

4-30-1909

Carlsbad Current, 04-30-1909

Carlsbad Printing Co.

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The Carlsbad Current

SEVENTEENTH YEAR

CARLSBAD NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY APR. 30 1909

NUMBER 24

BIG CLOVIS FIRE.

Eight Store Buildings Burned

Special to the Record:

Clovis, April 29.—Starting in a saloon at 3:10 this morning a disastrous fire of unknown origin cleaned up 8 store buildings and the contents of six of them before it burned itself out. Six of the buildings all those south of the big brick Reidore hotel in the Reidore block, the brick wall of the hotel proving a barrier to the flames. All these buildings were occupied and the contents were a total loss, consisting of the Bon Ton, O. K. and Cameo restaurants and the Eagle, Senate and Union saloons. The fire spread across the street to the two new brick buildings of the Dearborn Hardware Co., and Dr. W. F. Bayless, formerly of Roswell which were just being finished and were to have been occupied by the Dearborn Hardware Company. The elegant new two-story brick buildings were ruined. The total loss is conservatively estimated at \$10,000, with only a small per centum of insurance. The six buildings in the Reidore block were all one-story frame structures of small value. One of them belonged to Robert C. Reid of this city. He valued it at \$1,500 and had \$500. insurance. Dr. Bayless' loss is not known. The Reidore hotel is owned by R. C. Reid and managed by Tom Davenport, formerly of this city. The fact that there is running water in every room and this could be poured on the walls from the windows is thought to have helped in saving it. The only damage to the hotel was done in carrying out some of the furniture.

Arizona Forest to

Have Large Lake

Albuquerque, N. M., April 15. After the completion of the great Tonto Dam now under construction near the junction of the Salt River and Tonto Creek, on the Tonto National Forest, this Forest will be able to boast of the largest lake in Arizona.

By the impounding of the waters of the two streams a lake approximately 25 miles in length and about two miles in width at the widest point will be formed. This body of water will in all probability be called, Lake Roosevelt, since the town which has sprung up at the dam-site is already known by that name.

In order to facilitate the administration of the Tonto National Forest, the government is now figuring on the purchase of a small gasoline launch of ten horse power engine capacity which will be used in conveying men, horses, supplies, and fire fighting material, to different points on the Lake shore from which the oft recurring fires in the nearby mountains can be easiest attacked.

The launch, itself, cannot of course carry horses, nor heavy and bulky loads, but will act as a tug boat and tow cargoes of this nature in a large flat-bottomed scow or ferry boat. The U. S. Reclamation Service is now using a launch of about the same size and capacity which has been found extremely useful in connection with the construction of this immense dam.

FOR SALE: Residence property north of M. E. Church, which contains seventy-five fruit trees bearing one-third acre alfalfa, fine large strawberry bed, bearing heavily, fine blue-grass lawn, grape arbor also bearing, good house, stable, city water and all conveniences, said to be the best improved town home in Eddy county for fruit and alfalfa. I have no agents and no one is authorized to represent me. Call at my home or address John Byrne, Carlsbad, N. M.



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TESTING THE SEED CORN.

To grow a good crop of corn one must have first a rich soil in which to plant the seed. A second condition, equally important, is such selection and testing of the seed as will eliminate in the greatest degree possible all weak, unimproved or inferior kernels. The general test used by so many, may show with fair accuracy what per cent of the kernels of a given sample of shelled corn will grow, but it gives absolutely no light on the most important point in such a test—the elimination of those ears from which the poor seed was taken. The new method of testing the individual ears, and there are several ways of doing it, has this chief point in its favor—that when the test is ready for inspection a glance at the kernels of a square in the testing box corresponding to a given ear shows at once whether such kernels have sufficient vitality to justify the use of the ear for seed. The Holden testing box has been described in these notes before and need not be given again. Another device, which is essential and for which a patent has been issued is an upright rack equipped with a series of little metallic testing boxes large enough to accommodate five or six kernels of corn and attached to a spike or tool, by means of which they are secured in the ear from which the kernels are taken. Ordinary soil or sand is used to cover the kernels, which sprout under about the same conditions as the ears in the field. In warm weather. The special method in which the seed is tested is not so important as that both sides of an ear, including middle, top and butt, should be tested, and that it should give definite data of the vitality and seed quality of each ear that is to be used for seed. Any other method is slipshod and in the end unprofitable.

CITY PITFALLS.

There are all kinds of schemes and devices, perpetrated by city sealings for separating the residents of rural communities from their hard earned dollars. This is bad and blameworthy as far as it goes, but it is not to be mentioned in the same day of the week with that trade which is piled by devils in human form in the center of populations, when they use all blandishments in their power to delude the country girl and separate her from that which is so dear as life itself—her honor and purity. Such men and women ought not to be allowed to exist. But they do, and as long as they do it is well for the country lass not to be misled by alluring and enticing advertising announcements, which give promise of large salaries at easy work for all country girls who will go to the city and make inquiry at such and such a place. The only safe course to follow if a girl wishes to seek employment in a large city is to secure advice from a thoroughly reliable friend of the family who is acquainted with the conditions. Acting on this suggestion will often save heartache, heartbreak and a blasted life.

FEDERAL GRAIN INSPECTION.

Much importance is attached by grain growers of the country to the Macomber bill, pending in congress, which provides for the federal inspection of all grain. It is thought that a charge of from 35 to 75 cents per ear will cover the cost of inspection and grading, which will be given a consignment of grain and remain as its standard until disposed of. As things are now there seem to be as many different standards of judging as there are men and markets, with no attempt at uniformity. Sharper in the grain buying centers take advantage of this situation, buying grain of the farmer as a given grade and selling it to a third party without

touching as a grade higher, thus cheating the grower out of a margin of profit to which he is in all justice rightly entitled. The bill means merely a square deal for the parties most interested and should become a law.

A SENSIBLE COURSE.

One level headed farmer whose case came to our attention the other day, desiring to locate ultimately in the west, has sold his holding in the Mississippi valley and has rented a small farm for a year near a good market town in Washington and will move there at once. His idea is that in this way he will have abundant opportunity to look around, discover where necessary the undue claims of overpriced land boomers, see things without bias or pressure and after having done this make his choice of a location which, in the many important respects which should be taken into account, is nearest to his liking. It will cost something to carry out this plan, but the all around satisfaction which will be derived will more than compensate for the cost.

Two problems which are of vital importance to the present day farmer

Summer Suns and Winds Bring Forth Sunburn and Tan

Our line of toilet creams, etc., is always complete, embracing as it does only the best articles, selected from the best known lines.

DRUGS

We cannot be too careful in this department. Pure drugs, fresh stock and accurate compounding can always be relied upon if it takes the Eddy Drug Co., label.

Finest Ice Cream in the Valley
Eddy Drug Company
Best Drug Store in the Southwest

and which will, in the future, give a concrete idea of the result of his land and the value of his farm. The first object may be to obtain by adopting some scientific system of crop rotation, coupled with stock raising and dairying. The latter may be achieved by a more scientific handling of the crop, and this is possible by means of the soil, which apart from the economy it gives possible furnish the best possible ration for dairy cows and feeding cattle. Many farmers have realized this situation and have acted upon it. Thousands more should realize it before time to cut corn for the silo is lost.

The undesirability of much land in the semiarid belt of western states is possibly due in some measure to the bad reputation which such lands have been given by men who wished to keep the use of large tracts for grazing

there for stock. A investigation which the soil conditions of his state agricultural college can give him, he can inform himself sufficiently as to not much better results from his acres. One soil should receive a different treatment from another. One may need plowing, another liming, while a third may need no such treatment, but may need reforestation with artificial means. In all cases, the soil conditions should be brought into and measures adopted which will put the soil to rights.

Nature has provided a delicate automatic plan for the regulation of the setting of fruit buds in certain varieties of fruit trees, like the apple. It consists in this—that the buds for the production of fruit come season on set, if at all, during the previous season. Thus, if the tree has a heavy

Delicious Soda, Daintily Served

Everybody likes our soda water with its sparkling freshness, its refreshing ice-coldness and its thorough purity and wholesomeness. We go to endless pains to make each drink suit the particular taste of each individual customer, we serve it just as YOU like it.

The Star Pharmacy

ing purposes, in some sections this bias has taken the extreme form of a positive discouragement and even intimidation of settlers who so much as looked at these grazing preserves with the idea that they might prove useful for agricultural purposes. At the same time it is well to consider that vast areas in the west can never be utilized to advantage for anything but pastoral or grazing purposes.

Every progressive farmer should be able with many other things, a student of the soil which he holds dear. Here is a little of the soil and suggest-

heavy crop of fruit and had its vitality considerably taxed, the fruit buds set sparingly, thus acting as a safeguard against the tree overbearing itself. On the other hand, if the tree has had a layoff one season it usually sets full of fruit buds, the excess vitality seeming to make this condition possible. In the case of a tree that is sick or dying this rule seems to be violated in that all the vitality it possesses seems to be put forth in a blind and pathetic effort to reproduce itself before it dies.

The grubs which are often found just under the skin on the shoulders, backs and sides of cattle hatch from the eggs of a grub which are laid in the spring in the legs, heels and hoofs of the animals and from these places they work their way into the tender and delicate skin of the stomach. Here they hatch, the little grubs gradually working their way through the flesh of the animal until they reach the hide on the back, where their presence is indicated by bumps or swellings, which open after awhile, the grubs finally escaping as a full bodied beetle, ready to repeat the process. The grubs may be killed by rubbing down the lumps with a round ball of cotton, or by using a special ointment or oil will kill them. Sometimes they may be forced out by grasping the skin firmly between thumb and finger and giving a sharp pull. In such cases a little carbolic acid mixed with glycerine will hasten the process.

J. O. Wersell

Carlsbad Dairy

Pure Jersey Milk and Cream Daily, and all parts of the city.

J. O. Wersell, Proprietor

A. S. Wilson

Well Driller

I am equipped with one of the best outfits in the west and will drill wells reasonable.

Carlsbad, N. Mex.

The Bank Saloon,

Drop in when in town

and we will convince you

We Keep NOTHING BUT THE BEST WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS.

AT REASONABLE RATES
Simpson & Co. Proprietors. Phone 14

U. S. Market.

PHONE NO. 11

JOHN LOWENBRUCK.

Corn fed BEEF

AND MUTTON

Free of Alkali

PORK, SAUSAGE,

AND ALL MEAT PRODUCTS

FISH and OYSTERS in Season

Prop.

A Dollar Saved

Is a Dollar Earned

You will always save money by dealing with people you can trust.

The Old Reliable

Is at the same stand that he was years ago, and will be there when you want clothes CLEANED, REPAIRED OR MADE TO FIT

JACOB J. SMITH

The Carlsbad Current

Carlsbad, N. M. Friday APR. 0 1909

Carlsbad Current established December 13, 1892. New Mexico State published May 15, 1908. The two papers consolidated December 13, 1907.

Carlsbad Printing Co., Publishers
Wm. H. Mullane, Pres.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 per annum

The Official Paper of Eddy County.

Published every Friday and contains all news and advertising of the Carlsbad and Eddy County.

In a spasmodic fit of advertising virtue the Register-Tribune of Roswell condemns the new law regulating newspaper charges for legal publishing. Has it come to this that the legislature can pass a measure that will make thieves of all the newspapers in the territory? Does the new law compel the Register-Tribune to charge any more for its legal notices or the proceedings of the city council than it ever charged? Rot! Well, that is a that is a mild name for the trash dished up by the Register-Tribune. The new law is said to be so bad as to bankrupt Roswell. More rot. A more deliberate and foolish attempt to mislead the public and advertise a sheet at the expense of another, or the whole newspaper fraternity was never made and should be beneath the dignity of any self respecting newspaper. In the first place the new law reduces the rate possible to charge for legal notices from ten cents to seven and one half cents per line for the first insertion and if carried to its extreme limit by the newspapers would increase the rate to be charged for ordinances and council proceedings to a prohibitive rate. But who except a thief would overcharge the town or city? This paper charges the town of Carlsbad the same rate it does any other patron and less per line now than before the so-called robbery by law was instituted if the number of times to publish is taken into consideration and less than one twentieth of the charge figured by the Register-Tribune in its delirium of spasmodic advertising virtue. The rate now charged the town of Carlsbad by the official publication is five cents per line and two and a half cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Is there any thing in the law that would compel the Register-Tribune not to do likewise, or to charge a rate that it would think reasonable, instead of starting a Spanish column just to get an opportunity to rob the city of Roswell? Not on your life. The new law is all right and there is not only not any danger at the newspapers robbing under it any more than under the old law but a great deal less danger, for the rate on all legal notices is less except those pertaining to publication of ordinances and council and town trustees proceedings and the law in this case does not prohibit a paper if it so desires to publish all such matters free. If the Register-Tribune is so patriotic and is seeking to get congress to annul the law, why does the dear patriotic sister not publish all the proceedings free instead of starting a Spanish column and doubling up on the rate? Looking at the matter from this distance it would seem as if the Record had the most tenable position, for that paper proposes to publish the city advertising at the same rates charged to other customers, law or no law. Let the newspaper men of the territory get together and formulate a measure for the next legislature and everlastingly sit down on the meddlesome set of lawyers and others that dip into matters in which they really have no interest, for there are few of those who have

meddled in the newspaper law that ever pay enough taxes to have any say coming.

In passing light sentence on the convicted thief, Tom Danner, Judge Pope showed a merciful disposition, but only time will tell whether or not his judgment was best. That thousands of horses have been stolen and drove out of the country all stockmen are fully aware, for many that were on the range are constantly turning up missing. Then the poor settlers on the plains east of Monument have suffered also; the thieves even driving off the only means of sustenance of the settlers, their faithful work horses and mules. When a thief is convicted he should undoubtedly be well punished so as to strike terror into those who deprecate on the stock. Unless this is done it

will finally come to a war between the owners of horses and those who seek to deprive them of their property by stealing. Already an anti horse thief society is organized and some of those who have lost stock are in it and we can look for nothing but a few lynchings if the thieves are not punished by law. A man who will steal should look for nothing but a rope sooner or later and the sooner an outraged mob attends to some of that class the sooner will the country be safe to live in, and law will be enforced less leniently.

The Circus

acrobats find it necessary at all times to keep his muscles and joints supple. That is the reason that hundreds of them keep a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment always on hand. A sure cure for rheumatism, cuts, sprains, sore throat, lame back, contracted muscles, dyspepsia, indigestion, sick headache, biliousness, all liver, stomach, and bowel troubles. Sold by Eddy Drug Co.

PHONE 66

The Groves Lumber Co. Building Material

WANTED

YOUR PROPERTY TO SELL OR RENT.

We have 500 live agents in all parts of the U. S. and believe we can dispose of your holdings quicker than anyone. We have opened a branch office in the building formerly occupied by J. S. Crozier and would be pleased to have you call and list your property with us.

KNOBLAUCH LAND COMPANY.

Loving Items

The protracted meeting has been postponed until the 9th of May.

Wm. E. Ball has sold the south east forty of his place.

The Christian minister of Carlsbad will preach after Sunday school and at night and will also baptize some candidates Sunday evening May the 2nd.

Elder Blalock delivered a lengthy discourse Tuesday night to a large audience.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Knowles gave a farewell party Monday night in honor of Miss Margaret Flannery.

Mrs. Blalock will leave as soon as school is out, for California.

Mr. Carter had some prospectors down here Monday.

Miss Margaret Flannery left Thursday for Chicago.

A land office is being erected at this place.

Mr. Gus Bowden and family of Mayfield Ky., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Homer Bowden.

Mr. Holmes of Sedalia, Ky., is numbered among the emigrants.

We have two weeks more of school.

The S. S. at Loving are planning to buy a new organ.

FARMER.

Eminent Authorities Say

hat out door exercise is needed by the American people. That's all very well, but, how can people with rheumatism follow that advice? The answer is very simple—use Ballard's Snow Liniment and the rheumatism will go; leaving you as spry as a cat. Gives quick and permanent relief from rheumatism, neuralgia, lame back, and all pains. Sold by Eddy Drug Co.

FOR GOOD RIGS AND PROMPT ATTENTION

Phone 78, or Call, Opposite Rightway Hotel.

The Club Livery Stable

J. D. McFARLANE, Prop.

HYDRO-CARBONITE

THE HIGHEST GRADE ROOF and IRON PAINT

Based on Hydro-Carbon Gums of the purest grade contains no asphalt, turpentine, iron oxide or other cheap material.

PERFECT PROTECTION at LOWEST COST for

Roofs of all kinds, Bridges, Factories, Smokestacks, Warehouses, and all outside surfaces exposed to weather.

PHIL KIRCHER, Agent.

Carlsbad, New Mexico.

A Knocker

is a man who can't see any good in any person or thing. It is a habit caused by a disordered liver. If you find that you are beginning to see things through blue spectacles, treat your liver to a good cleaning out process with Ballard's Herbine. A sure cure for constipation, dyspepsia, indigestion, sick headache, biliousness, all liver, stomach, and bowel troubles. Sold by Eddy Drug Co.

FOR SALE—A pair of fine brood mares and some work horses—W. E. Rogers.

Notice:

When the Carlsbad Ice Factory opened for business nearly five years ago we cut the price of ice 40 per cent and that price still stands to-day 60cts. per hundred in lots of 100 lbs. or more, 75cts. per hundred for smaller amounts. Carlsbad has never had to do without ice since '04 when we got busy. The older residents know what happened before that time.

Carlsbad Ice Factory.

at least, to what a young baby ought to gain in weight. Does yours? If not there's something wrong with its digestion. Give it Mevies Baby Elixir and it will begin gaining at once. Cures stomach and bowel troubles, aids digestion, stops fretfulness, good for teething and babies. Price 25c. and 50c. Sold by Eddy Drug Co.

The Effective Rodent Exterminator.

For the destruction of Prairie Dogs, Gophers, Skunks, Rats and Field Mice, supplied only by Eddy Drug Co. or other application. Price \$1.00 per box. Will destroy more than 1,000 animals. Special prices on larger orders for destruction of prairie dogs on an extensive scale. Keep your crops safe from rodents. Protect your lands and crops of wheat, alfalfa, potatoes, corn, sugar beets, melons and orchards and destroy all rats on your premises. The most dangerous animal pest, prairie dogs and rats, should be destroyed during winter months when they are scarce. Address all orders to EDDY DRUG CO., 201 N. 1st St., Omaha, Nebraska.



Notice

DEPARTMENT OF TERRITORIAL ENGINEER

First publication April 30 1909, last publication May 21 1909. Santa Fe, New Mexico, April 22, 1909. Notice is hereby given that on the 1st day of April 1909, in accordance with Section 26, Irrigation Law of 1902, Local Order No. 1, of the Territory of New Mexico, County of Eddy, Territory of New Mexico, made application to the Territorial Engineer of New Mexico for a permit to appropriate from the Public waters of the Territory of New Mexico.

Such appropriation is to be made from Black River at mouth of 40 degrees 15 minutes E. from N. W. Cor. Sec. 35 T. 23 N. R. 24 E. By means of diversion and 2-67 cubic feet per second is to be conveyed to in Sec. 35 T. 23 N. R. 24 E. By means of ditches and there used for irrigation of 20 acres.

All persons who may oppose the granting of the above application must file their objections, substantiated by affidavits, (properly backed) with the Territorial Engineer on or before four weeks from date of last publication hereof.

VERNON L. SULLIVAN, Territorial Engineer.

Notice to Contractors

Public notice is hereby given that the town of Carlsbad will receive sealed for the construction of a sanitary sewer system in said town to cost not to exceed \$20,000.00, the same to be constructed in accordance with the plans and specifications now on file with the recorder of said town, copy of which will be furnished to the bidder upon application to the undersigned.

Said bids will be closed at noon on the 24th day of May, 1909, and each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for at least the sum of Five Hundred Dollars, payable to the treasurer of said town of Carlsbad, to be forfeited to said town in case of the failure of the contractor to whom the contract is awarded to carry out his bid. The contractor receiving the contract will be required to enter into contract with the town, and to give bond in the sum of \$7,500.00 conditioned that he will complete the same according to plans and specifications and within the time specified in contract between him and said town.

Contractor will be paid cash instead of bonds. The town reserves the right to reject any and all bids. All communications should be addressed to the undersigned.

JAMES M. DYE, Mayor of the town of Carlsbad, Carlsbad, N. M.

Notice of Suit.

In the District Court, Eddy County, New Mexico. Arthur V. L. Holloway, Plaintiff, vs. John A. Cress, Defendant, No. 1022.

To the defendant in the above cause: You will take notice that the above named plaintiff has filed suit against you, the above named defendant in the District Court of Eddy County, New Mexico, for the sum of two thousand dollars. That the style of said suit is Arthur V. L. Holloway vs. John A. Cress, No. 1022, which will be on the 12th day of June, 1909, and answer in said cause, judgment will be rendered against you and the First National Bank of Carlsbad and your money applied and effects disposed of, as provided by law, to pay said judgment.

You are further notified that your money and effects have been garnished in the hands of the First National Bank of Carlsbad, and that unless you appear at the return day of this publication, which will be on the 12th day of June, 1909, and answer in said cause, judgment will be rendered against you and the First National Bank of Carlsbad and your money applied and effects disposed of, as provided by law, to pay said judgment. Plaintiff's attorneys are Bujac & Brice and their business address is Carlsbad, New Mexico. Witness my hand and seal of said court this 12th day of April, 1909.

S. J. Rossmore, Clerk

YOUR WIFE

Might stay at home this summer if she had an electric fan and flat iron.

TRY IT ONCE

THE PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY

List your land with the OLD RELIABLE FARMERS LAND LEAGUE

We are bringing hundreds of prospective buyers to the Valley.

E. T. CARTER, Field Manager,
Headquarters: Hotel Schiltz, Carlsbad, New Mex.

The Clark Painting and Paper Hanging Co.

Will take contracts to do painting and paper hanging any where in the Territory of N. M. all work guaranteed first class. If you don't wish to pay cash we will take horses, cattle, town lots or any old thing at a fair price in the deal. Business is what we want and anything that is worth the money is as good as the money to us. Write to the Clark Painting and Paper Hanging Co. Box 240, Carlsbad, New Mexico.

WANTED—Board by two young men, in private family. Best reference. Address, P. O. Box 225.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All persons owning real estate or personal property in Eddy county subject to taxation for the year 1909 are urged to see that their property is correctly rendered to the assessor as early as possible. I am endeavoring to call on every person possible and feel the necessity of having the earnest cooperation of all the tax payers in order to get the work out on time. Sec. 4035 C. L. requires that all property shall be listed with the Assessor before the 1st Monday in April and a penalty of 5 per cent is imposed on all assessments after that date and on unknown properties and false renditions.

JOHN W. PRICE, Assessor.

P. S: Should I fail to see you, please call at my office at the court house, Carlsbad, N. M. J. W. P.

FIGHTS BIG EAGLE TO SAVE BABY BOY

ILLINOIS FARMER IN DESPERATE
CONFLICT WITH MONSTER
MONARCH OF THE AIR.

STRUGGLE LASTS TWO HOURS

Giant Bird's Wings Are Broken and
It Is Finally Overcome with
Help of Neighbors—Meas-
ures Twelve Feet.

St. Charles, Ill.—Fighting desperately for two hours with a monster eagle to keep his baby from the menacing talons of the great bird, Peter Johnson, a farmer, with the aid of neighbors, finally captured the king of the air.

Fully a score of persons participated in the conflict with the eagle, and pitchforks, clubs and stones were brought into service before the bird, exhausted from his efforts, gave up the battle. Johnson was terribly scratched in the encounter, although his son was unhurt.

The Johnson boy, a sturdy child of three years, was playing on his father's farm near St. Charles the other morning when the eagle was first observed.

The great bird circled about the vicinity at a great height for several minutes. Suddenly, with the speed of a lightning flash, it darted down, and its steel-like talons caught in the child's dress.

The child's surprise for a second struck him dumb, and the eagle, using every ounce of its strength, bore the boy upward. Surprise gave way to alarm. The child screamed for aid and struggled vigorously to free himself from the eagle's clutches.

The boy is a stocky little fellow, weighing about 35 pounds, and the bird was unable to make great progress.

The father heard the screams of his child and hurried from his home. He saw the boy in the bird's clutches and ran toward the scene of the struggle.

With all his strength he threw himself on the eagle and bore it to the



He Threw Himself Upon the Eagle.

ground. The child was saved and ran shrieking for assistance for his father. The man and the bird were locked in a death grip, the eagle using his claws, while Johnson struck out with his free hand as he held the bird with the other.

Neighbors were soon on the scene. From the start they were determined, if possible, to capture the eagle alive. Sticks and stones fell on his monster body, while both wings were immediately crippled.

The breaking of the wings made escape of the eagle impossible, but for two hours he flattered along the ground, fiercely repelling every attack until, completely exhausted, he was pinned to the earth by two pitchforks.

The eagle when measured proved to be 12 feet from tip to tip of its wings and a perfect specimen of its kind. It is believed he will speedily recover from the injuries in its struggle with the men, and Johnson plans to present it to some zoological garden.

Although Johnson is suffering intense pain as a result of the scratches received in the fight, none of his hurts is regarded as dangerous, the worst wound being an immense gash torn in his left shoulder. He was greatly weakened from loss of blood.

The boy is none the worse for his experience and takes great delight in watching the imprisoned bird.

A La Mode.

Party Caller—Is Mrs. X. at home?
"Yes, sir."
"Will you please leave my card on the table?"—Harvard Lampoon.

USE OF PENKNIFE WINS SEATTLE MAN A BRIDE

CARVED HIS NAME ON WALK, SHE
SAW IT, AND SENT HIM A
POSTAL CARD.

Trenton, N. J.—Cupid's success in bringing two young people to the altar was due to a name carved in a pavilion on the board walk in Cape May and to a penny souvenir postal card. The principals in this little romance are Miss Anna Clark, whose home is near Lawrenceville, and Joseph Brodus, a contractor of Seattle, Wash. They were wedded here the other day.

In 1907 Mr. Brodus visited the Jersey summer resort. While sitting in a pavilion on the board walk one afternoon he carved his name with a penknife on a beam of the structure. A few weeks later Miss Clark spent a vacation in Cape May, and while with



His Name Carved in the Board Walk Resulted in a Wedding.

crowd of girls espied the name, "Joseph Brodus, Seattle, Wash." in the pavilion. She called the attention of her companions to the name and some one suggested, in jest, that the owner of the name would be surprised if he received a postal. The idea appealed to Miss Clark and that night Uncle Sam carried in one of his mail bags a penny souvenir postal directed to Mr. Brodus, with these words: "Are you in the habit of leaving your name behind you in every place you visit? I suppose you want Cape May folks to remember you." Miss Clark not only signed the card, but gave her home address.

The incident had been forgotten by her a month afterwards, but was vividly recalled to her memory when she received a letter from Mr. Brodus. The letter thanked the sender of the postal for calling the writer's attention to his boxiness and explained the circumstances.

Although realizing it was unconventional, Miss Clark could not resist the temptation to answer the letter, apologizing for her boldness in addressing a stranger. This intimation was unanswered and the romance was not like others, inasmuch as there was no long-distance love-making before the principals met.

Cupid prompted Mr. Brodus to make another trip east last summer, and he went to the home of Miss Clark, where he introduced himself. While surprised, the girl received him. He learned that several old friends of his lived in this region, and through these he convinced Miss Clark that his standing in the community in which he lived was extremely good. He remained longer than he intended. The friendship which sprang up between the two ripened into a deeper affection, and a second visit of the Seattle man last September resulted in the engagement.

"I had a premonition that something would result from the sending of that postal," said the bride.

Cold Dip Restores Girl's Voice.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Miss Bernice Poehler, a visitor from Philadelphia and a deaf mute since babyhood, regained her speech and hearing, following a sudden plunge in the Pacific ocean at Balboa beach.

The bath was involuntary. She lost a pair of valuable gold combs and a diamond pin, besides getting a shock and ruining her gown—but she says it was worth it.

Miss Poehler lost her speech and hearing by falling into a lake in Pennsylvania when she was an infant, 19 years ago, and has not heard a sound or spoken a word since. To-day she is garrulous, as she puts it.

A Real Strain.

A land agent in the great northwest had just described the incredible riches of the region. Some one protested, and he defended himself, saying a writer in the Outlook, with a paradox:

"The truth is so wonderful that it takes a whopper to express it!"—Youth's Companion

THE SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER

Time of All Times Where the Expert
with the Chafing Dish Can
Make Good.

Probably the most sociable meal in the whole week is the Sunday night supper. It is an informal occasion for the dropping in of intimate friends, and the informality adds to its charm. In many households the servants are allowed to take a holiday on Sunday afternoons, and the members of the family bestir themselves for supper with the chafing dish, and perhaps the delicatessen shop, as assistants. It is an opportunity for experimental cooking with an indulgent company and the delicious dishes that may be concocted on these occasions are manifold. Of course, a gas stove is even better than a chafing dish for cooking things, but the shining metal dish over the alcohol flame is a very cheerful looking ornament on the supper table. While somebody mixes the salad and somebody else slices the bread, the confident culinary queen, who is generally the eldest sister, takes the chafing dish in hand.

The Home.

Sugar should be added to turnips, beets, peas, corn, squash and pumpkin. Spareribs should be broiled rather than roasted, and served with apple sauce and mashed turnips.

It takes longer to cook sweet potatoes than the common kind and they cook more quickly in salt water.

A meat chopper may be better cleaned by running a piece of bread through the machine before washing.

Oatmeal can be used instead of barley or rice in the soup. It thickens it, and adds a flavor which is pleasant.

Place mirrors so that the direct rays of the sun do not fall upon them. It gives the glass a milky appearance which can never be entirely remedied.

To remove tea, coffee, fruit and vegetable stains from white goods, heap salt on the spot, rub hard, and rinse it in hot water in which considerable borax has been dissolved.

A reliable test for mushrooms, says an experienced housekeeper, is to put a bit of silver, such as a well-washed dime, into a dish in which they are cooked. If it discolors the mushrooms are unfit for food.

Keeping Bread.

For a bread box, a covered stone rock.

The bread will keep much nicer than in a tin vessel.

The rock should be placed in a cool place.

Never put the bread in it without covering it with a cloth, to exclude the air.

To keep sandwiches that have been prepared beforehand moist, wrap them in a slightly damp cloth.

This is not practical if they are to be kept too long, as they will get musty.

Be careful that not a bit of butter gets into the bread box. It will not rancid and make the rest of the bread taste.

Receptacles should be washed out frequently, being wiped well after ward.

The cloths used to cover the bread should also be washed often.

Spinach Molds.

One-half cup of chopped spinach, one cup of soup stock, heat together. Add one teaspoon of gelatin (mix your gelatin in a little water). Season with salt, pepper to suit taste. Set away to harden. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs and lettuce leaves on a platter and serve with salad dressing. Salad dressing: Half cup vinegar, three eggs, one tablespoon of olive oil, one-fourth of a tablespoon of mustard, three tablespoons of sugar, half tablespoon of salt. Stir well. Add one and a half cups of boiled cream. Place the saucepan in another of hot water, stirring until it thickens, and strain.

Dressing for Grape Fruit Salad.

If the grape fruit is used with white grapes, use a cream mayonnaise instead of a French dressing. A very nice sauce is made by taking the same quantities of white wine and sugar, mix well together and pour over fruit.

Grape fruit on lettuce is very good served with the following boiled dressing. Beat up two eggs, add one cup vinegar, seasoning of salt, pepper and sugar and quarter cup butter. Cook in double boiler. Stir constantly till dressing has thickened. Cool and serve.

Salad Dressing.

I will tell you just how I make it. I put the vinegar in a pint bowl that just fits the top of my teakettle, mix sugar, salt and mustard together, and stir into the vinegar. Cover, and let it get real boiling hot before I stir in the milk and egg, and then keep stirring till it thickens, which ought not to take over 15 minutes. If it don't thicken next time, wet one-fourth teaspoon of cornstarch in a very little milk and stir it in. I sometimes do when I want it extra thick.—Boston Globe.

IN VOGUE

FOR SWEET SIXTEEN

SLIMNESS AND DAINTINESS IS
THE RULE.

Like Her Elders, the Young Girl Has
Neither Hips Nor Prominent Bust
Lines—Suggestion for
Neat Costume.

Slimness of effect, and daintiness of material, rule styles for young girls. The correct figure for sweet 16 is one of reed willowiness; and if nature has lavished more pounds than fashion



Fashionable Effect in Plain or Figured Silk.

cares for, careful corset bodies and laced stays, loose lines and high belts must conceal the objectionable proportions.

The smart schoolgirl has no right

to hips or prominent bust lines any more than her elders. Like them, she must be in silhouette a well-bred knife blade, a charming stem which can bloom widely only at the head. In fact, with all the rest of the modish lines falling so straightly and slimly, the heavily-trimmed mushroom hats now worn give a good many of the look of having heads quite out of proportion to the rest of the body.

With the fine wash materials which compose the simpler of the girl frocks, this slimness is especially graceful, giving that look of divine innocence which is so delightful to girl car-magnets. But it is the fashion everywhere to look satiny, ingenue, forever younger than one's years, rather than older.

A fashionable effect in broadcloth may be suggested by the illustration. The low blouse, with its short sleeves and revers, gives a number of suggestions for rich lace and embroideries. In place of the plain trimming shown, satin, plain or figured silk, the color of the gown, could be used for these bodice decorations and for the skirt band, while the gown material, plainly attached, would prove not only an inexpensive garment but one eminently stylish.

So replete with suggestion, in fact, have styles become that there is rarely a smart one which may not be copied in any everyday material, all cuts leaning toward smartness of line rather than elaborate trimmings and permitting many changes. The actual restriction is with the dresser of the empire model, and to copy these in poor or coarse materials is to forfeit taste entirely.

To conclude the subject of the gown all fragile textures would require silk or lawn underslips fitting the figure as carefully as do the costumes. The gaiters required with them may be bought ready made if the sewer does not care to attempt them, for every shop of any importance is alive to the demand for these dainty accessories, and shows them in all degrees of elegance and simplicity.

Some of the prettiest of the gaiters and gaiter-bodies are in plain-flocked net or mull. The entire bodice is more expensive than the pieces which come no further than the bust or a little lower, and are considered by many as more comfortable to wear. The short gaiters run from \$1.50 up; but the cheapest of the bodices likely to last any time will be \$3.50 or more.

ALL SHOW TOUCH OF BLACK.

Ornamentation as Popular To-day as
It Was Last Season—is Seen on
Everything.

Last spring and summer there was much talked and written about "the touch of black that made the garment," "that improved the greatest masterpiece," "that made the most unbecoming gown suit the most impossible wearer," and "that gave the touch of the aristocrat to the most commonplace of garments." Surely all this could not have been said with truth last season and then all of it revoked this year. Certainly not. The touch of black is as much used as ever, and while it may not necessarily take the form of a bow or a band of black velvet introduced on corsage, it is still evident, and oftenest at the girdle line.

Black frequently appears in soft satin as a girdle slipped under panels or bands crossing the waist line. A little evidence of black is seen whether the gown is trimmed with metals or whether it is of the lightest fabric. The touch of black is usually introduced to give character to an otherwise flat composition. It is not necessary, but in the case of a jacket, gown or blouse being slightly unbecoming the addition of a little black will make all the difference in the world.

Table Flowers.

The tall vase in the center of the table has been abandoned. It is not considered a pretty decoration because it hides the guests on one side of the table from those on the other.

The English fashion of putting low decorations on the table at luncheon or dinner is much taken up over here. A silver basket filled with fruit is one of the old-time fancies that has come into favor again, and the china basket is used if one does not possess the other kind.

The cut-glass French basket, with wide handle and dipping ends, is now the popular idea for flowers on a simple table. Long-stemmed blossoms cannot be used, but orchids, hyacinths, lilies of the valley and California violets are used separately or together.

LATEST THING IN COIFFURE.



An artistic girl's coiffure; a thick plait of hair wound round the head, outlined with a delicate silver band; the coiffure finished with soft clusters of curls.

TOILET TABLE.

A dab of eau de cologne will often remove a slight red spot from the face. Scented toilet water often injures the hair, but every girl delights in an elusive odor for her locks. The best plan is to rub a favorite sachet powder into the roots and center of the hair puffs, and this gives just the right scent.

Rub warts night and morning with the following ointment: Twelve centigrams of chromate of potassa, well mixed in 15 grams of soft animal fat or vaseline. The warts will usually disappear in the course of three or four weeks' treatment.

Habitually eating soft foods, to the exclusion of everything that is hard or crusty, will not only weaken the digestive organs, but will lead to rapid decay of the teeth. When these are not used in the mastication of harder foods they become weak, just as any muscle will that is not given sufficient work to do. This applies especially to growing, healthy children.

Light Freights

By
W. W. JACOBS

False Colors

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"Of course, there is a deal of bullying done at sea at times," said the night-watchman, thoughtfully. "The men call it bullying in the officers call it discipline, but it's the same thing under another name. Bill, it's fair in a way. It gets passed on from one to another. Everybody aboard almost has got somebody to bully, except perhaps the boss. He has the worst of it, unless he can manage to get the skipper out by himself occasionally."

"I remember a good many years ago now, I was lying at Calcutta one time in the 'Pewee' as fine a bark as you'd wish to see, and we had a first mate there as was a disgrace to his sects. A nasty, bullying, violent man, who used to call the hands names as they didn't know the meanings of and what was his use looking in the dictionary for."

"There was one chap aboard, Bill, named as he used to make a little mark on his forehead. Just mark it on your forehead, and the way the mate used to throw that in his face was disgraceful. Fortunately for us all, the skipper was a very decent sort of man, so that the mate was only at it once when he wasn't by."

"We was sitting in the fore-cabin at ten one afternoon, when Bill Cousins came down, and we sat at once and had a turn with the mate. He sat all by himself for some time, mulling over, and then he broke out. One of those days I'll swing for 'im, mark my words."

"Don't be a fool, Bill," said Joe Smith.

"If I could only mark 'im," said Bill, catching his breath. "Just mark him fair an square. If I could only see 'im alone for ten minutes, with no body standing by to see fair play, but a course, if I 'll 'im it's nothing."

"You couldn't do it if it wasn't, Bill," said Joe Smith again.

"He walks about the town as though the place belongs to 'im," said Ted Hill. "Most of us is satisfied to shove the niggers out of the way, but he ups and tells 'em if they come within a yard of 'im."

"Why don't they 'll 'im back?" said Bill. "I would if I was them."

"Joe Smith grinned. "Well, why don't you?" he asked.

"You I ain't a nigger," said Bill.

"Well, but you might be," said Joe, very softly. "Black your face an' 'laid on 'em, and dress up in them cotton hippos, and go ashore and get in 'is way."

"If you will I will, Bill," said a chap called Bob Pullin.

"Well, Bill was a bit flattered, the carpenter being a very superior sort of a man, and quite an artist in 'is way, and Bill sat down and let 'im do 'im with some stuff out of a can that made 'im look like a Hindoo. What ad been polished. Then Bob Pullin was done too, and when they got their turn on the change in their appearance was wonderful."

"Well, the two of 'em went ashore after dark with the best wishes."

"It must 'a' been near 11 o'clock I was sitting with Smith on the port side of the galley, when we heard a shrill approaching the ship. It was the mate just coming aboard. He was without 'is 'at, 'is necktie was twisted round 'is ear, and 'is shirt and 'is collar was all torn to shreds. The second and third officers ran up to him to see what was the matter, and while he was telling them, up comes the skipper."

"You don't mean to tell me, Mr. Pinnall," said the skipper, in surprise, "that you've been knocked down like that by them mild and meek Hindoos?"

"Hindoos, sir?" roared the mate. "Cert'n'y not, sir. I've been assaulted like this by five German sailormen. And I licked 'em all."

"It's the mate's pride," said the carpenter. "He didn't like being knocked about by Hindoos."

"We thought it was that, but we had to wait nearly another hour afore the two came aboard, to make sure. There was a difference in the way they came aboard, too, from that of the mate. They didn't make no noise, and the first thing we knew of their coming aboard was seeing a bare, black foot waving feebly at the top of the fore-cabin ladder feelin' for the step."

"Well, you done it, Bill," said Joe, after waiting a long time for them to speak. "Tell us all about it."

"Nothin' to tell," said Bill, very sorry. "We knocked 'im about."

"And he knocked 'im about," said Bob, with a groan. "I'm sore all over, and as for my feet—"

"Wot's the matter with them?" said Joe.

"Trod 'em," said Bob, very short. "If my bare feet was trod on once they was a dozen times. I've never 'ad such a doing in all my life. He fought like a devil. I thought 'he'd ha' murdered 'im."

"I wish 'e 'ad," said Bill, with a groan. "My face is bruised and cut about cruel. I can't bear to touch it."

"He can't mean to say the two of you couldn't settle 'im?" said Joe, starting.

"I mean to say we got a hiding," said Bill. "We got close to him just start off and hit our feet trod on. After that it was like fighting a wild bull, with clubs—hammers for sails."

"I was awake rather early in the morning by the sounds of somebody talking to themselves, and a little splashing of water. It seemed to go on a long while, and at last I leaned out of my bunk and saw Bill bending over a bucket and washing himself, and using bad language."

"Wot's the matter, Bill?" said Joe, yawning and sitting up in bed.

"My skin's that tender, I can hardly touch it," said Bill, bending down and rubbing 'is face. "Is it all right?"

"Off?" said Joe. "No, of course it ain't. Why don't you use some soap?"

"Soap?" roared Bill, and like, "Why, I've used more soap than I've used for six months in the ordinary way."

"That's no good," said Joe. "Give yourself a good wash."

"Well, the carpenter put it on, and a course, made 'im take it off."

"I don't believe as there's any thing will touch it," he says, at last. "I forgot all about that."

"De-ven mean to say," howls Bill, "that we've got to be black all the rest of our life?"

"Cert'n'y not," said the carpenter, indignantly. "If 'll wear off in time, shaving every morning 'll 'llip it, I should say."

"I'll get my razor now," said Bill.



Made 'im Look Like a Hindoo.

in a awful voice, "don't let 'im go, Bob. 'll 'eck 'is head off."

"It's no good, I tell you," said the carpenter. "It's the most lasting black I know. If I told you how much that stuff is a can, you wouldn't believe me."

"You see, it's this way, Bill," said Joe, softly. "As soon as the mate sees you there'll be trouble for all of us."

"For all of us," repeats Bill, nodding.

"Whereas," said Joe, looking 'round for support, "if we gets up a little collection for you and you should find it convenient to desert."

"Ear, 'ear," said a lot o' voices. "Bravo, Joe!"

"Oh, desert is it?" said Bill, "and where are we goin' to desert to?"

"Well, that we leave to you," said Joe; "there's many a ship short-handed as would be glad to pick up such a couple of prime sailormen as you an' Bob."

"Ah, an' wot about our black faces?" said Bill, still in the same sneering, ungrateful sort o' voice.

"Ship as nigger cooks," said Joe, slapping his knee and looking 'round triumphant.

"The mate'll half murder 'em," said Ted Hill.

"He'll 'ave 'em sent to jail that's wot he'll do," said Smith. "It's a serious matter to go ashore and commit assault and battery on the mate."

"You're all in it," said the voice o' Bill from the floor. "I'm going to make a clean breast of it. Joe Smith

put us up to it, the carpenter blacked us, and the others encouraged us."

"Almost the first person we see on deck was the mate, an' a pretty sight he was. He'd got a bandage 'round 'is left eye, and a black ring 'round the other. His nose was swelled and his lip cut, but the other officers were making such a fuss over 'im, that I think he rather gloried in it than otherwise."

"Where's them other two 'ands?" he says, by and by, glaring out of 'is black eye.

"Down below, sir, I believe," said the carpenter, all of a tremble.

"Go an' send 'em up," said the mate to Smith.

"Yessir," said Joe, without moving.

"Well, go on, then," roars the mate.

"They ain't over and above well, sir, this morning," said Joe.

"Send 'em up, confound you," said the mate, limping towards 'im.

"Well, Joe gives 'is shoulders a 'elpless sort of shrug and stalked forward and howled down the fore-cabin."

"They're comin', sir," he says, walking back to the mate just as the skipper came out of 'is cabin.

"We all went on with our work as 'ard as we knew 'ow. The skipper was talking to the mate about 'is injuries, and saying unkind things about Germans, when he gave a sort of a shout and staggered back roaring. We just looked 'round, and there was them two blackamoors coming slowly towards us."

"Good heavens, Mr. Pinnall," said the old man. "What's this?"

"I never saw such a look on any man's face as I saw on the mate's then. Three times 'e opened 'is mouth to speak and shut it again without saying anything. The veins on 'is forehead swelled up tremendous and 'is cheeks was all blown out purple."

"That's Bill Cousins' hair," said the skipper to himself. "It's Bill Cousins' hair. It's Bill Cousins'—"

"Bob walked up to him, with Bill hanging a little way behind, and then he spoke just in front of 'im and fetched up a sort o' little smile."

"Don't you make those faces at me, sir," roars the skipper. "What do you mean by it? What have you been doing to yourselves?"

"Nothin', sir," said Bill, "umbl'y; 'it was done to us."

"The carpenter, who was just going to coo-per up a cask which 'ad started a bit, shook like a leaf, and gave Bill a look that would ha' melted a stone."

"Who did it?" said the skipper.

"We've been the victims of a cruel outrage, sir," said Bill, doing all 'e could to avoid the mate's eye, which wouldn't be avoided.

"So I should think," said the skipper. "You've been knocked about, too?"

"Yessir," said Bill, very respectfully, "me and Bob was ashore last night, sir, just for a quiet look 'round, when we was set on to by five furriners."

"What?" said the skipper, and I won't repeat what the mate said.

"We fought 'em as long as we could, sir," said Bill, "then we was both knocked senseless, and when we came to ourselves we was mowed up like this 'ere."

"What sort o' men were they?" asked the skipper, getting excited.

"Sailormen, sir," said Bob, putting in his spoke. "Dutchies or Germans, or something o' that sort."

"Was there one tall man, with a fair beard, said the skipper, getting more and more excited.

"Yessir," said Bill, in a surprised sort o' voice.

"Same 'ere," said the skipper. "Same gang as knocked Mr. Pinnall about, you may depend upon it. Mr. Pinnall, it's a mercy for you you didn't get your face blacked, too."

"I thought the mate would 'a' burst. I can't understand how any man could swell as he swelled without bursting."

"I don't believe a word of it," he says, at last.

"Why not?" said the skipper, sharply.

"Well, I don't," said the mate, his voice trembling with passion. "I 'ave my reasons."

"I s'pose you don't think these two poor fellows went and blacked themselves for fun, do you?" said the skipper.

"The mate couldn't answer."

"And then went and knocked themselves about for more fun?" said the skipper, very sarcastic.

"The mate didn't answer. He looked round helpless like, and see the third officer swopping glances with the second, and all the men looking sly and amused, and I think if ever a man saw 'e was done 'e did at that moment."

"He turned away and went below, and the skipper arter reading us all a little lecture on getting into fights without reason, sent the two chaps below again and told 'em to turn in and rest. He was so good to 'em all the way 'ome, and took such a interest in seeing 'em change from black to brown and from light brown to spotted lemon, that the mate doesn't do nothing to them, but gave us their share of what he owed them, as well as an extra dose of our own."

A TRIP ACROSS DOMINICA

THREE DAYS IN THE SADDLE IN THE WILDS
OF THE WEST INDIES



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ROSEAU

An interesting account of a three days' journey across the West Indies by an Englishman is given below:

Having heard so much of the beauties of the Leeward Islands, and armed with a pressing invitation from an Anglo-Indian planter, who owned a large estate in Dominica, I left Kingston, Jamaica, in company with young Bullen, for Barbados, from which port we took passage in one of the inter-colonial steamers for Roseau. As sail-pox was raging at Bridgetown, the capital of Barbados, we were quarantined for two days. Leaving that island on a Monday, we arrived at Castries, the capital of St. Lucia, early the following morning. Although it was only 6:30 a. m. when we landed it was then very hot, and as there was little of interest outside the magnificent botanical gardens, we were glad when it was time to sail.

St. Pierre, the then commercial capital of Martinique, was our next port of call. This is a most beautiful island, and previous to the late terrible visitation, St. Pierre was a flourishing city. Having landed the mails, we steamed away to Roseau, which port was reached at 5:30 p. m. on Tuesday.

Roseau looked very pretty from the sea. The Anglican church, the Catholic cathedral and the Wesleyan chapel, all built on commanding sites, nestling at the base of rugged mountains and surrounded by dense tropical foliage, made us feel that the long, hot trip from Kingston had not been in vain. On landing, however, we received a severe shock. The streets, if such they could be called, were unkempt and paved with large cobblestones, which made walking and riding difficult. This, coupled with the awful stench from the boiling sulphur lake, made us feel uneasy; as, until we knew where this odor came from, we imagined that the drains were neglected. So overpowering are the fumes at certain periods that an American tourist and his guide who ventured too close were suffocated and their bodies recovered only after the greatest difficulty.

At the time of our visit, there were about 20 whites, a great number of creoles and half-creoles, and some 6,000 negroes. The Hon. Hesketh Bell, the then administrator of the island, invited us both to dine with him at government house. The following day we accompanied him to Sylvania, his mountain retreat, where we spent the day inspecting the new road and the Lancashire coffee estate. In the cool of the afternoon we rode back to Roseau and accepted an invitation to a fancy dress ball at government house that same evening.

As my friend had, on a previous visit, purchased an estate on the northern side of the island, he was desirous of paying it a visit, so we determined to go overland. This meant three days in the saddle, through some of the wildest portions of the island. On the first day we had considerable trouble with the carriers, so much so that, instead of arriving at our quarters before dark, we did not reach Roseau until after nine p. m. After leaving Roseau, we passed through some of Rose's lime and lemon estates, where we witnessed the process of converting the fruit into lime juice and concentrates. Our path led us into the interior of the island, where, at an elevation of some 4,000 feet we rested on the banks of the fresh-water lakes. Here it began to rain, and, to add to our discomfort, a thick fog enveloped us, so that we were soon drenched to the skin.

It was five p. m., and several hours' hard riding still lay before us. As we did not wish to spend the night on that bleak mountain top, we agreed to separate, I riding ahead to make arrangements for our accommodation and to send out men with lanterns to meet Bullen and the carriers.

So dark was it that it was with the

greatest difficulty that my horse was able to pick his way down the steep and slippery mountain path. On reaching the plains a light was seen from a charcoal burner's hut in the forest. After much delay, its occupant opened the door in a half-hearted manner, but seeing that the visitor was a white man, he became profuse in his apologies. He pointed out the way to Roseau, saying that it was only one hour's ride. After what seemed an interminable time, another hut was reached. In broken English an old negro replied Roseau was not "too far," only one hour. It was then pitch-dark, and the rain was coming down in torrents. I came to a river with a village on the opposite bank, and as it was impossible to see the ford, I allowed my horse to get me across the best way he could.

So afraid are West Indian negroes of "Obiah men" that it was with reluctance the villagers opened their doors. Upon making inquiries, it was found that Roseau was still two miles distant, so, nothing daunted, I started off once more. As I approached the village, the surf, beating upon the beach, could be distinctly heard. As ill-luck would have it, the village was on the opposite side of a large river now swollen to twice its usual size. My horse was again given its head and after sundry splashing and much floundering, the bank was reached in safety. Seeing a light burning in a nearby house, I made straight for it. It turned out to be the constables'. After roasting out the guard, which consisted of a negro corporal and one solitary private, the situation was made known to them.

The corporal in the meantime had very thoughtfully paid a visit to the village, returning with a number of garments, chief of which was one of his mother's skirts. These I donned, being only too glad to get into dry clothes, even though they did make one appear a freak. After what appeared an hour, Bullen and his men emerged from the forest and were quickly hauled through the muddy waters.

At the time of our visit the village of Roseau consisted of about twenty grass huts and a population of some 100 negroes. Just prior to our leaving Roseau we had taken the precaution to call upon the inspector of police, who was an old Anglo-Indian. He gave us his card and a letter to the corporal at Roseau, to the effect that we were to be given one of the two rooms in the constables' house for the night, and also have exclusive use of the two beds. It was further stipulated that neither the corporal nor his aide were to share the bedroom with ourselves.

At daybreak we groomed and fed our horses, which seemed none the worse for the long and trying journey of the previous day. After a hearty breakfast, we saddled up and rode to Chestervale, where we had lunch under a grove of coconut palms. After a couple of hours' rest and a swim in the sea, we rode the whole of that afternoon until we reached St. Marie.

St. Marie is in the heart of the Carib country, and consisted of three large buildings—the church, the priest's house, and the negro school-master's cottage—surrounded by a number of huts.

As so few Europeans ever visit St. Marie, a deputation of the leading citizens, headed by the negro school-master, who was closely followed by the sexton and the priest's cook, a buxom negress, waited on us. We were invited to inspect the church, which served also as a school. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived, and almost time for the children to be dismissed. As we entered, the children stood at attention and repeated very solemnly these words: "Good mornin', sars." "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen" were then sung, after which the school broke up.

The Shears of Destiny

By CLINTON DANGERFIELD

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Contempt sat scornfully on Weyman's fine features, contempt tinged strongly with cynical amusement, as he watched the jostling throng of women ever thickening towards the center of the store.

Up and down the broad aisles of Blank Bros' first floor stalked a red-headed floor-walker, not without cynical amusement himself, chanting his directions in a loud, insistent voice which penetrated everywhere, challenging attention from enraptured shoppers at the different counters and sending them flying for a place in line at the "Five-Minute Shears Sale."

As the seller held up the first pair of shears the women massed madly towards him. Hats were knocked sideways, giving their owners a decidedly tipsy appearance, toes were trodden on violently and skirts were divorced from vainly clasping belts.

"The dominant human desire," muttered Weyman, "to get something for nothing! No doubt they could duplicate those shears for a dime at ordinary times. By Jove! the avoidu-pols in purple is wading in for a second pair. Confound her! she deliberately knocked Golden Locks out of the way."

Golden Locks, slender, gray-gowned, her nickel upheld in a childishly small hand, made a pitifully inadequate effort to regain her lost advantage. She was not strong enough, and with a gesture absolutely fragile she turned from the crowd. As she faced Weyman he saw, to his utter astonishment, that unconscious tears were rolling down her cheeks.

Then her eyes—violet, long-lashed, despairing—met his. Something in the girl's glance moved Weyman to the very thing he most abhorred in others—unreasoning impulse.

He sprang forward, lifted the girl as though she were a feather, and held her over the heads of the other women just in time to exchange her nickel for the very last pair of shears.

The neighboring clerks, both men and women, the gathered clan of cash-boys, the seller of the shears, and even the proprietor himself, who had just stepped off the elevator, joined in an excited chorus of approval. Nothing so dramatic as this tall, splendidly groomed, steel-strong figure holding the slim form of Golden Locks over the heads of the crowd had met their routine-wearied eyes in many a long day.

"Sir," cried the seller as he pressed the shears into the hands of bejeweled Golden Locks, "None but the brave deserve the fair! May she live to cut our your—er—collars for long and happy years!"

Stirred by the chivalric compliment, the cashboys burst into a cheer.

Vexed and disgusted, Weyman was about to set his burden gently down when suddenly the coveted shears dropped from her gloveless fingers and her head sank on his shoulder. She had fainted.

This caused much greater excitement. Advice, command, and comment filled the air.

Weyman cut the whole thing short by striding out the side entrance and depositing Golden Locks in a closed carriage waiting there for him. He had been on route to the nearest station, where he expected to take the train for his sister's country place.

Now he changed the direction early to—

"Dr. Hapgood's—Fifth Avenue."

For there had been something in the touch of Golden Locks' sunny hair as it brushed his cheek, something in the droop of her slim and helpless figure, which made him totally averse to leaving her to be rescued and gossiped over by the maudlin curiosity of the crowd. Her shining head still rested on Weyman's broad shoulder. But before they had gone half-way to the doctor's she sighed, moaned a little, and sat up, looking confusedly around her.

"I—where are we?" she faltered. "Was I dreaming? I thought we—were at the scissors counter."

"You grew a little giddy," said Weyman gently, "and I am taking you to the doctor's."

"I don't need a doctor," she cried in alarm. "It was just the hot air, the pushing, and being hum— I mean being a little tired, you know."

"Good God!" thought Weyman, "she needed that nickel for food!" He stopped the carriage and changed the route again.

"You will let me out now?" she asked, pushing her hair from her forehead with a pathetically resolute attempt at trying to appear quite herself again. "I don't care to drive farther—and I am so very much obliged. Oh, please, where are my scissors?"

"In my pocket," said Weyman mendaciously, for the precious bargain had been lost. "I will give them to you as soon as we have had lunch."

As she ate and drank a most lovely color came to her cheeks, and light

swam in her eyes like twin stars radiating in reflection from the liquid beauty of companion lakes.

Once she laughed a little, low laugh, and looked at her friend with mischief in her glance, yet behind the mischief a touch of returning sadness. "I am a very dreadful girl," she said. "I am eating and drinking with a total stranger whose name I shall never know."

"My name is Robert Marshall Weyman," interrupted her friend.

She blushed. "Indeed, Mr. Weyman, I didn't mean to ask you for it. I would rather not have known. For when people will never see each other again—"

"Never is too big a word for us little mortals to play with. The Powers That Be defeat us whenever we use it."

"Not when a woman uses it," said Golden Locks calmly. "You have rendered me a great service"—she hesitated and blushed again, this time hotly but adorably as she thought of how she had been snatched up in those strong arms and restored to a chance at the shears—"a great service," she went on. "But I ask for a greater. If you are a gentleman, you will not ask my name, nor try to discover it."



"If You Are a Gentleman, You Will Not Ask My Name."

"Unfortunately, I am not a gentleman," said Weyman cheerfully, pouring out more wine for her before the watchful waiter could reach the bottle. "I am simply a man. And tomorrow I am coming to see you and bring you the scissors myself. I am afraid to trust you with them after this fatigue. You might cut your fingers."

That night an excited and worn-out Golden Locks sobbed forth the whole story to a white-faced, patient older sister, a sister who had once been very fair herself, but who had long since woven into the dresses of more fortunate women her youth, her beauty, and hope itself.

"And he just would know where I lived. He just would drive me home," pursued Golden Locks. "And I couldn't afford to lose those shears after all I went through for them—could I, dearest?"

"Gladys," said the other warningly, "you will pay dearly for your wonderful bargain if you are not careful. Let me receive him, little one, not you."

"Just as you like," said Gladys scornfully. "Why should I care?"

But the plans of the most cautious too often defeat themselves. When Miss Strafford came herself into her

tiny parlor, used generally to receive her customers, a light of instant recognition flashed into Weyman's face.

"Why, it's Miss Julia Strafford!" he exclaimed. "I used to see you often at my uncle's place when I was a youngster."

"I am sorry you have placed me," said Miss Strafford with grim frankness, though shaking hands. "I am a must perceive for yourself," she added as they parted themselves. "But I and mine have dropped out of the race. We live, and we have our pleasures," she added with a proud disregard of truth which Weyman deeply respected, "but we live so busily, as wage-earners, that we have no time—to receive."

"Except in case of other wage-earners," returned Weyman easily. "Ours so, I'm one myself. Made ten dollars on a magazine article this week and expect to get some more for a short story. Only I'm badly mixed as to my heroine's gown—getting my chiffon and buttons in the wrong places, don't you know. And I want you to advise me, you and your sister, whose shears I must return."

He took out a pair about the size of those lost, but of exquisitely fine workmanship.

"These scissors are a grave responsibility," he pursued. "I must return them to the actual owner. That is an unwritten law concerning bargains, you know."

"Oh, you are incorrigible," half sighed, half laughed Miss Strafford.

A year after the girl at the cologne counter was discontentedly watching another mad scramble for "special sales."

"They won't never get no such five-cent bargain as that yellow-haired girl did here last year," she muttered to a "saleslady" near her.

"That's the truth, Mame," sighed the other. "I seen her out driving with him yesterday, and I never seen a man so happy looking. She makes him a pretty wife too."

"Aw—pretty!" retorted the lady of the cologne, turning round to the nearest mirror and giving her pompadour an angry little poke. "It was just the chance she had—not her looks. If I had only known it was Weyman the millionaire and could 'a' got my head on his shoulder—"

"He'd 'a' married you sure, instead of her," said her friend admiringly.

British Pauperism.

The royal commission on poor laws has turned up some very interesting facts. One is that since 1871 there has been a marked decrease in pauperism in England; yet, on the other hand, the decrease is rapidly diminishing, and from 1901-02 to 1905-06 there was a continuous increase in the ratio, and no progress has been made during the last ten years.

Another notable fact is that, although since 1871 there has been a decrease in the number of paupers, there has been a remarkable increase in the cost of maintaining them. The cost per head of maintenance (that is food, clothing, warming, cleaning and lighting) in London rose from \$50 in 1882-83 to \$65 in 1898-9, and to \$70 in the next five years. For the whole country it was a little more than \$35 in 1882-83, about \$55 in 1898-9, and about \$60 in 1903-4.

It is a striking fact that while some of the infirmaries in or near London have cost from \$1,625 to \$1,885 a bed (exclusive of staff), in other places the cost has ranged as low as \$225 a bed. Yet every institution must satisfy the requirements of the local government board.

For Sick Persons.

When beef can be served to a sick person get a small piece of good porterhouse steak and broil it on the range. It will be free from frying grease, and the juices will not be boiled out. Cooked until tender, seasoned with fresh butter, salt and pepper, the dish is one of the most nutritious articles of food that can be given to furnish strength to a person regaining lost health.

College Men Kiss Each Other

Joy and Sympathy Among the Students at Leyden University.

It is interesting to be at Leyden when examinations are going on. Groups of friends gather together in the small court entrance to await the result, and when a student comes down the stairs with a happy face his friends give joyous shouts, fling their arms about him, frankly kiss both sides of his face, and with arms enfolded they march off to celebrate at some cafe the great good fortune of their friend.

If the poor fellow comes stumbling down the stairs, half blinded by his tears, the friends gather about him with expressions of sympathy; embracing him and kissing his wet cheeks, while some wipe his face with their handkerchiefs and even weep with him.

In a few moments this sympathy gives him courage, and then his friends pat him on the back, thump his

shoulders, tell each other that any man would fall in such a difficult examination, and at length walk him off—probably to a cafe—with a look in his face as if there might yet be a chance for him in this hard world.

It is a pleasant sight to watch this entirely sympathetic action, in which there is no shadow of self-consciousness. Even while it looks odd to us Americans to see college men kiss and embrace each other, there is such affectionate sincerity and frankness of sympathy, it impresses us.

Most Men Can Be Tracked.

Most men can be tracked as easily as you track a fox. Original men, even if they go to the universities, have a trick of leaving them without taking a degree. Who taught Robert Browning his marvelous lore? You cannot say. No great poet perhaps ever expressed orthodox opinions.—Augustine Birrell.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

SIGNS PRESIDENT'S NAME



A Washington woman signed the name of Theodore Roosevelt 50,000 times to public documents in the year 1908, and will probably write that of President Taft as often in 1909.

This unique office of autograph substitute, or as it is officially termed "special secretary" to the president, is now held by Mrs. Margaret Wilson Young, a daughter of Ohio and a woman of great personal distinction and charm. Mrs. Young comes of old colonial stock, being a great-granddaughter of Gen. Stokely, one of the officers in Washington's staff during the revolutionary war.

It was this Stokely who equipped at his own expense and personally commanded a regiment of Marylanders.

Previous to her appointment as special secretary, which was made in January, 1908, Mrs. Wilson occupied an important position in the post office department at Washington, where she was supervisor of New England accounts of the fourth class postmasters. She had likewise made a specialty of mathematics, auditing and bookkeeping, but these private requirements have not prevailed against an inherent sense of the spirit. Her delightful taste in form and color is so well recognized that the government has frequently called upon her to select the furnishings of public buildings in different parts of the country, notably at Louisville, Ky.

No attempt is made by Mrs. Wilson to copy the signature of the president in signing his name to public documents, and no resemblance whatever existed between hers and that of the late chief executive, which had, as some joker has said, with a grain of truth, "looked as if it had been written with a big stick."

While the signature writing is an important detail of public business, regarding hand, it is not one requiring much mental work—only a tremendous outline of patience.

The appointment of women to this office dates back to the administration of President Arthur, when, through the influence of the president and other officials, the forty-eighth congress passed a law creating the office for "one female clerk to be designated by the president to sign and forward all a salary of \$1,200." Prior to that time a male clerk had filled this place, at \$1,500 a year, having his business office at the White House.

YOUNGEST BRITISH ALDERMAN



England's youngest alderman in the Hon. Neil Primrose, son of Lord Rosbery. Although but 27 years of age, he enters upon the political career as alderman in the London county council under curious conditions. He has been left \$150,000 by a great-aunt, Miss Lucy Cohen, on the proviso that he goes into politics. He is thus literally following in the footsteps of his father under circumstances which should make success more than assured. With such a sum behind him, and with the backing that he will receive from Lord Rosbery himself, there is no reason why the honorable Neil should not cut a big dash and make his impression on the fortunes of his country, as the political almanac put it.

Younger sons in England fare rather badly as a rule, as the eldest brother inherits most of the property. Lord Rosbery, Neil's senior brother, is the heir of his father's vast landed estates, consisting of nearly 35,000 acres in various parts of England. It was because of his practically disinherited condition that his great-aunt left him the big sum in her will. He has also been left her splendid town mansion in Great Stanhope street, near Park Lane, which will be the rendezvous for his political advisers and the home of his future activities.

The Hon. Neil is a well-known sportsman, and is said never to have missed an important race meeting in England. He is also a good boxer and fencer and enjoys seeing a boxing match and even taking part in one, of course, privately among his friends.

TEACHING SOUTHERN FARMERS



Seaman A. Knapp of Louisiana is the man who is helping the United States department of agriculture to make successful farmers out of the men of the south who have been unsuccessful or indifferent farmers heretofore. He is teaching them through the medium of what is termed the Farmers' Cooperative Demonstration work, how to get the very best results from every acre of the land that has heretofore been called upon to produce only a small part of its possibilities. Mr. Knapp and his corps of assistants are proving to the southern farmer that the acre which has up to this time given him a third of a bale of cotton will, worked according to modern methods, make that crop a bale and a half. And the farmers are profiting by his teachings.

Knapp has some of his own experience to back up his arguments. Some years ago he bought up a big tract of the great swamp belt facing the Gulf of Mexico. He paid four cents an acre for the land. He drained it, planted it to rice, and today the same land is valued at \$200 an acre. And the work of reclamation of the swamp lands is progressing rapidly.

MAKING OHIO A "DRY" STATE



Wayne B. Wheeler is the man back of the remarkable campaign that is transforming Ohio into a "dry" state, county by county. A year or so ago the idea that liquor could be practically driven out of the state by the ballot box would have been laughed at. But today nine-tenths of the state is "dry," and the balance is still debatable ground. Very few of the counties in the state have voted "wet" majorities, and elections have already been held in the majority of counties.

Just what led Wayne B. Wheeler into the anti-saloon fight is not a matter of explicit and satisfactory record. He declares it was the love of his fellowman—saving and excepting only the saloonkeeper and his friends and sympathizers. Others insist that the lure of the main chance beckoned to Mr. Wheeler—that he found the position of state superintendent of the Anti-Saloon league had better financial rewards than almost anything else he could do.

Be all that as it may, however, the fact remains—the cold, dry fact—that under Wayne B. Wheeler's leadership the league of Ohio is carrying on the most remarkable and successful war of extermination against liquor that the world has ever seen heretofore. His connection with the organization began before he was out of college, back in 1893, and has been continuous since. If he were not an anti-saloon leader, he might be a lawyer, so far as qualifications and personal preferment are concerned.



Col. Spencer Crosby, U. S. A., succeeds Col. Brownell as master of ceremonies of the White House. In his new post Col. Crosby will, next to the president himself, be the most conspicuous figure at the White House state receptions. Col. Crosby is a bachelor, is 37 years old, and graduated at the head of his class from West Point in 1897.

PARADISE OF AFRICA

Name of Bagishu People Is Like Southern France.

Agriculture in State of Advanced Development. Though the Natives Are Cannibals and Few of Them Wear Any Clothes.

LONDON. Great Britain has recently lost only a corner of the paradise under the feet of three Malay states, comprising 12,000 square miles of territory, but has also become aware that it possesses a hitherto unknown paradise in Central Africa. There is not a doubt that in the province ruled by the King of Bagishu Great Britain has gained a territory capable of being developed into an extremely valuable possession.

The name of the African paradise is Bagishu, the name of the province is Bagishu, and the name of the people is Bagishu.

Bagishu is a province of the Bagishu people, its name is Bagishu, and its state of culture is Bagishu. It has reached the government of Bagishu, but the civilization has not yet reached the stage of the Bagishu people.

The province is situated in the Bagishu region, its name is Bagishu, and its state of culture is Bagishu. It has reached the government of Bagishu, but the civilization has not yet reached the stage of the Bagishu people.

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POLICEWOMEN IN BAYONNE.

"Guardian Mothers" to Teach Politeness to Children in New Jersey Park During the Summer.

BAYONNE, N. J.—Policewomen are to be a reality here. Having been authorized by the city council, at the suggestion of Mrs. Julia Goldzier, nine policewomen will patrol the park during the summer. The women officers will not bear the name of policewomen, but will be known as "guardian mothers."

MONUMENT TO SIOUX

Courageous Deed of Indian Band to Be Recognized.

Granite Shaft Will Be Erected in South Dakota in Memory of Young Braves Who Risked Their Lives.

ABERDEEN, S. D.—After the lapse of well-nigh half a century the band of young Sioux Indians, known as the "Cool Soldier" band, which in November, 1862, at great personal risk to themselves, rescued, at a spot near the Missouri river in what is now Walworth county, South Dakota, two women and four children, whites, who had been abducted by a roving band of Sioux from their homes at Lake Chetek, Minn., are to be remembered and their heroic behavior commemorated by a suitable monument.

Under the auspices of the South Dakota Pioneer association, a granite shaft will be erected on June 27, a mile from Sutherland, S. D., where the rescue was effected.

The "Cool Soldier" band consisted of 11 young Indian braves, and their act was one of the exceptional deeds of the aborigines in which the whites were befriended at the risk of their own lives, and the enmity of not only their own tribe, but the entire Sioux nation, at that time powerful and warlike.

After conceiving the idea of saving the white captives, the young braves watched with unflinching vigilance in the opportunity time came, when they secured possession of their captives and rushed them to a white settlement where they were returned to their homes.

Walworth county was at that time totally uninhabited by whites, but after the whites settled the country, the members of the band were always welcome guests at any white man's house, and after the Walworth County Old Settlers' association was formed, the survivors of the band were for years of every reunion of the association.

The monument erected to their memory will be a plain granite shaft, standing upon two masonry native boulders and suitably inscribed with the account of the deed which won the Indians immortality. Donnie Robinson of Pierre, S. D., state historian, will deliver the address at the dedication of the monument.

Neglected Opportunity.

Though Swansea, Wales, is in the very heart of the Welsh anthracite coal field, stores suitable for burning it are conspicuous by their absence.

KOREANS SCARED BY AUTO.



When the first automobile appeared in the streets of Seoul, the Korean capital, recently, there was an uproar from which the natives did not recover soon. When the simple Koreans saw the machine, manned by whites, they scattered in all directions. Those who were carrying bundles dropped them and prayed to be delivered from the new demon. Ponies and bullocks belted in all directions and days passed before those who witnessed the entry of the thirty horse-power machine restored to calmness.

'TONIO'S GENERAL

By GEORGE SIEBEL

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The police magistrate of an inland city—a one side a high desk, at the rear a grated door opening into a corridor of cells. Half a dozen policemen and several reporters in various indolent attitudes, too lazy even to fan themselves. Behind the desk a tall man with a military bearing and an empty sleeve. Such is the scene.

Officer Riley marched his prisoner up to the desk—an Italian, swarthy and sullen. In a country where taxes are levied for every window in a house, is it wonder that little sunshine falls on the people's faces?

The tall, military man fingered a letter as he looked sternly down at the prisoner.

"I got 'im, yer honor!" said Officer Riley.

"You fellows are a blame nuisance," said his honor, "and I'm going to make an example of you. You were grinding your organ along Sylvania avenue."

The Italian laid his arm lovingly over the instrument suspended from



"I Play Again—Star Spangle Banner."

his shoulder by straps and sustained by a sort of wooden still.

"I no blame nuisance," he said. "My name Antonio Paulinetti."

"Here's the complaint against you," said the military man, holding up the letter. "You shall hear it."

"Superintendent of Police—Dear Sir: I believe there is an ordinance forbidding music-makers the street, and I should like to know why the police do not enforce the law. For these musicians in succession on Dublin has passed through several streets with an organ, and the music is becoming intolerable. If these people are permitted to continue, why not confine them to the poorer quarters, where the racket will not grate on the ears?"

"That's signed by one of the richest and best men in the town," said the magistrate.

A gloomy sort of defiance darkened the Italian's face. "I no care," he said. "When I make de little children sad, I no care when de big man get mad."

"But we care," said the magistrate. "Fined \$10 and costs, and don't you do it again."

The Italian put his hand to his head in a dazed way. "I no understand," he said. "In Italy American man give me \$10, here make me pay ten." "Gave 'im ten?—that's good, dago," called out a policeman sitting in the window. "Now shell out the same tenner."

"But true—one time in Napoli, Drunken sailor men on street. I play Home, Sweet Home. They cry, cry like little baby. One come up an' give me \$10 gold."

"That was to stop playing," volunteered one of the reporters.

"The man was drunk, sure," suggested a policeman.

"I thought you'd 'a' got the ten from some crowned head maybe. Ever play for kings and queens?"

"I play for de great general in world," and the Italian's face lit up proudly.

"Let's hear about it, dago," cried someone.

The military-looking man was figuring up costs and making an entry in a large book. The Italian began: "I first live in New York, you know. One day I play on corner of big street—play twice, then go on. Then young woman come out, run after me—give me half a dollar. Play again," she say. "Play 'Star Spangle Banner.' Stick man want to hear."

"She point at window upstairs. I

play again—'Star Spangle Banner' and Verdi 'Miserere.' Then go away. Next day I come again."

"You remembered the half dollar, eh?"

"I play 'Star Spangle Banner' and Verdi march from 'Bellario.' Girl come down an' say, 'Come play every day—general verra sick.'"

"Did she give you another half?"

"I come every day to big fine house. I play 'Star Spangle Banner,' 'Bellario,' 'Trovatore.' Next week, maybe two week, girl come down an' tell me, 'General say you come up once.'"

"Me go up. Fine house, nice lounge, curtains, pictures, statuary, many sword. Me go up front room, see general. He sit in big chair, his foot on other big chair, pillows hold him up, blankets round his leg."

"I like you play," he say. "I like hear 'Star Spangle Banner.' Make me think about Appomattox."

"What's that?" demanded the man with the empty sleeve.

"Appomattox! Then general say, 'What do other time?—and, slow, strong time?'"

"Bellario! I say."

"Play him," he say.

"I play him—you know."

The Italian, reached for the crank of his organ, and the strains of that magnificent march, into which Donizetti has put so much of frustrated ambition, of desolate glory, of solemn sorrow and sublime anguish, filled the police court—that march in which Donizetti rises almost to the sublimity of the funeral music in the "Gottfriedsmeyer."

"I tell him about the opera I see in Milano—how old general win all world—many great fight, then king put his eyes out, and he have to beg in street—blind, starve."

"Yes," say general, "poor Bellario, poor Bellario! They do same thing yet—put eyes out, make beg in street."

"I no understand him."

"You play every day," he say—"every day till I dead. I die soon. You play every day 'Bellario' an' 'Star Spangle Banner.' That make me think of Appomattox."

"What's that?" again demanded the tall, military-looking man, who was now listening intently.

"Appomattox! Little while later, maybe two week—I play every day—woman come down again."

"They take general away to-morrow," she say. "You no need come again. He go to country. He send you this no have money." She give me medaglia, golden medaglia, with face of general on."

"Next morning they take him away in carriage. He look thin, hollow in face, his eye deep in. I see him—lots people see him. They call him 'Il gran general.' When carriage go away, I play 'Bellario.' He look out an' look back at me. I cry, an' look at picture on medaglia."

"Afterwards I hear he die. I never forget. I go away from New York, come here to play organ. Il gran general not think organ blame nuisance. Il general Bellario!"

The Italian fumbled a medal suspended from his neck by a string. It was a thin piece of gold about the size of a half dollar. His other hand he plunged into a pocketful of coin, to pay his fine.

"Let's see the medal," the empty-sleeved man said.

The Italian handed it to him.

The old soldier saw on the token the lineaments of a face he had known well. He had watched that face at Donelson, at Shiloh, in the Wilderness, at Appomattox, in weary days before Richmond. He handed back the medal with tears in his eyes.

"Never mind," he cried as the Italian began counting out dimes upon the desk. "Never mind—fine in remitted, I'll settle the costs. You go back and play in Sylvania avenue."

"Riley," said the empty-sleeved man, "if Von Highton kicks any more, you tell him this man has special permission to play wherever he pleases."

Officer Riley saluted in a sort of puzzled way.

"By whose order, shall I tell him?"

The man with the empty sleeve stood very erect. There was a tremor in his voice and a tear in his eye as he carried his hand to his cap.

"Tell him—tell him it is by order of Gen. Grant!"

Hardly Deserves to Recover.

A young servant of Cremeaux, near St. Etienne, France, made a foolish bet that he would drink a glass of wine and then swallow the glass as well. He broke the glass into small pieces, and swallowed the greater part of the fragments. He is now lying in the hospital, and is not expected to recover.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. Mary Slade and Ben Smith were married yesterday by Judge Cunningham.

A national bank, with \$25,000 capital, is one of the new institutions soon to open at Knowles, this county.

Arthur Jones, assistant cashier of the Citizens National Bank of Portals was a visitor in town Wednesday.

Bob McCully came in from Draper Ranch this morning, having been absent two months while in charge of the gasoline engines and other machinery of that big ranch.

Captain Michener has purchased the City Stables from Billy O'Neil who bought the property from Yancy Kemp last week. The captain will conduct the stable in the future.

P. H. Miley who has been here for several years in the American barber shop is very low with typhoid and lung trouble. His people have been wired and are expected to-night.

Robt. J. Williams, of Hooker, Okla., was in town Monday and while here leased the building owned by Mrs. Erwin and formerly occupied by the Keebler-Page-Dimmitt Co.

Sam Smith shipped eleven cars of cows to Pan Handle City last Monday, going through without the loss of a cow. They were turned into the best of grass and are doing well now.

Quite a number of the cows shipped out last week by S. T. Bitting, died en-route. The exact number lost out of the 1,000 shipped was not learned, but it is said a snow struck the shipment at Amarillo, where eighty died.

A boulevard is being talked of from town to the fine lake five miles north and known in the government maps as Lake Avalon. This boulevard will be lined with trees from town to the lake and will be a thing of beauty and a joy forever, if the main agitator Capt. E. P. Bujac has his way and he generally does.

Rev. McRee and wife of Chattanooga, Tenn., arrived last Friday having accepted a call as stated supply, for six months with the Presbyterian church of Carlsbad. Rev. McRee is an exceptionally well posted man and delivers an interesting discourse. The people of Carlsbad welcome this worthy addition to the town and wish them every success.

The cantata and recital given by the musical pupils of Miss Wilson, assisted by several of the admiring friends of the little ones, last night, at the Opera House, was a pronounced success, each number receiving very emphatic applause. It is a marvel to many how fast the little ones learn the piano under Miss Wilson, the improvement being distinctly marked between each of these recitals, which are given to show the parents and all interested in music how fast the pupils become entertaining on the instrument. By special request the entertainment will be repeated tonight.

The auto road to Carlsbad Springs is about completed and runs straight from the northwest corner of town to the Springs. The road has been grubbed and leveled as much as possible until rain falls so as to make grading possible. J. D. Walker has had the project of improving the road in charge which is a guarantee of a first class piece of work. He has also had a force of men at work cleaning out the springs and blasting in the rock and has increased the flow of water about double of what it was before. A launch will run from town to the Springs and autos will convey pleasure parties to and from also. It is projected to make the Springs a resort second to none in the territory.

Some Fires!

Monday night at 11 o'clock, a house four miles southeast, owned by Hunter of the Palace hotel, was destroyed by fire. The house was situated on the place first owned by Fred Nymeyer and by him sold to T. J. Welch who built the house and improved the place and sold to G. M. Holloway who sold the place to Hunter. The house was a very convenient and comfortable farm house and cost about \$800., and was insured for \$500.00. The fire was first noticed by W. E. Natt who resides at the Tracy orchard place just west, who noticed a strong light coming in his east window and on looking out beheld the house enveloped in flames. The parties, a family of negroes who had been living in the house, had left the day previous but had not taken all their belongings, such as bedding etc., and the house also contained a cook stove and cooking utensils. It is supposed that some wandering tramp went into the house during the day, Monday, and cooked a meal, leaving fire with the front of the stove open which probably threw a spark out into some trash on the floor.

The fire alarm was turned in Sunday morning about 15 minutes to eleven. Mr. Kircher's gasoline stove upset and the house was in danger of being burnt up until one of Mr. Kircher's daughters ran across the street and told Mr. Bogolin and he sent one of his boys up to notify some one while he went over to try and put out the fire, he grabbed the first thing he came to which was some bed clothes and he used them in putting it out and by the time the fire department reached the scene, Mr. Bogolin had the fire out. The only signs left by the fire were the burnt places on the mattress and quilts and a little place on the wall.

The fire alarm was also turned in Friday night at ten minutes to one. The back of the old Dannelley livery barn was on fire, there being a fireman's dance that night most of the firemen were awake and the fire had little headway when it was put out. The losses were very small.

School Notes.

The high school base ball team was defeated Sunday by the town team by the close score of 9 to 10.

The players on the high school team were, Ezell, first base; Johns, pitcher; Higgenbotham, second base; Stewart, catcher; Rives, center field; Womack, short stop; Rule, right field; Brainard, third base; Collins, those making the runs on the high school side were, Higgenbotham in the fourth, Johns and Brainard in the fifth Ezell, Johns Higgenbotham, Stewart, Rives and Womack in the seventh. Most of the errors were made at short stop and third base. Our pitcher pitched a good game. The players on the town team were: Rarey pitcher, Bird short stop, Hoose third base, Lucas first base, Hewitt second base, Rodriger, left field, Jesus, right field, Cookie catcher, those making the runs on the town team were: Bird and Hoose in the first, Rarey, Bird, Hoose, and Lucas in the third, Lucas in the fifth, Hoose, Lucas, Hewitt, in the ninth. The game was a very interesting one all the way through.

The Pecos Ball team is expected here on Thursday evening and they will play Friday evening.

The grammar school had a game with the high school Monday evening for practice, the

high school were victorious. The Anti chalk and pencil society of the grammar school are doing good work now. C.R.

Married

Dr. Irwin, the dentist and Mrs. O. P. Newton were quietly married in the parlor of the bride's beautiful home in Carlsbad last Sunday morning. Rev. Joel F. Hedgpeth of the M. E. Church of Carlsbad officiating, in the presence of a few intimate friends. Mrs. Newton was the widow of "Sunny George" Newton, one of the most remarkable men ever in Carlsbad and a very enterprising citizen who died some three years ago. Dr. Irwin also lost his helpmeet here about a year ago and this marriage is the outcome of an acquaintance that began in mutual sympathy and ended in the "old, old story, so old and yet so new." Their many friends are sincere in wishing them happiness and prosperity.

The W. O. W. contest for new members closes tonight. Up to date as far as can be learned the contest stands as follows: Eddy Grove Camp, Carlsbad, 55 new members; Malaga, a new camp, 27; Artesia Camp 25; Dayton camp No. 29, 5; Lakewood Camp, 5; Hope Camp, 27. In the contest for the gold watch, G. P. Jackson, of Malaga, has 28, and Tom Beckett, of Hope, 27. The prizes are all here and will be awarded tonight. The delegates are arriving and preparations are being made for a parade at 4 p. m., today. The doings at the hall tonight will be quite interesting. Judge Grantham, who was given the obligation today, will make the opening address tonight. The speakers from abroad could not get here but will make a tour of the territory this fall, when they will stop at Carlsbad for a day the exact date of which will be announced later.

Knowles, a new camp, has 62

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Excursions

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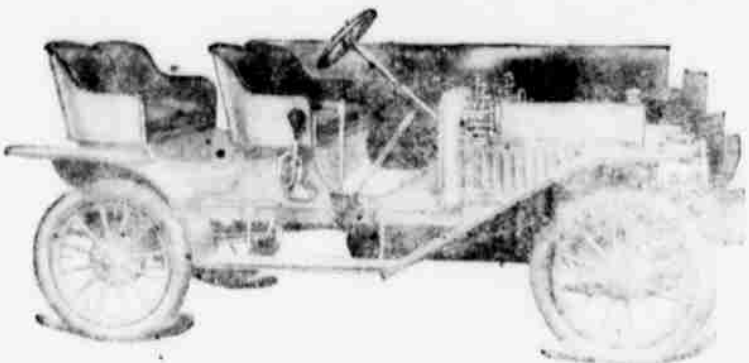
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