

THE KENNA RECORD

Vol. 4.

Kenna, Chaves County, New Mexico, Friday, August 27, 1910.

Number 31

J. P. STONE, President G. T. LITTLEFIELD, Vice President
W. B. SCOTT, Cashier

The Kenna Bank & Trust Co. OF KENNA, N. M.

The depositors in this Bank are secured by the laws of this Territory to the extent of \$30,000.00.

Our officers are bonded and we carry burglary insurance. Every safeguard of modern Banking protects you. Come in and see us.

The Kenna Bank & Trust Co.

BREAD UPON THE WATER

A dispatch from Macon, Ga., tells of a windfall for a motorman of that city in the shape of a legacy of some \$50,000. The bequest came from a Klondike miner whom the motorman had assisted in the days of their mutual poverty. When a resident of Atlanta, prior to the Alaskan rush, the motorman met a stranded miner. Impressed by the miner's story of misfortune, he took him in, fed him, and loaned him money to get out of town. In so doing he entertained "an angle unawares." The miner went to the Klondike, made a fortune, and died, leaving his wealth to the motorman who had befriended him in the time of need. A similar story comes to hand in a dispatch from McDonald, Pa., Twenty years ago a teamster in that city was struggling against hard luck, and could not buy feed for his horses. A young man working in a feed store supplied his wants, and stood good for the bill. The teamster had a change of luck. He made some money and bought a piece of land. It proved to be oil territory, and netted him a small fortune. He went to Texas, and his luck held good. He made a big fortune at Beaumont and moved to Corpus Christi, he erected a large hotel and bathing pavilion. Two years ago he hunted up the former feed store clerk, and took him to Corpus Christi and made him manager of the hotel at a handsome salary. The other day the millionaire died. He left a wife but no children. He also left a will giving the widow a life interest only in the estate. At her death the property is to pass to the former feed store clerk who did the decedent a good turn a couple of decades ago. "Cast thy bread upon the water and it

shall return after many days. However, you needn't expect to throw in a biscuit and draw out a bakery. Such things do happen sometimes, as in the case of the Georgia motorman and the Pennsylvania feed store clerk. More often the bread is simply but a biscuit, and has no other reward than the satisfaction which comes from doing a good deed. And these bread investments do not pay financially, but it is a good thing to be charitable for charity's sake regardless of the possibilities.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Where are you, sweet old-fashioned girl, the sort we used to know,
Who had clean thoughts worth while, not all about a beau?
We haven't seen your face for years; perhaps in gentle way
You've drawn far back on being shocked at what we see today.
Your soul, as pure as virgin snow that in the valley lies,
Shone on a world of folks you loved, through gentle, modest eyes,
And as you passed where evils stalked, grim evils, some unnamed,
They bowed their heads before your glance and slunk away, ashamed.
We've missed you, Sweet old-fashioned girl; the girls we have today
Think less about God's holy laws than party, ball or play;
They may be honest, clean and pure, yet think it no disgrace
To choose a walk where evil lurks, and meet it face to face.
They know much that you never learned in all your sheltered life;
The mud morals, ruined souls, deceit and selfish strife;
And how can we, compared with yours, look on their souls as clean,
Sweet and unsullied, when we know what they have heard and seen?
(Dallas News Staff Poet.)

A TEST FOR FRESH EGGS.

If an egg is fresh, when placed in a glass of water, it will remain resting on the bottom of the vessel; if not quite fresh it will rest with the large end raised

higher than the small end, and the lighter the big end is raised the older the egg. As the egg gets older the water contained in the white of an egg evaporates, and this causes the empty space at the thick end of the egg to become enlarged. The larger the empty space the more the egg rises in the water, till in course of time it floats.—Ex.

NOTICE TO VOTERS

Notice is hereby given that the books will be open and the board in session for the purpose of registering the names of legal voters of precinct 11, Chaves County, New Mexico, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 1st, 2nd and 3rd, in the bank building at Kenna, and on each Saturday thereafter until further notice. This registration is for the election to be held Sept. 6, 1910, to elect delegates to the Constitutional Convention. See that your name gets on the books.

J. A. Kinnears,
W. B. Scott,
W. T. Cowgill,
Registration Board.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
United States Land Office,
Roswell, N. M., July 21, 1910.
Referring to notice given June 23, 1910, with reference to plats filed in this office of Twp. 9-S Range 37-E., Twp. 9-S., Range 36-E., and Twp. 10-S., Range 37-E., N. M. P. M., in which it was announced that applications to enter lands in said townships would be received on and after August 10, 1910, said notice is hereby rescinded and declared void.

P. C. TILLOTSON,
Register,
HAROLD HURD,
Receiver.

IT WAS A GOOD DAY FOR WARS.

There was nothing in sight down the road. The major sat tilted against the wall of the general store, reading yesterday's paper. It was a clear, warm day. Inside the store the postmaster could be heard sorting the mail, but without everything was still and peaceful. At last there was a clatter and a rattle, and from somewhere there appeared a negro driving an unpainted wagon drawn by a mule. He drew up with a loud whoa in front of the store. "Major!" he called. No response. "Major! Doan' wan' ter 'sturb yo' major." No response. "Major!" The major heard at last. "Hello, uncle!" he said. What can I do for you? "Doan' wan' ter 'sturb yo' major, but is dey any news in de paper?"

"No," said the major, "no, there isn't any news to-day. Yes, there is, too. There's a war between France and Morocco." "Sdat so?" said the negro. "Sdat so, an' is dere really a war, with fightin' and blood-killin'?" "A real war," repeats the major. "Golly!" said the negro, gathering up his reins. "Whar did yo' say dat wah was major?" "Morocco," said the major, turning again to the sheet. "Well," said the colored man, "dey surely has got a fine day for it. Gullup!" And he clattered down the road.—Youth's Companion.

BACK TO NATURE

Back
Back
Back to Nature
Back to simple life;
Back to the days of youth;
Back to the days on the farm;
Back to memory of the bare-foot boy, the babbling brook, the stubbed-toe period—when each day's sorrows were but passing; each pleasurable thrill but fleeting! We fuss and fume; we worry and fret; we stew and complain, find fault and whine. Why? Just 'cause our nerves are out of kilter—strung up to too high a tension; Because we are living too fast; Because of unnatural conditions; Because of envy, malice or hatred; Because of this, that and the other thing. And then the break comes—something seems to snap, to give way, the wire breaks—and we "are down and out." The doctor shakes his head; frowns and says, "Nervous prostration." Visions of the end comes to us;

symptoms haunt our fancies like they did in childhood days, when ghost stories made delightful shivers run down our spine and cause us to peer affrighted in each dark corner. "Nervous prostration"—nature's cry of outrage and over-stimulation—her warning of more serious things to come. And what to do? Advice is give to get back to nature—to lead the simple life—pass up the frills and fancies—lead the "early to bed, early to rise" existence. Live natural lives; Secure mental noise; "Count your many blessings"—your so-called trials might be worse; Cultivate contentment; Look all issues—Spiritual Moral, Physical, squarely in the face. Fair-minded investigation should lead through growth to maturity. Get back to nature and natural things!—Amarillo Daily Panhandle.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Departement of the Interior U. S. Land Office at Roswell N. M., July 12th 1910.
Notice is hereby given that there has been forwarded to this office by the Surveyor-General the following approved plats of survey: 16, 17, 18, 20, all south range 37 E. N. M. P. M., 11, 12, 13, 15, 19, 20, south of range 38 E. N. M. P. M., 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, all south of range 39 E. N. M. P. M. Each of these plats of survey will be filed in this office at nine o'clock a. m. on the first day of September, 1910 and on and after that date applications for entry of lands in each of these townships will be received. T. C. Tillotson Registr. Harold Hurd Receiver.

Wisdom in Their Method. Sometimes the wicked stand in slippery places so it will be hard for anybuddy to git near 'em.