

R. F. Ballard

THE KENNA RECORD.

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KENNA, ROOSEVELT COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1917.

NO. 25.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., July 23, 1917.
Notice is hereby given that Joe Fisher, of Garrison, N. M., who on Oct. 28, 1914, made H. D. E. Serial No. 029387, for Lots 3 & 4, Sec. 1, T. 36 N. 34 E., R. 34 E., has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Will A. Palmer, U. S. Commissioner in his office at Redland, N. M., on Aug. 17, 1917.

Claimant names as witnesses:
William J. Fisher, George L. Swearingen, Hance Arnold, Henry M. Williams, all of Garrison, N. M.
Kimmitt Patton, Register.
July 27-Aug. 24.

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, at Roswell, N. M., July 23, 1917.

Notice is hereby given that John W. Williams of Redland, N. M., who on Jan. 5, 1914, made H. D. E. Serial No. 029919, for S. 3, Sec. 3, Township 7 S., Range 26 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Will A. Palmer, U. S. Commissioner, in his office at Redland, N. M., on Aug. 27, 1917.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Joe Fisher, Henry M. Williams, Joseph of Garrison, N. M., Thomas A. Knight, J. Albert Vlek, these of Redland, N. M.
Emmett Patton, Register.
July 27-Aug. 24.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, N. M., July 11, 1917.

Notice is hereby given that Edna Askins of Billie, N. M., who on July 25, 1914, made H. D. E. Serial No. 029741, for Lot 3, S. 3, R. 28 E., N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three Year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Dan C. Savage, U. S. Commissioner, in his office at Kenna, N. M., on Aug. 20, 1917.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Joseph E. Alexander, Robert L. Finley, John G. Cox, James W. Shivers, all of Redland, N. M.
Emmett Patton, Register.
July 20-Aug. 17.

Road Is Designated

The line that the Ozark Trails will follow from Amarillo to El Paso has been designated by the local association at a meeting held in Clovis this week. The road from Clovis will follow the railroad all the way to this city. This means that a new road from Kenna here will have to be constructed as the road now in use swings many miles to the east. From here it will pass over the Southern National Highway to El Paso. J. E. Clayton Jr., C. C. Cagle, W. L. Radney, C. N. Moore, W. G. Head and G. A. Richardson of this city attended the meeting. — Sunday Star.

The above clipping from the Sunday Star is of special interest to those owning property along the line of the Santa Fe R. R. It means a great deal to everyone living within eight or ten miles of the railroad from Clovis to Roswell and is a matter that every individual along the line should take a personal interest in and put their shoulder to the wheel and push for all your strength. It is going to take the united effort of every one along the line to make this the acceptable route for the great Ozark Trail.

The opportunity is now presented and now is the time to do something. If this prominent highway is finally located right along by the railway line it will enhance the value of every dry claim (and wet one too) from 25 to 100 per cent. Boost the road. Do your part.

GREAT DAM IN ANTIPODES

New South Wales Structure Has Catchment Area of 5,000 Square Miles.

"The first large scheme for water conservation purposes in New South Wales is now nearing completion," says a Canadian department of commerce report. "Burrinjuck Dam, as it is named, is being constructed of cement, of which 50,000 tons—manufactured in New South Wales—has been used up to date. The dam is being placed in a narrow, rock gorge between hills 2,000 feet high. It will hold up the Murrumbidgee river for 41 miles and the Goodradigbee and Yasa rivers for 15 and 25 miles, respectively. All these rivers were subject to floods and running dry previously, but now a constant supply is assured.

"The catchment area is 5,000 square miles in extent, and some of the peaks in the mountain ranges are 5,000 feet high and are covered with snow in the winter. The average rainfall is 60 to 70 inches.

"The dam will be 240 feet high and 163 feet thick at the base, tapering to 18 feet thick at the top. The length of the dam will be 780 feet. The water will be allowed to reach a top storage level of 232 feet against the dam, and it will be possible to store 33,380,000,000 gallons of water. Although the dam is not yet finished, the water has been used extensively for some time at the main area for which it was principally intended and which is known as the Yanko area. This area is situated 200 miles away from the dam, and the water finds its way there by the old bed of the Murrumbidgee river. Many of the farms here now occupied, and it is estimated that when the area is fully settled there will be about 7,000 farms and the population will be about 100,000. Government assistance to settlers is being very liberally given. Almost any kind of fruit may be grown on the farms. Dairying, mixed farming and ostrich raising are successfully carried on at present."

PEAT AS COAL SUBSTITUTE

Coming Much Into Favor in European Countries Where Fuel Supply Is Limited.

Europeans, paying unusually high prices for coal, are turning to peat as a substitute. Germany has been Sweden's principal source of supply, and that source being cut off the state railways in that country have been forced to curtail their schedules. Peat is notoriously one of the cheapest—as it is one of the most abundant—of fuels. Lack of suitable furnaces for its consumption has hampered its use as it did for a long time that of the crude oil from the American petroleum fields. Recent experiments in Sweden have proved that peat can be made into cakes and used with economy in a proper burner.

A Maine man a few years ago secured patents for turning peat into briquettes which would produce a heat as intense as that of charcoal and could be produced as cheaply as bituminous coal, while the by-products of manufacture would further reduce the cost. The great advantage of the fuel thus produced is that it burns with little ash or smoke, that it is clean to handle and can be used in a stove or furnace about as wood is.

There are extensive peat beds all over New England, and if this process were put in operation the saving in freight rates would make the peat briquettes an economical form of fuel.

Stumping the Agent.
"I tell you," said the real estate agent, "there isn't a finer residence development on earth than this. Just look at the wonderful scenery." "The scenery is all right," replied the man who was looking for a home. "The only trouble is there's too much of it between here and the city."

My Friend.
My friend is constant, like that high star, and though distance and days come between us, as do clouds between it and me, I know my friend is still there, shining with the same clear, steady light, and when the distance and days are melted away, I shall find it so.—Leigh Mitchell Hodges.

A Home and Fat Pig Free to Dependents Of Enlisted Men

Carrizozo, N. M., July 28.—First man in Lincoln county to come forward with an offer to care for dependent families of soldiers who go to war is T. J. Martin, of Corona. In a letter addressed to Sheriff Walker Hyde and the Carrizozo Outlook this week, Mr. Martin says, "You will please notify the relief committee for dependent of soldiers who are called to the colors that I am prepared to furnish a number of houses with plenty of water, milk cows in sufficient number, and will give to each family a large, fat pig for next winter's meat supply and furnish them with all the land they can cultivate free of charge."

Mr. Martin's land is located about three miles from Gallinas railway station and is now planted to crops, but may be taken possession of just as soon as the harvest is made. A school house is located three quarters of a mile from the land. Mr. Martin also states that he will care for either English or Spanish-speaking people. It is expected that several other extensive landholders will adopt the plan advanced by Mr. Martin.

Bear Grass Brooms

Industrially speaking Texas is learning to get out of a corner instead of waiting for relief from the provinces. Anyway, a Texas broom manufacturer in Andrews county is putting out a new product. Because of the scarcity and almost prohibitive price of broom corn this manufacturer is now making brooms from bear grass. Here is a waste product commercialized with every promise of success. A new idea and a new broom—team work of the clean sweep sort. Heretofore bear grass has been employed to hang meat in the smokehouse because the grass is tough and durable and will hold a middling of meat big as a box car door until the meat becomes strong enough to lift a mortgage. Bear grass is to be had for the asking. The bear grass broom must necessarily be a cheap broom to the consumer which is fine for Texas industry and reduced living cost. Texas is learning to get out of a corner — Ft. Worth Star-Telegram.

All Slackers Will Get Theirs

Washington, July 30.—The very prompt apprehension of the "thousands of draftable men who have escaped detection and their prosecution for failure to register," was ordered today by the department of justice in a formal notice sent out to all United States attorneys.

"MR. MERWIN PROTESTS!"

By LOUIS OLIVER.

"A youngster like that had no business to be teaching school," Mr. Merwin, known familiarly to the mystic circle of his underlings as "Billy," looked after Margaret Baker who was on her way to her classroom humming a little tune, jingling her keys and thinking, "Daddy's a pill. He's the kind that thinks that the ugliest, grawniest, stupidest man in the world is better than the finest woman ever made." "She looks pale," Billy continued to himself. "Not enough sleep. Her idea of living is to work for enough money to buy satins and slippers so she can go to a dance every night weekdays and spend Saturdays in a beauty parlor. Not that she needs it," he added grudgingly. "She's the prettiest girl I ever saw." "I wish," growled Billy that night as he unlocked his own door and switched on the light, "that the people upstairs would keep quiet tonight and let me sleep. That baby has cried for three days, and that woman ed the floor over my head until I'm nearly crazy. I'll go out and have a cigar on the back porch and look at the stars awhile. Maybe they will get settled before I turn in."

Evans Resigns as Land Office Register

Fort Sumner, N. M., July 30.—Dr. A. J. Evans has tendered his resignation as register of the U. S. Land office at Fort Sumner, subject to his call to service in the medical corps of the army. If excellent recommendations count for anything says the Review, D. K. Smith will be appointed his successor.

Supreme Court Opinion.

The following opinion was handed down this afternoon by the supreme court: State vs. Will Crosby, Chaves county. Crosby was convicted of larceny of cattle from the South Springs Ranch & Cattle Co., and sentenced to the penitentiary. The judgment of the lower court is affirmed. Opinion by Hanna.—Santa Fe New Mexican, Monday, July 30.

Big Profit in Onions.

Roman Skivicki of Sunderland continues to be favored of fortune by his own foresight. He held on to his onions when all his wise Yankee friends said "sell," and has got the highest price on record, \$7 a bag of 100 pounds. When the price got up to \$3 his Yankee friends dropped in and told Roman that it was dangerous to hold on any longer, and they repeated the warnings at \$4, \$5 and \$6, but still Roman kept some of them till the last, if there is any last when crops are going up on a crop failure. Roman made a net profit of \$7,000 on his onions in 1901, and he must have done much better than that this year.—Northampton Gazette.

When Courage Failed.

The family was having guests to dinner, and six-year-old Edward had his supper alone and was sent to bed somewhat earlier than usual. The appetizing aroma of roast turkey, in which he had not shared, reached him as he lay awake, pondering over his hard fate, and he decided to descend to the dining room and claim his rights.

But when father, beholding the small figure at the door, demanded sternly: "Well, sir, what do you want?" Edward's courage fell, and he answered, apologetically: "I just came to see if you would lend me a bone when you're through with it."—Topeka State Journal.

Impressionability.

"Do you read the war news regularly?" "No," replied the excitable man. "When I read one day's war news I get so nervous I have to skip the next day's."

ed the floor over my head until I'm nearly crazy. I'll go out and have a cigar on the back porch and look at the stars awhile. Maybe they will get settled before I turn in."

He thought of a number of things as he smoked. How he had planned to be an engineer when he went to college and how he had been compelled to postpone his plan; how his chum, Jack Emery, had gone on and finished, and of the time Jack's sister had visited him. Margaret Baker looked something like her, he thought.

There was a sudden crash. A dish of china of Miss whizzed past his head and smashed on the bricks below. But the contents, something warm and glib, was clinging like a besetting sin to Billy's coat, trousers and shoes.

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Billy furiously. "What on earth do they leave their meals outside for to ruin other people's clothes? That's the same bunch that walks the baby all night. I think this is a pretty good time to tell them what I think of them. I'll go right up as I am and make them help me clean it off."

Dripping gelatine, he knocked imperatively on the door above, through which infantile walls were coming, and almost instantly it opened.

"I would like you to see the damage your—" He got no further. "Margaret!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know you lived here. I came up to tell you that something fell off your back porch and—"

"My gelatine!" cried Margaret in dismay, shifting the crying baby from one shoulder to the other. "I made that gelatine myself and put it there to harden. And I'm not half as sorry about your clothes as I am for poor Mrs. Doogan. But if you will come in, I'll try to get it off."

In a few minutes the crying stopped, and Margaret came in with a basin of warm water and a cloth.

He caught her hand. "Do you think I'm actually going to let you wash me off?"

Margaret was silent. "Say, Miss Baker, whose baby is that?"

"Mrs. Doogan's."

"Who is Mrs. Doogan?"

"Tommy is in my room at school. He's staying here now while his mother is sick. He's in my bed asleep."

"How did you find out about his mother?"

"Don't you remember, the truant officer told us about Tommy couldn't come? Mother sick, father out of work' was the report."

"Yes, I remember now. Never thought of it again."

"So I bring Tommy and the baby here after school and do what I can for the others in the mornings."

Billy was looking very queer.

"Is that why you always have the highest percentage of attendance, because you buy shoes for Lizzie, and get work for Mike's father, and nurse babies for the Doogans?"

Something in the man's eyes made her drop her own quickly again. "Miss Baker, Margaret," he said, "I always think of you that way, it's my turn to talk and I'm going to tell you something, and that is, just what a mean, contemptible fellow I am. Without any justice I condemned you for a feather-brained butterfly because you are light-hearted and cheerful. And here you've been losing sleep night after night without a murmur while I've been pitying myself for several things. Look here, you go get that baby and give him to me. I'll take care of him. And you go to bed and get some sleep. Go on, now. Do as I tell you. No, don't go either. There's something more I may as well tell you now as have it burn a hole in my brain. I love you, Margaret! I never knew it was in me to adore anyone as I do you. That's all. I had to say it. Please forgive me; I know how you despise me. Now get the baby and I'll go."

But outside the door with his squirming burden he heard his name called softly.

"Billy!" came through the keyhole faintly. "Oh, Billy!"

"Yes?" he turned as though to go back.

"I love you, Billy!" said the voice. And Mr. Merwin, woman hater, nearly dropped the baby. (Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)