

10-2-1913

## Cimarron News Citizen, 10-02-1913

Cimarron Print. Co.

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# CIMARRON NEWS.

## AND THE CIMARRON CITIZEN

ESTABLISHED 1872—NEW VOL. V

CIMARRON, COLFAX COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1913.

NO. 36

CIMARRON HOLDS THE KEYS TO THE KINGDOM OF COLFAX

### Charlie Rohr Marries Lady In Chicago

Popular Young Man Will Bring Eastern Bride To Cimarron; Arrive Here Next Week.

On Wednesday, October 1, C. M. Rohr of Cimarron and Miss Lillian Loudell, were married in St. Peter's Episcopal church in Chicago at 3 p. m. The bride's sister and the latter's husband being the attendants of the couple.

Immediately after the ceremony the bridal party proceeded to the home of the bride's sister, where a dainty wedding dinner was served following which the party attended a play in one of Chicago's most popular playhouses.

The bride comes from a respectable family in Chicago where she has a host of friends in church and social circles. She has held several prominent and lucrative positions in her home city up to the time of her marriage with trust and ability. She comes to New Mexico a stranger but she will endear herself in the hearts of Cimarron folk upon her arrival.

The groom is a product of New Mexico and was reared in Raton, where he learned the butcher's occupation under the instruction of his father. He is a young man of exemplary character and noble and high ideals, and while he has been a resident of Cimarron but a few months he has many friends here who speak well of him.

After leaving Chicago Mr. and Mrs. Rohr will spend a few days visiting in Denver before arriving in Cimarron the forepart of next week.

Their many friends as well as the News wish the happy couple a long and prosperous life of marital bliss.

### Uncle Sam To Print Weekly

Representative Richmond Pearson Hobson of Alabama is anxious to enter the publishing field and is planning the most stupendous journal ever conceived by mortal man. He has chosen Uncle Sam for editor-in-chief and the new publication will be known as the "Official Journal."

Looking to the establishment of the department in journalism Mr. Hobson has introduced a bill in house creating the "Official Journal," which is to be a weekly publication for free distribution. All the executive departments of the federal government will be its contributors. Its circulation will be provided for through the mediums of the post office department. Every senator will be permitted to authorize through the post office the distribution of 25,000 copies of the "Official Journal" weekly.

Every member of the house will have 15,000 copies at his disposal each week. The new sheet will start out with a circulation of 8,895,300 copies, according to this scheme.

The Hobson bill provides an appropriation of \$75,000,000 for ad-

ditions to the equipment of the printer's office and \$275,000 to carry out the further provisions of the bill. With the sudden lopping off by the house in the urgent deficiency bill of all appropriations for the support of the various press agencies of the executive departments Mr. Hobson thinks that a reporting staff for the new paper will be obtained readily.

### Postmaster Busy With Records

An order received by Postmaster Chandler from the department recently, requiring statistics regarding the local parcel post business, is sending him home nights with somewhat of a headache. Similar orders have been received at every post office in the United States, and by the time they have been complied with Uncle Sam will surely know all about the parcel post end of his activities.

The order requires an accurate and detailed record of each and every package handled from October 1st to October 15th. The number of parcels received and the number dispatched must be carefully kept. The weight of each package must be accurately registered, as well as the postage paid. In addition to this, the zone to which the package is sent must be marked down in its proper place.

At the end of the fifteen day period, the totals of all the different items must be recorded on blanks provided for that purpose. Mr. Chandler is also required to estimate the cost of handling parcel post packages, and make an estimate of the additional salary cost of the office since January 1st, 1913,

### Change In Local Telephone Office

A change in the local telephone exchange made last week following the marriage of Miss Evie Crockett and Robt. Barr, places Miss Gailie Hunter as manager and Miss Alma Troutman as assistant in the exchange.

During the several years while Mrs. Barr was manager of the exchange the users of telephones and those had dealings with the company, were treated with the utmost consideration which won for her many friends.

As manager of the company here the public will find in Miss Hunter the same treatment and consideration as was displayed by her predecessor, as Miss Hunter has been on the night shift for some time.

Miss Hunter will operate the exchange at day time and Miss Troutman at night.

### French Tract Forum

The first snow of the season fell on the tract Thursday and was heartily welcomed by the farmers.

Chas. Gaylord left from Raton, Detroit, Michigan, than asked lengthy visit.

John Parker of Tipton, Ohio, is here looking after his farm. He was formerly a resident of the tract.

James Thompson of Chicago, formerly a farmer of the French tract, is visiting friends here.

F. M. Edwards and family are preparing to move to Detroit, Michigan, where Mr. Edwards has been offered a good position.

Very few people from here attended the Springer Fair and Pumpkin Pie Day at Maxwell, owing to the inclement weather.

as caused by the inauguration of the parcel post.

Mr. Chandler has a hard proposition before him and when one considers the large amount of mail that comes to the post office daily and with the keeping of the additional records it is not to be surprised at that he retires at night completely exhausted.

### Little Boy Hurt In Runaway

A serious accident was narrowly averted Tuesday afternoon when the 3-year-old son of S. David, while playing in the street was run over by a delivery wagon.

The delivery horse of the Brooks Mercantile Co., became frightened while standing in front of the store and at a terrific speed ran down the street striking the child with the wagon. The wagon passed over the face of the child bruising it in several places.

The child was carried to its home and Dr. By's was called to dress the wounds made by the wheels of the wagon. It was at first feared that the child was the victim of fatal injuries, but later developments have proven that the injuries were limited about the face.

### Springer Spasms

Dave and Ed Padilla, assaulted Jack Sammons Tuesday night with stones. The two assaultors are brothers. They were lying in ambush for their victim, when, as the ball was passing, they pounced upon him, beating him unmercifully.

Both parties who were passing in a precarious condition. Warrants have been served upon the men and a speedy trial is awaiting the brothers.

Francisca Quintana aged 14 and Rosendo M. Gonzales aged 28, eloped Saturday their destination being not known. The elopers were apprehended Thursday near Raton and brought back to Springer for trial. The mother of the girl was prostrated with grief over the elopement of her daughter.

Wallace McGuire, guard at the Reform School, has resigned his position to look after other business interests.

Mrs. C. R. Brown and children returned Friday from a six months visit in the east with friends and relatives.

C. C. Cunningham is buying cattle in the Gallup country.

After a brief visit with her father, J. W. Jenkins, Mrs. Sanford and children left for her home in Oklahoma City.

### Prisoner Escapes From Guadalupe Co. Jail

Jailor Rendered Unconscious At The Hands Of Escaping Convict; Posse On Trail.

Theodore Kreiberg, several years a resident of Springer, was recently married at Woodland, California, to Miss Vivien Sehora.

### "Ty" Cobb Signs Bank Notes

Collectors doubtless will be on the lookout soon for some national bank notes which were signed a few days ago by "Ty" Cobb, centerfielder of the Detroit baseball club.

When the star player was at Washington the other day he visited the treasury department and while being shown through, he asked to see some of the bank notes of the First National Bank of Leno, Va.

Informing the officer in charge that he was a director of that bank and as such was entitled to sign bank notes printed for the institution, the ball player placed his signature to several sheets of the notes.

### Raton Snapshots

Robert Lee, for many years a resident of Colfax county, was shot and instantly killed at Segundo, Colo., by striking Greek miners, while in the performance of his duties as a deputy sheriff. It was reported to Lee that Greek miners were interfering with a bridge on private coal land property, and it was while he was attending to his duties that the fatal shot was fired which caused his instant death.

Several hundred Raton people were disappointed Thursday to find that their plans had been impaired during the night, to attend Pie Day at Maxwell, by a heavy fall of snow. The 1500 pumpkin pies baked by the Maxwell people and other preparations made were a thorn in that hospitable town's eye and the event was called off for that day.

One of the main events of the Fair this week will be the racing on the track by the fastest horses in the northern part of the state. A large number of entries from Colorado have been booked for the racing events and the purses run as high as \$400.00.

F. Martinez, 42 years old, died at his home Tuesday evening after a lingering illness. The burial took place Wednesday afternoon in Fairmount cemetery.

Mayor Shuler of Raton has been appointed as toastmaster for the banquet to be given in honor of the Santa Fe officials, by Raton business men, Friday evening October 3. A general invitation has been extended to the citizens of Raton and plates are selling at \$2 each.

(Continued on page five.)

Santa Rosa, N. M., Oct. 1.—A large posse, headed by Sheriff Jose S. Duran of Guadalupe county, is scouring the country in the neighborhood of Santa Rosa in an effort to capture Max Goldbauch, who escaped last night from the county jail here after having knocked Jailor Jose Romero senseless with the officer's own weapon.

Goldbauch got a good start and the officers are having difficulty in getting on his trail. It is thought the man is hiding somewhere in the hills near here.

At the recent fall term of the district court, Goldbauch pleaded guilty to larceny and was sentenced to not less than one year nor more than eighteen months in the state penitentiary. The man was placed in the Guadalupe county jail to await his removal to Santa Fe.

Last night, when Jailor Romero opened Goldbauch's cell door and started to lead the prisoner to the room where the prisoners are given their meals, the convicted man seized the officer and wrenched his gun away from him. He then struck the jailor over the head with the weapon and made his escape.

Goldbauch was the only prisoner in the jail. The unconscious jailor lay upon the floor until his groans attracted investigators to the place. Romero's condition is said to be serious though it is thought he will recover.

Officers all over the state have been asked to be on the lookout for Goldbauch. Santa Fe secret service men are assisting the regular peace officers.

The offense for which Goldbauch was sentenced was stealing \$112 in negotiable checks.

### Hunters Prepare For The Season

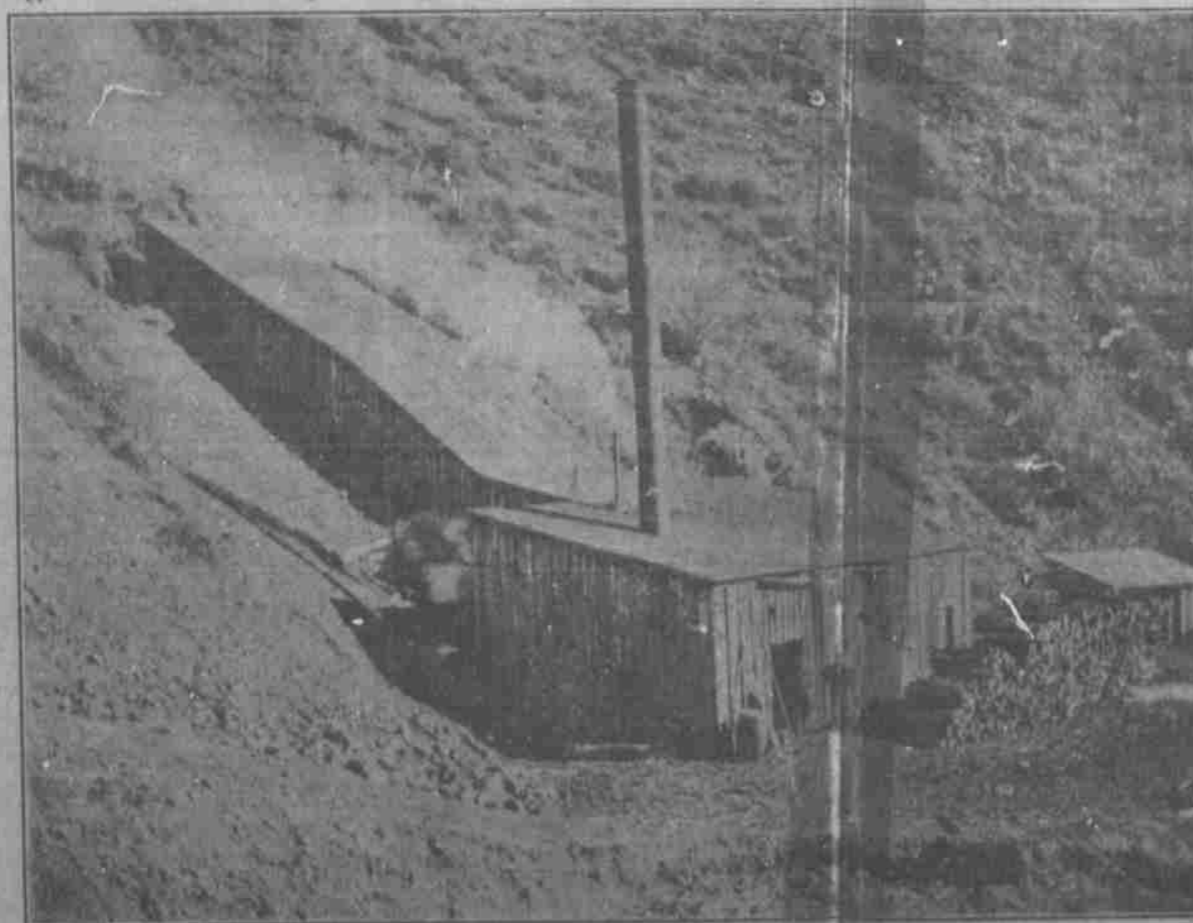
Get your gun and camping outfit.

October 1st the big game hunting season opened and will remain open until the 15th of November.

Hunters are making preparations to spend some time in the hills to drop some of the big game which the law has allotted each licensed man.

Big game is plentiful in the hills and it is stated that in the more secluded spots in the mountains there are great numbers of big game animals, that can be picked without much trouble providing the hunter does not get an attack of "buck fever."

The many game reserves around here are well posted so that the sportsmen know when they are on private property, while hunting. In any event it will pay the hunters, where it is possible, to secure written permissions from private parties to hunt big game on their premises and thus avoid trouble.



A Mine in Red River District

AN EPITOME OF LATE LIVE NEWS

CONDENSED RECORD OF THE PROGRESS OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

FROM ALL SOURCES

SAVINGS, DOINGS, ACHIEVEMENTS, SUFFERINGS, HOPES AND FEARS OF MANKIND.

Western Newspaper Union News Service. WESTERN.

Quadruplets, all boys, have been born to Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Yates, Centralia, Ill.

Mrs. Rebecca Gay, leading Christian Science healer, was found murdered in her office in Los Angeles.

Brig. Gen. Edward Mosle, U. S. A., retired, died at San Francisco of pneumonia after an illness of a fortnight.

Colonel William Busby, fifty-nine years old, known as the "coal king" of Oklahoma and one of the wealthiest men in the state died at McAlester.

A special casket was built for John B. Lynch, forty-eight years old, who died at St. Louis of fatty degeneration of the heart. Lynch weighed 692 pounds.

The Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterway convention, which was to have been held in Peoria, Ill., Oct. 23, has been postponed until after the adjournment of this session of Congress.

Closing arguments were completed at San Francisco in the divorce suit of Captain C. Merrim, U. S. A., against Beale Merrim, and Superior Judge Graham took the case under advisement.

A wife has a right to use a broomstick on her husband's head in regulating household difficulties, according to a ruling by Circuit Judge R. M. Shelton in a divorce suit at Macon, Mo.

State Comptroller Schmer of New York received a check for \$2,500,000 in payment of the inheritance tax on a part of the estate of the late J. Pierpont Morgan. The payment indicates a valuation of approximately \$65,000,000.

Counsel for Harry K. Thaw received formal assurances from Governor Felker of New Hampshire that he would grant their request for an extension to October 6 of the time for the trial of Thaw in the Peabody prosecution.

Two drug-crazed mulatto boys, brothers, began a reign of murder at Harrison, Miss., Sunday morning that ended only after three white men, four negro men and a negro woman had been killed, several persons wounded and the two boys lynched.

A recount of every sack of silver dollars stored in the United States mint at San Francisco, amounting to \$61,395,000, has been ordered, according to Superintendent of the Mint T. W. H. Shanahan, because of the discovery of thefts from some of the sacks. The loss thus far revealed, the superintendent says amounts to only \$7.

WASHINGTON.

Official Washington gossiped about the reported recall to Mexico of General Porfirio Diaz. No tangible explanation was forthcoming of the motive back of the summons.

Approximately 425,000 persons, with incomes ranging from \$5,000 to \$100,000 a year and upward, will contribute to the \$100,000,000 yearly revenue to be derived from the income tax.

Francisco Vasquez Gomez, mentioned as a possible candidate in the coming Mexican elections, told friends he would not return to Mexico to become a candidate. Gomez is making his home in Washington.

Representatives Taylor and Sedonmiers will leave for Colorado as soon as the tariff bill is disposed of. Mrs. Taylor left last week. Kindel will remain in Washington until later, going to Wichita, Kan., to deliver an address en route to Denver.

Former United States Senator Obadiah Gardner of Maine has been selected by President Wilson for the international joint commission having jurisdiction over boundary disputes between the United States and Canada, to succeed Frank B. Streeter of Concord, N. H.

Approximately one in every 400 inhabitants of the United States is employed by the postal service. Tabulations by the postoffice department show that on June 30, last, there were 58,021 postmasters, 115,415 assistant postmasters and postoffice clerks, 1,454 watchmen, messengers and laborers, and 30,920 city letter carriers.

The amount of livestock grazed on national forest ranges is more than 4 per cent greater this year than last, nearly 10,000,000 domestic animals having been occupied during the summer in converting the by-products of the forest into meat, hides and wool, according to forest service reports. During the year past the government received more than \$7,000,000 from grazing fees.

Seaborn Roddenberry, representative in Congress from the second district of Georgia, died at his home in Thomasville.

FOREIGN.

Sir Alfred East, president of the Royal Society of British Artists, died at London. He was born in 1845.

General Porfirio Diaz, ex-President of Mexico, has been summoned by the War Department to return to Mexico for active army service.

An important deposit of uranium and pitchblende, from which radium is extracted, has been found on the German side of the Erzgebirge, a range of mountains between Saxony and Bohemia.

The apology of General Chang Hsun to the Japanese consulate at Nanking has cleared the air, according to the Japanese officials at Tokio, and removes the danger of complications for the present.

The condition of Pope Pius X. is giving rise to some anxiety. Although not suffering from any specific malady the state of his health is unsatisfactory. It is believed, however, that rest and care will restore him.

The four-masted schooner Transit is a total wreck on the shore at Point Barrow, where she was driven by the ice, and five other vessels are imprisoned in the ice in the same neighborhood, says a Nome, Alaska, dispatch.

Messages were sent by order of President Huerta to all the consuls representing Mexico in foreign countries to the effect that the revolution was ended and that the elections would be held according to the government program.

Turkey has notified Greece that peace negotiations will be resumed immediately when peace treaty with Bulgaria is signed. The embassies at Constantinople have received telegrams that 200 Greeks have been massacred in western Thrace.

SPORT.

Table with 4 columns: Team, Won, Lost, Pct. Rows include Denver, Des Moines, St. Joseph, Lincoln, Omaha, Topeka, Sioux City, Wichita.

By defeating Des Moines Saturday Denver clinched the Western League pennant for 1913.

A Santos Dumont, one of the pioneers in aviation, has constructed a monoplane on a new model, which was tested at Villacelblay, France, with excellent results.

Steve Ketchel of Chicago was given a decision over Stanley Youstom of Las Vegas at the end of ten rounds of hard battling at the Colorado Athletic club's card in Denver.

The remarkable speed of 118.6 miles an hour, breaking the former official world's record of 114.4 miles an hour, was attained at Rheims, France, by aviator Emile Vedrine and Maurice Prevost, two French aviators.

With the defeat of Philadelphia by Boston New York won the National League pennant for 1913, although itself defeated by Brooklyn. If Philadelphia were to win and New York to lose all their games yet to be played, New York would still lead by four points.

William Sheffer of the Colorado Springs high school, won the state interscholastic tennis match at Colorado Springs by defeating Gardner Jackson of Cutler academy by scores of 6-2, 6-0. This was the third victory for the school and carried with it the permanent possession of the W. W. Flora trophy.

Aviator Pegoud, the topsyturvy airman, made his last exhibition at Brooklands, near London, and kept his promise to excel his former efforts. Rising 3,000 feet, he made a graceful flight of two miles, returning immediately he turned over and flew the length of the aerodrome on his back. Then he rose again and performed the still more remarkable feat of looping the loop three times in succession.

GENERAL.

Philadelphia provides free eyeglasses for nearly 2,500 school children every year.

Annie France, a famous colored cook, died at Cooksville, Howard county, Md., at the reputed age of 103 years.

Simplicity marked the funeral at Thomasville, Ga., of Congressman Seaborn A. Roddenberry, who died after a brief illness.

Maj. Gen. George L. Gillespie, seventy-two, U. S. A., retired of Washington, D. C., died at his summer home at Saratoga, N. Y.

In an effort to reclaim jewelry stolen from the home of Mrs. C. C. Rumsey, at Narragansett Pier last July, a reward of \$20,000 has been offered.

In order to bring about his legal removal to Pennsylvania, in event that the request of the New York authorities for his extradition is denied by Governor Folker, a taxpayers' suit against the state of New York is planned by Harry K. Thaw.

Clyde Wilkinson, thirty-four, who was sought by the police when the mutilated body of his wife was found buried in a cornfield on a farm where he had lived near Peru, Ind., was arrested at Loganport, and according to the police he confessed he had killed his wife in the presence of their two sons.

The federal grand jury at New York returned an indictment against the confessed slayer of Anna Amuller, Hans Schmidt, and his associate, "Dr." Ernest Muret, charging both with conspiracy to counterfeit.

NEW MEXICO IN BRIEF

Western Newspaper Union News Service. Dates for Coming Events. October 1-4—Fifth annual New Mexico fair at Shiprock. Oct. 8-11—State Fair at Albuquerque. Oct. 7-10—State Meeting of New Mexico Federation of Women's Clubs at Santa Fe. Oct. 11-16—Meeting of Western Texas and Eastern New Mexico Press and Commercial Clubs at Artesia. Oct. 17-25—Meeting Masonic Grand Lodge at Santa Fe.

A new bank is to be opened at Vaughn. A saloon is to be opened in Carlsbad, and will pay license fees of \$2,425.

Chrysolite has been found near Silver City. The grade is reported of fine quality.

The thirty-fourth annual Farmington fair was the most successful held in Farmington for years.

A carload of copper ore leaves High Rolls Sliding, near Cloudcroft, weekly for the smelter at El Paso.

A car load of cauliflower a week is being shipped from Capitan, Lincoln county, to Eastern markets.

Fifteen different people are constructing silos in Curry county, with storage capacity of 50 to 100 tons.

Lakewood shipped five cars of canned tomatoes last week, and has another shipment of four cars ready.

A Dunkard society from Illinois recently purchased \$50,000 worth of land on the Mesero tract east of Deming.

Sheepmen report that wolves and coyotes are doing considerable damage to their flocks, killing numbers of them.

Landerger Brothers are preparing to dip their cattle, and will winter 8,000 head on the range adjoining Rock Island.

The first showing of oil in the Martin well being drilled by the Pecos Valley company of Dayton was on a few days ago.

The first football game of the season in the Pecos valley was played at Artesia when Roosevelt high won 6 to 0 over the Artesia high.

An application for state aid for building and furnishing a school house has been received from District No. 42 in Guadalupe county.

Frank Laws and T. H. Flowers, members of the petit jury, were injured in an automobile accident between McIntosh and Estancia.

Nestor Bena, a resident of Santa Fe, was committed to the State Hospital for the insane after a hearing by Judge David J. Leahy of Los Alamos.

Colonel William H. Russell, a noted Indian fighter in the early days and active in the development of the mining industry in the state, died at his home in Socorro.

Shot in the left leg with a .32 bullet fired by an unknown man near the Santa Fe station at Vaughn, Special Officer Johnson of Vaughn, was taken to Albuquerque on a special train and is a patient in St. Joseph's hospital.

The superintendent of public instruction announced that he has received five requests for state aid for school buildings from Union county and had approved three from Santa Fe county. The find of ore at the head of Lime creek made by Al Hubbard recently returns three ounces of gold per ton. The mineral is said to lie between porphyry and lime and the pay streak two feet wide.

W. J. Andrus of Aragon, through his attorneys, is going to make a test run out of the prohibition imposed by the Santa Fe on Nos. 3 and 4, the limited trains. He so states in a letter to the State Corporation Commission. Osceola, Lincoln county, is developing into a grape-growing section. The state game warden's office wrote another letter to Congressman Ferguson reminding him of a letter written in April, applying for fifty elk from the herd of thousands which annually almost starve to death around Jackson's Hole.

Automobile license No. 1794 was issued by the secretary of state to George R. Becker of Tierra Amarilla. This is remarkable only in the fact that it is the first automobile license to be granted to a resident of Rio Arriba county.

Judge John T. McClure in the District Court at Roswell handed down an opinion that is of great interest to all cattlemen in New Mexico. It recognizes the rights of cattlemen under an act of 1909 regarding torrendal waters to appropriate the water with out filing applications required of others than stockmen who are by the act previously passed relieved from this requirement. It also recognizes that appropriations as superior to subsequent applications for any other purpose.

Santa Fe, having been declared the oldest city in the United States, now becomes busy in an endeavor to attract new elements within its confines.

Señor Don Juan Riano y Gayanga, Spain's minister to the United States, will be the guest of the city of Santa Fe and of the Santa Fe Chamber of Commerce Oct. 4 and 5.

A total of twelve applications have been sent out by the game warden's office, in response to inquiries for a supply of fish from the government's hatchery for New Mexico streams.

VALUES FOR TAXATION

BANKS AND RAILROADS SHOW THE BIGGEST GAIN.

State Board of Equalization Figures Show Big Increase This Year Over 1912.

Western Newspaper Union News Service. Santa Fe.—The secretary of the New Mexico board of equalization has completed an abstract of the tax rolls of the state, and the compilation shows an increase in taxable values for the year of \$11,000,000.

The total assessed valuation of the state, according to the tax rolls as they now are, without corrections made necessary by reason of appeals, etc., is \$24,086,518. The valuation in 1912 was \$13,467,454. The amount of increase of 1913 over 1912 is \$11,629,064, while the amount of increase of 1913 over 1911 was \$12,208,572.

The totals of the subjects fixed by the state board show an increase of \$2,245,250, or 3.05 per cent, while the assessors show a net decrease of \$5,046,126, or 11.67 per cent. Including exemptions, which this year, under the new law, are scheduled differently than formerly, the gross decrease on valuations fixed by the county assessors is \$7,645,795.

Railroad property in 1912 was assessed at \$20,404,459. In 1913 this assessment amounts to \$25,375,923, an increase of 24.38 per cent. This is one of the items fixed by the state board of equalization.

Under the head of lands and improvements, an item fixed by the assessor, the 1913 valuation was \$39,307,857, a decrease of 1.34 per cent.

Live stock, valuation fixed by the state board, in 1912 was assessed at \$8,826,900. The valuation in 1913 is given at \$10,768,307, an increase of \$1,941,407.

Merchandise stocks were assessed at \$2,884,786 in 1912, but in 1913 the assessed valuation was \$2,765,723, or \$118,063 less, amounting to 4.09 per cent.

All other property, as it is designated on the abstract, in 1912 was valued at \$3,771,197, but in 1913 the taxable valuation decreased to \$3,594,248, a loss of \$176,949, or 4.69 per cent.

Agriculture, grazing, timber and coal land and town lots all show a decrease in the assessed valuation in 1913 over 1912. The only increase is found under the head of other mineral land, which is a comparatively small item.

Property returned for taxation in 1913 was valued for the year 20,317, and in 1912 the average valuation was \$2,337, but the average valuation in 1913 was \$2,337.

Property assessed in number 1, 1912 over 1912 300 head, but the total assessed valuation decreased \$52,596, or \$5.49 a head.

Cattle increased on the tax rolls between 1912 and 1913 184,274 head. The taxable valuation increased \$1,670,062, but the average value per head decreased 83 cents.

Sheep increased in number on the tax rolls in the year 239,279, and increased in value \$126,150, but decreased in value per head 14 cents.

Goats increased in number 45,491 and in value \$49,091, but the taxable value per head decreased 7 cents.

Hogs increased in number 4,880 and in value \$13,661, and decreased in value per head 11 cents.—El Paso Times.

The Caribel Ore.

Raton—H. L. Pratt of the Caribel mining property at Red River, was in the city on his way to Trinidad conveying a forty-two-pound lump of gold and silver billion to market. This billion represented the values obtained from seventy-five tons of ore, and was estimated to be worth about \$2,000, or more than \$26 for each ton of ore.

Gang of White Caps Found Guilty.

Estancia.—For the second time within a year, Josiah Perkins, George Dunn, Charles A. Nobis and John Griffin, charged with assault with intent to kill, growing out of a midnight attack made on Aug. 18, 1909, on the home of Mrs. Josephine Knapp, near Mountainair, Torrance county, during which the woman's house was riddled with bullets by a band of white caps, were found guilty in the District Court here. All of the convicted men are prominent in the community in which they live and Perkins is wealthy. The attack on the woman's home was inspired by the belief that she was disposing of liquor. Mountainair is a dry town.

Legislator Found Guilty.

Santa Fe.—J. P. Lucero, member of the Legislature from Rio Arriba county and indicted with three other members of the Legislature on charges of solicitation of bribery, was pronounced guilty by a jury. The case will be appealed.

Torrance County Officials Indicted.

Santa Fe.—The Torrance county grand jury has returned presentments against Lorenzo Zamora, Juan Cruz Sanchez and Libredo Valencia, county commissioners, and Acasio Gallegos, county clerk, asking their removal on the grounds of incompetency. The cases will probably be tried at a special session in November. Gallegos has been in office a year, having succeeded Manuel S. Sanchez, who was relieved a year ago by the same procedure.

STRIKING MINERS SHOOT UP CAMP

BOARDING HOUSE OF NON-UNION MEN AT OAKVIEW IS ATTACKED.

FLEE AS GUARDS CHARGE

BREAK FROM BRUSH SHELTER AND SEEK SAFETY IN THE MOUNTAIN PATHS.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Walsenburg, Colo., Sept. 30.—A hail of bullets from the rifles of twenty men concealed in the underbrush on the brow of a hill 400 yards northeast of the mine, whistled through the Oakview coal camp, seven miles west of La Veta, at 6:30 Monday morning. For thirty-five minutes the bullets ripped and tore their way through the houses of the non-union miners, throwing them into a frenzy of terror. A party of twelve guards charged the hill and drove the attackers into the foothills around Old Baldy mountain. One thousand bullets entered the camp.

A Japanese boarding house was where the fire centered. More than forty bullets lodged in the side of the two-story building after the fusillade. Two other Japanese houses were riddled.

Dozens of miners were on their way to the mine entrance when the first shots struck. Wives and children rushed into the streets, joining fathers and husbands. Almost instantly the attacking party found the range of the huddled groups. Bullets tore up the ground, and then followed a scramble for safety.

Many ran for the cellar of the company's store and almost every cave in the camp became a refuge for the terror-stricken inhabitants. A few ran for the hills, rushing into the face of the fire.

Among the dozens of narrow escapes was that of Michael Rech, clerk of the mine, who had just placed a book on the pay desk when it was torn open by a bullet.

Several times the retreating men were sighted by the guards, but only for an instant. The pursuit ended at the foot of Baldy mountain, ten miles away, when the guards realized the marauders had reached a place where it was impossible to follow them.

Adolph Germer, international organizer in charge of this district, said that the shooting was a "frame-up" on the part of the guards.

William D. Lewis of New York, president of the Oakdale Coal Company, operating the Oakview mine at Oakdale, who sat in the mine office during the firing, says that there were fully twenty men in the party which shot up the camp.

"It was the most awful exhibition of lawlessness and insurrection I ever have run across in my forty years of mining experience!" he said. "Utterly regardless of men, women and children, the attackers swept the streets of the camp with their bullets. It is remarkable that dozens were not killed. The attack was entirely unexpected. Another time and we will be ready to go anything in our power to protect our people."

Intense feeling has existed among the striking miners at Oakview because the company was able to retain about half of its working force when the strike opened.

Willing to Return at Florence. Florence.—Fifteen striking miners of the Royal Gorge mine at Cañon City have expressed a willingness to return to work if the company will afford them protection.

Strikers Beat Stable Boss.

Trinidad.—William Smith, 55, stable boss at the Tobacco mine, was attacked by Joseph Olio, a Russian striker at the Ludlow colony. Smith received several deep gashes on the head.

Spring Mines Are Running.

Colorado Springs.—With the exception of the Pikeview properties, all the coal mines in the region are running full force, and the Pikeview has sixty men at work. So far as the local supply is concerned the strike is practically over. The companies are now about ten days behind their orders.

Millionaire Bixby Freed by Jury.

Los Angeles, Cal.—George H. Bixby, a millionaire of Long Beach, Cal., charged with having contributed to the downfall of minor young women, was found not guilty by a jury.

Former Congressman Lacey Dead.

Oakaloo, Iowa.—John F. Lacey, former Iowa congressman from the Sixth Iowa Congressional District, dropped dead here from heart disease.

Body of Unidentified Man Found.

Douglas, Wyo.—The body of an unidentified man with a bullet hole in his right temple was found on the prairie several miles south of here. A revolver was clasped in the right hand. All marks of identification had been cut from the clothing.

Pueblo Child Fatally Wounded.

Pueblo.—Struck by a bullet intended for her father, Marie Bersing, 3, was fatally wounded in her home here. J. Williams is in jail charged with the shooting.

Better Biscuits Baked

With

You never tasted daintier, lighter, fluffier biscuits than those baked with Calumet. They're always good—delicious. For Calumet insures perfect baking.

RECEIVED HIGHEST AWARDS

World's Pure Food Exposition, Chicago, Ill. Paris Exposition, France, March, 1912.



You don't save money when you buy cheap or inferior baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to any milk and soda.

Interested. Husband (at the police station)—They say you have caught the fellow who robbed our house night before last.

Sergeant—Yes. Do you want to see him?

Husband—Sure! I'd like to talk to him. I want to know how he got in without waking my wife. I've been trying to do that for the last twenty years.—Judge.

Nothing equals Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops for Bronchial weakness, sore chests, and throat troubles—5c at all Druggists.

Prices of mules are reported to be rising in Missouri.

Copenhagen (Denmark) school teachers got \$330 a year.

Backache Is a Warning

Thousands suffer kidney ills unawares—not knowing that the backache, headaches, and dull, nervous, dizzy, all tired condition are often due to kidney weakness alone.

Anybody who suffers constantly from backaches should suspect the kidneys. Some irregularity of this secretion may give just the needed proof.

Doan's Kidney Pills have been curing backaches and sick kidneys for over fifty years.

A North Dakota Case Mrs. G. J. Taylor, Grand, N. D., says: "My feet and hands were swollen and I couldn't sleep at account of kidney weakness. My back was lame and sore and I felt miserable. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and my husband had occasion to use them since, they have never failed me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-McBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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# The PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

By Gaston Leroux  
Author of  
THE MYSTERY OF THE YELLOW ROOM  
and THE PERFUME OF THE LADY IN BLACK  
Illustrations by M.G. Kettner  
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## SYNOPSIS.

Consternation is caused on the last night that the Opera is managed by Desmet and Poligny because of the appearance of a ghost, said to have been in evidence on several previous occasions. Christine Daae, a member of the opera company, is called upon to sing a very important part and scores a great success. Count de Chagny and his brother Raoul are among those who applaud the singer. Raoul tries to kiss her, but she is in the dressing room, but is unable to do so and later discovers that some one is making love to her. She comes down, and upon entering the room he finds it empty. While the farewell ceremony for the retiring managers is going on, the Opera Ghost appears and informs the new managers that Box No. 5 is reserved for him. Box No. 5 is sold with disastrous results. The managers receive a letter from the Opera Ghost calling attention to the error. Christine Daae writes Raoul that she has gone to visit the grave of her father. He goes also, and in the night follows her to the church. Wonderful music is heard. Raoul visits a graveyard. Raoul is found next morning almost frozen. Moncharmin and Richard investigate Box No. 5 and decide to see the performance of "Faust" from the seats of that box. Carlotta, who sings the leading part in "Faust," is warned to give the part to Christine. Carlotta, returning, loses her voice in the middle of a song and the main chandelier crashes down, killing a woman and wounding many. Christine, who has disappeared, who has disappeared, and later a note is received from her making an appointment for a masked ball. Raoul meets Christine at the ball. He sees a person in the disguise of Raoul. He hears her conversing with some one whom she calls Erik. Raoul visits Christine and tells her he knows the name of the man in whom she calls the Angel of Music. Christine and Raoul become secretly engaged prior to a polar expedition that Raoul is to make. Christine relates a strange adventure with the unseen Erik and promises to run away with Raoul. Raoul announces his intention of marrying Christine, which displeases Philippe. In the midst of a performance the stage is enveloped in darkness and Christine disappears.

### CHAPTER XIII. (Continued.)

They were giving Faust, as it happened, before a splendid house. The Faubourg was magnificently represented; and the paragraph in that morning's Epoque had already produced its effect, for all eyes were turned to the box in which Count Philippe sat alone, apparently in a very indifferent and careless frame of mind. The feminine element in the brilliant audience seemed curiously puzzled; and the vicount's absence gave rise to any amount of whispering behind the fans. Christine Daae met with a rather cold reception. That special audience could not forgive her for aiming so high.

The singer noticed this unfavorable attitude of a portion of the house and was confused by it.

The regular frequenters of the opera, who pretended to know the truth about the vicount's love-story, exchanged significant smiles at certain passages in Margaria's part; and they made a show of turning and looking at Philippe de Chagny's box when Christine sang:

I wish I could but know who was he  
That addressed me,  
If he was noble, or, at least, what his name is.

The count sat with his chin on his hand and seemed to pay no attention to these manifestations. He kept his eyes fixed on the stage; but his thoughts appeared to be far away.

Christine lost her self-assurance more and more. She trembled. She felt as the verge of a breakdown. Carlotta wondered if she was ill, if she could keep the stage until the end of the Garden Act. In the front of the house, people remembered the catastrophe that had befallen Carlotta at the end of that act and the historic "co-ack" which had momentarily interrupted her career in Paris.

Just then, Carlotta made her entrance in a box facing the stage, a sensational entrance. Poor Christine raised her eyes upon this fresh subject of excitement. She recognized her rival. She thought she saw a sneer on her lips. That saved her. She forgot everything, in order to triumph once more.

From that moment the prima donna sang with all her heart and soul. She tried to surpass all that she had done till then; and she succeeded. In the last act when she began the invocation to the angels, she made all the members of the audience feel as though they too had wings.

In the center of the amphitheater a man stood up and remained standing, facing the singer. It was Raoul. Holy angel, in heaven blessed.

And Christine, her arms outstretched, her throat filled with music, the glory of her hair falling over her bare shoulders, uttered the divine cry: My spirit longs with thee to rest!

It was at that moment that the stage was suddenly plunged in darkness. It happened so quickly that the spectators hardly had time to utter a sound of stupefaction, for the gas at once lit up the stage again. But Christine Daae was no longer there! What had become of her? What was that miracle? All exchanged glances without understanding, and the excitement at once reached its height. Her was the tension any less

great on the stage itself. Men rushed from the wings to the spot where Christine had been singing that very instant. The performance was interrupted amid the greatest disorder.

Where had Christine gone? What witchcraft had snatched her away before the eyes of thousands of enthusiastic onlookers and from the arms of Carolus Fonta himself? It was as though the angels had really carried her up "to rest."

Raoul, still standing up in the amphitheater, had uttered a cry. Count Philippe had sprung to his feet in his box. People looked at the stage, at the count, at Raoul, and wondered if this curious event was connected in any way with the paragraph in that morning's paper. But Raoul hurriedly left his seat, the count disappeared from his box and, while the curtain was lowered, the subscribers rushed to the door that led behind the scenes. The rest of the audience waited amid an indescribable hubbub. Every one spoke at once. Every one tried to suggest an explanation of the extraordinary incident.

At last, the curtain rose slowly and Carolus Fonta stepped to the conductor's desk and, in a sad and serious voice, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, an unprecedented event has taken place and thrown us into a state of the greatest alarm. Our sister-artist, Christine Daae, has disappeared before our eyes and nobody can tell us how!"

## CHAPTER XIV.

### The Singular Attitude of a Safety-Pin.

Behind the curtain there was an indescribable crowd. Artists, scene-shifters, dancers, supers, chorists, subscribers were all asking questions, shouting and hustling one another. "What became of her?" "She's run away."

"With the Vicomte de Chagny, or course!"

"No, with the count!"

"Ah, here's Carlotta! Carlotta did the trick!"

"No, it was the ghost!"

And a few laughed, especially as a careful examination of the trap-doors and boards had put the idea of an accident out of the question.

Amid this noisy throng, three men stood talking in a low voice and with despairing gestures. They were Gabriel, the chorus-master; Mercier, the acting-manager; and Remy, the secretary. They retired to a corner of the lobby by which the stage communicates with the wide passage leading to the foyer of the ballet. Here they stood and argued behind some enormous "properties."

"I knocked at the door," said Remy. "They did not answer. Perhaps they are not in the office. In any case, it's impossible to find out, for they took the keys with them."

"They were obviously the managers, who had given orders, during the last entr'acte, that they were not

to be disturbed on any pretext whatever. They were not in to anybody.

"All the same," exclaimed Gabriel, "a singer isn't run away with, from the middle of the stage, every day!"

"Did you shout that to them?" asked Mercier, impatiently. "I'll go back again," said Remy, and disappeared at a run.

Thereupon the stage-manager arrived.

"Well, M. Mercier, are you coming? What are you two doing here? You're wanted, Mr. Acting-Manager."

"I refuse to know or to do anything before the commissary arrives," declared Mercier. "I have sent for Mitford. We shall see when he comes!"

"And I tell you that you ought to go down to the organ at once."

"Not before the commissary comes."

"I've been down to the organ myself already."

"Ah! And what did you see?"

"Well, I saw nobody! Do you hear—nobody!"

"What do you want me to go down there for?"

"You're right!" said the stage-manager, frantically pushing his hands through his rebellious hair. "You're right! But there might be some one at the organ who could tell us how the stage came to be suddenly darkened. Now Manclair is nowhere to be found. Do you understand that?"

Manclair was the gas-man, who dispensed day and night at will on the stage of the opera.

"Manclair is not to be found!" repeated Mercier, taken aback. "Well, what about his assistants?"

"There's no Manclair and no assistants! No one at the lights, I tell you! You can imagine," roared the stage-manager, "that that little girl must have been carried off by some body else; she didn't run away by herself! It was a calculated stroke and we have to find out about it."

And what are the managers doing all this time? I gave orders that no one was to go down to the lights and I posted a fireman in front of the gas-man's box beside the organ. Wasn't that right?"

"Yes, yes, quite right, quite right. And now let's wait for the commissary."

The stage-manager walked away, shrugging his shoulders, frowning, muttering insults at those milkops who remained quietly squatting in a corner while the whole theater was topsyturvy.

Gabriel and Mercier were not so quiet as all that. Only they had received an order that paralyzed them. The managers were not to be disturbed on any account. Remy had violated that order and met with no success.

At that moment he returned from his new expedition, wearing a curiously startled air.

"Well, have you seen them?" asked Mercier.

"Moncharmin opened the door at last. His eyes were starting out of his head. I thought he meant to strike me. I could not get a word in; and what do you think he shouted at me? 'Have you a safety-pin? No!'"

"Well, then, clear out!" I tried to tell him that an unheard-of thing had happened on the stage, but he roared, 'A safety-pin! Give me a safety-pin at once!' A boy heard him—he was belching like a bull—ran up with a

"It's another trick of O. G.'s." Remy gave a grin. Mercier a sign and seemed about to speak—but, meeting Gabriel's eye, said nothing.

However, Mercier felt his responsibility increased as the minutes passed without the managers' appearing; and, at last, he could stand it no longer.

"Look here, I'll go and hunt them out myself!"

Gabriel, turning very gloomy and serious, stopped him.

"Be careful what you're doing, Mercier! If they're staying in their office, it's probably because they have told O. G. has more than one trick in his bag!"

But Mercier shook his head.

"That's their lookout! I'm going! If people had listened to me, the police would have known everything long ago!"

And he went.

"What's everything?" asked Remy. "What was there to tell the police? Why don't you answer, Gabriel?"

Ah, so you know something! Well, you would do better to tell me, too, if you don't want me to shout out that you are all going mad! Yes, that's what you are: mad!"

Gabriel put on a stupid look and pretended not to understand the private secretary's unseasonable outburst.

"What something am I supposed to know?" he said. "I don't know what you mean."

Remy began to lose his temper.

"This evening, Richard and Moncharmin were behaving like lunatics, here, between the acts."

"I never noticed it," growled Gabriel, very much annoyed.

"Then you're the only one! Do you think that I didn't see them?"

And that M. Parabise, the manager of the Credit Central, noticed nothing? . . . And that M. de La Borderie, the ambassador, has no eyes to see with? . . . Why, all the subscribers were pointing at our managers!"

"But what were our managers doing?" asked Gabriel, putting on his most innocent air.

"What were they doing? You know better than any one what they were doing. . . . You were there! And you were watching them, you and Mercier! . . . And you were the only two who didn't laugh. . . ."

"I don't understand!"

Gabriel raised his arms and dropped them to his sides again, which gesture was meant to convey that the question did not interest him in the least. Remy continued:

"What is the sense of this new mania of theirs? Why won't they have any one come near them?"

"What? Won't they have any one come near them?"

"And they won't let any one touch them!"

"Really? Have you noticed that they don't let any one touch them? . . . Really odd!"

"Oh, so you admit it! And high time, too! And then, they walk backward!"

"Backward? You have seen our managers walk backward? Why, I thought that only crabs walked backward!"

"Don't laugh, Gabriel; don't laugh!" "I'm not laughing," protested Gabriel, looking as solemn as a judge.

"Perhaps you can tell me this, Gabriel, as you're an intimate friend of the management: When I went up to M. Richard, outside the foyer, during the Garden Interval, with my hand out before me, why did M. Moncharmin hurriedly whisper to me, 'Go away! Go away! Whatever you do, don't touch M. le directeur!' Am I supposed to have an infectious disease?"

"It's incredible!"

"And, a little later, when M. de La Borderie went up to M. Richard, didn't you see M. Moncharmin fling himself between them and hear him exclaim, 'M. l'ambassadeur, I entreat you not to touch M. le directeur?'"

"It's terrible! . . . And what was Richard doing meanwhile?"

"What was he doing? Why, you saw him! He turned about, bowed in front of him, though there was nobody in front of him, and withdrew backward."

"Backward?"

"And Moncharmin, behind Richard."

also turned about; that is, he described a semi-circle behind Richard and also walked backward!

And they went like that to the staircase leading to the managers' office: backward, backward, backward! . . . Well, if they are not dead, will you explain what it means?"

"Perhaps they were practicing a figure in the ballet," suggested Gabriel, without much conviction in his voice.

The secretary was furious at this wretched joke, made at so dramatic a moment. He knit his brows and contracted his lips. Then he put his mouth to Gabriel's ear:

"Don't be so silly, Gabriel. There are things going on for which you and Mercier are partly responsible."

"What do you mean?" asked Gabriel. "Christine Daae is not the only one who suddenly disappeared tonight."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"There's no nonsense about it. Perhaps you can tell me why, when Mother Gry came down to the foyer last night, Mercier took her by the hand and hurried her away with him?"

"Really?" said Gabriel. "I never saw it."

"You did see it, Gabriel, for you went with Mercier and Mother Gry to Mercier's office. Since then, you and Mercier have been seen, but no one has seen Mother Gry."

"Do you think we've eaten her?"

"No, but you've locked her up in the office; and any one passing the office can hear her yelling, 'Oh, the scoundrels! Oh, the scoundrels!'"

At this point of this singular conversation, Mercier arrived, all out of breath.

"There!" he said, in a gloomy voice. "It's worse than ever! . . . I shouted, 'It's a serious matter! Open the door! It's I, Mercier.' I heard footsteps. The door opened and Moncharmin appeared. He was very pale. He said, 'What do you want?' I answered, 'Some one has run away with Christine Daae.' What do you think he said? 'And a good job, too!' And he shut the door, after putting this in my hand."

Mercier opened his hand; Remy and Gabriel looked.

"The safety-pin!" cried Remy. "Strange! Strange!" muttered Gabriel, who could not help shivering.

Suddenly a voice made them all three turn round.

"I beg pardon, gentlemen. Could you tell me where Christine Daae is?"

In spite of the seriousness of the circumstances, the absurdity of the question would have made them roar with laughter, if they had not caught sight of a face so sorrow-stricken that they were at once seized with pity. It was the Vicomte Raoul de Chagny.

CHAPTER XV.

### Christine! Christine!

Raoul's first thought, after Christine Daae's fantastic disappearance, was to accuse Erik. He no longer doubted the almost supernatural powers of the Angel of Music, in this domain of the opera in which he had set up his empire. And Raoul rushed on the stage, in a mad fit of love and despair.

"Christine! Christine!" he moaned, calling to her as he felt that she must be calling to him from the depths of that dark pit to which the monster had carried her. "Christine! Christine!"

And he seemed to hear the girl's screams through the frail boards that separated him from her. He bent forward, he listened, . . . he wandered over the stage like a madman.

Down, to descend, to descend into that pit of darkness every entrance to which was closed to him, . . . for the stairs that led below the stage were forbidden to one and all that night!

"Christine! Christine! . . ."

People pushed him aside, laughing. They made fun of him. They thought the poor lover's brain was gone!

By what mad road, through what passages of mystery and darkness known to him alone had Erik dragged that pure-souled child to the awful haunt, with the Louis-Philippe room, opening out on the lake?

"Christine! Christine! . . . Why don't you answer? . . . Are you alive?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"My Spirit Longs With Thee to Rest!"

brtel, the chorus-master; Mercier, the acting-manager; and Remy, the secretary. They retired to a corner of the lobby by which the stage communicates with the wide passage leading to the foyer of the ballet. Here they stood and argued behind some enormous "properties."

safety-pin and gave it to him, whereupon Moncharmin slammed the door in my face, and there you are!"

## Under the Grand Old Flag

### Woodman, Accompanying Tenderfoot, by No Means Actuated by Sentiment Alone.

Frank O'Malley, who bucksters words to megazines, admitted the other day that last fall he made his first trip into the woods. Mr. O'Malley told about the pleasure he took in outfitting for the trip—that pleasure being added to by the assumption of friendly relations with the manager of a downtown sporting goods store. "I had known him by sight for a long time," said Mr. O'Malley, "for I have a little office immediately above the store he manages. But I had never gotten acquainted with him. He seemed an unapproachable and stand-offish sort of man. Then I made a week-end trip to Atlantic City, and forgot to turn of the tap in my stationary washstand in my little office on the floor. Immediately above the sporting goods store. "So," says Mr. O'Malley, "when I came back from Atlantic City, that's how I got acquainted with the manager."

In the main woods Mr. O'Malley acquired a guide named Fred. The guide watched with some apprehension as Mr. O'Malley took lengths of gun barrel and jointed them together, and prepared for his tour through the woods in search of big game. When they were finally ready to penetrate the forest depths, the guide came out with

an American flag lashed to the barrel of his rifle.

"What are you carrying that flag for?" asked Mr. O'Malley.

"Well," said the guide, "you wouldn't fire on the grand old stars and stripes, would you?"—Herbert Corey in the Cincinnati Times-Star.

### Great Plague of London.

Medical authorities agree that the epidemic which prevailed in London in 1665 was what we now call bubonic plague. It is well known that this "Black Death" was prevalent in various parts of the world in ancient times. The outbreaks were peculiarly violent then by reason of the conditions of poverty and the almost total absence of sanitation. It was the ancient medical writers who gave it the name of the plague.

## INDIGESTION, GAS OR BAD STOMACH

### Time it! Pape's Diapepsin ends all Stomach misery in five minutes.

Do some foods you eat hit back—taste good, but work badly; ferment into stubborn lumps and cause a sick, sour, gassy stomach? Now, Mr. or Mrs. Diapepsin, for this down: Pape's Diapepsin digests everything, leaving nothing to sour and upset you. There's never anything so safely quick, so certainly effective. No difference how badly your stomach is disordered you will get happy relief in five minutes, but what pleases you most is that it strengthens and regulates your stomach so you can eat your favorite foods without fear.

## HENPECK HAS LITTLE JOKE

### For Once He Turned the Tables on His Wife, and Surely Had a Right to Laugh.

Henpeck was in a state of delight all the evening; it was so evident that at last we asked whether some one had left him a fortune.

## DIZZY, HEADACHY, SICK, "CASCARETS"

### Gently cleanse your liver and sluggish bowels while you sleep.

Get a 10-cent box. Sick headaches, biliousness, dizziness, coated tongue, foul taste and foul breath—always trace them to torpid liver; delayed, fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach. Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache. Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels. A Cascaret to-night will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Adv.

### Made Him Tired.

Robert is small, but rapidly leaving behind the baby age that tolerates sentiment. Not long since he overheard a young married couple of his acquaintance talking and cooling, not, he it noted, for the first time. The grown folk present smiled, but Robert's face remained solemn. Only, as he bent over the childish task that apparently absorbed him, he was heard to murmur, scornfully: "Goodness! Loving again!"



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# EDITORIAL

## No Cause For Complaint

A chronic disease is spreading this particular section of the country at this time and a great number of the merchants are making dramatic scenes of what are in other countries natural conditions such as are inevitable. The cause for complaint lies mostly with those who have not the stigma to withstand natural conditions when they are confronted with them.

Some people are given to standing on the street corners and whine about the conditions of the country and the shortage of money among the consumers. These conditions are natural and the country is not on this mundane sphere where like conditions are not prevalent. It takes a certain amount of stigma to go through many of the ordeals in a new country, but the conditions as they are today in Colfax county are no worse than other sections of the United States, and not as bad as many that could be mentioned.

The man who spends his leisure time on the street corners and complains about the conditions of the country is, as a rule, the first one who will throw up his hands and expect the public to assist him to come through a little flurry. On the other hand, the man who is paying attention to his business and using his brains as to what course he would follow, should business decrease in volume and size, is the one who will come out on top of the deck when the cards are properly shuffled and the deal made.

One man can create more hard time feelings among the merchants in twenty four hours, than can be remedied in one year, and this bunk does not pay. The community in its midst a certain number of people who seldom pass up an opportunity to cast a bad reflection upon the business in size and volume that is being carried on, and each community has likewise people who have the stigma to stand at their post of duty and use their brains to enlarge their business and keep it from decreasing, even if it costs money to do so.

This particular section has made a remarkable advance during the past eighteen months, and the town has increased in size during that time. The tax receipts are larger, the schools have a larger enrollment and every indication points that Colfax county is starting to come to the front as no other county in the state. But these little things are forgotten by the greater majority of the people and their only relief is to curse the community and the dullness of the business.

Those sour faced knockers should be relegated to the rear and give men opportunities to enter business who can stand a raffle in business without discouraging the public.

The press is now discussing the fact that the California Federal court has sentenced two men to the federal prison for violating the Mann white slave act, and that the same court in Kansas has acquitted a man who committed a crime which is claimed to be of the same nature. While both crimes are about of the same nature it must not be forgotten that the Mann white slave act deals only with cases where men have contributed to the delinquency of girls in interstate traffic. The court in California had this one point to contend with, while the court in Kansas had to deal with a case where the traffic was not beyond the boundary of the state. While there is no doubt but what both cases in different states are serious crimes and the parties interested should receive a severe punishment, the fact remains that law is law, and being such, it is ignorance of the most vital question that causes other opinions as to the decisions of the courts.

Interest in the "back to the farm" slogan must be revived in the near future, unless the consumers decide to pay one dollar for a pound of round steak, according to the statements made at the meat packers association in Chicago last week. With the millions of acres of land lying in a dormant state in New Mexico, it seems as though New Mexico could produce one or two more beeves a year if the land could be purchased and properly tilled. It is a certainty that the increase in beef products would be remarkable could this land be ploughed and tilled and made to produce more feed for stock than is being raised at the present time. But go tell it to Sweeney.

### HEAT MADE MAN CLIMB POLE

From Hell to Heaven the Trip Planned by a Heat-Crazed Pennsylvanian.

Chambersburg, Pa.—His mind affected by the intense heat here, Mack Shearer, thirty years old, was found sitting on the 45-foot flag pole in front of the Friendship Engine house. He was praying at the top of his voice. Persons aroused from their sleep hurried from their homes scantily clad. In spite of their coaxing Shearer would not descend. Asked where he was from he answered: "From hell." "Where are you going?" "To heaven." It was learned that the man had wandered about town all night. When he was finally persuaded to descend he was put in the care of a physician.

### BOY GIVES UP 21-MILE SWIM

Harry Ellonsky, Comes Within 300 Yards of Making the Very Distant Goal.

New York.—After struggling in the water 18 hours and 31 minutes in his attempt to cover the 21 1/2 miles between the battery and Sandy Hook—Harry



Ellonsky—Preparing to Dive

Ellonsky, a nineteen-year-old swimmer from New London, Conn., was obliged to quit within 300 yards of his goal, because the incoming tide was too strong, and because his attendants following him in a rowboat, were so seasick that they could not help him to navigate any further. The young swimmer, who weighs 225 pounds, came nearer to accomplishing the oft-tried-for feat than anyone ever did. Ellonsky seen in the photo ready to dive, after his swim, stated that next year he would attempt to swim the English channel, and feels confident after his long swim of the 19th that he could make the England-France trip. In order to benefit by the ebb tide, he started from the battery, New York, at 1:09 a. m. and at 3:30 p. m. had passed within the last red buoy off Sandy Hook.

### PASTOR'S BAD 15 MINUTES

Atlantic City Minister is Held Prisoner With Hand Crushed Under Sash.

Atlantic City, N. J.—With his hand crushed under a falling sash, which he was unable to move, Rev. Dr. C. D. Sinkinson, pastor of Christ M. P. church, was held prisoner in the edifice for fully fifteen minutes, suffering excruciating pain all the while. Dr. Sinkinson was alone in the church at the time and not until he was about to succumb from the pain was his predicament discovered. Two men passing the church heard his feeble cries for aid, and, hurrying inside, released him. Dr. Sinkinson, son of the clergyman, and who is an assistant beach surgeon, was summoned and found that three of his father's fingers were badly crushed.

### GOES INTO FIRE FOR BABY

The Child Died After a New Mexico Man's Heroic Effort to Rescue It.

Artesia, N. M.—At a fire which destroyed the residence of Dr. A. L. Taylor, C. H. Hudson, a fireman, crawled through a burning room flat on his face three times to save the three-year-old son of Doctor Taylor. As he went through the room a hose was played on his back to save him from the heat. He was forced to come out twice without the child, but the third time he found the boy on the floor of a closet and brought him back. The baby was so badly burned that it died soon after it was brought out.

Those farmers who have been complaining about the soil being so hard to plough, cannot make any such statements now, since the recent rains. They should attend to their plows and prepare the ground for next year. Fall ploughing is far better than spring work. The farmer who does his work in spring usually is the last one in fall.

GOOD telephone service depends largely upon mutual courtesy. The telephone is more useful to those who talk as if face to face, for civility removes difficulties and facilitates the promptest possible connections.

As in other intercourse, it often happens that two or more people wish to talk with the same person at the same time. Without courtesy confusion is inevitable, and the confusion is greater when the people cannot see each other.

The operators must be patient and polite under all circumstances, but they will do better work if they meet patience and politeness on the part of telephone users.

The Bell Telephone Service enters intimately into the social and business life of each individual. The best results come through the practice of mutual courtesy.

## The Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company



### NOTICE.

All trespass on the J. M. Heck ranch, in Colfax County, whether for the purpose of hunting, fishing, pulling wild fruit, or cutting fire wood, or for any purpose whatsoever, without leave, is strictly prohibited, and all trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

(Signed) J. M. Heck.

### AVISO.

El traspasar dentro del pasto del W. S. en el Candado de Colfax con la mira de yaza, pezza, recoger fruta silvestre o cortar madera seca o para cualesquiera otros fin sin permiso; se prohibe estrictamente a aquellos que así traspasaren seran procesados al lleno de la ley.

For (Firmado) WILLIAM FRENCH, la Compañia de Reces del W. S.

### NOTICE.

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

(Signed) WILLIAM FRENCH, for W. S. Land & Cattle Co.

**CIMARRON FURNITURE COMPY Undertakers**  
Carry a full line of COFFINS AND CASKETS  
TELEPHONE 50  
CIMARRON, N. M.

**J. B. Lusk**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL BUSINESS  
Practice in State Courts  
Office over Bank Building  
Cimarron, N. Mex.

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## Farm Machinery

We carry a complete line of farm machinery. Everything used on the farm from a shovel to a traction engine and outfit.

We can save you money on all kinds of farm machinery.

Investigate our prices before you buy elsewhere. If we cannot save you money than buy elsewhere.

**Lail Implement & Supply Co.**  
Cimarron, - New Mexico.

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### Best grade Lump and Egg SWASTIKA COAL

Livery and Feed Stables in Connection. Draying to all parts of the city. Phone 56

Cimarron Transfer Co., J. W. Swearingen, Prop.

### Cimarron Furn. Co.

Buy, Sell and Exchange all kinds of Second Hand Furniture

It pays to advertise in the Cimarron News.

### L. S. Wilson Attorney-at-Law

Raton, - - New Mexico.

Fruits and products of all descriptions were sent to Raton Tuesday to be placed on exhibition for the fair. It is a foregone conclusion that the country tributary to Cimarron will receive its share of the prizes and premiums judging by the past.

## LOCAL ITEMS

### For Sale or Trade

40 acre fruit and alfalfa farm, with 900 gallon flowing well. Nice 7 room house, good barn and other improvements. For particulars inquire of  
Matkin Supply Co.

Meals at all hours are served at Weber's Restaurant and Bakery.

Swastika coal, the most heat for your money, sold by J. W. Swearingen.

Ed Springer has purchased a Marman "40" car which he drove to Cimarron Tuesday from Raton.

Geo. Sullivan spent a few days in Trinidad the first of the week.

C. O. Pease returned Sunday from a three weeks absence at points in California.

Patronize home industry and buy your bakery goods at Weber's Restaurant and Bakery.

James Curtis departed Monday for El Paso, where he will spend the winter with one of his sisters.

C. F. Remsburg returned to his home in Raton Tuesday, after attending to matters of business at Ute Park a few days.

Geo. H. Webster, Jr., went to the county seat town Tuesday to be present while the fair is in progress.

Willie Rohr is in charge of the Rohr Meat Market during the absence of his brother Charlie in Chicago.

Messrs. Brinkhaus and Arthur Ladd were passengers to Raton Tuesday, where they will place fruits and grains on exhibition for the fair.

Matt Heck came down from the Moreno Valley the first of the week to attend to business matters and renew old acquaintances.

Bud Thompson and Tom Sears employees of the Santa Fe shops at Raton, were in Cimarron Saturday, doing some work in the local shops. They departed for their homes Sunday.

Just like mother's only better, is the pastry we bake at Weber's Restaurant and Bakery.

H. R. Mills was among those who went to Raton Tuesday on business.

Mrs. Pat Gallagher came down from the Moreno Valley Monday and went to Raton the following day to spend a few days visiting with friends.

Dr. A. M. Whitmarsh departed Wednesday for Farmington, N. M., where she will open up dental offices.

F. S. Dinkins departed Wednesday for Raton where he will take up the work of his vocation as tailor.

A. R. Fish of Miami was a business visitor in Cimarron Tuesday.

Chss. Springer returned Tuesday from a two weeks absence in the east.

Messrs. Cole and Vasey and Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Pease autoed to the county seat town Tuesday on a business trip.

Dr. Streicher came up from Raton Saturday and spent Sunday on his farm at the Urraca Ranch.

F. J. Marriott and A. C. Wymer, who have been attending of business matter in Cimarron and the mining camps west of here the past ten days, returned to their homes Tuesday after a most profitable visit.

Owing to the bad condition of the roads, the tourists who were expected to have passed through Cimarron the first of the week on their way to Taos, did not arrive. The Raton Fair Boosters did not arrive at all as the roads were impassable for autos.

"Oklahoma Slim," a cowpuncher in the employ of T. J. Jackson was arrested the latter part of last week on the charge of being drunk and disorderly. He was taken before the court where pleaded guilty and was fined \$5 and costs. The costs being \$9.75, or a total of \$14.75. He was ordered to leave town and departed for Arizona on Wednesday.

## Raton

(Continued from 1st page.)

The price of cream has advanced from 40c to 60c a quart. The changes being made October 1st. Dairymen state that the new price

## Better Bread

There may be a difference in the shape of our bread and that which is imported but WE KNOW that BETTER BREAD is larger and unadulterated, the best that skilled labor can produce under the most sanitary conditions. Our pastry line is complete and made at home. Try a loaf of our BETTER BREAD and be convinced.

Our Bread is Also For Sale at the Rohr Meat Market

## Weber's Bakery

es were forced unto them since the ascension in the price of feed.

Friday will be tag day, when a large number of Raton young ladies will sell tags to enlarge the public library fund, with which to purchase books.

### PROPHET TOLD OF SLIT SKIRT

Sir Charles De Puyster Goldwin's Prediction in 1704 is Found in Colorado.

Cornish, Colo.—The diaphanous gown and the slit skirt, which threaten the modes of 1912, is the fulfillment of the prophecy and the hopes of Sir Charles de Puyster Goldwin of Scotland, who lived 200 years ago, according to an ancient manuscript found by Miss Faith Corson Smith, in an old trunk in the attic of her home. The manuscript was dated November 10, 1704, and reads in part:

"The time hath come when I think there is much to be revealed to my children's children in clothing the human form.

"I cannot believe that men will forever wear wigs, swords and knee breeches and such like fopperies.

"Ladies should not be so circumspect in their dress, which is cumbersome, and the long trains which please their majesties this year of our Lord seem to be naught but a design to conceal that which the Creator meant should be revealed.

"Perhaps posterity will learn that there is naught to be ashamed of in that which God hath created, no matter what station in life it may be mentioned. The Creator never meant men

and women to be so burdened with velvet ribbons, lace and powder that his handiwork should be concealed or distorted. The Romans, it seems to me, were much more sensible than we are today, and it may be in a dozen score of years that people of the world will grow to discard these late changes, which are only worse than those which were their immediate predecessors."

Goldwin lived on the Scottish side of the border until he became involved in political offenses that made him a fugitive to London, where the fashions of the time evoked his displeasure and his prophecy.

### BURY ALL BOTTLES IN WOODS

Growing Belief That Sun's Rays Passing Through Glass Starts Some of the Fires.

Centralia, Wash.—Beer and whiskey bottles, carelessly thrown to the ground in timbered areas, are apt to cause forest fires, according to the opinion of E. W. Ferris, state fire warden.

Mr. Ferris said that fire wardens had been instructed to bury all bottles they saw in order that they may not act as a concentrating medium for the sun's rays and start fires in dry leaves and moss.

"I have had many reports of fires that undoubtedly started in this manner," said Mr. Ferris, "and I do not doubt in the least the opinion that there is danger from this source. It sounds odd, but undoubtedly it is true."

# Farm Lands for Sale or Trade

Two exceptional values in Minnesota and California farm and fruit lands, are offered for sale or trade for Cimarron or Colfax County Real Estate. Ill health compels a change

36 acres of choice California fruit land, 7 miles from Lodi, 80 rods from school house, on acadimized road, and 80 rods from trolley line. Price \$80 per acre, or will trade for town lots.

161 acres of Minnesota timber and farm land, 40 acres cleared, balance good heavy merchantable timber, can all be cut and sold at good price. \$2,500. Will trade for property.

Call or write the Cimarron News for further information

# A SOLDIER'S ATONEMENT

By Edward B. Clark

Copyright, Western Newspaper Union.  
At the time when the United States and Mexican governments made that temporary treaty which allowed the troops of either to invade the territory of the other when in the pursuit of hostile Indians fleeing across the border, James Tracy was a second lieutenant in the 19th cavalry. It was during the height of the Geronimo trouble, and Tracy, with his troop, dismounted, and after a soul and body wearying march on the trail of the wily Apache, found himself in the heart of one of the dreariest, most God-forsaken mountain countries in the whole range of the southern country.

The troop was exhausted and practically without water, the men having not a drop to drink save what was in their canteens. They had cut loose from a river in the early morning, expecting to find another when the day was done, but not as much as a rivulet had they found. There was no coffee that night and there wasn't a light heart in the whole outfit.

Tracy was unhappy. It wasn't wholly his suffering condition and that of his men which weighed upon him. Just before leaving the Arizona post he had received news that his younger brother, John, had been committed to state's prison in a far northeastern state. The officer had seen his home only once since his graduation. He had stayed away purposely. His brother had been a trusted bank employe. Then came suspicion, then conviction and a sentence. John Tracy protested his innocence of the crime charged against him, and his family, knowing the lad, believed in him, but the circumstantial evidence was overwhelming, and in spite of the efforts of the aged father, who spent his time and his money in the boy's defense, he went to prison.

Before the troop had left Fort Banks with its nose to the red-hot trail of Geronimo there had joined as an enlisted man a strapping young officer who said that he came from St. Louis. His name was Barlow, and he was assigned to the troop of which Tracy was the junior officer, and he went with it on its chase across the border after the Apache chieftain.

Barlow on every occasion possible attached himself to Tracy's person. Whenever there was a scouting party detached from the main body and put under the second lieutenant's command Barlow asked that he might be assigned to it to share in the scouting duty. He was a reserved fellow and apparently of superior education. There were no camp jokes for him. He was grave and taciturn. Tracy had noticed the evident attachment of the man to him, and as he was a capable soldier and willing to dare and to do anything he was glad to have him a part of his outfit when on detached and dangerous service.

On the morning following the night that the troop was practically without water and in a country devoid of all green things save the forbidding cactus, the troop commander told Tracy that he had better make a short reconnaissance, feel out the country for the enemy and, above all, try to locate water. To attempt a march under that hot Mexican sun with the men, and with any idea of effective service, was foolhardy.

Tracy told his captain that he would take but one man with him; that they would strike southwest, where it was thought a better prospect of water lay, and that they would return as soon as a find was made. He selected Barlow for his companion, and the two struck out through the black, sun-seared country.

They went on for three hours. Not a drop of the element of which they were in search. Their tongues were biliated. They drank sparingly of the water in their canteens, pressed on for another hour and then knew that they must return.

Back they started. They followed their onward trail as well as they could, but at times it was lost, and then circling was necessary to take it up again. At noon they lost it and could not find it again. There was a great jagged rock rising to the westward which neither recognized.

"Lieutenant," said Barlow, "we're going wrong. We never came this way. The sun doesn't bear right. It should be more to our right. I believe that we are going almost directly at right angles to the camp."

They circled again and again, but no trace of the trail. Then the conclusion forced itself on Tracy that they were lost. They wandered on until the sun went down beyond the black rocks. Then they each drank sparingly of the precious contents of the canteens, and lay down on the gray desert to sleep.

The sun came up like a red-hot round shot. Tracy and Barlow ate the last of their single ration, and took one swallow of water apiece. Then on they went again. Twenty-four hours passed. The sun came up once more, and with its coming they staggered forward. The canteens were empty. They looked for the cactus whose leaf yields a juice that helps fight off the demon of thirst. They could not find it. The only vegetation was occasional clumps of stunted prickly pear cactus, the juice of whose leaves accentuates thirst.

Another twenty-four hours. The men cheered each other on like the soldiers they were. Tracy began to feel the coming of delirium. Oh, for a draught of water! He looked at Barlow. The man's eyes were burning, but they had a courage in them, and something else in their depths which Tracy never before had seen there. On and on and on. They could go no farther. Suddenly Barlow turned to Tracy and said in a voice that was choked from the clutching of thirst's hand at his throat: "Lieutenant, I was afraid that we might be tempted to drink this long ago, so I saved it for the last extremity. Lieutenant, I have one good drink of water apiece left in my canteen."



Barlow shook the canteen, and Tracy heard the splash of the water within.

"Drink, Barlow," said Tracy. "Drink; you saved it and it should be yours. Drink, drink it, I say. It may give you strength to go on. If you get back, boy, and the men strike water, ask them to come after my body."

Tracy was reeling. His brain was awl and his whole system on fire.

"Lieutenant," said Barlow, "I had more in my canteen than you had in yours when we started. Men in an extremity like this should share and share alike. I'll take my cup and we'll divide the water."

"Is there enough for the two and to do any good?" asked Tracy.

"Yes," said Barlow, "one good drink for each."

"Drink first," said Tracy. "I'll not touch a drop until my command is served."

"All right, sir," said Barlow.

Tracy turned away for a moment. He heard the gurgle of water. Would it never come his turn to drink? Barlow spoke: "Lieutenant, I'm afraid I took more than half. Here is what's left."

He poured the water gurgling from the canteen into the cup. There was a good round drink. "Take it, lieutenant," said Barlow. "I had more than that."

Tracy seized the cup and drained it. Oh, the joy of it! New life went surging through him. His eyes cleared. He looked at Barlow. There was no new life in the man's eyes. His face was drooping.

"Barlow," said Tracy fiercely, "you deceived me. You never drank a drop."

Something like a smile came into Barlow's face.

"Forgive me, lieutenant," he said, "but there was only enough for one." And then he staggered and fell forward. Tracy caught him in his arms, and, weak though he was, managed to support his burden.

"Lieutenant," whispered Barlow, "go on. You are strong enough and may reach camp. If you do, just come back and bury me here."

Then the man drew his officer's head close to him and whispered something. Barlow almost fell from his burden. "Yes, it's true. I was the guilty one and your brother was innocent and a sacrifice. Take this," and he drew a paper from his blouse and put it in Tracy's hand. "Forgive me, lieutenant," he said, and as he spoke his empty canteen swung from his side and struck against Tracy's knee.

"Forgive you? Yes, Barlow," he said.

The enlisted man looked up, smiled and died. Tracy let his burden gently to the earth, and then he pressed on, for now there was an added life in his veins and an added interest in living. He reached the top of the ridge and looked down. The camp was below him. Not the old camp, but the old troop and a new camp and by the bank of a stream.

Refreshed with food, sleep and the yet more precious water, Tracy recovered. The paper which Barlow had given him contained proof of his brother's innocence. Tracy led a squad back to the point where he had left Barlow. They found his body. There was peace in the man's face. He was given a soldier's burial, and on the little wilderness grave Lieutenant Tracy planted a cross and a little, fluttering flag.

## BEEF TEA AS AN INTOXICANT

We find it difficult to believe the cable report that Liverpool physicians are very much exercised over the case of the traveling salesman with delirium tremens induced by too much beef tea, says a writer in the New York Times. Food analysts and nutrition experts have long been aware of the high stimulating power of meat proteins, which, Dr. Chittenden says, are approximated by one sort of protein from the vegetable kingdom, that of oatmeal. The vegetarians, in fact, base their most effective arguments on the fact that the stimulation from meat is in a way like that from alcohol, effecting tissue change or metabolism rather than affording nutriment. Beef tea is the highest stimulant among the meat juices. Physicians have long since abandoned the notion that it is a food capable of repairing tissues, for laboratory tests have proved that it causes more rapid wasting of the body than no food at all.

Indeed, dogs fed entirely on concentrated beef juice are so overstimulated that they die within a few days. Experiments conducted by the United States department of agriculture on loaves in cooking meat showed that beef which has been used for the preparation of tea or broth had lost practically none of its nutritive value, while most of the "flavoring material"—the toxic and stimulating part of the beef—had gone into the extract. It is doubtful if the medical men of Liverpool are greatly surprised at the drummer's discovery of the hilarious consequences to be derived from beef juice. Beef tea has never been regarded by those who know as an innocuous beverage; those who don't know and who have been experimenting in their own kitchens for their own convalescents may well take warning from the sad and remarkable case of the traveling salesman in Liverpool.

Women never really admire each other. They are too busy admiring each other's clothes.  
Be happy. Use Red Cross Bag Balm; much better than liquid blue. Brightens the laundress. All grocers. Adv.  
And Very Far.  
"Gossip is not reliable persona."  
"Yet whatever they say, goes."  
At the Telephone.  
"Was that your sister calling you up?"  
"No; it was my wife calling me down."  
The Cause.  
"The speaker yesterday was in very bad voice. He had a regular croak."  
"Maybe he had a frog in his throat."  
Thinks Cancer is Contagious.  
Authorities contend that cancer is not contagious, but Doctor Odier, head of the cancer institution at Geneva, Switzerland, says he has discovered in one of the principal streets of that city at least a dozen houses in which the disease has recurred, a fact he can only account for on the theory that it is contagious. He urges that every house in which there has been a cancer patient be disinfected.

Real Excitement.  
"Yes," said the meek-looking man, "I've no doubt you've had some great hunting experiences in your travels abroad."  
"I have, indeed."  
"Buffalo hunting?"  
"Yes."  
"And bear hunting?"  
"Of course."  
"Well, you just come around and let my wife take you house hunting and bargain hunting with her. Then you'll begin to know what real excitement is."

Improving Constantinople.  
Constantinople's scheme for a metropolitan electric line is well under way. It includes the formation of what is known as the Ottoman Metropolitan company, capitalized at \$5,000,000 for the purpose of building and operating the line. Work is to be finished as far as Paucaldi in four and a half years from October 1, 1912, according to the terms of the contract, and the rest will follow within a ten-year period. A new bridge over the Golden Horn will be part of the work.

He Was on Duty.  
Herbert stood on a chair. The chair stood in the pantry. The jam stood on the shelf. Herbert's mother stood on the threshold. Herbert stood his ground.  
"My son," said the mother, pointing at him with astonishment. "I am surprised! To think that my little boy would do a thing like that."  
Herbert, resourceful and not at all abashed, looked at his mother straight in the eye. "Please do not interfere with the 'mignonnes' of a boy scout," he said.

Big Sleep.  
A middle-aged couple were preparing to leave for a week-end with a daughter in the city, and their last instructions to their grown-up son, who was a heavy sleeper, were to be sure and wind his alarm clock, so that he would be in time for his work the next morning.

Monday noon they got back to the house and were surprised to find the blinds closed exactly as they had been left the Friday previous on their departure. As they let themselves into the house they heard their son's voice coming sleepily from his bedroom:  
"What's the matter? Did you miss your train?"

DIDN'T KNOW  
That Coffee Was Causing Her Trouble.  
So common is the use of coffee as a beverage, many do not know that it is the cause of many obscure ailments which are often attributed to other things. The easiest way to find out for oneself is to quit the coffee for a while, at least, and note results. A Virginia lady found out in this way, and also learned of a new beverage that is wholesome as well as pleasant to drink. She writes:  
"I am 40 years old and all my life, up to a year and a half ago, I had been a coffee drinker.  
"Dyspepsia, nervous headaches and heart weakness made me feel sometimes as though I was about to die. After drinking a cup or two of hot coffee, my heart would go like a clock without a pendulum. At other times it would almost stop and I was so nervous I did not like to be alone.  
"If I took a walk for exercise, as soon as I was out of sight of the house I'd feel as if I was sinking, and this would frighten me terribly. My limbs would utterly refuse to support me, and the pity of it all was, I did not know that coffee was causing the trouble.  
"Reading in the papers that many persons were relieved of such ailments by leaving off coffee and drinking Postum, I got my husband to bring home a package. We made it according to directions and I liked the first cup. Its rich, snappy flavor was delicious.  
"I have been using Postum about eighteen months and to my great joy, digestion is good, my nerves and heart are all right, in fact, I am a well woman once more, thanks to Postum.  
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for copy of the little book, 'The Road to Wellville.'  
Postum comes in two forms:  
Regular Postum—must be well boiled.  
Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. Grocers sell both kinds.  
"There's a reason" for Postum.

## CHILDREN LOVE SYRUP OF FIGS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother pushed on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physio simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicate "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

Inquiring to Know.  
"You're a smart man, and I want you to answer me a question," said the boob.  
"Shoot it," responded the wise guy.  
"Is an inquisitive man a questionable character?" asked the boob.

## CHILDLESS WOMEN

These women once childless, now happy and physically well with healthy children will tell how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made all this possible. Here are the names and correct addresses—write them if you want to, and learn for yourself. They are only a few out of many thousands.

"Our first baby is strong and healthy and we attribute this result to the timely use of your Compound."—Mrs. FANN YOUNG, Kent, Oregon.  
"I owe my life and my baby's good health to your Compound."—Mrs. W. O. BRANSON, R. F. D., No. 2, Troy, Alabama.  
"I have three children and took your Compound each time."—Mrs. JOHN HOWARD, Wilmington, Vermont.  
"I have a lovely baby boy and you can tell every one that he is a 'Pinkham' baby."—Mrs. LOUIS FERRIS, 82 Monroe St., Carlstadt, N. J.  
"We are at last blessed with a sweet little baby girl."—Mrs. G. A. LAFFROUSSE, Montgat, La.  
"I have one of the finest baby girls you ever saw."—Mrs. G. E. GOODWIN, 1013 S. 5th St., Wilmington, N. C.  
"My husband is the happiest man alive today."—Mrs. OLGA DANKS, 307 Marilla St., Buffalo, N. Y.  
"I have a lovely baby girl, the joy of our home."—Mrs. DOUGLAS CORN, No. 117 So. Gate St., Worcester, Mass.  
"I have a fine strong baby daughter now."—Mrs. A. A. GILES, Dewittville, N. Y., Route 44.  
"I have a big, fat, healthy boy."—Mrs. A. B. BROWN, R. F. D., No. 1, Baltimore, Ohio.



You Can Buy The Best Irrigated Land in Southern Idaho For \$50.50 an Acre Good Soil Fine Climate Crops Never Fail  
Especially adapted to the raising of alfalfa, grain, potatoes and fruit. Ideal for dairying and stock raising.  
On main line Oregon Short Line Railroad. Lands surround Richfield, Dietrich, Shoshone and Gooding in Lincoln and Gooding Counties. 20,000 acres open to entry.  
THE BEST WATER RIGHT IN THE WEST AND TERMS OF PAYMENT ARE THE EASIEST OFFERED BY ANY IRRIGATION COMPANY.  
Let us tell you more. Your letter will have individual attention. Address:  
Idaho Irrigation Co., Ltd. Richfield Idaho

## Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headaches. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



PISO'S REMEDY  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.  
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

# The Basement Philosopher

By KENNETH HARRIS

(Copyright, 1911, by W. G. Chapman.)

"I take notice that you've quit shaving yourself with the tinner's shears, Nels, my friend," remarked the Janitor to his Scandinavian assistant. "You must have sprung yourself for a razor lately. And that four-in-hand danger signal you're sporting is another thing that gives me food for thought, as the tinner says, not to mention the rhinestone collar button. Is it the spring season in a general way, or is it the primrose blonde in 18 in special? Well, it ain't no business of mine, only you'll do well to be careful. Keep your eyes open and look about you before you make up your mind."

"You see, Nels," the Janitor went on, as he hoisted himself to a seat on the basement railing, "you see you've got opportunities, owing to the job that you're holding down here, that most men ain't got. You don't have to take the chances that you'd have to take if you was on the auction or working in a livery stable. The gink who's digging weeds or driving a drey for a living has to take risks that makes me shudder when I think of them. He goes to a dance, we'll say, or a picnic. He ain't in no frame of mind to use sense. He's too full of ham sandwiches, hot dogs, chowder and high spirits to have any room for reason and judgment, and while he's in that there condition of tempy insanity he runs up against a bunch of skirts, and the next thing he knows one of 'em is cashing his pay checks at the corner grocery regular every Saturday night. Just like that!"

"They all look good to him. Sure thing! That's what they're there for. They've got on their longere waist with the narrow pink ribbon showing

take me long to get hep. If she shades in down at her bedroom window at half-past seven, count me out right at that proposition. If she's staling at her work she's got a cheerful disposition. If I see the cat scooting over time she picks up a broom, nix on that. Not any! Then I've got to find out how she stacks up on the cats. How! Easy! I notice the garbage can when I go to empty it. If there's a mess of scorched cakes and maybe the half of a roast and a lot of stale bread and a peck or so of oatmeal like there is in some, it don't take no Sherlock Holmes to figure out that she'll waste about as much as her husband can make and send him to the hospital with stummick trouble. No sir, the less garbage there is, the better her chances'll be," says Bill. "Not when you've got the opportunities that you've got around a flat building."

"Well," says I, "that sure sounds like sense." And it is sense. That's why I'm giving you the tip, Nels. You take a little less notice of Hilda or Helga or whatever her name is and a little more of what she sets out for you to empty. You've got the same opportunities that Bill had."

"What kind of a woman did Bill get? Why, I forgot to tell you about that. One day he come to me looking pleased and told me that he'd found the right one. A fine, good-looking girl she was. Cook and general in 11, where the Greenways are now. Always had on a clean dress and apron, Bill said; kitchen as neat as a pin, up at six sharp, sang like a blessed lark and no waste. 'Me son nor,' says Bill. 'It's just as easy to pick a good one as a poor one,' he says."

"Go to her," says I. And he did, the very next day. The only trouble was, though, that she didn't fancy Bill, and in fact she throwed a dipper of hot water over him and told the team and the teamman wiped up the alley with him and Bill got so mad that just to spite 'em he married a girl that was just leaving her place at 13 that he hadn't investigated. Now he says the best thing a feller can



"YOU'VE GOT OPPORTUNITIES MOST MEN AIN'T GOT."

through from underneath and they're wearing their blue beads and their bright smiles, and what more would a man want? Can she mop a floor or wash a shirt or cook a tator the way it ought to be cooked? Who cares? Ain't she got on her silk stockings and low-cut shoes? That's the way to look at it. Well, you don't have to go to no pictures, Nels. All you've got to do is what Bill Mudge does.

"Who was Bill Mudge? Why, Bill was a feller that worked for me here last spring a year ago; that's who Bill was. Bill had sense, Bill had no bugs in Bill's bean; he'd tell you so himself. First thing Bill would do was to be sure he was right; then he'd go ahead. Sometimes he'd go just a little ahead of the toe of my boot, but anyway he'd be right. I ain't going to jump afore I look, he'd say; and he wouldn't—not unless I stuck the point of an awl in a soft part of him when he wasn't looking. But he was great on keeping his eyes open and taking time to make up his mind. I've known a thirty-car train of mixed freight made up quicker than Bill took to get that mind of his ready, and with less switching. But that's the kind of a feller he was."

"Well, pay attention now! Bill took a notion that it wasn't good for a man to live alone and that two could live just about as cheap as one and he used to come and talk to me about it. There's from sixteen to eighteen girls in this here building that might do, he says to me. 'I've made up my mind that when I find the right one I'll marry her, but I'm going to be dead sure that she is the right one. I ain't going into it blindfolded. I don't buy no pig in no sack, me.'

"That sounds like sense," I says. "I don't say that it is sense, but it sounds like it. How are you going to find out?"

"By using my eyes and my judgment," he says. "I ain't been applying of them in that direction afore, but I'm going to. It's a pipe! Ain't it at every kitchen door all times o' day? Well, here's the way I'll find out. She's got to be neat and clean herself, to begin with. I don't want no sloppy wife. Well, it ain't going to take me no time to find that much out. Same way with the way she keeps things. I step in do fix a wider ketch or something and I take notice whether the floor is scrubbed an' whether there's grease on the gas range. I throw my eye on the sink and squint up at the ceiling for cobwebs. If the look of things ain't satisfactory, I cross her off right there and don't waste no more time."

"The next question is whether she's a hustler," says Bill. "If she's up and busy bright and early it don't

do is to keep his eyes shut. When he's married, anyway."

"So there it is, Nels," concluded the Janitor, as he got down from the railing. "It's all very well for a man to be careful about taking his pick, but he's got to be in shape to stand inspection himself."

## NEVER BOUND BY TRADITION

True Follower of Art May Not Be Dictated To, and Wise Men Recognize the Fact.

There are various approaches to life; the way of religion, of action, of commerce, of art. No one of these can dictate the path of the other. Not only can religion not undertake to show the artist which way to turn, or art to tell commerce of the main chance, but the artist in one kind cannot dictate to the artist in another. Buonarroti could not add to the wistful grace of a Raphael Madonna, nor could the Urbinate teach Angelo aught of the demonic strength or terribilita; Angelo's marbles could not have fitted into the smiling landscapes or open sky spaces of Perugino. They belonged as they were set against rough, bare rocks, like the Carrara quarries.

A great man when he sees an art that surpasses comprehension, because it is wide of tradition, puts his finger to his lips and keeps silence. The empty-headed are the gib dictators of ready judgments. Very many years ago when Dr. W. H. James saw for the first time a collection of futurist paintings in Paris he said: "I have never seen anything like this before! It is strange and inimical to me. But these are serious men. They would not waste their time. They must mean something, though I can't understand." His utterance was that of the wise man.

But the artist with a new thing to say or a new and faithful mode of saying it must be of an independence unthinkable! He must be able to live alone gaily; to live on a crust and water; to take only such rewards as are thrust at him, for he cannot afford to seek. He must be collocate and drag no others into his dilemma. And he must work for the joy of the working.—Harper's Weekly.

**Sentiment.**  
Sneak Thief—If yer so hard up, yer doncher pawn yer watch chain?  
Second Story Man—I don't like ter—it belonged ter me family!  
Sneak Thief—Fambly! G'wan!  
Second Story Man—Strait! I'm given yer—swiped it from me gran' pop!—Puck.

# LATE MARKET QUOTATIONS

Western Newspaper Union News Service. DENVER MARKETS.

Cattle.	
Beef steers, corn fed, good to choice	7.75@8.50
Beef steers, corn fed, fair to good	7.00@7.75
Beef steers, grassers, good to choice	7.25@7.90
Beef steers, grassers, fair to good	6.50@7.25
Hefers, prime cornfed	7.00@7.80
Cows and heifers, cornfed, good to choice	6.00@7.25
Cows and heifers, cornfed, fair to good	5.00@6.50
Cows and heifers, grassers, good to choice	6.25@6.85
Cows and heifers, grassers, fair to good	5.50@6.35
Canners and cutters	4.25@5.25
Feeding cows	4.50@5.50
Veal calves	7.50@10.00
Bulls	4.75@5.50
Stags	5.00@7.00
Feeders and stockers, good to choice	6.65@7.50
Feeders and stockers, fair to good	5.75@6.50
Feeders and stockers, common to fair	5.00@5.75

Hogs.	
Good hogs	8.25@8.45
Sheep.	
Lamba	8.25@8.75
Ewes	8.25@8.75
Yearlings (light)	4.80@5.00
Yearlings (heavy)	4.00@4.25
Wethers	4.85@4.15
Feeder lambs, f. p. r.	5.75@6.40
Feeder ewes, f. p. r.	3.00@3.25
Feeder yearlings, f. p. r.	4.25@5.00
Breeding ewes	3.25@4.25

Hay.	
(Prices Paid by Denver Jobbers F. O. B. Track Denver.)	
Colorado upland, per ton	18.00@14.00
Nebraska upland, per ton	11.00@13.00
Second bottom, Colorado and Nebraska, per ton	10.00@11.00
Timothy, per ton	13.00@15.00
Alfalfa, per ton	8.00@10.00
South Park, choice, ton	15.00@16.00
San Luis Valley, per ton	12.00@13.00
Gunnison Valley, per ton	13.00@14.00
Straw, per ton	3.75@4.00

Grain.	
Wheat, choice milling, 100 lbs.	1.27
Rye, Colo., bulk, 100 lbs.	1.05
Nebraska oats, sacked	1.85
Corn chop, sacked	1.90
Corn, in sack	1.65
Bran, Colo., per 100 lbs.	1.20

Flour.	
Standard Colorado, net	\$2.30

Dressed Poultry.	
Turkeys, fancy, D. P.	20 @22
Turkeys, old toms	16 @16
Turkeys, choice	15 @17
Hens, large	15 @15
Hens, small	11 @12
Broilers, lb	17 @18
Ducks	14 @15
Geese	13
Roosters	8 @9

Live Poultry.	
Hens, large	13 @13
Hens, small	10 @11
Broilers	16 @15
Springs	14 @15
Roosters	6 @7
Ducks	10 @12
Turkeys, 8 lbs. or over	16 @17
Geese	9 @10

Eggs.	
Eggs, graded No. 1 net F.	26
O. B. Denver	26
Eggs, graded No. 2 net F.	15
O. B. Denver	15
Eggs, case count	6.75@7.25

Butter.	
Eight	31
Creameries, ex. Colo., lb.	34
Creameries, ex. East, lb.	34
Creameries, 23 grade, lb.	30
Process	30
Packing stock	24 1/2

Fruit.	
Apples, Colo., box	50@2.00
Cantaloupes, Colo., crate	2.00@2.50
Peaches, box	50@.85
Pears, Bartlett, box	3.00@3.25
Plums, Colo.	1.00@1.50

Vegetables.	
Cabbage, Colo., cwt.	1.00@1.25
Potatoes, new	1.50@1.65
Tomatoes, Colo.	.03@.04

## MISCELLANEOUS MARKETS.

Lead and Spelter.	
St. Louis.—Lead—Lower	\$4.50
Spelter.—Dull	\$5.55.

Chicago Grain and Provision Prices.	
Chicago.—Wheat—Cash: No. 3 red, 92@93 1/2; No. 3 red, 90@92; No. 3 hard, 86 1/2@88 1/2; No. 3 hard, 85 1/2@87 1/2; No. 2 Northern, 85@87 1/2; No. 3 Northern, 85@87; velvet chaff, 83@85 1/2; durum, 80@87 1/2.	
Corn.—No. 2, 73 1/2@75; No. 2 white, 73@75 1/2; No. 3, 73@75; No. 3 white, 73@75 1/2; No. 3 yellow, 72 1/2@74 1/2; Oats.—No. 2, 41 1/2@42; No. 2 white, 42 1/2@44; No. 2 white, 40 1/2@41 1/2; standard, 41 1/2@42.	
Rye.—No. 2, 85c.	
Barley—80@83c.	
Timothy—\$3.75@5.25.	
Clover—\$9.00@11.50.	
Pork—\$22.00.	
Lard—\$11.00.	
Ribs—\$10.50@11.25.	

Omaha Live Stock Quotations.	
South Omaha—Cattle—Native steers	\$7.50@9.00; cows and heifers, \$6.00@7.65; Western steers, \$5.25@8.25; Texas steers, \$5.75@7.25; range cows and heifers, \$5.75@7.15; calves, \$6.75@9.75.
Hogs—Heavy, \$8.00@9.50; lights, \$6.15@8.55; pigs, \$6.00@7.50; bank of sales, \$5.10@7.20.	
Sheep—Yearlings, \$5.25@6.75; wethers, \$4.00@4.55; lambs, \$6.50@7.20.	

# FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save Your Hair! Get a 25 Cent Bottle of Danderrine Right Now—Also Stops Itching Scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is sure evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scourge. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its luster, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderrine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderrine from any store, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, luster and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp. Adv.

# LIGHTNING FROM FOG BANK

Captain of Pacific Coast Schooner Tells of Strange Bombardment of His Vessel.

Capt. A. Sunderberg of the steam schooner Wasp, which plies between Seattle and California ports, reports a strange experience at sea on August 7. In a report made to the Hydrographic office Captain Sunderberg says that at 10 p. m., when six miles east by south of Point Conception, his vessel ran into a thick fog bank which hung close to the water.

Without the fog rising in the least, a violent electric storm broke out, and for one hour and 14 minutes the blanket of heavy mist was pierced continually by discharges of atmospheric electricity and vivid flashes of angular zigzag and forked lightning. At 12:15 a. m., August 8, the steel foremast of the Wasp became charged with electricity from the top down to the spring stay. Captain Sunderberg says this was not the usual display of St. Elmo fire, as the mast gave out loud reports as if from a powerful wireless apparatus.

While the vessel was bombarded by lightning which coursed down her main mast, her officers and crew did not venture on deck.

# HE BEGAN TO FESTER

P. O. Box 55, Greenville, Cal.—"Last fall my baby boy, two and a half years old, fell and hit the back of his head on the door-casing, cutting quite a gash. I thought it would heal right away, so when I picked him up and washed his head I put some — on it and he soon was playing again. The next morning there was a scab over it, but after a few days it began to fester and other sores came near it. They commenced at his neck and gradually spread to the top of his head. The eruption was like ulcerated pimples and itched and irritated him awfully, especially at night, when he would scratch and dig his head. I had hard work to keep him from scratching them. His hair fell out where the sores were thickest.

"The sores looked red and mattered. I had all his hair cut close to his head so I could get the Cuticura Ointment on well night and morning and I washed his head well with the Cuticura Soap. After a few applications night and morning the itching stopped and no more new sores came. In two weeks it was healed nicely and in three weeks he was cured and there is not even a scar on his head." (Signed) Mrs. A. B. Wolters, Dec. 17, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

**Warning.**  
The minister was coming to dinner, and the lady of the house killed a rooster in his honor. Her little boy was very much annoyed, and thought it cruel.

Some time after this the lad saw the minister coming up the road. He ran into the yard and began putting all the hens and chickens into the roost in place, saying all the time: "Shoo, shoo! Here comes the man that ate yer father!"

**Ready for Him.**  
A conductor stumbled twice over the foot of a small boy. Looking back at the mother, the conductor said: "Some people seem to have very awkward children."

"Yes," said the mother; "I was just thinking your mother had one."

**Uniform in Makeup.**  
"What variety of sweet corn is this?" asked the summer boarder. "The corn, tomatoes and peas," replied the hired man, "are all the same variety this year—canned."

Light on an Old Subject.  
Dentist—Now, open wide your mouth and I won't hurt you a bit.  
The Patient, after the extraction—Doctor, I know what Ananias did for a living now.

It is a waste of time to whitewash a character that could not be saved by thick enamel.

Ten smiles for a nickel. Always buy Red Cross Big Blue; have beautiful clear white clothes. Adv.

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promptly the suffering due to weak, inactive kidneys and painful bladder action. They offer a powerful help to nature in building up the true excreting kidney tissue, in restoring normal action and in regulating bladder irregularities. Try them.

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Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

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500 of the choicest and most desirable Pianos and Player Pianos ever displayed in America make up this offering. These instruments represent the cream of the entire Piano market. Most of them are brand new, the latest styles and designs, purchased for this year's Fall and Christmas trade, but many of the greatest bargains are slightly used instruments of the best makes, which have come to us in exchange for our new Steinway Pianos and Player Pianos—the kind everyone can play—and have been already overhauled by our experts. These used makes include Pianos and Player Pianos of the following makes:

STEINWAYS, KIMBALLS, KURTZMANN'S, CHICKERING'S, VOSES, A. B. CHASES, EVERETTS, H. N. CABLES, WEBERS, KNABES, FISCHERS, HORNERS, MALCOLMS, BENTLEY, HADDONS, KOHLER & CAMERON'S, KRABBERS, STELLINGS, MARON & HANLINS, WHITEHEADS, MINZES, SCHAEFFERS, ABIONS, KROEGERS, LUDWIGS, ETC., ETC.

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WE SHIP ON APPROVAL—It's so simple, safe and satisfactory to buy a piano of us by mail as if you visited the store in person. WE POSITIVELY GUARANTEE SATISFACTION. You take absolutely no chance. Merely write to us that you are interested in the purchase of a Piano and we will send you a complete list of all the bargains in this sale. The most convenient way is to use the coupon below, then you don't have to write a letter. We will send you a Piano on approval, stool and bench free. We pay the freight. You don't pay a cent unless absolutely satisfied.

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HOMES FOR THE FAMOUS FAULTLESS STARCH DOLLS

Send 50¢ from ten cent packages of Faultless Starch and ten cents in stamps to cover postage and handling and get Miss Elizabeth Ann, 12 inches tall. Send three more from ten cent packages and four cents in stamps and get Miss Florene Prims or Miss Lily White, twelve inches tall. Send four more from ten cent packages and five cents in stamps and get Miss Alice or Miss Mary Ann, 18 inches tall. Only one set will be supplied with each application. Write your name and address plainly.

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**FAULTLESS STARCH CO.**  
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Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One lb. package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You save dye and garment without rinsing apart. WRITE FOR FREE booklet, colorants, list, etc. MONROE DRUG COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.



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## Job Printing at the News

### GIRL MAIL CARRIER

Fifteen-Year-Old Miss Does Work in Mountains.

Floie Brown is a Plucky Resourceful Arkansas Maiden and is Always Equal to Any Emergency That May Confront Her.

Henderson, Ark.—Floie Brown, a bright girl, fifteen years of age, carries the daily mail from this little village in Baxter county, Arkansas, to Bakersfield, in Ozark county, Missouri, a distance of 15 miles, and return. She is one of seven sisters, daughters of Asa Brown and wife, and all have graduated off of the mail route, each having had her turn at it. It has been a part of their education and has helped them in more ways than one.

Floie, who carries the mail now, is a small girl, but what she lacks in size she makes up in nerve and ability to get over the road in all kinds of weather. The route lies over some of the roughest country in the Ozark mountains. The roads are rough and over a great part of it the houses are few and far between. On a stretch of five miles there is no dwelling at all, being all over the mountains and through the woods.

No thought of fear, however, ever enters her mind. There are no wild animals in the woods, and the birds and squirrels are her friends and keep her company. Most of the time she carries the mail on horseback. At times, in good weather, however, when the roads are worn down hard and smooth, she uses a single buggy. Besides Henderson and Bakersfield, she serves two other towns en route, Gamaliel and Custer, both roadside villages, but with large post office patronage. The most dreaded part of her trip at times is crossing the North Fork river, a mountain stream nearly as large as the White river, which at times gets to be a raging mountain torrent. The stream is fordable at low water, but when it goes on a rampage it is dangerous even by a ferryboat to cross. One time when it was past fording she swam her horse across in order to get her mail to its destination that night. She came out on the opposite bank with dripping skirts, but with mail high and dry on her shoulder.

In the spring and summer the route is pleasant to ride, as some of the finest scenery in the Ozarks lies along

the way. Wild flowers and grass cover the woods' floor and the hills are a mass of green, with the rocks of the river bluffs showing out in bare splendor. In autumn, too, it is beautiful, when the woods present an ever-changing color, but when the winter winds begin to blow and the days of falling snow and blinding, biting sleet come, it would try the nerves and spirit of a man, but Floie sticks to her post. The winter season is short and the warm spring days to come buoy her up.

The family lives a few miles north of this place, and in the worst weather her sisters, Pearl and Hannah, help her out. Hannah or Pearl goes after the mail at Henderson in the morning and bring it to the house, where Floie picks it up and carries it on to Bakersfield and brings back the morning mail from that point. They take it then to Henderson for her, letting her get off and rest.

The parcel post has made the daily load a great deal heavier for the girl, and many times the horse is loaded down with all he can carry. Some times the load is more than can be carried on horseback, and then the single buggy is pressed into service, good roads or bad. She is very popular, and does many favors for her patrons in the way of bringing things from the stores for them when they are too busy to go to town.

Asa Brown, her father, is an old man. The family live on a farm and he specializes on fruit. He says he is glad his children were girls, and that he could not get along without them. Boys, he says, are always making the old folks trouble.

The girls have generally arranged the carrying of the mail so that all got a chance at the district school, going from there to the academy at Mountain Home and from there into more profitable employment or to make happy-homes of their own. Those that are married are happily married, and the others who are not at home are filling lucrative business positions.

### BIG RANCHES OF ARGENTINA

Vast Tracts of Land Recovered From Indians Supporting Great Cattle Herds.

Washington.—It is almost impossible to conceive of the enormous growth of the stock industry of Argentina in the last quarter of a century," said Ernest Meffel, a Swiss cattleman of Buenos Ayres, at the Shoreham. "I believe if the laws of the two countries are favorable Argentina can supply this country with a great quantity of beef, which would materially assist in reducing the cost of meats to the

### CONSUMER.

Less than forty years ago the great rich tracts of grass land in Argentina were practically unproductive. The Indians roamed the plains and general settlement on the land was dangerous and well nigh impossible. The Indians, however, were subdued in 1878, and that date saw the inception of the estancias or ranches and the systematic reclamation of the land to pave the way for an industry the magnitude of which today is stupendous.

The immensity of the cattle business can be estimated from the official returns recently published, which show that last year in the Argentina there were 30,000,000 cattle, 70,000,000 sheep and 7,000,000 horses. The cattle and horses are bred in the warmer parts of the country to the north, where alfalfa abounds, and the sheep in the districts in the southern provinces.

Some of the large ranches carry as many as 50,000 head of cattle and provide hunting grounds for many Englishmen. The rancho is one of the most picturesque as well as useful features on these ranches and forms the counterpart of his famous brother the cowboy of North America. Life on a ranch is far from unpleasant, and on some of the big ranches under British control evening dress for dinner is the custom. The Argentine wool is of high grade and a large part of it goes to supply the home markets.

### PARIS NOT FOREIGN

Visitor From U. S. Sought in Vain for French Quarter.

Shops, Subways, Music, Drinks and Even the Prize Fighter Were American Made—Nothing Novel was to Be Seen.

Paris.—"Say, where's the French quarter of this town, anyway?" asked a visitor from the west of a clerk in one of the tourist agencies of Paris recently.

"You mean—"  
"Exactly what I say," said the stranger. "I came all the way to Paris to find something new, a change, novelty, and all I've found is—say, at breakfast yesterday morning I read an American paper, though it's published here in Paris. I found that the jockeys who won races here the day before are named McGee, O'Connor, O'Neill. Sounds like a list of Broadway traffic squad 'cops.' Can you beat it?"

"The first thing I saw when I went out on the boulevards was the sign 'American shoes.' Next door was a windowful of gaudy green and yellow neckties and celluloid collars—ties no hayseed would wear and celluloid collars like our motormen discarded years ago, but all labeled 'American.' Then a Camelot shoved a handbill at me. It had a facsimile of the stars and stripes and an 'ad' for an 'American dentist.'"

"I dropped into a store and asked for gloves. 'Sure,' said the clerk. 'We have ze gloves American.' It was a hot day, and he added: 'And see ez Americanize wesser, assat, n'est-ce-pas?'"

"When I went back to the hotel for lunch a maid brought in my laundry. 'Ah, ze glacage American,' she said, fingering the collars, which had been given a shiny gloss. I didn't wait to tell her no self-respecting American laundry man would put on such a 'finish.' I saw mine if I had."

"Is there a manicure in this neighborhood?" I asked the clerk.

"Male, out," he answered. "Just around the corner is an American—"

"I was riding in the subway that afternoon when some guy sized me up and volunteered: 'You Americans helped to build this line.' Finally I reached one of the residence sections and thought I had found France at last. Just then a hand organ started to grind out "Hawatha," which was made in Kansas City, I think.

"A French friend of mine took me driving in his motor car. 'By the way,' he said, 'this machine is American made.' We nearly ran into a trolley car and on its side I saw the name of an American engineering firm.

"I went to one of the summer gardens that advertises 'tango matinees.' The orchestra played one piece of tango music then struck up 'Alexander's Ragtime Band.' I beat it to the accompaniment of 'Row, Row Row.'"

"By that time I thought I had earned a drink. Yes, I saw that 'American soda water' sign but I dodged into a cafe across the street. When I was seated a garcon came up and asked: 'Grog American, M'sieu?'"

"I stopped in a florist's shop to buy some flowers for my wife. I asked for 'la France' roses. Nothing doing. They gave me American Beauties. I happened to think just then that that was mail day and I had to send a business letter, so I hurried back to the hotel and looked up the stenographer. 'This is an American typewriter,' she said, caressing the machine.

"While I was at dinner I tried to figure out why Christopher Columbus went to all the trouble of crossing the ocean to discover America when it would have been so easy just to run up to Paris. But I was deeper and I resolved they wouldn't fool me any more.

"That night I went to a music hall one that they said was tres Parisian. Qui came a speller to announce that 20,000 francs would be given any

man who could face a fighter for ten rounds in a combat de boxe. Then the fighter appeared. He was—"  
"George Carpenter?" asked the clerk.

"Not on your life! Jack Johnson! That was the finishing touch. It was me to the hotel then in a hurry. In my room I tried to figure out what that one day in this great 'foreign city' had cost me."

"And you found?"

"I found that that blasted cocher had slipped me an American quarter instead of a franc piece."

### NEW THEATER PLAN

Boston Woman Arranging to Erect Model Playhouse.

She Aims at Moral Growth—Reading Room and Lunch Stand in Rear of Stage Will Aid Comfort of the Performers.

Boston, Mass.—Mrs. Josephine Clement, probably the best-known woman theatrical manager in the country, has a scheme for a model theater which she hopes to build within a few months.

She has not yet decided where she will erect the theater, but she has abundant financial backing by persons who have been attracted by her success with the theater of which for several years she has been the manager.

It is to be a theater in which every seat will give an unobstructed view of the stage. The cost of a seat will be ten cents and the entertainments will be of a type that will have the approval of leaders in the "uplift movement" throughout the United States.

"It will be different from anything there is in the United States," said Mrs. Clement. "Only performances of the highest class will be given and the theater will be unique, as it will have light and air on all four sides."

"It will have dignified entrances, and everything inside will be arranged for the comfort of the patrons and the actors."

"I believe that actors who have brains enough to amuse audiences are entitled to as much as the patrons, and that is why there will be as good an entrance in the back for them as there is for the public in front."

"Actors who are satisfied with their surroundings will co-operate with the management, and that means success for the theater."

The Bijou theater, under the direction of Mrs. Clement, has made a feature of moving pictures, and it is her intention to give pictures in her new theater, but they will be of a type different from any now in general use. There will be nothing in them to offend, and they will be entirely free from the weird features which have brought forth criticisms from clergymen all over the world.

Mrs. Clement's idea is to have pictures that will educate and aid in uplift work.

"I am going to show pictures that will tend towards moral and intellectual development," said Mrs. Clement. "I intend to give one long film, a short one of a humorous nature, two musical numbers and two solos."

"My scheme is to have a theater that every one will enjoy attending, and one in which a person will see and hear for ten cents what now costs not less than half a dollar. Moving pictures so far have been used to amuse, to startle the imagination and to reproduce many things which the public would be better without having seen. These pictures will have no place in my theater."

Mrs. Clement will have the co-operation of the Harvard Dramatic society, as she had in her work at the Bijou, and of many clergymen and city officials who have been foremost in the agitation against the moving picture shows that are given in many theaters.

Back of the stage will be a reading room in which the actors can amuse themselves between their acts. There will be a luncheon, where they will be able to purchase meals at cost.

Young men and women will be given an opportunity to begin at the bottom and work to the top.

"I have always taken an interest in young persons," said Mrs. Clement, "and every day am on the lookout for promising young men and women. I have a theory that most of us can do something pretty well and have proven it since I went into the theatrical business."

"A young woman came to me and said that she was a good dancer. I gave her a trial and she was an utter failure. She told me she could play the piano. I tried her at this and she was a success."

"I had another girl tell me she could sing. She couldn't, but I found that she was a splendid stenographer. I can find good actors and singers as I have found stenographers and piano players, and when the model theater has been in operation a while it will have proven that I am right."

"We will win in a short time, I am confident, the good will and support of those who see now in moving pictures only things to condemn."

Rich Land for Japanese.

Stockton.—J. K. Oda and H. Wycka Japanese farmers of the delta region, purchased 200 acres of rich delta land near Terminus, for which they paid \$22,100. In view of the anti-alien land legislation this may be the last transaction of this kind in the history of the state.

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