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Cimarron News Citizen, 08-19-1911

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THE CIMARRON NEWS.

AND CIMARRON CITIZEN

VOL. III

CIMARRON, COLFAX COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1911.

NO. 28

Marker Erected

Tuesday morning one of the markers of the "Santa Fe Trail" was placed at the south end of Collison Avenue, in Old Town. The inscription on the marker reads: "Santa Fe Trail, (via Bent's Fort) 1872-1879. Marked by the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Territory of New Mexico, 1910." One of the monuments will be placed at the Uracca Ranch and another at the Rayado ranch.

Exciting Horse

Races At The Fair.

Albuquerque, N. M., Aug. 15th. Although automobiles have been perfected to such an extent that they are very popular with the people who can afford them as a means of transportation and for pleasure, although the aeroplane is in its ascendancy, and biplane flights attract hundreds of thousands—still the good old horse is just about as popular as ever. The popularity of the horse is indicated by the large number of entries made for the racing and trotting races at the New Mexico State Fair to be held in Albuquerque October 9-14.

Entries closed August 1. Because of the fact that the New Mexico association recently joined the newly organized "Santa Fe Racing Circuit," it has been possible to secure more horses and better ones than for many years. The races will include a free for all pace, purse \$500; a 2:18 pace, purse \$500; a 2:20 trot, purse \$500; a 2:12 pace, "Ball" Durham stake, purse \$1,000 offered by the Blackwell Durham Smoking Tobacco Company; a 2:30 pace, purse \$500; and a free for all trot, purse \$500. Some of the best horses, drivers and jockeys in the racing game will be in attendance at the fair, and participate in the card of events. Reduced rates for Fair Visitors have been granted all on railroads in New Mexico and Arizona from Trinidad, Colo., and El Paso, Texas.

New Mexico All Right.

The Tribune editor returned Tuesday from a visit to his claim in New Mexico, and is well pleased with what he saw there in the way of crops. All over that country, where it has been dry for so long that there are no frogs except petrified ones, there are now fine gardens, bean fields, splendid crops of broom corn, alfalfa, corn, cane, corn, Milo maize, in fact, all kinds of late grain and forage stuff. It has rained plenty to make good crops and is still raining nearly every day. It is far ahead of the average Oklahoma crop prospects. Those who had to leave there last fall on account of the drought are now getting back where they can see green stuff.—Wayoka (Okla.) Tribune.

Colors To Wear.

In spite of advice to the contrary, blondes should avoid the lighter shades of blue, which make their complexions seem ashen. The darker shades, however, throw the complexion in high relief and are vastly becoming.

True brunettes should not wear blue, which makes the skin yellower than ever, but florid brunettes can do so. Blondes may wear green, but not brunettes. Pale brunettes may wear any shade of red but crimson, which, however, looks well on the blond. Yellow is the best color for pale brunettes, especially for evening wear. It clears the complexion and sets off the dark eyes and hair wonderfully.

Small Attendance

Rev. Snyder, of Albuquerque, was in the city Wednesday and was listed to give a prohibition talk in the Makin hall that night. The trial of "Curly" Miller was being heard at the same time and seemed to prove vastly more interesting to the male citizens of the city, as there was only one boy who attended the anti-saloon hearing.

Sigasho Hangto, after editing the Santa Fe New Mexican for one day, has this to say of the editor: "An Editor is like public servant only worse. Like prisoner, only worse. Like any one's fool, only worse." The Jap hits it just about right.

John Brackett and G. W. Manning made a business trip to Palo Blanco the first of the week, returning Thursday. They report that section have the best of prospects for a crop this year. Oats are extra fine, and harvesting will be in full blast in a few days. The gentlemen were caught in a hard rain on their return and had to wait until some of the streams could be forded.

Statehood Before Both Committees

Washington, Aug. 16.—There was renewed effort in both houses of congress today to obtain affirmative action in the interests of statehood for Arizona and New Mexico before the close of the special session. Mr. Smith of Michigan, told chairman Flood of the house committee early today that he was prepared to co-operate with the senate committee. The house committee today appointed a sub-committee to meet with the senate committee. The house committee had a spirited discussion in which several democratic members, declared that President Taft had by his veto, made a national issue out of the recall proposition. Chairman of the committee favor attempting to pass the present bill over the president veto if a compromise cannot be reached. Both the senate and the house will consider statehood tomorrow.

Without reaching any conclusion the democratic senators had a two hours caucus today adjourning to resume again after today session of the senate.

Several of the business houses have had some neat looking gold leaf signs put on their fronts this week by two traveling artists known as "Mut and Jeff."

Narciso Martinez and wife and Miss Luceya Fernandez will leave Monday for Taos and the Black Lake country where they will spend a couple of weeks pleasure seeking.

Jimmy Burns has quit driving the Alpers Express wagon and has gone to Moreno valley to look up some mules for Al Davis. John Phillips has taken his place as express and baggage handler.

Those reports of gambling in Santa Fe should put the Santa Fe New Mexican on its guard about the way things are going in its own neighborhood, without having to look over Colfax county.

H. A. Funke now has the local agency for the Rayado Colonization Co., and is prepared to sell contracts for some of the best land in the southwest. He says that he is going to sell 200 contracts for the company.

J. W. Wilson and Thos. Van Brimer, representing the Columbian National Life Insurance Company of Boston, and the United States Health & Accident Company, are in the city this week after business for their companies.

Mr. and Mrs. David Dixon assumed charge of the culinary department of the Grand Hotel this week. They have the reputation as being first-class cooks and thoroughly understand their business and will get their share of the hotel trade of the city.

Fred Narcisso returned Wednesday from Maxwell where he has been for some time doing the brick work on the new saloon building being put up by J. M. Menapace. He says the work will be ready for the plastering in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Blumlein of Clovis, are visiting this week with Mrs. Blumlein's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Peach. Mr. Blumlein is captain of the Clovis company of the National Guard and was wounded in the right arm during company maneuver a short time ago. Being shot through the elbow, he will never entirely recover the use of the arm.

G. W. Manning and family, and Chas. Kalleasar and family of Kohler, returned Monday from a ten days fishing trip on the South Ponil. While out on the trip Mr. Kalleasar had the misfortune to be struck in the eye by a peice of shell from a target rifle and was for a time in danger of losing his sight, but by the timely work of Dr. Bass in removing the object, no serious results are anticipated.

Here come the dog days, dog—gon it! "Don't shoot at random," says a writer in Leslie's. At whom shall we shoot?

Life is one investigation after another for the Inter-State Commerce commission.

Canada must also bring about the reciprocity over the dead bodies of its old fogies.

Missouri now has a state song and we suppose it begins with "Champ, Champ, the boys are boasting."

Before the wool schedule is finally and completely adopted, there is likely to be a good deal of back-firing.

There are moments of doubt as to whether the distinguished Mormon, Mr. Smith, is conducting a religion or a business.

A half spoonful of Boston ice-cream has been found to contain 55,000,000 bacteria. Which may account for many of the peculiarities of Boston people.

Wonder Mr. Carnegie hasn't complained about this giving away of library sites by Post James Whitcomb Riley. Every man to his trade.

Chicago has been advised by a wine visiting Frenchman to house its workers in cottages instead of in tenements and the advice is very good.

"Come to New York." Hows one of her brothers. It should have added that: We have more different ways of getting your money than any other city in the United States.

Oklahoma: will this year produce 1,000,000 bales of cotton valued at \$75,000,000. Pretty good for a country that, twenty two years ago never produced anything but trouble.

An Oklahoma passenger train recently went through a bridge, and yet we had been thinking about it all along that falling through a bridge was unconstitutional in Oklahoma.

Des Moines has a municipally owned city market for fruits and vegetables, where farmer and townsman may meet and make their exchange without a middleman "in between them" to rake off the price of an automobile. As the green grocers brought it on themselves by forcing a trust and adding 10 percent above what the traffic would reasonable bear, it is little sympathy they can expect in trouble. Other cities are preparing to follow Iowa's lead in this kind of philanthropy.

SENATE PASSES STATEHOOD BILL BY BIG MAJORITY

Washington, Aug. 18.—The Senate late this afternoon passed the Flood-Smith statehood resolution which provides for the admission of New Mexico and Arizona to the union. Arizona is required to eliminate the recall and New Mexico to vote on the amendment clause in her constitution.

It is believed that the house will pass the resolution without delay and it is known that the resolution is approved by the president and will be signed without delay.

Congressman Victor L. Berger, the Wisconsin socialist, declares that "old working men and working women are entitled to a living outside the poor houses and without the aid of private charities," and for that purpose he has introduced a bill providing for a basic pension of \$4 a week for every man or woman more than sixty years of age. Mr. Berger says that if the old parties and the Supreme Court do not realize the facts he has advanced that "they will be wiped out of existence together with the old constitution." He points out the fact that old age pension laws have been passed in the principal nations of Europe.—Taos News.

Marshall DeLong made a trip to Raton this morning.

Jesus Abreu of Springer, was in the city a couple of days this week on business.

Did you see that show window of the Cimarron Hardware Company this week?

Dr. C. B. Elliott, and Pitcher Lansing of the Dawson ball team, were visiting in Cimarron last Sunday.

Don't put it off any longer, get the baby's picture taken now at the Troutman Studio. We also enlarge pictures in crayon and colors. Phil Hanlon, Photographer.

The Cimarron Furniture Company has completed a new room this week for their coffins and caskets, in addition to doing some remodeling of the interior of the building.

Misses Lynn and Jessie Brush, daughters of Druggist L. R. Brush, arrived in Cimarron Monday. Mr. Brush has secured the Record building for a home and they are now occupying it. Mrs. Brush will arrive in a short time from their former home in Boulder, Colorado.

Finishing School House

Contractors Tosier and Fellows have been awarded the contract for doing the carpenter work on the interior of the school house. The two tower rooms are to be completed and one will be used for a chemical laboratory, the other will be used for a library room. The hallways will also be completed in accord with the other rooms in the building. Ben Brimer, of the Moreno valley, has the contract for doing the plastering. When these rooms and halls are completed we will have a school house that any town might be proud of.

Will Open Meat Market

Levi Mann was over from Kohler the first of the week making arrangements for opening up a meat market on the south side of the track. He made final arrangements before leaving town and will open his market about the 15th of September. He says that he does not expect to get rich at the business, but that by courteous treatment, close prices, and handling the best meats the markets afford, that he will get his share of the trade. He has considerable property in Cimarron and will be an addition to the "Booster's Club."

Melton Hotel Sold.

The new Melton hotel, erected last spring by Ed Melton, was sold this week to Norman Wilkins for a good price. The building consists of two departments, one being the hotel proper, conducted by Mrs. Leach, and in the other part is the Palace Bar, conducted by Procter & Davis. The building is well situated, being just south of the depot, and is a desirable piece of property. The hotel and bar will be conducted under their present management. Just what Mr. Melton will do is not yet known, as this is the second time he has sold out in Cimarron yet he likes to stay here and we would not be surprised if he did not invest his money in another money making piece of property in the city.

Billy Morgan an old timer of Lincoln county, arrived in the city Thursday with a bunch of horses.

Gone To Work

About eight months ago "Curly" Miller drifted into Cimarron from the mines near Elizabethtown and after looking over the city decided that he liked the conditions here in his line of business and would locate here. He neither toiled nor spun, nor spun, but somehow managed to get enough of the rates to keep him in a good healthy condition. The principal part of his dricks came through the panhandle route. It was not long until almost everybody that was thrown in his company had got enough of his style of business. Several several strangers in the city were "fricked." Miller being suspicious, but not enough evidence could be secured to convict him. Complaint was filed Wednesday charging him with being a vagrant and he was promptly arrested by City Marshal Lambert and taken before Justice Hickman. "Curly" plead not guilty and demanded a trial by jury. The case was called at 8:30 p. m., the jury sworn in and District Attorney Remley got busy with the witnesses. Miller acting as his own attorney, did not ask the prosecuting witness a question and only asked his witnesses enough questions to make the case stronger against him. The jury returned a verdict of guilty and Justice Hickman gave him thirty days in jail and a fine of fifty dollars and costs, which will keep him busy for some time, in spite of his boast that he never had worked and never would work. He was taken to Raton Friday morning by Marshal Lambert.

Costly Services.

Justice of the Peace W. B. Hickman had to unlock the door of his temple of justice Thursday and hear the pleas of three Mexicans who had imbibed too much tarantula juice. The three of them after getting tanked considerably proceeded to disturb the citizens living near the river. City Marshal Fred Lambert offered to take charge of them until they could be quiet, which offer was accepted by the three. Squire Hickman's services were next in demand, and as it generally costs something to run a court in the interests of good city government, the three D. & O's were asked to contribute something. They came through with a neat contribution. Tomas Yrequez donated five dollars and costs, also Divan Trifilio generously donated the same amount, but Jacobo Maestas was more generous than either of them, contributing \$10 and costs. Maestas is the same party who had to have his throat sewed up a short time ago on account of a drunken fight, or falling into a wire fence, as some of the witnesses stated.

Dean Canon Echoes.

Again the whistle blows, the saw turns and the log wagon moves on its regular trip. Lumber is not moving very fast yet, being short of loggers. The roads are in good condition and we will soon forget that there was a flood in the cañon.

Russell Johnson arrived Friday night, the 18th, from Kansas and from Kansas and will take charge of the engines. We are all glad to see Russell.

The ball game last Sunday between the Sawmill Savages and the Log Movers resulted in a victory for the Sawmills by a score of seven to nine. Tommy Mace wound up the game by reaching up something less than 107 feet and pulling down a fly that looked like a safe bit, and alighting on second base made a double play. Jesse Johnson umpired the foul line, but if he was to cry the tears would run down the back of his necks. And Bill Morgan smiled and the game was over.

Dean Canon is the liveliest place in the county, even Billy's smile is almost perpetual.

J. M. Bedore made a trip to Ponil last Saturday on a noble bay horse which proved to be just a little too fast for Doc. He found a hard spot on the ground at Bonito, but he has a head equal to the occasion and he still lives.

Strict Ordinance.

A new saloon ordinance, limiting the number of saloons Tumacacari, and regulating their management, has been passed by the city council. The number be limited to ten, the present number operating there. Hereafter no music or singing will be allowed and no indecent pictures or paintings may be displayed. As a rule, the saloon men of the city are supporting any measure which may tend to improve the present condition of affairs.

A Trip To The Country

Tuesday of this week of this G. W. Manning and John Brackett made a business trip into to the eastern part of the county and their experience is as follows.

"The first thing we experienced was the crossing on the Ponil, just northeast of the city, about one mile. After crossing the creek we were in a mud hole about one hundred yards. It is on one of the main roads into town and it is in a frightful condition, there were two buggies and one wagon stuck fast in the mud. It is a place that should be fixed. We noticed that all the cattle on the range between Cimarron and the Vermejo were as fat as seals and that the grass all over the prairie was nearly a foot high. After crossing the Vermejo we were in the farming district, where all kinds of farm produce was in its prime. Wheat, oats, barley and alfalfa were never better. Mexican beans will be a great crop in that vicinity this year. We arrived at Maxwell at 11:30. Saw several of the Cimarron boys there. Joe Menapace has his new brick saloon building very near completed. At 1:30 we left Maxwell and drove east into the dry farming district, and were sure surprised to see what fine crops they had there. The oats barley and beans are certainly fine. At 4:00 we reached the ranch home of Mr. Wade Brackett one of the most beautiful places in New Mexico. Mr. Brackett has fifty acres of corn which he thinks will yield at least forty buseels per acre. It was on this ranch that Miss Veleita Brackett lost her life last week by being thrown from a horse."

School Notice

For the benefit of parents and pupils, I have established regular office hours at the School House. The same being from 9 a. m. to 11 a. m. I shall be pleased to have visits from parents, or any one interested in school or school work, but more especially those pupils who will be enrolled in the eighth and higher grades.

Very respectfully,
C. F. Miller, Supt.

Church Services.

At the Methodist church, Sunday, August 20th. Sunday school at 10 a. m.; at 11 a. m. sermon by the pastor, Rev. Saba Kirkpatrick, subject "Lessons from the palm tree." Epworth League meets at 7 p. m.; evening church services at 8 p. m., subject, "The Character of Job"

Mountain Valley And Plain Officials Here.

Dr. T. E. Holland, of Hot Springs, Ark., Messrs. J. S. Holland of Holland, N. M., and C. J. Bushnell of Clayton, N. M., parties interested in the promotion of the proposed Mountain Valley and Plains railroad, connecting Guthrie, Okla., with Cimarron, N. M., returned this morning from Springer, where they have been pending the past week on important business in connection with the railroad enterprise. Parties conversant with the situation say there is no doubt but that the money already spent and the money being pent in the preliminary work on this road insures its eventual completion.—Raton Range.

Frederic Whitney made a business trip to Dawson Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Duffy went to Raton yesterday for a visit.

Geo. H. Webster, Jr., was a business visitor in Raton today.

Mrs. W. W. Lumbley, of Ute Park, was visiting in Cimarron Friday.

Jas. E. Hunt was over from Raton a couple of days this week on business.

The Cimarron News AND Cimarron Citizen

SATURDAYS \$2.00

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THE CIMARRON PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., Publishers

JAMES McVEY, Editor-Manager

No body can forgive a cool wave that misses connection.

A cat has nine lives, of which eight are devoted to vocal culture.

The Senate minority is behaving very much like a majority.

We turn the cold shoulder to that story of killing frost in Wyoming.

Another ghastly affront to Mr. Bryan is the booming of Mr. Harmon in Nebraska.

It ought to be getting cooler in the east. Former vice President Fairbanks is at Atlantic City.

The friends of tariff revision are beginning to be able to see things coming in their direction.

This is the session in which the members of our Congress are getting more than they bargained for.

Mr. Upton Sinclair finds getting arrested one of the most effective modern methods of boosting literature.

It has been testified that the price of steel is regulated by Gary dinners. And the judge is a high liver.

A Georgia Senator proposes to tax bachelors \$50 a year. As if the poor fellows hadn't had luck already.

A new ocean liner is to be called the Gigantic, and in this case no doubt there will be something in a name.

"Dr. Ewald Snow is under arrest," say a news note. For heaven's sake let him loose if he was coming this way.

There are 700,000 motor cars in this country. And somewhere, during every day, somebody is swearing at them.

Mrs. Bryan may be a teetotaler, but there is no man in the world who knows better what that morning afterfeeling is.

The New Haven man who married a woman fifty six years his junior has just died an old fellow. Girls take notice.

Lillian Russell, in her beauty talks, says that the forehead should not be too high. She doubtless has found that lowbrows are much easier marks.

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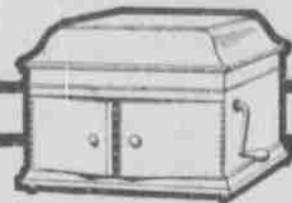
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H. C. ELLIS
JEWELER

CUBS AND ATHLETICS PICKED TO PLAY THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES

Member of the Chicago Team Says Pittsburg Is the Club His Outfit Will Have to Beat—Confident Mack Will Take Honors Away From Hughie Jennings in the American League.

"It begins to look as if the Chicago Cubs and the Philadelphia Athletics are the teams that will be fighting for the world's championship the latter part of October," said a member of the Cub's team a few days ago.

"I'm not saying this because I happen to be drawing salary for playing with the Cubs, but it is my honest belief that we are going to cop the pennant in the National league and it is my opinion that Connie Mack's bunch is certain to land the rag in the American league.

"Can we beat the Athletics? I'm surprised that you should ask such a question. We can beat any team that ever played baseball. It's true the Sox trimmed us once, but that's a story that hasn't been fully told, so I'll not attempt to explain it. They couldn't do it again.

"The Detroit bunch will be lucky if it finishes in second place this year and that outfit known as the Boston Speed Boys is going to give the Athletics a run for their coin, but I feel sure that Connie Mack will land in front and the Chicago and Philadelphia fans will get to see the battle for world's championship honors.

"I know the race is by no means over and we have a lot of games to win, but with Reulbach, Overall and Brown back in condition we have a twirling staff that is second to none and the rest of the team is as good as any other. Some of the others have individual batters who lead us, but as a team they don't class.

"I'm looking for the Giants to blow up pretty soon and I believe it will be the Pirates who will be at our heels when the National league race is finished. The Pittsburg bunch seems to have shaken that slump and they can be expected to come fast from now on. Some say it was because of the failure of the club management to pay promised bonuses that the Pirates didn't play up to last season's form, but I don't believe it. Every team has its bad days and I think it was just a natural fall down that put the Pirates down in third place. I'll bet they beat New York out of second position. See if I'm not right. While I'm confident the Cubs will win anyway, I'd rather be playing against New York than against Fred Clarke's crew."

Hughie Jennings remarks that two seasons ago, when the Tigers started on their first eastern trip, they were absolutely in last place. They were 27 1/2 percentage points behind the Athletics. They were playing sandlot ball if sandlot ball was ever played. Quoting the manager: "I was almost in despair and I verily believe that the only reason I was not driven out of Detroit was that the fans were charitable enough to give me the credit for winning the pennant the year before. Well, sir, we started out on the road, and when we came back we had wiped out all but 16 of those awful 27 1/2 percentage points. We had played 36 games and had won 20 of them, and it wasn't long until we were at the top. You know the rest."

It is an odd fact that the baseball teams representing leading cities in the United States are seldom called by their proper names. When fans are talking baseball they rarely refer to John McGraw's great team as the New York Nationals, but affectionately cling to the time-honored name "Giants." This is the case practically all over the country, and the reasons for it are interesting. With two ball teams in a major league city it is easier to distinguish between them by using nicknames than tacking on the name of the league which each represents. Hence we have the "Giants" representing the metropolis in the National league and the "Highlanders" or "Yankees" doing the same in the American league.

In the old days, say twenty years ago, the same practice prevailed, but not exactly for the same reason, as two clubs in a single city, barring Philadelphia, could not live. The New Yorks were first nicknamed the "Giants" in those days because the players were all big men. Buck Ewing, Tim Keefe, Roger Connor, Bill Brown, George Gore, Ed Crane, Jim O'Rourke and Mike Tiernan were six-footers and powerfully built. The Brooklynans were called the "Bridge-rooms" because a majority of them had just been married. The Chicagoans, under Arson, were known as the "White Stockings" for the reason that they wore hose of that color, and the St. Louis Browns under the leadership of Comiskey were similarly named. So were the old Cincinnati Reds, while all the Boston teams were known popularly as the "Beaneaters."

The Clevelanders, with Pat Tobean at the helm, were dubbed "The Spiders," as some of the players were slightly built, and had thin legs. The old Detroit champions were always called "The Wolverines," and the Pittsburg team bore the name of "Sucky City" and "Pirates" from time immemorial. The Washingtons were called everywhere as "The Senators," while in Quakertown the Phillies and the Athletics were the same old rivals. The Indianapolis team was nicknamed the Hoosiers, and the old Metropolitans of the American association were known familiarly as the Muds. The Louisville team was the



Napoleon Lajoie.

Colonels, and in 1884 there was such a team as the St. Louis Maroons in the defunct Union association engineered by H. V. Lucas.

Nowadays we hear of the Boston Red Sox of the American league and the Boston Doves, named for their reputed owner, George B. Doherty. The Brooklynans are struggling under the name Trolley Dodgers, and in Chicago we have the Cubs and White Sox. The Clevelanders have been nicknamed the Naps because the great Lajoie is their leader, while the Detroiters are known all over the land as the Tigers. In St. Louis the Browns and the Cardinals are rivals of patronage. The Washingtons have shaken the Senators for the Nationals, but the Cincinnati and Pittsburgs still stick to the Reds and Pirates. That is the case with the Phillies and the Athletics in Philadelphia, too.

Some of the other nicknames are the Baltimore Orioles, the Jersey City Skeeters, the Newark Sailors, the Providence Clam Diggers, the Flour Citys of Rochester, the Buffalo Bisons, the Montreal Royals, the Milwaukee Brewers, the St. Paul Angels, the Kansas City Blues, the few Orleans Pelicans and others too numerous to mention.

When the last count was taken National league pitchers had struck out 1,549 batsmen and have given 1,556 bases on balls. These statistics have little comparison with the figures of strike-outs and walks in the American league. Up to the game time, there had been 1,991 of the former and but 1,372 passes. Basing the ultimatum on the old ivy frescoed assumption that "figures don't lie," Ban Johnson's wheelers excel this season.

The race for that automobile prize which is to go to the best batter in either of the big leagues is growing hotter every day. Napoleon Lajoie has the lead in the American league according to the latest figures, but Cy Cobb is a close second. Lajoie on the Naps' eastern trip let down some in his hitting and was outbatted by three of the Boston players in the series there, but did not lose the lead. There is no cleaner hitter in baseball than Lajoie and he has gained the lead by smashing them out good and strong. He is not what is known as a "clean-up" hitter like Cobb and some of the others, but just pegs away day by day getting his two, three and sometimes four hits regularly.

Manager Griffith has purchased Third Baseman Breen from the Vancouver club of the Northwestern league. He is said to be a fine hitter and a first-class fielder, and is strongly recommended by Joseph Sugden, the old catcher, who has been doing some scouting for the Reds out on the coast. Breen will not join the team until fall, after he gets through out there. Downey is doing so well at third base that he is not needed just at present.

Merkle Equals Elberfeld's Feat. The feat of Merkle in scoring all three runs for the Giants the other day recalls what Kid Elberfeld did once when with the Highlanders. He beat Rube Waddell by scoring all the runs and making all the hits in a game on the hilltop.

Says Cobb Is Incorrectly Scored. Secretary Richard of the St. Louis Browns says Detroit scores are padded by Ty Cobb's batting average. He says Cobb is not batting well, and that if scored correctly he would fall below .300.

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CIMARRON, NEW MEXICO

THE OXFORD BARBERSHOP

THOMAS C. VEST, Proprietor

With scissors sharp and razors keen,
I lather you well and shave you clean.
My shop is neat and my water hot,
And you will always find "Old Fat" on the spot

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MRS. Z. A. CURTIS, PROP.

Fully Modern—Rates Reasonable
Special Rates to Regular Boarders

CLOSE TO BUSINESS CENTER

NOTICE
All trespassing in the W. S. Pasture in Colfax county, whether for the purpose of hunting, fishing, pulling wild fruit, or cutting fire wood, or for any purpose whatsoever, without leave, is strictly prohibited, and all trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
(Signed) WILLIAM FRENCH,
for W. S. Land & Cattle Co.

AVISO
El traspasar dentro del pastio del W. S. en el Condado de Colfax con la mira de yazar, pesca, recoger fruta silvestre o cortar maderas secas o para cualesquiera otro fin sin permiso, se prohibe estrictamente, e aquellos que asi traspasaren seran procesados al lleno de la ley.
(Firmado) WILLIAM FRENCH,
Por la Compania de Reces del W. S.

NOTICE
All trespassing on the URACA RANCH Property in Colfax County, New Mexico, whether for the purpose of hunting, fishing, gathering wild fruit, or cutting fire wood or any other purpose whatsoever, without permission, is strictly prohibited, and all such trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
GEO. H. WEBSTER, Jr.

AVISO
El traspasar sobre la propiedad de RANCHO de la URACA, en el Condado de Colfax sea ya con el fin de cazar, pescar o recoger fruta silvestre o cortar leña u otro fin cualesquiera sin permiso, se prohibe estrictamente. Y todos aquellos quienes traspasaren seran procesados al pleno extento de la ley.
GEO. H. WEBSTER, Jr.

BUY A HOME

IN THE BEAUTIFUL

Moreno Valley

Do you want to own a home in one of the most beautiful and fertile valleys in the Rockies? Do you want to invest in good land while it is cheap and participate in the profits that always follow the development of a new section of the country? Then just address us a postal for information, or call and see us.

We have investigated the possibilities of Moreno Valley fully. We did not place our money there blindly, but we realize the great possibilities latent in that valley. When good land with sufficient moisture is cut into small tracts and farmed, it increases in value rapidly, as the farmer is the man who demonstrates to the world what a new country will produce. We are selling our lands in Moreno Valley in small tracts to farmers and to people who expect to have it farmed. Now is the time to purchase and participate in the profits, as we expect to sell it

rapidly.

When people began to farm in the Greeley district of Colorado, lands were considered worthless, now they sell for \$250 to \$400 per acre for potato land. Why? Simply because it has been cut into small tracts and developed. Moreno Valley has proven that it will grow as good potatoes as the Greeley district under proper tillage and care. If it only grew one-fourth as much, consider how valuable your land will be. The price of land is gauged by what it produces.

We are presenting to you an opportunity to make a valuable investment for yourself, or a good home for your family at a small outlay. The man who hesitates and never acts will always be a wage earner.

It will cost you nothing to investigate.

MORENO VALLEY LAND COMPANY
CIMARRON, NEW MEXICO

THE FOUR SEASONS

Perhaps if he had not been so extraordinarily good looking the young women at the River Inn would not have shown such a keen interest in art as they did. But when a tall, dark-haired, clean-cut young artist appeared at the almost manless Eden it was natural that the girl guests should suddenly recall how absorbed they had always been in art.

"Do you know," said Florence to the little group that watched the artist stroll languidly down the length of the porch, "I believe he is looking for a model. Mrs. Dean told me this morning that he is going to paint a series of seasons and he wants to have the same figure in each of the four pictures."

"How very interesting!" Edith softly pushed back a lock of yellow hair that dropped over the bluest of eyes. "I wonder what the color scheme will be?"

"I should think he might like some one of not too decided coloring," remarked Florence, whose light-brown curls suddenly appeared to need a little smoothing.

"Why, I should think he would want a pronounced type," said Marian, the brunette.

"Or something very much out of the common," suggested Clara, whose ruddy hair crowned a face of singular whiteness.

"Mrs. Dean says she has heard that he is very hard to suit and that mere physical beauty doesn't satisfy him, for he demands something spiritual and intellectual in his models," communicated Florence, assuming an unusually soulful expression. "I have always been extremely fond of pictures. I don't know anything I enjoy more than looking at the works of famous artists."

"If that's the case, you're the most self-denying creature I ever knew," remarked Clara. "I tried all last winter to get you to go down to the Art Institute with me."

Florence evidently considered this thrust unworthy of notice. Just then the artist reappeared on the veranda.

All the girls looked strangely dreamy as he passed. And for several days they draped themselves around the porch in their most picturesque costumes. Having heard from Mrs. Dean, the sprightly widow, who appeared to be the only person whose acquaintance the artist had made, that he did not admire athletic young women, they gave up tennis, golf and rowing, carefully explaining to one another that the weather was too hot for violent exercise.

"Do any of you girls happen to have a volume of Tennyson with you?" asked Edith very casually one day.

"I didn't know you cared for poetry," said Clara.

"I see it all!" exclaimed Florence. "I heard Mrs. Dean telling Edith this morning that the artist said Edith was Tennysonian and she wants to know what that means."

"I haven't the late laureate's verses here," remarked Marian, "but I can put you out of your misery, Edith, dear, by telling you that he mentions a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."

Edith tried to look properly modest, but she couldn't help feeling that she might be called upon at any moment to pose. This feeling continued until that evening, when Mrs. Dean came up to her and Clara.

"Oh," she said, "I wish our artist

could see you now. Miss Clara, with the moonlight shining on your hair. He says your hair is an aureole of glory."

Clara went to bed wondering what the art critics would say about her hair when "The Four Seasons" was exhibited in the fall.

The next morning she happened to be with Marian when Mrs. Dean confided to the latter that the artist had likened her to a Syrian beauty. Marian smiled, retired to her room and soon emerged with an oriental scarf thrown over her brunette puffs. Although the day was warm, she wore the head covering until Florence blushing confessed that the artist had told Mrs. Dean that Florence was the perfect American type, uniting the best features of the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin physiognomies. Then Marian rather hastily removed the scarf, discarding at the same time the languorous grace with which she had been moving about under the trees.

"Girls, come with us," cried Edith, who, with Clara, approached excitedly across the lawn. "We've got something to show you. Come quietly down the garden path and when we get to the grape arbor look in."

The artist and his model, a sprightly widow of 35, were apparently too engrossed to notice the four girls who moved past the arbor with their heads thrown back scornfully.

"She's a cat!" whispered Clara. Edith laughed. "Come on, let's get into our short skirts and middy blouses and have some fun," she said. "I'm tired of artistic inactivity. My soul longs for a set of tennis and a good swim."

My Used as Food.
The Lily is extensively eaten in China. Among the edible flowers of the occident are artichokes, cauliflower, cloves, capers and chrysanthemums.

AROUND THE BASES

"Hurry! It's the lucky seventh!" What city, either major or minor league, does not claim the seventh inning as its luckiest period at bat? Few if any.

Many fans actually believe that their team will turn around and win a tight game in that period. It has become a real "baseball phrase." It takes its rank from such trite expressions as "You can hit it, old boy," and "Well, it's our day to win."

In Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Columbus, Milwaukee, Memphis, New Orleans, Des Moines, Indianapolis, South Bend, and all the seventh is regarded by the fans and even the majority of the players, as the time to do the killing. It is in the seventh that the fans become tense, and the players grit their teeth; it is the seventh that the boys perched on trees and telegraph poles yell out: "Gee, it's de seventh now."

John Clarkson, in a fanning bee at Bay City, Mich., fully fifteen years ago spoke casually of the "lucky seventh." Ted Sullivan, known as a baseball leader since the seventies, can't remember when it first sprung up. It antedated Tim Lincecum's memory, and "Tim" can go back scores of years in the national pastime. It is an expression dear to fans.

Out on the village lots lads playing with an impromptu ball believe as firmly in the "lucky seventh" as their city brothers. If by any chance they bat 20 runs against their deadly ene-

my, the "Seventh Streets Giants," and win the game in the seventh they light the fire before the Penates and from that day become faithful and ardent believers in the "lucky seventh."

Many of the antics of Hughie Jennings on the coaching lines have been construed as a system of signals for his ball players, but such is not the case. Jennings, like McAleer, does not believe in a complicated system by which to guide his team. He, too, believes that ball players should be allowed to think for themselves, and it is really on rare occasions that Jennings gives any signs. In this way he has made his team one which plays

Intelligent baseball. The Tiger system does not differ from that in vogue on the old Baltimore team, as a member of which Jennings got his education and made his reputation.

The only object Jennings has in the many things he does on the coaching lines is to keep his players keyed up to the highest pitch, and there is no doubt that he accomplishes this. In fact, there is something about Jennings' coaching which thrills even the hostile crowds.

He seems to instill confidence into his batters, makes his fielders hustle with his yells from the bench, and has not a man on his team who is not at all times inspired with his confidence and dash. The every movement of Jennings is that of a hustler, and his players have adopted his style. There is never any lagging coming or going to their positions. It's hustle with Jennings at all times, and to this does he owe much of his success and the game much of its popularity. Take a hustling team, even when it loses; it gives the spectators a run for their money, and this to a certain extent explains the fact that the Tigers are a great drawing card.

Baseball is a national institution. It's about the only sporting game we have left in which the people have absolute confidence. It's almost the only game which the betting has not polluted. It is the only professional game in the world where the players—free men, every one of 'em—play with the spirit and the snap and the back of amateurs who really want to win. When baseball takes on the taint of the gamblers' money its days will be numbered, but the game has come out clean so far and long may it continue in the same way.

Baseball is a national benefaction. It takes a lot of men out of their offices stuffy afternoons and makes them breathe fresh air and get a little healthy exercise for their vocal chords. A man was meant to yell once in a while. He was meant to jump up and down and bang his neighbor's straw hat down over his ears and let out a few healthy sentiments when the umpire—poor, blind old man—misses that third strike by a mile and calls it a ball when every man with eyes in his head knows the batter is out.

Thirty years ago we counted baseball spectators by the hundred. Only a little while before they could be counted by the score. About ten years ago we began to count spectators by the thousand. It has gone to the million mark now. All records are completely upset, and are likely not only to remain so, but to be worse upset.

Millions can be accommodated now where there was only room for hundreds 30 years ago.

Allyn Youngsters Promising.
Brooklyn has a number of youngsters who promise to shine in the next set with a little more experience. Tony Smith, Dabbert, Wheat and Dalton are a most promising combination. Tony Smith at short is not bigger than a stick of gum in stature, but in fielding he is a giant. Fast as lightning, and a quick thinker.

TY COBB SAYS YOU MUST TAKE CHANCES TO WIN

DETROIT'S GREAT FIELDER DE CLARES PLAYER WILL HELP HIS TEAM IF HE GRASPS EVERY OPPORTUNITY.

By TY COBB

Copyright, 1918, by Joseph B. Bowles.
Taking chances at all times, taking every reasonable chance, and some that do not seem even reasonable, is the way I think a player wins games. If he has speed, and courage, and confidence, and then takes the chances, seizes every opening and runs hard and slides harder, he will help his team win.

Sometimes it seems to me that one ball player is better than another, simply because he has more nervous energy and what we call "guts," than another. Nowadays the teams are so closely matched and the men so nearly equal in ability, that the team to win must have some method, or some skillful leader, and then something to keep it hustling and fighting all the time.

If this is meant for advice to young players, just tell them that they must hustle every minute, forget themselves and dig for runs. I know that when I get into a ball game all I think of is to win that game and get around the bases. I can't see or hear the crowd, and every opposing player is my enemy, no matter how good friends they may be off the ball field. I think that is the way a ball player must feel to win. He must forget himself, forget everything, and go after that game with every bit of strength and speed he has, not loafing a minute, and taking every chance possible. He must run out every ball he hits. As for batting, that is more or less natural ability and determination.

A man may improve his hitting by steady practice, but I doubt whether a man can be taught to hit. I think the secret of hitting is not to be afraid of injury and not to "pull" at all. There are lots of batters who pull, that is, draw back slightly from the plate when the ball is pitched, and lose the force of their swing. In most cases these batters are as fearless as



Ty Cobb.

any others, but they pull unconsciously from nervousness. Steady practice may help overcome this nervousness, and help the hitting.

When a runner gets on bases he ought to have a definite plan of how he is going to get around, and signal the batter his intentions, but he must not allow that to keep him from taking any opening he sees, and he must be watching every instant for a half passed ball, and be ready to change his plan in a fraction of a second. When I reach first I look around to see the positions of the outfielders, and watch the second baseman and shortstop to see which is going to take the throw. If an outfielder is out of position I want to know it, for I may decide to try to take two bases on a hit, or take two on anything he a player gets a ball out of position to make a strong, fast throw. A base runner ought to know exactly how opposing players throw, and the strength of their arms, for a runner may take a base on one man when he would not dare to start on another.

Above all things, young players ought to study the game, and the other players. One can learn a lot just by watching other players and studying their actions—and experience and knowledge of the other players helps.

There is one more thing; always play square. I feel almost as badly when we win a game we don't deserve as when we are beaten. I don't mean that a player should not take every legitimate advantage, but that he should not take unfair advantage. The longer I play the more satisfaction there is in winning in a sportsmanlike way. There is no satisfaction in winning by trickery, and a fellow who does some hot-headed trick regrets it. They do not pay. The other fellows are trying as hard and earnestly as you are.

Northern New Mexico

FAIR

Raton, New Mexico

OCTOBER 18, 19, 20 AND 21

Grand Exhibit of the Resources of Northern New Mexico

\$5,000 IN PRIZES \$5,000

AMUSEMENTS

Aeroplane Flights, Wrestling Match, Baseball Contests, Cowboy Events, Barbecue, Racing and Good Music

Four days of splendid sport on the new and modern fair grounds

REDUCED RATES ON ALL RAILROADS

For further particulars and premium list address the secretary

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK

CIMARRON, NEW MEXICO



DIRECTORS:

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C. R. Bass,
J. M. Heck,
A. W. Vasey.

YOUR BUSINESS SOLICITED

LOCAL ITEMS

Mrs. M. E. Gimson went to Raton Monday on a shopping trip.

J. B. Proctor was a business visitor in Raton the first of the week.

Herman Funke made a business trip to Springer Tuesday returning Wednesday.

J. T. Sparks stopped over in Cimarron Saturday night on his way to Raton.

Mrs. Ed. Engle and daughter, Florence, visited in Colfax Sunday and Monday.

Walter Secord made a business trip to Des Moines Tuesday, returning Wednesday.

Miss Edith Cartwright was over from Raton Sunday visiting relatives in Cimarron.

Mrs. H. M. Letts of Columbus Junction, Iowa, is visiting friends and relatives in Cimarron this week.

Mrs. Stanley Chase and two little children went to Raton Monday to spend a few days visiting Mrs. C. B. Kohlhausen.

Pete Merrill was over from Koehler this week on business for the packing company. He reports business good in his line.

E. R. Littrell and family, of Wagon Mound, were in the city Monday on their way home from a fishing trip in the mountains.

Thos. Hall and family were in the city Thursday night on their return from a fishing trip in the mountains.

Hank Shearer left Thursday morning for Springer to visit his mother for a few days before she returns to her home in Kansas City.

Mrs. Chas. Mullen and son, Alfred, of Waterloo, Iowa, are here this week visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Remley and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Whitney.

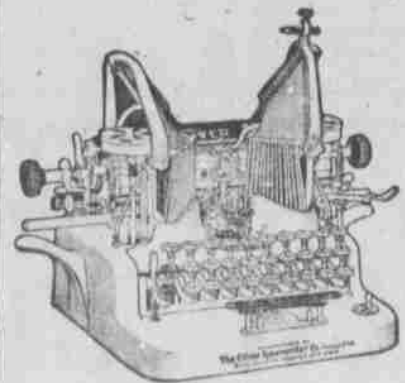
Miss Ella Turner of Elizabethtown, stopped in the city Tuesday night and left Wednesday morning for Flagstaff, Arizona, where she will attend school.

Ease Amosa and four other ball players were over from Dawson Tuesday on a pleasure trip. They left well satisfied with the treatment they received.

Misses Ivey and Vera Chandler, Hope Ogilvie, Mattie and Alma Troutman, and Galie Hunter went to Ponil Park Monday to be gone ten days on a fishing trip.

Miss Lillie Tosier, who has been visiting her brother, Roy Tosier, for some time, left Monday morning for Raton where she will attend the Teachers' Normal.

17c a day buys an



Oliver Typewriter
W. B. HICKMAN, Agent.

Government Stamped Envelopes.

Out of seven letters received out of the postoffice at Guthrie, Okla., at one time a few days ago, five were in government stamped envelopes. That is a most extreme injustice to printers throughout the country. Two were from banks and three from big merchants.

These merchants desire the country newspapers to fight the parcels post for them on the theory that it will help the mail order houses to still further increase their competition against the local merchants. Yet they patronize the government monopoly these stamped envelopes that is a most extreme injustice to the local printer.

The government gives a contract to a single printing concern for these envelopes in the enormous amount of FOUR BILLION envelopes. And of course the government can sell them cheaper with stamps and return imprint than the local printer can buy the blank envelopes, in the quantity he buys them in. Special machinery is used in the printing of an assured order of four billion envelopes that the local printer cannot afford to own.

But does not the home merchant exchange of trade entitle the printer to get his small profits for printing envelopes from these home banks and business houses as do the home profits of these merchants as against the foreign big houses, and the home banks to get their twelve per cent on their money, as against three or four per cent?

It is not just as just to advocate the government's loan of money direct to the people at three and four per cent interest, remarks the Guthrie Register, as for these banks and big merchants to take advantage of the government's ability to furnish envelopes cheaper than the local printer can furnish them?

Let's look at this matter squarely—and if reciprocity is to be the rule between different dealers in local communities, then it ought to be carried modestly all around.

Exploding a Theory.

"It takes money to run a newspaper," St. John (Kan.) News.

What an exaggeration! It has been disproved a thousand times; it is a clean case of air fancy. It doesn't take money to run a newspaper; it can be run without money. It is a charitable institution, a begging concern, a highway robber. A newspaper is a child of the air, a creature of a dream. It can go on and on and on, when any other concern would be in the hands of a receiver and wound up with cobwebs in the windows.

It takes wind to run a newspaper; it takes gall to run a newspaper; it takes a scintillating acrobatic imagination and a half a dozen white shirts and a railroad pass to run a newspaper. But money—Heaven to Betsy and six hands go around, who ever needed money in conducting a newspaper? Kind words are the medium of exchange that does the business for the editor-kind words and church social tickets. When you see an editor with money, watch him. He'll be paying his bills and discharging his profession. Never give money to an editor. Makes him trade it out; he likes to swap.

Then when you die, after having stood around and sneered at the editor and his jim crow paper for years, be sure and have your wife send in for three extra copies by one of your weeping children, and when she reads the generous and touching notice not so much as fifteen cents to the editor, it would overwhelm him. Money is a corrupting thing. The editor knows it and what he wants is your heartfelt thanks, then he can thank the grocer.

But money—scorn the filthy stuff! Don't let the pure, innocent editor know anything about it. Keep it for scold tradespeople. The editor gives his bounty away. The Lord loves a cheerful giver. He'll take care of the editor. He has a charter from the state to act as a doorman for the community and he'll get his paper out somehow and stand up for you when you run for office and lie about your daughter's tacky wedding and blow about your big-footed sons when they get a \$4-a-week job. He will weep over your gasping body and smile at your wife's giddy second marriage. He'll get along—the Lord knows how—but somehow!—Ex.

Madero caused a great deal of trouble in Mexico, deposing, in our judgment, the best ruler that country ever had, and whose like the people of that country may never see again. Madero is beginning to realize that it is one thing to start a revolution and quite another to have it cease. Should he ever succeed in securing control of affairs without much difficulty other than the late unpleasantness with Diaz—he may consider himself one of the most fortunate of men.—Tos. News.

Deception

"I have always insisted that men are uncommunicative," wrote Joan to her mother, "but it has taken me two years of married life to learn how quickly that trait can develop into full-fledged deception."

"It's all sort of funny, and I can't be cross with Richard tomorrow, because it's his birthday, but just now I feel that a bit of dignity on my part is the only foundation upon which to build a greater confidence between us."

"This will mean, mother dear, that when you come home everything will be as it should be and the old country place will look more beautiful than ever because you consented to let us keep it for you."

"Richard declares that my generosity is to blame for our misunderstanding. He says it has reached tremendous proportions since we came here, and he says that not only am I extravagant, but—that is worse in his eyes—easy! That remark was what brought up my dignity."

"Do you blame me for feeling hurt, when he has asked for any number of my choicest roses to be sent to his aunt's hotel and for even a great bunch of your lavender orchids for some of the wives of the convention men who were here? I never refused him a flower. You had told me that cutting was good for them and so I made him feel welcome—too welcome."

"Besides, his old chickens got out once and ate up all the sweet-pea buds they could reach before Henry could catch them. I haven't forgotten that."

"I say his chicken fad is responsible for everything. Talk about 'tremendous proportions!' He is simply crazy about those chickens."

"Why in the world father told him to go into chicken raising on a large scale if he wanted to I cannot see! The influence of those chickens upon him is simply dreadful. Richard never was in the least stingy before and never did he call me easy in all his life till yesterday."

"When the first incubator hatched he was wild about it. That night he began to talk about the chicken feasts we should have when the Kentucky cousins came. His conversation was all about fried chicken or broiled chicken until I ached to think of the weeks that must pass before the little fluffy balls were big enough to eat."

"After that he was with them early and late, watching for gaps and pips, till I begged him to stop reading those chicken books that told about such horrid things."

"Dreams began to come true when the Kentucky cousins came. Sarah did her best and we had all the chickens we could want—broiled, fried and a la Maryland. And still there seemed so many of them left that I got alarmed and one day asked if Henry shouldn't dress one and send it over to Mrs. Martin, who has been sick all summer. Richard said, 'Of course; I'll attend to it,' so sincerely that I thought he approved."

"I began to think up others to help us out by accepting chickens. I made out a list that Richard passed on favorably, but he began to be sour and stingy when I started to duplicate it. And yesterday, when Mrs. Martin's daughter Katherine called up to ask for a broiler, as I had told her to do whenever she wanted one, he flew into a temper and called me 'easy.' Think of that! And only the evening before he had telephoned for some choice roses to be sent to his brother's sweetheart in his brother's name!"

"I was so stunned for a time that I wouldn't listen to a thing he said, but looked myself in my room. After a while I heard him telephoning the Martins that the chicken would be over soon. Then what do you think he did? He called up Hayward's chicken farm and ordered it from there!"

"Haven't you any more?" I heard him ask. "Where can I get some? At Pepper's? I'll try there. Oh, mine aren't big enough. No, we haven't tried any yet—we've been depending on you. Raised 'em myself, you know, and have a sort of sentimental feeling about them. A finer lot you never saw."

"That is how he has been deceiving me all summer! Those scores of chickens that we have dispensed to our friends he has bought from the chicken farms around here because he couldn't use his!"

"I threw open the door of my room and demanded an explanation. All he did in the way of apology was to say, 'I think we're in the same boat, Joan,' and he thrust a bunch of florists' bills into my hands. They had been sent to him by mistake—a mistake I'll never forgive—and were the bills for 'those flowers for the wives of the convention men and the orchids that couldn't bear to cut to give away—they were too lovely!'"

"He didn't wait for an answer, but 'lugged out of the house in a huff, and tomorrow I'm going to decorate his chicken yard in the fraternity colors and cut the orchids for his birthday cake! Then we'll be happy again, I'm sure."

"When you and father get home from your trip you will be amused at the care I've taken of the flowers and at the size and number of those dreadful chickens."

At the Singing Contest.
1912—What's the difference between first bass and second?
1912—About ninety feet.—Columbia Jester.

Don't Overlook the BIG REDUCTION SALE

In All Summer Goods

A Saving of 25c to 50c on the Dollar

MATKIN'S

Dry Goods, Notions, Everything-to-Wear
AGENT BUTTERICK PATTERNS

OXFORD HOTEL

ALL MODERN CONVENIENCES

Large Sanitary Rooms
Hot and Cold Water
Open Day and Night
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EVERYTHING FIRSTCLASS



Your Baby's Go-Cart

should be carefully selected, for many an hour of his life will be spent in it, and he must depend on you to see that he is made comfortable.

¶ If you want a cart that has lots of room, and plenty of spring action—that is safe and reliable—be sure to see our stock of Wagners.

¶ Just received a new supply of them, and they are beauties—every

one of them.

¶ Mothers prefer them, because they're "So Comfortable for Baby."

Cimarron Furniture Compn'y

Dealers in Furniture and Funeral Supplies

ALPER'S EXPRESS

All kinds of Freight and Express delivered. Quick service, prices reasonable.

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AT THE ANTLERS
Furnished rooms with bath, \$8 per month, or room and board \$7 per week. Mrs. Z. A. Curtis.

FOR SALE

One saloon building and fixtures. Building consists of four rooms. Good location. Inquire for James Livingston, Cimarron, N. M.

CIMARRON

Colfax County,
New Mexico.

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The Man Who
Lives There.

Good Tools

Help a man to do

Good Work

Brace up and try our "Diamond Edge" Tools and you can do better work

The Cimarron Hdw. Co.

The "Diamond Edge" Store

LAIL & WILKINS

HAY MACHINERY

McCormick Flowers
Rakes, Binders

Dain Mowers
and Hay Tools

CIMARRON,

NEW MEXICO

Mrs. G. W. Sprague went to Raton this morning to visit relatives.