

# THE PORTALES VALLEY NEWS

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## Letter from David Major

Henry Waggoner has received a letter from David Major, well known in Portales, telling of his experiences lately. After some business matters being told of, he says: I left Portales last fall on account of the drouth, which you know was very serious. I went to Pocomoke City, Maryland, which I selected as the most likely place and the most prosperous place that I knew.

I stayed there long enough to learn that their prosperity was all a sham and I had about decided to go back to Portales, when I learned that the drouth was not broken and the cattle were dying. A short time ago I accidentally learned about this place where everything grew in a most luxuriant manner. Here the weeds grow 20 feet high and 2 feet through, while potatoes make 200 bushels to the acre and two crops to the season, tomatoes 20 tons to the acre, cabbage covers the ground etc, etc.

The world famed place where I now am is Moore Haven, Fla.

I came here and saw that all this was true and I invested before I found out about all the draw backs. We are so far from market that the produce does not pay the freight.

As a sample of the conditions one man told me he could go and dig 500 bushels of potatoes, making 200 bushels to the acre, and with these fine large Irish potatoes, but they would beg for a market.

Onions are covering the place, and no sale. Cabbage, raised last winter, is lost—no market. One man lost \$10,000 before he quit shipping. Yes, I am a long way from Portales, but if I could get loose here I would fly back to Portales, and take my chances on dry weather. Portales is a good place to live in and a good place to die in and is as near Heaven as any place in this wilderness of woe.—David Major, Moore Haven, Fla.

## The Soldiers Chances.

Great as the danger and large as the losses in the aggregate, the individual soldier has plenty of chances of coming out of the war unscathed, or at least not badly injured.

Based on the mortality statistics of the Allied army, a soldier's chances are as follows:

Twenty-nine chances of coming home to one of being killed.

One chance in 500 of losing a limb.

Will live five years longer because of physical training, is freer from disease in the army than in civil life, and has better medical care at the front than at home.

In other wars from 10 to 15 men died from disease to one from bullets; in this war one man dies from disease to every ten from bullets.

For those of our fighting men who do not escape scatheless, the government under the soldier and sailor insurance law gives protection to the wounded and their dependants and to the families and dependents, of those who made the supreme sacrifice to their country.

Judge T. E. Mears returned Friday from San Antonio, where he attended a national conference of the Council of Defense. While there he visited one or more of the aviation camps. He was struck through the thigh by a bullet from the Ellington field, visiting a personal friend, who is head medical officer. Judge Mears was told that there were plenty of planes in the country. Only the day before two freight car loads of the air planes had been received and were waiting for mechanics to set them up. Only those who have a pass are allowed on the fields and then may not enter the hangars or approach the planes.

24x36 carbon paper for fancy work, 15c at News

## WORLD NEWS

The prospective wheat crop has been cut down by the June reports about 40 million bushels. The May report of the department of agriculture placed the harvest at 931 million bushels, but the yield according to the June report will be 891 million bushels.

Boston this week was notified of the new regulations for the shoes for the spring of 1919. No shoe shall be over 8 inches high and of either two shades of brown, or black or white only. The heels will be low and the curves of the present styles will be missing.

A leading Berlin paper denies Secretary Baker's statement that there are a million Americans in France. The paper states upon what it calls good authority, the wish of the Kaiser probably, that the figures are entirely too large.

The losses by U-boats are now about 25 per cent of the losses at the time of the highest toll.

A Norwegian steamer was sunk in mid ocean by a sub and only 11 of the 27 men in the crew were rescued.

Von Kuchmann, German foreign minister, has resigned. He recently stated in a speech that Germany could not hope to win the war by force. Great indignation was aroused and his resignation was "accepted" this week by Kaiser Bill.

A train crash near Nashville Tuesday caused the death of nearly 100 persons, mostly employees of a powder factory near Nashville.

A coal allowance is the next thing on the program. The Fuel administration has already laid plans for the operation of the fuel allowance next winter.

Death toll in the army and marine corps since the war began is 11,086 men.

Ninety-three persons are missing after the sinking of the Illinois river steamer, Columbia, at Peoria.

Tex Parker rode Dunn Gone, Albuquerque's famous bucking horse three jumps before he was thrown. Besides his bruises Tex is mourning the loss of \$1,000 he bet that he could ride the horse.

Pool hall are not needed in winning the war, according to the South Dakota Council and unless they are run by women or men over the draft age, they may be closed.

## Red Cross Rally.

Plans for the Red Cross rally to be held on the court house lawn in Portales the third Saturday in July, the 20th, are being completed. Next week we will be able to publish the program.

The rally is for every auxiliary in the county and a delegate from every one is expected. Each member of the Red Cross in the county is asked to be present. The program will consist of a five minute speech by a delegate from each auxiliary in the county followed by a musical program.

J. S. Long, county chairman, is trying to get a representative of the Red Cross from the Denver headquarters to be present and speak.

A dinner will be served at noon and everyone is invited to spend the day in the interest of the Red Cross.

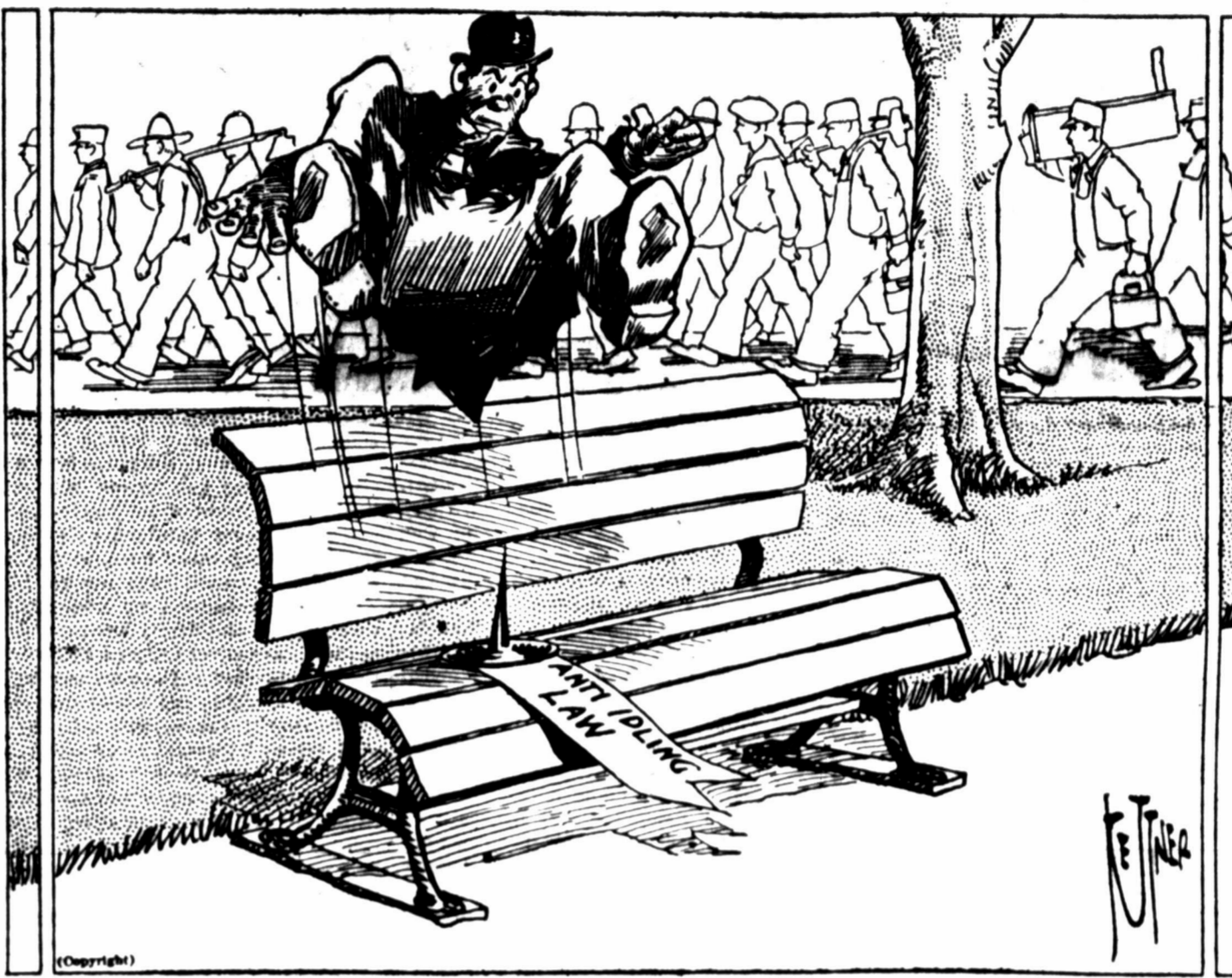
## The Hottest Yet.

The last Saturday in June was the hottest day in the history of the local weather recording station, according to E. P. Kuhl, who keeps the records.

Several days lately the mercury has been around and over a hundred, the average here being under 100 the last few years.

The temperature Saturday, the 29th of June was 106, three degrees higher than the best former record, a day in June 1913, when the temperature was 103.

## Work or Fight



## SIX YEARS AGO

From Valley News Files

J. H. Mook and Son have a new deal to offer. They will furnish a 25 horse-power engine and ready to pull water and give you eight years to pay for it.

The T. F. Cs entertained for Miss Josephine McMannaway, who was leaving for her home in Petersburg, Va.

Miss Carrie Reese came in from her claim near Inez for a visit with Mrs. A. A. Williams.

The Fourth was celebrated at Redland. A large crowd was present.

Mrs. F. A. Dunlap left for Tyler, Texas, after visiting her son, W. O. Dunlap for a short time.

Carl Mueller tells how to save green beans and cucumbers for winter use. In a clean jar place alternate layers of dry salt and the vegetable to be preserved until the jar is full, is his receipt.

The Herzstein Seed Co., operating stores at Estancia and Clayton were ordered closed this week by Food Administrator Hoover. The company is said to have done a half million dollars worth of business a year. Failure to observe monthly reports and manipulation of the bean buying is said to have been the cause of the action.

The celebration of the Fourth at Dora was attended by a very large crowd. The dinner was one of the best ever served in the county. The proceeds were for the Red Cross, but were small.

Corporal Carl A. Reed and Corporal Homer Compton, both of Company A 144th Machine Gun Battalion, stationed at Camp Kearney, have been promoted to sergeants. Reed lives at Elida, while Compton is from Portales.

The preliminary of C. E. Wantland charged with shooting John Trotter was postponed from Saturday until Trotter's condition changes. The first of the week Trotter was resting easy, although paralyzed from the chest down.

A handsome silver service has been presented to the battle ship New Mexico. The ship has been in commission for over a year, and today is doubtless as ready as the state for which it was named to help win the war. The ship has ten 14 inch rifles as principal armament.

## HALF MINUTE INTERVIEWS

P. E. Jordan: No matter if we get a four inch rain one day and no showers afterwards, the grass will be no good.

Joe Boren: That dog following me around is not mine.

W. H. McDonald: I would not be surprised to see sugar go off the market.

Henry Waggoner: That small scratch on my hand is where I hit a man.

Sign for Sugar. Effective the first of this week purchasers of sugar must sign a blank application for the two pound package of the sweetness.

The blank binds the buyer to limit himself to the amount prescribed by the Food Administration, three pounds per person per month.

Chance for Cattlemen to Help. The American Red Cross is asking for donations of one heifer from each 500 head, to be branded with A. R. C. The branding is to be done soon and the heifers will be exhibited at a show in Denver in the fall and then sold. Suitable prizes are offered for the best exhibits from any county in the state.

After the show the cattle are to be sold and the proceeds given to the Red Cross.

Marriage Licenses. Abbie Dupuy, Elida Wesley Wixam, Elida Vennie Fleming, Lingo James A. Keller, Allie Estelle Whitfield, Acme R. L. Row, Acme Frances Pearson, Artesia Claud Medlock, Artesia

Removal Notice. On and after the 15th of July, my office will be in the room in the rear of the First National Bank building, the room formerly occupied by Connelly & Littlejohn. Dr. D. R. Williams. 361f

Talking of Consolidation. The patrons of school districts, 113, 4 and 15, Blanco, Bethel and Zoar are talking of consolidating their schools, with the new one to be at Bethel. There are about 60 pupils in the three districts. No action has been taken on the proposition as yet.

Valley View Celebrated. A large crowd celebrated the Fourth at Valley View. Speaking music and other entertainments filled the day. A big dinner was served at noon.

## Doss-Shelby.

A Red Cross meeting was held at Shelby Sunday, June 30 and dinner at noon. Prof. and Mrs. J. S. Long and Rev. and Mrs. F. G. Calloway were present and made speeches. There was a large crowd present.

The weather continues to be dry. Crops look well considering the prolonged drouth.

Born to Henry Y. Freeman and wife a girl, June 20.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Hawse died and was buried Tuesday July 2nd. The community extends their sympathy to the parents.

It is with deep regret that our community learned of the loss of a good friend and neighbor, in the death of Mrs. P. O. Naylor. She leaves to mourn her a husband, two children, parents, one brother, and three sisters, besides other relatives and a host of friends.

O. L. Bostick has shipped several cars of cattle lately.

Mrs. Watt Williams was in town Friday and Saturday taking teachers' examinations.

Charles R. Salter left for the harvest fields in Kansas recently. He reports good wheat crops and men scarce where he is at.

Charley Bostick and family are thinking of going to Texas for harvest.

Master Benjamin Salter was quite ill for two or three days recently because of the heat.

Samuel Grove is inclined to be under the weather the last few days.

P. O. Naylor and children have gone to Texas for a visit with relatives.

Mrs. Stevens has been ill for the last three weeks.

A handsome monument was erected at the last resting place of J. A. Lorenzo De Visconte father of Mrs. C. R. Salter by the South Plains Monument Co.

Watt Williams happened to quite a painful accident a few days ago, when a car ran over his ankle. The accident occurred near Delphos.

The ladies of our chapter are making a service quilt with two service blocks in it, in honor of Charley Thomas and Ned Moore, from our community. It will be sold at the Red Cross rally in Portales July 20th. Our ladies are knitting for our soldier boys and let us all help. Every little bit helps, no matter how little.

J. G. McEInney, of Roswell, is here visiting his brother-in-law W. H. McDonald and family.

## Club Work in New Mexico.

The Boys' and Girls' Clubs in the state have made such progress that they now have:

4 State leaders.  
19 County leaders.  
200 (estimated) volunteer local leaders.

5122 Club members. The average income of club members in New Mexico in 1917 was nearly \$20.00. This was above all expenses including time spent at 10c per hour.

These 5122 club members are raising:

489 pigs (mostly purebred)  
65 calves  
27 sheep  
6270 chickens  
500 rabbits  
999 acres field crops  
50 acres gardens

1960 members are in the sewing and cooking clubs.

54 members are doing work the nature of which was not reported when this statement was made.

These figures cover the enrollment to June 1, 1918. Special effort was made during June to enroll pig club members. The enrollment in the canning and drying clubs is being pushed during June and July. The results of these campaigns are not known at this time.

## Want Skilled Men.

The engineer's corps is in need of certain skilled men. Only those white men qualified for general military service may be accepted under this call. No man who is needed to fill the July calls already announced should be allowed to volunteer for this service.

The following types of men are desired: automobile repair men, ax men, blacksmiths, boatmen, bridge carpenters, cabinet makers, construction foremen, cooks, draftsmen, electricians, caulkers, concrete foremen or workers, gas engine men, stationery engine-men, farriers, horseshoers, lithographers, machinists, buglers, photographers, plumbers, powder men, quarrymen, riggers, saddlers, shoemakers, telephone operators, timbermen, topographers. Those who wish to volunteer for any of these branches of the service, should get their applications in not later than the 15th of this month.

## Accidentally Shot

Lee Johnson, son of Burl Johnson was accidentally shot in the left hand with a 22 rifle in the hands of Neal Banks while the boys were hunting rabbits Sunday at a ranch nine miles west of town. The Banks boy shot under a house at a rabbit, when the Johnson boy was on the opposite side of the house looking for the rabbit. The bullet cut off the end of the thumb and went thro the middle finger.

## Cowmen Ask For Rates

Cowmen of the Panhandle are asking for special freight rates on the return of the stock they shipped out some time ago to grass. They want to re-stock their range again and want a 70 per cent of the old rate, for the charge for hauling their cattle back. The proposition of the cowmen will probably be accepted by the railroads.

## Hay Fever Time.

If some doctor wants to do a real work for humanity, let him discover some plan for stopping hay fever and he will be more famous than Henry Ford. There are many sufferers from this malady in Portales just now. And if you think any of these men or women are not sick, when he or she has hay fever, just take a look at the victim. Most of them look as if they had been on a drunk for a week and probably feel a good deal worse.

John R. Talengar, of Amarillo, is here visiting his brother-in-law W. H. McDonald and family.



# "OVER THE TOP"

## AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

### ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### Gas Attacks and Spies.

Three days after we had silenced Fritz, the Germans sent over gas. It did not catch us unawares, because the wind had been made to order, that is, it was blowing from the German trenches toward ours at the rate of about five miles per hour.

Warnings had been passed down the trench to keep a sharp lookout for gas.

We had a new man at the periscope, on this afternoon in question; I was sitting on the fire step, cleaning my rifle, when he called out to me:

"There's a sort of greenish, yellow cloud rolling along the ground out in front, it's coming—"

But I waited for no more, grabbing my bayonet, which was detached from the rifle, I gave the alarm by banging an empty shell case, which was hanging near the periscope. At the same instant, gongs started ringing down the trench, the signal for Tommy to don his respirator, or smoke helmet, as we call it.

Gas travels quickly, so you must not lose any time; you generally have about eighteen or twenty seconds in which to adjust your gas helmet.

A gas-helmet is made of cloth, treated with chemicals. There are two windows, or glass eyes, in it, through which you can see. Inside there is a rubber-covered tube, which goes in the mouth. You breathe through your nose; the gas, passing through the cloth helmet, is neutralized by the action of the chemicals. The foul air is exhaled through the tube in the mouth, this tube being so constructed that it prevents the inhaling of the outside air or gas. One helmet is good for five hours of the strongest gas. Each Tommy carries two of them slung around his shoulder in a waterproof canvas bag. He must wear this bag at all times, even while sleeping. To change a defective helmet, you take out the new one, hold your breath, pull the old one off, placing the new one over your head, tucking in the loose ends under the collar of your tunic.

For a minute, pandemonium reigned in our trench—Tommyes adjusting their helmets, bombers running here and there, and men turning out of the dugouts with fixed bayonets, to man the fire step.

Re-enforcements were pouring out of the communication trenches.

Our gun's crew were busy mounting the machine gun on the parapet and bringing up extra ammunition from the dugout.

German gas is heavier than air and soon fills the trenches and dugouts, where it has been known to lurk for two or three days, until the air is purified by means of large chemical sprayers.

We had to work quickly, as Fritz generally follows the gas with an infantry attack.

A company man on our right was too slow in getting on his helmet; he sank to the ground, clutching at his throat, and after a few spasmodic twittings went West (died). It was horrible to see him die, but we were powerless to help him. In the corner of a traverse, a little, muddy cur dog, one of the company's pets, was lying dead, with his paws over his nose.

It's the animals that suffer the most—the horses, mules, cattle, dogs, cats and rats—they having no helmets to save them. Tommy does not sympathize with rats in a gas attack.

At times gas has been known to travel, with dire results, fifteen miles behind the lines.

A gas, or smoke helmet, as it is called, at the best is a vile-smelling thing, and it is not long before one gets a violent headache from wearing it.

Our eighteen-pounders were bursting in No Man's Land, in an effort, by the artillery, to disperse the gas clouds.

The fire step was lined with crouching men, bayonets fixed, and bombs near at hand to repel the expected attack.

Our artillery had put a barrage of curtain fire on the German lines, to keep back their attack and try back re-enforcements.

I trained my machine gun on their trench and its bullets were raking the parapet.

Then over they came, bayonets glistening. In their respirators, which have a large snout in front, they looked like some horrible nightmare.

All along our trench, rifles and machine guns spoke, our shrapnel was bursting over their heads. They went down in heaps, but new ones took the place of the fallen. Nothing could stop that mad rush. The Germans reached our barbed wire, which had previously been demolished by their shells, then it was bomb against bomb, and the devil for all.

Suddenly my head seemed to burst from a loud "crack" in my ear. This

my head began to swim, throat got dry, and a heavy pressure on the lungs warned me that my helmet was leaking. Turning by gun over to No. 2, I changed helmets.

The trench started to wind like a snake, and sandbags appeared to be floating in the air. The noise was horrible; I sank onto the fire step, needles seemed to be pricking my flesh, then blackness.

I was awakened by one of my mates, removing my smoke helmet. How delicious that cool, fresh air felt in my lungs.

A strong wind had arisen and dispersed the gas.

They told me that I had been "out" for three hours; they thought I was dead.

The attack had been repulsed after a hard fight. Twice the Germans had gained a foothold in our trench, but had been driven out by counter-attacks. The trench was filled with their dead and ours. Through a periscope I counted eighteen dead Germans in our wire; they were a ghastly sight in their horrible-looking respirators.

I examined my first smoke helmet. A bullet had gone through it on the left side, just grazing my ear. The gas had penetrated through the hole made in the cloth.

Out of our crew of six we lost two killed and two wounded.

That night we buried all of the dead, excepting those in No Man's Land. In death there is no much distinction; friend and foe are treated alike.

After the wind had dispersed the gas the R. A. M. C. got busy with their chemical sprayers, spraying out the dugouts and low parts of the trenches to dissipate any fumes of the German gas which may have been lurking in same.

Two days after the gas attack I was sent to division headquarters, in answer to an order requesting that captains of units should detail a man whom they thought capable of passing an examination for the divisional intelligence department.

Before leaving for this assignment I went along the front-line trench saying good-by to my mates and bidding it over them, telling them that I had



A Gas Helmet.

licked a cushy job behind the lines, and how sorry I felt that they had to stay in the front line and argue out the war with Fritz. They were envious but still good-natured, and as I left the trench to go to the rear they shouted after me:

"Good luck, Yank, old boy; don't forget to send up a few fags to your old mates."

I promised to do this and left.

I reported at headquarters with sixteen others and passed the required examination. Out of the sixteen applicants four were selected.

I was highly elated because I was, I thought, in for a cushy job back at the base.

The next morning the four reported to division headquarters for instructions. Two of the men were sent to large towns in the rear of the lines with an easy job. When it came our turn the officer told us we were good men and had passed a very creditable examination.

My tin hat began to get too small for me, and I noted that the other man, Atwell by name, was sticking his chest out more than usual.

The officer continued: "I think I can use you two men to great advantage in the front line. Here are your orders and instructions, also the pass which gives you full authority as special M. P. detailed on intelligence work. Report at the front line according to your instructions. It is risky work and I wish you both the best of luck."

My heart dropped to zero and Atwell's face was a study. We saluted and left.

That wishing us the "best of luck" sounded very ominous in our ears; if he had said "I wish you both a swift and painless death" it would have been more to the point.

When we had read our instructions we knew we were in for it good and plenty.

What Atwell said is not fit for publication, but I strongly seconded his opinion of the war, army and divisional headquarters in general.

After a bit our spirits rose. We were full-fledged spy-catchers, because our instructions and orders, said so.

We immediately reported to the nearest French estaminet and had several glasses of muddy water, which they called beer. After drinking our beer we left the estaminet and hailed an empty ambulance.

After showing the driver our passes we got in. The driver was going to the part of the line where we had to report.

How the wounded ever survived a ride in that ambulance was inexplicable to me. It was worse than riding on a gun carriage over a rock road.

The driver of the ambulance was a corporal of the R. A. M. C., and he had the "wind up," that is, he had an aversion to being under fire.

I was riding on the seat with him while Atwell was sitting in the ambulance, with his legs hanging out of the back.

As we passed through a shell-destroyed village a mounted military policeman stopped us and informed the driver to be very careful when we got out on the open road, as it was very dangerous, because the Germans lately had acquired the habit of shelling it. The corporal asked the trooper if there was any other way around, and was informed that there was not. Upon this he got very nervous and wanted to turn back, but we insisted that he proceed and explained to him that he would get into serious trouble with his commanding officer if he returned without orders; we wanted to ride, not walk.

From his conversation we learned that he had recently come from England with a draft and had never been under fire, hence his nervousness.

We convinced him that there was not much danger, and he appeared greatly relieved.

When we at last turned into the open road we were not so confident. On each side there had been a line of trees, but now, all that was left of them were torn and battered stumps. The fields on each side of the road were dotted with recent shell holes, and we passed several in the road itself.

We had gone about half a mile when a shell came whistling through the air and burst in a field about three hundred yards to our right. Another sound followed this one and burst on the edge of the road about four hundred yards in front of us.

I told the driver to throw in his speed clutch, as we must be in sight of the Germans. I knew the signs; that battery was ranging for us, and the quicker we got out of its zone of fire the better. The driver was trembling like a leaf, and every minute I expected him to pile us up in the ditch. I preferred the German fire.

In the back Atwell was holding onto the straps for dear life, and was singing at the top of his voice:

We beat you at the Marne.  
We beat you at the Aisne.  
We gave you hell at Neuve Chapelle.  
And here we are again.

Just then we hit a small shell hole and nearly capsized. Upon a loud yell from the rear I looked behind, and there was Atwell sitting in the middle of the road, shaking his fist at us. His equipment, which he had taken off upon getting into the ambulance, was strung out on the ground, and his rifle was in the ditch.

I shouted to the driver to stop, and in his nervousness he put on the brakes. We nearly pitched out head-first. But the applying of those brakes saved our lives. The next instant there was a blinding flash and a deafening report. All that I remember is that I was flying through the air, and wondering if I would land in a soft spot. Then the lights went out.

When I came to, Atwell was pouring water on my head out of his bottle. On the other side of the road the corporal was sitting, rubbing a lump on his forehead with his left hand, while his right arm was bound up in a blood-soaked bandage. He was moaning very loudly. I had an awful headache and the skin on the left side of my face was full of gravel and the blood was trickling from my nose.

But that ambulance was turned over in the ditch and was perforated with holes from fragments of the shell. One of the front wheels was slowly revolving, so I could not have been "out" for a long period.

The shells were still screaming overhead, but the battery had raised its fire and they were bursting in a little wood about half a mile from us.

Atwell spoke up, "I wish that officer hadn't wished us the best of luck." Then he commenced swearing. I couldn't help laughing, though my head was nigh to bursting.

Slowly rising to my feet I felt myself all over to make sure that there were no broken bones. But outside of a few bruises and scratches I was all right. The corporal was still moaning, but more from shock than pain. A shell splinter had gone through the flesh of his right forearm. Atwell and I, from our first-aid pouches, put a tourniquet on his arm to stop the bleeding and then gathered up our equipment.

We realized that we were in a dangerous spot. At any minute a shell might drop on the road and finish us off. The village we had left was not very far, so we told the corporal he had better go back to it and get his arm dressed, and then report the fact of the destruction of the ambulance to the military police. He was well able to walk, so he set off in the direction of the village, while Atwell and I continued our way on foot.

Without further mishap we arrived

at our destination, and reported to brigade headquarters for rations and billets.

That night we slept in the battalion sergeant major's dugout. The next morning I went to a first-aid post and had the gravel picked out of my face.

The instructions we received from division headquarters read that we were out to catch spies, patrol trenches, search German dead, reconnoiter in No Man's Land, and take part in trench raids and prevent the robbing of the dead.

I had a pass which would allow me to go anywhere at any time in the sector of the line held by our division. It gave me authority to stop and search ambulances, motor lorries, wagons and even officers and soldiers, whenever my suspicions deemed it necessary.

Atwell and I were allowed to work together or singly—it was left to our judgment. We decided to team up.

Atwell was a good companion and very entertaining. He had an utter contempt for danger, but was not foolhardy. At swearing he was a wonder. A cavalry regiment would have been proud of him. Though born in England, he had spent several years in New York. He was about six feet one, and as strong as an ox.

We took up our quarters in a large dugout of the royal engineers, and mapped out our future actions. This dugout was on the edge of a large cemetery, and several times at night in returning to it, we got many a fall stumbling over the graves of English, French and Germans. Atwell on these occasions never indulged in swearing, though at any other time, at the least stumbe, he would turn the air blue.

A certain section of our trenches was held by the Royal Irish rifles. For several days a very strong rumor went the rounds that a German spy was in our midst. This spy was supposed to be dressed in the uniform of a British staff officer. Several stories had been told about an officer wearing a red band around his cap, who patrolled the front-line and communication trenches asking suspicious questions as to location of batteries, machine-gun emplacements, and trench mortars. If a shell dropped in a battery, on a machine gun or even near a dugout, this spy was blamed.

The rumor gained such strength that an order was issued for all troops to immediately place under arrest anyone answering to the description of the spy.

Atwell and I were on the qui vive. We constantly patrolled the trenches at night, and even in the day, but the spy always eluded us.

One day while in a communication trench, we were horrified to see our brigadier general, Old Pepper, being brought down by a big private of the Royal Irish rifles. The general was walking in front, and the private with fixed bayonet was following in the rear.

We saluted as the general passed us. The Irishman had a broad grin on his face and we could scarcely believe our eyes—the general was under arrest. After passing a few feet beyond us, the general turned, and said in a wrathful voice to Atwell:

"Tell this d—n fool who I am. He's arrested me as a spy."

Atwell was speechless. The sentry butted in with:

"None o' that gassin' out o' you. Back to headquarters you goes, Mr. Fritz. Open that face o' yours again, an' I'll dent in your napper with the butt o' me rifle."

The general's face was a sight to behold. He was fairly boiling over with rage, but he shut up.

Atwell tried to get in front of the sentry to explain to him that it really was the general he had under arrest, but the sentry threatened to run his bayonet through him, and would have done it, too. So Atwell stepped aside, and remained silent. I was nearly bursting with suppressed laughter. One word, and I would have exploded. If it were not exactly diplomatic to laugh at your general in such a predicament.

The sentry and his prisoner arrived at brigade headquarters with disastrous results to the sentry.

The joke was that the general had personally issued the order for the spy's arrest. It was a habit of the general to walk through the trenches on rounds of inspection, unattended by any of his staff. The Irishman, being new in the regiment, had never seen the general before, so when he came across him alone in a communication trench, he promptly put him under arrest. Brigadier generals wear a red band around their caps.

Next day we passed the Irishman to the wheel of a limber, the beginning of his sentence of twenty-one days, field punishment No. 1. Never before have I seen such a woebegone expression on a man's face.

For several days, Atwell and I made ourselves scarce around brigade headquarters. We did not want to meet the general.

The spy was never caught.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Firing Squad.

A few days later I had orders to report back to divisional headquarters, about thirty kilos behind the line. I reported to the A. P. M. (assistant provost marshal). He told me to report to billet No. 78 for quarters and rations.

It was about eight o'clock at night and I was tired and soon fell asleep in the straw of the billet. It was a miserable night outside, cold, and a drizzly rain was falling.

About two in the morning I was awakened by some one shaking me by the shoulder. Opening my eyes I saw a regimental sergeant major bending over me. He had a lighted lantern in his right hand. I started to ask him

## ..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..



### An attractive finish for wall-board

The artistic paneled effect of wall-board will be made even more attractive and more substantial-looking when painted with

## DEVOE *The Guaranteed* Velour Finish

Wall paper cannot be satisfactorily applied to wall-board. It should always be painted. Velour Finish will make any room comfortable and homelike. It is an oil paint that gives a velvet-like finish to walls, ceilings and woodwork.

It is easy to clean all surfaces painted with Velour Finish because they can be washed with soap and water.

We recommend Velour Finish for all interior work. It is the easiest way to obtain thoroughly sanitary walls. Come in and see the great variety of tints you may select from. Ask for booklet—"Harmony in the Home."

## 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

## THE TWIN WHEEL WINDMILL



The greatest IRRIGATOR on earth. Awarded silver cup and diploma over all other windmills pumping water at NEW MEXICO STATE FAIR. Was in a class by its self. We GUARANTEE to pump you from 100 to 500 gallons per minute or your money back. It is backed by the strongest guarantee ever put out by a manufacturer. Nothing to get out of order. The wind is your gasoline. Being sold all over the western half of the UNITED STATES. Sold in 6, 8, 10 and 12 ft. sizes. Irrigation is practical up to 150 ft. without

windmill. In deep wells for live stock water we have mills pumping 865 feet with perfect satisfaction.

H. H. HAWKINS, Agent  
PORTALES, NEW MEXICO



W. W. BRACKEN & COMPANY  
Howard Block Portales, N. M.

### An Economical Car

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



(Continued on page 5)



1—Major General Brancker of the British air force, who is in America to arrange for transatlantic airplane flights. 2—Two corps of Czech-Slovak troops arriving in Vladivostok on their way to France to help the allies. 3—Italian and French officers at Lake Garda looking over the region where it was believed the Austrians might resume their attack.

### NEWS REVIEW OF THE PAST WEEK

#### Italians Convert the Austrian Drive Into a Defeat and a Disastrous Rout.

#### ENEMY LOSSES ARE 250,000

German military leaders were reported very much disgusted with the failure of their Austrian allies, and it is believed they will now try their hand again on the west front in France or Flanders. Their arrangements for a resumption of the offensive were said last week to be about completed, and a great increase in the activity in the air heralded a new drive. But the comparative calm of several weeks had enabled the allies also to prepare, and their commanders expressed the utmost confidence in the ability to stop the Huns again, wherever they might elect to attack. Early in the week the American government let it be known that there were then in France 900,000 Americans, of whom 650,000 were combatants, and that by July 1 the number would be 1,000,000. These men are being put into the front lines with extraordinary rapidity, and are now holding sectors of varying length in at least six places.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD.

The grand offensive of the Austrians in Italy, a failure almost from the start, developed into a defeat, and then suddenly into a disastrous rout last week. The hungry armies of Emperor Charles, unable to advance against the gallant Italians and their allies, took advantage of the sudden subsidence of the flood in the Piave to retreat under cover of darkness, but the dawn of Sunday revealed their movements and General Diaz struck swiftly. From the Montello to the sea the Italian artillery poured a murderous fire into the throngs of Austrians who, abandoning their guns, were trying to get across the river. Then the infantry, and even the cavalry men, were called into action and speedily completed the rout. The Piave was almost choked with the enemy's dead. Within two days the Austrians had not only lost all the ground they gained in their first rush, but had been driven entirely across the river to and in some cases beyond their former lines. Their losses were conservatively estimated at 250,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners. In addition the Italians captured great numbers of guns and quantities of munitions and equipment.

The Austrian rear guards fought most stubbornly at the Montello and at the Zenson bend, those at the latter place protecting the two remaining permanent bridges between there and the mouth of the river. The enemy suffered severely from the work of the allied air forces and in this the new American aviators were conspicuous. All Italy celebrated the great victory and the overenthusiastic, there as elsewhere, expected the Italian army to follow it up by driving the Austrians out of the country. But General Diaz is too wise to fall into a trap similar to the one that caught the enemy. The Austrians have been very long enough to have organized a very strong defensive line, and moreover, the Germans were rushing troops to their support all last week. Diaz did not fail to follow up his advantage in the mountain region, however, for it is there that the next attack is expected. His troops improved their positions very considerably, especially at Monte Grappa, the height that is the key to the passage down to the plains between the Brenta and the Piave.

The crushing defeat of the Austrians had an enormous moral effect in all the belligerent countries. The news caused a profound depression in Austria and Germany that was contrasted by the jubilation in the allied nations. Italy said that all it now asks is the presence of American troops on its front, and these, presumably, are on the way if not already there. In the dual monarchy the disaster on the Piave only accentuated the serious internal conditions, further encouraging the rebellious Czechs and Slovaks and Slavs, and increasing the general demand for food and peace. The government has neither the one nor the other to offer, for both are under the control of Germany. The spirit of revolution is rife in Austria-Hungary, but a note of warning is sounded by French statesmen, who declare that the allies must not count on the success of a rebellion there. The disaffected peoples are separate and without competent leadership and Austria's allies could easily lend the

troops necessary to suppress any uprisings. Putting Austria out of the war is not yet the way to a general peace.

German military leaders were reported very much disgusted with the failure of their Austrian allies, and it is believed they will now try their hand again on the west front in France or Flanders. Their arrangements for a resumption of the offensive were said last week to be about completed, and a great increase in the activity in the air heralded a new drive. But the comparative calm of several weeks had enabled the allies also to prepare, and their commanders expressed the utmost confidence in the ability to stop the Huns again, wherever they might elect to attack. Early in the week the American government let it be known that there were then in France 900,000 Americans, of whom 650,000 were combatants, and that by July 1 the number would be 1,000,000. These men are being put into the front lines with extraordinary rapidity, and are now holding sectors of varying length in at least six places.

The Americans in the Chateau Thierry region were the heroes of the main operation on the west front last week. Finding the Germans had established machine-gun nests in a corner of Belleau wood, they routed them out completely in a swift and brilliant night action, and then went on to clean up an enemy stronghold south of the village of Torcy. This required seven hours of fierce fighting, but at the end of that time the Americans were in undisputed possession of the objective, a wooded hill which commands the German positions in either direction. They had killed some 700 Huns and captured several hundred more, including a dozen officers. The work of the artillery in this operation was remarkable. The losses of the Americans were not out of proportion to the importance of the results.

As usual after a big offensive, Germany put forth another peace feeling, though without waiting for the full measure of Austria's failure to develop. This time Dr. Von Kuehlmann, secretary of foreign affairs, was the mouthpiece. His address in the reichstag not only was received with scorn by the allies, but served to arouse the anger of most of his own countrymen, for two reasons. First, he admitted that the central powers no longer had a chance to win victory by force alone; second, he declared that Russia was chiefly to blame for the war, and that France and England were next in order of culpability. So far as war aims and peace offers were concerned he said nothing new. The reichstag heard his address in gloomy silence and then the party leaders attacked it bitterly. It was reported Thursday that Dr. Von Kuehlmann was about to resign. He might be given a job as court jester in view of his statement that a preliminary condition of the exchange of peace views "must be a certain degree of mutual confidence in each other's honesty and chivalry." The honesty and chivalry of Germany lie at the bottom of the ocean with the Lusitania, in the ruins of ravished Belgium and in the wreckage of bombed Red Cross hospitals.

Russia came to the front again last week in a sensational way. First was the news, first denied and then confirmed, that Nicholas, the former czar, had been killed by the bolsheviks at Ekaterinburg. One story said he was assassinated by soviet troops during their retreat to that city. Another report was that the bolshevik authorities there had convicted him after a short trial, condemned him to death and shot him.

Then word came from Moscow that Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, a younger brother of the deposed ruler, had put himself at the head of the new Siberian government and issued a manifesto to the Russian people. The Czech-Slovak army in Siberia was reported to have taken Irkutsk and to be fighting in Ekaterinburg, and what is more remarkable, it is said to be commanded by General Alexieff, former Russian commander in chief. Meanwhile, the allies have been trying to determine what they can do to

aid Russia and rid her of her Teuton conquerors. President Wilson declared himself for peaceful, not forcible intervention, and it is probable a commission of distinguished men, perhaps including representatives of all the allied nations, will be sent with offers of assistance and powers to arrange a plan of co-operation. Kerensky, who appeared unexpectedly in London on his way to America, is confident Russia will soon rejoin in the fight against the central powers. He and other Russian leaders, however, agree that the country will not tolerate foreign intervention in its internal affairs. It is economical and financial aid that Russia needs, and needs at once.

The Germans in southern Russia are making their way toward Smolensk, probably en route to Moscow, despite the protests of the bolshevik foreign minister. They also have landed a strong force at Pott, on the eastern coast of the Black sea.

In eastern Siberia General Semenov, and his anti-bolshevik army, after having been driven across the Manchurian border, are again advancing because the forces opposing them were ordered to the protection of Irkutsk.

Germany is now receiving some food supplies from Ukraine, but these are mostly from the German army commissariat which buys them from the peasants at exorbitant prices.

Secretary of War Baker seemingly changed his mind suddenly about extending the draft age limits, for last week he and General March, chief of staff, appeared before the senate committee and agreed in urging that legislation to that end be postponed until the fall. At that time, they said, the war department would be able to submit a vast program for army enlargement, and would know how many soldiers could be transported overseas and how far it would be necessary to extend the draft to obtain the number of men required. Provost Marshal General Crowder said he still believed immediate action necessary, but being only a subordinate, he bowed to the decision of his superiors. The senate committee, which had agreed on twenty to forty years as the new draft limits, voted to defer action.

This provoked a storm of protest in congress, chiefly from Republican leaders who declared the delay was another evidence of the administration's procrastination and devotion to unpreparedness. The Democrats promised action in September and said there were enough men in class 1 to meet all requirements until then. To show that there is no need for immediate action Senator Hitchcock said: "The information given to the committee is, in substance, this: That when we have exhausted all available men in class 1 of the present draft we will have an army of 3,800,000 men in August. In addition, there will be about 140,000 Canadians that we will bring into the army as the result of the treaty just ratified, so that we will then have an army of 3,450,000 men. Now, the highest estimate of the number of men we can have in France at that time is 1,450,000, so that we will have in this country when this congress reconvenes after its proposed recess in September over 2,000,000 men."

On Thursday the drawing of numbers to determine the order in which youths of the class of 1918, about 744,500 in number, shall be called to the colors was conducted in the senate office building, with much of the ceremony that marked the first drawing a year ago. Secretary Baker, blindfolded, drew out the first capsule, with the number 248 enclosed. It was necessary to draw only 1,200 numbers. The new registrants will be placed at the foot of the lists in the classes to which they are assigned by their boards.

The senate agricultural committee, disregarding the advice of many prominent persons, adopted the amendment to the \$11,000,000 emergency agricultural bill providing for national prohibition after June 30, 1919, and during the continuance of the war.

On Monday the house passed the \$5,500,000,000 fortifications bill, and the senate passed the \$3,800,000,000 sundry civil bill containing about \$2,000,000,000 more for the shipping program.

## Your Country Calls!

On you who remain at home amidst comfortable and pleasant surroundings to back to the limit our brave boys who are over there in France fighting the Huns to a finish. Although you are not a soldier you can fight in the ranks by enlisting every idle dollar in

### WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

and thus effectively assist in Winning the War while your money is earning liberal rates of interest offered by your Uncle Sam.

We carry an adequate supply of W. S. S. at all times, and will be pleased to have the opportunity of providing you with these sound securities. Buy yours now!

## The First National Bank

"The Bank Where You Feel At Home"

### ACT QUICKLY

Do the right thing at the right time.

Act quickly in time of danger. In time of kidney danger, Doan's Kidney Pills are most effective.

Plenty of Portales evidence of their worth.

Mrs. J. E. Morrison, Portales says: "I was miserable, run down and had trouble with my back and kidneys. My kidneys were in bad shape and annoyed me. Many times I had nervous dizzy spells, when my hands and feet swelled. Doan's Kidney Pills, that I bought at Pearce's Pharmacy, soon relieved the trouble. I could get about the house and I felt like a different woman. I have used Doan's Kidney Pills since then and they have kept my back strong and my kidneys in good condition."

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

O. Burden, who settled on a claim near Elida about nine years ago, has decided to leave Roswell and return to his old home at La Porte, Ind.

## Want Ads

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

24x36 carbon paper for fancy work 15c at News

FOR SALE—Two Jersey cows. See N. R. Knox at Joyce-Fruit's. 33H

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

FOR SALE—Twin cylinder motor cycle for sale or trade. Allen Sanders, Portales. 35-3tp

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

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

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.

SELL GROCERIES—One of the world's largest wholesale grocers with capital over \$1,000,000 wants ambitious man in every locality to sell direct to consumer nationally known line of groceries, teas, coffees, spices, paints, oils, stock foods etc. Big line easy sales. Values beat competition. Earn big money. No experience or capital required. Complete sample outfit and selling instructions free. Long established reliable house. Ask your banker. Write today.—John Sexton and Co. Illinois and Kingsbury Sts., Chicago, Illinois. 35-5 t

### Dr. Swearingin's Dates

Drs. 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

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.

### 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 reasonable price. Will appreciate your patronage.

### TELEPHONE NO. 71

### V. J. CAMPBELL

AUCTIONEER

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

### LONGS, NEW MEXICO

### 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. Blanchett, of Floyd, N. M., who, on May 1st, 1915, made Homestead entry, No. 012544, for SW 1/4, Sec. 17, Township 1 S, Range 32 E, N. M. P. Meridan, 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 012471, for NE 1/4, Sec. 18, Township 2 S, Range 32 E, N. M. P. Meridan, 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. Upon, of Elida, N. M., Clarence Newman, of Floyd, N. M., A. E. Banister, of Portales, N. M.

A. J. Evans, Register

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DR. D. B. WILLIAMS  
Office in Reese Bldg.  
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"Hits the Spot"  
Ice Cold—Other Bottled Soft Drinks.  
.. LIGHT LUNCHES..

## W. L. ADAMS

FOR SALE  
5 burros at \$5 each.  
Metal wheeled wagon and rack, \$25.  
Rapid hand baler for bear grass \$10.  
HERD LAW JONES



**The Portales Valley News**  
ROY L. FRUIT  
"Covers Roosevelt County Like  
The Sunshine."

Portales Herald and Times Combined with The News Sept. 1916.

**A DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER**

Published in the greatest shallow water district on earth.

**SUBSCRIPTION:**—In County \$1 per year, outside \$1.50.

**DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES**

**FOR JUDGE, 5th JUDICIAL DISTRICT**  
Sam G. Bratton  
Charles R. Brice

**FOR REPRESENTATIVE, 20th DISTRICT**  
Prof. J. S. Long

**FOR PROBATE JUDGE**  
Cleve Compton (re-election)

**FOR SHERIFF**  
Arch Gregg (re-election)

**FOR COUNTY CLERK**  
Seth A. Morrison (re-election)

**FOR COUNTY TREASURER**  
John Ballow (re-election)

**FOR TAX ASSESSOR**  
Burl Johnson (re-election)

**COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT**  
Sam J. Stinnett (re-election)

**COMMISSIONER PRECINCT 1**  
Dr. J. S. Pearce (re-election)

**COMMISSIONER PRECINCT 2**  
Ed Wall (re-election)

**COMMISSIONER PRECINCT 3**  
Charles S. Toler

The suggestion of H. O. Bursom, G. O. P. political aspirant that politics in the state be done away with for the next two years and all present office holders from senator to justice of the peace, hold over another term, at which time the war may have been brought to a victorious end is absurd on the face of it—aside from being a fine thing for Bursom and the stand pat gang.

Bursom would like to see Lindsey and Fall hold their respective offices for another term, the first for two years and Fall for another six years. With his eye on the political pot, Bursom realizes that Lindsey may get the Republican nomination for governor, but stands no chance of reelection, and Fall being in the same shape. However, if he might put over his dream, his own political fences would be in shape at the next election for his own announcement. Thinking Democrats will turn Bursom's plan down hard, for if we ever need a Democratic senator, representative and governor, who will line up with the Administration it is now.

Can you remember in the old days, when it clouded up along about supper time and then with the accompanying thunder and lightning rained on you all the way home?

The Fourth was one of the most quiet ever in Portales. Not a fire cracker was heard all day. Many of the Portales people had gone to Dora for the day and those who stayed home remained indoors until evening.

The Kaiser has just given the Belgians another raise. That is a they must pay him. The monthly raise in the monthly indemnity payment now is \$15 for every man, woman and child in the war stricken country.

The hides of 700 cows have been recovered at El Paso, where they were being shipped. The hides came from cows driven across the line into Mexico from Dona Ana county.

**THE UNDESIRABLE**

By MILDRED WHITE.

All day long, it seemed, she sat in the low wicker chair, far back in the garden, humming over a book in her lap, or gazing, arms clasped above her head, into the distance. Her white frock showed daintily amid the green and her high-heeled slippers idly tapped the grass.

The new curate sighed as the picture daily met his sight; no doubt the neighbors were right. Accustomed as he was becoming to their village gossip, he was forced to admit in this case some justification. For indoors the elder sister labored, as the women said, from morning till night. Not only was the great old house to be kept clean and provided, but there was the added duty of the querulous invalid grandmother. It was this grandmother who had taken her daughter's orphaned children to raise, Mary and Martha, they were named, and the naming appeared to grow more fitting, as years passed.

Mollie, they caressingly called the younger sister in her golden haired childhood, and Mollie she remained, but Martha was never anything but Martha.

While Martha accepted naturally the duties at hand, glowing reports came to them in the country town of Mollie's progress at school. Her achievement was their riling joy.

"To sit," as the neighbors sneered, "in the garden while Martha slaved."

"Seems as if Marj, there might help you some," one of these said to Martha. But the elder sister regarded her sympathizer coldly, and turned away.

"Don't seem fair for Martha to have to do all the work while you lounge here in the garden," another sharply reproved the vision in white.

So the mothers warned their marriageable sons, "Keep away from that girl," they said, "she's heartless and she's useless," so they kept away, with the exception of the curate, who had been prevailed upon to talk to her.

"Some one's got to wake the girl up," the anxious ones insisted.

The young minister was baffled. The accusations appeared to be true. Martha, wan, and warm from her kitchen, led him to the invalid's bedside, Mollie, cool and bending over her book, welcomed him in the garden.

His commendation was silently received by Martha, while his tactful remonstrance was met with apparent smiling indifference, by the younger sister.

The curate was obliged to content himself with frequent calls in the pursuance of pastoral duty. And it was after one of these lengthy calls that he awoke to the alarming realization that his sympathies and interest had inexplicably gone over to the one undesirable.

Distressed, he recalled the fact that not more than ten minutes of his stay had been spent indoors, and that his lasting impression had been the blueness of Mollie's eyes. Filled with contrition, he decided to spend the entire time of his next visit with Martha, and to renew the offer of his services in any way that might be helpful to her. It was difficult to pass the low wicker chair among the flowers. More difficult to respond to Mollie's wave of greeting, with a bow bespeaking disapproval.

The curate accomplished both, much to his own dissatisfaction. But in Martha's patient face was an expression as of subdued happiness. She smiled with a resemblance to Mollie's radiating smile as he led the way to the sick room. Grandmother put out her hand warmly, the querulousness seemed to have disappeared.

"You have been so kind to us," she said. "The assurance of your sympathy was comforting through our anxiety, but now all will be different. Shall we tell him, Martha?" And Martha leaned eagerly forward.

"This has always been grandmother's home," she said, but there was a mortgage, and we feared lately that it would have to be taken from us. The fear, and thought of change, I think, helped to make grandmother ill, and her savings were almost gone. I could not leave her to earn money you see, and we really did not know what to do. Any situation Mollie might have been able to find away from home could not more than have cared for herself, but—" Martha went to the window looking toward the white-clad girl in the garden—"she was so sure of herself, was Mollie, so bright and brave, we caught her courage."

"Just wait," she would tell us as she went out beneath the trees in the morning. "Patience my dears, and you shall see." There with her drawing board upon her knees she labored, catching the shade of a butterfly on wing, or the shadows of a tree's foliage, for her children's "Fairlyland pictures." And they have been accepted as Mollie knew they would! You will see them in the magazines, the children will be wild over the picture-play things, and Mollie—" Martha laughed shakily. "Well, there will be more than enough money to pay off the mortgage," she said.

The minister grasped her hands. "I have to make amends," he said quickly, and strode out across the garden. The girl in white was examining a bright colored sketch. She looked up as the curate advanced, and his intended words forsook him.

"Your eyes are blue," is what he really said. But Mollie motioned him to a seat at her side, and into the same blue eyes came a light of understanding.

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**OLDEST LOVE LETTER FOUND**

Modern Scientist Declares It to Have Been Written About the Time of Abraham.

The oldest love letter in the world has been found—and read by eyes for which it never was intended. Dr. Stephen Herbert Langdon, Museum of Art and Sciences, University of Pennsylvania, was the man to find this billet doux, written on a tablet of clay about the time of Abraham. He also has brought to life what is said to be the oldest map in existence, drawn about 1500 B. C. or another tablet of clay.

Here is the letter, which, sad to relate, is partly selfish:

"To Kaka and Mirsalla say: 'Thus saith Sin-magir. 'May the Sun-dog give you good health.

"How is this business? 'For a whole month you have not sent anybody to ask about my welfare. 'Now I direct Shamashpri unto you.

"Send me 30 pints of barley meal and ten pints of bean flour. 'I am in trouble. 'Give quickly. 'What you send deduct from your tithe.

"As to the rest, send it according to future instructions."

Evidently the writer was fond of both Kaka and Mirsalla, two sisters. Although the letter could scarcely be called affectionate, as the present generation understands the word, its translator assures us that it is a bona fide cross-your-heart love letter.

The map found by Doctor Langdon was of Babylonian origin and indicates a supposedly suburban district joined together by canals.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

**NO TRUTH IN TRADITION**

Old Legend of the Drowning of Princess in Petrograd Fortress Proved to Be Without Foundation.

The fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, in Petrograd, has an evil reputation as the former place of imprisonment of many of Russia's idealists, including Prince Kropotkin and Madame Breshkovsky, but one blot on its "scutcheon is removed by an illustrated article in the London Sphere. The article reproduces a painting by the Russian artist Flavitsky, showing a beautiful woman standing on her bed in a cell in this prison, seeking to escape the rising waters of a flood that threatens her life. This was the Princess Tarakanova, who had incurred the enmity of Catherine the Great. The tradition is that she was drowned, by order of the empress, during the inundation of 1777. The Sphere, however, shows that she died of tuberculosis two years before the flood swept through the fortress. Thus this gloomy prison and the great empress are relieved of one of the tragedies with which they have been associated.—The Outlook.

In Praise of Music.

Music adds nothing but good; subtracts the evil; multiplies that which we already have; discounts our ailments and compounds all of our interest. If you believe this is true, "push" music. Aid the choir, choral and orchestral societies. Sympathize with and in every way support public school music.

A foreign traveler in our country said he was deeply impressed with our silence. He heard no reapers singing in the field, he heard many a bird carol, but no human songs. "Blessed reminds me of the old saying: 'Blessed is the man who sings at his work.'"

Take an interest in creating a musical atmosphere in the home, and soon America will be singing and we shall be able to take in music not only by the small channel of the ear, but through every pore of our bodies straight to the root of our souls.—The Musician.

**Hint to Mothers.**

Let us never be like the mother who said her boy was not interested in anything. For the boy's teacher when she called noticed that he had a box which he seemed to take care of, and it was not long before she learned that it was a collection of caterpillars. Yet the mother said that her boy was interested in nothing. The teacher at once showed her pupil that she, too, was interested in his collection. She learned from the boy a great many things about caterpillars that she did not know, and in turn taught him things he did not know. Teacher and boy became great friends; through this common interest others sprang up and the boy changed from a sullen inattentive boy to a broad-minded, wide-awake man. If the mother could only have shared her boy's interest, how much more helpful they would have been to each other.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Practice Handwriting.

For years business people have depended on the typewriting machine for their letters, and have neglected their handwriting. The dearth of machines is now being generally felt, especially in commercial houses, and once more it has become necessary to be able to write clearly and legibly. For the first time the other day the head of a big business firm took the trouble to get specimens of the handwriting of his staff of female clerks. There were scarcely six who could write a really good hand. "People won't take the time to read a business letter unless it is legibly written," was his querulous comment.

**Elida**  
Born to Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Todd a girl.

The wind blew the roof off the Courtney & Herbert feed store recently. The damage was about \$75.

Agent Sweetland of the Santa Fe has gone to Vaughn, where he will act as agent. His place is taken by L. W. Brown, formerly cashier at Artesia.

J. W. Sexton was in Boaz the last of the week and met P. E. McCarter, who is father of one girl and 11 boys, five of them in the army.

**Upton.**  
J. F. Barr left Tuesday for Acme, where he has started work for the Acme Cement Co.

G. L. Hatcher and family and T. E. Holder and family and Mr. Chafers and family were guests of Jno. V. Miller and family Sunday afternoon to a fried chicken dinner with ice cream trimmings. Everyone reports a good time.

Oliver Gore is on a business trip to the capital city today.

Mrs. M. A. Andes and brother J. W. Hooper, of Doreno, were Upton shoppers Friday.

Simon Jones, of Canton, was in Upton Thursday. Mr. Jones has a son in the army, who remembers his father with a liberal check each month.

Guy Ford left Saturday for the copper mines in Arizona.

The Upton merchant reports the sale of 5 De Lavel cream separators for the month of June.

J. G. Upton, of Tennessee, is visiting his son, W. G. Upton. Mr. Upton reports conditions in all lines were never better in his section of the country.

**In First Summer Course**

The New Mexico state university is in full swing on its first summer course. Enrollment is good considering the general conditions. A special course is offered in war work and in Spanish.

**Helps Sick Women**

Cardui, the woman's tonic, he'd Mrs. William Eversole, of Hazel Patch, Ky. Read what she writes: "I had a general breaking-down of my health. I was in bed for weeks, unable to get up. I had such a weakness and dizziness, ... and the pains were very severe. A friend told me I had tried everything else, why not Cardui? ... I did, and soon saw it was helping me. ... After 12 bottles, I am strong and well."

**TAKE CARDUI**

The Woman's Tonic

Do you feel weak, dizzy, worn-out? Is your lack of good health caused from any of the complaints so common to women? Then why not give Cardui a trial? It should surely do for you what it has done for so many thousands of other women who suffered—it should help you back to health.

Ask some lady friend who has taken Cardui. She will tell you how it helped her. Try Cardui.

**All Druggists**

**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**

**Braley's Insurance Agency**

**INSURANCE OF EVERY KIND**  
—THAT INSURES

**"WE KNOW HOW"**

**Braley's Insurance Agency**

Join the Army Behind the Army

**BE A WAR SAVER**

For Building Material of All Kinds, See

**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

**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.**

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

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# Over the Top

(Continued from page 2)

what was the matter, when he put his finger to his lips for silence and whispered:

"Get on your equipment, and, without any noise, come with me."

This greatly mystified me, but I obeyed his order.

Outside of the billet, I asked him what was up, but he shut me up with: "Don't ask questions, it's against orders. I don't know myself."

It was raining like the mischief. We splashed along a muddy road for about fifteen minutes, finally stopping at the entrance of what must have been an old barn. In the darkness, I could hear pigs grunting, as if they had just been disturbed. In front of the door stood an officer in a mack (mackintosh). The R. S. M. went up to him, whispered something, and then left. This officer called to me, asked my name, number and regiment, at the same time, in the light of a lantern he was holding, making a notation in a little book.

When he had finished writing, he whispered:

"Go into that billet and wait orders, and no talking. Understand?"

I stumbled into the barn and sat on the floor in the darkness. I could see no one, but could hear men breathing and moving; they seemed nervous and restless. I know I was.

During my wait, three other men entered. Then the officer poked his head in the door and ordered:

"Fall in, outside the billet, in single rank."

We fell in, standing at ease. Then he commanded:

"Squad—Shun! Number!"

There were twelve of us.

"Right—Turn! Left—Wheel! Quick—March!" And away we went. The rain was trickling down my back and I was shivering from the cold.

With the officer leading, we must have marched over an hour, plowing through the mud and occasionally stumbling into a shell hole in the road.



Buried With Honors.

when suddenly the officer made a left wheel, and we found ourselves in a sort of enclosed courtyard.

The dawn was breaking and the rain had ceased.

In front of us were four stacks of rifles, three to a stack.

The officer brought us to attention and gave the order to unpile arms. We each took a rifle. Giving us "Stand at ease," in a nervous and shaky voice, he informed:

"Men, you are here on a very solemn duty. You have been selected as a firing squad for the execution of a soldier, who, having been found guilty of a grievous crime against king and country, has been regularly and duly tried and sentenced to be shot at 3:28 a. m. this date. This sentence has been approved by the reviewing authority and ordered carried out. It is our duty to carry on with the sentence of the court.

"There are twelve rifles, one of which contains a blank cartridge, the other eleven containing ball cartridges. Every man is expected to do his duty and fire to kill. Take your orders from me. Squad—Shun!"

We came to attention. Then he left. My heart was of lead and my knees shook.

After standing at "attention" for what seemed a week, though in reality it could not have been over five minutes, we heard a low whispering in our rear and footsteps on the stone flagging of the courtyard.

Our officer reappeared and in a low, but firm voice, ordered:

"About—Turn!"

We turned about. In the gray light of dawn, a few yards in front of me, I could make out a brick wall. Against this wall was a dark form with a white square pinned on its breast. We were supposed to aim at this square. To the right of the form I noticed a white spot on the wall. This would be my target.

"Ready! Aim! Fire!"

The dark form sank into a huddled heap. My bullet sped on its way, and hit the whitish spot on the wall; I could see the splinters fly. Some one else had received the rifle containing the blank cartridge, but my mind was at ease, there was no blood of a Tommy on my hands.

"Order—Arms! About—Turn! Pile—Arms! Stand—Clear."

The stacks were re-formed.

"Quick—March! Right—Wheel!" And we left the scene of execution behind us.

It was now daylight. After marching about five minutes, we were dis-

missed with the following instructions from the officer in command:

"Return, alone, to your respective companies, and remember, no talking about this affair, or else it will go hard with the guilty ones."

We needed no urging to get away. I did not recognize any of the men on the firing squad; even the officer was a stranger to me.

The victim's relations and friends in Blighty will never know that he was executed; they will be under the impression that he died doing his bit for king and country.

In the public casualty lists his name will appear under the caption "Accidentally Killed," or "Died."

The day after the execution I received orders to report back to the line, and to keep a still tongue in my head.

Executions are a part of the day's work, but the part we hated most of all, I think—certainly the saddest. The British war department is thought by many people to be composed of rigid regulations all wound around with red tape. But it has a heart, and one of the evidences of this is the considerate way in which an execution is concealed and reported to the relative of the unfortunate man. They never know the truth. He is listed in the bulletins as among the "accidentally killed."

In the last ten years I have several times read stories in magazines of cowards changing, in a charge, to heroes. I used to laugh at it. It seemed easy for story-writers, but I said, "Men aren't made that way." But over in France I learned once that the streak of yellow can turn all white.

I picked up the story, bit by bit, from the captain of the company, the sentries who guarded the poor fellow, as well as from my own observations. At first I did not realize the whole of his story, but after a week of investigation it stood out as clear in my mind as the mountains of my native West in the spring sunshine. It impressed me so much that I wrote it all down in rest billets on scraps of odd paper. The incidents are, as I say, every bit true; the feelings of the man are true—I know from all I underwent in the fighting over in France.

We will call him Albert Lloyd. That wasn't his name, but it will do.

Albert Lloyd was what the world terms a coward.

In London they called him a slacker. His country had been at war nearly eighteen months, and still he was not in khaki.

He had no good reason for not enlisting, being alone in the world, having been educated in an orphan asylum, and there being no one dependent upon him for support. He had no good position to lose, and there was no sweetheart to tell him with her lips to go, while her eyes pleaded for him to stay.

Every time he saw a recruiting sergeant he'd slink around the corner out of sight, with a terrible fear gnawing at his heart. When passing the big recruiting posters, and on his way to business and back he passed many, he would pull down his cap and look the other way from that awful finger pointing at him, under the caption "Your King and Country Need You," or the boring eyes of Kitchener, which burned into his very soul, causing him to shudder.

Then the Zeppelin raids—during them, he used to crouch in a corner of his boarding-house cellar, whimpering like a whipped puppy and calling upon the Lord to protect him.

Even his landlady despised him, although she had to admit that he was "good pay."

He very seldom read the papers, but one morning the landlady put the morning paper at his place before he came down to breakfast. Taking his seat he read the glaring headline, "Conscription Bill Passed," and nearly fainted. Excusing himself, he stumbled upstairs to his bedroom, with the horror of it gnawing into his vitals.

Having saved up a few pounds, he decided not to leave the house, and to sham sickness, so he stayed in his room and had the landlady serve his meals there.

Every time there was a knock at the door he trembled all over, imagining it was a policeman who had come to take him away to the army.

One morning his fears were realized. Sure enough, there stood a policeman with the fatal paper. Taking it in his trembling hand he read that he, Albert Lloyd, was ordered to report himself to the nearest recruiting station for physical examination. He reported immediately, because he was afraid to disobey.

The doctor looked with approval upon Lloyd's six feet of physical perfection, and thought what a fine guardsman he would make, but examined his heart twice before he passed him as "physically fit." It was beating so fast.

From the recruiting depot Lloyd was taken, with many others, in charge of a sergeant, to the training depot at Aldershot, where he was given an outfit of khaki, and drew his other equipment. He made a fine-looking soldier, except for the slight shrinking in his shoulders and the hunted look in his eyes.

At the training depot it does not take long to find out a man's character, and Lloyd was promptly dubbed "windy." In the English army "windy" means cowardly.

The smallest recruit in the barracks looked on him with contempt, and was not slow to show it in many ways.

Lloyd was a good soldier, learned quickly, obeyed every order promptly, never groused at the hardest fatigues. He was afraid to. He lived in deadly fear of the officers and "noncoms" over him. They also despised him.

One morning about three months

after his enlistment Lloyd's company was paraded, and the names picked out for the next draft to France were read. When his name was called, he did not step out smartly, two paces to the front, and answer cheerfully, "Here, sir," as the others did. He just fainted in the ranks and was carried to barracks amid the sneers of the rest.

That night was an agony of misery to him. He could not sleep. Just cried and whimpered in his bunk, because on the morrow the draft was to sail for France, where he would see death on all sides, and perhaps be killed himself. On the steamer, crossing the channel, he would have jumped overboard to escape, but was afraid of drowning.

Arriving in France, he and the rest were huddled into cattle cars. On the side of each appeared in white letters, "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8." After hours of bumping over the uneven French roadbeds they arrived at the training base of Rouen.

At this place they were put through a week's rigid training in trench warfare.

On the morning of the eighth day they paraded at ten o'clock, and were inspected and passed by General H—, then were marched to the quartermaster's, to draw their gas helmets and trench equipment.

At four in the afternoon they were again hustled into cattle cars. This time the journey lasted two days. They disembarked at the town of Frevent and could hear a distant dull booming. With knees shaking, Lloyd asked the sergeant what the noise was, and nearly dropped when the sergeant replied in a somewhat bored tone:

"Oh, them's the guns up the line. We'll be up there in a couple o' days or so. Don't worry, my laddie, you'll see more of 'em than you want before you get 'ome to Blighty again, that is, if you're lucky enough to get back. Now lend a hand there unloading' them cars, and quit that everlastin' shakin'. I believe yer scared." The last with a contemptuous sneer.

They marched ten kilos, full pack, to a little dilapidated village, and the sound of the guns grew louder, constantly louder.

The village was full of soldiers who turned out to inspect the new draft, the men who were shortly to be their mates in the trenches, for they were going "up the line" on the morrow, to "take over" their certain sector of trenches.

The draft was paraded in front of battalion headquarters and the men were assigned to companies.

Lloyd was the only man assigned to D company. Perhaps the officer in charge of the draft had something to do with it, for he called Lloyd aside, and said:

"Lloyd, you are going to a new company. No one knows you. Your bed will be as you make it, so for God's sake, brace up and be a man. I think you have the stuff in you, my boy, so good-by and the best of luck to you."

(To be Continued.)

### Removal Notice

Dr. D. B. Williams has moved his office from Neer's drug store to rooms over Dobbs. 33f

### NOTICE OF SALE

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

vs. The unknown heirs at law and all unknown persons having or claiming any interest in the property and estate of Edoras 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 north-east 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

Charter No. 6187

Reserve District No. 11

Report of the condition of the

## First National Bank

at Portales, in the state of New Mexico at the close of business on June 29th, 1918.

### RESOURCES

Loans and discounts, .....	389,962.06
Notes and bills rediscounted .....	129,603.63
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation, .....	260,358.43
U. S. Bonds and certificates of indebtedness pledged to secure postal savings deposits, 1,000.00 Liberty Loan Bonds 3 1-2 and 4 per cent, pledged to secure U. S. Deposits, .....	50,000.00
Payments actually made on Liberty 4 1-4 per cent Bonds (Third Liberty Loan) .....	51,000.00
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent of subscription) .....	3,000.00
Value of and equity in banking house, .....	8,000.00
Furniture and fixtures .....	3,600.00
Real estate owned other than banking house, .....	7,100.00
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank .....	38,392.41
Cash in vault and net amounts due from national banks .....	43,854.54
Net amount due from banks, bankers, trust companies .....	305.18
Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank, .....	2,113.60
Total of items 14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 .....	46,273.32
Checks on banks located outside of city or town of reporting bank and other cash items .....	3,030.07
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer .....	2,500.00
Building account, new building, .....	17,068.06
Total .....	450,072.29

### LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in .....	50,000.00
Surplus fund, .....	50,000.00
Undivided profits, .....	1,100.61
Circulating notes outstanding, .....	50,000.00
Net amounts due to national banks, .....	2,297.97
Net amount due to banks, bankers and trust companies, .....	3,534.35
Total of items 32 and 33 .....	5,832.32
Individual deposits subject to check .....	209,786.79
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days (other than for money borrowed) .....	6,335.90
Cashiers' checks outstanding .....	8,638.43
Total of demand deposits .....	224,761.12
Certificates of deposit (other than for money borrowed) .....	16,939.23
Postal savings deposits, .....	33.95
Total of time deposits subject to reserve, Items 42, 43, 44 and 45 .....	16,973.18
War loan deposit account .....	755.06
Other U. S. Deposits including deposits of U. S. disbursing officers, .....	50,000.00
Cash letters of credit and travelers' checks outstanding .....	650.00
Total .....	450,072.29
Liabilities for rediscounts, including those with Federal Reserve Bank .....	129,603.63
Total contingent liabilities .....	129,603.63

State of New Mexico, County of Roosevelt, ss: I, M. B. Jones, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.—M. B. Jones, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of July, 1918. (SEAL) George W. Shepherd, Notary Public

Correct—Attest: G. M. Williamson, Ed J. Neer, J. B. Priddy, Directors.

## GUARANTEE

You have no reason to doubt, no reason to hesitate in the face of this honest

### MONEY BACK OFFER

No matter what your experience with any other remedies may have been—no matter whether we know you or not—you always have the assurance when ever you buy one of the famous

## "Rexall Remedies"

that it does not give satisfaction, the money you paid for it will be paid back to you immediately upon your asking for it.

## PORTALES DRUG STORE

"STORE OF SERVICE"

J. L. GILLIAM

ALL KINDS of DRY 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 purchased the Model store of D. Webbs and will appreciate the trade of old customers as well as my friends.

Mrs. J. W. Spurlock

Babbit metal at the News office

# ..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**

W. O. Oldham is in a hospital at Dallas taking treatments.

J. R. Webb is in El Paso, Douglas and other points in Arizona this week.

Mrs. Charles Wheaton, of Dallas, is staying at the Traveler's Inn for the summer.

Dr. Bailey returned from a business trip to Albuquerque the first of the week.

Judge James A. Hall went to Roswell on legal business yesterday.

Mrs. W. E. Crow left Tuesday for a visit in her old home in Coleman County, Texas.

Alfred Hart, of Clinton, Mo., arrived Tuesday for a visit with H. T. Hart and family of Kermit.

B. B. Clayton returned Tuesday from Oehiltree, Tex., where he had been on business.

Captain and Mrs. T. J. Molari have returned to Portales to live after a stay in California.

D. Wehba and Dad Adams left in their cars Monday for Sherman, Texas and other points.

Coe Howard shipped several cars of cattle to grass near Wynoka, Okla., Monday night.

Joe Fuller, who has been in Austin for some time returned home the last of the week for a visit.

A light shower fell at Amarillo Monday night. The shower extended this way for several miles.

Edwin Neer and wife and child were down from Clovis Sunday visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed J. Neer.

Mrs. A. G. Troutt returned Monday from Little Rock, Ark., where she had been for some time visiting relatives.

Mr. Simpson, of the Bethel community, returned the last of the week from Big Springs, Texas, where he had been on business.

W. D. Foster, of Albuquerque, was in Portales the last of the week in the interest of the Food Administration.

Jim Burlison, section foreman, sent us a card this week telling that he was in Barstow, Calif., and on his way to Oregon.

W. E. McMinn and family, of Ft. Worth, arrived the latter part of last week for a two weeks' visit with friends and relatives.

Mrs. Kohl, who recently sold the Kohl garage, has returned from a visit with relatives in Kansas and has purchased the bakery.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. White, of Oklahoma, arrived the first of the week for a visit with her brother, Joe Howard and family.

Mrs. J. W. Cunningham entertained Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Puckett and Miss Maud Webb at a six o'clock chicken dinner Tuesday of last week.

Mit Reynolds, one of the old timers in Portales, returned the first of the week from down in Texas, where he has been living the past year.

L. S. Skelton, of Muskegee, Okla., arrived Monday for a short business visit here. While in Portales he was the guest of Dr. Bailey and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Boulter, of Goldswich, Tex., and Miss Henis, of Burkburnett, Tex., arrived Tuesday morning for a visit with Allie Boulter at Arch.

Frank Shaw, the broom corn buyer, has returned from a trip through southern Texas. He tells an interesting story of how they handle pro-Germans there.

Mrs. E. M. Long, county demonstration agent for the boys' and girls' clubs was in Kenna, Elida and Delphos Monday on business connected with the work.

There were no services at the Methodist church Sunday evening, Rev. Turner dismissing the congregation to attend the Baptist church, where Rev. J. H. Clouse of Amarillo spoke.

The News will publish the proceedings of the July session of the county commissioners next week.

The water and light rates in Clovis have been raised. The new rates were not published.

The First Aid class under the direction of Doctors Williams and Wollard is taking up the course of study and meeting regularly.

W. C. Williamson and family left Saturday morning for Oklahoma points, where they will look for a location.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Thomas went to Roswell Tuesday, where Mr. Thomas will be employed on a bridge gang.

J. M. Cheek, an old timer from Portales, who lives about 40 miles west of town, was in Monday. He reported but little rain in his country.

G. F. Fielen, of Roswell, the dry goods buyer for Joyce-Pruit, was here the last of the week for a short time before leaving for New York on a buying trip.

Carl Graf, of near Ft. Worth, was here the last of the week visiting old friends. He is manager of a horse farm near Ft. Worth, that Dr. Hough is interested in and is doing well.

A party consisting of J. R. Webb, Miss Webb, Miss Ruth Saunders and F. Campbell, of Portales, and Mrs. Charles Wheaton and Miss Hoogebec, of Dallas, motored to Clovis, the Fourth.

Mrs. G. W. Carr returned from a visit at Ft. Sumner Tuesday. Mrs. Carr was accompanied by a niece, Miss Vergie Moss, of Ft. Worth, who met her in Clovis and accompanied her home for a visit.

Rev. J. H. Clouse, of Amarillo, preached in the Baptist church Friday, Saturday and Sunday of the last week. Rev. Clouse is in the missionary work for Plains conference and his field is Lea County, with headquarters at Lovington. His family live in Amarillo.

# Bear Grass!

We are now in the market for your bear grass. We can handle it delivered at Portales in bulk, green or dry at \$3.00 and \$5.50 respectively. For machine baled grass we will pay \$9.00 at Portales.

Special prices for car lots. When a customer can load a car we can make him a special price of \$11.00 a ton, customer to loadcar, guarantee destination weights and grades. Three-fourths cash when car is loaded and balance when returns are received on car. Customer is to load a minimum car of 12 tons or lose the difference on freight up to minimum car weight of 12 tons. When customer loads his own car, he can use his own option as to whether he uses a machine baler or a hand baler; the only requirements being that he shall only use grass that will be of proper grade, properly prepared, and baled with three wires.

**WILL BUY IN CAR LOTS AT DELPHOS, CAMEO OR PORTALES**

# Priddy & Fooshee Co.

PORTALES, NEW MEXICO

## Security, Service and Satisfaction--- Three Very Important Factors in Building a Business

We assure you of these if you bank with us.  
We are adding new accounts regularly, so we must be giving the people what they want.  
If you are not our customer we want you to be.  
A trial is all we ask.

**SECURITY STATE BANK**

Mrs. E. B. Neal entertained a few friends informally at her home Monday night. Light refreshments were served.

Dr. Williams will move his office the 15th to the room in the rear of the First National Bank, formerly occupied by Connelly & Littlejohn.

Word received from Leo Braley states that he is enjoying life in Uncle Sam's automobile repair school at Austin, Texas. On the Fourth, he won two foot races and won a sweater and five dollars worth of water melon.

Slayton lost a fast ball game to Clovis Sunday at the latter town by a score of 6 to 5. Clyde Knapp played with Clovis and as a result is nursing a sore finger. Several car loads of Portales men saw the game. Clovis goes to Slayton next Sunday for a return game. The game prevented the Clovis second team playing here Sunday as scheduled, because several of the second team played in the first team.

A service meeting was held in the Santa Fe yards at Clovis last Sunday and a service flag of 19 stars decorated. The stars represented that number of brakemen and switchmen, of the Clovis yards who have enlisted. Judge Sam G. Bratton and others spoke.

The new Santa Fe line from Lubbock to Seagraves is now in operation. Trains run from Lubbock to Seagraves, a distance of 65 miles on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, leaving Lubbock at 11:45 and arriving in Seagraves at 4:00 p.m. The line goes through Brownsville.

**Raised About \$50,000**  
The War Savings Stamp Campaign in this county has resulted in the sale of about \$50,000 of the Stamps. This amount is under our quota, but the quota is figured on a population of 12,000.

**Wanted**  
Second hand sacks of all kinds. Will pay you cash.

J. A. Saylor

**Guard Your Breath.**  
"A man's breath," says Popular Science Monthly, "is often a betrayer of secrets. He may have been out late, sitting up with a sick friend, but when he reaches home his loving wife at once opens up her battery of reproaches."

"Now comes the news that two inventors in Osceola, Ark., have jointly invented a breath-guard of a new pattern. It is said to be efficient, but not in the manner you were thinking of. It is intended to protect dentists, barbers and physicians from inhaling the germ-laden breath of their patients or patrons. It consists of a small curved shield of glass placed so as to cover the nostrils and held in position by a spring clip gripping the partition wall of the nose on the inside. Many diseases are directly communicated through the inhalator of tainted air, and a device of this kind should be a boon to professional people who are compelled, by the nature of their duties, to be in close proximity to those whom they serve."

**Suttee.**  
The English government, after long discouraging suttees, by the agency of Lord William Bentinck formally abolished them in December, 1829, but they have since occasionally taken place. The wife of the son of the Rajah of Beygoon thus perished in June, 1864, and several wives of Sir Tung Bahadur, minister of Nepal, on March 1, 1877. One voluntary suttee occurred at Poona, in November, 1890, and it has continued to the present time in isolated parts of India, for even as late as 1906 several persons who took part in a suttee in Behar were condemned to penal servitude.

**Singing Makes Work Easy.**  
Singing makes the daily work easier of accomplishment. Sailors were among the first to recognize this and they sang as they stored away the cargo, keeping time with the music as they pulled on ropes and windlass, changing to presto when the work demanded it. Here is a favorite ditty:  
A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew,  
Tally hi ho, you know.

24x36 carbon paper for fancy work 15c at News

**Shipped 7,800 Dressings**  
The local chapter of the Red Cross shipped 7,800 surgical dressings yesterday. The chapter has used all the gauze for dressings that is available at present. When the next shipment comes the workers will be notified through the newspapers.

**Nominated for Register.**  
William R. McGill, of LaLande, was nominated Monday by President Wilson as register for the land office at Ft. Sumner. McGill formerly lived here, moving away about ten years ago.

Those wishing to study expression see Ester Haning, phone 96 3 rings. 31tf

I shall teach a summer class in piano and violin. Ruth Haning, phone 96 3 rings. 31tf

## Food

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

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION**  
012911  
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 14, 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 August, 1918.

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

36-5

**NOTICE—Have a 9-18**  
+ Case tractor only plowed +  
+ 90 acres, that I am offering +  
+ for cheap for cash or +  
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