IMPRESSIONS OF A TENDERFOOT

Being Unorthodox Sketches of Real Human Interest

(By Will Robinson)

As the beloved may have heard, Roswell is now in the throes of a carnivalage that puts the late lamented presidential election way back in the shade. It all comes up over the matter of the choice of a justice of the peace, in which the regular and irregular factions of the democratic party are mixing things with each other, and the republicans are sitting on the fence and watching the brethren go to it, which they are certainly doing to the queen's taste.

Being a party row, no comments are in order in this connection as to the raction proper, but there is one side light that has been lit that certainly deserves wide consideration. I refer to the infamous territorial law which forbids the running of an independent candidate, the regulation being that only those candidates are legitimate who are nominated by some convention or primary. This act was passed as a matter of political sword play over in the Spanish counties and may still be all right over there. It is sadly out of place in the Pecos Valley, which is supposed of all places to be on the square politically. In Roswell the victim of it was Lucius Dills, the veteran newspaper man, who would certainly have been elected if his name could have gone before the people, a fact that was admitted more or less freely by the other factions, who are not expressing any particular sorrow over the situation, which much simplifies matters, and compels the independent voters to either vote for one of the annointed, or not vote at all, which latter course is the one that will be generally adopted.

The principle is obnoxious, it puts a premium on all sorts of party skullduggery. It would be all right to require the filing of a petition with a sufficient per cent of signers in order to get the name of a person on the ticket. Some such regulation would fence out the jokes. As it now is, the independent principle in politics, which is the best safeguard of good government, is throttled entirely, and the elective principle is confined into narrow partisan channels, which is unscientific and generally wrong. Any man who can command the respect of any considerable number of taxpayers should have free running in such cases, and the principle that a voter not write any name he pleases on the ticket he votes is a subversion of the elective principle.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the coming territorial legislative will take this matter up along with many others of equal or greater importance, and of right it should be embodied in the new election law, built somewhere on the lines I have suggested in these letters, which embraces the strongest form of the Australian ballot, the compulsory payment of poll tax in person, and heavy penalties for corruption of every sort. It is true that New Mexico was moving in the right direction for a pure ballot. There is no necessity of waiting for statehood, in fact the enactment of such a law would go far toward getting us statehood, for it would show the people of the north and east that we are fit for it, and that while in the past our election laws may have been wrong, we have had the wit and the manhood to see it and correct them. We can never convey that impression, and make it stick so long as we shut out the independent voter, who is really the one who guides the destinies of the land, and should be protected to the fullest.

HANDICAPS OF SORTS.

Being a little old-fashioned, and therefore a little behind the times, I have just read Joseph Medill Patterson's "Little Brother of the Rich." The bad taste is still in my mouth, and remembering the old idea that all books are written for some good and beneficial purpose, I am wondering clearly what in thunder the good purpose is in this instance. It tells of a stratum of society that has always existed in every land, a parasitic class that has nothing healthy or wholesome about it, that has nothing whatever in common with the great overwhelming mass of population that earns its bread by the sweat of its brow. Skillfully written as it is, if it serves any economic purpose it is too deep for me, for it simply draws attention to the moral rottenness of the very rich, who swap wives and indulge in concubinage and high class gambling. Faugh! It is a dirty mess, and having said that you have described the whole thing.

Come to think about it, it is time that some great story was written concerning the great American man, the kind who works as a blessed privilege and not as a penalty, whose heart and hands are clean, and who affords the finest type that the world knows. The story writers have wandered far away from him. For instance I note in a recent tale in a magazine it is said that "His ancestors all belonged to the working class—none had risen above it." That is the sort of fool gaff that seeks to advance the idea that it is disgraceful and unfortunate to have to work. Of truth this is fundamentally a country of labor, in which there is no aristocracy or nobility who may live by divine right off those who toil. That the last few decades has much multiplied such a class is one of the sorrows of the land, being a form of disease that is without redeeming features and as much to be regretted as any other form of cancer. When a man becomes so rich that he needn't work, though physically able to do so, he has not "risen above it." He has descended to the ranks of the non-producers. An idle man reaps what he has not sown. He is a barnacle on society, consuming that which does not belong to him. He defies Biblical injunction when by his sloth no sweat protrudes from his brow. There is no room in this country in fact for a class corresponding to the European nobility, which with some few exceptions draw their regal living from the veins of the poor, being vampires in fact, and none less vampires because sanctioned by custom and the law. Wherever in this land, unfortunate conditions have piled up wealth and hereditary caste, it has been a deep calamity to all who come in contact with it. Poor weak Anna Gould tramping around with the cast-off degenerates of France is one instance of it. Harry Thaw is another. Andrew Carnegie, the arch hypocrat of all time, who is seriously endeavoring to buy his way out of hell, is another, and the list might be extended indefinitely. It is a decadent class, and the real, true-blue American does not desire to be associated with them, can not be so associated and remain uncontaminated, for contamination comes swiftly to whoever steps out of the zone of labor that was dignified for all time by Christ himself. A man cannot rise above labor and if he departs from it he surely descends to the plane of the loafer and the enemy of good society. The law is inviolable. There is no compromise with it, for the devil sticks his chops and gets his hooks ready who never he sees any man fall below the standard of healthy labor, the greatest boon that was ever conferred upon humanity, following the disastrous idleness of Eden, which resulted just as it results today, in making the women wantons and the men scrubs. Though all time, healthy hard work has built up nations and individual character, and this great mass of books slush which seeks to take away its blessedness is so great a calamity that the world calls for the great novel that will tell of the American as he really is, with the warts of toil on his hands, perhaps with patches on his pants, but with a clean heart and a soul unafraid, the highest type man the world or history knows. We have had all of the problems so called that we need. What we do want is a recrudescence of the gospel of honest toil, that is blessed by God and through which the world will eventually come to the brotherhood of man and to Him.

Just a little simple item in the Artesia Advocate tells of the death of Mrs. Arthur Stout at her old home in Kansas City, and yet in reading it, it seemed to me that it was more of a sermon than I have read in many a long day, for hung about it is the most beautiful illustration of love that I have known for many a long day. Mr. Stout is a Campbellite preacher but more than that he is a man, one of the bravest truest Christians I have ever been privileged to meet. I know his cross. Just a few years ago he emerged from college, bright, strong, inspired to give his whole life to man for the sake of the cause. He was not alone, for by his side was a pure sweet soul that inspired him always. The palace was built on sand, and in a little while it began to crumble. Human skill and and prayer were alike futile. You or I would have staggered under such a chastening, but those young people were unafraid, and with clear eyes faced the inevitables, and if despair or bitterness ever entered their hearts the world never knew it. I do not believe it ever did. I have watched that young sky pilot going about among his people, giving of his splendid strength to weak, with bright words of hope to those that thought they had trouble, cheerfully and manfully doing his part, without complaint or hesitancy, and all the while under the shadow of a breaking heart. It takes a brand of manhood to do that falls little short of the heroic, and it renews ones respect for the principles that has ever made burdens easy to bear. I couldn't do it not one man in a thousand could do it.

The recent sale of the issue of $25,000 in bridge bonds for Eddy county at $27,500, is the best kind of proof of the stability and sureness of the Pecos Valley. Bond men are the shrewdest, most calculating fellows in the world, and they are not paying any such premium as that unless the conditions are gilt edge. That they do pay it is the best advertisement Eddy county and the Valley could have.

Speaking of advertising the valley, I note in several of the journals of the beloved, an impulse toward placing advertising matter in all sorts of remarkable and unusual channels, where it would cost roundly, but mighty little about putting it in the home paper, under conditions where it would do the most good of all. The home paper boosts every issue, at its own expense, as a matter of patriotism. It say once a month the boosters would pay for new half tones and descriptive matter, mailing expenses and a slight part of the bonus that they pay cheerfully to the outside fellow, and mail several thousand copies of the home to lists that could be furnished by the people of the interested area, it would do more good than all other forms of boosting put together. The editor would be helped by it a little, but it would help the town and section far more, and it would prove that the home people believed in home first, especially since the method has behind it the approval of sound, cold blooded business sense. The use of this method in every town would double the population of the valley in five years, and it would go far towards convincing the general public that the boosters of the slope have the sort of faith that is justified by the possession of the real goods. Not that all forms of advertising have not a positive value. It is simply a question of availability. The traveler no one knows. His medium may have a million readers and it may not have a thousand. Using the home paper, the boosters know what they get and pay only for it, and then get back practically every cent they pay for it in a few days. Under the present system, the home paper boosts the year round, must fight a frequently ungrateful people for sustenance while more than any other one thing building up the country for the benefit of all. Under the present system the average paper gets out a big edition once a year, with new half tones and descriptive matter, and invariably comes out in the hole on it, something that business men in any other line would not think of doing, but which they gladly do as their offering to the general good. Under my suggestion they would continue their every issue boosting all the more gladly. Once a month the commercial club would contribute a few new half tones and pay the expense of a few thousand extra copies to be mailed all over the country, to a list that would be gladly contributed to by every citizen. Such a method would be infinitely more beneficial than the indiscriminate casting of bread upon the foreign waters, and would cost less.

It should be taken up by every town in the Pecos valley, and it will be as soon as the science of advertising is better understood, and the principle of fair play toward the country publisher is brought into action. At present that worthy is more or less of a good thing, and building up the country has the privilege of beholding the foreign periodical got the premium that by right of merit and possibility of returns belongs to him.

Take Time by the Forelock

and get in the Real Estate market during the dull season that precedes the holidays, and you may strike a big bargain.

Things are Going to Boom

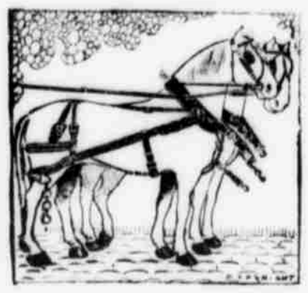
the coming year, for the money that the Pecos section is coming out of its hiding place, and invaluable advice to our patrons is given on this account. GET IN NOW.

SHERWOOD & HARDGRAVE.

Bottle Never Fell

It was a dark night, one night last week, when a certain young man of this city met with quite a thrilling experience while returning home from the graces of his fiancee. On reaching the house he entered by the side gate so that he could go in the back door and not disturb "Ma". All was dark but by no means quiet for a chorus of cats were giving a demonstration similar, it is said, to that which the Dutch battle ships gave on the coast of Venezuela recently, on the back fence. It was necessary to quiet the confusion for should he enter at that time "Ma" would certainly know it by hearing the unearthly noise of said chorus. Groping on the doorstep for something to hurl at the back fence aggregation the first thing that met his grasp was a bottle. Seizing it he raised the implement above his head and in another moment some cats would have had but eight lives left, but "the bottle never fell." No, some neighbor, perhaps just returning too, blazed forth a shot and the young man stood stunned holding only the neck of the bottle in his hand while the remainder of it fell in a thousand pieces around him. He slunk into the door facing and waited to see what would happen next. A minute passed and then another shot rang out. It had its effect. The demonstration ended and after the cats had departed pell mell, deep darkness reigned supremely all around.

Razors at a reduction at Chapman's. 9-tf



Style Strength and Durability

are the points upon which we claim distinction for our

Heavy Team Harness

It is better than the best because there is not a defect anywhere—not even as much as a defective stitch. The makers put as much good work into the hidden parts as those in plain view.

With ordinary care this harness will last a lifetime, because the leather is good the trimmings good and the workmanship good.

I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

CLINT RUTHERFORD, The Saddler

ELK DRUG STORE

HIGH CLASS LINE OF

Drugs, Chemicals, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Kodaks and Supplies, Typewriter and Architect Supplies, Wall Paper, Paints and Oils.

MAIL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

TRY OUR FOUNTAIN DRINKS

Livery, Sale and Feed Stable

Good Teams and New Rigs; Cab Meets all Trains; Baggage Transferred

If you want to drive call and see us

Boarding Horses a Specialty

J. A. STREET.

THE MAY BAR

SILAS MAY, Proprietor

Standard Brands of Liquors and Cigars. Special Attention Given to Bottle and Jug Trade. . . .

Old Stock Exchange Bldg. Telephone No. 7

K. C. SALOON

MAY & HIGHFILL, Props.

Leading Brand Whiskies are:

Joel B. Frazier, Hill & Hill, Kentucky Dew, Old Prentice, Cedar Brook, Bonnie Rye, Guckenheimer Rye : : : : : :

When you drink whiskey at the **WHITE ELEPHANT** You drink it just as it comes from the **Government Warehouse in Kentucky.**

White Elephant Saloon

A. B. DAUBER
PROPRIETOR

When you drink **Wine** you get your choice of brands direct from the **Vineyards of Southern California.**

Choice Fruit Brandies

THE EVANS REALTY COMPANY

Office 2nd Street, News Building

We sell city property, farms, ranches and relinquishments and charge as our commission 5 per cent to the party selling.

We offer for sale the following, if not sold before you buy:

Two splendid residences on the northeast corner of Laughlin and Third streets, now renting for $60.00 per month, at ..... $4,000 time

Lots 9 and 10, in block 34, McGee addition $500

Lot 3, block 39 of the McGee addition, facing the Nichols' houses on Second street, at $350

One splendid house opposite Wm. Kuhlman's on Second street, well fenced, with outhouses and water works.. $1,350

One house 25x80, facing north on Center street, with splendid dance hall in same, stage, 2 dwelling rooms and all furnishings, at $1,350

320 acres of patented land within a mile and a half of Tucumcari, northwest, fences, splendid well and windmill, and a good house $3,200

One house on the northeast corner of Third and McGee streets, on two lots, making a frontage of 100 feet on Third street. This property is offered for sale at about cost price, for the reason that the owner wishes to invest his money in a house on a farm. A splendid bargain at $1,150. One-half down, balance reasonable payments.

One splendid four room house on High street, between First and Adams streets. $1,575

Six lots on the corner of Adams and Center streets, the best business location in the city considering the price, $2,500 and $500 each, excepting the corner

One house and lot east of Methodist church, on High street, on 50 foot lot, four 14x14 rooms, suitable for parties desiring to send children to public school $1,100

One 50 foot lot between High street and Hancock Avenue, with east front on Second street, at $650

Four 50 foot lots with east fronts on Second street, between Hancock and Laughlin Avenues, at $2,000

One house and lot on High street, near splendid red stone building; south and near public school building $1,575

Lot 5 in block 28, McGee addition $350
" 5 " 39, " " 375
" 7 and 8 in block 40, McGee addition 550
" 11 " 12 " 39, " " 450
" 9 " 10 " 42, " " 500

100x142 with two residences and outbuildings, on the northeast corner of High and Second streets. A splendid home for the present and will be business lots $5,000

One seven room house and one five room house on the east side of Fourth street in the McGee addition. Prices $1,200 and $1,750 respectively, but if sale of both is made.... $2,500

320 acres patented land and a lease on a school section for four years. A $3,000 stock of goods, good house and storehouse, 75 head of cattle, a number of hogs, farming implements, etc., at Puerto. Write for a full description. Price $11,000

125x142 on corner of Smith and Second streets. This is the best location for a first-class hotel or business houses in the city. Price $12,000

80 acres patented land 3 miles east of Tucumcari. Price $800

Lots 1, 2 and 3 in block 1, McGee addition $750
These lots are 200 feet deep.

Lot 7 in block 1 McGee addition 200

Lots 1 and 2 in block 5 in McGee addition 700

Lot 9 in Block 42 McGee addition 250

Lots 5 and 6 in block 40 McGee addition 550

Lots 11 and 12 in block 39 McGee addition 425

One 43 foot lot on east Main st., just east of Smith's Grocery $2,600

One lot on the corner of Third and Center streets..... 850

One good four room house on Center st., in Russell add 875

One splendid five room house on High st., on lots 21 and 22, block 18 of the original townsite $1,200

Lots 3, 4, 5 and 6 in block 29 of the McGee addition, with east front on Third street, $1,100. One-half cash, balance on reasonable terms.

One of the best sites for a hotel in Tucumcari, with east front on corner of Second and Center streets..... $8,500

320 acres of land at Cuervo, and one school section with a lease on the same for four years and a relinquishment of 160 acres adjoining, all fenced and some improvements.... $4,000

One first-class business on Main street, will net $200 per month, for $2,750

The manager of this company is also manager of the Highland Park Addition, the Aber Addition and the Solana Townsite Company.

G. W. EVANS, Jr., Manager.