

# THE KENNA RECORD

Vol. 4.

Kenna, Chaves County, New Mexico, Friday, September 23, 1910.

Number 37

J. P. STONE, President G. T. LITTLEFIELD, Vice President  
W. B. SCOTT, Cashier

## The Kenna Bank & Trust Co. OF KENNA, N. M.

The depositors in this Bank are secured by the laws of this Territory to the extent of \$30,000.00.

Our officers are bonded and we carry burglary insurance. Every safeguard of modern banking protects you. Come in and see us.

The Kenna Bank & Trust Co.

### THE OLD COW-MAN.

I rode across a valley range  
I hadn't seen for years;  
The trail was all so spoilt and  
strange  
It nearly fetched the tears.  
I had to let ten fences down—  
The fussy lanes ran long—  
And each new line would make  
me frown  
And hum a mournin' song,  
Oh! its squeak! squeak! squeak!  
Hear 'em stretchin' of the  
wire!  
The nester brand is on the land;  
I recon I'll retire,  
While progress toots her brassy  
horn  
And makes her motor buzz,  
I thank the Lord I wasn't  
born  
No later than I was.  
There's land where yet no  
ditches dig  
Nor cranks experiment,  
It's lovely, free and big  
And it isn't worth a cent.  
I pray that them who come to  
spoil  
May wait till I am dead  
Before they foul that blessed  
soil  
With fence and cabbage-head  
But it's squeak! squeak!  
squeak!  
Far and farther crawls the  
wire,  
To crowd and pinch another  
inch  
Is all their heart's desire.  
The world is overstocked with  
men,  
And some will see the day  
When each must keep his pe-  
But I'll be far away.  
'Twas good to live when all the  
sod,  
Without no fence or fuss,  
Belonged, in partnership, to  
God.  
The government and us.  
With skyline bound from east  
to west  
And room to go and come,

I loved my fellow man the best  
When he was scattered some.  
But it's squeak! squeak! squeak!  
Close and closer cramps the  
wire,  
There's hardly play to back  
away  
And call a man a liar.  
Their house has locks on every  
door.  
Their land is in a crate—  
There ain't the plains of God no  
more,  
They're only real estate.  
When my old soul hunts range  
and rest  
Beyond the last divide,  
Just plant me in some stretch  
of West  
That's sunny, lone and wide.  
Let cattle rub my tombstone  
down  
And coyotes mourn their kin,  
Let hawses come and paw the  
moun'—  
But don't you fence it in!  
For it's squeak! squeak! squeak!  
And they pen the land with  
wire,  
They figure fence and copper  
cents  
Where we laughed 'round the  
fire.  
Job cussed his birthday night  
and morn,  
In his old land of Uz,  
But I'm glad I wasn't born.  
No later than I was.  
—By Charles Badger Clark, Jr.,  
in April Pacific Monthly.

### WHAT IS A BABY.

"The prince of wails; an inhabitant of Lapland; the morning caller; noontide crawler; midnight trawler; the only precious possession that never excites envy; a key that opens the heart of classes, the rich and poor alike, in all countries; a stranger with unspeakable check, who enters a house without a stitch on his back, and is received with open arms by everyone."—Ex.

### A TENDER-HEARTED MAID

Once upon a time there lived a child of gentle mien and manners mild; she was so tender and so kind she wept to see a window blind. She feared it might give the window pain to leave it standing in the rain. Her mail en auntie she would beg not to stone raisins, beat an egg or from potatoes take the eyes. Oh, how this maid did agonize! And when she saw her whippin cream, with sorrow she would sob and scream. The very thought of killing time appeared to her a dreadful crime, and though to music inclined, to beat a measure seemed unkind. To see a cow slip by the river with apprehension made her shiver; to cut a page or turn it down would cause a deprecating frown. And when she saw them shivering in the chill autumn air she knitted stockings for the trees because their limbs were bare. Her heart so soft with anguish wrung caused this poor maid to die quite young.—The Widow.

Notwithstanding the fact that their talk is "as sounding brass or a tinkling symbol" and falls on unheeding ears, there are still some ungrateful drift-wood from the "sap oak" and "sandy land" districts, who persist in standing around on the street corners and continually prate about the "inconveniences" and their "hard-luck" in this country, and talk about going back to a country where they could make their "jack raisin' cotton," when the truth is such fellows never "turned a jack" at anything in their lives. It may be that their wife and children made a "jack" for them raisin' cotton, while they sat around in the shade enjoyin' themselves scratchin' tick bites. Such fellows have never attained the dignity of a "knocker." A "knocker" is an individual whose talk is supposed to have some diverse influence, but such little puny microbes as we refer to haven't the energy to stick to anything long enough to make an impression.—Tulia Standard.

### HOW TO KEEP THE MOISTURE.

Spoken, Washington, Sept. 8. —W. W. Burr, in charge of investigations of the soils at the experiment sub station at North Platte, Neb., has sent an interesting report covering three years' investigations in the storing of moisture in soils to the international headquarters of the Dry farming congress in Spokane, the conclusion reached being as follows:  
First—That land which is under thorough cultivation absorbs water much more freely than land not under cultivation, or which is covered with grass or for any reason has a hard surface.  
Second—That land under thorough cultivation loses but little

water from below the first foot of surface evaporation, so long as the mulch is kept in good condition.

Third—That a growing crop uses water from the land in proportion to the growth of dry matter in the crop.

Fourth—That land under summer tillage or through cultivation from May 1 to Sept. 1 on the Nebraska sub-station farm has accumulated from 5-5 to 7 inches more water in the first six foot of soil than similar land growing a crop. The water so stored has been equal to from 5 to 50 per cent of the rainfall for the same period. The moisture content of the soil below the surface increases below the six foot area and is apparent to a depth of at least 10 feet.

Fifth—That water stored in the subsoil to a depth of at least six feet is available for the use of farm crops, and that alfalfa is able to draw water from much deeper areas.

Sixth—That abundance of water in the sub soil is a great protection to the crops against drouth, and that moisture in the surface soil, while it may favor the immediate growth of the plant does not protect it against prolonged drouth. The protection of the crop against drouth is in almost exact proportion to the total available soil water within the reach of the crop.

Seventh—That grass crops (alfalfa and broom corn) dry the sub-soil to such an extent that the first crop following grass is wholly dependent on the season's rainfall for its moisture supply.

Eighth—That a rainfall of from a quarter to a half inch may have a decidedly beneficial effect upon a growing crop, and is of great assistance in securing a good stand at seeding time. Such a rainfall has little or no effect in increasing the water in

### At Kenna

you can buy anything you need in the way of Groceries, Dry Goods, Farm Machinery, Posts, Wire, Nails, Lumber and all kinds of Hardware.

If you buy your Building Material, Farm Machinery Etc. of the

### Kenna Lumber Co.

you will greatly reduce the high cost of living, grow rich, get fat, and be a good fellow and enjoy life. Your girls will grow up to be music teachers, and most of your boys will be twins.

Thousands have tried our business methods and are satisfied customers.

COME AND SEE US.

### LITTLE BOY TOM.

The road to Little Boy Town was a road I used to know,  
And 'twas lined with dainty treasures in the distant Long Ago.  
Every bypath fairly glistened with delights that caught the eye;  
Every day fresh charms and riches on the way I would espy.  
The road to Little Boy Town is a road no grownups tread,  
'Tis reserved for Eyes-of-Laughter and for Tiny-Touslehead;  
There is only youth and beauty to be seen along the way,  
For gray hairs and wrinkled faces to its borders never stray.  
Take me with you, Little Fellow; clasp me with your tiny hand;  
Lead me toward the sunny borders of that blossom-spangled land!  
Let me hear again the stories which they're telling there to you;  
Let me play the games you're playing underneath the skies of blue;  
Let me sing the songs which echo through its shining valleys fair;  
Let me sleep the sleep of childhood with the Sand Man over there;  
Let me feel again the pressure of a mother's face to mine,  
As she rocks me off to Dreamland to a lullaby divine.  
Ho, the road to Little Boy Town! Never was a road so sweet!  
Smooth and shining, cool and shady, made for rosy little feet!  
Oh, it leads where flaming forests spill their flashing tints of red.  
And 'tis lined with clover blossoms, while the birds sing overhead.  
Only dimpled tots may travel down each nook and fairy dell;  
At the end, wee little toddlers, gems of sunny childhood, dwell.  
The road to Little Boy Town! You and I have walked it, too,  
And it still flings back the pleasures and charms which once we knew.

—E. A. Briniastool.