

The Artesia Advocate.

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BY THE WAY.

old maxim that "what's every-
one's business is nobody's" contains
a truth. It is opportune that
people of Artesia make a personal
contribution to this adage. We have
a municipal organization and no
one who has authority to act for us
in an official capacity. Exigencies
are to arise and that, too, before
long when it will be almost im-
possible, and certainly for the best
interests of the community that we
have a man, or body of men, to rep-
resent us and act for us in an official
capacity. We cannot hope for large
help, nor much in the way of pub-
lic improvements without a legal ex-
ecutive. Let us be a municipal en-

deed of thift and progress are
not so evident here as in
new towns of which we have
but when one hears the sound
of hammer and anvil all day and
at a certain time after nightfall, as
on one day this week, where
a few months ago the coyotes
screech and the coyotes
melancholy love, he is forced
to admit that we are not so slow after
all. And this is only one pointer as
to what is going to happen in this
ville plain before many moons
are waxed and waned. Many towns
have had a boom—springing up
overnight—like a Missouri mushroom
in a wet spell, has not been a gain-
er, for most of the citizens of
Artesia are speculators and ad-
venturers, and a reaction is sure to
come. The men who are putting
money into improvements here,
and waiting so after mature study and
reflection, and it is such citizens
who constitute the bone and
marrow of a community. A steady,
growth is what we want and
we will have.

public meetings held for the
purpose of furthering public meas-
ures is the man that is known
as "much speaking and loud
talking" who talks in a self congrat-
ulatory way about how much he has
done for the public good "back you-
and whose bump of vanity
is up like a prairie dog mound?"
The same fellow who sits on
benches, decorates the floor as
if this expectorating ability will
bring him and swaps antiquated
stories with his friend of
some ilk or formulates great
plans for saving the country, while
his neighbor does the actual work
to establish and maintain
schools, Sunday schools, day schools,
libraries and other projects for the
benefit and material advancement
of the community. And he is close-
d to the man who is so busy
with the illusive dollar that he
has no time to talk to you when
the danger of his being asked
for financial or otherwise in-
formation for public measures which
will benefit his community and
bring him a pleasant place to live—the
man who is so thoroughly steeped in
materialism that a dollar looks as
good as a wagon wheel and is so tan-
talizingly capacious that he forgets
the future and tries to get every-
thing possible today, even though
it may be a bad day.

statement issued from the
Department of Commerce and
contains the information that
of twenty-five million dollars
out of the United States ev-

ery year to buy goat skins from
which to make our shoes and gloves.
The bulk of this large amount goes
to India, China, France, Russia,
Brazil, Argentina and Arabia. In
this day of big things, twenty-five
million dollars is not such an enor-
mous big sum, but when looked at
in the light of the fact that many por-
tions of this big country are admir-
ably adapted to the raising of the goat
and that all this sum of money might
just as well be kept at home and put
into circulation in rural communities
it is not inconsiderable. There are
numerous places in the United States
where the goat takes kindly to the
natural environment and thrives,
but there is no place where he does
better than here in New Mexico. In
the foot hills bordering the Pecos
Valley on the west the surroundings
are ideal for this sort of industry.
The man who goes deliberately to
work and provides himself with the
water necessary for his flock has
solved the problem, and with indus-
try and some patience can earn a
competence. He is there surrounded
by a vast area that will never be any-
thing but a range country, and it is a
range that is exactly suited to the
tastes and habits of the festive goat.
The Angora goat is of course by far
the more profitable breed, yielding,
as he does, two clippings per year of
the commercial mohair which always
sells readily and commands a good
price. There are now some fine
flocks in the foothills on the west,
and the owners are making good per-
centage on their investment, but
there ought to be a hundred goats
where there is now one. Our mild,
dry winters, with abundance of range,
makes this an ideal goat country, and
a large part of that \$25,000,000 should
come to New Mexico instead of going
abroad. OBSERVER.

Irrigation the Thing.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger
has an interesting article descriptive
of the irrigation system in the Salton
Desert. In Southern California,
west of the present course of the Colo-
rado river, there is a vast depression,
mapped as the Salton Desert, em-
bracing what was once the bottom of
an arm of the Gulf of California.
Three years ago a canal sixty miles
long, eighty feet wide, was begun,
designed to take water from the Colo-
rado river and distribute it through
lateral ditches. Five hundred miles
of these spread out over a surface of
200,000 acres. Two years ago the
water was turned on, and today a
tract once covered by the salt sea,
long permitted to lie, bare and hot,
under scorching winds, without a
blade of grass, is waving with grain
and alfalfa, and filling up with
houses whose surrounding gardens
are abored with tropical plants. Al-
ready what two years ago was a sun-
baked desert is dotted with towns
among its fields; villages and church-
es and stores; telephones and num-
bered streets and houses. In the
midst of the valley has sprung up
the town Imperial; it does a thou-
sand dollars' worth of business a day
and publishes a newspaper to tell the
fact. A railroad is advancing into
the new country; an automobile
freight system is being organized to
contribute to it. Electric power and
artificial ice plants are building. The
extension of ditches is still going on,
—the territory open to reclamation

is as large as the state of Delaware.
It is hardly necessary to explain
that this is an argument in favor of
irrigation. For ages the water of the
river has ground through the marvellous
canyons and wound its way to the
sea to be wasted. The enter-
prise of man has diverted it and uti-
lized it. The same thing can be ac-
complished at a thousand other places
in the west.
Nearly one-third of the territory of
the United States is unoccupied pub-
lic land and two-fifths of its entire
area is arid. While this is the case,
it is further true that by far the great-
er part of the areas now lying waste
are susceptible of being transformed
into fertility; in the case of the most
of the fertile soil neighboring streams
need only to be diverted and distrib-

The editor of the Artesia Advocate
last week received the largest water-
melon he ever saw, but he didn't tell
how large it was.—Carlsbad Current
We knew that Editor Jacks of the
Current is from Missouri and one of
those fellows you have to "show"
things to, but we did think he had
been in the Pecos valley long enough
to accept any statement made about
its products. At this late date it is
impossible to furnish him correct
data concerning said melon, but we
will state that the editor of the Ad-
vocate is from Texas, the natural
home of the watermelon, and that
he might never get so dark that he could
not tell the biggest melon in the
patch from off the top rail of the
fence.

Remember, the school opening.

A WHITE MAN'S COUNTRY

Mr. W. R. Cummins, a well known
citizen of Roswell is in favor of a
white man's country. In a letter to
the Record he says:

Much talk has been indulged in
since the present fair association has
attempted to get up a fair as to why
certain persons have seen fit to refuse
to contribute to the show. Some
have given one reason and some an-
other. Now as a citizen of Roswell a
few questions pertinent will not be
out of place coming from me. This
is a white man's government, and
ever since Roswell has been on the
map white people have paid the
taxes and managed the town. It is
true that during the past many years
there has been one or two good old
fashioned negroes here, and they
have had the respect and confidence
of all the people. But now Roswell
is threatened with an overflow of
worthless negroes run out of the Pen-
handle of Texas and Oklahoma, and
the people have been wondering what
to do to protect our families and
homes from the encroachments of
these worthless blacks. Today they
are threatening to invade our public
schools, they are saucy and impudent
in the streets and in the stores and
we see and have seen for some time
that we are up against a tough propo-
sition.

Now these people do not come
here nor stay here without the en-
couragement of some white people.
Now who is responsible for these
worthless scoundrels putting them-
selves in the faces of the whites? Al-
low me to cite one or two places
where Mr. Negro has been pushed
forward by whites out at the big fair-
grounds where thousands of the best
white people of this territory have
been asked to come and enjoy them-
selves and spend their money.

The privilege of feeding the
visitors out there has been sold or given
to a negro and the white restaurant
keepers have been turned down.
Isn't that encouragement? Now,
again, at the opera house in a few
days the negroes are to give an enter-
tainment, and respectable white peo-
ple are assisting, even as we are in-
formed, furnishing the music. Isn't
this refreshing to the people here
who regard a negro as a "nigger" and
demand that he keep his place at the
foot of the table instead of at the
head?

For these reasons I, as well as many
others do not feel that we are called
upon to give up our good money to
encourage and keep up an institution
that by its actions shows that a negro
is just as good to them as a white.
Isn't it time to halt and think, where
are we drifting? I claim that Bolter
Washington is just as good as any
negro, but when it comes to making
any negro as good as a respectable
white, I draw the line, and if the
Roswell Fair association hopes to get
a white man's crowd and have a re-
spectable fair, the watershed should
be this—it is a white man's fair. No
wonder the negroes are demanding to
be put in the public schools to as-
sociate with the white children, for
they have already driven in their
wedge through the kindness of the
great fair association and now they
demand more. And is it any wonder,
and who is to blame for their impu-
dence? Say, who?

Respectfully Yours,
W. R. CUMMINS.

Don't stop to write letters "back
yander." Send 'em the Advocate.

"The Man With the Spade."



The above is from a snap shot taken on the J. A. Bruce irrigated
farm 2 1/2 miles east of Artesia, showing a section of young corn.
The man with the spade is Mr. Bruce himself. One year ago this
ranch was an arid piece of prairie land worth, approximately, about
\$1000. An artesian well was secured and soon thereafter, the owner
refused \$23,000.00 for it. A fine crop of corn, cane, alfalfa, melons
and vegetables have been grown this year with the water from the
well—no storage reservoir. The flow is about 1500 gals per minute.

ated to win it back to productiveness.

The five systems upon which work
has now begun are expected to con-
vert 600,000 acres of land. This is a
small fraction only of the immense
areas which will still await the awak-
ening touch of water, but it is a be-
ginning. The enthusiastic exponents
of the possibilities of this form of hu-
man aid to nature do not hesitate to
affirm that by its territory capable of
supporting a population equal to
that of the entire country today can
be added to the soil already occupied.

The fair at Roswell, which has
been in progress during the past week
has attracted some people from Amar-
illo and vicinity. Reports from
those who have been down are not
very flattering. It seems to have
been a larger imitation of our own
street fair. Aside from real good
horses, worth seeing, there does not
seem to have been much to the fair.
But a trip to the Roswell country is
more than worth the time and money
expended and it needs no special at-
traction to draw the crowds.—Amar-
illo Champion.

The Advocate has turned out a
nice line of job printing this week
for the Artesia Hotel, Contractor J.
T. Patrick and Artesia Improvement
Company.

See the professional card of Bujac
& Price in this issue of the Advocate.
They are able attorneys and anyone
having business in the courts of Eddy
county or elsewhere, will obtain the
best of service by consulting them.

Gus Berner New York was at the
Hotel Artesia Wednesday.

Something Wrong.

If the papers are reporting M. J.
Healy correctly, he is telling the
Denton and Deatur people that Ros-
well has already given a bonus to the
D. D. & W. and that work has com-
menced at this end of the line. Eith-
er the papers are misquoting Mr.
Healy or Mr. Healy is mis-quoting
the truth. As a politician once said,
what is the use of lying when every-
body knows you are lying. So what
is the use of telling our Denton and
Deatur friends these things when
there is no truth to them. Such
statements put the promoters of the
D. D. & W. in a bad light. It is
hard to build a railroad on wind, but
it is much harder to build it on lies.

The Record trusts that Mr. Healy
has been mis-quoted. Roswell would
like to have the proposed D. D. & W.
In fact we would like to have any-
thing that comes to us in the shape
of a railroad, but in our anxiety for
a new road there is no use to appeal
to a lurid imagination. Roswell has
as yet given nothing to the D. D. &
W. The proposition has not yet
been placed before her. Neither is
there any dirt flying on this end of
the line; up-to-date the only dirt
flying seems to be the dust that is
thrown in the eyes of the people of
Denton and Deatur. Explanations
are in order.—Roswell Record.

G. A. Bockett of Little Rock, Ark.,
who comes here several days ago left
yesterday for Artesia, where he will
remain this winter. He comes to the
Pecos Valley in hopes his health will
be benefited.—Roswell Record.

Poor Mr. Keene has only \$6,000.00 left. Such cruel poverty is pitiful to behold.

When you can't get "central" you are ready to believe that the telephone is a boiler mockery.

Rain may help the late crops, but it seriously interferes with the harvest of hits on the ball field.

The lesson you most easily learn as you grow older is that the older you grow the harder it is to learn.

It is authoritatively denied that Harry Lehr wears frills on the ends of his drawers.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Some Eastern girls have invented what they call the piazza mat hat. Its shape is improved by being sat upon.

A Wisconsin lad who might have been wasting his time husking corn went fishing instead, and found a \$2.675 pearl.

King Alexander and Queen Draga had accumulated debts amounting to \$80,000, and yet some people questioned their ability.

Harry Lehr is an illustration of the fact that if some men can only get themselves talked about, they don't care what is said.

Life is not all a bed of roses; and if it were we would miss and howl for ham and eggs, garlic, mince pies and automobiles.—Judge.

The man who realizes that he has made a fool of himself experiences considerable difficulty in keeping others from finding it out.

The Dowager Empress of China appears to be having her annual thirst for gore. It's queer how long the Lord lets some people live.

The boys have about quit dying from the effects of Fourth of July fireworks, but the green apple victims are now beginning to be heard of.

St. Paul, if we mistake not, is the first large city to take decisive action against the toy pistol of 1904, but St. Paul will be less lonesome as time rolls on.

Now that beef has gone up, it is probable that there won't be so much of it to go down with people who must keep the living expenses below a certain figure.

"We are in the hands of a receiver," writes a Billville editor, "and may the Lord make him duly thankful for what he is about to receive!"—Atlanta Constitution.

It is thought that the Humberts, the big Paris swindlers, will get but a light sentence. It will be remembered that they were wise enough to steal several millions.

Manila correspondents say the sultan of Sulu is so infatuated with Singapore that he will never return to Sulu. First they had him die, and now they have him resign.

Colombia "prefers war to humiliation." Our sympathy with that notion is somewhat dulled by the consideration that South American republics prefer war to almost anything.

The Washington baseball team is for sale. It is apparent that the owners of the team have a good deal of nerve. They ought to offer to give it away with half a pound of tea or something.

A sixty-horse power engine used on western ranches will plow sixty acres a day. Between that great machine and the automobile people who like horse meat should be able to get it at bargain rates.

Egyptian mummies under a recent customs decision are to be admitted to this country without having to pay duty. Although no protest by some infant industry has yet arisen, you never can tell.

Persons who come back wearied and exhausted by the pleasures of their outing tour should cheer up with the reflection that about fifty weeks must intervene before they have the same experience again.

An English clergyman has entirely lost his memory as the result of taking a bath—a circumstance which will confirm many people in the conviction that bathing is not only foolish but a dangerous custom.

Downfall of the Minister's Pet Cat

The family of a Brooklyn minister are mourning the moral downfall of their pet cat. Once it was a cat to be admired and trusted, a cat which set an example to the neighboring Toms and Tabbies of the ways which a righteous cat should follow. Now it has all the faults of ordinary cat and more, too—as if striving to make up for lost time. And it was the death of her promising family of kittens which led to this regrettable change in the pet cat's spiritual nature.

"Formerly one of the most admired characteristics of the pet cat was her regular attendance at family prayers, which were held just after the family's evening meal, at the appointed time the good cat would march into the room, take her position on a cushion provided for her, and give respectful attention during prayer time. The children of the family insisted that she understood all that was said. While this would perhaps be an exaggeration, it is certain that the cat maintained a respectful and attentive demeanor which would have been a lesson to many frivolous boys and girls. No matter how hungry she might be, the pet cat would not touch a food set aside for her until the family prayers had been duly concluded."

"A short time ago the cat became the mother of several plump and promising kittens. She was inordinately proud of them. Such kittens, to her mind, had never before been born in Brooklyn or elsewhere. But the family did not share her enthusiasm. They considered that one cat in the house was enough. The result was that the kittens passively went the way of superfluous kittens.

"At first the pet cat simply mourned her offspring after the manner of

bereaved animal mothers. Then she sat down and did a hard thinking act. The results reached in her mind were evident. The family she had trusted, the family she had attended prayers with so long, had deprived her of her beloved kittens. And the old cat plainly made up her mind that she would no longer have spiritual intercourse with a family guilty of such a misdeed.

"That evening when the time came for family prayers the good cat was missing. After a search she was found, brought into the room, and placed on her accustomed cushion. But no prayers for her. She simply looked around the family circle in a scornful manner, and then, with erect tail and indignant mien, walked out of the room. Since then neither bribes nor persuasions have succeeded in making her attend the family prayers.

"But it is not only in the matter of prayer attendance that the once worthy cat shows signs of moral degeneracy. Formerly the most peaceful and well-behaved of cats, she is now ready to fight any dog that comes within sight of the house. She is averse to petting and when caught submits to it with evident reluctance, all the time watching a chance to run and bite. Once she was most select in her choice of cat companions; now she flirts with every disreputable Tom for blocks around. In her every action she displays the characteristics of a cat who has turned tail on the True, the Good, the Beautiful and the Goodly.

"It's too bad," sighed the minister's little girl, whose especial pet the cat used to be. "She was such a good cat. Always on hand for prayers, always ready to be petted. And now she acts like a regular heathen cat, that don't care for anything or anybody."

Work Done by Machinery

The most surprising fact brought to light by the last census was the enormous increase of machinery employed in manufactures in the United States. The total horse power so employed in 1890 was 5,954,655. Ten years later it had risen to 13,300,081—an increase of nearly 90 per cent. As one horse power is equal to ten men, we had machinery at work for us at the beginning of the century which was equivalent to the muscles of 113,000,000 men.

Compared with this enormous force, how insignificant was the number of employes engaged in all our factories, viz., 5,318,802, counting men, women and children! That is, more than nineteen-twentieths of the work was done by iron and steel men, who never tired and never got drunk, and were always on hand Monday morning and every other morning, were never lax, nor shirked behind the back of the superintendent and never struck for higher wages.

When we remember that 53,450,000 such men were added to our factory force between 1890 and 1900, we need not wonder that our manufactures went forward with a bound.

It is the opinion of our visitors that English mechanics, generally speak-

ing, are better all-around workmen than American. Very likely, but why should we spend years acquiring knowledge and skill, if we are rendered superfluous by our machinery? Probably there is not a single American workman in one of our great watch factories who could make a complete watch by hand, as a Swiss workman would. And yet we boast that we have machinery which enables him to turn out about four times as many watches in a year as his Swiss competitor can make by hand.

Again, it is claimed that American machinery will not wear so long as English. But in this particular, also, the American practice is more economical. With us the progress of invention is so rapid that the natural life of machinery is short and the old is quickly supplanted by the new. An American locomotive, for instance, is expected to work about ten years. By the expiration of that time improvements are such as to render it antiquated and it is no longer good policy to use it. On the other side, an English engine may last for twenty years, but it is about thirty years behind the times.—Josiah Strong in August Success.

The Sandhills of Peru

In Harper's Magazine for July, Ernest C. Rost tells of the curious traveling sand crescents of Peru which move across the desert:

"After passing another town of three or four mud huts, we enter the famous desert of Ilay, on which are what I consider the most remarkable natural curiosities to be seen on this globe," says Mr. Rost; "for we are now among hundreds—nay, thousands—of pure-white sand crescents, on a plateau of 4,500 feet above the level of the sea and fifty-four miles from the coast, where all else is of a dark red or chocolate color. Whence comes this sand, and why always in a crescent shape? Prof. Bailey, whom I afterwards met at Arequipa, in charge of the Harvard university observatory, told me that scientific men do not agree as to the reason why the sand always forms the same crescent shape.

Disagreements Among Scientists. Who is going to decide when scientists disagree? Here we find one group of investigators, moved by recent discoveries, and as the remarkable properties of the substance known as radium, figuring out that the earth and all that is in it must resolve themselves into their original elements or confusion of elements and that we shall have chaos come again. Another group of scientists declares that this

is utter nonsense and those who entertain such theories are dreamers. So it goes. Every discovery is met by scientific doubt as well as scientific belief, and the unlearned is to be forgiven for not knowing where he is at." But he can probably rest his soul in the calm confidence that the old world will go on for some time to come at least much as if there were no scientists and their new and startling theories.—Troy Times.

MR. KATZENLIEB AND THE FOX HUNTERS

"Ach! The resourcefulness of the human mind already!" said Mr. Katzenlieb when the real estate man came in to arrange for an outing trip. "It is now a club of New Cheshire sports who have risen above the difficulties of hunting when there is nothing to hunt a little. It was a club for the purpose of hunting foxes yet, and there is no foxes to shoot. But you were not to get by your head the idea once that they sit down in the dumb despair because of that. That would be mistaking yet the true mettle of the New Cheshire sport.

"It is that they had adopted four baby wolfs and are going to bring them up by the bottle until they get their eyes open and are able to walk, and then they are going to shame them already once. Ach! The baying of the hounds, the blowing by the horns, and the excitement generally, when those New Cheshire sports chase those four little hand-raised baby wolfs! That was a picture for a great artist worthy by a colored supplement, no?"

"It was one of those curious manifestations by heredity, no, that when a man has spent a lifetime shaming dollars nothing will satisfy his hopeful soul a little but that they must shase foxes. This disposition was kept down in those parts of the country where foxes was sheep and plenty, and they were not with increasing force. It surges up with increasing force a little as foxes get scarcer and where they are not at all it becomes a grand passion already. Ach! the exclusiveness of shasing foxes where there was no foxes, and shase!"

"I haf had the fox hunting sports tell me a little that there were no cruelties by the sport, but that the foxes enchoy being shased. That was valuable information, but I haf my own ideas maybe the foxes should gif more competent testimony a little."

"One of the sports tell me once about a hunt he was with yet where a fox was shased clear across two counties from early morning until the evening. Is it, or is it not?"

"It was a shase the finest that efer

was," he say, "and we had an accident already. That was shasing was cutting across a common and one of the riders broke his neck and his horse falling into the ditch which has been carelessly mowed while the funeral was coming once."

"When we catch the foxes that it was a little mother fox, and some how by her mouth a little mother fox who she haf carry the whole miles while we was shasing, until she was so tired she could no longer. But it was the grass. While we was shasing and shasing was tearing the little mother foxes I manage to catch the fox and safe him under my mittens little."

"Well, that was good, and say to him, feeling that the fox was relieved a little."

"Yes," he say, "I haf to home, and was going to feed the bottle and gif him efer one he was able to run. Then I was to get twenty-five hundred hound dogs and will the foxes. Already by my fond notions I see the dogs tearing pieces, after a long exciting and himself the triumphant of his brush a little yet."

"If it is the brush you want to him, why don't you get one for sure, and leaf the little fox a pet by your children?"

"Katzenlieb," he answer in of the dignity, "I not believe by your veins one drop of the blood already yet."

"Maybe, it is so," I say, "but I haf other things to the little besides shasing foxes."

"So haf," he answer yet again, "I haf my fads by seriousness and by sportiveness, and I spend my times in writing pieces by per about the cowardice and of the people by the Southern who when they shase murderers by hounds yet and sometimes has a little fox, or is it not?"

delphia Ledger.

Some Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

The bachelor girl's existence may not be exciting, but it does not necessitate trips to Dakota.

The moment of disillusionment comes when a woman discovers that a man never runs after a street car after it's caught.

One might think better of marriage if one's married women friends would not confide in one so much.

The happiest love affair for a woman is the one in which the man is very much in love with her, and she shames him just well enough to make it pleasant to have him around. When she loves deeply, there is as much pain as pleasure in it for her.

If there is anything a woman envies it is the power of sublime and perfect unconsciousness that he can ever bore any woman.

Man thinks home is the dearest spot on earth—for a woman. If he has to stay in it for three days running, he resembles a bear with a sore paw.

Millionaires and subway men have one point in common. Their chief topics of conversation are money and women.

"The woman tempted me," said Adam, and men have been laying things off on women ever since. Witness the proverbs of every language.

A surviving organism always corresponds to its environment. When a woman has to be at the office every morning at a certain hour she learns to wind her watch.

The heroine of every novel is beautiful and the hero chivalrous—qualities which are equally rare in actual life.

It is as easy to make love nicely as most men think.

When you have learned to accept men as they are, and not as you think they should be, there is really a great deal of comfort and interest to be got out of a bachelor's life.

The bachelor girl puts up with just as much deviltry from men as any other woman; but there is one species she doesn't have to stand—the masculine booby.

her town. The housekeeping habits of women will crop out no matter what profession they go into, and you can't get a minister doing anything technical.

A wise guy said that a bachelor was one who thought she was married if she wanted to, while a maid was one who knew she was married in his philosophy.

The really clever woman doesn't compliment a man on what he does, but on what he can do.

A famous literary man of New York said in his recent commencement address at Wellesley that probably half of the women before him would be virtuous, Colorado girls in the foreground.

Love has as many intricate details; overtones, subtle chords of the diminished seventh can any one expect to learn the lesson, and from a single man's eyes.

A woman who makes a doer herself mustn't resent being doer over.

It is an alleviating item in her wardrobe when the bachelor girl of a rich man's wife borrows the dressmaker who to introduce ordinary items into her bill, that she may derive a little reality from the check handed out in payment therefor.

For a woman with a grain of over-destroy her husband's pride, that he can manage her.

South Carolina women are expected to have the College of Charleston opened to girls. The students will be on the ground that they would not from any spirit and obstinate manliness. Men are so selfish sometimes when they don't love.

The woman never lived who loved with supreme passion the man who was her master. But she who was his superior, making her factitious circumstances, such as carrying the pocketbook or improving upon her, but only giving her nature is so much stronger than that of our folk here.—Minnie J. holds in New York Times.

The Artesia Advocate

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

GAYLE TALBOT, PROPRIETOR.

This paper has been entered in the postoffice at Artesia, New Mexico, as second-class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR

Next Monday morning the first term of school ever taught in Artesia will begin and every parent in the community should render the teacher every encouragement, to the end that the term will be a successful and pleasant one.

There is no richer soil in the world than the black waxy land of Ellis and Bell counties of Texas, and yet telegrams from there this week say cotton is dying and shedding its leaves and shade trees are withering for want of rain. Today in the far west we are eating the juiciest fruit and vegetables and the farms are fresh and green as spring time, simply because we have the water to apply whenever needed. Land can be bought for one fourth the price asked in Ellis and Bell counties and the seasons go with it. Why will you tarry, why linger so long, brethren?

Yellow fever is raging at Laredo, Texas.

J. W. Fleming of Soldier, Kansas, returned here last evening after an absence of about four weeks. He has invested in the Pecos Valley real estate and will make his future home in the valley.—Record.

And the particular section of the valley upon which Mr. Fleming has set his affections is Artesia. He picked a neat little profit on a piece of land here last week, and last Saturday invested in another 160 acres five miles north of town. In the meantime he is having a real choice tract near town fenced and says he is going to cast his lot among us for good. He says he likes the climate, the land and the water.

While on the train returning from Roswell last Thursday, we met our old friend R. W. Terrell, of Denton, Texas, who, with his wife, was on his way to Hagerman to close a deal for some Pecos Valley alfalfa land at \$35 per acre. The land is under the ditch and will become a paying proposition immediately. Texas never had a better citizen than R. W. Terrell and New Mexico may feel proud of him.

Five well drills will soon be going in the immediate vicinity of Artesia and gushers will be every week affairs.

Irrigation may be a good thing, and some countries are no good without irrigation, but a country where seasons are regular and land good is a more desirable country for homes—it is more neutral all round.—Amarillo Champion.

The above squib from the Amarillo Champion comes after the associate editor had returned from a trip down the Pecos Valley and it reminds one very much of a little boy whistling to keep up his courage as he climbs the stairs in the dark. He is evidently trying to argue himself into staying away from "the Happy Valley" after he has once had a glimpse of it. "Irrigation may be a good thing." Indeed? Let's see. The land around Amarillo is, naturally, about as good as Pecos Valley land and yet an acre of land here under irrigation will today bring one hundred times as much money as land on the plains. Irrigated land is such a good thing that we saw an Amarillo man last week just "hipping" himself in an effort to get a piece of raw prairie land in this valley at \$35.00 per acre. He knew he was getting a bargain and will realize one hundred per cent profit within the next twelve months—just like every other man has who got here in time. That "country where seasons are regular and land good" has never yet been found outside an irrigated region. The editor of the Champion and the editor of the Advocate came from a country where land is good, but ever and anon an all wise providence sees fit to chasten his people with drouth and pestilence and this same editor who says "Irrigation may be a good thing" was there when the government doled out corn by the quart to hungry humanity and the money changer got rich off the necessities of his neighbors. It may be all right to talk about "regular seasons" where the showers in their erratic travels happen to come your way, but the man who wants peace and plenty every year will have to get where he has good land and can put water on it when he pleases. The Pecos Valley is the place

"When your crops are needin' wet, Don't just sit around and fret, Tap a ditch and let 'er sweat."

The trade in cedar fence posts is rapid in Artesia at present. Every man wants to fence his land as soon as possible, it seems, and what a few months ago was wild, open prairie range for cattle, will ere long be farms and pastures. The board of commissioners of this county will be asked to see that public roads are reserved and maintained on all section lines and travel will not be interrupted by the fancing being done.

Mr. E. N. Heath made a business trip to Roswell Wednesday.

Hurrah For Cummins.

Three cheers for W. R. Cummins. In the Roswell Daily Record September 19, 1903. Mr. W. R. Cummins of Roswell, comes to the front on the white side of the tribe question. I am sure that the voices the majority of the good citizens of Roswell and the entire town of Artesia, in his condemnation of negro equality. May he continue to educate and agitate until the dark spots are removed from white society. But should he fail in his efforts in Roswell, we would advise him to move and take up his abode in Artesia, where the leopard spots of Africa is unknown. Where the atmospheric conditions are such we would advise the colored sons of Ham to never allow the sun to go down upon their heads.

We solicit white settlers only.
Very Respectfully,
A. V. LOGAN.

Mr. G. C. Cleveland says that on his trip through Texas last week, he met many friends and acquaintances who were seeking information about the far-famed Pecos Valley. They could have asked no abler representative than Mr. Cleveland. He gives out straight common sense reasoning based on facts without exaggeration. He says crops are very good in Coleman county this year, but among the people is the same old annual dread that next year may be a dry one. These artesian wells are a panacea for all such feelings as this.

There is a strong probability that Artesia will have another railroad before the idea of another autumn wane. Considerable correspondence on the subject has come from railroad people but as the Advocate is not given to creating talking on probabilities alone, we refrain from further comment at present.

Eugene and Frank Lutner were down from Hagerman Wednesday and the former called on the Advocate. They have sold out their property near Hagerman and will soon move to their land recently purchased on the Pecos. Eugene wants to get a well down as soon as possible, so that he will have his own water supply and not have to pay rentals to some one else the balance of his life.

Eugene Hardwicke, the well known citizen of Roswell, Wednesday bought a relinquishment on the Jones 320 acre tract of land three-fourths of a mile southwest of town and says it is his intention to put down an artesian well as soon as possible. Mr. Hardwicke has long since demonstrated the fact that he is a business man of keen perception—in other words, he knows a good thing when he sees it, hence he is taking all the Artesia real estate he can get his hands on.

Mr. Fred Kropf, of Pontiac, Kansas, writes to Mr. G. C. Cleveland under date of September 16th that he expects to be in Artesia by the second week of October with his stock and household goods to make this his future home. He came through here several weeks ago, after touring the famous farms of California and he says the Artesia country offers the best opportunities of any place for the farmer who wants to farm.

H. L. Forehand and wife of Lexington, Oklahoma, who were here on a few days' prospecting trip, left Saturday afternoon for Artesia. He is a big property owner at Lexington. He is highly pleased with Roswell and will invest in property here.—Roswell Record.

J. M. Cowels is having an artesian well drilled at Hagerman. With a fine flow of artesian water, our neighbor town would take on a new lease of life. Not that there is any danger of the town going dead, but an artesian flow to supplement the ditch service would make Hagerman grow as never before.

Sperry & Chapman are down 530 feet in the Cecil well southeast of town.

SPECIAL SALE ON



FOR 10 DAYS

TO MAKE ROOM FOR ANOTHER CAR

LOGAN & DYER

ARTESIA.

Mr. H. E. N. Phelps, of El Paso and Miss Louise Henderson, of Wichita, Kansas, yesterday took up contiguous government land on Cottonwood draw north of town. They are in a well watered section and have some beautiful land.

E. C. Higgins of Dayton, this territory, attended the fair at this place. He is a member of the real estate firm of Day & Higgins at Dayton. He says the first house is about completed, a post office and grocery store combined.—Roswell Record.

One On Dyer.

Mrs. J. D. Dyer and Mrs. Gore of Artesia left Saturday evening after attending the fair. Mrs. Dyer is the wife of the Artesia merchant, and a young man became confused and introduced her to the newspaper man as Mr. Dyer's daughter, and she was willing to let it stand that way to get even with Mr. Dyer for some jokes he had been playing on her.—Roswell Record.

Those Roswell people know exactly how to please the ladies. The editor's wife was in Jack Porter's the other day and a lady salesman asked her if she was Mr. Talbot's second wife. Of course the mistake was not a natural one, but it played the mischief with the editorial pocket-book.

JOE A. CLAYTON,

CONTRACTOR and BUILDER

Is no novice at the business, but will guarantee to build your house in a thoroughly workmanlike manner and can figure your lumber down as fast as anyone. If you want a house built figure with him.

H. S. LOGAN,

REAL ESTATE AND LIVE STOCK Commissioner.

Has a large and varied list of both town and country property, which I will be pleased to show prospectors. I also am a

NOTARY PUBLIC

and will attend to all work in this line in a correct and thorough manner. Deeds, written, acknowledgments taken and homestead and desert claim applications prepared. Correspondence solicited.

ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO.

Clark Bros.

ARTESIA, N. M.

General Merchandise.

ARE Selling OUT

ALL THE TIME!

But we must get a special move on us right away, as we have an extraordinary lot of everything needed by

MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN, ON THE WAY,

Come and see us. We will make your visit profitable.

CLARK BROS.



TOWN.

erson, of Wichita, g over the prairies pectors Tuesday. Clark has had an dded to his resi- tern suburbs this

improving his home building stables

ock Lumber Com- yard enclosed by e this week. Mr. is doing the work-

ation, of Erico, nesday night. He and than he knows n in Collin coun- object to having a y soil with a well

and A. W. Dudley photographed at the sday.

n, of Roswell, has ck fencing his land

son and son, E. W. d from Denton coun- y with two car loads ds, stock and im- fast making things eir land north of e is being erected

ill put down. Mr. s relinquishment on s Tuesday and the ight hundred acres n a body. They et for an artesian sible.

GOODS ARE ARRIVING.
COME AND SEE THEM
THE ARTESIA DRUG COMPANY.

F. M. Stromberg of tory arrived in the d the following day nes of the chance to alley land while it

Ms. Stromberg gets ouwood, while Mr. mles north of town. y these people will mercantile operations

E. M. H. has completed the d purchased recent-

Walling, of Amarillo, ar- and secured some ow Dayton. He in- cate that he has a nft already shipped n a well and go to ace right away. Mr. one up against the ong enough and this ooks good to him.

HAMILTON & LOGAN,
Painters and Paper Hangers
L. PAPER AND PAINTS. Estimates Furnished.
ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO.

J. T. PATRICK,
Contractor and Builder.

es furnished on all classes of building. Any distance wishing claim houses built may trust the matter to him. Guarantees his be first class and rates reasonable.

School Opening.

The Advocate is requested to announce that public school will open in Artesia next Monday morning October 5th. A full attendance of all students is requested. Prof. J. R. Peck, the teacher employed will arrive in the city today.

Dave Runyan says he has to acknowledge the corn that "the man with the hoe" is pushing the stockman west and he is this week leasing government land to the west and will put down a string of wells with wind mills.

Mr. J. Dale, a prominent business man of Little Rock, Ark., spent Saturday Sunday and Monday in Artesia prospecting. He gives it as his opinion that Artesia has a wonderful future and he will probably become a citizen.

F. C. Steele spent several days in Roswell this week.

P. B. and Ed Ritchey returned from Roswell Saturday.

Dr. J. F. Rhodes is having his business house on Main street painted. The work is being done by Hamilton & Logan.

Messrs. H. W. Hamilton and T. R. Logan have formed a copartnership and in future will ply their trade together. They are each splendid workmen. See their advertisement in this issue of the ADVOCATE.

J. Mack Smith made a business trip to Roswell Tuesday.

Mr. G. C. Cleveland returned from Coleman, Texas, Monday night. He was accompanied home by his widowed daughter, Mrs. W. H. Doss, who will remain with her parents permanently.

Mr. G. W. Witt, the bustling young real estate man, left Saturday to take to the Dallas Fair and visit his old home in Waco, Texas. There is no question but that the tale he puts up to those boll-weevil infested farmers of central Texas will make their mouths water for the good things of the west.

Some very fine cotton from Calebabb was on exhibition at the Roswell Fair. The man who is determined to stick to cotton, anyway, can grow it to perfection in the Pecos Valley.

Mr. John R. Mayor, of Roswell, spent Sunday, Monday and Tuesday in Artesia. He was having improvements made on his land.

Rev. J. C. Gage preached at Hagerman last Sunday and will fill the pulpit at this place tomorrow.

Sunday school will be held in the new school house tomorrow instead of the Rhodes hall. If you are not an attendant already, be on hand tomorrow and bring the children.

Mr. H. E. N. Phelps, an optician of El Paso, spent two days soliciting business in Artesia this week. He represents the El Paso Optical Company.

Mr. J. R. Blair went to Roswell Tuesday to attend to business with the land office.

Mrs. G. C. Cleveland is regretting the loss of nineteen fine turkeys, which went astray this week.

Major DeLmar, a New York horse, and Lou Dillon, a California mare, have tied on the world's record for trotting. They each made a mile in two minutes, flat.

Messrs. Day & Higgins, were up from Dayton Tuesday afternoon, bringing samples of fine apples and cantaloupes, of which the ADVOCATE came in for a liberal share. They are offering some fine opportunities for homeseekers down that way.

The men who have worked so faithfully on the J. Mack Smith well, were tendered a splendid banquet Thursday by Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Gore. It is useless to remark that the boys enjoyed the repast to the limit—they are kinder given to "puttin' down" things and their "bits" are always sharp. Mr. Gore's land adjoins that of Mr. Smith and the value of same is considerably enhanced by the big well adjoining.

M. A. Beckett & Sons,
Pioneer Merchants

OF ARTESIA,

Have moved into their large, new store on Main street and are showing the most complete stock of Dry goods and groceries in town. A complete stock and the same courteous treatment that has always characterized our business. We have just received our new stock of

Fall and Winter Clothing,

and can please you in price, style and quality. We will not be undersold on any line of goods. Your patronage solicited.

M. A. BECKETT & SONS

When the American housewife stamps her foot, doubles up her dainty fist and gives Ben Davis a black eye, you may know there is concenteration in the camp of the school of apple growers who have been planting fake apples by the millions for the last score of years. Because the masses could be "fooled part of the time," they thought they could "fool them" with gourd-pumpkin apples "all the time," and that their short-sighted scheme is proving a failure, is evidenced by the heart-breaking pleas in the horticultural press, for friendship of "Old Ben," by apple (?) growers, who try to whistle over acres and acres of the product for which the masses give them \$1.00 per barrel less than for high quality apples, that, if grown instead of the fakes, would increase the demand for good juicy apples two fold, and the growers could well afford to place thousands of balls of luscious nectar in the stockings, at Christmas time, of the good little bairns of our land, who have never tasted a good apple. Then, too, Ben doesn't know enough some years to stay in out of the cold, while many of the other kind are content to bide their time and be heard from later. It is the "other kind" that the fruit growers of Eddy county will do well to grow, and Lov's Nurseries' Agency wants to see that you get them.

Mr. S. W. Gilbert is at home from a visit to Missouri. We understand that he is very anxious to let a contract for an artesian well.

"E. A. Clayton was hustling business at the Roswell end of the line two days this week.

E. P. BUJAC G. R. BRICE
BUJAC & BRICE,
Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law
Will practice in all courts of New Mexico and Texas. Office opposite Hotel Schultz.
CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO

JOHN L. PEPPER,
GENERAL TRANSFER
AND DRAYAGE.
Freight and household goods handled promptly and with care. All hauling will be looked after carefully. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

HELPFUL READING Some newspapers print matter to fill up space. Much of this is really harmful reading. It is the aim of THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS, to give helpful reading. Thousands will test by its helpfulness to them. Ask your neighbor.

THE FARMERS' DEPARTMENT SPECIAL If you are not taking the Artesia Advocate you should be. It is helpful to the best interests of your town and country. For \$2.00 cash in advance, we will send you the Artesia Advocate and the Galveston or the Dallas Semi-Weekly News for 12 months. The News stops when your time is out.

DR. ROBERT M. ROSS,
GENERAL PRACTITIONER
SPECIAL ATTENTION TO SURGICAL AND PULMONARY DISEASES.
P. O. TOPFICE BUILDING, ARTESIA, N. M.

Hotel Artesia

Main Street,
Two Blocks from Depot.

PONS & WHITE,
PROPRIETORS.

Comfortable, clean rooms and constant attention given to the comfort of guests. Tables are supplied at all times with the very best the market affords. This is a nice, home-like place for prospectors and the traveling public. When you visit the Pecos Valley, come to Artesia and put up at this hotel.

RATES ARE VERY REASONABLE.

J. N. FENTON,
REAL ESTATE.

Nice list of city property Ranch lands a specialty.
See Me Before Buying.

The Art of Listening.

There is a grace of kind listening as well as a grace of kind speaking. Some men listen with an abstracted air which shows that their thoughts are elsewhere, or they seem to listen, but by wide answers and irrelevant questions show that they have been occupied with their own thoughts as being more interesting at least in their own estimation, than what you have been saying. Some interrupt and will not hear you to the end. Some hear you to the end, and forthwith begin to talk to you about a similar experience which has befallen themselves, making your case only an illustration of their own. Some, meaning to be kind, listen with such a determined, lively, violent attention that you are at once made uncomfortable, and the charm of conversation is at an end. Many persons whose manners will stand the test of speaking break down under the trial of listening.

It would be easier to tolerate the man who grins and bears it if it were not for the grin.

DR. BECKER'S CELEBRATED EYE BALSAM

IS A SURE CURE FOR INFLAMED, WEAK EYES, STYES AND GRANULATED OR SORE EYES.

For sale by all druggists.

W. W. LAMPTON, 208 E. Third St., St. Louis, Mo.

EMERGENCY CALLS

Our Repair Crew ready at all hours for instant service. This means money to you. Your wire will receive instant attention.

Machine Repair, Castings.

DILLON MACHINE CO.

121 SWISS AVENUE, DALLAS, TEXAS.

FREE TO WOMEN!

To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package of a box of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package—enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are praising Paxtine for what it has done in local trials. It cures all inflammation and discharges, cleanses vaginal docters, sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash and to remove tartar and whitens the teeth. Send today a postal card will do.

Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents. Large box, Satisfaction guaranteed.

T. H. H. PAXTINE CO., Boston, Mass.
214 Columbus Ave.

BUY No. 43

Perfection

Of Your Collar Merchant.

Beston Bros. Saddlery Co., Makers, Dallas, Texas.

IMPROVED SERVICE

ON THE SAN ANGELO BRANCH OF THE SANTA FE.

FULLMAN SLEEPERS.

between FORT WORTH AND SAN ANGELO

Every Day.

Sleeping Car Rate \$1.25.

AT ALL Grocers

TASCO COOKING OIL

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

"PLEASANT MEMORIES."

A Mother's Touch is not softer or kinder than an application of

DICKS' MUL-EI-OL

to Cuts, Wounds or Burns. Heals and Soothes.

SAMPLE BOTTLES FREE—ANY DRUG STORE

TO A GOOD BOOK.

Come, friend, and sit with me:
In our calm retreat,
Need nothing from the street,
Nor opera, nor play, nor dance,
Nor club, nor dinner, to enhance
Your pleasure that it is to be
Each in the other's company.
You give me everything, when I
I give you nothing, and I sigh
I love you and no other pay
You ask for nothing, when I
Is that enough? It is so easy, dear,
To love you that it seems to me
I give you nothing for my company.
—William J. Lampton, in the Reader.



His Eyes Opened

When Natalie Hall married Clarke Dexter the people who prophesied that she would not be happy were so very much in the minority that no one paid heed to them.

"Dexter's opinion of himself will have to be whittled down several inches before he'll make any woman's life what it ought to be," one man said.

But every one knew that the speaker would gladly have stood in Dexter's shoes, so he did not count.

Nevertheless, not many months had passed before a vague uncertainty began to grow in the heart of Natalie Dexter, which, had the minority known it, would have caused them to exclaim complacently, "I told you so!"

As to Dexter, while still very much in love with his wife, he frankly admitted to himself that a woman of more penetration, in other words, one more keenly alive to the rare intellectual qualities of Clarke Dexter, attorney at law, might have proved a more congenial companion.

It was a warm day in early summer. After a hard five hours in court Dexter ascended the steps of the pretty suburban villa which he called home somewhat before his usual time. With the jangle of the day still in his nerves he dropped into a low chair on the piazza.

Presently his own name reached him at through a haze. Dexter opened his eyes lazily, realizing that for a moment he had been blessedly unconscious.

"But surely, dear, you and Clarke are very happy?"

The repeated question, coming through an open window where the air softly stirred some light draperies, pricked him into complete wakefulness. An aunt of his wife, who had been to her as a mother, was visiting them. Dexter recognized her voice.

He found himself listening intently for the reply. It came gradually.

"If you mean do we get on, Aunt Grace, I suppose we do, as well as ninety-ninths of the people we know, perhaps."

"But, my dear, that is different from the married life I had hoped for you." "It is different from the married life I had hoped for myself."

Dexter sat up, too amazed to realize that he was listening to a conversation not meant for his ears.

"The fact is—," Natalie Dexter paused.

"What, dear?"

"It seems abominable to say, but you are the only mother I have ever known. There would be a greater

chance of happiness for Clarke and me if— if something occurred to dislodge him a little with his own attainments."

"But, my dear, Clarke has surely some right to feel complacent with his attainments." Not yet 30 and fast climbing to the top of the tree in his profession.

Dexter blessed Miss Hall in his heart.

"Don't I know that, Auntie! In the hours that I have sat and thought it all out I have come to this opinion—"

"Clarke," he said slowly, "there's something I want to ask you. . . . You have grown so immensely in the past year, there is not a trace of the—the you I forgave me, dear—little touch of intolerance—of egotism—which—"

Dexter took the glowing face between his hands and paused to kiss the halting lips.

"The improvement," he said slowly, "is the result of an unprofessional opinion." —M. Louise Cummins, in Boston Globe.

EX-SPEAKER REED'S FORTUNE.

His Literary as Well as Legal Work Paid Him Handsomely.

The fact that the late Thomas B. Reed left an estate of \$431,000, after all indebtedness had been discharged, was a matter of surprise to people generally, writes William E. Curtis in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Mr. Reed always pretended to be very poor, but some of his intimate friends were convinced long ago that his poverty was an affectation, because they knew of large fees received by him from time to time for legal services and literary work. He never wrote a line or made a speech for nothing.

Each of the many articles which from time to time appeared in the magazines from his pen brought him \$500, and I know of one instance at least in which he received \$100 from a New York newspaper for an interview he prepared with himself upon a subject of his choosing.

His estimated his legal services at a very high value, and unless his clients made a bargain with him in advance they were sure to be surprised when they received their bills. There is a story that, while in London some years ago, he charged John V. and C. B. Farwell of Chicago \$5,000 for giving some information to the English solicitor about the laws of the United States bearing on the sale of their Texas lands, and I know where he made a life enemy of one of his closest friends by sending him a bill for advice given on a legal question in what was supposed to be a friendly conversation.

Three Kinds of Poor.

One of the patriarchs among the Baptists of this country was Rev. A. K. Bell. He was a leader of the earlier generation of his clergyman, believing that charity was only that done unless a smile or a jest went with it. He was a great worker among the poor and upon one occasion at a public gathering was unexpectedly called upon to speak on the Poor in Large Cities. Dr. Bell arose solemnly and began: "Ladies and gentlemen, there are three kinds of poor. There are the Lord's poor, the devil's poor and the poor devils. This will conclude my address." And the old clergyman sat down without another word.

Chinese Sailors.

Over 1,500 British vessels plying in eastern waters are manned by Chinese crews.

a design for rany work—and the worse it is that it am fast descending to the level of his opinion."

The unhappiness in her voice had been like a stream restrained at first, but gaining such force from the tributaries of thought that the weak barriers of caution were swept away.

Her next words revealed its true depth and current appallingly to the man who had taken her young life into his keeping. He could have knelt in contrition and kissed the hem of her pretty gown.

"I shall not offer this cloth to the church after all," she said firmly. "I have stiched so many bitter disillusion with life into it, that it would be sacrilege. There are places I cannot bear to look at, for every thread was a protest against God."

"What was that?" Miss Hall looked up at a sound on the piazza.

Natalie Dexter went to the window and drew aside the curtain. Someone was disappearing around the corner of the house, but her vision was too blurred to distinguish who it was.

It was almost a year later. Winter seemed to have stepped back and taken the rein that earth in the last embrace.

Before a blazing log fire in the library Dexter and his wife sat. Indulging in one of their many witty discussions, which were as the striking of flint and steel.

More than once he had risen and paced the floor, with hands thrust deep into his pockets, when his wife's keen wit and woman's instinct met and baffled him.

"Come," he said, holding out one hand to her, "I don't admit that I'm beaten by any means, but I know one thing—I'm ravenous. Let's go and see if we can't find something cold in the larder."

Natalie Dexter rose and laid her hands on her husband's shoulders. The eyes which looked into his were so caressing that he went toward her, but she held him back.

"Clarke," he said slowly, "there's something I want to ask you. . . . You have grown so immensely in the past year, there is not a trace of the—the you I forgave me, dear—little touch of intolerance—of egotism—which—"

Dexter took the glowing face between his hands and paused to kiss the halting lips.

"The improvement," he said slowly, "is the result of an unprofessional opinion." —M. Louise Cummins, in Boston Globe.

EDUCATIONAL

THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

FULL COURSES IN Classical, Rhetoric and History, Journalism, Pharmacy, Law, Mechanical, Electrical Engineering, Architecture, Thorough Preparatory and College Courses.

ST. CLARY'S ACADEMY

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

One Mile West of Notre Dame, Ind. Most beautiful and healthful location by the shores of the Holy Cross. Commanded by a national astronomer. Thorough Classical, Scientific and Commercial course. Chemistry and Pharmacy. Legals Degree. Preparatory Department for religious, medical and Physical Laboratory well equipped.

ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE

AUSTIN, TEXAS.

Students have every opportunity to earn money in their spare time. Courses in addition to a Full College Education.

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Students have every opportunity to earn money in their spare time. Courses in addition to a Full College Education.

WET-WEATHER

There is no satisfaction when you get wet and cold. You are sure to catch a cold if you wear **WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING**.

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A striking contrast between Defiance Star and any other brand will be found by comparing Defiance Star with whitens, beautifies and out retting. It gives clothes their newness. It is absolutely pure. It will not injure most delicate fabrics. For fine things use things use the best Defiance Star. 10 cents for 10 ounces. Other brands to compare 13 ounces. A striking contrast.

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FULL COURSES IN Classical, Rhetoric and History, Journalism, Pharmacy, Law, Mechanical, Electrical Engineering, Architecture, Thorough Preparatory and College Courses.

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One Mile West of Notre Dame, Ind. Most beautiful and healthful location by the shores of the Holy Cross. Commanded by a national astronomer. Thorough Classical, Scientific and Commercial course. Chemistry and Pharmacy. Legals Degree. Preparatory Department for religious, medical and Physical Laboratory well equipped.

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It is About That Way.

In a late issue the Gonzales Enquirer says, Write! It is the duty of the editor to write. He must write for pay or without pay. Whether he has that tired feeling or a case of the simpes, a gaping public is waiting and watching for his brain leaks. Whether it be cold or hot he must warm up to his business. If he has no subject that presents itself he must agitate the gray matter in his head and see what floats to the top or what suggests itself. If he is hungry he must write, if he has happened to dine sumptuously and has that fullness that always paralyzes effort he must write. From the office boy to the foreman, from the early morn till the shadows begin to lengthen, the cry is write. If the Muses have blown a thousand miles he must mount that fabled winged horse, Pegasus, and hunt in the fields of inspiration until a subject is found that will furnish entertainment, a food for thought or wholesome instruction. His is a race with time, the companion of the present and heir to the future punishment for the sins of those he has defended or the romances he has told. He must dive into the pearls. If he gets hold of a scandalite or a stinger the public hears not his cry of pain, or laughs at his discomfort, or says serve him right. He must know all things, see all things, hear all things, and tell only that which is pleasant, profitable or amusing. He must be as powerful as an engine, yet as delicate as a woman. People like to hear of their virtues and not of their foibles. They like to hear of their successes, but not of their failures. He must be a God-fearing man, but not afraid to associate with the devil. Through interviews and summer skies he must write. The politician can sing the same song of tariff reform, the preacher can reverse his barrel of sermons, but the editor must do his stunts every day. He must write.

Sensible Decision.

The following decision regarding desert land entries direct from the secretary of the interior is important: "Any effort made in good faith by a desert land entryman to produce crops of any kind on land which demonstrate an effort at reclamation, is cultivation within the meaning of the fifth section of the act of March 3, 1891. A showing on the part of a desert land entryman that, as a result of irrigation of the land, there is a marked increase in the growth of native grass thereon, sufficient to support stock, is sufficient proof of cultivation." Inasmuch as the purpose of the law is to accomplish the reclamation of arid lands it must be admitted that the latter decision is the most sensible. The desired result is to be attained only through irrigation. The land might be plowed until grasshoppers would starve upon it without securing other desirable ends, while an application of water to increase the growth of grass without touching an agricultural implement to the soil would make the land profitable and valuable for purposes of settlement.—Optic.

A gentleman in town yesterday with cabbage, turnips, squash and melons from the Sacramento mountains, sixty-five miles west, says there was ice one half inch thick at his place September 16th.

Good For Artesia.

F. C. Strawn and A. L. Circle of Alva, Oklahoma, who arrived here yesterday and were at the Grand Central, left this morning for their home and will return to Artesia in about ten days where they have bought property and will make Artesia their future home. They have an Artesian well drilling outfit on the way to Artesia and will drill wells on their property in the near future and improve the land. Mr. Circle is a Virginian originally and owned a steam laundry in Alva, and Mr. Strawn is an Alva druggist but will close out the business before he returns.—Roswell Record.

Sheriff Stewart is riding a pretty silver mounted saddle these days. He went to the Roswell fair and while there the boys roped him into a roping contest and he carried off second prize, throwing and tying his steer in 30 1-5 seconds. He says the old bucks are good for something yet.—Corisbad Current.

Thursday was a good day for shooting. The quail season opened on that day, and bill collectors were also plentiful.

Artesia has been visited by many strangers this week. They are home-seekers and have made things lively for the land agents.

Surveyor Will Benson has been busy this week attending the wants of the new comers.

THE DEADLY "LOCO."

The loco weed which continues to spread and which adds additional burdens to the stockmen of the Panhandle and New Mexico, has so far baffled the skill of botanists. The Texas Farmer in commenting on the steps taken by Secretary of Agriculture Wilson to make an investigation of this and other poisonous plants says:

"The peculiarity of this plant is that its poisonous principle has never been discovered. All that is known of it is that it exerts a peculiar effect upon the stock that eat it, depriving them of the existence of brain power and eventually causing their death. The secretary of agriculture at Washington has detailed L. K. Chestnut of the botanical division to make an investigation of the poisonous plants which have caused so much trouble on the western ranges, including the loco weed, larkspur and lupins. Mr. Chestnut has been engaged in studying the effects of these plants for the past three years, and his deductions and experiments have proved of much value to stockmen and stock raisers and has established the fact that permanganate as potash is a valuable antidote for the lupins, but has been unable to find any practical remedy yet for the loco weed. Old ranchmen who have dealt with the situation for years say there is no remedy for loco, and the majority of them spend considerable money every year having the weed dug up and destroyed on their ranges."

There was an old negro living in Carrollton who was taken ill and had a physician of his race to prescribe for him. But he did not seem to be getting any better, and finally a white physician was called. Dr. S. felt the darky's pulse for a moment and then examined his tongue. "Did your doctor take your temperature?" he asked. "I don't know, sch," he answered feebly. "I hain't missed anything but my watch asyit, boss."

E. A. CLAYTON

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Real Estate Agent OF ARTESIA.

He came here before the town and owns and controls more land than man in the valley. If you want

An Irrigated Farm or a Town Lot

see or write him. He can get you any quality of land you want and at most of a price, with terms to suit. Don't buy until you see

CLAYTON, THE REAL ESTATE MAN

Contest Notice.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

Roswell, New Mexico,

August 22, 1903.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Geo. P. Cleveland, contestant, against homestead entry No. 1133, made June 27, 1899, for the southeast quarter of section 10, Township 17 S., Range 26 E., by Samuel M. Gwin, contestee, in which it is alleged that said Samuel M. Gwin does not reside upon said land, but removed from said land and abandoned his said entry more than six months prior to the date of said affidavit, and that said alleged absence from the said land was not due to his employment in the army, navy or marine corps of the United States in time of war; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 2 o'clock p. m. on November 24, 1903, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roswell, New Mexico.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed September 8, 1903, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

HOWARD LELAND, Register.

DAVID L. GUYER, Receiver.

Contest Notice.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

Roswell, New Mexico,

August 22, 1903.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Geo. P. Cleveland, contestant, against homestead entry No. 1131, made June 26 1899, for the southeast quarter of section 10, Township 17 S., Range 26 E., by Frank B. Jackson, contestee, in which it is alleged that said Frank B. Jackson does not reside upon said land, but has removed from said land and abandoned his said entry more than six months prior to the date of said affidavit, and that said alleged absence from the said land was not due to his employment in the army, navy or marine corps of the United States in time of war; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on November 24, 1903, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roswell, New Mexico.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed September 8, 1903, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

HOWARD LELAND, Register.

DAVID L. GUYER, Receiver.

Contest Notice.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

Roswell, New Mexico,

September 18, 1903.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Allena Sholars, contestant, against homestead entry No. 1072, made April 26 1899, for S4 of SE1/4 and S1 of SW1/4, of Section 24, Township 17 S., Range 26 E., by Wilbert G. West, contestee, in which it is alleged that said Wilbert G. West has never established his home thereon, has wholly abandoned said tract and changed his residence therefrom for more than six months since making said entry and next prior to the date of said affidavit, that said tract is not settled upon and cultivated by said party as required by law and that said alleged absence from the said land was not due to his employment in the army, navy or marine corps of the United States in time of war; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on November 20, 1903, before J. Muck Smith, U. S. Court Commissioner, at Artesia, Eddy County New Mexico, (and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. on November 27, 1903, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roswell, New Mexico.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed September 23, 1903, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

HOWARD LELAND, Register.

DAVID L. GUYER, Receiver.

Speak a good word for Artesia.

Desert Land, Final Notice For Publication.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

Roswell, New Mexico,

September 18, 1903.

Notice is hereby given that Hamilton of Roswell, New Mexico has filed motion to make proof on claim No. 611, for the S1/4 of S16 S., R. 26 E., before the Register and Receiver at Roswell, New Mexico on Saturday the 14th day of September, 1903.

She names the following to prove the complete reclamation of said land: Richey of Roswell, N. M., Maddox of Roswell, N. M., Richey of Roswell, N. M., Hamilton, of Roswell, N. M.

HOWARD LELAND, Register.

Billy Ralston, Don Pedro Stuart, Jack Leach, Julius Peterson went to the less lakes early yesterday and returned in the afternoon one hundred and seventy dogs got tired pulling Don Pedro Ralston maddoxing.—Roswell Record.

Clifton Chisholm says thousands pigs have been Oaxis hog ranche in the weeks.

James B. Frazier of Kan., who has been here on a tour, left Saturday for Artesia, where he has in property.—Roswell Record.

The young people enjoyed at the residence of Mr. E. erson three miles south Thursday night.

John Schrock Lumber Co., INCORPORATED

CARRY A FULL STOCK

LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIALS.

ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED

Artesia, New Mexico.

CHAMBERS & HEATH,

Well Drillers.

Experienced Men and Latest Improved Machinery.

Both rotary and drop combination drill, and we are prepared to put down any kind of a well in a short time. Will be glad to make figures with any one desiring a well.

ARTESIA, NEW MEXICO.

Advertisement in BOLAND, C. O. September, 1903.