

## QUAY COUNTY'S 3RD TEACHER'S INSTITUTE

Enrollment Embraced Teachers  
From Curry, Guadalupe and  
San Miguel Counties

INSTITUTE WAS A SUCCESS

County and District Teachers  
Association Made a Per-  
manent Organization

Quay County's Second Annual Normal closed yesterday.

This session of the Normal which began Aug. 2nd and closed Aug. 28th, has been a most successful one in every way. Prof. P. E. McClanahan and Miss Sarah D. Ulmer were the instructors, and as an evidence of the fact that they gave entire satisfaction the teachers unanimously requested their return for next year.

There were eighty-two teachers in attendance besides the fifteen city teachers making a total of ninety-seven. Ten were from Curry county, three from Guadalupe and two from San Miguel county.

On Thursday last the course of instruction closed and Friday and Saturday were spent on examinations, about sixty made application for schools in this county.

Thursday afternoon the Quay County Teachers Association was organized with forty members. Prof. D. B. Rourke of Pleano, N. M. president. The county was then divided into six districts and a president of each district elected. It is the purpose of the county association as well as each district organization to hold two meetings each year.

The closing week has been one of pleasure as well as profit to the teachers. On last Saturday about forty of them took a day ride to the famous Tucumcari Mountain about four miles south of the city. The men carried water in bottles, and it is said they had ice in their pockets. Supt. Cramer gave them a treat of candy, oranges, etc., and with the exception of a sprained ankle the afternoon was delightfully spent. On Monday afternoon Prof. McClanahan gave a very interesting and instructive address on the "Early Settlement of New Mexico," a subject he has given much study.

Rev. DuBose of the first Presbyterian church was to have spoken at this hour but was not able to be present.

Monday evening at about 8:30 a number of teachers surprised Judge Cutlip at his residence but they found that the Judge by mere accident had a fine lot of watermelons, cakes and lemonade and a pleasant evening was spent.

On Tuesday afternoon Prof. Munson, Principal of the city schools gave a very interesting address which is printed below.

Tuesday evening Miss Ulmer gave a recital at the Baptist church which was enjoyed by all who were fortunate enough to be present.

The programme consisted of "An So Was I," "Comie," "The Ninety and nine," "Hawatha," 10th chapter, "In the Carriage" comie, closing with Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

Two very fine musical selections were given by George Ferguson of this city.

Wednesday afternoon J. W. Campbell addressed the teachers, his subject being "The investment of influence."

Wednesday evening they were entertained by the Crystal Theatre.

Thursday evening Miss Hershberger of East High street entertained and a most delightful time is reported.

Prof. McClanahan left yesterday for Des Moines, Iowa, where he has accepted the chair of history and economics in the Highland Park College.

Tucumcari will miss the hundred pedagogues who have been with us for the past four weeks but we have been helped by their coming, and will gladly welcome them again, when after a years hard work they return to the next annual session of the Normal.

The Normal was in every way a great success.

The county superintendent and the instructors are to be congratulated.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted on Thursday afternoon.

Whereas we, the teachers of Quay county, have been privileged to the benefits of the most successful Institute yet held in the history of the county, and, whereas we realize that for whatever increased strength and efficiency have accrued to us as teachers, no less than the social and intellectual enjoyments of which we have been the recipients are due to the untiring zeal of our Superintendent and instructors, and to the generous spirit of this hospitable people, therefore, be it resolved:

First: That we hereby acknowledge our appreciation and extend our heartiest thanks for the valuable aid received at the hands of our instructors, Prof. P. E. McClanahan and Miss Ulmer, and for the many courtesies shown us in our class work.

Second: That we are grateful for the cooperation and interest in our work as manifested by the professional and

(Continued on last page.)

## LEFT LAW PRACTICE TO GO BACK TO THE HAY FIELDS AND WAS ADJUDGED INSANE

Joseph B. Clarkson. Formerly Judge of the District Court of Omaha, Tires of His Judicial Position and Returns to the Farm Under an Assumed Name. Eighteen Years Away From the Fields.

### TENDERFOOT'S VIEWS ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS

Deep general interest has been inspired by the case of Joseph B. Clarkson, formerly justice of the district court of Omaha. The judge wandered away from home, as he had once eighteen years before. When his folks found him he was doing honest work on a farm under an assumed name. They said he was temporarily deranged, and maybe he was. In the sight of the world any man who would forsake a lucrative law practice and take to the hay fields has something loose in his calico. The judge himself did not explain it. He said that he simply had an itching to do honest work once more, to feel the sweat of normal labor run down his body, and to leave hay and dally with the south end of a cultivator drawn by a strawberry mule and a hogback bay. He used to be a dandy at that sort of game, and just wanted to see if the accumulated tripe of a sedentary life could be worked off. He shook his professional garb and put on a hickory shirt and a pair of overalls. For the first time in eighteen years he felt that he could really breathe. Then taking along only tobacco money, he hit the grit. The first farmer he asked for a job thought he was a big fat, bluffing tramp, and set the dog on him. The next one set him on to a wood pile and he spit on his hands and went at it. It was a bit awkward at first, but in a little while he caught on and made the chips fly in a different way from that to which he had been accustomed. The next farmer needed hay hands and after a few days of awful and consuming soreness he found he could throw a forkful of timothy clean over the loaded wagon, and the hands voted him a wolf with a red tail. He was prouder of it than he had been of a \$25,000 fee. In a few weeks the tripe vanished and his muscles hardened up like a section band. He could bind his station with any young whelp, and eat as he had thought impossible a few months before. He never even belched after the stunt was over he could sleep on a board and get up in the morning before day, feed the critters and come in for breakfast without having a dark brown taste in his mouth. It was just like it used to be when he was a young man, when he was struggling along like a chump to read law, and had a fool idea that it was a step up to be a professional man. He had worked hard at that, and achieved some fame. All that he had got out of it personally was his board and clothes and the dyspepsia. What did it all amount to anyhow. The only breath of real untainted air was when he went to somebody's funeral. The only whiff of a hayfield in eighteen years was once when he was going out to Broken Bow to make a speech, and the said whiff was heavily charged with cod smoke. He hadn't heard a catbird singing in an apple tree occasionally stopping his melody to howl for the cat, since Heck was a pup. All these years he had been cooped up by man-made conventions, and tied hard and fast to a treadmill that is without hope except some costly flowers and a coffin before it was time. The fields called him. He longed for the rustle of the corn blades, the zip of the mower, and the unmistakable music of the conch shell at noon. He wanted to be just simply a natural man once more, and see how it felt. He was getting along simply fine when his folks found him and spoiled it all and he either had to go back into the grind or given a free ride to the bug house and have his property ruled over by a cockeyed deacon as guardian.

What ailed the judge was simply the call of the wild, for the exultation that comes to man when he beats nature in a wrestle and makes the earth yield to its only conqueror. The philosophers call it "the recrudescence of the primitive man." I am not sure that I know just what that means. I do know what ailed the judge. He had simply gotten a bellyful of the false conditions, the perverted customs, the strained ethics of modern life. In the artificial current of the cities he had found by sad experience that every other man was a liar. The hypocrite and the saint rub shoulders every day, and it takes a darn smart fellow to tell which is which. The sun rises over dirty roofs and sets in the smudge of dust from the wheels of the automobile of some son-of-a-gun who has to be sued for his poll tax. Every body is on the skin. Graft is in the air. Everybody tries to be what they are not, and the cock-tail and the demi-tasse take the place of buttermilk and a long sweet swig of cold spring water without typhoid germs. It is the fashion of the times

to disguise such things, but I bet there isn't one man in ten who has evolved from the soil that doesn't sooner or later have the same longing that the judge did, minus the will to carry it out, cut it for a while and take to the brush. It is more noticeable when the subject has gotten over the first enthusiasm of the big mill and begins to realize that there is really nothing in it, and it jerks men into sausages when they should be full of ginger and electricity to have more life in them than a race horse. Then comes the realization that all of these years they have been chasing a will-o'-the-wisp and that fame and position and excessive dinero are not to be compared to a healthy stomach and a knot of muscle on the arm that would choke a steer. The primitive man recedes pretty strong then, and they wish they had the moral strength to go back to the farm. They haven't and stay right on the firing line until the doctors have to cut out their appendices and baled hay and pried-nush and boiled potatoes. They will all of them join with me in the very sincere belief that Judge Clarkson was not crazy. He was simply so much smarter than his folks that they could only explain it by fling a charge of lunacy, and making it stick with the mass who have voluntarily drifted away from the divine injunction of sure enough labor, and who are the real descendants of society all over the world.

By a vote of nearly two to one, the people of Lincoln county last week decided that the seat of government should be moved from Lincoln to Carrizozo, and aside from the very natural pleasure over the victory of my old friend John A. Haley, who certainly fit in a few, I am glad. Old Lincoln has its historic associations and was just as good a place for a county seat as any other so long as there were no railroads. Now that there are, the moving of the records and such like junk was only a matter of time. It was another case of the survival of the fittest, according to nature's most inflexible law. That law is always mighty hard to assimilate by the under dog, but there is no use trying to get away from it. Some of the best people in the world live at Lincoln, and it is hard for them to have their property depreciated. There are more people at Carrizozo, and the location of the seats of the mighty there will be much handier for the general people. The rights of the many have standing over those of the few. Lincoln's day had simply passed, and that was all there was to it.

Now, Prof. J. D. Tinsley, a man entirely competent, after having investigated the conditions in Quay county, comes forward and says that only nine families in the great San Jon valley are suffering. Those would not be if they had health. There wouldn't even be a temporary stringency if every body had steadily refrained from encouraging any idea that this is like the rain country, and all that one has to do is to plant and reap. Some years it is, but oftener it isn't. The wise farmer irrigates when he can and as much as he can. If he is not where he can hitch onto an irrigation ditch, he irrigates with sweat—and it pays nearly as well. It is pointed out by the report of Mr. Tinsley that my old time contentions are true, that we cannot afford to do anything else save TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT THE COUNTRY. It pays to tell it about anything, but it is a sacred duty to tell about a country which new folk are considering as homes. Our old friend and considerably hot tamale, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, emerges from her temporary obscurity and dashes off a few dozen lines on "Why Many of the Best Women do Not Marry." Reading the stuff carefully, I am convinced that she is right. I don't just see any of the various reasons she advances except that which recites that some of the sisters remain single because they were never asked. I can grasp that all right, and the rest must be all right. Anyhow it is not considered to be the proper thing to dispute a lady.

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Mr. Clifford says that the indications are excellent here in these valleys for artesian water and that he intends to use his influence with the Rock Island company to get them to sink a deep well in the vicinity of this city. Or he says he has faith enough in it that he will take stock in a deep well proposition himself. He is equipped for sinking wells to a depth of 3,000 feet. His company has a patent for machinery both for sinking and pumping wells. He says his machinery will pump all three of these Rock Island wells here with one small engine, or that the power may as well be brought from the shops of the railway company, at a nominal expense. The machine they use carries a rotary drill and the drillings are brought to the surface by the use of water and hydraulic pressure, the stops for the use of a slush bucket are avoided, and the work continues day and night until the well is finished. Mr. Clifford says he intends to begin work on this end of the line in about sixty days.

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(Continued on eighth page.)

## PROFESSOR MUNSON, PRINCIPAL OF THE HIGH SCHOOL ADDRESSES THE INSTITUTE

The "Child and His Environment" Was the Professor's Subject. The American Child (He Says) Is a Nervous Being and His Temperament Must Be Taken Into Account in Our Dealings With Him.

THE REWARD OF THE FAITHFUL TEACHER

The child is in large measure the creature of his environments. The companions, daily surroundings, books, sight and beliefs, that he encounters are powerful factors in his education. How carefully then should the approaches of external influences be guarded. The business then of parents and teachers is to surround the child with as beautiful and healthful an atmosphere as possible.

A large per cent of the children of America have little in their lives to uplift, to make them happy and contented. Whether he comes from the little claim house on the plains of New Mexico, or from the palatial home on Fifth Avenue, there is a lack in those things that go to make the child really contented and happy. I can say, however, in passing, that fortunate indeed is the child whose early life is destined to be spent in the humble home first mentioned rather than amid the artificial surroundings of the fashionable home where fraud and deception lurk in every act, every word, every movement where the word home has no significance beyond a place where they can come to eat and sleep.

Our concern, however, is with the child as we find him in Quay County, New Mexico. As before stated the majority of children come from homes where little attention is given to anything beyond the very necessary question of getting a living—providing food, shelter and raiment.

This is always incident to the pioneer home. Even the physical well being of the child can receive but little attention, while that side of the child nature that goes to make the truly noble, cultured and refined man or woman receives practically no consideration. If the child in school makes reasonably good progress in his three "R's," we care little about his acquisition for the cultured side of life.

As teachers our concern is chiefly with the child at school. Our chief duty is to surround him with as comfortable and correct an environment as possible. His physical comfort is the first requisite. The American child is a nervous being and this temperament must be taken into account in our dealings with him. We have but to glance about us to see the frail forms and spectacled eyes, an indictment against the American people as trainers of children. In our dealings with such children lie the most difficult problems of the teachers. Is the child stupid or restless; sullen or mischievous; listless or tritabile? There must be a reason for such conditions. It is then incumbent on the teacher to try and discover the cause. Is the child comfortable in his seat? Are his seat and desk of proper height and adjustment? Is the temperature and ventilation what it should be? Is the child comfortable in his seat? Are his seat and desk of proper height and adjustment? Is the temperature and ventilation what it should be? Is the light proper? Can he see the work on the board from his position without straining his eyes? Are his sight and hearing normal? Is he old for his grade? Is he deficient in part of his work while up to the standard in the rest? If so, try and determine the cause and apply the remedy. The nervous child like the nervous horse requires special treatment. He should be given frequent opportunity for exercise in the open air. His periods of confinement in the school room, especially in his seat, should be short. Children in the primary grades should not be kept in the school room too long at one time. Two hours in the forenoon and two hours in the afternoon is ample time, even then there should be frequent opportunity for exercise aside from the regular intermission period.

The teacher is an important factor. The boisterous, scolding, nagging, threatening teacher, with a harsh and rasping voice has no place in the school room where such children are found. In fact, she has no place in the profession. The neatly dressed, attractive teacher, with her well modulated voice, pleasant manner, sympathetic heart and good common sense is the most important factor in the child's school environment. Her diplomas and degrees her high certificates and lauding letters; her years of training and experience are of small importance in comparison. The saying, "As the teacher so is the school" is an old but true one.

Granted, we have the proper teacher, the comfortable, not necessarily elegant school room, heating, ventilation and seating as nearly proper as possible, let us turn our attention for a moment to the question of making the school room home like and attractive. The nearer the school room can approach the ideal home, and the teacher and

her pupils the ideal family, the nearer we approach the millennium in school economy.

(Continued on fourth page.)

## TUCUMCARI TAKES A SCALP FROM DALHART

Hard Hitting By the Home Team and Errors By the Visitors Tells the Tale

ALMOST A WHITEWASH

Rock Islanders Failed to Connect With Beas's Benders With a Dire Result

Every lover of the great national game of base ball was on hand Sunday to see Dalhart cross bats with the local team. There was some disappointment when it was learned that the Rock Island Reds were not Dalhart's crack team, but they were a jolly bunch and it was only a matter of a few minutes until the big crowd was being entertained satisfactorily. The Rock Island Reds are Dalhart's second team and are made up from the railroad shops and offices of that city and are a gentlemanly set, although they get a little balled up when they attempt to play ball.

The day was a delightful one Sunday and while the grandstand and the new diamond at athletic park were not ready for use, the fact that a nice big curtain of cloud hid a way old soot, grand stands and umbrellas were useless, and the game was pulled off at the old diamond on the Pring property. The game by innings was as follows: First—Gallett hit safe over third, Mathews struck out Kirk fanned and McDonald did likewise.

Kingston was hit by pitcher, stole second and went to third on a wild pitch. Hutchinson beat out a bunt to third and stole second on the first ball, Fox put a hot one between first and second and Kingston and Hutchinson scored, Stewart beat out a slow one on the third line and Fox went to second. Heinison hit to pitch and forced Stewart at second, Huppertz was safe on a wild throw of pitcher and Fox advanced another peg, Herring hit hard to short and Fox came home, Townsend flew out to pitcher.

Second—Bernard flew out to second, Kirk was hit by pitched ball, Pink was safe on a wild throw of short and Kirk was out trying to steal third, Brown smote the breeze.

Bess struck out, Kingston went out pitch to first, Hutchinson was safe on a hot one to third, went to second on a wild pitch, Fox fanned.

Third—Allright went out pitch to first, Gallett went out short to first, Mathews struck out.

Stewart walked, Heinman hit to short and forced Stewart at second, Huppertz was safe on a hit to second, Herring was safe on an error of first, Huppertz going to second, Heinison was caught trying to steal home, Townsend went out pitch to first.

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(Continued on eighth page.)

## PROFESSOR MUNSON, PRINCIPAL OF THE HIGH SCHOOL ADDRESSES THE INSTITUTE

The "Child and His Environment" Was the Professor's Subject. The American Child (He Says) Is a Nervous Being and His Temperament Must Be Taken Into Account in Our Dealings With Him.

THE REWARD OF THE FAITHFUL TEACHER

The child is in large measure the creature of his environments. The companions, daily surroundings, books, sight and beliefs, that he encounters are powerful factors in his education. How carefully then should the approaches of external influences be guarded. The business then of parents and teachers is to surround the child with as beautiful and healthful an atmosphere as possible.

A large per cent of the children of America have little in their lives to uplift, to make them happy and contented. Whether he comes from the little claim house on the plains of New Mexico, or from the palatial home on Fifth Avenue, there is a lack in those things that go to make the child really contented and happy. I can say, however, in passing, that fortunate indeed is the child whose early life is destined to be spent in the humble home first mentioned rather than amid the artificial surroundings of the fashionable home where fraud and deception lurk in every act, every word, every movement where the word home has no significance beyond a place where they can come to eat and sleep.

Our concern, however, is with the child as we find him in Quay County, New Mexico. As before stated the majority of children come from homes where little attention is given to anything beyond the very necessary question of getting a living—providing food, shelter and raiment.

This is always incident to the pioneer home. Even the physical well being of the child can receive but little attention, while that side of the child nature that goes to make the truly noble, cultured and refined man or woman receives practically no consideration. If the child in school makes reasonably good progress in his three "R's," we care little about his acquisition for the cultured side of life.

As teachers our concern is chiefly with the child at school. Our chief duty is to surround him with as comfortable and correct an environment as possible. His physical comfort is the first requisite. The American child is a nervous being and this temperament must be taken into account in our dealings with him. We have but to glance about us to