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Carlsbad Current and New Mexico Sun, 09-04-1908

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The Carlsbad Current

AND NEW MEXICO SUN

SIXTEENTH YEAR

CARLSBAD NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY SEPT. 4, 1908.

NUMBER 42

WOODMEN WAKE UP

Have a General Jollification—
Surprise of the Circle Return-
ed With Interest.

SOMEONE STOLE THE GOODIES

And it all Winds up With a big
Hay ride and Lawn
Party.

Eddy Grove Camp, Woodmen of the World has been having some lively times socially of late, the occasions being the visit of the Woodmen Circle ladies to the Woodmen last week and a return visit by the Woodmen this week Monday night. The presence of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Cowden who are here from their big Texas ranch on a visit to Mrs. Cowden's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leek, aided very much to the affairs of the Woodmen, for Mrs. Cowden was always very prominent in the Circle, while Mr. Cowden held the Consul Commander's chair and afterwards the Past Consul Commander's office and made a very exceptional officer in both places. After the surprise of the Woodmen camp by the ladies of the Circle a number of the Woodmen put their heads together and decided to even matters by some means. A plan was finally devised at a meeting held last Friday night and a committee appointed consisting of Tom Cowden, R. Ohnemus, and C. O. Merrifield to arrange to "get even" with the Circle. It was learned from husbands who "leaked" that the Circle was to have a quite lunch and ladies party at their regular Monday evening meeting. After the meeting they missed their lunch baskets and sent for the Woodmen to help find them, but the Woodmen not being able to do so volunteered to take the whole Circle on a hay ride and secured a number of floats and the Fireman's Corrent band with a large number of torches. After the ride, which lasted an hour and took in the whole town the party finally unloaded at the court house lawn where the Woodmen had provided a big spread consisting of everything imaginable, and last of all the ladies perceived a very familiar taste to the lunch and someone claimed to have found it in the possession of the Woodmen. All enjoyed the time immensely and the purloiners of the lunch were forgiven, it having been added to so much and it was impossible to dispose of all. There were canteloupes, watermelon, sandwiches and all kinds of cakes, with all the accessories and a big tub of ice water. About a hundred people were in attendance and before the lawn party closed it commenced to sprinkle rain and the band led the way to the hall where the balance of the evening's social was continued until after 11 p. m.

The Use of Water

By V. L. Sullivan

To the Editor:

I wish to thank you for your

past assistance in the educational work on irrigation farming by printing the various articles submitted in competition for the trophy cup offered by me some time ago for the best article on improved methods in farming by irrigation. Now that the time is past for the competition, I wish to summarize, in a few words, the results of the work and to emphasize a few of the suggestions found in the different articles.

The territorial engineer will be glad to receive in the future any data secured by irrigation farmers from any experiments they may have carried on individually and which they believe will be of benefit to their fellow irrigator. Such data when received by this office will be sent as heretofore to the various papers in order that same may secure universal distribution.

All the articles received in this competition are now being printed in pamphlet form and the territorial engineer will be glad to furnish a copy of same free to anyone upon request, as long as the supply lasts. This booklet will be embellished with illustrating cuts and will be of great value to the New Mexico farmer.

Realizing that there has been but little done to assist the farmer in getting better results from his irrigated farm the territorial engineer offered a trophy for the best article on better methods in irrigation farming, with no intention of criticism of previous methods, but purely to develop and educate the public on these matters. The results are so gratifying that the territorial engineer has decided to print the articles in pamphlet form.

New Mexico is favored with the best climate in the world, and is abundantly supplied with the most fertile soil. It is therefore, our desire to irrigate as much land as possible. It is conceded that good crops can be raised on 15 to 18 inches of rainfall. Why then do we use more irrigation water, supplied at advantageous periods of the season and in addition to the rainfall in order to get desired results? Because of the lack of knowledge of how and when to irrigate and how to take care of the soil and crops.

We all know that for some reason the soil will dry out and if we can find out nature's way of doing this, maybe we can devise some means of preventing it. Presuming that nearly all the readers of this article have some time in their lives noticed that when a thick blanket is spread out over the ground, that the under side becomes damp in a few days. By a study of natural conditions, we find that there are little minute verticle capillary tubes formed in the soil to allow the escape of moisture, and it is a wise provision in nature, for if it were not for these small tubes, all of our deep close soil would become water-logged or soaked. Admitting that we have found out why our soil dries out so quickly, let us see if we can prevent it.

We might cover our soil over with blankets to keep the moisture from escaping into the air. Of course such a method is not practical on account of expense and it also excludes the air and is mentioned only to emphasize practical methods, which nearly all of the writers in these articles have mentioned, that of cultivation. What does cultivation do? It aerates the soil, a condition as necessary as moisture. It disarranges or breaks up the tubes and when the moisture comes up through these tubes from the soil below, it strikes this disarrangement above and is stopped there until it can

by means of tile conduits, a most ideal way; while yet another gives experience in irrigating through furrows slowly (a method anyone can apply) and by so doing gets the moisture down deep in the soil and immediately stops the moisture from escaping back into the air through capillary tubes, by means of this thorough cultivation.

In my report to the governor a year ago, I copied some experiments made by the U. S. Agricultural Department on evaporation from soils in which the tests showed an evaporation in 14 days of 23 per cent (of water).

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1908

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work out a new route to the surface. The time required for new tubes to form depends on natural conditions, of the soil, and the thoroughness previous of the cultivation.

Through the experience of the writer in the distribution of water under large irrigation systems, he has heard many complaints by the water user, that his crop was dying for the want of water and water only, and the complaints were made in all sincerity of heart. The writer is therefore justified in saying that more crop failures have been through the lack of knowledge of how to care for the crop than because of a lack of water.

Too much water is as detrimental as an insufficient amount and air is as necessary to the growth of plants as is moisture. We must not be too hasty in presuming that our crops are suffering from lack of water when it may be for the lack of cultivation, or the need of air, nitrogen or humus.

In order to reach ideal irrigation, only enough water should be applied to the soil as is required for the growth of crops, which experience has shown to be a very small amount. Some of our writers have suggested different methods of the accomplishments of the above results, all of which are good. One writer calls attention to alignment, grade and condition of ditches and points out the loss of water before it reaches the land to be irrigated; another suggests irrigation under ground

applied on bare soil; 6.6 per cent where covered with 4 inches of mulch; 3 per cent where cultivation or soil mulch was 8 inches deep and only 1 per cent where the soil mulch was 10 inches deep. It is therefore not a theory but a demonstrated fact that by proper care, moisture can be conserved in the soil.

Again, over irrigation destroys the farmers own land and also eventually his neighbors lands below, resulting in the raising of the water table to the surface of the soil and on the lower land above the surface thus allowing the sun to evaporate the pure water, leaving the impurities or alkali and even when once drained out, you either have alkali land or the over irrigation has puddled your soil, so that it is not susceptible to irrigation, cultivation and growth of crops. Then remedies have to be resorted to in order to loosen up the soil and supply it with humus and nitrogen. We are therefore not only ruining our own and neighbors land, but are utilizing water that ought to be applied to other lands.

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business. It pleases
everybody, give it
a chance to
please.



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KNOBLAUCH LAND COMPANY.

The Carlsbad Current and New Mexico Sun.

Carlsbad, N. M., Friday, Sept. 4, 1908.

Carlsbad Current established November 12, 1900. New Mexico Sun established May 12, 1906. The two papers were consolidated August 15, 1907.

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

The Official Paper of Eddy County.

Published twice a week, and delivered to subscribers by mail or by carrier. N. M. Post Office No. 100.

For President
WILLIAM J. BRYAN

For Vice President
JOHN W. KERN, of Indiana

For Delegate to Congress
O. A. LARRAZOLO.

Democratic County Ticket.

FOR SHERIFF

M. C. STEWART.

FOR PROBATE CLERK

A. R. O'QUINN.

FOR TREASURER

W. H. MERCHANT.

FOR ASSESSOR

JOHN W. PRICE.

FOR PROBATE JUDGE

C. W. LARREMORE.

FOR COUNTY SCHOOLS

A. A. KAISER.

FOR SUPERVISOR

JOE M. CUNNINGHAM

For Commissioner District No. 2

JOE H. GRAHAM.

For Commissioner District No. 3

C. W. BEEMAN.

The Santa Fe Eagle in writing up the doings of the republican convention has the following to say: "When Chaves county was called, L. O. Follen, formerly editor of the Carlsbad Argus but now a resident of Roswell, secured the nomination of Mr. Andrews. Mr. Follen was quite enthusiastic and was very certain that a large percentage of the long horned Texans of south eastern New Mexico would crowd their way to the polls and vote for Andrews, at the request of the republicans. He asserted that the best democrats in Chaves county would vote for Andrews. The Great Emancipator, Jeremiah, is it possible that Follen, our most worthy, district attorney and distinguished politician, cannot see the handwriting on the wall? The idea of his thinking that he or any other republican can vote the best democrats in Chaves county for such a thing as Andrews is indeed absurd, and speaking it as he did is an insult to the best citizens of his own town. Just wait until old Chaves rolls up that nice democratic majority, as she has been doing in the past. The Argus never converted Eddy County.

TOM CATRON, a leading republican of Mora county, stated during the recent republican convention which nominated Andrews for re-election many things which should make the voter sit up and think. Among the things said were: "If Andrews has not fear (referring to the contest which the democrats have made of his election two years ago) then why under heaven did he not bring it up for hearing? If he was illegally elected it is not the part of an honest man to continue in office." Mr. Catron further argued that the nomination of Andrews meant a sweeping victory for Larrazolo, and that a democratic victory now meant democratic control of New Mexico, when it becomes a state.

All who are acquainted with Wiley Hill in and around Eddy county will be surprised to read the accounts concerning him from the Los Angeles papers. Wiley is not considered as a dangerous man hereabouts, neither is he considered as expert a roper or rider as many others. Abe Wilson can give Wiley points on roping and as for riding, there are many others who can ride as good as Wiley. Then that bad man story. There are hundreds of toughs in Los Angeles who are to be feared far more than Wiley Hill. Whether he told the reporter the story about how he was in a hot political fight for sheriff of Eddy county against Bill Lucas is somewhat doubtful, for such pipe dreams as that would seem too absurd for even Wild Pony to tell. The fact that Hill is in the hands of the law for alleged horse theft and abduction and rape has been taken as an excuse to write some very foolish stories for the Los Angeles papers and shows how little dependence can be placed in statements made by yellow journals of the Hearst type. The object is to get the stuff read and not to give the facts.

Of course we must acknowledge that Delegate Andrews has some influence at Washington. He succeeded in preventing a report on the Larrazolo contest until after the term of office in controversy should expire and another election take place. But it is men of such influence as this that have deprived New Mexico of statehood for years. If Andrews had honestly believed himself elected he would have insisted on a prompt and full hearing of the contest. - Roswell Record.

The following from the Albuquerque Journal finally sets at rest the position of that paper as regards the delegateship and it would seem that it is to be a dignified silence, undoubtedly believing that all that is necessary is to keep still and the people will attend to the "Bull." Here it is:

A Plain Statement.

That there may be no misapprehension on the part of our readers with regard to the course of the Morning Journal in the present campaign, we deem it our duty to give the public a plain statement of the facts in the case.

It is unnecessary for us to say that we opposed the nomination of Mr. Andrews as vigorously as we could, for several reasons which we regarded as satisfactory. It is not necessary to repeat here what those reasons were. The most of the people of the territory know them and those who do not can inform themselves by consulting the files of the Morning Journal - and they can be assured, at the same time, that there is nothing therein set forth pertaining to the matter that we have any desire to retract.

We endeavored to the best of our ability to impress upon the convention two facts: First, that it was highly important to the cause of statehood that a republican delegate should be elected this fall, and second, that the nomination of Mr. Andrews meant the election of a democratic delegate. But the convention saw proper to nominate Mr. Andrews or to put it in terms literally correct, the machine forced his nomination. And now let the machine elect him.

Hoppity Hop.

Are you just barely getting around by the aid of crutches or a cane? Unless you have lost a limb or have a deformity - if your trouble is rheumatism, lumbago, sprain, stiff joints, or anything of like nature use Ballard's Snow Liniment and in no time you can throw away your crutches and be as well as anyone. Price 25c. per bottle and \$1.00. Sold by Eddy Drug Co.

Knowles Items.

The country is in her best dress, owing to the frequent rains of the past month and sure looks good to the "new comers."

Corn and feed stuffs are looking fine, but cotton, as yet, is poor.

Stock is in good condition and grass is good enough for hay almost everywhere.

Ed Klebold has purchased the hotel property. He will enlarge the building and open up a first class hotel about the 1st of September. He will also run a wagon yard and feed stable.

Ed Stephens has moved into a new home a mile north of town.

Mrs. M. A. Curtis and Mr. Carl Aber, of Midland, Texas, are visiting relatives in town.

The Missionary Baptists have closed a very interesting series of meetings. Bro. Berryman the regular minister was ably assisted by the Rev. Frank Dillard and wife and Carl Reeves. The evangelists are students at Simmons College at Abilene, Texas, and are promising young preachers. Nothing is heard for them but words of praise. The community will look forward to their return next summer.

D. H. Coleman has had a good peach crop which has been a treat to himself and friends.

A pavilion has been erected in town for public gatherings during the summer.

The railroad re-viewers have been through the country, so we will have a road connecting us with the outside world. "right away quick."

A committee was appointed and has selected a new site for a cemetery.

The picnic for the 20th of August, was postponed, but a few families gathered and spread dinner in the pavilion. The young people enjoyed a dance at night.

New people are filing on land every day, and before many moon's every 160 will be fenced.

Madames Ellis and Aycock, and Miss Bonham, the teachers selected for next term are attending the Normal at Lakewood.

Johnson Graham, of Crockett county, is visiting home folks.

On the 21st, the two home nines crossed bats, the elder nine winning by 3 runs. On the same day John Townsend matched a race with Will White for a 300 yard dash. John won by 50 yards.

A gala picnic and barbecue is announced for the 3rd and 4th of September. There will be the usual features on the programme.

Mr. H. P. Black and family are visiting in Stonewell county, Texas.

R. Teague has sold his improvements south of town to A. A. Austin, brother-in-law of Mr. Toole.

Several families are preparing to go back east to pick cotton.

Mrs. S. Heard, mother of Jack Heard has been visiting his family. She has returned to her home accompanied by Mrs. Jack.

Now comes the news that the town must get up and hike it to the quarters south of here. Moving of the stores will commence at an early date. A new town plat is being laid, but it will still be Knowles.

Notice of Delinquent Sale.

Notice is hereby given that Whereas, on the 21st day of October, 1907, the Board of Directors of Poona Water Users Association, in pursuance of the power vested in them by the articles of incorporation of said Association, and the by-laws, ordered a levy of an assessment against the shareholders of said Association, and declared the same to be a lien on the lands in which the shares of the capital stock of the Association of the said shareholders are adjacent, and also ordered the levy of an assessment against the owners of each acre of land held in trust by the Association, and declared the same to be a lien on such land held in trust of twelve cents per acre, one-half of which assessment against the shareholders and the owners of land held in trust to be payable on the first Monday in December, 1907, and the other half on the first Monday in June, 1908, and Whereas, the shareholders and owners of land held in trust mentioned in the list below printed have failed and neglected to pay the amounts so levied against them respectively, and Whereas, it appears that all proper things prescribed by said Articles of Incorporation and the by-laws of said Association for the making, ordering and receiving of said assessments to fix the lien thereon, on the land to which said shares are adjacent and on the land held in trust by the Association, have been done.

Now, therefore, by virtue of the powers and of the powers conferred on me by the by-laws of said Association, I will offer for sale at public auction, in the best bidder for the lowest price thereof, for a sum sufficient to pay said assessment and the cost of the advertisement and of said sales, the lands in said list described, owned by said persons whose names appear in the list against them respectively. Said list is as follows:

NAME OF DELINQUENT	DESCRIPTION	Amount Assessed	Cash	TOTAL
Arthur C. E.	Lot 1, 1/2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 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DEER & FARMING

ITS ECONOMIC POSSIBILITIES IN THE UNITED STATES.



HERD OF DOMESTICATED VIRGINIA DEER

vanian; southward it reached the southern Alleghenies, northern Texas, southern New Mexico and Arizona; and westward the Pacific ocean.

With few exceptions the early attempts to domesticate the elk were made by men who were wealthy enough to disregard all thought of profit in raising them. They were usually placed under the care of servants, and the bucks were left uncastrated until they became old and unmanageable. Soon the serious problem of controlling them outweighed the novelty of their possession, and one by one the attempts at domestication were abandoned.

A desire to preserve this important game animal has caused a renewal of attempts to breed it in confinement, and at present there are small herds under private ownership in many places in the United States. The biological survey has recently obtained much information from owners of herds in regard to their experience in breeding and rearing the animals, and also their opinions as to the possibility of making the business of raising them profitable. Of about a dozen successful breeders, nearly all are of the opinion that raising elk for market can be made remunerative if present laws as to the sale of the meat are modified.

One especially important fact has been developed by the reports from breeders. It is that the elk readily adapts itself to almost any environment. Even within the narrow confines of the paddocks of the ordinary zoological park the animal does well and increases so that periodically the herds have been reduced by sales.

The fullest reports that have been received by the department of agriculture from breeders of elk are from George W. Russ of Eureka Springs, Ark., through H. N. Vinall of the bureau of plant industry.

Mr. Russ has a herd of 34 elk. They have ample range in the Ozarks on rough land covered with hardwood forest and abundant underbrush. The animals improve the forest by clearing out part of the thickets. They feed on buds and leaves to a height of eight feet, and any growth under this is liable to be eliminated if the range is restricted. If not closely confined, elk do not eat the bark from trees nor do they eat evergreens. In clearing out underbrush from thickets they are more useful than goats, since they browse higher. Goats, however, eat closer to the ground, and as the two animals get along well together, Mr. Russ recommends the use of both for clearing up brushy land and fitting it for tame grasses.

The increase of elk under domestication is equal to that of cattle. Fully 90 per cent. of the females produce healthy young. An adult male elk weighs from 700 to 1,000 pounds; a female from 600 to 800 pounds. The percentage of dressed meat is greater than with cattle, but owing to hostile game laws, experience in marketing it is very limited. An offer of 40 cents a pound for dressed meat was received from St. Louis, but the law would not permit its export. Mr. Russ says:

"From the fact that as high as \$1.50 per pound has been paid for this meat in New York city and Canada, and that the best hotels and restaurants pronounce it the finest of all the meats of mammals, we are of the opinion that if laws were such that domesticated elk meat could be furnished it would be many years before the supply would make the price reasonable compared with other meats. Elk meat can be produced in many sections of this country at less cost per pound than beef, mutton or pork."

SUPERIOR TO BLOWS OF FATE

MISFORTUNE'S SHAPES TURNED
ASIDE BY GENTLENESS AND
COURAGE.

JOHN BARRETT A REAL HERO

Sixty-Five Years Old and Reduced to
a Condition of Absolute Poverty,
He Refuses to Utter a Word
of Complaint.

Washington—Beside John Barrett, Job was an irritable and complaining person.

Frowned on by fortune, but bowed closely by misfortune all his life, as few men have been tried, John Barrett never has wavered, and although he has been followed by a fate relentless and inexorable since the time he slept in a little wooden cradle in an old Connecticut farm house 65 years ago the star of hope shines as brightly for him today as it did when he was a youth of 20.

"What's the use of complaining?" he says, and the simple philosophy expresses a depth of patience and infinite fortitude.

Although driven to a condition where he offered to sell his body for \$50, when he saw dire want staring him in the face, John Barrett uttered no complaint. He simply accepts things as they are. He gets along as best he can, and when the worst comes to worst, he just bows his venerable head and says: "It might be worse—there's no use of complaining." On his mild and gentle face there is a smile of resignation. He may not have had a bountiful breakfast, but you never would suspect it. The gentle smile is always present.

He is too ill to work now, but with that well-spring of hope that is within him ever bubbling, he feels that soon the tide will change, that he may be able to start some little business, or that when congress convenes next December some of the Connecticut congressmen may aid him to secure a position.

A week ago he walked into the Georgetown University hospital and proposed that the hospital buy his



A Policeman Arrested the Supposedly
Insane Man.

body, possession to be had when he died. The dean gazed at the old man in surprise. He sent for a policeman, thinking that the gray-haired man was contemplating self-destruction.

John Barrett needed a few dollars to tide him over, and he took that means of securing it. Unostentatiously, he accompanied the policeman to the station house, where he soon convinced the captain that suicide was far, far from his mind.

"If I wanted to do that," he said, "a car ticket would be all that was necessary. It would take me to the water, and the passage would be a smooth one."

He does not think his proposition was an absurd one. He points out that many times college hospitals pay \$20 for bodies on which to experiment, and the money would be more useful before he died than afterward.

"It doesn't make much difference what happens to our bodies after death," he says in his quiet way. "It seems to me that if my body would be of any assistance to medical science it would be far better than if it were buried."

John Barrett's affliction began when he was eight years old. His mother died.

"It is strange that I should outlive all the doctors and nurses and relatives that gave me up for dead time after time," he says. "The physicians said I possessed the greatest patience they ever saw. But what is the use of complaining? It won't help."

Yes, indeed. Job, beside John Barrett, you were a chronic kicker.

APPEALS TO POLICE FROM ARDENT LOVER

ELDERLY MAN'S METHODS OF
WOING YOUNG GIRL ALTO-
GETHER TOO STRENUOUS.

Memphis, Tenn.—Efforts to put a stop to the attentions of an infatuated old man having been unsuccessful, Miss Alice Evans, 18 years old, has appealed to the police.

Her annoyance toward the novel-born name of Claude Everington. His love-making is violent, he on one occasion having thrown her down a flight of stairs. She dares not venture forth on the street for fear of another attack.

It was agreed that Miss Evans should tell her annoyance if he should call her up on the phone, to call again.



When She Refused to Accompany Him
He Threw Her Down Stairs.

He was apparently keeping tabs with police efforts to catch him, and the trap failed to work.

Miss Evans is from Dumas, Ark., and for the last few years she has been teaching in the public schools of that state.

The man known as Everington first came into her life about three years ago. He was a friend of her only brother. They had worked together in Texas, and when they came to Arkansas Everington went with his friend to spend a few days.

At the Evans home he met Miss Alice, in the first bloom of young womanhood. Her charms took him by storm. Miss Evans says she never encouraged his attentions, but he persisted in forcing them upon her.

When Everington left he endeavored to renew his courtship by correspondence. Boxes of candy found their way to Miss Evans. Tender missives also were frequent. To the letters Miss Evans sent no reply. Receipt of some of the candy was acknowledged by postal.

Recently Miss Evans came to Memphis and entered a business college. She thought she had lost track of her persistent wooer.

Everington followed her here and saw her on the street Wednesday. He called her up over the phone. "I am Claude," he said to Prof. Kirkpatrick, who answered the call.

Miss Evans flatly told Everington she did not wish to see him.

His answer to the refusal was to call in person at the business college. Miss Evans left the main room and asked Prof. Kirkpatrick for protection. He pretended to give her some dictation in an anteroom. Everington waited around the building, dodging from one door to another.

While Prof. Kirkpatrick was hearing a class, Miss Evans started out of the building, thinking Everington had left. He caught her at the door, and when she refused to allow him to accompany her he threw her down the stairs.—New York World.

Broken Heart Led to Suicide.

New York.—Broken hearted because the Children's society had taken from her the infant she could not nurse and was too poor to feed, Mrs. Mario Sicaria, only 16 years old, killed herself in the miserable room she and her husband, a laborer, occupied in Long Island City.

The child-wife was so desperately tired of life without her infant that she tried suicide in three different ways before she succeeded in ending her existence. First she soaked a bundle of sulphur matches in a glass of water and then drank the mixture. Next she swallowed a bottle of cheap stuff used in cleaning clothing. Finding these of no avail, the woman shot herself in the breast with her husband's revolver, ran down the front steps and died there.

Fresh Reporter.

"Yes," said Stormington Barns, "I love the stage. I am bound to it by many ties, as it were."

"Railroad ties?" queried the fresh reporter.—Chicago Daily News.

HONORED BY QUEEN

AMERICAN GIRL FINDS FRIEND IN
CARMEN SYLVA.

Miss Margel Gluck, whose Violin Playing Brought Her to the
Notice of the Royal Family
of Roumania.

London.—An American girl, Margel Gluck, has been receiving high honors in Bucharest at the court of Queen "Carmen Sylva." Although good fortune gave her the same name as the German composer, Miss Gluck was born in New York state, and is the daughter of James Fraser Gluck, at one time attorney for the New York Central railway, and donor of the famous collection of manuscripts at the Buffalo public library. She is the granddaughter of Charles Melton Tyler, emeritus professor of Cornell university.

It is about six years since W. Grant Egbert, principal of the Conservatory of Music at Ithaca, N. Y., discovered among his girl violin students one who seemed to be making unusual progress. This was Margel Gluck. Prof. Egbert recommended her to try for the conservatoire violin scholarship. She did so and won it. Afterward he advised her to go to Seveik, the famous Bohemian violin teacher at Prague. The Seveik school at Prague was inundated with applications for admission, and violinists even at the better ranks were turned away by dozens. Miss Gluck's application failed to bring her even a response.

Disappointed but not discouraged, Miss Gluck and her mother left for Europe, going first to Berlin early in the spring of 1903. Meanwhile Prof. Egbert himself went to Prague to take some lessons from Seveik, and through his intervention the long looked for appointment came. Seveik heard her



MISS MARGEL GLUCK

play, accepted her as a pupil, and she became one of the first violinists in his orchestra.

After completing her studies with Seveik last spring Miss Gluck went east. Instead of coming west, as is usual with new-fledged musicians, to the beautiful city of Carmen Sylva, Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, a reception at which she was guest of honor was arranged by the American minister and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Knowles, and here it was before some of the best amateur musicians in Europe that the American girl made her debut.

Shortly after this reception Mr. Knowles received an intimation that Miss Gluck would be received at the palace of Cotroceni, which was designed largely by Crown Princess Marie, from whom the command came. Many audiences given by monarchs to royalty to make artists are of a private or semi-private nature, but the young American girl was formally presented at the court of the crown princess first and then was invited to play for the princess and the distinguished assembly present.

Early in the morning on which she was leaving Bucharest Miss Gluck and her mother were surprised by a call from M. Hal Oros, the queen's secretary, and himself an amateur musician of no little reputation. He was the bearer of a private message from the queen expressing her regret that serious illness had prevented her from hearing Miss Gluck play before she left Roumania. With the verbal message was a photograph and a note written by the queen, although when she wrote it she was too ill to sit up, it read:

"With my deepest regret not to be able to hear you, being ill in bed, I hoped to be well sooner, but I find the illness is not over. I can't even sit up in bed. I'm so sorry!"

"ELIZABETH."

Just before leaving Roumania Princess Marie sent to Miss Gluck a large photograph of herself which she had autographed. From the queen she had received a copy of the most successful portrait of her majesty taken in recent years.

He is a member of the Metropolitan, Country and Chevy Chase clubs, Washington, and of the New York Yacht club and of the University club, New York.

HOSS SENSE.

When the pheasant ceases drumming,
When the autumn cyclone's coming,
When the gaunt white wolf of winter is let loose
In the injun summer, sonny,
Wouldn't you give ready money
For the wings and for the wisdom of a goose?

When the hoss that you are riding
Smells the cinnamon in hiding,
When he wheels and snorts and gives his head a toss;
When he tries so hard to tell you
That the cinnamon can smell you—
Don't you wish you had the hoss sense of a hoss?

—Cy Warman.

A Bride in Ultimate

By Don Mark Lemon

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"In God's name, sign the passport and let me go!"

"Pardon, monsieur; my signature will not make good the passport. Monsieur must have a new passport obtain from his legation."

"A new one? It will take hours—days—to do that, and he will be out of my reach by morning."

"Monsieur, it is the law."

"The law? Shall this man be allowed to rob me of my dearest possession, while the law binds me here hand and foot? Must I delay for a needless sheet of paper while every minute takes him nearer the sea coast and farther from me? Can't you see my cause is honest? Can't you understand that I am no fugitive—that I want only to come up with this man? That he has robbed me, and these formalities that help to cover his flight are an out-raise against justice?"

"Pardon, monsieur; if the gentleman has robbed you, it is best for you to wait here and let the law—the officials, monsieur—seek him."

"The law again?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Then I have lost her forever!" The traveler, who for some five minutes had been pleading with the courteous official to honor his expired passport and allow him to cross from France into Spain, sank down upon a chair in the private quarters of the French railway station and buried his face in his hands.

"Lost her, monsieur?" the official questioned, with a new show of interest. "Is it a lady?"

"Yes," the other groaned. "He has robbed me of my wife!"

"And the lady?"

"Is with him."

"Pardon again, monsieur; the gentleman you seek journeyed alone. Ah, monsieur is mistaken! He need not despair! Take courage! The gentleman journeyed alone!"

No, I say. She is with him—and as helpless as the dead."

"Monsieur?"

"I say yes—she is with him."

"In spirit, monsieur?"

"In body."

"Will monsieur explain to the official how the gentleman has robbed him of his wife? We have the telegraph and may the gentleman detain before he reaches the sea coast. But if monsieur will listen, he will learn how the gentleman was not accompanied by a lady, nor by a servant attendant."

"The lady is dead!" came the amazing reply.

"Dead, monsieur?" exclaimed the official. "Ah! A doubt as to the other's sanity seemed to strike the Frenchman and he looked about uneasily. 'Will monsieur read to pass the time?' he questioned.

"Read?" The American traveler laughed an unpleasant laugh. Then his smothered impatience broke out. "Can't I follow him on foot without a passport?"

"No, monsieur; not into territory Spanish."

"May death stop him then!" the other cried with uplifted hands.

The Frenchman's suspicions deepened, but, courteous even to a madman, he only begged the other to have patience.

"Yes, I know you think I rave," the American broke in, passionately, "and you would think me mad if I told you the whole truth. Yet I say he has robbed me of my wife and she is with him in person. You, yourself, saw her."

"Pardon, monsieur; I saw her not."

"Did he not wear a great diamond upon his hand?"

"Monsieur is right!"

"Then—"

"It was a pool of light, monsieur," continued the Frenchman. "Ah, it is monsieur's jewel, and so lovely that he calls it his wife!"

"It is my wife!" came the amazing reply.

For a moment the other was wholly nonplused. Then he questioned: "Has monsieur wedded a jewel?"

"No—I have wedded no jewel. That stone, I say, is no jewel! It is a woman—my wife—flesh and blood! Ah, honor the passport and let me go!"

Before the Frenchman could answer the sudden clanging of a bell, a hiss of escaping steam and the rumble of car wheels was heard without.

Both men rushed to the door and out upon the platform. An engine with three passenger coaches attached drew into the station from the wrong direction and contrary to official time. What was wrong? The men were soon to learn. Two coaches from the rear of the train which had drawn out of the station about half an hour before had broken from their couplings and been wrecked and a high French official being among the number injured, the engineer had reversed his engine and returned for surgical aid into French territory.

Despite the tragic nature of this return, the American gave a cry of joy and began searching among the passengers for the fugitive—the false friend who had robbed him of his wife.

That friend was not to be found among the living, nor among the injured, and four of the five dead had



There Was a Glimpse of Steel, a Sharp Report, and He Pitched Headlong.

already been removed from the rear coach to the station? Would the fifth and last corpse be that of the fugitive?

Brushing by the porters, the American leaped to where the fifth dead body lay crushed and mangled past recognition save by its clothing; and—yes, the great white polar star-like diamond that flamed upon a finger of its bloodless hand!

Tearing the splendid jewel away, the American brought it passionately to his lips and murmured: "Darling, look up! I am here!"

"Will monsieur show me the ring?" the French station official questioned. When again in his private quarters alone with the American.

The latter drew the jewel from his breast and handed it with a powerful magnifying glass to the Frenchman. "Look at the heart of the stone through the glass," he said, softly.

The official did as he was bidden and a cry of astonishment escaped him.

"Monsieur, it is divine!"

"Divine? It is the work of God himself! Is not He an artist?"

The Frenchman turned again to the

diamond in the ring and for fully five minutes gave it his undivided attention, scarcely breathing, as it trembled to dim for a moment the magnificent glass of the flinted gem beneath. And well might the jewel hold his gaze, for in the heart of the perfect 48-carat stone, attired in simple Grecian costume, with a red rose in the dark hair, lay in repose the minute exquisite figure of a woman.

"Monsieur, she?"

"Is human?"

"Ah!"

"Yes—and once a divine and stately woman."

"Monsieur, how?"

"She was my bride, and as she reclined one day within a large octagonal crystal, diamond-shaped—we were rehearsing for an entertainment in which she was to appear as the spirit of the diamond—as she reclined in the attitude which she now keeps, somehow—I don't know exactly how, but I think that the crystal in which she was imprisoned had been made of an unknown sand with some strange inherent quality—somehow a bolt of lightning leaped out of the clear sky, that mysterious crystal seemed to draw down upon itself all the electricity in heaven, and when I found my sight again this diamond lay at my feet."

"And, monsieur, this is your bride?"

"Yes, yes!" A great passion shook the speaker and his voice broke painfully. "The force of the lightning compressed that crystal and her sweet body into what you see—into ultimate form."

"Monsieur, it is a jewel for a deity."

The other made no immediate reply, but stood looking upon the exquisite form in the diamond as a lover looks into the face of his beloved. Finally, he said: "She is not dead to me, and while I thus have her with me I care not what I suffer."

He took the ring from the hollow of his hand and was about to place it upon his finger—the diamond upward—when the lovely jewel slipped from his hold and fell to the floor. As it came in contact with the hard tiles there was a slight explosive sound and a shower of minute scintillating particles seemed to burst from the ring itself and scatter like dust in the air.

With a cry of horror, the American stooped and snatched up the ring. The diamond was gone utterly from its setting!

"My God!"

The word was a shriek and the American staggered back against the wall, his face drawn with unspeakable agony.

"Monsieur! Monsieur! Monsieur!" The American's right hand made a quick backward movement.

"She never died till now!" he cried. "Oh, my God!"

There was a clink of steel, a sharp report, and as the Frenchman rushed forward the other pitched headlong to his feet dead.

A Modern Girl.

Constance Kneller writes: "There are still people who deem the modern girl, with her headless athleticism, her varied interests, her ever-growing knowledge of the world and freer contact with humanity as being hard and selfish. There still exists a propensity to high reproof after the old-fashioned ideals and a mild and half-hearted tendency to mistake these ideals as examples for latter-day daughters to follow. I say half-hearted because to me would really wish to put the modern girl back in the oriental period of ignorance and seclusion when it was considered that for girls to take railway journeys alone, hold to ride bicycles, 'bide' to possess any thorough knowledge of a subject, masculine to take interest in current politics, and 'undulylike' to voice or even to own any definite opinions."

Sonnet.

To one who has been long in city pent,
This view seems to look into the fair
And open face of heaven to breathe a prayer.

Full in the smile of the blue firmament
Who is more happy when with heart's content

Fathered in skies into some pleasant lake
Of wave, green, and road, a debonair
And gentle tale of love and laughter.

Returning home at evening with an ear
Carrying the notes of Philomel's eve
Watching the sailing shadow's bright career

He knows that day no more how gladdened
Even like the passage of an angel's star
That falls through the clear ether silently.

—John Keats.

Sized Them Up.

Two Scotchmen from the uplands of Lanarkshire were recently on a visit to London. On the morning after their arrival they discovered that the washstand in their bedroom was minus soap.

After they rang the bell an attendant appeared and asked their wishes. The spokesman, who is habitually a fast speaker, said: "Sen up saps, quick!"

The attendant gazed open-mouthed at the two Scots, then slowly said: "Not French, nor German, nor yet Spanish. What can it mean?"

Becoming annoyed at the delay, the Scotsman said: "Man, can ye no understand plain Scotch?"

Grasping at the last word like a drowning man at a straw the attendant fled and promptly returned with a bottle and two glasses.

WHY DO BIRDS FLY SOUTH?

YEARLY MIGRATION OF FEATHERED HOSTS AN UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY.

OBSERVING NOCTURNAL FLIGHT

Can Be Seen with Opera Glass Crossed Face of Moon—Aristotle's Kinglet—Other Points in Connection with This Species.

BY EDWARD B. CLARK

(Associate Member American Ornithologists Union.)

(Copyright Joseph B. Bowler.)

Who shall explain the mystery of the migration? Regularly every year at the first pulsing of the spring and at the first chilling of the fall the great bird army takes up its march of migration. Why?

For centuries scientists have been striving to answer the question. Answers have been given by the score, but as yet the answer is to come which shall spell satisfaction to the multitudes who wonder at the mystery.

If we conceive for a moment of a



Fish Ducks, from Life.

condition in which an army of birds newly sprung to life, finds itself in a temperate country with foraging conditions of the best, and then suddenly finds itself face to face with frost and famine we can understand why the army pressed by hunger and cold should take up the march for another and a better camping ground.

What is it that has sent the birds back to the country which less than six months ago chilled them and starved them into the deserting of its borders? No one knows, and there are those scientists who, unlike most of their brethren who never are willing to admit any problem unsolvable, are not backward in saying that the migration will remain a mystery until the end of time.

Aristotle 300 and more years before Christ wrote of the yearly movements of the birds. The scientist of today is writing upon the same subject and it may be that the scientist of more than 25 centuries hence will write of the migration and end his writings with the same old interrogation.

It has been said that the birds feel the touch of frost and famine and immediately take up their march.

In the month of September the warblers (family, Parulidae) hurry southward. Countless thousands of them pass over the city and country in the darkness of the night. They are mates of creatures, those warblers, being but a degree or two removed to size from the hummingbirds and the kinglets, yet they undertake uncharted



Golden-Crowned Kinglet.

ed journeys that for peril and distance would strike terror to the heart of man, armed though he be with reason and foresight.

The weaker birds seem to prefer the night time migration. William Brewster of Cambridge, Mass., has settled this point probably definitely.

He believes the reason the wrens, the warblers, the vireos and all the thrush family except the robin prefer the night journey is because they are afraid of the exposure by daylight, or are unable to continue such journeys day after day without losing much time in stopping to search for food. By taking the nights for traveling they can devote the days entirely to feed.

Bold, restless, strong-winged birds migrate chiefly or very freely by day because, being accustomed to seek their food in open situations, they are indifferent to concealment, and being further able to accomplish long distances rapidly and with slight fatigue, they can ordinarily spare sufficient time by the way for brief stops in

places where food is abundant and easily obtained. Under certain conditions, however, as when crossing large bodies of water or regions scantily supplied with food, they are sometimes obliged to travel partly, or perhaps even exclusively, by night. Excellent examples are the robin (Mourula), horned lark (Otocoris) and most leucidae (bobolinks, blackbirds and orioles).

Birds of easy, tireless wing, which habitually feed in the air or over very extensive areas, migrate exclusively by day, because being able either to obtain their usual supply of food as they fly or to accomplish the longest journeys so rapidly that they do not require to feed on the way, they are under no necessity of changing their usual habits. The best examples are swallows, swifts, and hawks.

If you who read this article on the migration wish to have an experience that will appeal to you as being little short of startling, take a field glass with a two-inch lens and focus it upon the full moon, and then take up a night vision. If conditions be favorable you will see clearly the forms of the southward flying birds as they pass across the moon's face.

There is no experience known to the bird student, perhaps, which has the interest that is held by this midnight study.

If the place of observation be elevated, the interest is heightened by the fact that while the images of the birds fall upon the eye their notes as they call to one another through the wind, darkness drop thinking down upon the ear. Though you may see them not, because their pathway does not happen to cross that of your line of vision, yet you may recognize the call of the grosbeak, the twitter of the swallow, or the "chink" of the blackbird as if marking the true for each successive wing stroke.

One observer more lucky than his fellows saw a sparrow hawk stop and dally in its flight, seemingly in the very heart of the moon, and there hovered fully a minute, while its wings beat with lightning-like rapidity to keep it at its chosen hovering point. The sparrow hawk thus poised before



Barn Swallow on the Wing.

striking and what little stranger of the great bird army fell a victim to that hawk's rapacity can only be a matter of conjecture.

Thousands upon thousands of birds are killed every year by striking against the panes of the lighthouses which line the coasts of lakes and seas. The birds become bewildered by fog and rain and are attracted by the light which is meant to be a beacon of safety for the travelers by sea, but which proves to be the lure to destruction of the wanderer of the air. Observations have been made systematically at nearly all the lighthouses under government control, and the figures of bird mortality are startling. The student of the birds finds himself wondering when he contemplates the slaughter in the bird ranks due to the shotgun, and the killings due to fog and storm, that the question of the migration of the birds does not cease to be of interest because there are no birds left to migrate.

Just a word on the good that the warblers do. In a government report prepared by F. E. L. Reel of the biological survey this appears: "Although warblers are individually small their numbers are great, and the quantity of insects they destroy in the aggregate must be large. In the month of May when the apple trees have expanded rosettes of small leaves and flower buds, a multitude of warblers of several species were seen going through an orchard examining these rosettes, and apparently picking something from each. An investigation of the trees not yet reached by the warblers showed that each rosette contained from one to a dozen large plant lice.

Watch sharply during September for a daytime migration of the hawks. Some morning or afternoon you are certain to see the birds of prey flying in great numbers over city and country. I have watched them traveling over the city from sunrise to sunset on one day and far into the afternoon of the next. You will see them from the great rough-legged hawk, the red-tail, the red shouldered and the others, down to the diminutive sparrow hawk, sailing, ever sailing, southward across the blue.

JOHN HENRY

ON AMERICAN SCENERY.



BY GEO. V. HOBART. ("HUGH M'HUGH.")

Dear Bunch: Yours from Nice received, also Alice's letter to Peaches. I'm wise to the good time you're having, old pal, and, believe me, I wish we were with you.

It must be ages to travel through the Riviera and gaze the forget-me-nots and the magnolia blossoms bloom all over the place, while the air is laden with the scent of roses and the song of the nightingale makes music for the midnight lunch—what!

Not bad on the poem thing this morn'g, eh, Bunch?

Holy mackerel! I'd like to see you travel over this part of the universe and get a peep at any forget-me-nots or nightingales. Nothing doing.

Over here, Bunch, the wild-eyed ad-vertiser is abroad in the land, and his



"Took Another Look."

advertisements are stuck, like a lot of second-hand coat plaques, all over the face of Nature.

I have to read the advertisements in the newspapers and the magazines, but I also have to be permitted to stop reading them when the dinner bell rings, which is an impossibility. If you're traveling on the railroads in our dear land of liberty—God bless it!

In these days, Bunch, you'll find that the something which once was a beautiful landscape is covered with a board fence whereon it says:

HAT EATERS' EATABILITY
EASILY THE MOST
EATABLE
EATING EVER EATEN.

I think the idea of changing a green hillside into a treatise on indigestion, and making all the pretty trees along the roadside point their branches in the direction of a drug store, is wrong, but maybe I've too much poetry in my veins and not enough business.

I took a little trip from New York to Philly last week, and it was then that the foregoing thought hit me a hell to the thinker.

It's only a question of a short time, Bunch, when our American scenery will be changed to pill news.

I looked out the car window with the ladslike intention of admiring all the geography as it rushed by, but before I could enthuse over two spruce trees and 18 blades of grass, a large sign shot off my view and caused me to see this:

SAWDUST FRITTERS
The New Breakfast Food
Once Swallowed
Never Forgotten

I winked my eyes once or twice and took another look, and there, spread

carefully over the map of New Jersey, was a sign which said:

Blonde Pills for Brandy People
Try One Box
And You'll Never Try Another.

I dodged back into my chair and closed my lungs for a moment. Then I said to myself: "I'll try the other side of the car where, no doubt, I'll see a mountain or a country fair or something human in the distance," but all I saw was 27 feet of board fence, which was yelling out these words:

DRINK BUNGLEDACERS
WHISKEY
All Judges Say It Makes
Trade Lively
Especially the Police Judges

For ten minutes I sat there, Bunch, with my eyes shut, and when finally I took a little peep out the window it resulted in this:

SMOKE
YELLOWFINGERS
CIGARROOTS
And Die Lingerin', But Dopey

Then I tried to figure the thing out, and presently came to the conclusion that the train must still be in the heart of civilization, and that after we reached the real country the landscape would assert its rights and begin to happen.

In about 20 minutes I glanced carefully out the window, and I'll be doggoned if I didn't see another board fence with this on it:

Be a Good Chomser and Chew
CHEWINGTON'S CHOO CHOO
The Gum That Don't Come Off

Now I leave it to you, Bunch, if it isn't discouraging.

Can you beat it in Europe? Can you get close enough to it to tie it?

Then I looked up and out and saw—



"The Wideyed Advertiser Is Abroad."

yes, Bunch, another mile of fence, some of which bore this legend:

Children, dear, in any case
Don't drive nails in Mother's
face;
If you do and she should
scream
Try Mike Smith's Complexion
Cream!

Speaking of scenery reminds me that Peaches and I took a flying trip to Niagara Falls not long ago.

I'm not out to describe the Falls, Bunch, so don't throw this letter down and scream for help.

When we stepped off the cars we found, stretching out as far as the pocketbook could reach, a line of hacks, river-going hacks which had been standing so long in the shadow of the falling water that they seemed to be giving each other the Minne-haha (Indian joke).

Eighty-seven hack drivers with tears in their eyes and beer in their voices, when possible, coaxed Peaches and me to jump on board their catamarans and be conduced over to the Falls, but after a long and bitter fight our consciences won the victory, and we walked.

Like all great things in this world, Bunch, the Falls of Niagara started out from a very small beginning and gradually worked itself up to fame and fortune.

When it started out away back in the woods the Niagara river had no



"Took a Flying Trip to Niagara."

thought of getting itself in the school books and becoming a national pet, like a prize fighter.

On the contrary, Bunch, it started out to be just a plain ordinary river, rolling gently on its rocky mattress, but one dark night it suddenly fell out of bed and created such a sensation that it has kept right on falling out of bed ever since.

This is the only record in history where a reputation has been made by falling out of bed.

Peaches and I walked down to the edge of the Falls, and for eight minutes we stood there without speaking a word.

Peaches afterward acknowledged that the Falls had a wonderful influence over her, because that was the first time in her life she ever went eight minutes without saying something.

To stand there, Bunch, and watch those thousands and thousands of gallons of water pushing each other over the edge of that precipice and then falling with a roar into the depths below makes all the poetry in one's system come to the surface and beg to be let out. Yours for better scenery.

JOHN.

(Copyright, 1908, by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

Sunday Observance Rewarded.

A record string of trout was caught the other morning by Willis Hunt, Jr., the 12-year-old son of Willis Hunt. The total weight was four pounds 12 1/2 ounces. The number was seven.

The story connected with the catch is that the boy saw the fish Sunday and was desirous of trying his luck at once, but his mother was averse to Sunday fishing. At three o'clock Monday morning he went to the tannery dam on Walker brook and the youngster proceeded to bait up with white minnows and bugs of various kinds until every speckled beauty had been pulled out. A hand-over-hand haul was necessary to secure the largest fish—Chester (Pic.) Correspondence Springfield Union.

When They Fall Down.

"Some white folks," said Uncle Eben, "kin tell you how to manage de little finances of de United States, an' at de same time can't keep a grocery book straight to save their lives!"

Preferred Captivity to Hunger

A pet goldfinch escaped from his cage and flew into a tall tree in the back garden. There he sat, singing his sweetest and rejoicing in his unexpected freedom. The cage was brought out, stored with a generous supply of seed and a lump of sugar and placed on the top of a step-ladder, but he scorned to look at it, and defied his former masters with a victorious song.

This was kept up for a half-day, and, when it seemed that the goldfinch had gone for good, it occurred to one of the distressed people to rattle the seed in the tin box in which it is kept. This sound, known in the household as "ringing the breakfast bell," was a familiar one to the bird, and, being unused to find his own living, he was very hungry.

It suggested seed, sugar, lettuce and other dainties, so he hopped down slowly from bough to bough, until he was close to his cage. There he stood for some time, evidently hesitating,

until, suddenly, he fluttered down into his home, having decided to abandon the delights of liberty for the solid comforts of civilization.

Grecian Women Advance a Step.

The chamber of deputies of Greece has passed a law by which, for the first time in modern Greece, women are admitted in the public service. In accordance with this law, the director of posts and telegraphs is authorized to employ 50 women, to be used mainly in the telephone service. They are to be between 21 and 35 years old, and are to receive 70 drachmas (about \$13.50) a month, for six hours' work a day.

Venerable Clergyman Dead.

Rev. Angus Bethune, vicar of Sea-ham, England, who has died at the age of 97, discharged his clerical duties to the last. He was 67 years a clergyman in the diocese of Durham and 19 years an incumbent of one parish, and had served under seven bishops of Durham.

Washington Whisperings

Interesting Bits of News Gathered at the National Capital.

Capital Besieged by Relic Sellers



WASHINGTON.—The 60 and 75 horse-power millionaires that significantly swell the population of the capital of the country innocently and indirectly make life a burden to their neighbors of a less estate. Money is an awful nuisance, don't you see, when it belongs to somebody else and not to you.

The trouble of it is that one's friends in the provinces ascribe even to the lowliest in Washington some occult power over the pursestrings of

the resident plutocrats.

There isn't a senator or congressman in the entire catalogue who isn't persecuted by importunate constituents now and then to convert himself, in their interests, into a private rummage sale. There is a halcyon dream prevalent that Washington flows with milk and honey and crisp new paper dollars, and that the beneficiaries are eager to divide, for value received.

Hawkers of old objects, valuable either intrinsically or in only their owners' eyes, are among the afflictions prominent women have to bear. There's scarce a day that some decayed gentlewoman or her emissary isn't out peddling, in a deprecating way, some valued heirloom that it wrings her heart to part with. Family jewels are always on the market, old faces, books and objects d'art.

Uncle Sam Tells How to Make Pure Pies



PROGRESS made in food and drug inspection and legislation during 1907 is explained in detail in the year book of the department of agriculture, just issued. The book shows that methods of manufacture were studied by government experts and whenever possible assistance was given manufacturers in improving their methods. By means of sterilization it was found that various fruit and vegetable products can be preserved without the use of chemical preservatives. The experiments along this line resulted in new methods for the preservation of pie-filling articles and canned goods.

Extensive investigations as to the use of sulphur for drying fruit were made, resulting in the discovery of better methods for drying fruit and in disclosing the fact that molasses and syrup do not contain so much sulphur as has generally been supposed.

The study of the influence of cold storage on the value of food gained

much headway. Among the more important studies of the methods of manufacture and preservation of foods and drugs were the bleached flour investigation, the lemon oil investigation, the whisky investigation and the investigation of nonfermented beverages alleged to contain cocaine or other objectionable drugs.

The experimental work of the bureau of chemistry, the enforcement of the federal food and drugs act, numerous investigations and the part played by various states in the enactment of laws regulating the manufacture and sale of foods are some of the subjects treated in the book.

The bureau of chemistry established ten additional branch laboratories throughout the country, where samples of food and drugs collected by inspectors under the direction of a chief inspector are sent. During last year 7,941 samples of foods and drugs were sent to these laboratories, resulting in 323 hearings and the transmittal of 13 criminal cases to the department of justice for prosecution. One of the greatest difficulties encountered was to secure a sufficient number of inspectors or chemists possessing the requisite training and experience in foods and drugs.

Japanese Diplomat Stops a Runaway



MR. MASANO HANIHARA, second secretary of the Japanese embassy and a social favorite of the diplomatic corps, was so severely injured from the result of his daring rescue of an American woman from a runaway horse that he may suffer the consequences for the remainder of his life. The Japanese diplomat was battered and bruised and had his foot so badly crushed by the horse's hoof that it will be months before it is healed. The rescue occurred some days ago.

Mr. Hanihara was walking along Rhode Island avenue on his way to the embassy and had started to cross the street when his attention was attracted by cries of "Look out!" by several persons in the vicinity. Turning he saw a horse drawing a light runaway with a young woman and a companion dashing toward him. The

horse was plunging wildly from side to side, driving every one pell mell for shelter as it neared the spot where Mr. Hanihara stood. The young Japanese, who stands about five feet and is small in proportion, dodged out of the way, but no sooner had the horse come abreast of him than he made a leap for the bridle. The terrific speed of the enraged animal made him miss his hold and swing him under the horse's hoofs, but before he completely lost his hold he caught a grip on the bridle and swinging clear managed to climb on the horse's back and bring him to his knees. The animal regained his feet however, and by rearing, attempted to throw Mr. Hanihara from his back, but the diplomat tightened his grip gradually until the animal, snorting with pain, confessed itself vanquished.

When Mr. Hanihara reached the embassy he summoned his physician who found that the horse had trampled on his foot and crushed it badly. Treatment afforded little relief, as the bones were so badly bruised that an abscess formed and added considerable trouble. It is now feared that an operation may be necessary.

Social Incident Makes Society Smile



THE refusal of Minister and Mme. Gude to participate in the German led by William H. Taft will not produce a diplomatic incident between Norway and the United States. It cannot, because the United States has no official social functions and the squabbles about precedence never have anything more than an indirect effect upon diplomatic relations.

The minister created a great deal of talk among the many diplomatic officials in Washington, not because he had refused to participate, but because he allowed the hotel management to know why he refused.

The diplomatic view is that Minister Gude made an awful blunder in not recognizing the fact that Mr. Taft has a better chance, probably, of be-

coming president of the United States than any other man, and that in standing upon his undoubted right to demand first place or none he did the worst thing possible.

"What if it is his right and duty to say he will not walk behind a mere private citizen," said a minor diplomatic society man in discussing the incident. "What good will that do him when Mr. Taft is the president? Will the then president have forgotten that the minister said he would not dance in the German with him?"

It was tactless for M. Gude to even suggest his rights to a "pig of a maitre de hotel," say the diplomats, because he should have known that the hotel man would tell the newspapers about it and in that way his refusal would come to the ears of Mr. Taft.

The only thing at all in favor of the minister is the fact that there is not a great deal of diplomatic business to transact between Norway and the United States and Mr. Taft is likely to be so busy for the first few months after he goes into office that he will forget there was such a man as guide.

WHY THEY COME. WHERE THEY GO AND
HOW THEY DO.

Pliny Cochrane left Monday morning for the Isthmus of Panama at which place he has been appointed a police officer. He expects to reach the Isthmus in about ten days and will assume his duties at once. Pliny obtained this place, which pays \$80.00 per month through the influence of his old captain Gov. Curry.

Preserving kettles, tin cans
glass jars, etc. Tracy-Roberts
Hardware Co.

Judge George M. Frazer, of Toyahvale, Texas, died last week Thursday, about noon, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Derrell, in Alpine, Texas. Miss Ella Frazer, who has been in Carlsbad for some time with her sister Mrs. Will Lucas, attended the funeral which occurred at Pecos, Texas, last Sunday afternoon. Judge Frazer was one of the oldest and best respected residents of the Pecos country, coming to Ft. Stockton in 1867 and residing there eighteen years, moving, in 1885, to the Toyah valley where he has resided since. He was born January 5, 1827 in Memphis, Tenn., and was in every battle of the Mexican war. He was one of the early settlers of Texas and held public office for fifty years, being considered one of the best and most reliable of men. His history, which is almost the history of Texas, will be published and will make excellent reading. The funeral is said to have been the largest ever held in Pecos. Two of his children, Misses Emma and Ella Frazer are residents of Toyah, Texas. There are three others, Mesdames Anna Riggs, L. W. Derrell and Will Lucas. The Judge had two sons, James, who was shot and killed in 1885, and Bud, who was shot by Jim Miller in 1899.

VINEYARD STOCK FARM

Carlsbad Dairy

Pure Jersey Milk
and Cream Deliv-
ered to all parts of
the city.

J. O. Wersell, Prop'r

Saddles from \$3.00 to \$85.00.
Tracy-Roberts Hardware Co.

Baptist Church.

Preaching on Sunday by the
pastor at 11 A. M. Sunday
School 10 o'clock. Young Peo-
ple's Meeting 7.30 P. M.

Saddles from \$3.00 to \$85.00.
Tracy-Roberts Hardware Co.

Catholic Services

are held regularly every Sunday
at both of the Catholic churches
of Carlsbad. High mass and
sermon in English at 10 a. m.
every Sunday. Instruction in
Christian doctrine at 3 p. m.
Benediction after instruction.

Mass at 7.30 a. m. every morn-
ing during week days.

Mass at 9 a. m. at the church
of San Jose, for the Spanish
speaking natives or others, on
Sundays.

W. A. Houser, President.

GRAND JURY

W. W. Dean, D. R. Harkey,
J. A. Copeland, J. S. Trimble,
G. P. Jackson, Thad Craig, S.
G. White, H. A. Porter, R. C.
Noel, W. E. Justice, G. M.
Shipley, S. B. Miller, Jno Eakin,
Tom Hill, Robt. Cole, Edw.
Purdy, H. M. Gage, Jno. Mc-
Ilhany, Geo. Coffman and E. A.
Johnson.

PETIT JURY

J. C. Wilson, Dennis Duncan,
J. N. Livingston, J. D. McBryde,
E. E. Bryant, Chas Gibson, Tom
Pope, D. W. Runyon, J. F.
Bowman, Lucius Anderson, O.
E. Nickey, Louia Pipkin, V. E.
Fatheree, O. J. Adams, Chas.
Westerfield, L. S. Crawford, J.
C. Richards, S. W. Romer, W.
W. O'Neil, A. J. Parker, J. R.
Means, Geo. W. Batton, J. T.
Espy, Joe Andrews, Dean, Samp-
son, M. L. Dannelley, P. C.
Getzwiler, S. B. Dyer, W. E.
Ragsdale.

\$100 Reward.

For arrest of and conviction of
any person stealing my horses or
cattle.

A. C. HEARD.

R. H. Armstrong, Cashier

The National Bank of Carlsbad

Depository for Eddy County and Territory of New Mexico

Open an account with us and try paying by checks.
You will find it will pay.

DIRECTORS: H. A. Houser, F. F. Dopp, E. Hendricks, M. Livingston, R. H. Armstrong,
J. O. Cameron, C. H. McLenathen

Middle of the Block. Next door to Post Office



TAKE CITY PROPERTY.

If you want to make a quickly profit-
able investment. Providing, of course,
you can get it at the right price.

WE HAVE SEVERAL PARCELS

which can be bought at what we con-
sider less than right prices. They
come into the market for good rea-
sons. They are properties all right
in every respect. They are bound to
make some quick money for quick
buyers. Do you want to be one? Come
to day.

McLenathen & Tracy

REAL ESTATE DEALERS CARLSBAD, N.M.

J & E

JONSON & EDERLE Makers
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

U. S. Market.

Corn fed BEEF

AND MUTTON

Free of Alkali.

PORK, SAUSAGE.

A - D ALL MEAT PRODUCTS.

FISH and OYSTERS in Season

PHONE NO 11

JOHN LOWENBRUCK.

Prop.



A Comfortable Night's Sleep Between CARLSBAD and ROSWELL



Sleeper
ready for
occupancy
after
9. p. m.

In the through PULLMAN now
running on our through trains—
due to leave Roswell 10 p. m.
and reach Carlsbad 1 a. m.—
you occupy berth until 7 o'clock.
In opposite directions.

You
reach
Roswell
for
breakfast



Eastern Ry of New Mexico

D. L. MEYERS G. P. A.
Amarillo, Texas
E. W. WAITE AGT.
Carlsbad New Mexico.



FAMOUS "BUSTER," IS HELD AS A RUSTLER

"Wild Horse" Hill Faces Gun at Los Angeles.

Will be Brought Back to New Mexico to be Tried for Horse Theft.

The following is a sample of
the way the Los Angeles papers
tell it about "Wild Pony":

"Wild Horse" (Wiley) Hill,
one of the best known bronco
busters in the country, and a
well known cattleman of the
Pecos Valley, and with a wide
acquaintance in Las Vegas, has
been arrested at Los Angeles,
California, on the charge of
horse stealing and is being held
in jail there pending the arrival
of an officer from New Mexico
with requisition papers for his
return to the territory to answer
to the charge.

Hill is known by every cattle-
man in the territory. The Los
Angeles Times says:

"Wild Horse (Wily) Hill,
former champion bronco buster
of the world, and one of the best
known cattlemen in the United
States, was arrested August
24th, at Santa Monica by Deputy
Sheriff Wright. He is locked in
the county jail on a charge of
stealing forty horses from a
ranch near Carlsbad, New Mex-
ico.

"With Deputy Wright at the
time of the arrest was Deputy
Sheriff Mathewson, who covered
with his revolver a Mexican
companion of the alleged horse
thief.

"The sensational arrest was
made on the beach, and as the
weapons were leveled at the
suspected men, there was a
panic among the bathers.

"Hill will be held at the
county jail until officers from
New Mexico arrive to take him
back.

"The accused is well known
in Los Angeles, and his feats of
horsemanship have made him
famous in almost every quarter
of the globe. For five or six
years he was the chief attrac-
tion of Buffalo Bill's Wild West
show, performing before the
crowned heads of almost every
country in Europe. He was
complimented by kings. He
won a world's championship in
the rough-riding line in Chey-
enne, Wyoming several years
ago. His long service in the
saddle gained for him the re-
spect and admiration of almost
every cattleman in the west.

"Following a tour of Europe
with a show, Hill came here
about a month before the ar-
rival of the fleet. His sunny
disposition and picturesque at-
tire soon made him a favorite
among the riding clubs of the
city.

"His performances with
horses at the exhibitions given
for the benefit of the sailors
made him many friends. Later
he went to work on the Gravy
ranch, near San Gabriel, break-
ing wild horses for cattle work."

Gambling

your life against 25 cents is just ex-
actly what you are doing if you ne-
glect a cough or cold on the chest instead
of treating it with Ballard's Horehound
Syrup. A 25 cent bottle of this splen-
did remedy will cure an ordinary cough
heal the lungs and act as a tonic for
your entire system. Sold by Eddy
Drug Co.

To Trade For Sheep.

Twenty acres west of Carlsbad
one mile from court house.
Address B. F. Mullane, Roswell,
N. M.

Open Season for Game.

Deer with horns—with gun
only; October 15th to November
30th of each year, limit one deer.
Penalty \$100 fine and 60 days
imprisonment.

Elk, Mountain Sheep, Beaver,
Ptarmigan; killing, capturing,
or injuring prohibited at all
times; penalty \$200 fine and 90
days imprisonment.

Antelopes, Peasants, Bob
White, Quail, Wild Pigeon; pro-
tected until March 13, 1910; pen-
alty \$100 fine and 60 days im-
prisonment.

Wild Turkey, Mountain
Grouse, Prairie Chicken—with
gun only; October, November
and December of each year;
penalty \$100 fine and 60 days im-
prisonment.

Quail (native or crested)—with
gun only; October, November,
December and January of each
year; penalty \$100 fine and 60
days imprisonment.

Song and insectivorous birds;
killing or injuring prohibited;
penalty \$50 fine and 30 days im-
prisonment.

Turtle Dove—with gun only;
July 15th to May 1st of each
year; penalty \$100 fine and 60
days imprisonment.

To Be Happy

you must have good health. You
can't have good health if your liver
is not doing its duty—slow but sure
poisoning is going on all the time
under such circumstances. Ballard's
Herbine makes a perfectly healthy
liver—keeps the stomach and bowels
right and act as a tonic for the entire
system. Sold by Eddy Drug Co.

\$5.00 Reward.

The Carlsbad Fire Department
will pay \$5.00 reward for the
discovery of the thief or return
of one electric fan stolen from
the City Hall the night of Aug-
ust 22nd.

J. M. STETENS
Quartermaster.

Tin Can Mountain a Lesson.

A few months ago the women of
Trenton, Mo., organized the Clean City
club and succeeded in cleaning up
the town by a novel scheme. The club
offered to pay 25 cents a hundred for
all tin cans gathered from the streets
and alleys within the city limits. In a
few days every alley was cleared, and
a pile of more than 80,000 tin cans
was stacked about the flagpole in the
center of the town green where every
one might see them. The sight so im-
pressed the city council that it not
only paid the bill for collecting the
cans, but issued orders and saw that
the entire town was thoroughly
cleaned.

Best Pulp For Colts.

It is stated that for several years
it has been allowed access to sug-
ar pulp at a Utah factory, and is
no instance, so far as can be learned,
has any trouble arisen from feeding it

Andy and Sandy.

Andy and Sandy were brothers two;
Lived in the town of Pleasant View.

Andy always traded at home;
Sandy often preferred to roam.

Andy his clothing and groceries bought
Round the corner, as Andy ought.

Sandy ordered his goods by mail;
Sometimes got 'em exceeding stale.

Friend of the town was Home Trade
Andy;
Hardly so Mail Order Sandy.

Came a season of politics.
Andy and Sandy got in their ticks.

Andy was named on a party slate
To be the mayoral candidate.

Sandy the standard of another
Party bore against his brother.

In the election Pleasant View
Had to decide between the two.

Every vote in the boxes cast
Andy got—to the very last.

Sandy wanted a contest quick;
Said he was sure there'd been a trick.

Andy said to his brother, "Ah, go
Way; your votes were mailed to Chicago!"
T. SAPP, JR.

A Burglar in Town

his name is "bad cough". He doesn't
care for gold or silver but he will steal
your health away. If he appears in
your house arrest him at once with
Ballard's Horehound Syrup. It may
mean consumption if you don't.
A cure for all coughs, colds and chest
troubles. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per
bottle. Sold by Eddy Drug Co.

Bad Symptoms.

The woman who has periodical head-
aches, backache, sees imaginary dark
spots or specks floating or dancing before
her eyes, has gnawing distress or heavy
full feeling in stomach, faint spells, drag-
ging-down feeling in lower abdominal or
pelvic region, easily startled or excited,
irregular or painful periods, with or with-
out pelvic catarrh, is suffering from
weakness and derangements that should
have early attention. Not all of above
symptoms are likely to be present in any
case at one time.

Neglected or badly treated and such
cases often run into maladies which de-
mand the surgeon's knife if they do not
result fatally.

No medicine extant has such a long
and numerous record of cures in such
cases as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.
No medicine has such a strong
specific and direct action on the female
system, and is so much more than any
number of ordinary non-professional pre-
parations.

The very best ingredients
known to medical science for the cure of
woman's peculiar ailments enter into its
composition. No alcohol, harmful, or
habit-forming drug is to be found in the
list of its ingredients printed on each
bottle-wrapper and attested under oath.

In any condition of the female system,
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription can do
only good—never harm. Its whole effect
is to strengthen, invigorate and regulate
the whole female system and especially
the pelvic organs. When these are der-
anged in function or affected by disease,
the stomach and other organs of digestion
become sympathetically deranged, the
nerves are weakened, and a long list of
bad, unpleasant symptoms follow. Too
much must not be expected of this "Fa-
vorite Prescription." It will not perform
miracles; will not cure tumors—no med-
icine will. It will often prevent them, if
taken in time, and thus the operating
table and the surgeon's knife may be
avoided.

Women suffering from diseases of long
standing, are invited to consult by letter,
free. All correspondence held strictly
private and thoroughly confidential. Ad-
dress: World's Dispensary Medical Association,
Dr. R. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.
Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (1000 pages)
is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent
stamps for paper covered, or 31 stamps
for cloth-bound copy. Address as above.

Binder Twine, Tracy-Roberts
Hardware Co.

Notice of Foreclosure Sale on Real Estate.

In the District Court, Eddy county, New
Mexico.

Charles D. Keyes,
Plaintiff

vs.
William B. Harris, and J. F. Dyer,
Defendants.

By virtue of Special Execution issued out of
the District Court of Eddy County, New Mexico,
directing the undersigned, as sheriff of Eddy
County, New Mexico, to sell the certain property
in said Special Execution described as the prop-
erty of William B. Harris on October 26, A. D.
1905, or at any time since that date, to pay a
judgment rendered in the District Court for the
said Eddy County on June 16, A. D. 1905 for the
principal sum of \$2100.00, with interest at the
rate of ten per cent from the 16th day of June
A. D. 1905 until paid, and \$ as costs of said
suit wherein, Charles D. Keyes was plaintiff and
William B. Harris and J. F. Dyer were defend-
ants and wherein judgment for the foreclosure
and sale of the property hereinafter described
was also rendered.

Now therefore, I, as sheriff of Eddy County
aforesaid, will on the 23 day of September, A. D.
1905, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock
a. m., offer for sale at the front door of the Court
house in the City of Carlsbad, Eddy County, New
Mexico, and sell and convey to the highest bidder
for cash, the property so ordered to be sold, to-
wit: The west half (1-2) of the southwest quar-
ter (1-4) and the west half (1-2) of the northwest
quarter (1-4) section 30, township 18, south of
range 27 east, as the property of said William B.
Harris on October 26, A. D. 1905, or at any time
since that date, to pay the above judgment and
costs of suit and of this sale.

Dated at Carlsbad, New Mexico, on the 20th
day of August A. D. 1905.

J. D. CHRISTOPHER,
Sheriff of Eddy County, N. M.

By: W. F. LUCAS,
Deputy.

Boots AND Shoes

Made to Order and Repaired
on short notice. All work guaranteed by

L. F. BRIGGS

CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO.

Next Door South of Current Office.

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.

Carlsbad Furniture Co. UNDERTAKERS

R. M. THORNE

LICENSED EMBALMER

Telephone 70