

7-12-1919

Wagon Mound Sentinel, 07-12-1919

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WAGON MOUND SENTINEL

ON GUARD IN THE INTEREST OF THE PEOPLE.

VOL. 2.

WAGON MOUND, NEW MEXICO, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1919.

NO. 16

Wagon Mound Briefs

Mr. Bentley, cashier of Farmer & Stockmens bank returned last Sunday from a visit to home folks back in "Ol' Missou." Jim says crops look fine, but New Mexico looks good to him. While there he attended a meeting of his home lodge of Masons.

The Village Mayor and Trustees should call a meeting at once and appoint a new day marshal. If we are to have law and order in this village, the marshal should be a man who does not get drunk on "soda pop mixed with Jamaica ginger." If the officials refuse to look after the interest of the village, why don't they be sensible and resign and let the people elect those who will give some time and attention to matters of importance to this village. We will never be anything but a "burro" town until wide-awake methods are adopted and those appointed to office carry themselves in a manner that will demand respect for law and order. Wake up or bust up.

During the fourth the following Wagonmounders developed into fishermen; Mr. and Mrs. A. Wiest, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Burnett, C. T. Matthews, C. M. Tyner, W. M. Wiegand, Henry Wallenhorst, Douglas Wood, Earl Sifferd. They were accompanied by a Mr. Flander, of Boston, who gave them instructions in the way cod fish and whale are caught. The fishing was done, however, on our own Red River, and we understand one of the party caught a cat fish, another caught a minnow, another killed a rattle snake, and others (not the ladies) caught. Now don't get suspicious, but we will say no more. However, all had a good time.

MISS ANNIE STRONG WEDS.

(Santa Fe New Mexican.)

"The last of a trio of pretty weddings to be mentioned, was that of Miss Annie Strong, daughter of state treasurer and Mrs. C. U. Strong to Joseph Berardinelli, who recently returned from overseas. This wedding took place at 6:20 o'clock Thursday morning at the Cathedral of St. Francis where a nuptial mass was celebrated by Monsignor Fourcheu, rector of the Cathedral. The bride looked exceedingly pretty in a white silk dress. She wore a white picture hat and carried bride's roses. Her sister, Miss Margaret Strong, was bridesmaid and wore an attractive dress of pink organdie over white, a picture hat and carried pink roses. Ben Martinez, deputy state treasurer, was the best man.

Mr. and Mrs. Berardinelli left Thursday afternoon on their wedding journey. They will reside here.

The bride is the eldest daughter of New Mexico's treasurer and came to Santa Fe when her family moved here this winter from Mora, following the election of Mr. Strong. She was educated at Loretto academy in Santa Fe and during her school days made many friends because of his fine qualities and genial disposition. The bridegroom is popular in social and business circles here and all of his friends and acquaintances wish him and his bride many years of wedded bliss."

Mr. Berardinelli is well known in Wagon Mound, and is a niece of Mrs. W. J. Blattman, who resides here, and of John Strong of Ocate. Her many friends in Mora county wish the couple long life and happiness.

John H. Culley, field representative of the American Red Cross at Columbus, N. M., has been appointed by William P. Robinson, director of the bureau of military relief of the Mountain division, to proceed to El Paso, Texas, to confer with and co-operate with Col. James Erwin, who is in command of the army in the El Paso district.

Since the renewal of hostilities in Mexico, the Red Cross border service has been put on a wartime basis, and Denver has been designated as the central station for Red Cross activities along the border while the troops are stationed at these points.

Mr. Culley formerly lived on the Culley-Martin ranch and sold his interest to Mr. John Hinde.

A BACK NUMBER.

(By Lola Marie Haymon.)

A simple law in physics is that two solid bodies can not occupy the same space at the same time. A psychical law like into it is that the mind can not concentrate on two dissimilar problems at the same time.

At present educators in New Mexico are seeking to outwit these two natural laws; and the impossible, that is, they are trying to carry the old school curriculum that filled every minute of a six-hour day, with the new curriculum of industrial and vocational training.

The man whose primary interest is in academic subjects will tell you there is no time for "fold-er-al and fancy fixins" in the course of study; that it takes all the time to teach the required subjects; that the fundamental thing is to teach reading, writing and arithmetic, history, geography and grammar. If industrial training goes in to the schools the fundamentals are crowded out.

On the other hand, the educator advocating industrial training maintains that home science, agriculture etc. are as fundamental as the "Holy Rs." and should be crowded into the course of study. They should be "required subjects." The industrial promoters say the subjects take but little time; are no extra trouble and enliven the day's work, etc.

And the poor undertrained, over-worked teacher, seeing the hopelessness of the proposition attempts to do enough academic work to get by in the State examinations, and enough industrial work to make a show.

The result is pitiful dishonesty and ludicrous camouflage in the school room.

The time has come to revise the course of study; to teach intensively, rather than extensively; to cover fundamental subjects instead of text books.

Now every one agrees reading, writing and arithmetic should be taught thoroughly in the public schools. No one will admit that it requires eight years to teach them. Yet the public schools of today, high schools included, turn out more pupils who can not speak or spell correctly than who can. They turn out more pupils whose reading is word pronouncing, than who read intelligently. Any college professor will tell you the chief difficulty with his students is that they fail to get the meaning from written sentences and any employer will tell you his employees are inefficient because they can not follow instructions.

No one expects initiative, independent action or responsibility in a high school graduate. The academic curriculum was crys-

BANK REPORT

No. 65.

Report of condition of Farmers & Stockmens Bank, at Wagon Mound, in the State of New Mexico, at the close of business on June 30, 1919.

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and discount expect those shown on (b)	\$ 154,949.21	Capital stock paid in	\$ 35,000.00
Total loans	\$154,949.21	Surplus fund	133.46
(c) U. S. bonds owned and pledged	8,000.00	Undivided profits	7,014.15
Total U. S. bonds	8,000.00	(c) Less current expenses, interest, and taxes paid	6,400.19
(a) Value of banking house (if unencumbered)	8,000.00	Individual deposits subject to check	107,119.08
Furniture and fixture	2,110.34	Cashier's checks outstanding	804.55
(a) Net amount due from National banks	425.60	Certificates of deposit	76,009.83
Net amount due from bank and bankers (other than included in 10 or 11)	43,160.09	Other time deposits	2,406.81
(a) Outside checks and other cash items	2,275.88	Liabilities other than those above stated (Rentals)	177.50
(b) Fractional currency, nickles and cents	284.44		
Coin and currency	2,676.00		
Other assets, if any (Liberty Loan unpaid balances)	384.63		
Total	222,266.19	Total	222,266.19

State of New Mexico, ss.
County of Mora.

We, Jno. W. Harris president, and J. M. Bentley, cashier, of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

Jno. W. Harris, President.

J. M. Bentley, Cashier.

Correct Attest:

C. E. Blattman,

H. W. Gibbs,

M. Paltenghe.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th. day of July 1919.

(Seal) Charles R. Keyes, Notary Public.

My commission expires Sept. 20, 1921.

talized before such things were thought of for young people. But in general, people expect the product of the schools to be proficient in the primary branches of education.

As a matter of fact more than a century of failure to obtain this result should make any one pause. What is wrong? The avowed purpose of the academic course of study is to teach what it rarely teaches, i. e., proficiency in reading, writing and arithmetic, and a correct general idea of history and science.

The advocates of industrial and vocational training would do well to come boldly to the front and say: "Here, you demand eight and twelve years to do what you do not do. Give us but four of those years and we will not only guarantee that our students will be able to write business letters, handle any sort practical arithmetical problems, follow spoken instructions or from the printed page, but they will also have a trade whereby they can make a living for themselves and further the economic "interests of society."

The claim would not be a vain boast. Any educator knows it can be done. The way to teach a subject is to demonstrate it in normal, practical situations, not exemplify it under false and sterile conditions. The result between the two methods is the result between life and death. It is the difference between education as it would be with the new industrial idea dominating and as it is, strangled by the present curriculum.

Every community should have, and could have, industrial training in the grades and a vocational high school. Every pupil in the schools should have and could

have an education that teaches him how to use his head and his hands, to perform some service to society, for which his financial independence would be secured.

The only reason for the present curriculum, bunglesome, inefficient, medieval as it is, is the apathy and ignorance of the people in regard to educational matters.

Suppose the people of this community demanded a revised curriculum that would include industrial and vocational training with ample time for it; suppose they demanded the academic work stripped of a stupid verbosity concealing not emphasizing realities; suppose they demanded teacher trained to teach subjects, not text books. The school directors would listen to the demands of the people, the county superintendents would listen to the directors; the state department of education would give ear to the county superintendents. The result would be a modern course of study for the public schools and teachers trained to teach, with time to teach the work required. The further result would be an efficient, upstanding student body, knowing well what it did know, able to use that knowledge in home, economics and business life. And the ultimate result would be an enlightened community.

The time has come and the call will soon be raised for a new school curriculum. Will that call come from school patrons or teachers, or county superintendents, or from the Federal Bureau of Education?

Some say Jess Willard is now a "has-been." From the report of the fight we wonder if he ever was.

TIME TO FORM.

(By Honore Kidd)

However refreshing innocence may be to a jaded world, ignorance is rarely so. Yet a few common opinions, born of ignorance, are interesting.

There seems to be a general belief that conditions exist in Mexico at present are unbelievable, inconceivable, impossible. Never before did such chaos reign, and it is the business of the United States to go right down and clean things up.

With the exception of a few knowing ones who have financial axes to grind in such interference, people of this opinion are honest in their ignorance. They can be convinced that the situation is not as simple as it seems, by merely reading the history of Mexico. Almost any period reads like the present. That portion of United States history touching upon Mexico might be present newspaper reading. Especially at the time of the civil war and the presidency of Lincoln is the situation paralleled to the present.

Old Mexico is running true to form. It is not a question as to whether or not she needs outside interference to straighten out internal conditions, but a question of whether or not the United States will change her policy of laissez-fair and actually interfere.

The greatest inconsistency lies in the attitude of those people who clamor for interference in Mexico, taking sides with one group against other, but loudly condemn a league of nations because it implies possible interference between nations at strife. The Monroe Doctrine has been cut to cover so many interests that some people think it means that Uncle Sam can kick in whenever and wherever he wants to, but no one must interfere with him.

Another source of much wasted breath is the attitude of the Senate in regard to the league of nations. Again, history is the best eye-opener for any one disturbed over senatorial antics. The Senate always been an old-fashioned grandmother spoiling her precocious grand-child with sugar plums and opposed to the scientific theory of "lettin' it holler." The senate always has been a block in the path of progress. The greater part of progressive legislation has been passed only after the fiercest fights in the Senate, for while the Senate changes its personnel and its politics periodically, it never changes its ashen hue of antiquity or its mental attitude toward initiative.

In all the advanced questions of the day the Senate is running true to form, and it is safe to assume, while it may retard the forward step of achievement it will not eventually prevent it. It is the function of some deliberative bodies to push; and some to pull, but the Senate's is to stand still and sputter.

We take it that there is no immediate cause for alarm because forty Senators have set their faces against a world plan for peace. When all is said and done that can be said and done against a just and right measure the justice and right still stand, and must prevail, as in the case of prohibition, suffrage and other noted legislative acts that got by in spite of senatorial persecution.

From reading some speeches delivered by the president, some papers see to think that I. W. W. means,—I Woodrow Wilson all ready in.

QUID PRO QUO.

The young man who has money of his own making in the bank, is not likely to be an I. W. W. or a bolshevist.

The hypocrisy of society is wearing. When will the world establish a new standard of morality, or make an honest attempt to live up to the old ideals? Which would you prefer?

Do you know that every dollar, you invest in War Savings Stamps interest compounded quarterly, doubles itself in less than seven-teen years?

In some communities people are so jealous of each other they can't even have a dance because everyone wants to be the fiddler.

We can forgive any one who can't see the point to our jokes, but deliver us from the man who does it know we are joking!

If those bucking senators had only kept still until President Wilson returned, what storm they could have raised with their objection to the league of nations. But alas, they wasted their wind and thunder in squalls.

Farmer, Feed'em says no work is degradable, but some of it is darn disagreeable.

There is no hope for the man who knows he has a "holier" than thou" opinion of himself, but does not change it.

The Fourth of July has furnished more disappointments in the U. S. A. than all other holidays combined. It is safe to count on a rain for that day, even in New Mexico.

It is easier for lazy people to believe "the Lord will provide" than to believe "the Lord helps him who help himself."

It is a mistake to take idle talk as criticism, merely because it is of a fault finding nature.

The man who expects prices to go down while wages go up should have no difficulty in believing in miracles.

A great many people after reading "some" newspapers, are coming to the conclusion that I. W. W. really mean, "I Woodrow Wilson."

We can see nothing wrong with the reservation the republicans demand to the covenant of league of nations. If we must have a league, the democrats should be willing to accept all good suggestions. The reservations suggested by Ex-Senator are really good American "suggestions."

The United States went dry July 1st, and Wagon Mound was "wet" from July 3rd. to July 7th. If you don't believe it, ask Merriam.

When a constable gets drunk, he sets a fine example to others who want to do wrong, doesn't he?

A radical editor in Montana being asked how the industrial revolution would come, said "well unemployment will increase, there'll be starvation, and some day the banks will fall, and the people will come pouring out into the streets, and the revolution start."

Renew your subscription to the Wagon Mound Sentinel. It is due.

EL CENTINELA

PERIODICO SEMANAL

Publicado por la Compañía Publicista de "El Centinela."

Vicente Mares, Presidente.
Santiago Espinoza, Vice-Presidente.
Sabino López, Secretario.
Espiridión García, Tesorero.

STANLEY A. FOUTZ, EDITOR, Wagon Mound, N. M.

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SABADO, JULIO 12, 1919.

EDITORIALES.

DUENO DE SU HOGAR.

Y la campaña de ser dueño de su hogar se está ahora conduciendo por el departamento de trabajo, y es una de las campañas más sensibles hasta ahora empezadas por gobierno federal. Cas campañas de habitación, en las cuales compañías, comunidades, estados han sido inducidos de participar en el pasado. Están bien en su modo, pero nada apele a la familia como el hogar de sí propio. Todo miembro de la familia toma un orgullo en su propio hogar, no importa cuan humilde. Y es de estos dueños de hogares que los mejores y más patrióticos ciudadanos generalmente vienen. Ninguna otra clase de propiedad apela tan fuertemente a un hombre como su hogar. Ud. puede robarle su caballo o su vaca o robarla de haciendas o bonos y salir bien de ello sin mucha dificultad, pero cuando Ud. atente inuestamente de quitarle su hogar, seguramente correrá en un modo de dificultad. El gobierno no está propuesto a emprestar dinero al humilde arquitecte, pero simplemente sugiere que un comité general se nombre en todas las comunidades para anemar el plan.

Más que 50,000 soldados han aplicao para terrenos de labranza, y se estima que diez veces en número desean hacerse dueños de terreno. Seguramente su deseo podrá ser prontamente aliviado, para beneficio del país en tanto como para su ventaja individual.

Algunos hombres piensan que se consagran a sus esposas con solamente verlas un minuto al tiempo del almuerzo.

Destruyendo en lugar de constructivo es la policia aparente editorial del Paso Morning Times.

Leemos en una revista de estadística, que el año de mil novecientos catorce, se calculaban en cien mil las personas sin casa ni hogar en Inglaterra, de las cuales sesenta mil vivían

Es algo dificultos para periódicos como el Morning Times y el Albuquerque Journal discutir eventos nacionales e internacionales cuando ningunt de ellos tiene una policia editorial.

La buena voluntad es una dificultad sumamente capitazada para medir, para pesar, o para avaluar. Es tal un intangible producto que amendudo su mucha existencia es dudada por hombres de negocios, quienes se penetran dentro de sus cuatro paredes, y no tienen bastante comunicacion entre la gente para apreciar el buen corazon e influencia de la buena volntad.

Washington.—Definite information that the Bolshevik authorities are are planning to evacuate Petrograd has been recieved in official circles here. Decision to quit the capital was said to have been violently opposed by some elements of the government.

Washington.—Sale of 21,000,000 pounds of surplus sugar now held by the war department has been authorized, it was announced today at a minimum pribe to be fixed by the United States sugar equalization board to cover the cost to the government. The only condition of sale will be that none of this stock may be exported.

Paris.—The council of five decided today to infotm the Austrian delegation that their

El Paso, Tex.—Mexican bandits fired on an automobile in which Julius Sinner, caretaker of the American Smelting and Refining company, an American corporation, was riding to Parral Sunday, a bullet striking him in the leg and also wounding his Mexican chauffeur. Sinner was made prisoner and forced to pay a ransom of 500 pesos for his release. Notice of the holdup was recieved here late today. Sinner is a German who has been in Mexico many

years.

Renew your subscription to the Wagon Mound Sentinel.

Porque Murmuran Las Viejas.

Las Murmuradoras.

—Dios te libre de las murmuraciones de una vieja, decía Alvaro Gonzáles a su amigo el pintor Andrés Paredes, pesando una tarde por la Fuente Castellana.

No digas tonterías, repuso éste sonriendo. ¿Que importancia puede tener la murmuración, hija, generalmente, del despecho, de envidia, de los celos, o de la presuncion, en la existencia de personas que poco más o menos deben conocer el valor que aquélla tiene?

Pues a pesar de eso; aún cuando todos, como tú dices, comprendamos el valor que debemos darle a la murmuración, todos, querido Andrés, nos convertimos inconscientemente en cómplices de ella y somos el vehículo conductor que va transformando el pequeño grano de arena en enorme masa de piedra que aplasta una reputación, que destruye una felicidad o que produce un crimen.

¡Chico, chico! ¡pues no exageras poco! exclamó el pintor.

No exagero. Muchos de esos dramas sociales que diariamente se registran en las grandes urbes, y para los cuales no se encuentra una explicacion plausible, han surgido como una consecuencia lógica de la murmuración intencionada o inconsciente de esas mujeres que pasan la mayor parte de su vida criticando, zahiriendo o hablando mal de todo el mundo.

Si existn personas tan inocentes por no darles otro calificativo que den crédito a los chismes, a las criticas y a las murmuraciones de gente que poco más o menos ya deben conocer, no te diré que tengas razon. Pero a ti y a mi, y como a nosotros a otros muchos, ¿qué mella pueden hacernos, ni qué creditohemos de darles?

Guárdate de la envenenada frase de una de esas viejas maldicientes y murmuradoras, Andrés.

No tengas cuidado, repuso el pintor sonriendo. Soy demasiado feliz para que vaya a jugar mi felicidad dando crédito a cualquiera que pretenda atentar a ella.

Así iban hablando los dos amigos, cuando pasaron por delante de un pequeño grupo formado por tres señoras de alguna edad que conversaban con dos caballeros.

Los cinco estaban sentados y sin duda se ocupaban de alguno de los que pasaban a juzgar por las disimuladas indicaciones que con la vista hacían los murmuradores.

Dos de aquellas señoras, ya as conoce el lector.

Eran las solteronas Dolores y Micaela, amigas de Céspedes, el famoso protector de la Reina de la hermosura.

La otra señora, era la viuda del brigadier Salcedo, brigadier que jamás había figurado en el escalafón y a quien nadie había conocido.

Esto, lo subsanaba Rosalia que así se llamaba la viuda, añadiendo que su difunto había sido carlista y que había muerto en la emigración.

En cuanto a los dos caballeros, el uno era el famoso Céspedes y el otro el barón del Salto, título que muchos decían era debido a su habilidad en hacer saltar cuando jugaba la carta que le convenía.

Los cinco tanto señoras como los caballeros, habían llegado ya a la frontera de los sesenta años, despues de haber frecuentado durante cuarenta, la buena sociedad, manchando reputaciones, alterando la paz de muchos hogares y provocando serios conflictos.

El beso de ellas, era el de Judas.

El apretón de manos de ellos, era tan falso como el beso de sus amigas.

Y tal era su hidrofobia murmuradora, que cuando no tenía reputacion que morder, se merdian entre sí para no perder la costumbre.

(Continúa.)

Lea nuestros Anuncios

Cinderella's Rubber

By Peter Gregg

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

For the twentieth time that morning Eric Spencer looked up expectantly as someone entered his private office, and for the twentieth time he sank back in his chair with a sigh. All morning he had been expecting someone, but as the hour reached noon he almost gave up in despair. With each new arrival at his office came disappointment. There seemed to be more coming in than usual, and their business was so trivial it irritated him. He would have gone to the club to get away from it all if it hadn't been for the chance of missing her. It would never do for him not to be there when she arrived.

For the fiftieth time he pulled open the top drawer of his desk and took out a rubber from a woman's left shoe. What a very small rubber it was, he thought as he placed it beside his own big foot. Carefully he placed the rubber back in the drawer and took out a folded, mud-besmirched paper, opened it and read the typewritten words on it, his face lighting up with pleasure as he read and re-read it. "If I could only find her," he ejaculated, as he put the paper back in the drawer with the rubber.

A newspaper was the next to take his attention. He pulled it from his pocket, opened it at the classified column and found the advertisement he was looking for under "Lost and Found." There was no mistake in the insertion. It was printed just as he had given it to them, for a wonder. He read it aloud to make sure:

"Found—A lady's rubber, for a left high-heeled shoe. Picked up just as



What a Very Small Rubber.

The lady boarded Belt car yesterday. The owner can have same by making personal application to Eric Spencer, Spencer's, Limited.

The office door opened again. It was just "Geordie" Grant. Geordie was bubbling over with a joke, as usual, but for once Eric wasn't in a humor to hear it. His welcome was curt and businesslike, but that didn't dampen Geordie's ardor.

"Well, have you found her?" Geordie asked, as he put on a corner of Eric's desk.

"Whom?" asked Eric, assuming innocence and hiding his annoyance.

"Why, Miss Cinderella, the lady who lost her slipper—or, pardon me—rubber. It's a rubber this time, isn't it?" Geordie's laugh was altogether too loud, but Eric would not let him see he was angry.

"Don't be an ass! I don't see the joke. Can't I advertise the thing I find?"

"Sure thing; but people don't usually spend more money advertising in every paper in the city than the article they find it worth, do they? Come on, now, loosen up on the romance. Did Miss Cinderella leave her rubber in your car, or did she throw it at you, or what? The boys all want to hear about it. It's the joke of the club, and you'll have to offer some explanation."

Eric's anger had about reached the boiling point, but he was sensible enough to know it would be wasted on Geordie Grant. He thought it over for a minute. There was nothing in it but to explain to Grant. That was the best way to get the talk stopped at the club.

"If you'll sit down like a sensible creature, I'll explain to you, Geordie," he began. "You know what a terribly wet day yesterday was. Well, my chauffeur skidded my car and broke an axle, and I had to walk. I was crossing the road in front of Willer's when a young lady ran out in front of me to catch a Belt line car. The car had commenced to move, but she risked catching it. She struck a slippery mud spot in the road and fell backward. But I was just behind her and managed to catch her and keep her from falling into the mud. The conductor had seen her and stopped the car, and I helped her on. As the door closed after her I noticed she had only one rubber on. I looked back

Hunting for Romance,

By C. B. Lucas

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Miss Eileen Danvers had been a stenographer with White & Company for four years, and had come to acknowledge to herself that she was a bit past twenty.

She had taken up stenography in the first place because she had to support herself, and the next because a girl had given her a list of eighteen millionaires who had married their stenographers and loaded them down with love and diamonds. The eighteen did not comprise the full list, but were all that the girl could think of at a moment's notice.

Miss Eileen took the pace at White & Company's without making any inquiries of a social nature. She reasoned without any reason for reasoning that Mr. White was waiting to admit, love and marry her. In fact, she made out in her day dream that he had been jilted several years before, and that he would tell her all about it when they came to talk in confidence. She had the honeymoon trip all planned.

Mr. White proved to be a fat man, whose eyes could not see how his feet were getting on. He had been married twenty-one years, and had often been made to wish that he had never married at all. So had his wife. He was blunt and brusque.

Mr. White entered the office after the new stenographer had waited an



"Then Why Don't You Go?"

hour, and in a voice that could be heard miles and miles away he said: "Not a cent for the Salvation Army!"

"No, sir."

"Nothing for the hospitals."

"No, sir."

"And don't show me any sample subscription book!"

"No, sir."

"Then why don't you go?"

"Because, sir, you hired me as your stenographer yesterday."

"Then you ought to have said so long ago. Get to work."

Was there any romance there? Was there any chance for any?

And the "Company" was a man 70 years old, who never came near the office, but often sent down a note to his partner, reading:

"I am glad that business is good, but don't let that lazy stenographer loaf on you!"

The bookkeeper? He was 55 years old and shaky in the knees, and expected to be fired at any moment.

His assistant? He was cellow and cross-eyed and his mother had forbidden him to have a dream-hook or a romance.

The shipping clerk? He was engaged to three girls already, and his salary of eight dollars per week was undergoing a terrible strain.

But did Miss Eileen despair? You don't know her if you think she did. She'd look for her bread and butter inside and her romance outside.

And there was Guy Taylor, a young man of twenty-three. He had been romantic from his babyhood up, and six years as floor-walker in a department store hadn't worked a cure. He had a moderate salary, and he had to live in a moderate way, but the idea was ever present that some rich woman, young or old, was going to offer him her hand and heart—and her bonds. It might be on his personality, and it might be for saving her life. He rather hoped that it would be for the latter, for he was a true knight at heart. At his boarding house he had let it be known that his true name was Brian D'Aringon, but out of deference to the owner of the store he had temporarily dropped it for that of Taylor.

Rich ladies came to the store—rich young ladies and rich old ones—and the floor-walker pulled down his vest and met them with the smile that wouldn't come off. But just as sure as one of them fell and rolled down the basement stairs he was at the rear

AVISO IMPORTANTE.

Por este doy aviso a toda persona o personas de no traspasar dentro del pasteo o rancho de Pablo Mares, en el Condado de Mora, Estado de Nuevo México. Dicho rancho es conocido como el Jaroso o Cerro Montoso, con la mira de sacar leña o madera, o con el fin de pastear ya sea reses u ovejas, o cruzar con ovejas por dicho rancho. Se les prohíbe estrictamente. Aquellos que así traspasaren serán procesados al lleno de la ley.

Pablo Mares, Ocate, N. M.

En la Iglesia de Santa Clara.

EN WAGON MOUND, N. M.

REV. MICHAEL DUMARES

Dara Misa cada primer y tercer Domingo de cada mes a las 9 de la mañana.

Venir Todos.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN

About four weeks ago from the ranch of Lauriano Bernal on Red River. One brown mare branded on left shoulder, and one sorrel blazed faced mare branded P on left thigh, I will pay \$5. reward for any information which will lead to their recovery or \$10. to any person who will bring them to my ranch at the Encino near Naranjos or to Lauriano Bernal's ranch on Red River. Apply to Gabino Pacheco, Ocate.

This Means You, Mr. Merchant!

DID you know that you and this paper have an interest in common? Your success helps the community as a whole which in turn is of benefit to us.

When a merchant advertises with us, he is investing his money, which is returned with interest.

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Our Prices Are Right

LOCALES Y PERSONALES

Los Sers. Manuel Valdez, y Sabino Lopez de Piedra Lumbré atendiendo negocios particulares.

El Sábado día 12 habra un baile en la casa de escuela del Dist. 32 en Optimo todos quedan invitados.

Nuestro amigo y suscriptor, señor Ubaldo Abeota, de Armenta, nos visito el mártis de la presente semana.

Don Pablo Mares, y su hijo Bernardino de Ocate estubieron en esta villa el Juéves de la presente semana.

Cuando un contestable se emborracha da un buen ejemplo a otros que quieren acer mal. Pues que no?

Nuestro buen amigo; y suscriptor don Ned Ortiz de Hiedra Lumbré nos hizo una agradable visita el Juéves de la presente semana.

Los Estados Unidos fueron secos Julio 1ro. y Wagon Mound fue mojado desde Julio 3 y 7. Si no lo creen preguntenselo a Mr. Merriam.

El día 8 cayo una buena lluvia en los Mogotes los labradores estan muy contentos porque la cosecha se presenta muy buena, y mucho pastero para los animales.

No puedes formarte una idea de lo economico que es mi padre. Con decirte que una berruga que tiene en el cuello, la utiliza como botón paro abrocharse la camisa.

UNA VERDAD PELIGROSA.

El lacedemonio androcilo, siendo cojo, setó plaza de soldado, y cuando, sus amigos le decian que tendra que pelear con jetes áviles y fuertes; les replico:

Para pelear no senecesita correr, sino estar parado.

El día 20 de Julio despues de la misa habra una junta de catolicos en esta villa para tratar de nombrar una comision que se encargue de reunir fondos para construir una casa Rectoral en esta villa, vengan todos.

Una señora entra en un establecimiento, acompañada de catorce niños. Durante la compra, el tendero le pregunta:

Son todos hijos de usted?
Sí señor.
Que es su esposo?
Proveedor del ejercito.

Mr. Bentely, cajero de el Farmer & Stockmens bank bolvei el Domingo pasado de visitar ha su jente en "Ol' Missou." Jim dice que las cosechas parecen muy bien, pero Nuevo Mexico le parece bien a el. Mientras estubo allí atendio a una junta de su casa para preparar su alojamiento.

Decia un zapatero a un sastre: —¿Sabes porque le chillan tanto los zapatos de ese caballero?
—¿Porque?
—Porque no aun no me los ha pagado.
—Hombre si asi fuera, tambien le chillara la levita, porque todavía me la debe.

Durante el cuatro los siguientes Wagonmounders, se desarrollaron en pescadores; Mr. y Mrs. A. Wiest, Mr. y Mrs. D. H. Burnett, C. T. Matthews, C. M. Tyner, W. M. Wiegand, y Henry Wallenhorst, Douglas Wood, Earl Sifferd, fueron acompañados por Mr. Flander, Boston, quien les dio intruciones de la pesca. La pesca fue echa en el Rio Colorado y nosotros entendemos que uno de los compañeros pesco un cat fish, otros pescaron a minnow, y otros mataron una vibora no se hagan sospechosos pero no diremos más. De cualquier manera todos tubieron buen tiempo.

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Hipocresia Del Laicismo.

La religion revelada por Jesucristo lo abarca todo, todo lo informa y perfecciona. Es una institucion trascendental, perfecta y cumplida; por que no es fruto del limitado entendimiento humano, siempre deficiente, sino obra de la sabiduria increada. Tiene normas perfeitissimas que guian y obligan al individuo, no solamente en su vida pribada, en el santuario de su conciencia, sino en su vida publica y social. Esto es precisamente lo que da en rostro a los partidarios del laicismo y despierta sus iras, no contra la religion misma, a lo que dicen, sino conuat sus ministros, contra el celero.

Ahora bien ¿qué culpa tiene el celero de que la religion, cuyos ministros son, lo domine todo y haga sentir su saludable influencia en todos los órdenes de la vida? Debe suyo es defender la existencia de la Iglesia, fundada por Dios para la salvacion de los pueblos; deben predicar y enseñar a los hombres la verdad rebelada, administra los sacramentos instituidos para provecho de los mismos; deben promover sus fuezas el culto de Dios y sacrificarse en servicio de sus semejantes; deben esforzarse, por la santidad de su vida y el ferbor de su celo, en extender el radio de su influencia sobre las rimas; deben, con forme al Apostol, predicar la palabra de Dios con toda fuerza y valientia, insistir con ocasion y sin ella, reprender, rogar, exhortar con toda paciencia y dotrina.

Los sacerdote catolicos, por voluntad expresa del Divino Fundador de la Iglesia, no son unos simples profesores de una filosofia religiosa cualquiera; sino que son apóstoles, ministros encargados de promover la gloria de Dios de hacer conocer su doctrina y de promulgar sus preceptos.

Con lo dicho se viene a tierra la queja euteramente gratuita del laicismo, de que el clero aspira a la dominacion universal y pretende acaparar una influencia indebida en la sociedad. El clero que trabaja eficazmente y sin descanso en la mision que le ha sido confiada, cumple con un deber sagrado y nada más. Y para el verdadero interés de la sociedad, para la felicidad de los pueblos, para la salvacion de las almas, es mil veces preferible un celero, santo, instruido y activo que no un clero, como lo desea el laicismo, encerrado en la Sacristia y entregado a la ociosidad.

Bajo el futil e hipócrita pretexto de defender el poder civil y los derechos de los laicos, se busca, en verdad, soliviantar las pasiones, desacreditar al clero, sus traerle influencia y poner en duda la autenticidad de su mision. No es nuevo el metodo empleado por el laicismo para llegar a sus diabolicos fines; es tan antiguo como el Cristianismo. ¿Ante el tribunal civil de Pilotos, no acusaron los judios al Salvador de revolucionario, de alborotador del pueblo, de enemigo del César? El discipulo no es de mejor condicion que el maestro, y no debe sorprenderle que se se te trate de la misma manera.

No hay que olvidar, por otra parte, lo que decia el célebre orador y secretor, Donoso Cortes, a saber; que todo problema político entraña una cuestion religiosa. Asi es en verdad; y dado el caracter trascendente y divino de única religion verdadera, no puede ser de otra manera. En toda cuestion politica, quieranlo los hombres o no, va envuelta una cuestion religiosa.

No negamos que, por desgracia, ha habido miembros del clero que habusando de su carácter, se han lanzado con poca prudencia y culpable temeridad, por el campo de la politica propiamente dicha; han sido casos aislados, nunca ha sido aun aberracion de todo el cuerpo clerical. Más aún; los culpables han recibido el debido correctivo de sus superiores jerarquicos; castigo de ello, la paternal.

CONCENTRANTE.

Pues bien, muy pronto vamos a terminar nuestro estudio práctico y a la vez preparatorio, pues todas mis tendencias han sido el desarrallar las facultades necesarias para hacer que tú, amigo mío, te encuentres capaz de hacer el trabajo que requiere un negocio formal para que puedas alcanzar la fortuna que tanto deseas.

No te cances de practicar, que ya esta lección es la última en que tienes que hacer una larga práctica para poder dominar la enseñanza encerrada en cada clase. Practica bien lo que aprendas y si en algunas de las anteriores no has hecho una práctica completa, dedícate inmediatamente a hacerla, pues te hará falta.

Quiero creer que tú estás haciendo gimnasia todos los días, que usas la sugestión para fortalecer y dirigir tus pensamientos, que eres valiente, resuelto y que nada te acobarda, que vives en la calma que da el valor que respiras como te he enseñado y que masticas bien, en fin, que eres un hombre sano que todo lo acomete y que jamás se queja ni anda causando lástimas. Pues allá va otra cualidad que te falta y que es de lo más importante. "Aprende a concentrar tus pensamientos." Tú, como todos los jóvenes y como los viejos que han crecido jóvenes, tienes una imaginación muy voluble, es decir, que afluyen a tu mente un sinnúmero de pensamientos de diferentes clases; que en este momento piensas una cosa y luego piensas otra y después otra.

Este defecto es una cosa que te perjudica como no te imaginas. Comienza desde hoy a pensar en una sola cosa hasta que la termines.

Cuando estes pensando en una cosa no hagas caso de nada absolutamente, piensa en aquello con toda la fuerza de tu alma, aunque esto sea una cosa que no vale la pena, pero no importa, lo que importa es que tu pensamiento esté allí y nomás allí. No tengas en tu cabeza dos o tres cosas a la vez. No, piensa en una cosa primero y cuando termines aquella, piensa en otra y luego en otra y así despachas no solo tres cosas, sino todas las que quieras en la vida; pero una por una.

Comienza desde ahorita eso. Empieza tu trabajo y piensa todo el día en el trabajo que estás haciendo. Esto te va a parecer difícil. Pues apenas trabajas unos diez minutos y al momento atraes otro pensamiento a tu cerebro y mientras trabajas en una cosa, estás pensando en otra.

Siempre has tenido esa costumbre y es muy difícil quitarla. Esta es una de las cosas que más te ha perjudicado en tus negocios. Es una cosa muy sencilla; pero estoy casi seguro que no lo sabías. Por ahí has perdido muchos pesos.

Domina esa tendencia que tiene tu pensamiento de ser inconstante, de pensar varias cosas a la vez.

Si tu trabajo es un trabajo que no tiene mucha variedad y que lo puedes hacer maquinamente, piensa en los detalles de tu trabajo, por ejemplo: tú eres zapatero y tienes que hacer una costura con la mano. Apenas das dos o tres puntadas cuando ya estás pensando en otra cosa, como que el trabajo lo haces "sin pensar" (esa es tu desgracia) ya tienes tu pensamiento ocupado en lo que te pasó el Domingo, en lo que harás mañana cuando vayas con fulano a dar la vuelta, en lo que sentirás cuando pases por cierta calle, en fin, en tonterías. La costura sigue adelante y termina "chueca," eso es lo más natural. Cuando te das cuenta de ello allí tienes a tu pensamiento muy activo buscando una excusa para ponerse a la patrón cuando te reclame que echaste a perder la costura.

Si en vez de pensar en bagatelas piensas en que cada piquete que das que lo des de la mejor manera para que no te canse el

puño y que no penetre más de lo que debe penetrar la lesna; en que la hebra debe de estar bien encajada para que no resbale y apriete más; en que clase de material sera mejor de usar para cocer; en si se podra inventar un aparato para hacer ese trabajo que ahora haces a mano, en que para una clase de material debería usarse de cañamo y para otra hilo y seda; en que clase de seda sería la mejor y en fin, en tantas cosas que se relacionan con tu trabajo aunque este te parezca estéril. El resultado será que la costura salio perfectamente, cosa en que se fijará el parón y te tendrá por un buen oficial. También puedes tú de esa manera mejorar y adelantar tu trabajo con algún invento útil y no esperar que nos venga de Estados Unidos.

Esto que se aplica al zapatero se aplica a cualquiera trabajo manual ó intelectual, pues el banquero no hace otra cosa, sino estar pensando en el detalle de su negocio; el Tenedor de Libros, lo mismo; y si el Dependiente que adelantar, debe pensar todo el día en su trabajo, en estudiar el mejor modo de colocar las mercancías para que tenga más vista, en lo que debe decir a los marchantes para llamarles la atención, en el mejor modo de despachar, en presentarse de la mejor manera posible y ser bondadoso y solícito, en conocer las mercancías y en fin, en poseionares de empleo, y conocerlo perfectamente.

Ocupando el pensamiento de esta manera, cada día que pasa, el hombre vale más y quizá llegue a ser un artista en el arte o profesión a que se dedica.

Esto es lo que se necesita en el mundo: especialista en cada ramo. Pues el que sabe poco de todo y mucho de nada, sirve de estorbo donde se para. Tú no debes solamente ser bueno, sino ser bueno para alguna cosa.

El enemigo más grande que tiene la concentración nel pensamiento es la falta de atención, de manera que lo primero que debes hacer es dominar tu atención. Atiende a lo que estás haciendo, y nada más. Si te llaman, deja tu trabajo y responde, ponle mucho cuidado al que te llame y cuando hayas contestado pensando en lo que te pregunte, déjalo y continúa tu trabajo.

Está claro que si el que te habla es un compañero, tú sabes bien que lo que quiere en distraerte o decirte una tontería, pues generalmente la gente padece de la mania de (quedar bien) y busca todo el día una majadería para decirlo a uno cuando está más ocupado, no le hagas caso y sigue tu trabajo con atencón.

Cuando estés en el trabajo piensa nomas en el trabajo y en el modo de mejorarlo constantemente; cuando estes comiendo, piensa solamente en saborear lo que comes y lo que te enseñe respecto a la masticación cuando te pases, no pienses en el trabajo, sino en gosar, en vivir el paseo.

Vive el día de hoy no estés viviendo le de mañana. Has que concentrado tu pensamiento en tu trabajo diario, este día de hoy salga mejor que el de ayer y el de mañana mejor que el de hoy.

Cuanto te costará dominar tu pensamiento de manera que cuando te ocupes en algo estés pensando solamente en lo que te ocupes? Probablemente tú eres mejor que yo para eso y cuando yo comprendi que se debilitaba mucho el pensamiento distrayéndolo en varias cosas y que esto me perjudicaba, pues la echaba a perder, comence a reconcentrar mis pensamientos y apenas en cuatro años pude dominarme de tal manera, que cuando me pongo a trabajar pienso con insistencia tal, que es muy difícil que me distraiga la música del 23 Batallón. (Continúa.)

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EL CENTINELA

Wagon Mound, New Mexico

Wagon Mound Sentinel

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

"THE SENTINEL PUBLISHING COMPANY"

Wagon Mound, New Mexico

OFFICERS:

Vicente Mares, President, Wagon Mound, N. M.
Santiago Espinoza, V. President, Ocate, N. M.
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EDITOR, Stanley A. Foutz, Wagon Mound, N. M.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

One Year,	\$2.00
Six Months,	1.00
Three Months,	.50
Single Copy,	.5

Entered as second-class matter May 31, 1918, at the Post Office at Wagon Mound, New Mexico, under Act of March 3, 1879.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1919

TO EMPLOYERS OF LABOR.

We read and hear a great deal these days about the standards of living;

That the workingman will not consent to return to the standards existing previous to the war;

That he will hamper industry, if necessary, in an effort to keep wages up to a point where living conditions established during the war can be maintained;

All of which is the mere bosh.

As a matter of fact, the laboring man is having the most strenuous fight of his life in trying to re-establish pre-war living conditions.

Prices of commodities soared so rapidly during war times that living conditions of the people working for wages were forced to a low level.

For some reason beyond the ken of the worker these prices continue to soar.

The manufacturers have established a high basis of profits and are not satisfied to have them reduced.

In other words, the standard that has changed is the money standard.

In comparison, the dollar of today will purchase less than one-half than it would in 1915.

Until wages are increased at least 60 per cent over those of the 1915 period the laboring man can not live under as good conditions as he then lived.

Try to evade it as you will, the fact remains that the people of America are doing business today on a less than fifty-cent dollar.

The dollar of our commerce will never again purchase the same necessities of living that it did four years ago.

Unless wages are increased at least 65 per cent over those existing in 1915 workers will not reach the point from which they can look forward to securing any improvement on the pre-war existence.

As the time approaches for ratification by America of the peace treaty, the opponents of the treaty in the senate are becoming panicky.

Just leave the republican old guard senators alone and they will succeed in disrupting the party.

RAILROAD ECONOMIES.

Perhaps the biggest problem the country now has to face is that of getting its railroads on a sound basis again. An enormous deficit is being incurred. The railroads must be kept prosperous, or the whole business of the country will be upset. Either rate must be raised, or the railroads must be operated more efficiently.

It has been charged that over 65,000 new places for men have been made on the roads, with much less accomplished. If that is so, the first business should be to weed out inefficient help.

Can the roads be run less expensively? It is a very serious question whether the public is not sometimes unreasonable in the demands it makes. It is very nice for the suburban towns to have 50 trains a day each way to and from the nearest big city. But if half those trains are run at a loss, the public will eventually have to pay for it in higher fares. People living further out in the country frequently demand trains that do not pay, and must in the end add to freight rates and fares. The public wants and is entitled to have good service, but in making any demand it should consider carefully whether it is willing for the added cost of the same.

Some towns make perfectly unreasonable demands for elaborate and costly railroad stations. They clamor for discontinuance of structures that while looking rather old-fashioned are in perfectly good repair. Large cities demand ornate and tremendously expensive terminals, costing millions of dollars, all of which have to come out of fares and freights.

Railroad property and service should be kept up. The people will have to pay for fancies and extras. Lavish service means eventually the lavish price for fare and freight. The railroads like the people, have got to come down to the simple life, and the public must pick up slight inconveniences with less complaint. — Albuquerque Journal.

Among the president apparently is regarded by some republicans in congress as a fair substitute for performing their duty. But what do the people think?

Recalling the happenings of 1912, when they "fought, bled and died" for the purification of the G. O. P., the progressive republicans must feel like climbing up on their feet and emitting three rousing cheers every time they reflect on the leadership of Penrose, Lodge and Smooth in the senate and Mondell in the house. Of the Chicago republican convention in 1912, Representative Mondell declared that it "acted honestly and in a spirit of fairness, in harmony with party history, and for the best interests of the party and the American people."

Vacation time is not waste time, for change of scene and temporary change of interest will often put pep into a man when nothing else will. He may not realize that he needs change and pep, but all of us do. If we travel every day in the same ruts we become ruminants in spite of ourselves.

Will H. Hays, republican national chairman, hastened to Washington when he realized the destructive program inaugurated by the G. O. P. senators. With all his credit-smoothness, Hays has a man-size job on his hands heading off reactionaries like Lodge, Knox, Penrose, et al.

The high cost of motoring, coupled with the high cost of gasoline and further boosted, quite unnecessarily by the special tax on gasoline, imposed by a republican legislature, will be popular only with those deputy gasoline inspectors who draw \$1,800 a year and all expenses.

Lambasting Postmaster General Bureson has become a popular indoor sport, it seems, but anyway, the post office department showed a net profit in the fiscal year 1918 of \$17,000,000, which is a pretty good answer to Bureson's credit.

FAIRVIEW.

R. H. Pierce and Alfred Schipman, spent the fourth fishing on Red River.

E. J. Robinson and family celebrated with Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Kendrick of Nolan.

John Gibson, and R. J. Julian, of Miami were guests of relatives here last Saturday and Sunday.

Edwin Julian was a participant in the roping contests at Las Vegas Cowboy's Reunion.

The Gibson, Hatton, Bolt and Julian families attended the picnic at Arkansas Valley the fourth.

Clyde Walls of Las Vegas, visited here the 4th and 5th, and attended the picnic at Arkansas Valley.

Miss Lucile Hanke spent the week of the fourth visiting her aunt, Mrs. Von Dillengen, at Optimo.

Mrs. Margaret Jardee, was thrown from her buggy and sustained injuries, to her hip and side while returning from Wagon Mound Thursday afternoon. Dr. Gibbs was called to attend her.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McNierny and brother's and Edwin Julian of Sapello were guests here Tuesday and Wednesday of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Julian. Miss Margaret Julian returned with them to Las Vegas, where she visited Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Burks and attended the Cowboy's Reunion.

THE HOPE CHEST

By VINCENT G. PERRY.

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There never was a chaperone like Aunt Flo; both Leslie and Nora agreed on that. Leslie and Nora had been engaged for over a year. He had a fine position and an income capable of taking care of a wife, so he thought it time they were married.

"Why, Leslie," she said one day near the end of the season, "you talk as if I was on the verge of being an old maid like auntie. I'm just in my early twenties—the age when a girl gets the very best out of life. My good times have just begun."

"That doesn't say that they will cease when you become my wife," he agreed. "You know that I love you and that your happiness is my first consideration."

But arguing only made each more stubbornly sure of his own opinion, and finally Leslie left Nora in tears.

Aunt Flo was waiting for them on the veranda of the hotel. The minute she saw Leslie appear alone she knew something had happened and was ready with her sympathy when he poured out his troubles.

"I agree with you; Nora is foolish to wait," she said after he had finished. "Have patience, though, for I have a plan."

Near the end of the week, a trunk arrived for Aunt Flo. She had not said anything about its being expected and Nora was rather curious to know why it had been sent. Surely her aunt had not bought new clothes. She had more than she would be able to wear there, as it was.

"It contains some things I have had sent here for you, dear," Aunt Flo explained when Nora questioned her about it. "They are some things of mine that I have intended giving you and they can go home with your luggage."

"You're a dear! What are they?" Nora asked eagerly.

"Some things that I started collecting when I was younger than you. I prize them and would not let anyone have them but my favorite niece."

Nora found the trunk in her aunt's room and the key was in the lock. It was an old-fashioned trunk but it looked as if it had done very little traveling. She looked it over reverently before she opened it. Somehow there seemed to be something sacred about it. Carefully, she lifted the lid and the odor of fresh cedar filled the room. The trunk was lined with green silk. On top was a picture of a very beautiful girl. She picked it up and looked at it wonderingly. Why it was Aunt Flo when she was a girl.

The picture, however, was forgotten in the wonders found in the trunk—linens of all kinds in sheets, pillow-cases, towels and many other things. Before she reached the bottom she knew what the trunk had been. It was Aunt Flo's "Hope Chest." Now she knew why it had seemed so sacred to her. Poor Aunt Flo, she had never been married! As she leaned over the trunk something caught her glance. A neat pile of letters tied with a pale ribbon rested at the bottom. They were her aunt's love letters, she knew without looking inside.

Letter after letter she read. They read like Leslie's letters, only more reserved and old-fashioned. What a wonderful lover it was that Aunt Flo had had, and how anxious he had been that they get married! Why hadn't they? Some of his arguments were just the same as Leslie's. How foolish Aunt Flo had been to let his pleadings go by unheeded. The last letter was addressed in a different hand than the others. The stationery was edged in black. As Nora read this letter the tears started to her eyes. So he had died in a foreign country—that was why Aunt Flo had never married! Nora sat for a long time in meditation. A stop sounded. It was Leslie. "Aunt Flo sent me up here," he apologized.

"Oh, Leslie," she cried as she jumped to her feet; "come and read these letters. It is the saddest thing! Poor Aunt Flo!"

It was not necessary for him to read the letters. Nora told him what they contained almost before he had a chance to open one of them. He read the last one, however, and as he read he realized just what a "brick" Aunt Flo was, to keep smiling. He did not speak for some moments, for he found that tears, after all, were not solely monopolized by women.

"Isn't their case like ours?" he ventured, when he thought Nora was ready for it.

"All but the dying part," she smiled through her tears.

"That might happen."

"Oh, no! I will get married as soon as you like, Leslie."

"Then let's make it today. There is the dearest little vine-covered church in the village."

Production of Pearls.

The fisheries of Lower California have experienced the prosperity and decline characteristic of every pearl fishery known. During the first years after the Spanish conquest these waters yielded an immense revenue to the crown of Spain. In 1715, 1,280 ounces of pearls were shipped to Spain, and many of the pearls that today grace the Spanish crown came from these waters. According to a correspondent, systematic planting somewhat similar to that done in the Chesapeake bay with the edible variety of oyster is to day being conducted on a large scale in the Gulf of California, the oyster maturing in from four to six years.

THE APPLICANT

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

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"You and Aunt Matilda might go out and attend to the matter," Ben suggested. "I'm going to be awfully busy, and can't spare the time. Benson, the agent, says that the house is in good condition and the change to country air might do you both good. All you will have to do is to look over carefully the applicants who come in response to my advertisement."

"If we are to make a success of our 'agency farm' during the coming summer, a good farmer must be put in charge now. One with a housekeeping wife would of course be preferable. 'Man, or man and wife,' I worded the ad. If you can't find a suitable couple, however, and a promising single man appears—take him. He can shift for himself. Your judgment is better than mine, sis," he ended pleasantly.

"I hate to go out to that forsaken place," Nancy grumbled, "especially now, when there are so many things to do in town. But when did I ever fail you, Ben? If Aunt Matilda can be persuaded—"

"Aunt Matilda is always glad to help others," that lady answered severely, and the brother—head of the family—reluctantly turned to depart.

"By the way," he called back, "don't fail to sell any of the old stuff in the house, if you have a chance."

"Just like a man," Nancy smiled, "loof, or to whom could I sell old furniture in that wilderness?"

The prospect of a stay in the country place was not as discouraging as it had seemed. Aunt Matilda settled back comfortably in a rocker before the fire which early spring time made necessary, while Nancy opened the long unused piano. The harmony which her fingers drew from the yellow keys was interrupted by a loud ringing of the white handled doorbell, and the girl hastened to respond. A tall, heavily cloaked figure stood before her in the doorway, rumpling his dark hair, the man snatched off his cap in greeting.

"I came about the advertisement," he answered.

"Come in," Nancy invited; he pushed forth a chair.

The man's eyes brightened in evident admiration at sight of her.

"About the advertisement," she murmured considering. "Are you married?"

The applicant stared. "Why, no—" he began.

"Well, it isn't essential," Nancy said, "that is, if you are able to do your own cooking and washing up. Can you?"

The man blinked. "The advertisement—" he started, but again the girl interrupted.

"Have you a reference?" she queried.

The applicant stood up and smiled. "Your brother sent me out," he said. "May I use the 'phone a moment?"

Ben had sent him. In relief Nancy led the way to the telephone.

"This is Barclay," spoke the man's voice. "The young lady out here wants to be sure I am all right; will you tell her."

"Sure," came back Ben's familiar tone.

Nancy took the instrument into her hands. "You can bank on that man Barclay, sis," Ben assured her. Then briefly she led the way to the kitchen.

"I will need your help here first," she told the man, engaged for all work, and he hid aside his heavy coat, coming cheerfully to her assistance. When the fire had been attended to, he busied himself with a refractory faucet, while Nancy began her task of preparing the evening meal. Constantly she felt those dark eyes upon her, though the man remained deferentially silent.

During the week which followed the man was tireless in service, even Aunt Matilda admitted that Ben had found a jewel. "We may now leave the place safe in his hands," she said.

But to Nancy the thought of returning to the city home was far from inviting. She had not known that springtime in the country could be so enchanting. It had been fun, too, she admitted confession guiltily—teaching Mr. Barclay to cook. And he had been a most agreeable pupil. So many things had been pleasant—the long drives about the place which it had been her duty to take in his company, as director. Nancy sighed.

Through the window she noticed Ben's small car turning into the driveway, and in another moment he had entered the room. Lifting his face from his sister's kiss of greeting, Ben stared at the "helper's" figure in the doorway.

"Great Scott! Barclay!" he cried, "when did you come out?"

"He has been here all the time," Nancy reminded her brother. "I engaged him and he has been working beautifully."

"Working!" gasped Ben, but Barclay nodded. "A slight misunderstanding," he said. "I came, as you know, to buy for my mother, some of that antique furniture you also advertised in the paper, and your sister naturally mistook me as an applicant for the position. It pleased my fancy," he paused, as his eyes eloquently sought the girl—"to stay—and make good."

"But your law office?" stammered Ben.

"Law and business?" murmured Barclay. "What are they to the one spring time of life?" And in sudden understanding Nancy raised her face to his and smiled.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Santa Fe, N. M.,
May 31, 1919.

Notice is hereby given that Abelino Trujillo, of Wagon Mound, N. M., who, on July 27, 1914, and June 1, 1916, made Homestead and additional homestead entries Nos. 021452 and 029616, SE¹ NE¹, E¹ SE¹, Sec. 9, W⁴ SW⁴, Sec. 10, W¹ NW¹, NW¹ SW¹, Section 15, Township 21 North, Range 23 East, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before United States Commissioner, at Wagon Mound, Mora County, N. M., on July 17, 1919.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Rafael Pacheco, Jose Desora, Pablo Pacheco Laureano Bernal, all of Wagon Mound, N. M.

Francisco Delgado, Register,
1-p-6-7-19 1-p-7-5-19

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Santa Fe, N. M.,
May 31, 1919.

Notice is hereby given that Luciano Esquibel, of Wagon Mound, N. M., who, on June 12, 1916, made Homestead entry No. 025324, for E¹ NW¹, SE¹, SE¹, Section 27, Township 19 North, Range 24 East, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before United States Commissioner, at Wagon Mound, Mora County, N. M., on July 17, 1919.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Salomon Arayon, Narciso Trujillo, Modesto Arayon, J. D. Medina, all of Wagon Mound, N. M.

Francisco Delgado, Register,
1-p-6-7-19 1-p-7-5-19

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Santa Fe, N. M.,
May 31, 1919.

Notice is hereby given that Trevino Velasquez, of Wagon Mound, N. M., who, on Feb. 14, 1916, made Homestead entry No. 025737, for E¹ NW¹, SW¹ NE¹, NW¹ SE¹, Section 20, Township 19 North, Range 24 East, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before United States Commissioner, at Wagon Mound, Mora County, N. M., on July 17, 1919.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Jose Higgins, Manuel Velasquez, Selcino Encinas, Andres Martinez, all of Wagon Mound, N. M.

Francisco Delgado, Register,
1-p-6-7-19 1-p-7-5-19

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Santa Fe, N. M.,
May 31, 1919.

Notice is hereby given that Jose Martinez, of Narajos, N. M., who, on Feb. 20, 1915, made Homestead entry No. 022673, for N¹ SE¹, SE¹ SE¹, Sec. 27, NE¹ NE¹, Section 34, Township 23 North, Range 20 East, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before United States Commissioner, at Wagon Mound, Mora County, N. M., on July 30, 1919.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Jose E. Martinez, Federico Chavez, Florencio Chavez, Demetrio Lefebvre, all of Colmor, N. M.

Francisco Delgado, Register,
1-p-6-7-19 1-p-7-5-19

MORA ABSTRACT CO.

(Incorporated)

Abstracts of title to all lands in Mora County.

Abstracts de titulos de toda clase de terrenos en el Condado de Mora.

MORA, NEW MEXICO

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