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Our grocery department invites your inspection.

The Kenna Lumber Co.

Every Intelligent Person Should Learn How to Write.

More than a million people are employed in the publishing business in the United States, and all of them "had to begin." They are dropping out every day, and some one must take their place. There must be writers for

The Newspapers Magazines Moving Pictures

They pay more for the same class of service than most of the professions. With a table, a chair, paper and a typewriter you can begin now; and you do not need to give up your present occupation or employment. Even if you do not wish to take up journalism as a profession, there is no better mental training than learning to write.

The man or woman who writes is automatically thrown in touch with the big people who are shaping the destiny of the state and the nation, and the big things that are taking place in the new development of the country.

The fundamentals are carefully and simply arranged in our Correspondence Course of Instruction. A Washington correspondent who has written for every class of publications during the past twenty-five years has arranged the work, and is in charge of the course. Money back if you are not satisfied.

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No Commission—No Delay.
Roswell, New Mexico
416 Main St. Phone 210.

FOR SALE.

I have a limited amount of well matured and reclaimed, three of the best suited varieties of cane seed for Eastern New Mexico, which I will offer for the next few days, or as long as they last, at the following prices.

For Feed—Little Red Top (or Sumac) \$2.00 per 100 lbs.

For Syrup—Honey Dip, \$3.00 per 100 lbs.

Early Orange, \$3.00 per 100.

Also Red Maise seed at \$2.00 per 100

Terms cash with order.

Sample on request by sending 10c to cover postage and mailing expenses.

J. W. STIGALL,
Richland, M. N.
Price F. O. B. Portales or Elida. M. 31-A. 14

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS

By LOUISE OLIVER.

"Dear Connie:
"Can you come to dinner Friday? I have an extra girl, and as usual I need a man, Connie, dear, don't think I'm asking you for the tenth time this season just because I am so fond of you; such of course we all are. But it is because you are such a darling to fill in. What would we do without you?"

"Faithfully yours,

"Belle."

"P. S. "Don't tell the story about the flamingo. I simply can't laugh at it again. I can say it backward in my sleep. Hunt up a new supply."

"Well, I like that," laughed Connie Collins good naturedly as he laid aside the note and resumed his grapefruit. "One thing about Belle—she's candid." He sighed. "So I'm to supply again! It seems to me I've developed into a regular married woman's relief corps."

He finished his coffee and went to the office where he called up his prospective hostess for Friday.

"Hello, Belle! I got your note. Count on me. Yes, sure. No, I'll not tell the flamingo story another—what's that? Oh, she's pretty, is she? That's encouraging. Say, Belle, have some of that crab meat again, will you? All right—good for you! I'll be there sure."

When Friday night came and Connie was presented to the young person he was to take in to dinner, his first impulse was to hunt up his hostess and weep tears of joy and thankfulness upon her shoulder. Miss Maywell—such was her name—was a vision of sweet delight.

At dinner his hostess kept nodding and smiling at him as much as to say, "It's your reward, Connie, for a long period of martyrdom."

Then gradually—so imperceptibly that no one noticed it for a while—the air, heavy with the scent of American Beauty roses, became pungent, a blue haze began to fill the room and finally an eddy of smoke trailed across the low circle of light thrown by the candles.

"Fire!" a woman breathed convulsively and the guests sprang to their feet. Belle's husband, Max Wells, threw open the door into the hall. There was a solid wall of white smoke.

Dorothy Maywell laid a hand on Connie's arm. "Do you think it's upstairs?" she whispered. "I—I've got to go up and get some things if it is."

"You mustn't think of that," he insisted kindly. "Lives first, you know." He laid his hand reassuringly over the one resting nervously on his arm.

"But I've got to. Doesn't anyone know where it is?"

Then, before he realized what she was doing, she dashed a glass of water over a napkin, caught it up to her face and was out of the door, through the wall of smoke and tearing up the stairs.

Connie was at her heels, but he could not stop her. There had been no time for him to protect himself, and the smoke in his eyes and lungs strangled him, but he kept on.

Upstairs the smoke was less dense. Dorothy ran along the hall and into a room at the right.

"You can't come in," she called. But Connie, with eyes alert for flames, paid no attention.

"Hurry!" he urged. "Get what you want. But for heaven's sake hurry!"

She flew to a bureau, opened a small top drawer, got something that looked like a card, slid it into the front of her gown and faced him. "I—I'm ready!" she choked.

Connie's eyes were smarting so he could scarcely see. But they groped their way along the hall, keeping as close to the floor as possible. They almost fell down the stairs. In another instant they were outside on the porch just as the firemen arrived.

The men rushed into the smoke-filled house, upstairs, down cellar, garretward—yet there were no flames, only a dense, acrid smoke.

"No fire in the house at all," yelled someone. "It's all coming out of the registers. Something wrong with the furnace."

So to the cellar they went and found a piece of damp carpet smoldering in a disused furnace.

Open windows soon cleared the house sufficiently for the guests to return to their coffee.

As Connie placed Dorothy's chair for her, he noticed a white square on the floor. He picked it up and saw—his own photograph, with something written on the back! In an instant

it was in his pocket. In some way he knew it was what Dorothy had been so frantic to rescue. It was very puzzling! Instinct told him, too, that she must never know he had discovered it.

This was what was written on the photograph, and what Connie felt he was entitled to read before he put a match to it at bedtime:

"I love his eyes. I love the way the hair waves over his left temple. I love the cleft in his chin, and his firm, strong mouth. I wonder if I shall ever know him."

Connie went to bed too happy to sleep. "After all," he reflected, "there's some advantage in being a supply. But I'm afraid Belle will have to hunt up another handy man. I'm gone!"

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WARM, DRY PLACE FOR HOGS

Animals Will Not Thrive and Give Satisfactory Returns if Allowed to Shiver in Cold Pen.

By all means give the pigs, whether they are intended for stove hogs or pork hogs, a warm, dry place in which to sleep. No hog will thrive and make satisfactory returns when compelled to shiver on a hard bed in a cold pen, or to huddle up or lay against the side of the building where they are suffering from cold.

Do not allow too much air above the pigs. It is better to make a false covering over the nest to keep the cold air from coming down from above.

While we are anxious to exclude the cold air from the nest, there should always be an abundance of pure air for the animals to breathe, as it will enable them to do much better work in digesting the food than if confined to a close pen where the air is impure.

The man who thinks a woman can't keep a secret should try to find out where she gets her complexion.

With the trenches a stone's throw apart, only a foolish fighter would attempt to read between the lines.

Nothing does a jay town so much good as to grow excited over the increasing perils of soft coal smoke.

New England has a plumber who is also a poet, but he is not the first person to hit the pipe and write verse.

One reason why the "classics" are to be found on all good library shelves is because they are so seldom taken down.

We are now convinced beyond doubt that taking castor oil is a mental exercise, and not a dread physical ordeal.

News travels so slowly in China that some of the inhabitants probably think they have been living under the same old government all the time.

A young woman in the South set a date for her marriage to a fictitious bridegroom. Still, the bridegroom never cuts much of a figure anyway.

When an angry wife sues her husband for divorce because he wore mourning for another woman, one wonders just how to please a wife, anyhow.

Man can never forget that time when he was a boy and grew so fast he rolled up his pants to keep the public from seeing they were too short.

What a perverse world! Usually the money one saves on coal in a mild winter one hands over to the doctor because the pneumococcus also has prospered.

Throughout all the storm and stress of war the peace rumors, sometimes vague, sometimes definite, are persisting. Evidently somewhere nature is refusing to hold out.

America will not begrudge Europe an industrial boom immediately after the war, if it enables the prompt payment of the enormous sums that will be due neutral countries.

In the Bank of France the total mass of gold has reached \$1,000,000,000, showing how the yellow metal may come out of its hiding place when properly enticed with life and drum and a bit of patriotism.

The Minnesota supreme court has ruled it illegal for a bartender to pour alcohol on a sleeping ex-patron and set him afire, but the case has not been passed upon by the United States Supreme court yet. To a layman, however, the proceeding seems not only illegal, but impolitic.

THE THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION OF THE NEW YORK WORLD

Practically a Daily at the price of a Weekly. No other Newspaper in the world gives as much at so low a price.

There has never been a time when a newspaper was more needed in the household. The great war in Europe has now entered its second year, with no promise of an end for a long time. These are world shaking events, in which the United States, willing or unwilling, has been compelled to take a part. No intelligent person can ignore such issues.

The Presidential contest also will soon be at hand. Already candidates for the nomination are in the field, and the campaign, owing to the extraordinary character of the times, will be of supreme interest. No other newspaper will inform you with the promptness and cheapness of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World.

THE THRICE-A-WEEK WORLD'S regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and it pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and The Kenna Record together for one year for \$1.65.

The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.00.

For Sale Or Trade

320 Acres of Land, being the S. W. and S. E 1-4 of Sec. 9, T. 3 South, Range 29 East. Make me best offer for cash or will trade for cattle.

C. W. SEWELL
Plainview, Texas

Feb. 10-11

Farm for Sale or Exchange.

A tract of 160 acres of good level land situated 5 miles southwest of Dexter, N. M., one of the best towns on the Santa Fe, R. R. south of Roswell. Has a 5-room house, fine well and land all fenced. Well is cased with 8-inch casing, with a great abundance of good water. Soil is a sandy loam, very productive. Price \$30 per acre.
D. C. Savage,
Kenna, N. M.

U. S. Dept. of Agriculture

Weather Bureau.

Station, Boaz, N. M.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

Month of Mar. 1916.

Temperature.

Mean.....55.3

Maximum.....86

Minimum.....23

Precipitation.

Total......37 in.

Number of Days

With .01 inch or more precipi-

itation.....2

Clear.....28

Partly cloudy.....5

Cloudy.....1

WM. HORNER,

Cooperative Observer.

The Kenna Record, 1 yr. \$1.00

The Sunday Roswell Star,

1 yr. .50

Both papers one year for \$1.25

FROG CITY ITEM.

We had some snow on the last day of March, 1916 and one year ago, on the last day of March 1915, we had some snow.

J. E. Johnston's brother came in from Texas a few days ago and are going to build a house on his claim just south of Frog City.

Messeck Brothers pulled off a big dinner, branded and dehorned at the Davis ranch last week.

Ed Strawn went to Portales last week with Burl Hubbs, who took the train for parts unknown.

Dave Garner and N. B. Cullins and Verna Wixom went to Elida, Monday.

Edgar Burns was in Frog City last Sunday, en route to his claim near Eaglehill.

BOAZ NEWS.

Mrs. W. C. Bently of Roswell came up the last of the week and spent a few days with her children.

Tom Clark who has been here all winter returned to his home in Texas last Friday.

P. W. Brown returned to Boaz Thursday, after an absence of about four months. He has been in Kansas City taking treatment for cancer and seems much improved.

The Cato Brothers who filed several miles east of the Soda well in Rock Valley struck a good well of water last week.

Lela and Orau Beatty went to Roswell Saturday for a short visit.

The Boaz Sunday School has changed the hour of meeting from 11 o'clock to 10:30 in the forenoon. They are having quite a good attendance now.

Since the rain of two weeks ago the grass and weeds are making a good growth.

The longer we live the more certain we feel that a lazy liver and a forlorn hope are first cousins.

As a figure of speech, "not worth a continental" seems to be getting ready to come back into the language.

To appreciate fully the advantages of a short skirt, one must see a girl run to catch a car. She catches it.