

A. C. HARTER

T. B. PLATT

# REGISTERED PERCHERON HORSE SALE at Hagerman, New Mexico, Wednesday, March 28, 1917 HARTER & PLATT

This sale of Pure Bred Percheron Horses will be held at Meadowcrest farm 1 1-4 miles north and 2 1-2 miles west of Hagerman and 1 1-4 miles south of Dexter. And on the same date and in connection with the A. C. Harter public sale of grade mares and colts and other live stock (see poster). The offering consists of seven head of Stallions, Mares and Colts, all registered in the Percheron Society of America. Parties coming from a distance by train and getting off at Hagerman will be given free transportation to the farm. Percheron sale will be at 2 p. m. Should the weather be bad, facilities are at hand to conduct sale under cover. For terms of sale see catalogue. Lunch will be served on the ground by Ladies Aid of Presbyterian church.

**Auctioneers: McKINSTRY & HOLLOMAN**

<p><b>No. 1—Stallion—Phillip</b> PHILLIP was sired by an imported horse made up with such ancestors as Boule D'or, Brilliant, Coco, etc., and a long line of good imported stock on the dam's side. He is black, of splendid quality and action and moves as if proud of himself and justly so.</p>	<p><b>No. 7—Mare—Dessie—1916.</b> Dessie is another good colt from Phillip, is growthy and well proportioned, and the making of a great mare. Here is another chance to get a start in registered draft stock for little money.</p>	<p><b>No. 6—Mare—Florence</b> We predict that this handsome black filly will be the favorite of the sale. As a six weeks old colt she won first in the Roswell fair against colts seven or eight months old, and again second as a yearling. Weight about 1500, and will have to be seen to be appreciated.</p>	<p><b>No. 2—Stallion—El Capitan—1915</b> This colt would be a credit to any sale. He was sired by Phillip, is a good bodied, large boned, well muscled colt and weighed at one year old 950 pounds in just ordinary flesh. He should make a ton horse with the right kind of care.</p>
<p><b>No. 5—Mare Meadow Crest—1913</b> Sired by Albany 11, an Oklahoma horse that won championships in several state fair shows, and from a dam with a long line of imported ancestors. A good work and brood mare.</p>	<p><b>No. 4—Mare—Tilda—1906</b> This is the dam of Philip and Florence. Weight 1600 pounds and is a good example of the draft mare. Works any place, has produced good colts, and will be a good purchase for some one wanting a work and brood mare.</p>	<p><b>No. 3—Stallion—Blackrock—1916</b> This is another colt sired by Phillip. A beautiful black colt with snap and dignity and an outlook for a fine stallion. Here is a chance for some one to get a good horse for a little money.</p>	

## Mr. Homesteader:

We invite you to call and see us when in town.

Our Grocery and Hardware Store and Tin Shop are all at your service.

May our acquaintance prove to our mutual advantage.

Kenna Lumber Co.

## Shelled Corn Cake and Posts

We have just received a car of shelled Northern Corn and are prepared to make you very close prices on the same.

We have a good supply of Cake and Cotton Seed Meal on hand, and are selling it right.

We can supply you with posts in any quantity. Come in and see us before buying.

The Kenna Supply Co.

**Left Him Pondering.**  
Old Friend—"Well, I'm pleased to have met your charming wife, Fred. You must be very jealous of her." Fred (confidentially)—"Well, I take care never to introduce her to any man that a sane woman could take a fancy to."—*Stray Stories.*

**Life's Real Pleasures.**  
Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts, bright fancies, faithful sayings; treasure houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb nor poverty take away from you—houses built without hands for your souls to live in.—*Ruskin.*

### INDOLENT MRS. LESTER

By OSBORN JONES.

Every one agreed that pretty Mrs. Lester's besetting sin was indolence.

"Of course, no woman could have pretty hands and well-manicured nails if she didn't ever have to do anything," said Mrs. Landis, the boarding-house keeper, to the old maid school teacher, who replied promptly:

"Yes, and any woman could seem light-hearted if she didn't have a care or trouble in the world."

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Lester was indolent. But she was not altogether happy.

If any one had asked Mrs. Lester why she boarded instead of keeping house she would have said it was because her husband chose to live that way. They had always done it in the three years of their married life. The boarding house was convenient to the big factory where her husband worked and houses were not plentiful. But sometimes a single tear lingered in those soft brown eyes of hers, and there was a fleeting note of sadness in her voice.

Then came the time when Mrs. Landis' son had pneumonia at college. It didn't prove to be a hard case, but it was sufficiently alarming to make it necessary for Mrs. Landis to pack her wicker suitcase and betake her portly person to the college town. She stopped long enough to give the cook directions for ordering and to commit the care of the 30 boarders to her keeping. Then she went to Mrs. Lester's room and told her.

"I know I can't do much," said Mrs. Lester, "but it makes a lot of work for poor Martha. Let me do the ordering while you are gone."

This happened just after breakfast, so that Mrs. Lester went marketing that morning at nine and bought even more economically than would Mrs. Landis herself, and no one at the boarding house knew the difference. For Mrs. Lester, though she said nothing of it even to her husband, was pleased with her achievement. Lester returned to the factory office that night, and Mrs. Lester sat alone. It was eleven when she first heard Martha's call for help—poor, fat Martha, whose age was beginning to tell in an occasional heart attack.

Only Mrs. Lester heard the call for help and went tiptoeing up to the garret bedroom to be of assistance.

And then came the doctor, who assured Mrs. Lester that a few days of rest would put Martha back on the working list again.

By the time Mr. Lester came back from the factory Mrs. Lester was tucked in among her pillows—as respectful as if she had lain there all the evening.

In the morning she slipped from her room at five—blantly lying to her husband that she was cold and had gone to rest in a warmer room that had recently been vacated. And as Mrs. Lester seldom took breakfast with her

husband, he never guessed that while he was eating she was working furiously in the kitchen, nor dreamed that the coffee and cereal, bacon, eggs and muffins were all the result of his wife's efforts with the cookbook and stove.

After breakfast Mrs. Lester ordered quickly and deftly over the phone, and then came the stupendous undertaking of getting 20 lunches ready for the men at the factory by 11:30.

Then came dinner, and though Mrs. Lester's arms ached from the unaccustomed labor, and though she was almost dropping under the task, she was supremely happy. She had left a note in her husband's room saying that she had gone to spend the day with a friend and would not be home till nine, and at that hour she stole into Mrs. Landis' room long enough to put on her big cloak and hat that she had left there for that purpose. Then, pinching a little color into her tired face, she tripped sallying into her husband's room. It had been a wonderful day of achievement, and she could hardly wait till Mrs. Landis returned—she was due at ten that night—to hear what she would say.

"Such a wonderful day as I have had!" she said to her husband by way of explaining the happiness that she knew must be shining from her face.

"Wonderful days," mocked her husband; "yes, and I have been slaving at the office. Girlie, I'm getting tired of this—just a little. I'd like to have a little house of our own, but I don't dare to suggest it. You're too much of a doll. It's worrying over that besides worrying over the business that keeps me so low-hearted."

"And you have wanted to keep house and haven't told me," she whispered. "And for all these months and years I've longed for something to do and didn't dare ask you—"

But that was all she had time to say, for Mrs. Landis rushed through the half-opened door. She had arrived and Martha, now down stairs for the first time, had told her.

"Bless your heart," she said, putting her motherly arms around the wife. "Say, Mr. Lester, with a wife that can enter, order and cook for 30 and not let any one know about it, you ought to be as proud as punch. But that's the way with some women. They're lucky at everything they attempt—from running a boarding house to making a man happy."

And as Mrs. Landis went out of the room again the husband took his tired little wife in his arms. "She's right. You have made me happy and I am proud," he whispered.

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### CRITIC OF MODERN IDEAS

Writer Ranges Himself Firmly Against System of Education Which He Considers Pernicious.

In no other way, perhaps, than in their advocacy of the pernicious doctrine of individual interest have the modernists more seriously undermined sound scholarship, proper habits of study, and the development of virile, rugged character. Of all the latest educational nostrums foisted upon us, this

FORBES  
Auctioneer  
CLOVES

is one of the worst. Even a child can feel its appeal; for the pill is thickly coated with sugar, and every child's "interest" draws it to sugar, even though a stomach ache or something worse may result. Where, pray, are we to begin and where end in this weighty responsibility of heading and catering to the interests of youth? Was there ever a normal boy who did not successively show an "interest" in running a candy store, in becoming a policeman, or a motorman, or an engineer, or the captain of an ocean liner? Can we conceive of a red-blooded youth to whom electricity and machinery and chemical experiments do not bring their special appeal? Would we regard a boy as having ordinary intelligence who could not readily learn to understand the mechanism of his father's automobile? As a schoolmaster I am only too well aware that fathers with such normal sons see unmistakable signs of budding genius in this natural ability of youth; but as an ordinary individual I am disposed to class these deluded parents with those whose sons have "never told a lie." They lack perception.—*Alfred E. Stearns in the Atlantic.*

### "Ghost" in the Movies.

Bobbie and his father went to a movie show; they came in just in time to see the end of the last reel, showing where the villain gets shot. Starting on the first reel again, Bobbie shouted out to his father, "Dad, there is the dead man's ghost!"

### Different Views.

A New Jersey clergyman resigned, complaining that his congregation wanted a phonograph in the pulpit. A good many congregations complain because they have one.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

### Sure Thing.

The old jokes are often better than the new. Years ago a Cincinnati merchant used to have a sure-thing joke that he worked on his friends with great success. He would meet a man and start criticizing the man's personal appearance, and would wait until the man got good and hot under the collar. Then the merchant would rub it in by offering to bet that the other man didn't have a whole shirt on his back. The bet was always eagerly and indignantly taken, and the merchant, the victim and the stakeholders would retire to a room. There the victim would take off his coat and vest and display his shirt. The result was always the same. The stakeholders had to admit that the victim did not have a whole shirt on his back. Half of the shirt was on his back, and the other half on his chest.