovis, N. M.

Give me your tires and I will have them equipped with Half Soles at Clovis and return them to you the following day. These half soles are fully guaranteed for a distance of

3500 Miles
and that without a puncture.

This is undoubtedly the best thing afloat for the motorist today. Call phone 49, Portales, New Mexico.

C. W. KNAPP,
Representative Gates Half Sole Service Station
Clovis, New Mexico

OVER (Continued)

Sole was about it brought my the level of th this hole I w "typewriters" and foeth in lets biting th and throwing Overhead I could hear ground. The When I came and darkness was soaked from the wou ing over my ning from th the corner o and blow it move. I rea and tried, w my face to an awful ho

and was getti have laughe ludicrous att one hand. T shouder were stick at the bandaging stu fainted.

When I ca An intense b on the whole ly unpleasant barrage ceas hurt, but no turned loose guns, and rid line came a over the top "we was cov were a magn in the wind, their bayone "wave that p the "Jocks," six feet two right over n of me sever were huddle came the se One young abreast of t the air, his hands, landi of him, bayo ground, the pressed me

Right now gun trembli Complete tu ground, roll clawing at mained still, in a sort of him, "Are y no answer. smudge was right under his ba sight. On a water bottle and tried to of me coul feet. Then "When I wok first-aid pos we had tak the trench right," he s your bit; bu six hours a Man's Land and a half. He also tol that were l teen were l wounds in and I was fellow retur out any pris was the on property cu

In the off-rail was de "All quiet cepting in "meccourt w ing parties lines."

It is need use for our as we brow until I die somally. I d of the Germ always com fellow tryin statement.

How the The first York an Er years ago, his brother territory in honor of This includ New Amste New Nethe Nicolls in c ernor.

The Dut was useless English Inv their numb 1004 Fort A were surre Amsterdam and that c Governor S to Charles Holland, over three time of the tation of 1, tion of the

To sup some stuch thin paper not iron. and the gl

OVER THE TOP

(Continued from Page 2)

Sole was about three feet deep, so that it brought my head a few inches below the level of the ground. How I reached this hole I will never know. German "typewriters" were traversing back and forth in No Man's Land, the bullets biting the edge of my shell hole and throwing dirt all over me.

Overhead shrapnel was bursting. I could hear the fragments slap the ground. Then I went out once more. When I came to everything was silence and darkness in No Man's Land. I was soaked with blood and a big flap from the wound in my cheek was hanging over my mouth. The blood running from this flap choked me. Out of the corner of my mouth I would try and blow it back, but it would not move. I reached for my shell dressing and tried, with one hand, to bandage my face to prevent the flow. I had an awful horror of bleeding to death

and was getting very faint. You would have laughed if you had seen my ludicrous attempts at bandaging with one hand. The pains in my wounded shoulder were awful and I was getting sick at the stomach. I gave up the bandaging stunt as a bad job, and then fainted.

When I came to, hell was let loose. An intense bombardment was on, and on the whole my position was decidedly unpleasant. Then, suddenly, our barrage ceased. The silence almost hurt, but not for long, because Fritz turned loose with shrapnel, machine guns, and rifle fire. Then all along our line came a cheer and our boys came over the top in a charge. The first wave was composed of "Jocks." They were a magnificent sight, flapping in the wind, bare knees showing, and their bayonets glistening. In the first wave that passed my shell hole, one of the "Jocks," an immense fellow, about six feet two inches in height jumped right over me. On the right and left of me several soldiers in colored kilts were huddled on the ground, then over came the second wave, also "Jocks."

One young Scottie, when he came abreast of my shell hole, leaped into the air, his rifle shooting out of his hands, landing about six feet in front of him, bayonet first, and stuck in the ground, the butt trembling. This impressed me greatly.

Right now I can see the butt of that gun trembling. The Scottie made a complete turn in the air, hit the ground, rolling over twice, each time clawing at the earth, and then remained still, about four feet from me, in a sort of sitting position. I called to him, "Are you hurt badly, Jock?" but no answer. He was dead. A dark red smudge was coming through his tunic right under the heart. The blood ran down his bare knees, making a horrible sight. On his right side he carried his water bottle. I was crazy for a drink and tried to reach this, but for the life of me could not negotiate that four feet. Then I became unconscious.

When I woke up I was in an advanced first-aid post. I asked the doctor if we had taken the trench. "We took the trench and the wood beyond, all right," he said, "and you fellows did your bit; but, my lad, that was thirty-six hours ago. You were lying in No Man's Land in that hole for a day and a half. It's a wonder you are alive." He also told me that out of the twenty that were in the raiding party, seventeen were killed. The officer died of wounds in crawling back to our trench and I was severely wounded, but one fellow returned without a scratch, without any prisoners. No doubt this chap was the one who had sneezed and impropriately cut the barbed wire.

In the official communique our trench raid was described as follows: "All quiet on the western front, excepting in the neighborhood of Gommecourt wood, where one of our raiding parties penetrated into the German lines."

It is needless to say that we had no use for our persuaders or come-alongs, as we brought back no prisoners, and until I die Old Pepper's words, "Personally I don't believe that that part of the German trench is occupied," will always come to me when I hear some fellow trying to get away with a fishy statement. I will judge it accordingly.

(To be Continued.)

How the Dutch Lost New York.

The first step toward making New York an English colony was taken 250 years ago, when Charles II granted to his brother, the Duke of York, a large territory in America, to be called, in honor of the proprietor, New York. This included the Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam and the "colony" of New Netherland, with Col. Richard Nicolls in command, to be deputy governor.

The Dutch settlers decided that it was useless to argue the case with the English invaders, "who were six times their number," and in the autumn of 1664 Fort Amsterdam and Fort Orange were surrendered. The name of New Amsterdam was changed to New York and that of Fort Orange to Albany. Governor Stuyvesant swore allegiance to Charles II, but soon returned to Holland. New Amsterdam, founded over three centuries ago, had at the time of the English conquest a population of 1,500, while the total population of the province was about 10,000.

Stamps Separated. To separate stamps that have become stuck together, lay a sheet of thin paper over them and iron with a hot iron. This will take them apart and the glue will still remain.

THEN IT CAME HOME TO HER

Moment When Henrietta Realized That There Were Dishonest People in the World.

Henrietta Weir looked at the change the conductor had just given her—a quarter and five nickels. "Goodness," she thought excitedly, "he's given me a nickel over! I'm riding for nothing!"

And she quickly closed her hand over the change, and then she remembered that the conductor had rung up her fare and that probably the nickel would have to come out of his own pocket.

"Oh, dear!" she thought remorsefully. "Perhaps the poor man has a large family and perhaps a nickel a day is all he can afford to feed them with. I suppose I really ought to return it to him. But no, he has a bad face—I shouldn't be surprised if he beats his wife every day, and it would serve him right to suffer for his own carelessness! Still, of course, I wouldn't like to feel that I am depriving his baby of its daily bucket of milk—no, I'll keep it—a man in his position has no moral right to have a large family. Goodness, what if he should suddenly find out he gave me too much and demand it back again? I think I'll get right out—I'm only ten blocks from home, anyway."

And at the next stop she hurriedly left the car, still clutching the quarter and five nickels in her hand.

"I'd better look again—perhaps there are only four nickels after all," she thought. And she opened her hand and looked. No, there were five, but, as she looked, the quarter slipped through her fingers and fell on the pavement—with a hollow, leaden sound.

"Oh!" she gritted through her teeth. "The dishonesty of this world!"

ZIRCONIUM IN THE ARTS

Rare Metal Has Properties That Make It of the Highest Value Commercially.

The layman would hardly know that badeleyite and jacupirangite are different names of the same thing—in fact he would probably not recognize either of these impressive words and would find their pronunciation difficult, but they are the correct mineral names for the ore of zirconium, which is found in Brazil and is said to occur there in enormous quantities.

The mineral zircon, a silicate of zirconium, is probably most familiar as a gem stone, and when so used is known as hyacinth, jacinth, jargon, or Matafa diamond.

Zirconium minerals are used chiefly as refractory material, which is used only at an extremely high temperature and is very resistant to the action of fluxes and slags. Zirconium fire brick promises to be extensively used. The fused oxide of zirconium expands so little on being heated that crucibles, muffles, combustion tubes, and similar articles made of it are not broken by sudden changes of temperature.

Several alloys of zirconium have unusual properties. A zirconium steel is said to be particularly suited for making armor plates, armor-piercing projectiles, and bullet-proof metal; a new patented alloy of zirconium with nickel, called cooperite, is extremely hard and is particularly well adapted for making cutting tools.

Tying the Nuptial Knot.

In some parts of the world the nuptial knot is literally as well as figuratively tied. This is in India, at the marriage of a Brahmin. No sooner has the father, in words as plain as can be, given the bride away than the bridegroom places the "tall," or insignia of marriage, consisting of a piece of ribbon with a gold bead suspended upon it, around her neck and ties the knot. Before the knot is tied the bride's father may refuse consent unless better terms are offered, but immediately the knot is tied the marriage is indissoluble, for the Brahmins do not recognize divorce. The Parson binds the hands of the bridegroom with a sevenfold cord, seven being a sacred number. The ancient Carthaginians tied the thumbs of the betrothed with leather lace. With the Latins, on the contrary, part of the ceremony was for the bridegroom to loosen (solvere) the bride's girdle (nodus herculeus), not to tie it.

A Serviceable Piano.

A prominent musician tells some funny yarns. One relates to his experience in finding suitable instruments when on a tour.

On one occasion at a small place where he was due to appear he inquired where he could hire a piano, and found that the only one available was an ancient looking instrument in a small shop.

He asked if he could borrow it for his performance.

"You could not play on it, leastways, not as it is," replied the owner, "for it's full of books. Jim," he bawled, "where's the inside of this piano?"

And Jim's voice from upstairs, replied: "Ain't it out in the garden?"

Could Make His Own Way.

"Your hard-luck story is one of the most affecting I have ever heard." "Thanks, boss. Then you'll give me a small donation?" "No." "But you just said—" "Exactly. A man with your imagination and gift of narration ought to make a great deal of money as a pro-ducer. There is no earthly excuse."

THROWS POLLEN OVER BEES

Nature's Use of the Mountain Laurel Is One of Her Many Remarkable Devices.

Flop! and away go the little stems of the mountain laurel and throw pollen over the bee which alights upon them. The naturalist sees here one of the most remarkable devices in all nature for compelling an insect to carry pollen. The lover of nature sees in the mountain laurel one of the most beautiful of the common woodland flowers, says Edward Bigelow in "Boys' Life."

The corolla is saucer-shaped, with ten little pits near the edge, and lightly caught in each of these little pits is the anther at the end of the elastic filament. This natural thing seems to grow in an unnatural manner, but do you know of any other plant that actually grows in distorted or strained position, or puts its own self in an uncomfortable and strained position from which it is glad to be released when the first insect comes along and sets it loose?

The whole mechanism is like a hair trigger. It is so carefully adjusted that even a slight jar will sometimes set it loose. Shaking an entire bush releases great numbers of these filaments, and flop, flop, flop they leap out of the pits and the anthers throw their pollen everywhere. The bee which visits the mountain laurel must feel that the times are prosperous, since he is showered with golden pollen which he carries to the next flower to fertilize the seeds.

LANGAUGE ASCRIBED TO FISH

Men of the Sea Have Their Own Idea of Articulation Peculiar to Their Catch.

There is a belief among fishermen that a herring, when caught, articulates a sound similar to the word "cheese." This sound is caused by an escape of air from the air bladder, or a movement of the gills. Fishermen, indeed, frequently state that the herrings "sneeze," just as Aristotle once said that gurnards "grunt."

The gurnard was known to the Greeks as "lyros" and "coocyx," apparently from the noise it was said to make.

Many fish have various forms of utterance attributed to them. On the Norfolk Broads, one often hears it said that an old jack pipe has barked like a dog, and the same is said of the conger eel.

Red-finned herrings, called "loaders" or "kings and queens," are sometimes caught; they are regarded as an omen of a successful fishing. One of them is then taken out of the nets very carefully, prevented from touching anything made of wood, and passed round the scudding poles as many times as the fishermen desire to get lasts of herrings at the new haul.

We can handle your sale bill in short order. With the New Linotype, we can print them so you can put them up going home.

NOTICE OF SALE

In the District Court of Roosevelt County, State of New Mexico. James F. Garmany, Administrator, Plaintiff.

The unknown heirs at law and all unknown persons having or claiming any interest in the property and estate of Esdras Pincine, deceased, Defendants.

No. 1358

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to decree of court in the above entitled cause, the undersigned will on the 29th day of July, 1918, at the hour of eleven o'clock of the forenoon of said day, at the northeast front door of the court house in Portales, Roosevelt County, New Mexico, sell at public outcry, to the highest bidder for cash the lots numbered three and four of block number two of the Benson Addition to the Town of Portales, Roosevelt County, New Mexico, same being the entire west one-half of said block number two, together with all improvements thereon and appurtenances thereunto belonging or appertaining.

Dated this 3rd day of July, 1918. James F. Garmany, Administrator

35 4 t

HIS SUBURBAN DAY

By GEORGIANNA HORN.

"I love my brother," stated the man from Hyde Park. "He is a very admirable young man and looks a great deal like me—but I tell you I am off him and his vine-clad suburban cot for life. Our occasional Sabbath pilgrimages invariably fall on the days when it rains buckets or I want to sleep or train the canary bird, and I set out toward Lemuel's roast beef and ice cream with a stern and rock-bound countenance. I have no doubt that he and his wife are exactly as glad to see us and are demanding of high heaven why they were so unfortunate as to invite us on that particular Sunday, when they could as well have asked us for the Sunday after. Life is like that, you know."

"Imogene and I went out at Bosky Crest a few Sundays ago and after dinner Bertha said she had a treat for us. It seemed that her nephew Arthur, also a dinner guest, was a star member of the home military company and, as he had been a year at West Point, was drilling them until he himself was called. She said it was a wonderful sight to see all the mature residents of Bosky Crest drilling and that we were all going."

"No, they did not drill at Bosky Crest, but at the next suburb, Sylvan Dells, and Lemuel would take us all over in the car, including their three children, only unfortunately he had to take over the Bosky Crest warriors. No, she explained haughtily, not the entire company in one little car, of course, but his contingent. So we would go over on the street car."

"It was a sticky day and when we got to the car line we were moist. Then it rained what the Bosky Crestites call a lovely, growing rain, just enough to spoil your 50-cent suit press and make your eyebrows drip. Reaching Sylvan Dells with many other pilgrims, we walked six blocks sizzling in the sun, arriving at last at a large stretch of field."

"There we sat on the ground while Lemuel's youngest repeated in a loud tone of voice every three minutes, with the calm regularity of an alarm clock, that he was thirsty and desired a drink. I have always thought parents short-sighted in respect to watering their offspring."

"I have observed that an infant's raging thirst invariably increases in direct ratio to the length of the distance to water. What parents should do is to carry an affair like a rolled-up map which they can spread out before the gaze of their small children, revealing a large hand painting of a purring brook and a gallon bottle of spring water—and the knowledge that plenty of fluid was at hand would instantly quell the juvenile craving for the unattainable."

"Just sitting was the best thing we did. With many moons and growls the restless populace from Bosky Crest sat and waited and glared at the gloomy residents of Sylvan Dells. No marchers appeared. Time went on. If my brother's youngest child had really received all the water he yelled for the carner would have called it a justifiable drowning. I am sure."

"Other people's children tramped on my tight shoes and Imogene grew hoarse begging me in stage whispers to keep still, for heaven's sake! Two hours after we had grown to the spot there was a wild yelp of joy and the military company appeared. This is where I learned to dislike heartily Bertha's West Point nephew. For he saw us where we sat, and what did he do but march his company on the double quick clear to the farthest end of that field and, by jinks, he kept them there, so we had to uncoil ourselves and trot over. I never in my life saw such cruelty toward middle-aged and helpless men, who by good rights

should have been stretched out on the parlor sofa snoring with the newspaper over their faces.

"Just as they faced one way nephew barked at them and they jumped toward the opposite direction as though they were shot. There was one dreadful instant when they got tied up in a bowknot through trying to obey two orders at once and I thought they were gone for good. When they had worked like slaves for two more hours and gave no signs of ceasing they dashed by us and Imogene shrieked at nephew and inquired whether he were trying to kill those poor men on the spot or what—and, as this temporarily confused the military morale, they called it a day and disbanded, and I am convinced that many of them owe their lives to my brave wife. Yes, it began to rain again right there, but that was good for the crops—and when we left I dared my brother and his wife to ask us again all summer, and they felt just the same way. So after this we will have our reunions downtown."

"Hm!" said the Woodlawn man. "Catch me ever asking you out to dinner!"

Knew Better.

Teacher was warning to her subject, and, laying down her book, said: "Now, you all understand that the trunk is the middle part of the body, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," chorused the class, with one exception.

"You understand that, too?" asked the teacher of the boy who had not answered.

"No, ma'am, because it isn't so."

"Why, my dear boy, what do you mean?"

"Well," replied the boy, "you ought to go to the circus and see the elephant!"

AGE NO BAR

Everybody in Portales is Eligible. Old people stooped with suffering.

Middle age, courageously fighting.

Youth protesting impatiently.

Children unable to explain.

All in misery from their kidneys.

Perhaps a little backache first.

Urinary troubles, dropsy may follow quickly.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for weak kidneys.

Are endorsed by thousands.

Here's Portales testimony.

Mrs. James E. Nelson, Box 115, says: "About four years ago one of my children was troubled with kidneys. The child had little or no control over the passages of the kidney secretions. This trouble certainly made my housework hard and burdensome. Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended to me and I tried them. A couple of boxes of this medicine cured the child of that kidney trouble and his kidneys have been well and strong ever since."

60 cents at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co. Mfrs. Buffalo N. Y.

Babbit metal at the News office

FOR GOOD PRINTING CALL ON US

An Economical Car

The Chevrolet is the lightest car for its horsepower on the market, consequently lig it on tires and gas.

CHEVROLET

W. W. BRACKEN & COMPANY

Howard Block Portales, N. M.

FOR HIGH GRADE FUEL COAL

Chandler Lump

We are agents for Chandler Lump, one of the very cleanest and best coals that can be bought from Colorado. Give it a trial.

American Block

Telephone Number 3

Portales, New Mexico

J. L. GILLIAM

ALL KINDS OF DRAY WORK

Phone 140 or 13

COL. BILL GORE AUCTIONEER

Being a ranchman I naturally cater to the stock business. When contemplating a sale see me.

Elida or Upton

MY NEW TRUCK

has arrived and I am again in position to do hauling on short notice and at a reasonable price. Your patronage will be appreciated.

W. T. ELROD

Germ-Free Blackleg Vaccine

GERM FREE BLACKLEG VACCINE—Aggressin

Immunes 100 per cent. Permanently.

JOE BEASLEY

PORTALES, N. MEX.

THE CITY EXPRESS

H. V. THOMPSON, Prop.

Any and all kinds of light hauling done quickly and at a reasonable price. Will also do garden plowing.

Phone — — — 27 or 113

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR EYES; PROTECT THEM

Get Guaranteed

And Perfect Glasses that will fit you—and relieve the strain. I guarantee to furnish you good glasses—and fit them by perfect test. Don't delay its dangerous.

DR. W. J. SMITH,

Elida, — — New Mexico

NOTICE—I have a 9-18

Case tractor only plowed

90 acres, that I am offering

for sale cheap for cash or

good note. Must be sold

at once.—J. F. Sellers, Clo-

vis, N. M. 363t

We can handle your sale bill

in short order. With the New Linotype, we can print them so you can put up bills going home.

..The Leach Coal Company..

FOR HIGH GRADE FUEL COAL

Chandler Lump

We are agents for Chandler Lump, one of the very cleanest and best coals that can be bought from Colorado. Give it a trial.

American Block

Telephone Number 3 Portales, New Mexico

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Charles J. Wheaton left Tuesday for Dallas.

Have your vulcanizing done at **Braley's Garage.**

Joe Howard was in Clovis Monday morning.

We build auto tops.—Portales Garage.

Born, last Tuesday a girl to Sheriff and Mrs. Gregg.

F. C. Baker, of Ft. Sumner, was visiting friends in the city this week.

Johnnie Biggerstaff and S. F. Moore, of Clovis, spent Sunday in Portales.

The front of the Neer drug store is receiving a coat of new paint.

G. M. Williamson returned Monday morning from a business trip to Roswell.

Greathouse, Page and Chumley shipped 25 cars of cattle to market Thursday.

A son was born to Postmaster and Mrs. A. F. Jones Wednesday of last week.

Spark plugs of all kinds, inner and outer boots at Braley's Garage.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Priddy left Monday for a few days' stay in and near Roswell.

We build auto tops.—Portales Garage.

A well assorted stock of casings and tubes. Don't buy until you see them.—**Braley's Garage.**

Mrs. E. T. Robinson returned to Elida Friday after a visit here with Mrs. J. K. Robinson.

Howard Leach left Sunday for Roswell, where he has accepted a position in a bank.

Miss Webb entertained a few friends with a slumber party at her home on Saturday night.

Some one gave a pretty lavender and purple handkerchief to a sailor boy at the depot Friday.

Mrs. J. L. Ault and Roy Bradley, both of near Melrose were bitten last week by rattle snakes.

The total amount of pinto beans shipped from New Mexico in the year 1917 was 9,174,000 pounds.

All kinds of headlight and tail light bulbs, lubrication oils and greases at **Braley's Garage.**

Quentin Roosevelt, the younger son of Theodore Roosevelt was killed in action in France, while flying.

Moise Brothers Grocery in Santa Rosa has been ordered shut by the food administration. Profiteering is the cause, one instance being sardines, which were sold at a profit of 120 per cent.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Shelton and his mother are visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Smith. They live in Hope.

Harry Hardt, of Kermit, returned Thursday from Kansas City, where he had cattle on the market.

The Hereford sale at Hereford last week by Eric E. Forbes, of cattle donated to the Red Cross netted \$4,500.

Miss Fannie Williamson returned Tuesday from Carlsbad, where she has been visiting relatives and friends.

Dr. N. F. Wollard was in Deming the last of the week attending a meeting of the draft board physicians of the state.

The city council held a special session last Friday night, but no business of interest was transacted.

Lige Koger, of near Lockney, Texas was here the first of the week buying some through bred sheep.

Burl Johnson, county assessor, has an attack of typhoid fever. He has been confined to his bed since Saturday.

We build auto tops.—Portales Garage.

A call for 200 men to go to Camp Cody, August 5th has been made. Our quota will probably be about ten men.

T. H. Longs and family, of Longs, left this week for east Texas, where they will visit relatives until next September.

George Littlefield, of Kenna, went through Portales Thursday, returning from Littlefield, where he had been on business.

E. D. Hodges, of Hobart, Okla., has traded for the Vandergrif property and will move here soon Mr. Hodges is an auctioneer.

The W. M. M. Society of the Methodist church will meet this afternoon at 4 o'clock at the home of Mrs. W. H. McDonald.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. White, of Durant, Okla., left Monday after a visit here with Mrs. White's brother, Joe Howard and family.

Edgar McMinn and family left Monday morning for their home at Ft. Worth, after a two weeks' visit with friends and relatives in Portales.

Let our mechanics see your car when it needs fixing or overhauling, they know how and will do it right at the right prices.—**Braley's Garage.**

W. O. Goodson, of Clovis, came Monday for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Harve Atkinson. Mr. Goodson is in the draft and leaves tomorrow.

Homer, the 8-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Austin, of near Melrose was badly burned when he lit the powder he found in a shell.

W. E. Martin, of Clovis was killed at the city light plant there last week. He was 39 years of age and leaves a wife and several children.

George Lougee, chief clerk of the State Board of Education, was in Portales this week conferring with County Superintendent Sam J. Stinnett.

J. P. Deen, representative of the American Manufacturing Co., of St. Louis, (the bear grass firm) of Portales was here Monday.—**Melrose Messenger.**

The U. S. Fuel Administration has served notice on brewers that they cannot count on coal further than to brew what grain they now have on hands.

Roscoe Davidson and family passed through Portales Saturday enroute home from an outing in the mountains west of Roswell. Their home is in Hereford.

Mr. and Mrs. Coe Howard and Mrs. Roy Connelly were forced to return from a trip to Ft. Sumner, when a rim on one of the wheels was broken.

J. B. Sledge and family and Mrs. Sledge's mother, Mrs. McGehee, and Rev. W. W. Turner, returned Saturday from a week's trip in the mountains near Las Vegas.

It is estimated that each wolf in the state destroys \$1,000 worth of live stock, each coyote \$50, each mountain lion \$500 and each bobcat \$50, by the state Agriculture authorities.

H. J. Pankratz, of Amarillo, visited a short time the first of the week with Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Johnston and Miss Sydney Pearce. Mr. Pankratz is mail clerk on this line.

In the case of Dr. J. P. Garmany against Troy C. Jones, in Justice Henderson's court Friday afternoon, the jury split the costs between the parties. The suit was over medical attendances.

Frank Irvine, C. V. Harris, S. J. Rice were down to Roswell the last of the week. They also visited Carlsbad. Mrs. Roy Connelly accompanied them as far as Roswell where she is visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John Corn and family of Rotan, Texas, 300 miles east of here are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gilliam. They drove overland.

News want ads for results.

That rain early Thursday morning was a good one, where it fell. From Littlefield to Texico the rainfall was very heavy, probably over two inches. In the northwest part of the county there was some rain fall also.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ball, of Redland, left Thursday for Roswell where they will visit relatives for an extended time. Mr. Ball broke his hip in May and only now is able to walk on his crutches.

Throw Away the Sugar Bowl!

It Is An Ally of the Kaiser and a Friend of the U-Boat

We have 1,600,000 tons of sugar available in the next six months. Out of this we have to feed our army and our navy, and care for the meagre allowances of sugar given our Allies.

This means that for home use and canning we shall have to cut down our sugar consumption materially. Home sugar users are allowed three pounds of sugar per person per month. Only two pounds can be bought at a sale by town customers and five pounds by rural customers.

Home canners can buy their requirements for immediate needs up to 25 pounds by signing a certificate. Additional quantities can only be obtained on permit from the food authorities.

The above allowances leave us twice as much sugar as the rations in the Allied Countries. There will be no sugar famine in New Mexico if everyone does their duty.



CROP REPORT

Crop report for the week ending July 16th.

Local showers fell daily over the north and west counties till the last of the week, when they were fairly general over the east counties. Range and crop conditions are greatly improved in the rain districts.

Raton.—The past week has been favorable for crops, which have improved rapidly. Corn is making good growth and the range is improving.

Springer.—Good rains have fallen over much of the county. The wheat crop is made and oats are heading out. Range grasses are growing well and second cut of alfalfa is good.

Mills.—Moderate temperatures and light showers. Range good. Corn and beans good. Wheat poor, both winter and spring.

Saint Vrain.—Was dry week, but closed showery and warm, range poor.

Roswell.—Rains since the 13th. Local winds did some damage to corn and apples. Pinto bean crop smaller than last year; corn area larger.

Willard.—Light showers but too light to do good. Hot dry winds. Range poor.

The Ford Tractor

Jim Mays received a telegram from P. E. Jordan, who is in El Paso, stating that he had secured the agency for the famous Henry Ford tractor for this and De Baca counties.

The Ford tractor is the genuine product of the Ford factories and is making a name for itself in France and England, where it is ploughing acres of ground for food for the armies.

A good rain fell at Richland Saturday night. Sunday night the rain from Floyd to Portales was very good. Water stood in the road for some hours after the rain. Sunday evening and Monday morning considerable rain fell in and near Portales.

News want ads for results.

A Communication

(Continued from Page One)

acquainted with a large number of people has a much better chance of success than if he knew only a few. We are all business people to a certain extent.

When the public meets in a farmer's institute in the consolidated schools, which belong to the public there is an opportunity for everybody for miles around to receive an intellectual and social uplift. By means of Edison's invention it is possible for the whole community to become familiar with the best music and many other things uplifting and enjoyable. In Roosevelt County I hope to see the consolidation increased and we will find that as a result it will cause many boys and girls to return to the school who have been out for several years. The consolidated school offers attractions and the boy will find that there are things of interest there, and that there will be an opportunity to improve himself and some ready to cooperate with him in the things that interest him. And we will find that those returning will like the school better than they ever did. When we get our one roomed schools consolidated and the work in the industrial arts and in agriculture well grounded we will find that our future citizens will be well trained in large.

The improvement of education is a duty that is more important now than ever before, the rural children will be needed in the majority to take the places of so many at the front that will not come back and we must do our best to have them ready with the best equipment our schools can have. There appears to be nothing in the present or prospective war emergency to justify curtailment in any respect of the sessions of the elementary schools or education of boys or girls under 14 years of age and nothing which should serve as an excuse for interference with the progress and development of the school system, so says the Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane. There are many

reasons why we should consolidate our schools as fast as possible. The plan of centralization of our schools offers equal advantages to all the children of the community and permits a better grading of schools and classification of pupils. It affords an opportunity for thorough work by adding more weeks of school and in the addition of higher grades of study. Fewer but better and more capable teachers will be employed and besides it brings the stimulating influence of larger classes, with the spirit of emulation incident thereto. There are many things to be considered under the head of consolidation but where ever it has been tried it has proven a success and I hope Roosevelt County will do her best to give it a trial.—Mrs. W. F. Greer, Garrison, N. M.

UPTON

Among the Upton stockmen who have shipped stock to market the last week are A. J. McNutt, 2 cars, W. G. Upton, 2 cars and A. B. Crone and C. S. Gunn 1 car each.

A. J. McNutt, the real estate man, has a contract with a Kansas feeder to supply several hundred yearlings.

Miss Hazel Gore was in Portales Saturday.

This community was visited with several showers this week.

All told it made a pretty good rain, the dampness going down several inches. The precipitation in the Ingram settlement was more than here.

The Red Cross quilt that Mrs. Bert Gore made was sold in Portales Saturday at the Red Cross rally. Mrs. Gore is one of our most industrious members of the Upton Red Cross, who are doing their full share in helping win the war.

Mrs. E. J. McEntire and children leave Wednesday for Aeme, N. M., where they will join her husband who is employed at the cement works.

Mr. McEntire says that workmen draw from \$6 to \$10 a day.

The First War Time Duty

of every loyal citizen is to firmly back up the Government and all its institutions.

The Federal Reserve Banking System is a government institution established for the protection of the banking public. This institution is a member of the system.

It is the patriotic duty of every citizen to save and economize as they have never done before and invest their savings in War Savings Stamps.

Remember! The men in our army and navy do not expect luxuries. Should we at home expect them? Buy only the necessities and War Saving Stamps. We can supply you.

The First National Bank

"THE BANK WHERE YOU FEEL AT HOME"