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Events of Interest from the Seat of Government, BY J. E. JONES.

Territorial Expansion and Development.

When Secretary William H. Seward purchased Alaska for this country, he carried his proposition through Congress with the aid of Charles Sumner, the great Massachusetts state-man, who foretold with exact nicety in a prophetic speech, of the material riches of Alaska. Along its frozen trails the wealth of an empire has already been roled into civilization. The United States owns the great coal fields of Alaska, and to develop and protect what is perhaps the greatest deposit in the world, the government will build a thousand miles of railroad at an expense of \$35,000,000. A privately constructed railroad in Alaska would be worthless without coal leases from the government; and since no administration would dare make these leases there is nothing left to do except for the United States to run the double proposition of a railroad, and coal mining, on its own account. It is a feasible business proposition which any set of large business men would be only too glad to take out of the hands of the government. There has been a storm of protest against expansion in Alaska, which is not strange since territorial expansion and development has always had a rough road.

The Honorable Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts warned Congress of the danger of the Louisiana purchase, and told his colleagues that they had no authority or right to throw the rights and liberties and property of this people into hotch-pot with the wild men of Missouri, nor with the mixed, though more respectable race of the Anglo-Hispano-Gallo-Americans who bask on the sands at the mouth of the Mississippi. "When it came to the Oregon purchase, the Senate of the United States was told by an illustrious Senator that he would not give "a pinch of snuff for the whole territory," which he proceeded to describe as a "wild gambling venture." Another Senator who happened to be from New Jersey said that Oregon can never be one of the United States. If we extend our laws to it we must consider it as a colony." He declared that "the Union is already too extensive." Later on came the renowned Daniel Webster, horrified by the proposition to attach Texas, California and New Mexico to the United States. "I have never heard of anything, I cannot conceive of anything that is more absurd or more affrontive to all sober judgment. New Mexico and California are not worth one dollar

The Alaska railroad is not a newly discovered proposition. Secretary of the Interior Fisher of the Taft administration used his best efforts to secure a trunk

line from the ocean to the great interior valleys of the Yukon and Tenaha, which he declared to be necessary in order to "open the country so that its future development may be made possible."

How About a Statue for Lee?

The late Senator Cullom greeted eleven presidents of the United States when they came to Washington. Among these was his friend, Abraham Lincoln. The last efforts of Senator Cullom were devoted to the work of securing a memorial to the man whom he loved in life, and cherished in memory. Now an ex-Confederate soldier, former Governor Blackburn of Kentucky, succeeds Mr. Cullom as the resident Washington commissioner. In Congress there has been a suggestion that a monument be erected in the National Capital to Robert E. Lee. These circumstances show that the north and the south are "mixing it up" rather energetically.

Seven Hundred to One.

It may not be that Senator Ashurst of Arizona has absolutely authentic figures, yet he has made a statement that from the organization of the government down to the present time, the glorious peace-loving people of the United States of America have spent \$700 upon aggressive and defensive wars, paying for wars that have been fought, and preparing for wars that are anticipated, while we have spent one dollar for other purposes of administration.

INVENTORY YOURSELF

Some boys in an eastern university have drawn up "the college students' ten commandments," nine of which aren't important, but the tenth has class. It directs the student to take an inventory of himself at least once a month.

"Take an inventory of yourself." It is easily said. What does it mean?

Of course you know what the merchant's inventory is at the close of the year—a detailed list of goods in stock with reckoning of values. So many yards of this, so many yards of that, at x cents a yard. There are no subtleties in such an accounting. By just taking pains, the storekeeper can learn where he is, to the decimal of a cent.

The task is more difficult when the thing to be measured is a human soul. You can't lay it on a yard stick or compute its constituent parts in terms of dollars.

Still, you can do this: You can pause from time to time and ask yourself: "If a veil gained in wisdom or in kindness or in patience since the last review? Am I neater and sweeter and more liveable with? Have I done something worth while? If not, why not and, if so, how can I improve on my achievements in the months to come.

Inasmuch as you are the one who has to live with yourself it might not be a bad idea to form this habit as frequent inspection and self analysis, with a view to making the association better worth while.

SCRAP BASKET.

A number of men have found out to their sorrow that it is easier to mortgage the home to buy an automobile than it is to mortgage an automobile to buy a home.

A CURT REPLY

The proof-reader on a certain western daily was a woman of great precision and extreme propriety. One day a reporter succeeded in getting into type an item about Willie Brown, the boy who was burned in the West End by a live wire. The next day the reporter found on his desk a frigid note asking, "Which is the west end of a boy?" It took only an instant to reply, "The end the son set on, of course."—Ex.

THE REAL PROBLEM

The farmer and his wife watched their dog as he chased madly down the track after the 4 o'clock train. He did it every day and always returned winded.

"I wonder why he chases that train," remarked the wife with her eyes on a little cloud of dust that showed where Rover was.

"That's not what's bothering me," answered her husband. "I'm wondering what he'd do with it if he caught it."—House-keeper.

THE NEW DANCES.

"If we are going to stand for our women folks wearing slit and shadow skirts, and our younger ladies learning to dance the boll weevil wiggle, Texas Tommy, tango, the bunny hug, the bear dance, the half-canter, the buzzard flop, and so on down the line, the men folks might just as well keep on smoking, drinking, chewing, snoozing, swearing and doing every thing else that's bad, and then the whole push can go to hell together," says the level headed editor of the Pineville, Georgia, Herald.

A current newspaper item is as follows: "The wife of a Methodist minister in west Virginia has been married three times. Her maiden name was Partridge, her first husband was named Robins, her second Sparrow, and the present is named Quale. There are now two young robing one sparrow and three little quales in the family. One grandfather was a Swan, and another a Jay, but he's dead now and a bird of Paradise. They live on Hawk a venue, Eagleville, Canary Island, and the fellow who wrote this is a Lyre bird and a relative of the family."

MEN AND CIGARS.

Because of the solemn garb a cigar salesman was mistaken for a man of the cloth and invited to make a few remarks. He acceded to the request and ascending the platform said:

"Men are like cigars. Often you can not tell by the wrapper what the filler is. Some time

SCIENTIFIC DEDUCTION

By HOMER HARPER.

"Even dad says I'm the cleverest little observer he ever saw," Nora remarked modestly. "I've been studying out the characteristics and occupations of people on street cars and everywhere—just from their expressions and wrinkles and clothes, you know. Scientific deduction!"

"The other night I went to a party with Roger, where I knew hardly a single soul. Coming home I told him loads about everybody there and he said it was perfectly wonderful. Of course, Roger does sometimes exaggerate about me!"

She wrote another sentence and ended it with a flourish. Felicity settled her small bonnet a trifle closer. "You certainly are a wonder," she sighed, enviously. "I never could write a letter and carry on a conversation at the same time, much less guess anybody's family tree at the first glance. I've got to go home and soothe Katy. This being wash day, father just naturally telephoned that he was bringing a new German bacteriologist home to lunch. Don't forget that you're coming tomorrow."

"One-fifty sharp," acquiesced Nora. The door had just closed behind Felicity and Nora was preparing to tear up the sheet of paper on which she had been writing so nonchalantly when her attention was distracted by a small mouse, which ran out from under the bookcase.

Nora's businesslike manner dissolved in sudden fright. Bouncing out of her chair, she perched upon the desk, drawing her feet in carefully. A moment later the door opened and a pale youth looked in absentmindedly as if he had been sent to the office on an errand, which he had unfortunately forgotten at the threshold. It was obvious that he did not take in the situation at all.

Very likely a freshman or a sophomore, Nora deduced rapidly. One of the utterly absorbed variety that dreams of autopsies.



good old stogie is more popular than an important celebrity. Some men are all right in the showcase, on display, but are great disappointments when you get them home. No matter how fine a man is, eventually he meets his match. A two-for often puts on as many airs as a 50-center. Some men never get to the front at all except during campaigns. Some are very fancy outside and are selected for presents. Others have a rough exterior, but spread cheer and comfort about them because of what is inside. But all men, as all cigars, good or bad, two-fors, stogies, rich or poor, come to ashes at last.

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"Kindly catch that mouse for me," she directed briskly, indicating the bold little creature with a wave of her hand.

"Oh!" He came back to earth with a start. Then he moved slowly and carefully toward the mouse, which lost its head and retreated to the other bookcase, which had no exit under it. Down on his hands and knees dropped the youth, lost in the chase. For a few moments confusion reigned underneath the bookcase. Then the awkward young man rose, holding the wriggling mouse in one hand.

"What are you going to do with it?" inquired Nora in a tone which implied that he was stealing her little pet.

"Inoculate it with tuberculosis," he said, dreamily.

"You shan't!" Nora's tone was firm. He raised his eyebrows and looked at her for the first time. "You wish me to put it back there?" he asked, politely, pointing to the bookcase.

"Indeed not!" said Nora, disgusted by such stupidity. "Take it out and lose it, please."

The youth bowed. "Very well," he said, and backed out, gently rubbing the mouse with a crooked forefinger.

It was the next day that Felicity shook her friend Nora by the shoulders. "What's the matter, Nora? Have you lost your job?"

"If only I had!" Nora sank into a chair and fanned herself vigorously. "Felicity, I know absolutely nothing about scientific deduction. I wish I'd never played with it. I can't tell a circus rider from a—well, a circuit rider."

"Well," Felicity began, consolingly, "you couldn't be half as bad as the object that took luncheon with us yesterday. He had a mouse in his pocket and it made a gay getaway while father was describing his pet bacterius. It was the liveliest luncheon we ever had."

Nora looked up and asked irrelevantly, "Was his face all marked?"

"Yes. Student duels in Germany." "And manners?"

"So many he trips over them." "The horr professor himself! I told him to catch that mouse in my office yesterday after you left and he did. This morning when I went to the advanced bacteriology class you rose my little pied piper and lectured. As you probably know, he's the latest acquisition of our medical school—he's from Berlin."

"Oh, Felicity, henceforth I'm going to be a simple little maiden who thinks it's downright wicked to try to be clever!"—Chicago Daily News.

SOME APPETITE.

The Maysville, Ky., Bulletin prints the following:

A tall, gaunt young man entered the office of the Globe Museum and Family Theatre and asked for the manager.

"What can I do for you?" inquired a pudgy man in a checkered suit.

"I want an engagement as a freak in the curio hall."

"Who are you?"

"I am Enoch, the egg king."

"What is your specialty?"

"I can eat three dozen hen eggs, two dozen duck eggs and one dozen goose egg at a single sitting."

"I suppose you know our policy."

"What's that?"

"We give four shows a day."

"I understand that."

"And do you think you can do it?"

"I know I can."

"On Saturdays we often give as many as six shows."

"All right."

"And on some holidays we give a performance every hour."

The young man hesitated.

"In that case," he finally said, "I must have one thing understood before I sign a contract."

"What is that?" asked the manager.

"No matter how rushing business is at the museum," the egg king replied "you gotta gimme time enough to eat my regular meals at the hotel."