

THE EUREKA SPRINGS TIMES.

VOLUME XXVIII.

EUREKA SPRINGS, ARKANSAS THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1910.

NUMBER 26

Devoted to Publishing the News While it is News and Telling the Truth

CHANCERY COURT IS IN SESSION

Judge Humphreys Makes Quick Work of Business

CASES DISPOSED OF

Records Under Clerk Russell's Hands Always Ready—The Grist

The January term of the chancery court convened Monday afternoon with Judge T. F. Humphreys on the bench, the greater part of the afternoon was taken up with the opening routine of court work such as dismissals, filing of reports and motions, etc. There is little time lost in Judge Humphreys' court. Matters move along with regularity and speed. Circuit Clerk Russell is a most efficient aid in dispatching the business having all the matters of record at his finger tips ready for the time they will be called for. Up until Wednesday evening the following cases were disposed of: Mrs. Sallie Wright-Twiss vs Earle Twiss, divorce granted and custody of child, Loren, awarded the mother. Mrs. C. Easley, Everett Easley John Stillion vs Wm. Birce, Sr. and R. E. Blair; dismissed at cost of the plaintiffs. Fidelity Trust Co. vs Citizens Electric Co.; amended and supplement and complaint in vacation.

made a party defendant, and summons ordered.

Susie Reynold vs Wm. Reynolds; attorney reports and proof of publication filed.

Giles E. Miller vs Times-Echo Co.; compromise made by receiver. Cause continued for further report.

Louis Haneke vs Mrs. L. Reed and Mrs. M. T. Mack; sale confirmed.

G. H. McLaughlin vs Peter Peterson, Frank Peterson and Esther Peterson; sale confirmed. Charlotte James and Essie Butt vs B. A. Langston and Fannie Langston; report filed.

C. D. James vs Eureka Springs Water District No. 5, and C. D. James vs Eureka Springs Sewer District No. 1 and C. D. James vs Eureka Springs Water District No. 3. The sale of various lots, sold under the order of the former decrees, was confirmed and commissioner ordered to make deeds at the expiration of one year.

Digby J. West, receiver of the Citizens Bank, made his final report. The report was approved and the receiver discharged. (Continued on page four)

Good Judgment or Luck

Pine Bluff—T. H. Collier, the well known planter of Altheimer, sold 800 bales of cotton a few days ago and since that time the staple has decreased in value nearly \$8 a bale. The cotton was sold to the Roth Cotton Co., for about \$75,000. The cotton will be shipped to this city to be compressed. It will take 35 cars to transport the shipment. The price averaged nearly 18 cents.

The Times tells you the news.

GLORIOUS VICTORY FOR THE FRESHMAN CLASS

In Line for Championship Debaters of W. H. Reid High School

The freshman class of our high school met the junior class in a battle royal, on last Friday night at the Dixie. The meeting was the result of a challenge made by the juniors the week before. The 'freshies' tho a year's work behind the juniors had too much class spirit to refuse the challenge, and, with that zeal which characterizes the class, prepared to meet their opponents. This famous battle of words was on the question, "Resolved: That the world owes more to navigation than to railroads."

The freshman class, represented by Louis Hoskins, Ira Davenport and Ralph Hill, affirmed. The junior class, represented by Joe White, Lawrence Groves and Hugh Goudebeck, denied.

The affirmative speakers presented their argument in such a masterful ways, made their points so strong that it seemed more like speeches from some senatorial body. Louis Hoskins made, perhaps, the strongest argument and was ably supported by his two colleagues, Ralph Hill and Ira Davenport.

The juniors tried by all powers of argument to storm the battle ments but every shot, either of argument, wit or sarcasm was hurled back upon them. So fiercely the battle raged, the courage of the freshmen never wavering, that the juniors fully realized they had met knights worthy of their steel.

After the conflict the judges soon brought in a unanimous decision for the freshmen. This now places the freshman class in line for championship in debating in the high school and is an honor of which both they and their teachers may well feel proud.

Things to Forget

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd A leader of men, marching fearless and proud, And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed, It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away In a closet, and guarded, and kept from the day In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display Would cause grief and sorrow and life long dismay, It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy, That will wipe out a smile, for the best way annoy A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy, It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

—Selected

MADE ASSISTANT TO VICE-PRESIDENT

Faithful Service Brings Its Reward

Given High Appointive Place With Missouri and North Arkansas Railroad Company

Mr. W. S. Roberts has been made assistant to Vice-President Sands of the North Arkansas Line. The following circular announces the fact:

"M. & N. A. R. R. Co., Office of Vice-President. Circular No. 50. Eureka Springs, Ark., Jan. 17, 1910. Mr. W. S. Roberts is this day appointed Assistant Vice-President, office Eureka Springs, with authority to represent the undersigned in all departments. Geo. L. Sands, Vice-President."

Recently while in the office of Vice Pres. Sands, that gentleman handed Mr. Roberts the "copy" for the above circular and asked him if he approved the step taken. This was the first intimation Mr. Roberts had of his promotion.

Mr. Roberts continues as auditor and secretary for the company, and is given an assistant auditor in the person of Mr. E. D. Spiller, who has been chief clerk in that department. The friends of Mr. Roberts, and they are legion, will be glad to learn of this well deserved honor Mr. Sands has conferred on him. He has served the road more years than any other official now in connection with it, always giving his best service to advance the interests of the organization. The present promotion is but a fitting recognition of service.

In 1885, on the 17th day of November, Mr. Roberts first entered the employ of the Missouri and North Arkansas railroad as porter at the passenger depot in this city, afterward freight clerk, then freight agent. Later he was made ticket agent, then cashier, then train dispatcher. About seven years ago he was given the office of auditor and later also made secretary for the company.

It is needless to say that these almost twenty-five years of continuous service for the company in its various departments has fully equipped him for the work on which he now enters.

Heavy Weight Dead

Peter Klees a police magistrate at Aurora, Ill., died Sunday. He was said to be one of the heaviest men in the world. He was 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighed 595 pounds. Ten of the strongest men of Aurora acted as pall bearers.

WHY SHIP EUREKA SPRINGS WATER

Some Questions for City and Commercial Club

The Products of Our Springs In Homes of People Keep Visitors Away

The following communication was recently handed to the Times-Echo for publication, evidently for the "Peoples' Column" of that paper, but it failed to appear. The Times takes pleasure in giving it to the public:

Eureka Springs, Ark., January 14, 1910

Editor Times-Echo.

Dear Sir—Will you kindly allow me through the columns of your paper to address the members of the commercial club, collectively and individually.

Gentlemen—You advertise your city as a health resort. You send out circulars telling, with truth, of the wonderful cures made here by the use of, and drinking of the water; the climate, etc., but principally of the water.

Now, instead of keeping it here and forcing people to come here for it, you allow it to be shipped out. Why?

Why do you not, instead of spending the money for advertising, buy out, if necessary the Water Co. and close it. If unable to do that, why cannot the city prohibit its being shipped out of the city.

Is the whole city to suffer as the result of private interests of one, or a few people?

Is there no city ordinance by which this may be controlled?

One of your members, when spoken to about this said, "Oh, what water is shipped out amounts to nothing," but as I understand, it does for it is shipped out by the carload.

Hot Springs, I am told prohibits the shipping out of water, altogether.

Another, and quite a serious aspect is this—that during shipment, a portion of its efficacy is lost and one does not derive the benefit that they otherwise would.

If people cannot have the Eureka water shipped to them, they like myself, will be glad to come here for it.

This, to an observer seems such a simple way of relieving the situation.

Respectfully Harriet H. Page.

The above article is along the lines heretofore advocated by the Times.

The franchise under which our waters are shipped was a free gift to the company by the city

of Eureka Springs, Arkansas.

Why? Echo answers, "why?" Many people are kept away from our city because they are unable to procure the water in their homes.

This water loses its efficiency as a curative agent in direct ratio to the length of time between its being bottled and the time of its use, consequently becoming a disappointment to the user and thus taking away from the good name of the product. The Times stands for a tax placed upon every gallon of this water so shipped so as to give the city some remuneration for the number of visitors kept away from our resort or an abolition of the shipping of water altogether.

Pleasant Ridge

Health is generally good in this neighborhood.

Mrs. Hayne's daughter is here from Kansas on a visit.

Mrs. Callenworth visited Dr. Stedman's family Sunday.

Mr. Wickham's daughter is out from town visiting her parents. J. E. Strain and wife visited with Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Hicks on Sunday.

Floy Kuykendall, of Eureka Springs, recently visited with Mrs. A. J. Strain.

Pete Clark has been sick for the past two weeks at the home of A. J. Strain, but is improving.

Andrew Humphreys has been in poor health for some little time but is now much improved.

Mr. Hattenhauer is teaching a very successful term of school at Pleasant Ridge. He has succeeded in gaining the good will of all the pupils, which makes teaching a pleasure.

ARKANSAN TO GIVE FARMS TO UNEMPLOYED

George M. Jackson Offers Four Thousand Acres For Division

St. Louis—George M. Jackson of Piggott, Ark., at a meeting of the Brotherhood Welfare Association, of which Jas. Eads Howe, the local millionaire philanthropist, is the head, announced that he will give 4000 acres of rich bottom lands near Piggott to the unemployed of the United States. Mr. Jackson's offer came at the conclusion of a lecture on the subject, "Every Man Ought to Work," by J. Harvey Nolan, and it threw the meeting into an uproar. Jackson made only one provision in his offer. That was that other land owners should do likewise and should aid in the task of furnishing farm lands for the unemployed. Nolan immediately offered some land which he owns in Oklahoma.

The offer was taken under advisement by the brotherhood officials and probably will be accepted. The plan suggested by Jackson is that 400 unemployed men be given ten acres each.

The mission of Jackson here is unknown. He is 75 years old and has nine children and several grandchildren. He is very much in earnest in his project.

Two Heifers Strayed

Two heifers have strayed off in the mountains near Eureka Springs. When last heard of were at the stockyards. One was red and was two years old in the spring dish faced with crumpled horns, without marks. The other black, little over a year old, short big ears, muley, no marks. Please notify me through the Times. Finder will be liberally rewarded.

John E. Strain, Eureka Springs, R. F. D. No. 1 Arkansas.

Get the Times at \$1 a year.

Taft's Statement Amply Borne Out

Results of Payne Tariff Law Are Satisfactory

BEST SCHEDULE YET

Figures Plainly Indicate That Democrats Will Want to Seek New Issues

When President Taft in his famed Winona speech in September said that the Payne tariff law was the best tariff law ever enacted by a republican congress and that this would be demonstrated in the working of the act, even some of his admirers thought him extravagant in his use of language. Apparently the president had expert statistical advice before he made his Winona utterance for the figures are now at hand which seem to support all Mr. Taft's enthusiastic comment on the Payne law. In the debates in congress last year democratic orators predicted that the adoption of the Payne schedules would be followed by a great loss to this country of its share of the world's business. It was predicted that the rates would prove so excessive there would be a material loss in imports and that the commerce of the world would suffer.

By a statement now issued by the bureau of statistics the reports for 1909 were the previous year

in this country's history. They exceeded in value over \$50,000,000 the imports for 1907, which heretofore has been regarded as the banner year of American commerce. Not only were the imports greater last year than ever before but the statistics show that more foreign articles entered American ports free of duty in 1909 than in any previous year. Articles imported free were of the value of \$700,000,000 as against \$636,000,000 the high water mark up to 1909. The figures compiled by the experts show that foreign articles of the value of \$1,475,000,000 reached the shores of the United States last year. Practically all of the important countries of the world shared in the increased imports, an increase being shown at every principal port in the United States.

Our exports last year were approximately of the value of \$1,750,000,000 a slight decrease over the preceding year. Over half of these exports underwent a process of manufacture before leaving the United States and thus both American capital and labor shared in the fruits of this commerce. The year 1909 will also be remembered as the greatest in our history for trade with our non-contiguous territories such as Alaska, the Philippines, Hawaii and Porto Rico. This non-contiguous trade aggregated \$173,000,000 of which \$78,000,000 consisted of exports.—State publican.

Lena Rivers' Saturday Night

When the curtain rises at the Eureka opera house on Saturday evening, the audience will get a little view of the famous little Massachusetts village, Slocumville, made famous by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes' popular novel, Lena Rivers. On one side is the pretty little cottage home of the dear old "Granny" Nichols, with its veranda covered with old fashioned vines.

THE EUREKA SPRINGS TIMES
L. E. BAIRD, Editor and Manager.

Successors to the Weekly Times-Echo. Times established 1881. Echo established 1885.

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SUBSCRIPTION ONE DOLLAR THE YEAR.

WHERE THE MEAT PROFIT GOES

Thirty-eight per cent, above wholesale price for meat is what the consumer pays if Secretary Wilson's investigations are correct, and he says they are.

Fifty cities, large, medium and small, in all parts of the country were selected for a study of the meat question; and careful comparisons of the wholesale price and the price charged consumers by retail dealers were made. In eleven cities the difference between wholesale and retail prices was over 50 per cent; and they ran down to less than 20 per cent in five cities, the average being 38 per cent.

The prices paid by packers to farmers for live stock are not given, but report shows that the men who grow the beef have not shared in the rise of cattle during the past ten years.

The fact that one of the largest packing companies in the world made a net profit of 34 per cent, last year, after paying interest on bonds, capital, all running expenses including enormous salaries to department men, wages—everything—shows that the difference in the prices received by the cattle-raisers compared with prices charged consumers by the retailers is far too great, and that the bulk of profits in the business do not go to the farmers. They are taken by wholesalers and the retailers, and the farmers are getting prices very little if any more than those of ten years ago.

It is evident that Secretary Wilson's in-

vestigations that the difference of 38 per cent, between the wholesale and the retail prices is not all profit by any means. The expense of conducting the retail business is enormous, and many retail dealers declare they do not make a net profit of 10 per cent, or even 5 per cent.

City consumers buy in small quantities which must be delivered daily, and notice, requiring a large amount of wagons, horses and drivers. City rents are high, labor is costly, competition is fierce and altogether the retailers does not share in the rise of beef prices any more than the farmers.

The truth of the business is that the cattle industry of the country is controlled by the overcapitalized beef combines, and that the farmers, the retailers and the consumers are all forced to contribute to the swollen fortunes of these gigantic industries.

What is the remedy?—Farm World.

Postal receipts for the first twelve days of 1910 went ahead of the receipts for the same period last year by \$25,000. The old reliable barometer indicates a season of high prosperity.

Veterans in congress predict the passage of a 14-foot resolution in behalf of the lakes-to-gulf channel. In the opinion of the people of the Mississippi Valley 14 feet will do for a start.

The house committee on rivers and harbors has agreed to report in favor of annual appropriations for river improvement hereafter. To keep at work continuously is clearly the best plan to insure real economy as well as positive results.

Democrats are kept so busy noting and disapproving the progressive principles of republicanism that they have completely lost sight of the fact that the only way for a man or a party to come into power is to champion some vital principle. The dem-

ocratic plan of persistently "viewing with alarm" the principles of the republican party will never bring them out of the woods.

At last a husband sues for divorce on the plea that his wife has a mania for moving from one place to another. Variety is the spice of life, but this deponent saveth that the price of spice is, like the other necessities of living, very high just now.

The question of more and better water for the city must not be lost sight of. This is a vital problem and it is the duty of every citizen to keep the matter fresh in mind. It would be a serious matter to let another dry season cause a repetition of last summer's conditions.

Another set back to the democracy occurred when the "insurgents" and the "regulars" discarded their differences and got together on the principles of republicanism. A true republican can always be depended upon to stand by his principles even if minor matters do not exactly suit his notion.

The Canadian government is partial to American emigrants because they generally land with a tidy bit of money and a good knowledge of farming, while the English emigrant wants to stay in town and live as best he may. But the question is, would not the American with "a bit of money and a good knowledge of farming" do better to stay in America?

Wm. C. Brown, president of the New York Central lines, sounds the warning that unless the American acre is forced to produce more, we will soon be facing the fact that this nation cannot produce food enough for her own people to say nothing of exporting food products. The Times doubts if such a calamity is near us. The grand work of that "grand old man," Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, is already

bearing much fruit in increasing production per acre. The work he has done for American farming has yet to be fully appreciated, but it will continue to grow. The agricultural school; the farmers' organizations, the intelligent farm press and the individual research of the intelligent farmer in his own behalf bespeak things for agriculture yet undreamed of. In witness of this, look at the one example of the results of the boys' corn contests of the south where yields almost unbelievable were made by intelligent culture. We feel that it is a little early to predict the starvation of America.

The goods box polisher who tells you that Eureka Springs is losing ground and that there is "nothin' doin'" is simply a lazy grouch. If he would wake up and look for things that are being done by the progressive element of the town he could find much for encouragement, but of course he won't. It would take a cyclone to move him.

Recently a farmer in a Western state went to a bank to get his note renewed—the money was used to buy a reaper—and the banker asked him if his farm machinery was in the field where he had last used it. Upon the farmer's confession that he believed it was, the banker told him to go home and house his implements from the weather and then return and have his note renewed. Even at that, we would consider the loan doubtful.

Champ Clark, minority leader of the house of representatives, has again turned prophet. It is, however, the same old prediction. He says that at the coming election the Missouri republicans will be "wiped off the map." Champ has said the same thing, practically, before each election for years, but the growth of republicanism in Missouri has been most satisfactory and there seems nothing in the way of its continued thrift. Champ's is a peculiar mind.

FARM AND FIELD

Hints For the Farmer and Stockman

Dairying In Winter

Have you made dairying a success in winter? Not very many men have. They make something out of their herds in summer, but draw on the season's profits heavily to get through the cold weather till spring comes again. So that on the whole they start nearly where they left off a year ago.

But it is possible to do a paying business in winter as well as in summer. Some men are doing it. You can do the same, but to do it there are certain things you will need to do. It cannot be done by wishing, or by half-hearted endeavor. In fact, no successful farming can be done that way. It is business all the way from start to finish.

The man who would win at winter dairying must start out with the determination to keep his cows comfortable while the cold weather lasts. Here a good many men have mistaken ideas as to what comfort is. They think it is enough to eat and drink and have a chance to stir around through the day. Both of these things are all right, but you can't do it on a cold day. You can't do it around and around and around the side of a barn while you are eating and drinking. You are using up a lot of food and vitality. These might be saved to a considerable extent.

A good barn saves hay and grain. It does not take as much food to winter a cow where she is kept good and warm all the time. Why? Because less of what you feed is burned up in keeping up steam, so more is left to turn into milk.

And then, it never paid any man to skimp in feeding his stock. About so much of the

food you give your cattle is consumed in the process of maintaining bodily flesh. The cow needs a good coat of flesh on her bones to feel real well. You and I are the same. When we begin to run down for any reason we do not feel like striking in and doing as much work as if we were in the pink of health. You let a cow grow poor and you may as well set it down for a fact that she will not give as much milk as she used to do and that milk will not be as it should be.

Grooming pays the winter dairy man. Are you short of feed? Make up for it by taking a little better care of your stock. The lower the grain in the bin and the haymow get, the more regular and painstaking you ought to be in brushing your cows and caring for them.

Then, as to the matter of feed. Come as near as you can to the summer bill of fare. Dry hay is not enough for the cow that is giving milk. She needs something that is more juicy, like corn from the silo or otherwise well-kept. She also requires some grain, such as gluten feed, wheat bran, or middlings, with now and then a ration of roots.

Follow some such plan as this and you will make it pretty sure that your winter account with the cows will show a balance on the right side.—E. L. Vincent in Successful Farming.

The cutting of the Wells Fargo express company melon, which gave the stockholders a 300 per cent dividend, ought to convince Uncle Sam that there might be a pretty fair profit in the parcels-post business.

Land hunger is sweeping over the land like a prairie fire and thousands of enthusiastic persons are being badly burned by investment in property they have not seen. "A living on five acres, a fortune on twenty" may be the cry that lures many a thoughtless innocent to ruin, but the wise man will keep his money until he has seen what he buys.

....Legal Publications....

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Harrison, Ark., December 17, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that William A. Hill, of Oak Hill, Ark., who, on March 14, 1907, made H. E. 35716, Serial No. 05014, for W 1/2 NW, Sec. 24, SE NE, Section 23, Township 21 N, Range 26 W, 5th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, at Harrison, Ark., on the 28th day of Jan. 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses: Lawrence A. Hill, James J. Nickle, W. W. Warren, J. H. Davidson, all of Oak Hill, Ark.

W. N. IVIE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Harrison, Ark., December 15, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Phillip S. Mahan, of Busch, Ark., who, on May 14, 1907, made H. E. 35920, Serial No. 05168, for SE SE Sec. 22, NE NE 1/4 NE Sec. 27, Twp 21 N, R 27 W, 5th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before John B. Pendergrass, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Eureka Springs, Ark., on the 20th day of January, 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses: Phillip W. Robinson, William Robertson, Alonzo Young, Jesse W. Cope, all of Busch, Ark.

W. N. IVIE, Register.

FIRST M. E. CHURCH

Sabbath school 9:45 a. m., Wm. Jenkins, supt.

Public worship at 11 o'clock followed by a noonday class meeting. Preaching in the evening at 7:30.

Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30.

To all of the services the public will receive a cordial welcome.

L. W. B. Long, Pastor.

SECOND HAND FURNITURE

Largest and best Stock in the city ALL KINDS OF STOVE REPAIRS 24 Jun-tion Main and Spring Street. Phone 274 J. L. RUBLE

The Times tells you the news

CONTEST NOTICE

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, Harrison, Ark., December 30, 1909.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Clarence C. Shatto, contestant, against homestead entry No. 366422, made Jan. 13, 1908, for SE NW, SW NE, Sec. 12, Twp. 20 N, Range 27 W, 5th Principal Meridian, by Frederick Bruton, Contestee, in which it is alleged that said Frederick Bruton has not cultivated, improved or resided upon said land in the manner provided by law for more than six months next before the filing of the affidavit and that he on the day of October, 1908, abandoned said land and has since that time been absent from said land; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond, and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on Feb. 8, 1910, before John B. Pendergrass, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Eureka Springs, Ark., and that final hearing will be held at 10 o'clock a. m. on Feb. 12, 1910 before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Harrison, Ark.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed Dec. 24, 1909, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

W. N. IVIE, Register, J. W. FREEMAN, Receiver.

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING

The stockholders of the Times Publishing Co., of Eureka Springs, Ark., are called to meet in room 14, Ellis-Rosewater building, on Wednesday, February 2, 1910, at 7:30 p. m. Annual meeting for the election of officers and transaction of other business.

J. H. DeLANO, Pres.

We Ask You

to take Cardui, for your female troubles, because we are sure it will help you. Remember that this great female remedy—

WINE OF CARDUI

has brought relief to thousands of other sick women, so why not to you? For headache, backache, periodical pains, female weakness, many have said it is "the best medicine to take." Try it!

Sold in This City

Get the Times at \$1 a year.

See the Moving Pictures

THE EUREKA SPRINGS PICTURE PARLOR

Under Management of O. R. Renfroe is the city's chief place of amusement. While chiefly designed to entertain, moving pictures are fruitful sources of information, with a portrayal so vivid as to enhance their educational value.

LET THE CHILDREN SEE THE PICTURES

A Good Judge



Of what is good value for money expended will tell you that you can get more and better value in the line of wood and coal here than elsewhere. All we ask is a FAIR TRIAL and we will guarantee to prove to your satisfaction that this is a true statement. Join our long list of satisfied customers.

Goudelock, Brush & Co.

STREET CAR TICKETS

6 for 25c. 25 for \$1. 100 for \$3.75.

For Sale By All Conductors

Or at our office in the Central Block.

CITIZENS ELECTRIC CO.,

A. M. BARRON, Manager.

Advertising That Pays Grows. Advertising in the Times Pays a Big Profit.

KITCHEN CABINET COLUMN
Busy Housekeeper's Reference Page

Do Not Neglect
Mothers should make it a point to teach their children a proper appreciation for courtesies extended.

Letters of acknowledgment should always be written after an invitation is received and after returning from a visit.

Thanks should always be expressed for gifts either in person or by letter.

Apologies should never be overlooked when due. Much depends upon these little things.

Calls should be returned within a reasonable length of time.

When old friends or neighbors return on a visit calls should be made on them as early as possible.

Beat two eggs and one pint of milk, one pint of corn meal, one tablespoon melted butter, one teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of baking powder. Pour into greased pan and bake in a quick oven half an hour.

Line a pie tin with rich paste, pare, halve and seed peaches enough to fill the pie. Sprinkle over the pie two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cup of sugar, fill up with sweet cream and bake until peaches are very soft, about a half hour.

Steam six sweet potatoes, mash fine, one tablespoon sugar, two spoon butter. Salt to taste, beat very light. Grease custard cup or gem pans, fill nearly full, brush tops with white of egg and bake in hot oven. Serve hot.

Mix one quart buckwheat, one pint wheat flour or Indian meal, a half cake compressed yeast with enough lukewarm water to make a thin batter. When well mixed set in a warm place to rise. When very light grease the griddle and bake the cakes a delicate brown.

Two cups flour and half teaspoon salt, one teaspoonful baking powder, sift all together. Rub in a tablespoonful of butter, mix to a thick batter with milk. Drop by small spoonfuls on a greased pan and bake in a quick oven. These are nice for breakfast.

Soak half box clear, shredded gelatine a few minutes in half cup cold water, add pint boiling coffee, half cup sugar; strain and let cool. When it begins to congeal add half pound chopped dates and half pound English walnuts. Serve with whipped or plain cream.

Boil one quart of cranberries in one pint of water until the skins burst, strain and add two cupfuls of granulated sugar, the juice of two lemons, one tablespoonful of gelatine, which has been softened in cold water and dissolved over hot water. Freeze to a mush by using equal parts ice and salt.

Mix one pint corn meal, one pint flour, one tablespoon sugar, one teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder, one tablespoon lard, one egg and one pint milk. The batter should be the consistency of cup cake. Have the muffin rings cold and well greased, and fill two-thirds full. Bake in a quick oven about 15 minutes.

One cup cold boiled rice, one cup white Indian corn meal
Rice one cup wheat flour,
Bread one teaspoon baking powder, two eggs and a half teaspoon salt. One tablespoon melted butter and one

tablespoon milk. Mix the dry ingredients, add beaten eggs mixed with milk and the melted butter, pour into shallow greased pans and bake in a moderate oven thirty minutes.

To one cup Indian meal add butter size of an egg.
Indian one cup molasses,
Puuding one egg, teaspoon salt and scant half teaspoon each of ginger and cinnamon. Boil one quart milk and while boiling hot stir it into the Indian meal, put in a well greased earthen pot and pour over it one pint of cold milk, without stirring. This will form the whey. Bake four hours in a slow oven.

One and one-half pints Graham flour, one half Graham pint white flour, one Bread tablespoon sugar, one teaspoonful salt, two teaspoons baking powder, three-fourths pint of milk. Sift together all the dry ingredients. Add the milk and mix into a soft dough. Turn out the dough onto a floured board and knead quickly, divide into four equal parts and make these into loaves. Place in shallow bake pans, wet them over with milk and bake in a hot oven thirty minutes. Remove from the oven and rub over with a little melted butter.

Lena Rivers Saturday Night

When the curtain rises at the Eureka opera house on Saturday evening, the audience will get a little view of the famous little Massachusetts village, Slocumville, made famous by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes' popular novel, Lena Rivers. On one side is the pretty little cottage home of the dear old "Granny" Nichols, with its veranda covered with old fashioned vines, and the yard filled with geraniums, phlox, sweet williams and bachelor buttons. A little in the background is the old fashioned barn and horse trough. Needless to say, the play is Lena Rivers dramatized. Much interest has been taken in this beautiful play and it is already assured that the audience on that night will test the capacity of the theatre. The play is in four acts, the first being the scene described above, and the last three being beautiful pictures of the south. Two interior views and one exterior of the famous old Livingstone estate are shown. The production that will be seen here is the same that has been having long runs in the cities.

Bank Officers Indicted

Hot Springs, Ark.—Indictments charging falsification of records and receiving deposits when the bank was insolvent have been returned against James A. Stewart as president and C. A. Grippen as cashier of the Citizens' State bank of Edgemont, which failed four years ago. Grippen is now in the banking business at Upton, Wyoming.

Forgot Lakes-to-Gulf Plan

Washington.—Representative Madden of Illinois called on President Taft and discussed at length the deep waterway propaganda of the Lakes-to-the Gulf Deep Waterways Association. He also asked the president if he intended leaving out of his special message on conservation reference to this propaganda.

"President Taft told me," said Representative Madden, "that his not specifically mentioning the lakes-to-the-gulf propaganda was entirely an oversight. He told me he intended covering that feature of the inland waterways problem, and that he favors the whole project. He added that he hoped no one had construed his message so as to make it appear he was unfriendly to the project or in any way opposed to it."

LOST.—Sunday night on top of mountain somewhere between Judge White's and the Main street blacksmith shop, a lady's gold watch and belt hook. Reward. Leave at Mrs. Jackson's.

The Master of Craven

By Marie Van Vorst
Author of "Amanda of the Mill," "Miss Desmond," etc., etc.

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She did not take this opportunity to remark at his psychology of feminine subtleness, but said evenly: "The result of such forbiddance would be the blocking of my whole career."

He echoed the word with scorn. "Career! Heaven, you have one? You don't look it, I am glad to say—I am sorry for you," he finished brusquely.

She had fastened the collar of her coat and it fell back. Her dress underneath was as sober in tone. Tempest rose to move aside the table that was between them.

"Let me help you off with that wrap. It's warm here and you won't feel it when you go out."

He wanted to see her released from the chrysalis of her uncompromising garments. He threw the wrap on a chair, and she stood before him in a dress of some soft, dark material with white at the neck and wrists. It fitted her well, it fell well around her supple figure.

"My gloves," she said apologetically, "were soaked through. They are drying in your housekeeper's room. I dried these myself for half an hour before she would disturb you."

As she spoke these crossed Tempest's feelings, growing more and more amiable and gracious a sudden revulsion against her which she could not have understood had he let her perceive it.

"How can I further your career of hinder it?" he asked formally.

She did not appear to take umbrage at his altered tone but, leaning forward in her chair, received him into her confidence with extraordinary facility and an assurance that was compliment in itself.

"I have been obliged quite suddenly to find a means of livelihood. To a woman of my age" (she named it, and he smiled—it was so young) "such a question coming for the first time is puzzling. Last week the editor of a well-known monthly offered me a position at a fixed and generous salary if—here she paused.

As she talked Tempest was studying her mentality and quality of spirit as best he could, being a man as well as a psychologist, and given the fact that a specimen was very good to look at and very gently magnetic to listen to. He found her direct, and boldly

expressed the black, rain-covered pane to the room's light.

She was not, singularly enough, frightened to death. It would be too much to say she felt a power over Mr. Tempest. She had it, however.

"Perhaps I am mad. I feel sometimes one must be to comprehend and be sensitive to certain forms of beauty and greatness."

Mr. Tempest came slowly back into the room, holding his hand over his eyes.

"Will you tell them for me—your public—that there are no more verses to follow these? That there is nothing whatsoever to come out of this muddy and miserable brain of Basil Tempest? Will you tell them that Tempest is never to write another line so long as he lives?"

He was conscious that Miss Carew had risen, that she was standing not far away. She had gathered her cloak on her arm.

"No," she said distinctly, "I will not tell them that."

His eyes still covered, Tempest shrugged his shoulders. "Tell them what you please, but will you—go? Now—I thank you—but go—you are very good—very good—and clever. I hope I shall not bank your career—because I did not have bargains."

He heard of a door close, the portiere fall. He discovered his eyes—he was alone.

With an imprecation low and sincere he stood for a moment, his hands clinched by his side, his expression dark and terrible. All likeness to genius and good looks—for it possessed both—was gone from his face. He seemed brooding on horrors. His hair fell over his brow, his head was bent. His eyes now showed blood shot and full of tears. As strong as he was weak, in his emotions, he was now utterly swayed by them. Like a boy, he brushed away his tears with the back of his hand. After he had stood so for what seemed to him a few minutes, and was really a long time, a gust of wind and rain struck violently against the window and he started.

With no care to put his disturbed countenance in order for curious eyes, he went out to find Mrs. Henry in her little room, a corridor or so away.

"Where is the lady you forced upon me, Henry?"

"Gone, Mr. Basil."

"How gone?"

"On foot—and alone in the storm."

Mrs. Henry's stone, if it could, would have sent Miss Carew dryshod.

"What folly and stupidity! Why did you permit it, Henry? You use judgment and discretion—what did you let her go for like that?"

"She would hear of nothing else, sir—she seemed disturbed."

Without further parley he turned on his heel and marched out to the cloakroom, hatted and cloaked himself, and went from there to the stables. Although it did not consume half an hour—the putting between shafts and buckling up of the horse—Tempest fumed at the groom and with nervous haste himself threw in rubber blanket and rugs. It was pouring in sheets when he came pelting out of the stable; the man threw loose the mare's head and the fresh beast started rapidly into the roadway.

Tempest had asked for a horse notably not her fastest nor best, but a sure animal who had eyes for the dark like a cat's and who could have felt her way to Cravenford.

The master of Craven hardly hoped to discover so soon as the park road the guest so rudely allowed to leave his door. Even a poor walker would have made the drive and the turn into the main road that led to Cravenford. Nevertheless, he peered, and as it was far from dark it seemed needless to lean forward as Tempest did to search the roadside for so conspicuous an object as a pedestrian young woman of no near height or figure.

His horse pounded through the mud, bit well in her teeth, her head down; the shower, incessant rain was a spur. Tempest thought of the high heels of the lady's shoes, and grew hot with shame. "Feminine folly!" he muttered. "What modern twentieth-century emancipation! A young woman, not only independent, but secure in



"What Suite? What Do You Mean?"

devoid of weak, truckling excuses for whatever favor she was to ask—and she was evidently to ask one. He liked her clear enunciation, her soft, short sentences with the warmth under their of an exquisite voice.

"If what?" he helped her.

"If I would fetch him an especial piece of work he was eager for."

"Yes?" questioned her host, for she hesitated.

"An essay, if you like—a study of—you; of your personality. Above all"—here she flushed and lowered her voice as though the subject and her own daring awed her—"a synopsis of your new suite of poems, Mr. Tempest."

Then in a voice whose sharpness struck her as if her senses had all been touched at once—she shrank at it—he asked:

"Who spoke to them of the verses?"

"I," she replied, breathless. "There were only two of them, you know, published in the winter."

"What suite?" he interrupted, glaring at her. The veins swelled on his temples. He had risen and she thought he seemed a dozen feet high.

"What suite? What do you mean?"

Miss Carew leaned forward, her hands clasped before her.

"I once read two poems of yours—masterpieces. They were only an epilogue—any one could see that they were the forerunners of a longer work, the opening and sequence. I have eagerly been looking for the others in vain!"

"You are mad!" he blurted out abruptly, and walked away from her across the room, got in between table and window, his back to her. After a second he drew the curtain aside and

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her lack of convention! Fancy one of our grandmothers appearing in fichu and curls and crinolines at a man's house alone, unchaperoned! Not only would this girl have scorned me if I had dared show appreciation of her sex, but it would have been the height of ruffianism to have been gallant, the acme of usatantness."

Yet as he mentally compared her to the summoned image of the 1830 lady Miss Carew lost none of her attractiveness in her plain dress, the sharp note of white at neck and wrists, the tallie cambree, the svelte beauty of her figure.

"It's absurd," he muttered, "this emancipation of women! They've no right or title to it. For example, now, if I were not driving to her rescue, where would she be, poor dear?" He smiled. "She would melt in the storm."

As before him the road grew indistinct, Mr. Tempest had fetched Melton to drive. I can't make out the road. She must have flown to have gone so well on—to escape the boor I was—no wonder!"

Here the mare slid violently, and in holding the cart to balance and quieting her Tempest almost failed to see the cause of the fright. Out of the rain and darkness a figure on a stone had risen.

"Miss Carew!" (she hardly recognized the voice it was so full of live welcome) "won't you get in at once—please here, at this side. I can't help you, unfortunately—or leave my stand. Can you manage it?—she won't stand."

Miss Carew displayed neither ill-temper nor grudge. In a twinkling she

had climbed into the cart—was at his side.

"You will let me drive you back to Craven—warm you, feed you, show you hospitality. I am chagrined, Miss Carew." He had started to turn.

"To the station, please, if it isn't too much to ask."

He was sufficiently impressed by what he believed was the will of the modern woman to not gainsay her.

"I don't wish to obey you, but I have no choice. Put on this macintosh, please, and cover yourself with this rubber—there, over us both. There's a shorter cut to the town if you will tell me if there is a stile—just there it would be—to the right."

"Yes."

"Then we turn here and should reach Cravenford in three-quarters of an hour. Hush," he said as she thanked him. "Trouble! I am ashamed of myself. Don't make me feel more so. Tell me, if I am not too curious, where you are bound for?"

"To London to-night—and to America the day after to-morrow."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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