

# The Daily Times-Echo

Crystal Davis - Lyle Collection

S. A. DIEHL, Publisher.

EUREKA SPRINGS, ARKANSAS, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1911.

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## WEDDING BELLS CHIME

### Unions of Hearts and Hands Come at This Glad Season

Lyle-Davis.

On Christmas night at 6 o'clock Miss Crystal Mina Davis of this city was married to Mr. Clarence Mansfield Lyle of Cassopolis, Mich.

One of the most brilliant assembly of guests that has ever graced a social function in this city gathered to do honor to the occasion. The lovely gowns, the beautiful jewels and the merry conversation, tinged with the holiday spirit, all contributed to make the affair an event that for charm and brilliancy has never been eclipsed in the social annals of the town.

The home of Dr. and Mrs. Davis has always been considered one of the most beautiful in the city, the elegant taste shown in its every appointment bespeaking the refinement and culture of those who dwell therein; but on this occasion there was the added beauty that artistic decoration always gives. Palms stood in convenient places, while smilax gave of its grace, and pink carnations of their fragrance, to the spacious rooms.

Promptly at 6 o'clock, Mrs. C. I. Poor, accompanied by Mrs. Grant Sweet on the piano, sang in her beautiful soprano, "The Home of the Heart" and then, "I Love Thee Truly."

As the last song ended, Mrs. Sweet commenced Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" and as the inspiring strains rang out, Mrs. J. O. Melone and Mrs. C. F. Ellis pulled back the curtains that separated the drawing room from the ante-room adjoining and the bridal party entered. Dr. and Mrs. Davis

came first, followed by Dr. and Mrs. Goodwin, uncle and aunt of the bride. Then came the bride and groom, preceded by the dainty little ring-bearer, Clara Poor. Facing the clergyman, Dr. Frederick Sturges, who stood in the center of the room, the bridal couple took their position in the bay-window against a beautiful background of pink carnations and ferns, directly underneath the bell of white carnations which hung from the archway of smilax and flowers. Dr. and Mrs. Davis stood to the left and Dr. and Mrs. Goodwin to the right. In grave and reverent tones, Dr. Sturges said the ceremony that bound these two for life in the bonds of matrimony, and, as the words fell upon the listening guests, impressing anew on them that this was a holy and sacred event, each heart went out to the fair sweet bride who had grown from a pure and lovely girlhood to a noble and gracious womanhood in their midst; and to the groom, who though a stranger in our city had been deemed worthy by her and hers, to enter with her, "that new life, which is the old."

After the ceremony, the bride, following an old custom, threw her bouquet of white roses among the guests and happy was the maid or widow who was so fortunate as to catch one of the fragrant missiles.

Preceded by the bridal party the guests then passed through the library into the dining room where dainty refreshments, consisting principally of salads and ices with coffee, were served in buffet style. A slice of the bride's cake was given to each guest to take home and dream over.

The bride was attired in an exquisite gown of lovely white lace over shimmering white satin, with pearl garniture, and in her hair she wore a beautiful bandeau of tulle and pearls; the bouquet was of white roses.

The bridal presents were numerous and costly, among them being a check from the groom for a piano of the bride's own choosing.

A number of states were represented by the donors and the array of cut glass, china and silver was beautiful and exquisite enough to delight the heart of the most exacting housewife-to-be.

The bride, Miss Crystal Mina Davis, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Davis, is the type of the highest culture and refinement possible to young womanhood. She comes from a home where books, music and art have

been the atmosphere all of her life. She numbers with her many loving, flesh-and-blood friends, hosts of others in books, for she has read much of the world's greatest literature.

Dr. and Mrs. Davis, the father and mother of the bride, are among Eureka Springs' most prominent citizens, having had much to do with the development of the city, morally, intellectually and materially. Mrs. Davis was the founder of the Fortnightly Club, the most noted literary club of the city for many years.

Miss Davis has always been a leader in whatever circle she moved. In the grades of our public schools she won distinction, and in the high school she was a gold medal pupil and the valedictorian of her class.

After graduation she was elected to the responsible position of teacher of mathematics in her alma mater and for one year she filled the place with credit to herself and the school.

But Miss Davis was blessed with a remarkable voice and a great love for music and she resigned her place in the high school in order that she might pursue her studies in the famous conservatory at Oberlin, Ohio. For three years she studied, perfecting her musical education. During the years that she has been at home she has ever been ready to lend the charm of her beautiful voice to any occasion when good might be done.

Eureka Springs has been and is the home of many gifted young people, but it is our misfortune to lose to the great cities so many that we would keep. In giving Miss Davis to Cassopolis, Michigan, we feel deeply that the people of that city have been greatly enriched and we have been made poorer.

Mr. Lyle is an attorney from Cassopolis, Michigan, and is a graduate of the literary and law department of Valparaiso University and is also a graduate of law from the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor. The education that he has received at these splendid institutions has been broadened and deepened by extensive travel.

Mr. Lyle is a man of close observation and of clear judgment. He is a man of striking personality and knows men and conditions. Mr. Lyle is a man of high ideals and the strongest integrity of character, and to-day stands as one of the most brilliant and successful members of the bar of Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle took their departure the morning after the ceremony for a wedding journey through New Mexico and Southwestern points including San Antonio, after which they will make their home in Cassopolis, Michigan.

"As when from separate stars two beams

Unite to form one tender ray;  
As when two sweet but shadowy dreams

Explain each other in the day:

"So may these two dear hearts one light

Emit, and each interpret each.  
Let an angel come and dwell tonight,  
In this dear double heart, and teach.

Taylor-Walker.

Mr. George W. Taylor, and Mrs. Martha Regan-Walker were married last evening, December 26th, at 6 o'clock in the cozy parlor of the bride's home, the residence of Dr. M. R. Regan.

This was a very quiet wedding, but every detail was arranged as elegantly as if an hundred guests were expected. The spacious rooms were beautifully decorated with festoons of Christmas colors, with holly and mistletoe in abundance. The dining room was especially beautiful with streamers and decorations, artistically blended. An immense vase of American Beauty roses, the gift of the groom to "Mother Regan" adorned the center of the table.

Promptly at six o'clock the little five-year-old son of the bride led the way as ring bearer, the bride and groom following, when those present arose, and Rev. C. N. White, pastor of Calvary Baptist church, united these young people in holy wedlock, using the impressive ring service.

The bride was gowned in a handsome gray tailored suit, and carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and sweet violets. The groom, remembering her love for these flowers in childhood, thoughtfully chose these as the most appropriate for her wedding day.

The bride generously divided her flowers with those present, and as

she and Mr. Taylor led the way to the dining room each member of the family wore a spray of these flowers, but to Mrs. C. N. White was given the lion's share of the bouquet as the only guest of honor.

The service in the dining room was dainty, the attendants serving a splendid three-course luncheon.

The happy couple left on the evening train for Kansas City, their future home. The bride's going-away gown of gray with white Chinese ermine furs made a becoming setting for her fair face. Every one in Eureka Springs knows and loves the bride, and are rejoiced at her happy marriage.

Mr. Taylor spent a great part of his life in Eureka Springs, but has been in Kansas City for some time, where he is secretary of the Robert Keith Furniture Co.

While he has met with success—the reward of his own efforts and a high sense of duty—this success has but made him a stronger, better young man, and he is the same George whom we knew in his younger days as the soul of honor and incapable of an unworthy act. In giving to him their elder daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Regan have the assurance that her life will be shielded and protected, and whatever misfortune the future might hold, that he will ever be true and faithful.

Lovers in childhood these two were, but there came misunderstanding and each passed out of the other's life for years, until by chance they met while Mrs. Walker was visiting her brother at Liberty, Mo. The old love was renewed, and the marriage is one with all the romance of the golden days of youth therein, with the intervening years but fitting each for a full appreciation of the happiness that has come.

The wedding presents were very elaborate and valuable. Among these were two elegant oriental rugs of room size, from Mr. Taylor's associates in business.

There were many lovely incidents connected with this union, and while everybody was happy, tears flowed freely when the groom went to the father and mother and put his arms around them, promising to care for and cherish their daughter—the last one to leave the parental home. The ceremony was impressive in its tenderness and simplicity.

Bishop-Stites.

One of the Christmas weddings was that of Mr. George Bishop, of Effingham, Kan., and Miss Mabel Stites of this city, which occurred Saturday evening.

The young people have been sweethearts since their childhood, but because of the gentleman's residence in another state the wedding came as a surprise to the friends here.

The bride has been a zealous worker in the South Methodist church, and members of her Sunday-school class learned of the coming event and gave the beloved teacher a beautiful shower of wedding gifts and good wishes on Friday evening.

The marriage took place at the church parsonage, Rev. J. L. Bryant officiating. A brother-in-law and two sisters accompanied the young couple to the parsonage and witnessed the solemnly sweet ceremony which bound the two lives as one.

Mr. and Mrs. Bishop leave Eureka Springs for Topeka, Kan., Friday, and after visiting there for a few days will go to their home at Effingham.

THE WILKIE THEATRE.

Program Tonight.

**The Sake of the Tribe.**—One of the most reasonable, and to our notion one of the best Indian stories Pathe has yet produced. We feel sure you will like it.

**Three Brothers.**—A Vitagraph feature of their brothers' experiences in their search for gold in Alaska. It's brim full of beautiful Alaskan scenery and intense interest.

**Spike Shannon's Last Fight.**—An Essanay, original in plot, wholesome in its moral lesson, and clean cut in photography. An episode of the prize ring.

Besides a splendid program, will have the theatre warm and comfortable for you tonight. Come out—it will do you good.

New Year's Ball.

The Elks are planning to give their annual at home, on New Year's night. The program arranged by the committee promises to be the best ever. Frivolity, music, dancing, cards and good fellowship. Music by Dr. Charles Oestretra.

## THE WORLD'S GREATEST

### Musician of Note Predicts Great Future for Young Girl

W. B. Brown is quite proud of his niece, Miss Irene Brown Anderson, who he looks upon as a daughter. And she certainly has cause for pride in this young girl, who has been in his home since her babyhood. Miss Irene is now in Chicago visiting her father, Charley Anderson, and carried a letter of introduction with her to one of the great masters of music in that city, wherein her teacher in Kansas City writes of the wonderful talent of his favorite pupil—a prodigy on the violin. With less than three months' study on this instrument, Miss Irene was able to play the entire selection of Il' Trovatore in public, with marked success. This teacher further says he sees in her the world's greatest violinist of the future, and asks his old instructor to take special notice of this gifted girl. Miss Irene is to be made director of an orchestra of 106 pieces early in next year.

Since she was a mere tot, Irene's fondness for music has been a matter of comment, and always the verdict has been that she would some day become famous because of her remarkable talent.

## GOOD ROADS MEETING

### Committee to Inspect Two Proposed White Way Routes

A meeting was called last Friday by O. A. Fain, chairman of one of the Good Roads committees, for the purpose of discussing the proposed improvements between Eureka Springs and Berryville and on to the Benton County line.

This district is to repair the road as far as the Jackson place, Grand View, and the Eastern District will look after the remaining section of the road.

J. L. Parker appeared before this meeting asking that the road going west cross White river near his place and offering liberal help in the building of same.

A committee of five—W. F. Willis, Arch Kimberling, U. G. Kelley, O. A. Fain and Fay Jenkins—was appointed to view the two proposed routes to the Benton county line—one crossing the river at the Parker farm and the other at Ghent's farm.

Tuesday of this week was fixed as the date, but on account of the river being up, the time was postponed until Friday, Mr. Allred, owner of the Wadsworth, who is an old road man in Colorado will accompany the committee.

An offer has been made by the owner of the Jons Beaver farm to build five miles of the way if the white road is built that way to connect with an automobile road from Seligman to Rogers.

Interest in the road question seems to be general, and we expect great things in this line within the next few years.

A Way to Beat Bertillion.

New York, Dec. 25.—Graduates of the newer schools in burglary operated on a safe in a 5 and 10-cent store in Harlem today and got away with nearly \$4,000 in cash. The men entered by way of a skylight, drew electricity from a live wire to operate their drill, and with nitro-glycerine, easily blew off the safe door.

Beside the safe was found kid gloves which the burglars had evidently used to avoid leaving finger prints, which recently have led to the arrest and indictment of several alleged burglars.

You get the news when it is news, in the Daily Times-Echo.

## FIFTH SUNDAY MEETING TO BE HELD HERE

Following is the program of the Carroll County Baptist Association meeting to be held with Calvary Baptist church the last days of this week.

Friday Morning.

10:00 o'clock: Devotional service led by W. J. Ledbetter.

10:30 o'clock: Subject: "Will all be saved for whom Christ died?" Elders C. S. Burton and J. B. Rose.

Friday Afternoon.

2:00 o'clock: Devotional service led by A. B. Collins.

2:30 o'clock: Subject: "Acts 15, 16, 17, 18." Elders Carter, Tosh and Parker.

3:30 o'clock: Subject: "What is it to be born again?" Elders W. J. Fox, S. C. McCullough and D. R. Kitrell.

Friday Evening.

7:00 o'clock: Devotional service led by G. R. McCall.

7:30 o'clock: Sermon: "Mark 29, 19, 20." By Joe S. King. W. A. Bailey, Alternate.

Saturday Morning.

9:30 o'clock: Devotional service led by R. L. Garrett.

10:00 o'clock: "Exegesis of Isaiah 25, 5, 10." Elders W. A. Bailey and C. N. White.

11:00 o'clock: Subject: "What should be the attitude of Christian people toward the liquor traffic?" Brothers Minwick, Walker and Withers.

Saturday Afternoon.

2:00 o'clock: Devotional service led by A. L. Howerton.

2:30 o'clock: Subject: "The outlook for Missionary work in Carroll County." Joe S. King, Missionary.

3:30 o'clock: Subject: "The work of the Woman's Missionary Union." Mrs. M. R. Regan and Mrs. C. N. White.

Saturday Evening.

7:00 o'clock: Devotional service led by Dr. Brandreth.

7:30 o'clock: Sunday School work. 1. "Relation of school and church to each other." C. S. Barnett.

2. "What kind of teachers to have and their preparation." M. L. McCall.

3. "The Pastor's relation to the school." Dr. M. R. Regan.

4. "What does the church lose that has no Sunday school?" Clio W. Miller.

5. Suggestions by any Brother or Sister.

Sunday Morning.

9:30 o'clock: Regular Sunday school.

10:30 o'clock: A thirty minute song service conducted by the Baraca Class. Directed by Clio W. Miller.

11:00 o'clock: Sermon, by Joe S. King, missionary.

Sunday Evening.

6:30 o'clock: Young Peoples Rally. Conducted by Newton White.

7:30 o'clock: Sermon by J. B. Rose. Final adjournment.

## RETURNS WITH WEALTH TO FIND PARENTS DEAD

Philadelphia, Dec. 26.—Patrick Tierney ate dinner today in a big Philadelphia hotel, the saddest man in the city, he declared.

Fourteen years ago, Tierney, a dry goods clerk, disappeared from his home in Somerville, N. J., leaving a note saying he was going to seek his fortune.

Michael Tierney, his father, was a hard-working man with a large family to support. Five years after his son's disappearance a letter was received from Cape Nome, Alaska, indicating that the son had not found his fortune. Then there was a long silence.

Friday night a handsomely dressed man arrived and hurried to the Tierney home. The door was opened by a strange woman. Tierney asked for his father and was told he had been dead four years. Mrs. Tierney, he was told, died a year later.

I made more than \$1,000,000 in Alaska," said Patrick Tierney here today, "and I came back as soon as I could to give the old folks a comfortable home for Christmas. It was too late. They are both dead."

Miss Violet Bishir came down from Springfield and spent Sunday and Monday with her mother, Mrs. Ida Bishir. Robert was unable to come home for the holidays, which was a great disappointment to the mother and sister. Scarlet fever in the schools of Joplin was probably the cause of his failure to come. Robert is with relatives, and is to stay in school until his education is completed.

## REYES HAS SURRENDERED

### Broken in Spirit, Mexico's Revolutionary Leaver Gives Up

Court Martial Reyes.

Mexico City, Dec. 25.—General Reyes will be tried for the crime of sedition before a military court. He will be given every guarantee of justice that the constitution affords. The judge before whom he will appear will be chosen with a view to securing an impartial verdict and one who bears him no personal enmity.

His followers who lay down their arms will be treated in a like manner, while those who do not surrender unconditionally will be hunted down relentlessly.

These declarations were made by President Madero to a representative of the Associated Press at Chapultepec tonight.

Linares, Mex., Dec. 25.—Stripped of his arrogance, wearing no bravado, Gen. Bernardo Reyes, once considered the greatest of his country's military men, tonight is huddled in a chair in the little room that serves as headquarters of the town's small garrison, and admits his defeat.

Riding alone into the town today, the gray-haired rebel voluntarily surrendered to Lieut. Placido Rodriguez, commander of 25 rurales, at the moment the sole military guard here. Permissin was obtained to telegraph a formal capitulation to Gen. Gerónimo Trevino, commander of the Third military zone at Monterey; and to Trevino, long regarded as Reyes' personal foe, he frankly admitted that his dream of another successful revolution had come to an end. He placed himself at Trevino's disposition.

"I called upon the army, I called upon the people," telegraphed the broken general, "and no one responded. This attitude I regard as a protest, and I am resolved not to continue this war against the government."

Reyes asked for himself no guarantees, but pleaded for mercy for the little group of men who have followed him in his wanderings to and fro throughout a large area in this state and in the state of Tamaulipas. He requested consideration for them.

They yet are fugitives, and will be hunted down by Trevino's men unless they too, surrender voluntarily.

To Reyes message, Trevino replied that General Reyes would be kept under guard in Linares pending instructions from the central government.

That he will be taken to the capital to answer for his offense is considered by Reyes' friends the natural result of his surrender. His attempt to save his few followers was refused by Trevino, who telegraphed to Reyes that he had no authority to relax his campaign.

No one was more surprised by the surrender of Reyes than the little garrison to whom he appeared and delivered himself.

Later—Tonight, by telegraphed order from General Trevino, General Reyes was placed on his word of honor and granted the freedom of the city.

## OHIO GOVERNOR'S WIFE MAKES PRISONER HAPPY

Columbus, O., Dec. 24.—After Mrs. Harmon had exacted from Rufus Burcham, life prisoner in the state's prison, a promise to abstain from all intoxicating liquors and to lead an upright life, Governor Judson Harmon of Ohio today granted him a Christmas pardon.

Burcham was convicted of complicity in the murder of a Portsmouth, (O.), man, for which crime Mose Johnson, a negro was electrocuted in 1095. Before his death Johnson exonerated Burcham of his crime in a statement to Warden Herschy of the prison. Before the warden could present the facts to the governor, he dropped dead. The case was recently brought to the attention of Governor Harmon by prison attaches who knew of the negro's confession.

Before granting the pardon Mr. and Mrs. Harmon were closeted with the prisoner for more than 30 minutes while Mrs. Harmon admonished him as to his future mode of living.

## The Daily Times Echo

S. A. DIEHL, Editor and Publisher.  
EUREKA SPRINGS, - ARKANSAS.

## PUCKERLESS PERSIMMONS.

Apparently the scientists cannot be prevented from robbing us of all our cherished traditions and privileges. After having upset about everything else in the world they have now discovered a way of taking the pucker out of the persimmon, although why they should have thought this necessary no one seems to know. The scientists clearly are interfering with a law of nature and also robbing life of one of its sources of joy. There are few more mirth-provoking things in the world than watching the uninitiated attempting to eat a green persimmon. The pucker of the persimmon comes from tannic acid and we fail to see what the scientists are going to accomplish by removing tannin from the persimmon. One might as well eat a cucumber and be done with it. The danger in the discovery is the harm it may do to the persimmon in the later stage of its development. How do the scientists know that nature did not put the tannic acid into the persimmon as one of the elements that, when the fruit comes, conspires to make the once puckery and inedible persimmon a richer, riper, sweeter morsel than science ever smacked its lips over?

In favoring a liberal appropriation by the state to pay the tuition of boys and girls at colleges already established, rather than to found a new state university, Governor Foss advocates a very sensible policy, says the Boston Globe. If the state is to aid deserving young men and young women in their efforts to obtain a college education, it would certainly seem wiser, for economical reasons, if for no other reasons, to take advantage of the many excellent institutions of the higher learning already existing in Massachusetts. The problem of selecting the right boys and girls upon whom to bestow free scholarships ought not to be difficult to solve, for that might be left to the judgment and fairness of high school teachers and boards of education in every community, who certainly would have means of knowing whether the scholarships were well bestowed. Neither political "pull" nor other improper influences need enter into the decision.

From the effete east comes word of the intuitive kiss. The intuitive kiss is one which you are sure you are about to get, but you never get it. You feel intuitively that you are to become a kisser. But you don't, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The fact that the kiss is never delivered is what makes the girls so angry.

There is a man in Texas who prefers solid home comfort to pedigree and prestige. He is looking for a widow to marry, whose first husband was hanged, so he may be secure from having his predecessor held up to him as model. For genuine, long-seeing philosophy, this Texan challenges the wisdom of Solomon.

Another pretty American heiress is to marry a foreign nobleman. This shows our young American men are too busy making money to think of other things—that the real prizes, both in beauty and millions, are being carried off by the leisure class so despised here.

That German doctor who predicts that American women will have fewer toes a thousand years hence seems bound to scare the life out of us some way. He now tells us that riding up and down in skyscraper elevators is shortening life. Well, life would have to be considerably prolonged to enable us to make many round trips by stairway.

New York aldermen are trying to pass a resolution to prohibit women from smoking in public places as injurious to public morals. The practice aimed at is neither pretty nor elevating, but as picked out for the subject of special legislation in defense of public morals, the proposed ordinance is distinctly, though unconsciously, humorous.

Indianapolis ministers denounce motor racing as being as vicious as bullfighting. Indianapolis has had more than its share of the tragedies of the game.

A Massachusetts preacher who is under indictment charged with having murdered a young woman has quit his pulpit. It seems a natural thing to do, considering the circumstances.

A California poet allowed his wife one cent a day, thus setting a bad example for poets.

Edison says that he likes America better than Europe. We knew he would.

## PROGRESS of the WORLD

SOME THINGS THE BUSY WORKER IS DOING  
FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF CIVILIZATION

## PLANTS AS WORKERS CEMENT BIG INDUSTRY

Their Efficiency as Helpers for  
Man Determined by  
Scientist.

## CREATE WEALTH FOR RACE

Jerusalem Artichoke Is Most Valuable  
of All Economic Plants—The Beet  
Ranks Second, With Corn in  
Third Place — Potato  
Comes Fourth.

Some interesting statistics have been gathered by Professor Strakosch of Vienna as the result of his exhaustive study of plants from a new point of view. Taking those species which are of economic importance—that is to say, the vegetables, cereals, etc., which are of value to the human race—Strakosch has assembled them, so to speak, in his agricultural laboratory and determined with definite accuracy their efficiency as workers for man.

In other words he has considered them as if they were so many workers on the farm, ascertaining by a series of painstaking experiments just how much each one costs for its keep, and how much it produces. The object in each case has been to find out how much in value it takes from the soil in order to accomplish the result. This learned, it is easy enough to strike a balance, and to determine the amount of clear profit.

All wealth comes originally from the soil. The so-called economic plants are the workers that create wealth for the human race. By their efforts we are fed and supported. It is of obvious importance, therefore, that we should know which of them are the most efficient and capable, producing the largest output, in terms of value, for the least expenditure.

It appears from Strakosch's figures that the most efficient of all economic plants is the Jerusalem artichoke. This justly valued vegetable produces, on an acre of good land, about 7,127 pounds of starch and other digestible substances. It takes from the soil, incidentally, \$26 worth of material. But the difference between consumption and production, in terms of value, is \$116.

One might imagine that the potato would be away up at the head of the list, but it is not so. The beet comes next, with an output of 6,384 pounds of digestible substances to the acre, taking \$41 worth of material out of

the soil, and yielding a clear balance of \$112. Third in order is corn, which produces 4,562 pounds of digestible substances, consuming \$17 worth of material, and giving a balance on the credit side of \$108 for the acre.

These, then, are the three most efficient economic plants—the best workers for man. The potato is fourth on the list. Taking \$4 worth of material out of the soil for each acre planted, it yields 4,449 pounds of digestible substances (nearly all starch), and shows a balance of \$72 on the credit side. Rice gives 2,254 pounds, taking \$5 worth from the land, and allows a balance of \$45.

Peas produce 1,864 pounds, drawing on the bank to the extent of \$2, and give the farmer a clear \$10 on the acre. Carrots yield 4,198 pounds, with an expenditure of \$17 worth of plant food, and show a margin of \$61 to the good. Rye affords an output of \$824 pounds of nutrients at a cost of \$10 to the soil and furnishes a profit of \$26. A crop of crimson clover withdraws from the land hardly more than one-twentieth of the quantity of valuable material consumed by timothy.

The greatest of all starch producers is the Jerusalem artichoke, which in this respect is away ahead of the potato. For each acre of land it yields a greater quantity of nutrients than the potato by considerably more than one-third.

## Value of System.

The great majority of people would double their power of achievement by a little self-discipline in learning so as to get hold of themselves as to depend on the prompt, decisive action of their own faculties. A little system alone would double the efficiency of many a business man who does not know why he does not get on faster. He works very hard, perhaps, and thinks that he has not half time enough to do what he ought to, but he could save more than half the time that he now throws away in doing things over and over again from lack of order. System is a tremendous energy saver and time saver.—Success Magazine.

## Have an Aim in Life.

Go into a factory where they make mariner's compasses, and you may see the needles before they have been magnetized. They will then point in any direction, but from the moment they are applied to the magnet they point to the north, and are true to the pole ever afterward. In this they are like the young man before and after he has a purpose in life.

## Always Room At Top

REAL STRIVER IS SURE TO WIN  
RECOGNITION.Story of Lace Saleswoman Is Living  
Example of What Intelligent  
Work Will Do.

A man was sent by his wife to buy a piece of lace. The saleswoman who waited on him was not above the average in intelligence, but was pleasant and painstaking in serving him. This led to his asking her questions as to where and how this certain kind of lace was made. This she could not tell him, and the head of the department was called upon to furnish the information.

While waiting for his parcel he asked her how much she earned per week. She told him \$9. He then asked what the head of the department received. This she was unable to tell him, but she knew it was many times her salary. Then he asked her why she was not the head of the department? She was so astounded at this question that her reply is not recorded. In the most matter of fact way he told her to begin at once to prepare herself to become the head of the department by learning all about her wares. He further told her that in a technical library would be found, in the various text books on the subject, the entire history of lacemaking. The young woman was much impressed with this suggestion, and at once set about learning the facts and the many details connected with her laces and her work. She found it a most fascinating study, and she was soon able to make suggestions to her customers of such value as to cause her to be often called upon when questions of a technical kind were asked.

In a few months the gentleman met her again at the lace counter, where, in the course of conversation, she told him she was now receiving \$12 a week. She thanked him for starting her on the road to success by his suggestion.

Her advancement was steady and sure, and when some four years later she was made the head of the department, with a salary of \$2,000 a year, she wrote her adviser a letter of thanks. This he prizes, for, as he expresses it, "the seed fell on good

## GIANT STRIDES MADE IN BUSINESS IN TEN YEARS.

In Capital Employed It Far Outranks  
the Gold Mining Industry of  
United States.

Ten years ago the production of Portland cement for the first time passed the 10,000,000-barrel mark, showing an increase of 2,600 per cent over the production of ten years previous, and the giant strides that had been made in the industry were widely remarked. Even this production was small compared with that of the present day. In 1910, according to the report on cement by Ernest F. Burchard of the United States geological survey, the production of Portland cement reached the enormous total of 76,549,951 barrels, with a value of \$68,265,800.

This is equivalent to 12,986,152 long tons, valued at \$5.25 a ton. It is an increase over the output for 1905 of 11,558,520 barrels, or nearly 18 per cent, and an increase in value of \$15,347,446, or more than 29 per cent. This increase alone is greater than the total output of Portland cement in 1900. In addition to Portland cement there was also produced last year 1,133,239 barrels of natural cement and 95,951 barrels of puzzolan cement, a total of 77,785,141 barrels.

The price of Portland cement in 1910 was as low as 73 cents a barrel in some places, the average for the United States being 89.1 cents a barrel. In 1890 the average price was over \$2 a barrel, and as late as 1903 it was \$1.24 a barrel.

Mr. Burchard remarks that measured by the capital invested the cement industry is one of the world's three great extractive industries. In capital employed it apparently far outranks the gold mining industry of the United States, including Alaska, as well as the copper industry. Only coal and iron stand ahead of it.

The principal constituent of Portland cement is limestone, and Mr. Burchard's report summarizes the most important limestone formations in all the states. The greatest of these are found in the eastern half of the United States, where there are enormous limestone deposits.

That the manufacturer of cement is an American industry is shown by the fact that while our production last year was over 75,000,000 barrels, our imports were only 306,863 barrels. Our exports were 2,475,957 barrels.

ground and brought forth an hundred-fold.

This story of the lace saleswoman is fact. She is a living example of what intelligent application and work will do for the average clerk.

## Martyr to the Roentgen Rays.

Dr. Hall-Edwards of the Birmingham university, according to the English Mechanic and World of Science, has not been spared the payment of a heavy price for the benefits he has conferred on mankind by his researches in X-ray photography. A short time ago both his arms were amputated as a consequence of the dangerous experiments he had carried out. He has just made the novel suggestion that photography should be included in the ordinary university course of training. The connection between photography and art, he thinks, has been over-rated. Nothing has helped science more than photography of late years, and it should, therefore, receive more attention than it does at present in the education given both in schools and in the universities.

## Narcotic Cartridge Invented.

Karl Burghmuller of Krefeld, Germany, has devised a means for temporarily narcotizing animals—i. e., rendering them insensible. He fills a cartridge with a mixture composed of substances containing capsaicin in an immediately gasifiable form, and of an easily inflammable substance to accelerate the gasification. This is combined with a small quantity of an explosive agent between the mixture and an explosive cap with which the cartridge is provided. Possibly this is the explosive of the pistols sold for rendering burglars insensible.

## Co-Operation in England.

Some impression may be had of the wonderful growth of co-operation in Great Britain from the recent great fire in the Wholesale Co-Operative society's building at Glasgow, Scotland. The value of the building, which was erected in 1897, was \$1,250,000. The stock in it at the time of the fire was worth \$1,000,000. The loss was \$600,000, part of which was the books and documents of the society, which is composed of a federation of 260 societies throughout Great Britain.

## Ann, Father's Helper

By JANE OSBORNE

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When George Walton's friend Jack Gray said he had been transferred from New York to San Francisco, and that he was worrying about what to do with the little home he had bought at Bredon, a nearby town that boasted a small college, George had an inspiration.

"I'll rent the house myself," said he. "It's just the sort of quiet place I'm looking for where I can finish this story I'm writing."

One September day George established himself in the Gray bungalow on the outskirts of Bredon. He considered himself lucky. The house was charming. He didn't know a soul, so he need fear no interruption. And he had a thoroughly reliable housekeeper in the person of middle-aged Mrs. Bridget Magoon, who had kept his bachelor apartments in town and whose only drawback was her motherless grandson, Patsy Leary, aged two and a half years.

On the morning after his arrival George was dwelling on his many blessings when his reveries were interrupted by a quick rap on the screen door. He looked up to see a young girl—perhaps just past twenty—a comfortable, substantial looking sort of girl, with fresh color, warm brown eyes and a definite way of doing things. George could tell that by the way she put one firm brown hand on the knob of the door.

"May I come in?" she asked. "Isn't this the Gray bungalow?"

Assuring her that it was, George stumbled over a chair in his hurry to open the door. He begged her to be seated and after she had composed herself comfortably in one of the wide wicker chairs, he sat down opposite her.

"You're just the person I want to see," she said, and George felt flattered. "You see, I'm Miss Stace, Ann Stace. And I'm visiting my brother, Walter Stace. I came for only a few weeks, but he wants me to stay the winter. You know, brother's an instructor at the college, and like all the rest of them he's as poor as a church mouse. So I told him I wouldn't stay unless I could earn enough money to take care of myself. I'm not a bit clever, and I don't know how to teach or do anything. But the other day I had an idea."

"I hate to play cards and I love to take care of children—that's just the opposite of most of the women about here. There's a card club at least once a week—and card parties in the town hall."

Two or three times a week, she said, she would go to the club and play cards, and the matinee. And all the girls who are married to faculty people get their husbands to take care of their children afternoons when they want to have a good time. So I thought I'd be not mother's helper, exactly—but a father's helper.

Ann ended her recital breathlessly and laughing.

"Isn't it a jolly idea?" she went on. "And it isn't a bit expensive for you fathers. Club afternoons I entertain the children for fifteen cents apiece—and call for and deliver them, too. For a quarter apiece I take them on other days—private treatment, you know, and I have to charge more, for there ain't so many children those days."

"Walter's wife knows Mrs. Gray—not very well, but they belong to the same club. So she sent me over to see you. I thought maybe you'd be one of my customers."

For the first time Ann stopped long enough to let George explain. She looked at him appealingly from her soft brown eyes.

"But I'm not Mr. Gray," said George, with real regret. "I'm just Mr. Walton. The Grays have gone unexpectedly to California, and I've taken their bungalow. You see, I write stories."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," apologized Ann. "I must have seemed so stupid. I really beg your pardon."

George was casting about for an excuse to detain the charming Ann, when Patsy ran into the room. He had bright blue eyes and bright yellow hair. His face was pink and freckled and his baby lips smiled bewitchingly as he ran confidently up to George.

"Oh, but after all," said Ann, when she saw the boy, "maybe you do want me. Isn't he a dear?"

"Isn't he, now?" said George with fervor, as an idea for seeing more of Ann came into his head.

"And Mrs. Walton does play cards. I suppose?" questioned Ann.

"Why you see—" blundered George. "Mrs. Walton's not here."

"Oh!" Ann's monosyllable was comprehensive. The scene before her became a tragedy. She noted the absence of a button on George's coat—the apparent embarrassment of the big man who was trying to fill a mother's place to the small boy—the child's gleeful ignorance of the whole situation. Mentally Ann dubbed the mother heartless, a brute.

"Then you do want me sometimes, don't you?" she said finally. "I know I could help you make the boy happy."

Before she went George made arrangements for her to come every morning at 10 to take the cherub Patsy for two hours. "I'd rather not have the boy with other children," he said honestly. "But if you'll just keep him here at the house—while I

try to write a bit—it would help me ever so much. I've got a very good Irish woman to keep the house—but she doesn't understand much about the little chap, I'm afraid—"

"You're ever so good," said Ann. "And I'll do my best. What's the boy's name?"

"Archibald," lied George contentedly.

George made his plans carefully. He could rely upon Patsy; the child's vocabulary included only a few words and he was totally incapable of carrying on any kind of conversation. Mrs. Magoon was a little more difficult; but after George had explained that he had arranged to have Patsy absorb a little education and refinement every morning and offered to rent the boy for a dollar a week, that valuable child's grandmother had promised to say "never a word to nobody." She consoled herself with the assurance that, though doubtless out of his mind, Mr. Walton was nevertheless gentle and harmless. As for gossiping neighbors, George did not have any as yet, and he vowed that he would continue not to have any.

One morning a couple of months later Ann burst suddenly into George's study.

"Oh, Mr. Walton," she cried, "do come her. Little Archibald has just learned a word. I've been trying to teach it to him for ever so long, but you know he's a little backward about talking."

"Thank goodness he is," muttered George to himself as he followed the girl to the living room, where Patsy sat playing with his tin soldiers. She got down beside him on the floor.

"Archibald, dear," she said, "say the word Miss Anne taught you. There's a good boy—"

Archibald Walton, alias Patsy Leary, looked up. His blue eyes were guileless as he lisped his first distinct word:

"Divil at bit," he said with conviction.

Ann looked at George with frightened eyes. The corners of his mouth were twitching, but he said soberly:

"It must have been hard to teach him that."

"Oh," cried Ann, standing by him. "I didn't. There were tears in her voice. I taught him to say 'daddy,' and I thought you'd be so pleased."

"Oh, I say," he said uncomfortably. Ann, already miserable, felt that something was wrong.

"See how Miss Stace—"

After a moment's hesitation, he said, "things are in a mess, and I don't see how I ever can get out of it. But this nonsense has gone on long enough. You see, when I first saw you, I knew I wanted you—"

Just then a stalwart young man with freckles and yellow hair, and with murder in his clear blue eyes, stalked into the room from the direction of the kitchen. In his wake was the frightened Mrs. Magoon.

"What's this I hear, Mr. Walton, about me son Patsy?" he demanded. Ann turned pale; George turned red; Mrs. Magoon began to wring her hands—and Patsy threw himself rapturously on the speaker.

"Daddy! Daddy!" he screamed. And hearing himself thus addressed for the first time, Patsy's father, gathering the child in his arms, decided that perhaps after all the treatment he had been daily subjected to hadn't harmed him, and retreated with the hysterical Mrs. Magoon to the kitchen.

"The jig's up, Ann," said George Walton. "You see what I did. I rented that youngster so that I'd have an excuse to keep you near me. From the first I wanted you."

Ann's cheeks were pink again.

"Perhaps," she said, "you could keep me without an excuse."

## Along the Autumn Road.

The leaves of trees and roadside bushes sag with their coating of smirch beaten up in dust spray by horses' hoofs and pounding motor cars. The weather foliage has suffered a bombardment from the heat of a hundred summer days, and it hangs its dejected head. Long hours of pitiless sun and stampeding traffic have quenched the early fervor, and wilted all the cool green promise of May mornings and gentle dews. But of a sudden what was parched and tired reveals a capacity for passionate beauty. The life force is ready with another renewal. That dragged veil of grime upon the undergrowth and forest is lifted, and drooping trees are sprinkled with the radiance of the sunset. Dust-splattered wayside tangles leap into glow; lifeless growths are touched with splendor. The enkindling finger of autumn has anointed the leaves with flame. Lustrous colors of the evening sky are let down upon hillside and highway, and the glistening garments of a transfiguration are wrapped around the earth-worn fronds.—Collier's.

## He Knew His Business.

Proprietor of Millinery Store—Why didn't that lady buy anything? New Assistant—Because we hadn't got what she wanted. Proprietor—You'll kindly remember in future, miss, that you're here to sell what I keep, and not what people want!—London Opinion.

# The LASH of CIRCUMSTANCE

by HARRY IRVING GREENE  
Author of "Yosonde of the Wilderness"  
Illustrations by Magnus G. Kettner  
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## SYNOPSIS.

Abner Halliday, a miserly millionaire, is found gagged, bound and insensible in his room, his safe rifled and \$40,000 missing. The thread of the story is taken up by his nephew Tom. Living in the same house are other relatives: reckless Bruce Halliday and pretty Clare Winton. Bruce, who is a bond broker, has been trying to raise \$10,000 to put through a deal and save himself from financial ruin. He has applied to his miserly uncle and to others for the loan but has been refused. Tom sends for William LeDuc, an old-time friend connected with a detective agency. In relating the story Tom reverts to his acquaintance with a Mrs. Dace, a wealthy widow, whose business agent is Richard Mackay, a boddler and political boss.

## CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"You have come at last. I was growing impatient. I was lonesome to-night and wanted some one to talk to me—preferably you. Do you know, I had been thinking of you just before you called me up. Perhaps it was thought transmission that made you ring me a moment later. Who knows?" She laughed musically as I took her fingers and bent my lips to them.

"Mrs. Dace, thought transmission to remind me of you would be grossly superfluous. I am going to be perfectly plain with you. It is barely possible that I have thought of something else since I saw you last, but if I have I do not now remember what it was. However, you flatter me." She withdrew her hand with a sudden aversion of her eyes, smiling again.

"No, it was not flattery. I also am a plain person and do not speak in parables. Besides, what harm to think of one's friends?" She half turned an easy chair for me and I seated myself in it, my eyes running over the room. The quiet richness of its furnishings was a revelation. Exquisite taste was in the very air. Several of the darkly rich pictures were either original masterpieces or copies so cleverly executed that I could not detect the difference. The oriental vases were magnificent tokens of barbaric art, and were overflowing with great clusters of blood-red roses. The furniture was of the handsomest and the tapestries heavy and rich. As to Mrs. Dace's income I had no knowledge, but at least her apartments were high of rental and equipped with extravagance. For some reason, Richard Mackay's name came creeping through my mind like an evil thing, and I squirmed inwardly at the thought. I had never seen the man's face outside of the papers, but that in itself was enough. While it was not unhandsome in a strong animal way, the stamp of vice was indelible upon it. It seemed a sacrilege to even mention his name in connection with that of this exquisite woman, for his reputation was as contaminating as his personality was poisonous. Furthermore, he was married.

It is not my intention to go further into the particulars of my private affairs with Mrs. Dace than is necessary for a complete understanding of the circumstances which surrounded the mysterious crime against my uncle. Briefly, I will say that in the next month we were much together, and most of the time alone. She seemed to prefer it that way; I certainly did, and under those auspicious surroundings our friendship rapidly thickened. It was a delicious time to me, wherein during the days I walked like one in a trance when apart from her; dreamed rapturously of her by night and was in a chafing fever of discontent when not by her side. Of Bruce's dragon I saw nothing, while as for other would-be suitors, she tactfully kept them at bay. Having occasion to notice this, and of course being secretly delighted by it, I nevertheless one day asked her why she shunned those who wished to pay her attentions. She stifled a yawn behind her handkerchief.

"Most men bore me," she answered, quietly. I leaned closer.

"I wish you to tell me frankly—And do?"

She swayed away from me slightly, not answering, her cheeks swept by her falling lashes and her bosom swelling to its round fullness. I drew so close that her soft hair brushed my face. "Matie—tell me," I pleaded.

Her eyes, in whose fathomless depths the soul of any man might well have been drowned, looked up at me. She smiled and one hand fell feather-light upon my own, setting every nerve to tingling as a harp vibrates when swept broadcast by a hand. And as an earthwork is annihilated by a cloudburst, so was all my restraint swept away by the flood of passion that arose within me; my blood leaping like a mountain torrent and my heart fighting its way to my throat. Not stopping to think what I said or did, scarcely realizing; only knowing that I loved this creature with a passion that would no longer be controlled, I crushed her to me and held her helpless as I rained kisses upon her eyes and lips and cried out with my love for her in broken, half-coherent sentences. She did not resist, and I doubt if I would have known it had she done so, such was the intensity of my fervor. Nor did she respond in the least, and when my first ardor had exhausted itself and my arms relaxed she quietly broke away from me. Her face was flushed and her hair disordered, but her voice was as calm as the first time she ever spoke

to me and she told me that I was forgetting myself and must leave her at once. Uncertain as to whether she had submitted to my outburst with more or less indifference as the best way of extricating herself from an embarrassing situation, or whether she was secretly angry, yet worried greatly over the consequences of my impetuosity, I held out my hand appealingly as I begged her forgiveness that in my great love for her I had taken advantage of my superior strength. My hand she eluded by a step backward and her perfectly modulated voice once more made me a non-committal good night.

I threw my overcoat over my arm and turned to the door. "But at least you may tell me if I am forgiven," I pleaded, as heavy of heart I paused upon the threshold. Her expression remained changeless.

"I have not fully decided. You will know later."

"Then I may hope that I have not sinned beyond redemption and that I may see you again?"

"You may call me up in a few days when you have recovered your balance."

"And until then I must wait for my answer?"

"Until then you must wait. Good night."

I bowed, passed into the hallway and left her, hope and fear battling in my bosom.

## CHAPTER VI.

When I called her up three days later she seemed to have forgotten that any such incident had ever happened. She passed the usual pleasantries of the day over the wire, laughed as softly and musically as ever, and ended by telling me that I might call that evening. When I did so she received me with neither more nor less than her customary friendliness. I was mystified. As to what was going on in the wonderland that lay behind her eyes I had no conception further than the evident fact that she had not been seriously offended. And that was solace enough for the present. Of course I would renew the assault-at-arms when the opportunity seemed propitious, but for the time being I would resort to steady siege. I renewed my devotions.

As had been the case before, I again hunted her. Necessarily this became bruited around the circle of our acquaintances, and occasionally echoes of the gossip reached my ears. Bruce spoke of it once or twice quizzically, but as I ignored his remarks he soon quit bothering me with them. Clare, as usual, had her little say.

"I hear that you and Mrs. Dace are exceedingly good friends these days, and that you are with her nearly everywhere," she began sweetly. "I wish you would tell me about it." Now as a matter of fact I was secretly proud to be recognized as the accepted suitor of so beautiful a woman, and Clare was an entirely different proposition from Bruce to confide in. So I admitted nonchalantly that we were on excellent terms. She frowned a little.

"Well, I suppose, of course, that it is all right, and anyway it is none of my business. But she is such a mysterious woman. She lives like a duchess and everybody says her husband left her scarcely anything. When that little is gone what will she do unless she marries a rich man? And how on earth could you get money enough to support a woman of her tastes as she would demand to be supported? You just answer me that, Tom Halliday."

Now I had rather expected something like this from Clare, but nevertheless the question annoyed me somewhat. It was the identical one that had been making my sane moments a bugaboo for many nights and days past; still I hated to be reminded of it by another person. Even now I was beginning to feel the drain of her upon my resources, although I had done nothing extravagant. I had taken her to the theater, paid for carriages, and bought her luncheons and flowers, but beyond that had done practically nothing. And in a certain way there was much satisfaction in the thought that I had offered her so little in the way of allurements besides my own society. While there were men by the score who would have been overjoyed to squander money upon her, she had laughingly excused herself to them for the sake of inexpensive little evenings with me. As proof that she really preferred me it seemed conclusive, and was the thing that gave me the most hope. However I did not speak and Clare went on:

"Some of her gowns cost more than you earn in a month, while as for supporting an establishment at the Arcadia—well, of course the very idea is preposterous. Now why don't you be sensible?" I smiled, scenting what was coming.

"And what is your idea of sense, Clare?" I inquired.

"Well, take up with a nice little girl like Mollie Osborn, for instance."

It was just as I had suspected, for Clare and Mollie are chums and devoted in advancing each other's interests. But the idea that any man, once knowing Mrs. Dace as I knew her, could be content with a girl like

Mollie struck me as so deliciously nonsensical that I could not refrain from laughing.

"It is absurd, Clare. Certainly Mollie is strictly all right, but she would look like a mouse beside Mrs. Dace." She nodded spiritedly.

"Now you are talking sense. Like a nice little white mouse beside a leopardess, exactly." I did not like the comparison.

"Do you mean to say that Mrs. Dace is a leopardess?" I demanded with some warmth. Clare was as cool as a cucumber.

"Oh, I don't know. Anyway, she is as beautiful as one. And viewing her as I have only from a distance, I have somehow gained the impression that there are traits in common between them. She is so wonderfully smooth and soft and quiet moving, you know." She looked up at me sideways, saw the displeasure that rested upon my face and broke into a laugh as she gave my cheek a pat.

"Of course you must not mind what I say, Tom, dear. I really know almost nothing about your charmer, and I trust to your level head to take care of you. Only please do be careful." So we laughed together and dropped that subject hard then and there.

Up to this time the course of no man's love ever ran smoother than had mine for Mrs. Dace. Yet it was only a few days after this conversation with Clare that there happened a thing so awful to me at the time that hades itself could have offered no torture more exquisite. I had never been jealous of Mrs. Dace for the simple reason that I had seen no cause to be; yet I knew that the fires of that passion slumbered within me like those of a latent volcano. The mere thought of another making love to her was a torment. She had told me that few men interested her, and the frequency of my attendance upon her seemed to preclude the idea of a rival of consequence lurking in the background. That I was being publicly exhibited to attract attention and thus used as a sheep-skin to cloak a real wolf, had never entered my mind until the thought in all its hideousness was forced upon me purely by accident. I had spent the evening downtown and was going home at about eleven, when a circumstance occurred to me. A few evenings before, when at Mrs. Dace's, she had requested me to open a bottle of wine, which I had done by means of a folding corkscrew I carried upon my key ring. When I had reached my own door later in the evening I had discovered that my keys were missing, and remembered at the time that I had laid the ring containing them and the corkscrew upon the table after opening the bottle. I had forgotten to replace them in my pocket, but knowing they were perfectly safe, I felt no uneasiness; told myself that I would recover them upon my next visit, and ringing the bell was admitted by Mrs. Tebbets. I had not seen Mrs. Dace since, and now on my way home decided to stop off for a moment at the Arcadia, and if she or the maid were home I would claim the keys in order to avoid disturbing the housekeeper, who retired early. I therefore stepped from the car at the point where it crossed the boulevard upon which she resided and hurried towards her building. I chanced to be upon the opposite side of the street from my destination, and as I was about to cross the way my steps were arrested by the warning honk of a motor car. Pausing at the curb I watched its swift approach, its lights glaring like the eyes of some speeding monster. By the street lamps I saw that it was a ponderous affair, and a pang of regret stabbed me that I was not able to possess its like. Almost as huge as a locomotive it looked as it rolled to a point opposite me, and then suddenly swinging in a close circle stopped in front of

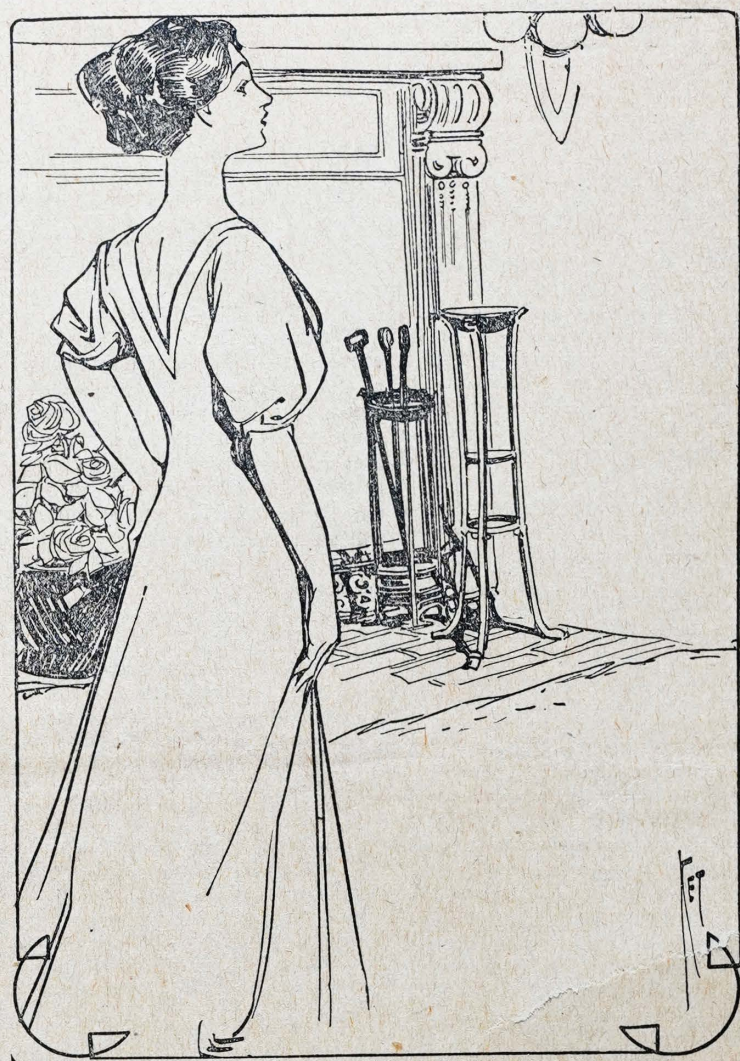
the entrance across the way. Instinctively I paused in the shadow to watch it.

Its door swung open and out onto the pavement there stepped a great man with a massive bulldog shaped head and neck, and mustaches that flowed from his lips like yellow fountains. By the gaslight I could see the bear-like power of his arm as he thrust out his hand to some one yet within the car, and a cold premonition of something wretched to come swept over me. To my ears there came a short, peculiar cough, and from this mannerism of which I had heard, as well as from pictures which I had seen in the newspapers, I instantly recognized him. The dragon had arrived in his juggernaut. Richard Mackay, the infamous, the moral leper, who, corrupt of soul and body, had long reigned as autocrat of the underworld and prince of spoliemen, loomed across the way. Fearless and able, powerful yet subtle, always a dominant force for evil, he was one from whom any man might recoil with secret fear.

And an instant later the wretched thing came to pass. From out of the car and into his grasp there stepped the woman whom I loved with all my soul, and my heart seemed to stop. With his arm around her waist, brazenly indifferent as to who might witness he passed across the walk by her side and threw the door wide by a sweep of his free hand. For some reason—I learned later it was because of a weakened spring—the door failed to close promptly, and I distinctly saw them in the subdued light of the interior as they stood close together awaiting the descent of the elevator car. It was but a fleeting glimpse, yet had it lasted longer I believe I should have cried outright in my agony. For as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life I saw him draw her close to him as impetuously as I had done in my outburst as he lifted her face and half buried it beneath his sweeping mustache. Then the door mercifully closed, shutting out the sight and leaving me with horror filling my breast and the coldness of death creeping over me. For an instant I was incapable of movement, then regaining partial control of myself, lurched away. Renumbed of brain, my knees turned to water, and with jealousy tearing at my vitals like a vulture, I staggered homeward.

Upon the night of horror that followed I do not care to dwell. Like one in a fever I tossed through the hours sleepless save for the fitful dream moments when I wandered far into the evil haunts of the nightmare. Morning creeping grayly into my room found me with head splitting and set eyes that stared at the ceiling. As one who is crippled with rheumatism in every joint. I arose stiffly, bathed myself and crawled out into the air. It was Sunday morning, and I found the shrine of distant bells mellowed in my ears. It was all plain to me now, her deceit and treachery; and had I been sentenced over night to the gibbet I could not have been more wretched. In the miserableness of it I stood soul sick before the utter hollowness of all things. There could be but one explanation of it. The hideous innuendoes that had haunted my ears like the whisperings of a sea shell had been less than the truth, and I had been used as the false light to mislead the world; as a dummy, the fool. Oh, the treachery and the wickedness and the black shame of it! And that this woman for whom I would have given my heart's blood could be guilty of such cruelty to me! Broken-heartedly, I sobbed beneath the oaks like a child.

Plainly there was but one thing I could do. I must renounce her unqualifiedly even though it well-nigh killed me, for I could never share her with anybody—as well might a man be asked to cut his heart in



"I Demand That You Tell Me Instantly Why You Say These Things, Sir!"

twain. I must not even see her again for I dared not trust myself in her presence. What I might do if I should meet her alone I did not know. Whether I would violently denounce her for her faithlessness, break down miserably as I was now doing, or commit some other scene I could only conjecture. But in any case matters would not be mended. The injury was irreparable. I must cast her out of my life and pursue my way in wretchedness and silence. I returned to my rooms.

Uncle Abner was already putting away somewhere and I threw myself into a chair in what was nearly a physical collapse. I felt shrunken and hollow as though my vitals had been drawn from my body and I had fallen into myself. I was incapable of thinking logically and the weight that oppressed me was stifling. Before me life stretched away as a void, hopeless and destitute of light and through which I must drift miserably until it merged into eternity.

I must have been in a half stupor for a long time, for as the tinkle of the telephone bell sounded in my deadened ears like a death rattle I got upon my feet and saw that it was nearly ten o'clock. Mechanically I picked up the receiver and asked what was wanted. Over the wire there came to me a voice which at first set every nerve to tingling and then turned me sick and faint in the reaction. For it was the voice of Mrs. Dace, softly musical, and filled with the cheerfulness of the morning as she inquired for me. In tones that sounded far away to my own ears I told her it was I who spoke.

"I did not recognize your 'hello,'" she went on briskly. "Your voice does not sound at all natural this morning. I am afraid you dissipated last night. Anyway, it is such a lovely morning that I have been thinking perhaps you might wish to call and take me to church and afterwards for a little stroll along the boulevard. I have thought of lots of things over night that I wish to tell you. And when we come back, if you care to give me still more of your time, we will take luncheon here in my apartments. Will you come?"

My head swam and I leaned against the wall for support. The day previous an invitation such as this would have brought me from a sick bed to her on crutches, but now I shuddered as though a toad had been dropped down my spine. That she whom I had adored, defended against the world, and given my heart, could be so vilely treacherous! And now with the sweetness of an angel she would lure me to her that she might resume her play of cat and mouse! Yes, Clare had been right. In stealth and cruelty she was all leopardess. And she would even have the scene of the next act in the sanctuary of the blessed disciple of love and truth!

Softly, full of music as a bell, I heard her voice calling to me and asking why I did not reply to her, and driven to immediate action my mind suddenly changed. I would go and see her. I would look upon her once more and then coldly tell her that our relations must at once cease. I would go no further, would give her no satisfaction at all, but making my forgotten keys the excuse for responding to her call, would claim them and bid farewell to her forever. In that way I would end the whole miserable business. Commanding my voice by an effort I answered that I would come at once, and hung up the receiver without waiting for her to address me further. I went to the mirror and looked into it. My lips were tense and colorless, my eyes blood-shot, and I seemed to have grown pounds thinner and years older overnight. Once more I bathed my face in cold water and set out for the Arcadia.

She opened the door at the first sound of the bell, and royally beauti-

ful in her cool morning gown, stood smiling before me. At first she seemed about to approach me even closer, but as her eyes sought my face she drew back and her smile vanished as the sunshine behind a driving cloud. "Ill?" she inquired, quick solicitude in her tones. I shook my head as I stepped within.

She closed the door behind me. "Oh, you men, you dissipate so," she said with an attempt at bantering. "But I am really surprised at you, Tom. I had thought your morals almost too immaculate. However, a walk in the outer air will do you good. We will omit the church if you don't care to go inside. I only used that as a subterfuge to get you to come, you know. Can you forgive such deceit in me?" I looked at her helplessly, marveling at her duplicity. The shadow of a frown came to her brow.

"Why don't you say something? You only stand there and stare at me so unpleasantly," she went on with a trace of impatience. "Thoroughly sick at heart I addressed her as I changed my mind again into the determination to confront her with her heartlessness."

"Mrs. Dace, I have come to tell you that I cannot see you any more. That you made a fool of me for some purpose of your own, it is of course not necessary that I should inform you. That you have wounded me greatly and caused me much suffering you may not know; but if it is any satisfaction for you to have that knowledge I now confess it to you. I do not think that I have anything more to say to you except to ask for the keys I inadvertently left here and bid you goodbye."

Her eyes opened wide and she stood staring blankly into my face. "I don't understand—what have I done?—you look so strange—" she stammered. I did not answer.

Her mouth straightened a bit and a chill came into her voice. "But I insist upon knowing. You have suddenly charged me with very unpleasant things and I have the right to demand an explanation in justice to myself. That right being given me, I may or may not wish to avail myself of my privilege to make a reply. But having had that opportunity you need not fear that I shall ask anything further of you. Still, I feel that there must be some mistake. You must explain yourself."

I turned my face from her as I answered bitterly:

"Had any one in the world told me what I now know I should have struck him down. When rumors came to my ears I always shut them out because of my faith in you. But what my own eyes see I cannot doubt. I had grown to trust you implicitly, and you yourself molded and cemented my faith by your protestations. That I loved you better than my own life I have told you and I think convinced you. You have paid me back with heartless treachery."

"I demand that you tell me instantly why you say these things, sir," she cried, the hot crimson flaring in her cheeks. With the cold deliberation with which a gladiator might dispatch his crippled enemy I returned to the attack.

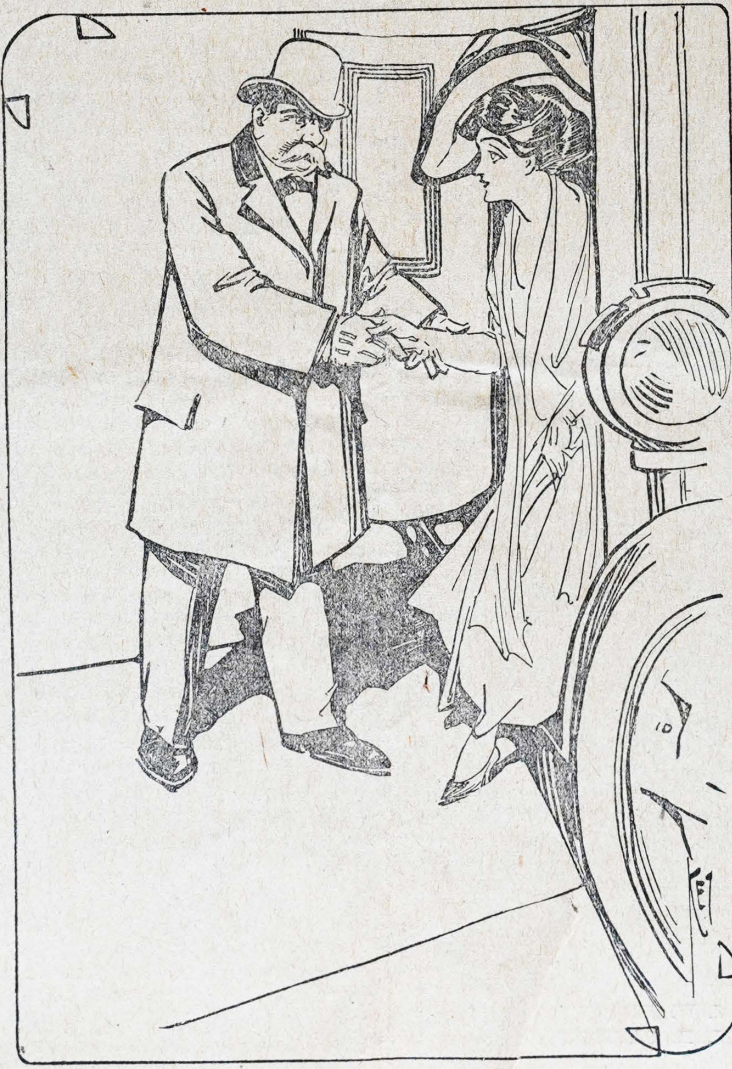
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## His Star of Mercy Had Set.

Little Arthur was very proud of his membership in the "band of mercy." He wore the badge, a small star, as if it were a policeman's insignia, and could often be heard reproving the other boys for their cruel treatment of dogs and cats.

But one day a lady of the neighborhood was astonished to find him in the very act of tormenting the cat most cruelly. She protested, "Why, Arthur, what are you doing? I thought you belonged to the 'band of mercy?'"

"I did," he said, "but I lost my star."—The Metropolitan.



"From Out of the Car and Into His Grasp There Stepped the Woman I Loved."

## THE DAILY TIMES-ECHO

Established April 22, 1881

S. A. DIEHL, Editor and Proprietor.  
MRS. W. E. MOORE, City Editor

Entered at the Postoffice in Eureka Springs, Ark., as Second-Class Mail Matter.

**ADVERTISING RATES**

One Insertion, per Inch.....10 Cents  
Two Insertions, per Inch.....15 Cents  
Three Insertions, per Inch.....20 Cents  
One Week, per Inch, Each Insertion.....5 Cents  
Locals, per Line, Each Insertion.....5 Cents  
Special Rates by the Month or Year.

**Card of Thanks**.....25 Cents  
Resolutions of Condolence or Respect.....\$1.00  
Church Announcements exceeding Ten Lines, will be collected for at Half Rates.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**

Per Week by Carrier.....10 Cents  
Per Month in Advance, by Carrier.....\$4.00  
Per Year in Advance, by Mail or Carrier.....\$40.00

## EDITORIAL

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

## FOR CONGRESS

We are authorized to announce Hon. J. C. Floyd of Yellville, as a candidate for Congress in the third Congressional District of Arkansas, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

## FOR REPRESENTATIVE

We are authorized to announce S. A. Diehl of Eureka Springs, Ark., as a candidate for Representative from Carroll county, Arkansas, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

We are authorized to announce W. J. Ash, of Clifty township, as a candidate for Representative of Carroll county, Arkansas, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

## FOR COUNTY AND PROBATE JUDGE

We are authorized to announce R. T. Swor, of Green Forest, Ark., as a candidate for County and Probate Judge of Carroll county, Arkansas, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

We are authorized to announce Geo. M. Baines, of Berryville, Ark., as a candidate for County and Probate Judge of Carroll county, Arkansas, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

## FOR CIRCUIT CLERK

We are authorized to announce Tobe Smith, of Berryville, Ark., as a candidate for Circuit Clerk of Carroll county, Arkansas, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

## FOR COUNTY CLERK

We are authorized to announce Wm. M. Smith, of Berryville, Ark., as a candidate for County Clerk of Carroll county, Arkansas, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

We are authorized to announce Claude M. Sisco, of Liberty township, as a candidate for County Clerk of Carroll county, Arkansas, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

We are authorized to announce Grover Edmondson, of Grand View, as a candidate for County Clerk of Carroll county, Arkansas, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

## FOR ASSESSOR.

We are authorized to announce Escal Thompson, of Berryville, Ark., as a candidate for Assessor of Carroll county, Arkansas, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

## FOR COLLECTOR

We are authorized to announce J. H. Davidson, of Oak Hill, Ark., as a candidate for Collector of Carroll county, Arkansas, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

We are authorized to announce J. E. Gregson, of Berryville, Ark., as a candidate for Collector of Carroll county, Arkansas, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

## FOR SHERIFF

We are authorized to announce Tom Walden, of Beaver, Ark., as a candidate for re-election as Sheriff of Carroll county, Arkansas, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

## CHINA BEING WATCHED

## Eleven American Gun Vessels Lying Off Shanghai

Washington, Dec. 25.—The arrival of four more vessels of the United States Asiatic fleet at Shanghai has made it apparent that the United States is keeping a close watch on the situation there, with the peace conference between the revolutionary delegates, headed by Dr. Wu Ting Fang, and the imperialist representatives, headed by Lang Shao Yi, is being held.

With the arrival of the cruisers New Orleans, Cincinnati and Albany, the torpedo boat destroyer Dale, the total of American vessels in the waters around Shanghai is raised to 11. The other vessels are the torpedo boat destroyers Decatur and Bainbridge, the colliers Abarenda and Nanshan, the cruiser Saratoga, the naval transport Rainbow, and the tender Pompeii.

**Ready to Move on Peking.**  
San Francisco, Dec. 25.—A large revolutionary force is being concentrated at Nanking to be used in a demonstration against Peking, should the peace negotiations at Shanghai fall through.

## Gazette.

Beginning January 2 the Weekly Gazette will be changed to a twice-a-week paper, and the subscribers will receive two issues a week for the price of one, \$1 a year.

This should be appreciated by Gazette subscribers, and it is hoped that the change will result in a largely increased list.

Gazette Publishing Co.  
Publishers Arkansas Gazette. 1-1.

The Times-Echo—10 cents a week.

## WOULD HELP THE PEOPLE

## World-Wide Inquiry Into the Cost of Living Will be Made

**Calls Tips a Menace.**  
Washington, Dec. 26.—A series of conventions of exceptional importance of the welfare of man from all over the world during the present week. These conventions will assemble here the best known workers for the promotion of the welfare of man from all over the world. The following societies will meet during that time:

The American Association for Labor Legislation.  
The American Economic Association.

The conference of prominent public men, labor leaders, financiers and economists, for the creation of an international commission to study the cost of living.

The American Statistical Association.

The American Sociological Society.  
The American Association for the Advancement of Science.

The American Civic Alliance.  
It is expected that the presence in this city of the delegates to the different meetings will materially promote the success of each gathering.

The convention called to create an international commission to study the cost of living represents a new movement which has not been taken in organized form. Its promoters number many of the most prominent men in all walks of life in this country, Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Canada, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Austria, Switzerland and Japan. These men enthusiastically indorse the proposition to create a commission which will collect and arrange statistics and facts to enable comparisons to be made of the wage and cost of living conditions in all countries.

Secretary MacVeagh, Secretary Walter Fisher and several other members of the cabinet, James J. Hill, President Brown of the New York Central, President Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio and several other railroad presidents and A. B. Hepburn, president of the New York Chamber of Commerce, are among those in the United States behind the movement. Their support has done much to make the conference possible.

They believe that with adequate material in hand it will be possible to equalize, so far as legislation could accomplish that end, living conditions throughout the world.

The object is not to lower to the level of the lowest conditions now prevailing in the more prosperous nations, but to ascertain the causes which operate to increase the cost of living and attempt to regulate those conditions to the end that purchasing power of money may be enhanced without decreasing the earnings of the wage workers.

Irving Fisher, professor of political economy at Yale, a projector of the conference, who has traveled abroad to invite the attendance of delegates, has received assurances which encourage him to believe that the convention will be well attended.

At the convention of the American Association of Labor Legislation, Professor Ernst Freund of the University of Chicago will present a paper on "The Constitutional Status of Workmen's Compensation." Professor Chas. R. Henderson of the University of Chicago will speak on the "Recent Advances in the Struggle Against Unemployment." William Leiserson, director of the Wisconsin state free employment bureaus, will explain to the convention the Wisconsin plan for dealing with the unemployed.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and the mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## GO TO THE RESCUE

Don't Wait till it's Too Late—Follow the Example of an Eureka Springs Citizen.

Rescue the aching back.  
If it keeps on aching, trouble comes. Backache is kidney ache. If you neglect the kidneys' warning, Look out for urinary trouble. This Eureka Springs citizen will show you how to go to the rescue.

W. Campbell, blacksmith, 5 Wall St., Eureka Springs, Ark., says: "I am certainly in a position to give Doan's Kidney Pills my endorsement for they have been of greater benefit than any other medicine I ever used. My back was lame and painful and in the morning when I got up there was stiffness across my loins that made it almost impossible for me to straighten. I used two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills and they brought me entire relief. You are welcome to use my reference."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

## LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. and A. M.—Meets second and fourth Fridays at 8 o'clock p. m. in Masonic Temple.

E. C. Davis, W. M.  
J. C. Meador, Sec.

B. P. O. E.—Lodge No. 1042. Meets first and third Wednesday nights of each month in Elks' club room, at 8 o'clock.

E. FALKNER, E. R.  
CHAS. GREGG, Sec.

R. and S. M.—Mystic Council No. 34. Meets first Saturday night in each month at 8 o'clock, in Masonic Temple.

A. A. RICE, T. I. M.  
F. O. BUTT, Recorder.

R. A. M.—Eureka Springs Chapter No. 82. Meets first and third Friday nights in each month, at 8 o'clock, in Masonic Temple.

C. W. MILLER, H. P.  
F. O. BUTT, Sec.

Knights Templar—Cyrene Commandery No. 9. Meets third Saturday night in each month at 8 o'clock, at Masonic Temple.

A. A. RICE, E. C.  
F. O. BUTT, Recorder.

O. E. S.—Morris Chapter No. 49. Meets first and third Tuesday nights in each month at 8 o'clock, in Masonic Temple.

Mrs. Lena Hastings, W. M.  
G. J. Klock, Sec.

I. O. O. F.—Eureka Springs Lodge No. 83. Meets on Tuesday nights at 7:30 p. m. in Wadsworth-Floyd Hall.

H. W. Burris, N. G.  
H. Goudelock, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.—Ruth Lodge No. 20. (Rebekah). Meets every Monday night at 8 o'clock in Wadsworth-Floyd Hall.

MISS ZONA COLE, N. G.  
Mrs. Lizzie Gordon, Sec.

I. O. O. F.—Sunshine Lodge No. 79. (Rebekah) Meets every Friday night, in Wadsworth-Floyd Hall, at 8 o'clock.

Mrs. Jennie Kelly, N. G.  
Mrs. Lulu Morris, Sec.

K. of P.—Bethesda Lodge No. 10. Meets every Monday night at 7:30 o'clock in Masonic Temple.

ROBERT LOWRY, C. C.  
HOWARD WEST, K. of R. and S.

I. O. R. M.—Turkey Foot Tribe No. 62. Meets every Friday night at 7:30 o'clock in Redman Hall.

R. H. GROSS, Sachem.  
WM. H. PITTS, C. of R.

L. O. T. M.—Eureka Springs Hive No. 23 meets first and third Friday afternoons of each month at the Sweet Spring hotel.

GERTRUDE ROSEWATER, L. C.  
ETTA HANCOCK, R. K.

W. O. W.—Crystal Camp No. 11. Meets every Thursday night in Wadsworth-Floyd Hall at 8 o'clock.

C. M. SWOPE, C. C.  
J. B. PENDERGRASS, Clerk

W. O. W.—Crystal Grove No. 99. (Woodman Circle). Meets first and third Thursday nights in each month at 8 o'clock, in Wadsworth-Floyd Hall.

MRS. KERR, G.  
WM. PITTS, Sec.

Fraternal Order Eagles; Aerie No. 1974.—Meets every Monday night of each week at 7:30 o'clock in the Blockson building.

J. W. PINSON, Worthy Pres.  
J. H. DAVIDSON, Secretary.

## EUREKA SPRINGS.

In mentioning this city an early writer says: "The history of the Eureka Springs is tinged with romance and tradition running back to the time when Arkansas was a part of the dominion of Spain. In support of this, in 1880, in a cave near by, some tools and antique patterns were found, supposed to have belonged to the early Spanish adventurers. The Hon. J. M. Richardson, of Carthage, Mo., relates a conversation he had with 'White Hair,' Chief of the Osages, in 1847, about a wonderful 'Medicine' spring that was located in this vicinity and described it as flowing into a basin-shaped cavity in the rock, which 'Black Dog's' father had scoured out some seventy years before, from which they dipped the water with their gourds, and in which, by diverting the stream, they sometimes ground their corn. Col. Richardson said that when he visited the Spring in 1880 and saw the basin which then existed, but is now covered by the grade in front of the Spring, everything so completely coincided with 'White Hair's' description as to leave no doubt in his mind of its identity."

There can be no doubt but what these purest of pure waters have been gushing from the sides of these beautiful and picturesque mountains for ages past, but until within a few years they have been comparatively unknown, in their curative properties at least.

The history of Eureka Springs is similar to that of nearly all new places, especially in a mountainous country. No one attempted to build substantial business houses or residences, and most of those on the mountain sides had only a pine post or pole to prop the lower part up, as no time was taken to build foundations for them, and even yet some of these landmarks remain.

Dr. Alvah Jackson is the first white person credited with discovering their great curative powers. One of his sons was afflicted with granulated sore eyes, and the Dr. induced him to bathe them in the water direct from the spring. After a few applications the effect seemed magical, and an early and permanent cure was the result. Dr. Jackson also induced Judge Sanders, an old friend, and both residents of this (Carroll) county, to try the water, the Judge having been afflicted for years with a fever sore, probably of scrofulous nature. Judge Sanders, after using the water from the Basin Spring for a few weeks was

entirely cured. He was so overjoyed that he heralded the good news far and near. It was spread from county to county, state to state, and in a few short months, where had been the quiet little Springs in the Ozark range of mountains, thousands of persons had gathered, and the city of Eureka Springs, Arkansas, was founded. This was in the Spring of 1879, and long before winter little huts, tents and covered wagons were to be found on every hand on the hillside, mountain top, and in the valley—wherever there was room to locate between the thick growth of pine f rests. No attempt was made toward laying out a city, as this was the least thought of the thousands of afflicted who had gathered here to gain that greatest of all blessings, health. At that time the nearest railroad station line, in the extreme south and west was Seligman, a station on the Frisco

ern part of Missouri. To describe the Topography or lay of the city is almost impossible, as its buildings are found on the top of the mountains, on the sides, and at the foot of them. Within the corporate limits over forty never-failing springs are found, among the most noted of them being the Basin, Little Eureka, Magnetic, Crescent, Harding, Dairy, Sweet and Grotto. Each of them have their hundreds of admirers, who claim that such an one has done them wonders. The Basin is the most centrally located, was the first discovered, has more seats provided for visitors, and during the pleasant weather is a popular resort for all. There is such a very small difference, if any at all, between the analysis of this spring and others, that the taste is apparently the same, as well as the curative properties. There is probably not a spring within the city limits that has not the credit of some wonderful cures. These wonderful springs are not alone a resort for the invalid, but here the lovers of nature can find enjoyment in wandering over grand mountains, or sitting by the bright sparkling streams, shadowed by moss-draped woods of oak and pine. Here too can be found wild-flowers and lovely, graceful ferns growing in all their native beauty, making all seem a paradise on earth.

In the city you will find as good society and as sociable a class of people as any older city can boast of. Some eight or ten church organizations, lodges of the various orders, schools equal to the best, large stocks of goods in the business houses, with

The Best Stoves Wood On the Market

## Goudelock, Brush &amp; Co.

Transfer, Coal and Wood  
Wholesale Flour and Feed.

Terms Cash.

Phone 78

## EUPION

"THE FAMILY SAFETY OIL"  
IS THE BRAND  
Ask your dealer.

## Waters-Pierce Oil Co.

Goudelock, Brush &amp; Co., Agents

## THE NEAL INSTITUTE

## IN THREE DAYS YOU WILL BE PERFECTLY RELIEVED OF THE DRINK HABIT

and all those symptoms which seem to require liquor as "Medicine" will disappear.

NO MAN can afford to drink liquor—particularly a business or professional man, whose success and possibilities depend upon a strong brain—a brain that is always clear and ready for business. A whiskey brain, sometimes "feels" clear and bright and capable—but it isn't; it is all wrong. The "feeling" of alertness and ambition is short-lived STIMULATION of an organ that is weakened and paralyzed by the most insidious of all poisons—the POISON OF ALCOHOL. Under the guidance of the liquor drinker the best business in the world will fail—executive ability, stamina and logic are lacking.

Why does a drink of liquor seem to quiet the nerves?  
Why do your nerves need "quieting"?  
Your system has been accumulating alcoholic poison during your years of drinking. All these years you have been punishing your nerves with the worst possible kind of punishment you could inflict; they have come to demand alcohol and will not be subdued without it and you whip them into submission by additional doses of poison. There will come a day when the vital organs of your body will no longer respond to alcohol, and it will be well for you to anticipate that time by coming to the Neal Institute NOW.

The Neal treatment cures the drink habit and does away with the evils resulting from alcoholic poisoning in THREE DAYS. A longer time would be superfluous. It drives every trace of alcoholic poison from the system, thus doing away with the CAUSE of continued drinking, the CAUSE of drunkenness, the CAUSE of craving, desire and physical demand for liquor. All these symptoms are but the EFFECTS of the accumulated poison—the CAUSE is stored on alcoholic poison.

There are no hypodermic injections, no disagreeable features, no SUBSTITUTIVE STIMULANTS, no poison of any kind—a child could take the NEAL treatment with perfect safety.

For further particulars, write, phone or call.

## THE NEAL INSTITUTE

Little Rock, Ark.

815 Center Street

## THE ANALYSIS OF EUREKA SPRINGS WATER

Analysis of Eureka Springs water, by the best chemists in the country, shows that in each gallon of 231 cubic inches there are less than six grains of chemical ingredients. This is an almost incredibly small amount. Here is what the analysis shows each gallon of 231 cubic inches to contain:

Sodium Chloride.....	0.19 grs.
" Sulphate.....	0.09 "
" Bicarbonate.....	0.15 "
Potassium Sulphate.....	0.13 "
Calcium Bicarbonate.....	4.43 "
Magnesium Bicarbonate.....	0.47 "
Iron and alumina.....	0.03 "
Silica.....	0.31 "
Total.....	5.85 grs.

Free ammonia.....0.14  
Albuminoid ammonia.....0.07 } parts in million.

It has been ascertained that there is in each gallon of Eureka Springs water 28.52 cubic inches of gaseous contents. The fact that there is a large proportion of nitrogen in the water makes the gaseous contents remarkable. A large proportion of nitrogen means a proportionately large amount of oxygen.

## PUREST WATER IN THE WORLD

prices equal to any, fine residences and commodious store rooms, with over forty never failing springs of the purest water. In the hotel line we can boast of the finest in the land.

## The City of Today.

Eureka Springs is the greatest natural health resort of any in the world. It has among its citizens and visitors persons from all parts of the world, who have come here for their health, failing at other resorts. Hundreds of "springs" in various parts of the United States have been "boomed" and had a "run" for a short time since Eureka Springs became a health resort, and then "silently folded their tents," while the waters here have never ceased in their wonderful cure. Thousands of times the question asked "What will these waters cure?" To answer this question in full, would require more time and space than we can spare, as their is scarcely a disease the human flesh is heir to, but what is benefited if not entirely cured here, without medicine or the treatment of a physician, but simply by the use of the waters and the mountain air.

All the news that fits to print—fresh every day in the Times-Echo.

## MEETING OF JUDICIAL AND CHANCERY COMMITTEES

Notice is hereby given that there will be held in the court house at the city of Eureka Springs, Ark., on Saturday, January 6th, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, a meeting of the Judicial Committee of the Democratic Party for the 4th Judicial District of Arkansas, for the purpose of arranging for a primary and to transact any other business that may come before said committee.

On the same day there will be a meeting of the Chancery Committee of the Democratic party for the 11th Chancery District of Arkansas for the same purpose as the Judicial Committee is called for, and also the Congressional Committee for the 3rd Congressional District of Arkansas will meet at the same place and date.

The Committeemen from the respective counties for Judicial and Chancery Districts are urged and requested to be present if possible. If impossible to be present, send proxy to the undersigned or give to some one that will come.

Wade H. James,  
Chairman Judicial Committee.

## A Good Bank

Confines its business to the safe keeping of its deposits and the loaning of its resources in such a manner that they will be perfectly safe and can be collected when due; benefiting at the same time the borrower and, through him, benefiting the whole community. We offer you absolute safety in our ample resources and in the experience of our officers.

**Arkansas Trust Company**

## CUT PRICES

On all Groceries and Meats. Following prices will convince the most skeptical:

Tomatoes, per can	10c
Corn, 3 cans	25c
California Lemon Kling Peaches, per can	25c
Royal Ann Cherries, 3-lb. cans, per can	25c
Red Beets, 3-lb. cans, 2 cans	25c
Peas, 3 cans	25c
White Cherries, 2 cans	25c
California Pears, 2 cans	45c
Pie Peaches, 3-lb. cans, per can	10c
Apricots, per can	20c
Asparagus, 2-lb. can, per can	25c
Salmon, per can	10c
Van Camp Pork and Beans, 3 cans	23c
Seeded Raisins, 3 packages	25c
Currants, 3 packages	25c
Dried Apples, per lb.	10c
Defender Coffee, per lb.	25c
Rolled Oats, 3 packages	25c
Pumpkin, 3 cans	25c
Pet Milk, 6 cans	25c
Swift's Pride Soap, 7 bars	25c
Clarette Soap, 7 bars	25c
Preserves, Beechnut brand, all kinds, per jar	17c
Sugar, 14 lbs.	\$1.00
Yale Coffee, per lb.	35c
Navel Oranges, per doz	25 and 35c
Cranberries, per lb.	10c
Fancy Tomatoes, 4-lb cans, 2 cans	25c
Fine Mackerel, 3 for	25c
Star Naptha Powder, 6 packages	25c
Head Rice, 4 lbs	25c
Broken Rice, 6 lbs	25c
High Patent Flour, the very best, per 100 lbs	2.75
Corn Meal, per pe	25c
Star Tobacco, per lb.	25c
Horse Shoe Tobacco	25c

### Kansas City Beef

Best Steak, loin and porterhouse, per lb.	15 c
Round Steak, per lb.	12c
Shoulder Steak, per lb.	12c
Rib Roast, choice, per lb.	12c
Chuck Roast, per lb.	10 c
Shoulder Roast, per lb.	10 c
Rump Roast, per lb.	10 c
Beef Plate, per lb.	7c
Mutton Chops, per lb.	12c
Mutton Roast, per lb.	12c

All Pork at, per lb, from 10 to 12c

Chickens, per head 30 to 40c  
Turkeys, dressed, per lb. 18c

The above prices are for CASH ONLY. This store will be a strictly cash store from now on. Save money by trading at the

**SWEET SPRING GROCERY**

123 Spring St. **JOHN J. BRANHAM** Proprietor Phone 241

### DAILY ECHOES.

Found.—Pair of spectacles, left in Little Rock to attend the State Teachers Association.

Albert Bond was among the visitors from Eureka Springs to Berryville yesterday.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the South Methodist church will meet Thursday afternoon at 3:00 with Mrs. Ida Bishir.

Very low Holiday rates on sale Dec. 22-23-24-25-26-31 and Jan. 1st; return limit Jan. 5th, 1912. Ask the agent. North Arkansas Line. 12-30.

Tracey Stahlman writes from Mountain Grove, Mo., that he is having a fine visit and will not be home until the last of the week.

C. B. Case, Tom Walker, Elmer Libby and Ed Newton hunted at Oak Grove Monday, and bagged 32 quail, 10 rabbits and 3 squirrels.

J. Scott Wilkie still holds the highest score in the Gun Club's shooting contest, and the other crack shots will have to hurry if they get ahead.

The Woman's Missionary Union of Calvary Baptist church will meet tomorrow afternoon with Mrs. W. E. Penn. A full attendance is desired.

Mayor Butt was in Berryville yesterday on business, which accounts for his failure to furnish us with an account of the Christmas exercises at his church.

Friends have received Christmas greetings from Miss Frances Langston, sent from Toledo, Ill., where she is visiting relatives. The family still makes Kansas City home.

F. L. Allen got home last night from a four-days' visit in Marshall, with home-folks. His sister expected to come with him for a holiday visit, but was prevented by illness and will come later.

Miss Danner, who recently went to Hot Springs for business reasons, after recovering health at the sanitarium here, writes that she doesn't like Hot Springs as well as Eureka Springs. The weather is "fine for ducks" most of the time, she says.

Gen. and Mrs. G. W. Russ went to Leslie on the noon train, for a visit with their son, George A., and his family. They will play Santa and Mrs. Santa to the little folks of the youngest generations, carrying a pack of gifts to them.

Local attorneys were shocked to learn yesterday that their brother member of the bar, Ed Fowler of Huntsville, fell from the second story window at his home on Christmas day and was seriously, and perhaps fatally, injured. The first report was that the fall had resulted in instant death, but up to 10 o'clock yesterday morning Mr. Fowler lived.

Mr. and Mrs. Granville Carroll and daughter, Opal, leave today for California, where they will spend the winter, dividing their time between Fullerton and Corona. A son of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll lives at Fullerton and a daughter at Corona. Their home here has been improved and the married daughters will occupy it, having already moved thereto.

Mr. and Mrs. Hub Hague, and daughter Anna, returned yesterday after a three-days' visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hague, at Beaver. The two families took Christmas dinner at J. W. Bullington's and such a dinner! Turkey and fried chicken and everything else that is found in a good old country home were there in abundance. The men folks hunted with good success, bagging a goodly number of rabbits, squirrel and quails.

The Eureka Springs Library Association is arranging the books in the McLaughlin building, and Mrs. Linbarger has generously agreed to keep the library open from 3 to 5 on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. The ladies of the association are anxious to get the books in order and listed and with that end in view request the return of all books held by subscribers. There are a number of books out, which should be returned either before or on Saturday.

News has reached here from Lexington, Ky., of the appointment of Mr. J. J. Lenihan as General Foreman of the Lexington and Eastern Railroad Shops at that place. Mrs. Lenihan, who with little Jack, Jr., will soon leave here to join her husband, is rejoicing over settling once more in the Blue Grass region of her native state. On leaving Eureka Springs Mr. and Mrs. Lenihan will ship the remains of their beautiful little Helen, lately deceased, to be interred in the family lot in the Catholic cemetery at Louisville, Ky.

Deputy Sheriff Coffey was in Berryville yesterday on business.

Miss Carrie Ingram, of Green Forest, spent Christmas in Eureka Springs.

Prof. C. S. Barnett has gone to Little Rock to attend the State Teachers Association.

Roy Sawyer, of Green Forest, spent Christmas in Eureka Springs with his sister, Miss Myrtle.

The best Christmas dinners served this year were cooked in Wear Ever Aluminum Ware—Mollie Hanner.

Mrs. J. A. Monagon wishes to thank her many friends for the Christmas card shower given to her Christmas morning.

The W. C. T. U. held a reception at the Belding yesterday, in honor of Mrs. Lila C. Moore. It was a happy congenial gathering of women.

Mrs. Jennie Westfall entertained Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Melone and Mrs. Margaret Payne at dinner Christmas—just a family gathering, but a most congenial, happy one.

J. R. and S. F. Ripley have bought Bob McIntyre's dairy business and one of the brothers will give his time to looking after same, but J. R. will continue with the Eureka Springs Water Company.

Mrs. B. F. Rosser and Miss Gertrude are due to return from a Christmas visit in Fayetteville with Mr. Rosser's sister. Miss Marie Casetty has been looking after her chum's father during their absence.

Mrs. J. B. Bolton returned today from a six-weeks' visit with relatives at different points in Missouri. Little Phyllis had never been separated from her grandmother before, and both are happy indeed to be reunited.

Mrs. H. W. Graham made the highest score in the ladies' bowling contest Christmas, with a score of 105. Mrs. Kerr came second, with a score of 103. Mr. Graham won the gentlemen's honors with a score of 191.

Mr. Mulican, an old gentleman living in Magnetic Hollow, died Sunday night after an illness of a few days. His body is being held in the Blockson-Newton undertaking parlors, awaiting instructions from a brother in Oklahoma. Mr. Mulican came here for his health.

Mrs. Lizzie Watkins gave a 6 o'clock dinner yesterday to a few young people, complimentary to her grand daughter, Miss May Watkins. Mrs. Payne assisted in entertaining the children and the guests declared they never had a better time. Those present were Ione Conway and Georgia and Donald Snodgrass.

S. L. Wickersham came from Red Oak, Ia., to visit during Christmas week with his wife, who is spending the winter at the Sweet Spring hotel. His coming made this a happy Christmas for the little woman whom all Eureka Springs likes to have here and she will probably remain all the longer because of seeing him.

Mrs. K. Palmer, of Chicago, is an elderly lady, now sojourning at the Sweet Spring hotel, having come to Eureka Springs for a milder climate. The visitor is an old friend of Mr. G. T. Williams, and next-door neighbor to Mr. Frank Williams' family, and came here upon their recommendation. Mr. Frank Williams accompanied her to the depot and saw her comfortably settled for the trip.

Eureka Springs has lost some of her brightest young people to other states, but we are glad to chronicle the return of one—Miss Maude Meador, who will make Eureka Springs her headquarters as district manager in Western Arkansas for the Prudential Life Insurance Company. She was recently promoted to this position and comes home tired with the arduous duties of installing her successor with the company at Muskogee.

One of the happiest dinner parties on Christmas day was one gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Bare. Friends who have enjoyed many similar occasions in this home were there in reunion, after the long absence of two of the number in the west—and 'twas like a family gathering. So heartily did one of the guests partake of the elegant spread that his wife called upon Dr. John to know if he had his medicine case along, but the doctor "brought down the house" by declaring that the "patient" could only take drugs hypodermically, since he was full to the brim with turkey, etc. Those who enjoyed this home's hospitality were: Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Barnett, Dr. and Mrs. J. F. John, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perkins, and Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Overstreet.

Believed at South Pole.  
London, Dec. 26.—It is recalled that before he sailed, Capt. Robert F. Scott,

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

January 26, 1907

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$68,318.63
Furniture and Fixtures	2,000.00
Premium on U. S. Bonds	578.12
U. S. Bonds	12,500.00
Cash and Exchange	38,350.78
\$121,747.53	

December 5, 1911

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$190,612.20
Overdrafts	69.21
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures	17,000.00
Due from U. S. Treasury	625.00
U. S. Bonds	27,500.00
Cash and Exchange	100,972.74
\$336,779.15	

STRENGTH IS SHOWN IN THE ABOVE GROWTH. GROW WITH US

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock	\$50,000.00
Undivided Profits	1,243.05
Deposits	70,504.48
\$121,747.53	

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock	\$50,000.00
Surplus	3,700.00
Undivided Profits	5,152.25
Circulation	12,000.00
Deposits	265,926.90
\$336,779.15	

leader of the British Antarctic Expedition, expressed the hope that with good luck he would spend Christmas at the south pole, and there is much speculation as to whether time will prove that he has done it.

Lieut. Sir E. H. Shackleton, the explorer, in discussing the matter today, said he thought it at least possible that Scott and Capt. Harold Amundson, the Norwegian explorer, had both arrived at the pole, especially in view of the competition, but no news from these men is expected before March.

### Saved His Wife's Life.

"My wife would have been in her grave today," writes O. H. Brown, of Muscadine, Ala., "if it had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery. She was down in her bed, not able to get up without help. She had a severe bronchial trouble and a dreadful cough. I got her a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, and she soon began to mend, and was well in a short time. Infallible for coughs and colds, its the most reliable remedy on earth for desperate lung trouble, hemorrhages, lagrippe, asthma, hay fever, croup and whooping cough. 50c, \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Dr. J. S. Porch.

### In Modern Politics.

"I don't see anything that man has ever done that warrants his official importance," said the man who finds fault. "No," said Senator Borah. "Some of us get on not by what we have done, but by what we are willing to promise not to do."

### No Excitement.

"A man doesn't seem to take any pleasure in writing letters to a woman after he has married her," said Mrs. Gloomer. "No," replied Miss Cayenne. "he seems to lose all interest when here is no possibility of his letters being read to a woman."

### He Is Immune.

The curious thing is why the book never seems to attack the mid brain—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch*

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## Big Cut in Groceries ON CASH SALES

Oil	12c
Punch Coffee, per lb.	26c
Red Wolf Coffee, steel cut, per lb.	31c
Three Meal Baking Powder, 16 oz, 4 cans for	25c
Beechnut Pork and Beans, 3 cans	24c
Preserves, quart jar	21c
Dill Pickles, per doz	11c
Highland Apple Butter, quart jar	11c
F. F. O. G. Apple Butter	18c
Beauty Sardines (oil)	8c
Cow Brand Soda	4c
Dried Apples, fancy sun dried, lb	11c
Cabbage, per lb.	3c
Teas, per lb.	48c
Kraut, per gal	30c

ALL OTHER GOODS CUT IN PROPORTION

Fresh Fish and Oysters

**O. W. PENDERGRASS**  
Spring Street

## Very Serious

It is a very serious matter to ask for one medicine and have the wrong one given you. For this reason we urge you in buying to be careful to get the genuine—

**THE FORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT Liver Medicine**

The reputation of this old, reliable medicine, for constipation, indigestion and liver trouble, is firmly established. It does not imitate other medicines. It is better than others, or it would not be the favorite liver powder, with a larger sale than all others combined.

SOLD IN TOWN

## CARDUI WORKED LIKE A CHARM

After Operation Failed to Help, Cardui Worked Like a Charm.

Jonesville, S. C.—"I suffered with womanly trouble," writes Mrs. J. S. Kendrick, in a letter from this place, "and at times, I could not bear to stand on my feet. The doctor said I would never be any better, and that I would have to have an operation, or I would have a cancer.

I went to the hospital, and they operated on me, but I got no better. They said medicines would do me no good, and I thought I would have to die. At last I tried Cardui, and began to improve, so I continued using it. Now, I am well, and can do my own work. I don't feel any pains.

Cardui worked like a charm." There must be merit in this purely vegetable, tonic remedy, for women—Cardui—for it has been in successful use for more than 50 years, for the treatment of womanly weakness and disease.

Please try it, for your troubles.

N. B.—Write for Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

Spain to Treat With Cuba.  
Madrid, Dec. 26.—The Spanish government, it is understood, has finally settled upon a basis for a provisional commercial convention with Cuba. A special committee has had under examination the various treaties with the United States and Cuba for many months. It is believed that the treaty with Cuba as now proposed has an excellent chance of being accepted, as monthlit does not clash with Cuba's commercial conventions with the United States, its best market.

Thaw Sees New Hope.  
New York, Dec. 26.—It is said that Harry K. Thaw will soon make another effort through his lawyers to obtain his release from the state hospital at Matteawan.

The basis for this effort will be the recent case of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy who killed her husband to save his soul, and was acquitted of murder. The court accepted the jury's verdict as meaning that she was insane when she shot her husband.

## ONE WAY OF SAVING A BABY—FREE TO TRY

The mother does not live who would not do all in her power to keep her child healthy, but often she does not know how. So when a doctor of standing points the way all can afford to listen.

It is an accepted fact that nine out of ten of the troubles of infants and children is intestinal. You notice it by the fact that the child is constipated, it belches, is peevish and cries. Don't give a remedy that contains an opiate, because the child will get in the habit of needing it, and don't become alarmed and run at once for a doctor.

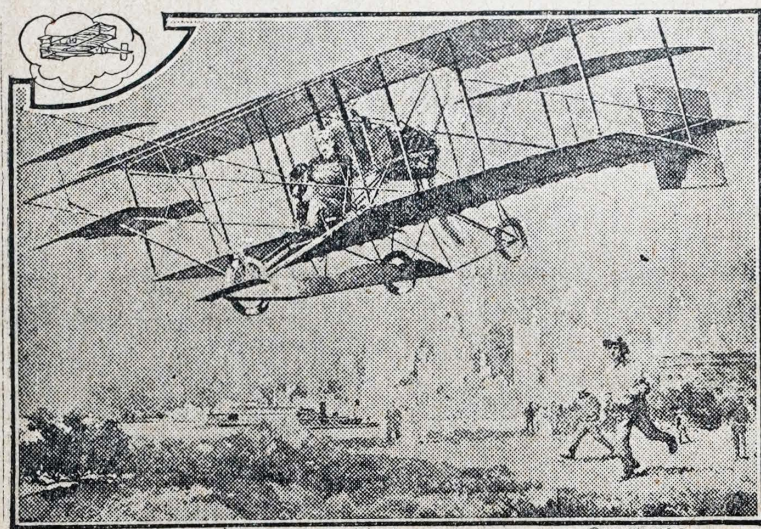
Try a scientific laxative first. Give a small dose of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, the remedy that is intended

for the use of children. It is mild, gentle and non-gripping. The remedy is absolutely pure and is guaranteed in every particular. Mrs. Toomey of Emingsville, Pa., and Mrs. Fred Crooms of Alanson, Mich., never give their children anything else. These are only a few among thousands of women.

You can buy a fifty cent or one dollar bottle of any nearby druggist, for they have all sold it for a generation, but if you want to test it on your child first send your address to Dr. Caldwell and he will cheerfully send you a free sample bottle.

Address him Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 541 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

# CURTISS A HERO OF HIS TOWNSFOLK

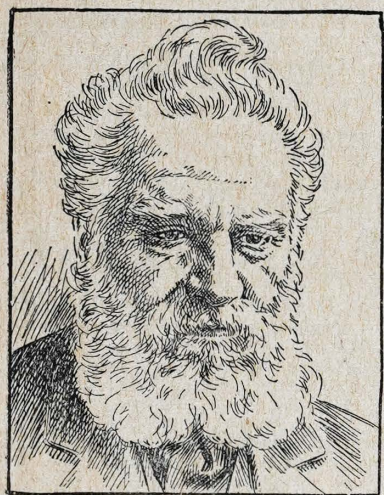


GLENN CURTISS IN THE AIR

THE inhabitants of Hammondsport, N. Y., first headquarters of the first aero experimental association formed in this country and where Glenn H. Curtiss planned and developed his famous air crafts, know less about when local flights are to be made and about things aeroplane in general than do people living at far distances from that charming village. And these inhabitants have also a wonderful lack of knowledge of what is being done today, or what is proposed to be accomplished tomorrow in the workshops. Hammondsport is a small place—1,500 or so people—a place where everybody, according to the old saying, should know everybody else's business. But so far as aeroplane affairs are concerned their ignorance of and apathy toward one of the greatest of aviators and designers living in their midst is almost unbelievable.

You see, it's an old story with these people. Their apathy is only a natural consequence, for they have been treated to aeroplane flights for three years. When the Aero Experimental association was formed and trial flights were made every day that the weather permitted the people of Hammondsport turned out as one person—men, women and children. The field where the trial flights were made was located about four miles from the village and when it became noised about that a flight was apt to be made Hammondsport would be deserted for hours. Sometimes the people would be rewarded with the sight of an aeroplane flying ten feet or maybe a hundred feet at a distance of five or six feet from the ground. Once in a while a machine would go a thousand feet or so. Often it would come to grief.

This was in the first year of the experiments—in 1907. Faithfully the people of Hammondsport followed the progress of the heavier-than-air machine with their individual eyes. When Mr. Curtiss flew 25 feet 1,000 people applauded and grew almost hysterical and there was a scramble among the



Alexander Graham Bell.

small boys to have the honor of carrying a message to a telegraph office which Mr. Curtiss wrote out to be dispatched to Dr. Bell in Nova Scotia. There were doubting Thomases, of course, but the vast majority of the people of Hammondsport were with Curtiss and the other aviators. For Curtiss had previously demonstrated that he had brains, skill and daring.

Hopefully the daily audiences watched. They saw the flights grow and grow—25 feet, 50 feet, 100 feet, 200 feet, 500 feet, 1,000 feet—until, on July 31, 1908, Curtiss flew a little over a mile. Telegrams had been sent to Dr. Bell giving the result of each flight, but none had the consequence of this dispatch announcing to him the "long flight." Up to that time it was the longest public flight made in America. A scientific journal had offered a prize of \$1,000 to the first man who would fly one mile without mishap and this prize Curtiss and his associates were bound to capture. It had been agreed that Curtiss would make the attempt on July 4, 1908, and it was only the evening before that the distance had been safely negotiated for the first time!

Prior to that day of days, however, newspapers had been devoting considerable space to the experiments at Hammondsport, and as many as 20 newspaper men were there at one time. Several of these stayed for one, two and three weeks. Where there were so many reporters there must be something doing, thought the public wisely, and so as the fact that they were there became known people journeyed to Hammondsport daily throughout a

radius of hundreds of miles. The hotels were packed from cellar to garret. Private houses had no trouble in renting rooms and furnishing meals. The good people of that village reaped a harvest that year. They have been reaping ever since, but less and less as time goes on. With the influx of so many strangers, all come for the same purpose, the natives gradually ceased to become excited themselves in witnessing the excitement of those strangers. Soon the inhabitants assumed an air something weary-like sort of a bored demeanor, as it were.

And so it has gone for three years. It is a great privilege for the stranger to mingle personally with these natives who have actually ridden aeroplanes and have had such wonderful experiences—in their minds.

After listening awhile to these tales the stranger goes to the aerodrome field. There he finds a half dozen men working at an aeroplane—repairing rents in canvas, testing the engine, replacing ribs. These men are looked upon with awe. You see, they make aeroplanes. You watch them from the outside. The aeroplane is in a barn-like building with a huge door that slides just like a barn door, and this is open as the men work. Perhaps you may, in your eagerness, step inside to get a better view of what that fellow is doing with the soldering pot, but they don't notice you. They don't even notice you when they step on your feet. They have a very peculiar habit, these men of stepping on your feet.

Since 1908 hundreds and hundreds of flights, varying from 25 feet to several miles, have been made at Hammondsport, and so today the native pays little or no attention to flights. If he sees an aeroplane flying ahead of him he may follow it with his eyes until either he or the machine turns. If he has to turn around to follow its flight—well, he simply wouldn't turn. Aeroplanes to him are like automobiles on Broadway to a New Yorker. Three years ago the native eagerly picked up his daily paper and scanned it for a Hammondsport date line. Now aeroplane news appears not to interest him. Whereas he used to tramp four miles almost daily to the original aerodrome field, now he seldom, if ever, goes to the new field located right in the village—unless a game of baseball is to be played. The diamond is on the aerodrome field. The young men of the village play baseball while Curtiss or some other aviator, is circling over the field, and no errors are made through a fielder having his eye on the aeroplane. Dick Brown will tell you that once Aviator McCurdy, who some time plays center on a Hammondsport team, played that position in an aeroplane and made four put-outs and two assists out of six chances.

Millions of people would deem it a great boon to get just a glimpse of an aeroplane in flight. Thousands and thousands have gone great distances and spent much money to witness flights, and he who came back from one and told about it to his fellow citizens was looked up to. But the Hammondsport inhabitant doesn't turn his head. But they're proud of Curtiss.

When Curtiss evolved the aeroplane with which he has been so successful he interested Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, of Bell Telephone fame, who spends large sums of money for experiments, but who closes his purse when the experiments have reached a successful stage and the matter takes on a commercial aspect. Then the Aero Experimental association was formed. The aeroplane with which Mr. Curtiss flew down the Hudson to New York, and the one which he flew last summer from Cleveland and return are practically of the same make as the June Bug, built in 1908 and one of the first made.

The immediate surroundings of the aerodrome building, which houses the aeroplanes with which Mr. Curtiss broke many records and made his longest flights, are commonplace enough. A dozen cows roam the fields. With these cows the story is also old. The noises made by the engine and whirling of the propeller no longer cause them to lift their heads. As said before, the building itself is a barn-like structure, unpainted. Weeds grow abundantly. The men go about their work of making and repairing aeroplanes much as do others at digging potatoes—with no thought, seemingly, that they are engaged in building objects that now hold the attention of the whole world.

# AUSTRALIAN BLACKBERRY IS ADAPTED TO ALL CLIMATES

Berries Have But Few Seeds Which Are Small and Is One of Best Shippers on Market—They Ripen Early Enough for All Purposes and Continue Until Frost—No Crop More Profitable.

California is the home of the Australian variety of blackberries, an illustration of which is shown herewith shown as grown by B. S. Kennedy of Sebastopol, Cal., who says:

In marketing small fruits I find this to be the most profitable and delicious berry in cultivation.

This strain of blackberry does not grow its roots through the soil like other varieties, which send up sprouts between the rows causing so much trouble, but it sends them downward into the moist soil, guaranteeing good crops of berries in the driest seasons when other kinds often blast, and outside of the hill there is no sprouts, except where the tips of the vines are buried for that purpose.

The Australian blackberry is adapted to all climates where the temperature does not fall lower than 45 degrees below zero. The berries have but few and small seeds, a small soft core which is almost destroyed in cooking; they are very firm, solid and one of the best shippers on the markets, and make a fine dried article. In cooking they form a rich delicious syrup which makes them desirable for canning and general family pur-

er of this berry has enabled me to discover a method by which ten tons of berries per acre may be grown, and averaged year after year. No crop could be more profitable. Some people are inclined to think that the Giant Himalaya, and Oregon everbearing, and the Australian Himalaya Blackberry are all the same variety but the Australian strain of blackberries are entirely distinct from the other two and while the Giant and Oregon everbearing may do well in Oregon they are almost worthless in California as they are soft small and seedy and unfit for market.

## SECURING GOOD SUPPLY OF ICE

Small Cement House Makes Excellent Storage Room—Building Could Be Built Cheaply.

Start the next summer right by having your own ice. Unless you do, you will have to pay ice bills, or, if you can't get ice, hang the milk and butter in the well—both of which are unhappy chores.

Put up your own ice. A small cement house, cheaply made, is just the thing in which to store it. This house will last longer and keep the ice better than a frame building of the same construction, says G. M. Pratt, architect with the Kansas State Agricultural college.

Either blocks or cement poured in large molds can be used. The mixture should be rich enough that the walls will not be porous. Two thin walls reinforced with rods protected from rust and separated by a three-inch air space gives the best combination. If blocks are used, large cores will save material and keep the temperature more even.

For an average family a building 10 by 20 feet and 15 feet high is a good size. It does not store more than two families can use. Ice keeps better when stored in such quantities, says Mr. Pratt.

Such a building could be built for \$250. A neighborhood could build one a little larger that would do for all and the individual expense would be lessened.

The ice house may be filled from nearby streams as soon as they have

frozen to a good thickness.

### Drying String Beans.

Select young, tender, stringless beans, wash them, cut off the stem and blossom ends, cut in one-inch lengths, and put them on plates or trays prepared for the purpose. Cover with a net to protect them from flies, and put to dry in a strong current of air. Stir occasionally while drying. When thoroughly dried, put into insect-proof bags, tie securely and keep in a dry, well ventilated place for future use. Some think beans are improved by steaming them a short time before putting them to dry. Try both ways, and decide for yourself which suits you better. By putting a few to dry each time beans are prepared for the table, a good supply may be preserved with very little trouble.

### Keeping Boys at Home.

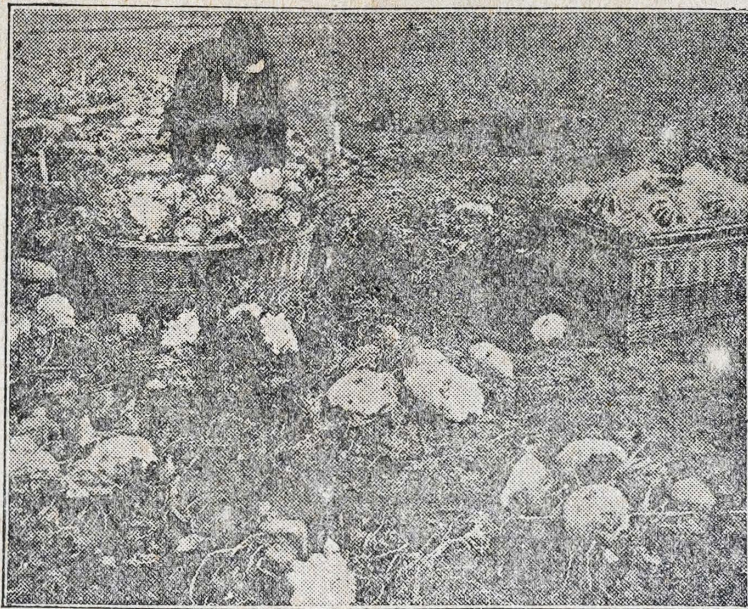
If we would keep the boys at home we must meet the demands for them that come from the cities. We must give them a chance to make money for themselves and broaden their opportunities for enjoying everything good in life within their reach.



Australian Himalaya Blackberry.

poses. They ripen early enough for all purposes (about the eighth of July and continue until frost) and do not grow so much of the fruit inside the mass of vines causing tedious picking, but every spring they send out long laterals or fruit stems all projecting outside, and hanging down on each side of the rows, loaded with berries that are a pleasure to pick, and last but not least, they will yield three tons of berries per acre when only one year old and ever after that will more than double the yield of any other berry grown. The extensive experience I have had as a grow-

## FRENCH SQUASHES AND PUMPKINS



French gardeners sow pumpkins and squashes in April in hotbeds, transplant the seedlings to other hotbeds and finally to the open ground in May. Several days before the plants are set out the holes are dug at a distance of one to two yards, according to the variety. These holes are then filled with thoroughly rotted manure, mixed with a little potash fertilizer and covered with soil. The young plants are watered frequently

and covered with a little straw if the sun is very hot. In frost or cold weather, which often occurs in France in the spring, a bell glass is placed over each plant. In very warm weather the plants are watered more frequently. The skin of the squashes shown in the illustration is so very tender that they must be handled and packed carefully in baskets for transport to shops and restaurants of the large cities.

# Her Good Sense

By FRANCES A. COREY

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

There was a succession of discouraged grunts, and the little narrow gauge engine came up to a dead halt in the isolated Vermont valley.

"Stalled!" exclaimed a chorus of voices in varying degrees of annoyance and disgust.

Mrs. Van Brunt sat suddenly erect. She was a magnificent personage, aggressive and overbearing, much too smartly dressed for a journey into the wilds.

"How exasperating! There's no telling how long we will be delayed! And we are due at Stormcliff in an hour. What's wrong, I wonder?"

The male passengers were pouring out of the dingy little coaches on a tour of investigation. Mrs. Van Brunt watched from the car window as they hurried down the track, then her cold eyes swept the landscape. An exclamation was smothered in her throat. She turned hastily to her niece, a very pretty girl with dark, velvety eyes and copper gleams in her hair.

"Constance, my dear, didn't we bring fruit and sandwiches along? They'll help to pass the time."

Constance opened a small handbag and laid it on the seat.

"Here they are, Aunt Helena. I don't want anything." She had risen and slipped quietly into the aisle. "I'll get out and walk about."

"Don't you stir a step! You'll get left!"

"No danger. I just heard one of the trainmen say we'd be here for a half hour or longer."

"I forbid you to leave the car," cried Mrs. Van Brunt, majestically.

Rebellious red came into the girl's cheeks. "What is the harm? You are unreasonable, Aunt Helena." And she started for the door.

Mrs. Van Brunt called after her. There were angry splashes in the elder woman's face.

"Perhaps you think I don't know, but I do!" she hissed. "That farm-



house is just what I need. I'm already uncomfortable."

Indeed, had she not become very fond of Colonel Calvert, whose acquaintance he had made in New York the previous winter, she would never have consented to come to Stormcliff. He had taken an almost paternal interest in her from the first.

Nervous sobs were very near the surface as she stood there and watched the sun go down. Her fate was in her own hands. She liked luxury and hated poverty. It was perfectly clear why this invitation to the Calvert summer home had been extended. Cold, common sense admonished her to accept thankfully what the gods had provided. But she didn't love Jack—she never could love him! It would be a case of barter and sale—

A firm, quick step crossed the veranda. She saw Jack coming and her heart leaped into her throat. What should she say to him?

Ten minutes later it had been said—all uncertainty was over forever. Jack had rushed away, snapping at her angry words.

And now she must face her aunt's bitter upbraidings. She knew the price she would have to pay—poor clothes, plain living, uncongenial tasks; but her heart sang within her. Mrs. Van Brunt would call her a sentimental fool; but she felt that she had done the wise and sensible thing.

Slowly the last gleam of daylight faded; stars flashed into the darkening sky. Colonel Calvert met her as she re-entered the house, and drew her into the big drawing room, into the brilliant gaslight.

"So you have refused Jack?" There was an amused gleam in his shrewd gray eyes as they searched her face. "Why? Don't be afraid—tell me, my dear. Why did you do it?"

Down went her head upon his shoulder. "I found—I couldn't—sell myself," she faltered.

Colonel Calvert stroked her rumpled hair tenderly. "That's where you showed good sense. Now, I wonder if there isn't somebody else who has a better show than poor Jack?"

Constance started back, pale and trembling. The sudden fear was unfounded. He gave a low whistle, evidently a signal. A man in a long motor coat came swiftly down the hallway.

"My favorite nephew, Duncan Vance," Colonel Calvert said, with twinkling eyes. "I wanted to be sure you were worthy of him, my dear; so I let Jack have the first chance. But I knew you'd stand the test all right."

A face appeared and vanished, the outer door swung open, and a tall young man—Duncan Vance himself—came forth.

"Miss Kirkby—you!" he exclaimed with a warmth of greeting that deepened the color in Constance's cheeks. "Oh, I see!" as his glance fell upon the train below. "The little dinky got tuckered out. It usually does, somewhere on the road. Lucky it should be at my very door!"

"I thought—I had heard—you were abroad," Constance faltered, all her dimples flashing and playing bewilderingly.

"Yes, my friends believe I went with the McAlisters in June. But I stole away all by myself to study up for the book I'm writing on Forestry. I've put in six weeks of solid work."

A look passed between the two that made Mrs. Van Brunt writhe. Was all her plotting and wire-pulling to come to naught? She had counted on definitely settling her niece's future within twenty-four hours. Now the one man who could spoil her little game had unexpectedly crossed their path.

"I hear the warning whistle," she exclaimed. "We must hasten back."

Duncan Vance walked down to the train with them. He and Constance chatted in accents of suppressed excitement, but Mrs. Van Brunt kept close at their heels. She hurried Constance into the coach, but the young man stood at the window until the train began to move.

"I shall see you again soon," he called after them.

"Not if I can help it!" Mrs. Van Brunt ejaculated to herself.

Some hours later Constance stood on the broad veranda at Stormcliff. The sun had gone down behind Stratton mountain. All the lesser heights, the fir-crowned slopes, were wrapped in a wonderful opal haze.

Several things had happened since their arrival. Colonel Calvert, their host, a railroad president, with no immediate family of his own, had shown them over the beautiful house. Then Jack, his handsome nephew, had escorted Constance through the grounds. Afterward Mrs. Van Brunt had unearthed from her trunk a very lovely gown, her latest purchase for her niece.

"Of course this is no mere pleasure trip," was her cold-blooded declaration. "Make the most of your opportunity, my dear. You will never have such another. There's another nephew, a graceless scamp, I imagine; but Jack ought to get the lion's share of the money. If you let him slip through your fingers because of any foolishness, you'll get no more help from me!"

before Jack's face that danced herself's eyes as she arrayed herself in a grudgingly-given finery.

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### London Good Oyster Market.

London is a great consumer of oysters. The cheapness of the delicacy half a century ago created a demand for it, which has hung with the appetites of the people as tenaciously as the habit of smoking a pipe has among the men. It is estimated that London consumes a billion a year, and the record shows that in 1864, when prices were very low, 700,000,000 were eaten.

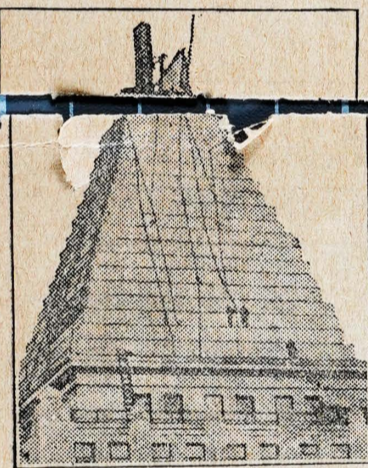
# OUT OF THE ORDINARY

## Raffle of Babies In Paris



A raffle where one has a chance to win a live baby is certainly something unusual, and yet, strange as it may sound, one occurred recently in Paris. The management of a foundling hospital, with the consent of the authorities, decided to raffle the babies whose parents could not be traced up. The income of this raffle was divided among different charity institutions.

## PYRAMID ON A SKYSCRAPER SQUIRREL'S WONDERFUL LEAP



The stone roof of the Bankers Trust Company building, at the northwest corner of Nassau and Wall streets, New York City, shown in the picture to be nearing completion, is said by the architects to be something of an experiment in design and construction. There is no other of the kind in existence. The pyramid contains twenty-three steps, each 3 feet 9 1/2 inches high by 1 foot 4 inches wide. Total height of pyramid, 94 feet 6 inches. The dimensions of its base are 70 by 69 feet. The restorations of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus generally show this type of superstructure.

## USE SALT ON ROADS

As a general rule the roads in and around French towns are tarred at the commencement of the summer in order to abate the dust nuisance. It has, however, been found that tar, although excellent in the case of macadamized roads, is of little or no value where car lines exist and paved street crossings intersect the roads in every direction, as tarring cannot be carried out on stones.

The authorities, basing their action on the well-known hygrometrical properties of common salt, have made a test of its value in laying the dust. Twenty yards of roadway have been sprinkled liberally with salt and then watered freely. If the results are satisfactory salt will be used throughout the town of Havre, it being impossible to tar the majority of the streets, as they are paved with rough stone blocks.

## MADE THE MOUSE WORK

The average mouse runs 16,000 meters a day, and certain energetic subjects have been known to run 29,000 meters in a period of 24 hours. With a view to the utilization of the power of mice, an inventor constructed a wire drum revolving on an axle. The power rendered by the mice ran a little flax spinning machine. The production of linen thread was four pounds for five days of mouse labor. The inventor of the machine died before perfecting his invention.

tered, rather than fell into the abyss below. His legs began to work like those of a swimming poodle dog, but faster and faster, while his tail, slightly elevated, spread out like a feather fan.

He landed on a ledge of limestone, where he could be seen squatting on his hind legs and smooching his ruffled fur, after which he made for the creek with a flourish of his tail, took a drink and scampered away.

## CAT'S LONG TRIP

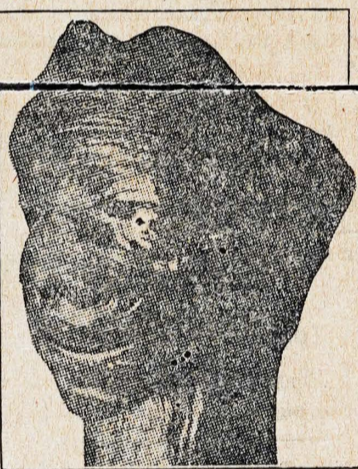
The story of a notable journey of a cat from Kingston, Surrey, England, to its former home at Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, a distance of about 123 miles, is now told. In April last a cat, mottled gray and described as half Persian in breed, was sent from Glastonbury, where it had been reared, to the matron of the Kingston Nursing home. It was sent in a packing case drilled with air holes and obviously the animal had no opportunity of marking the points of its journey. Soon after arrival at Kingston the cat was lost and despite the most diligent searching, no trace of it could be found.

The matron of the nursing home has received a letter from Glastonbury stating that the cat has found its way back to its old home. It arrived emaciated and footsore and apparently had walked the whole of the 123 miles. The letter describes the cat on its arrival as "a mere shadow of its former self," and expresses the belief that although terribly weak through its wanderings, it can be nursed back to a healthy condition.

## PAINT MADE FROM CACTUS

When traveling through the rural districts of Uruguay one's attention is attracted to the fine white color of the farm buildings, even during the wet season. To obtain this neat effect a whitewash is used which is made with the sliced leaves of the common cactus, macerated in water for 24 hours, producing a solution of creamy consistence; to this lime is added and well mixed. When applied to any surface, be it of wood, brick, iron or other material, a beautiful pearly white appearance is produced, which will endure through storms and frosts for many years.

## FANTASTIC WORK OF NATURE

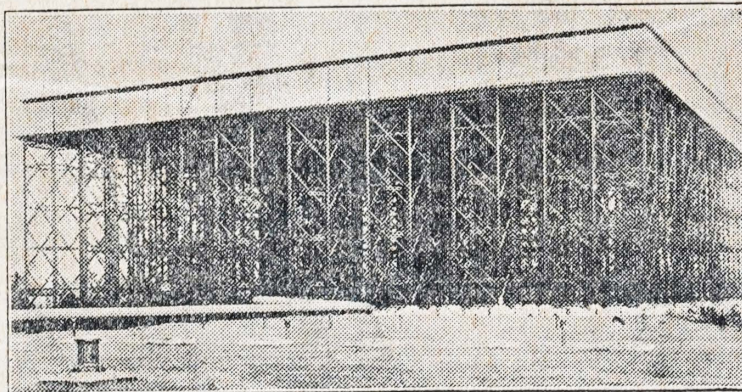


It would not be easy to guess correctly what the object is that is here pictured. In reality it is a piece of the root of a holly tree and was found growing in a granite quarry in Virginia. As photographed it is quite unchanged by man's hand.

## BOY AND EAGLE IN BATTLE

Elmer Peterson, fifteen years old, living four miles west of Little Falls, Minn., had a hard battle with an eagle and was saved from serious injury only by the arrival of a brother. The boy had shot the bird, which was in a tree. The eagle fell to the ground and immediately went at the boy with its talons. The bird's claws became fastened in the boy's clothing and the lad was unable to free himself. Elmer was badly frightened and his strength was giving out when his brother arrived and killed the eagle with a club. The bird measured five feet across the wings.

## Calcutta's Big Water Tank



Not long ago the authorities of Calcutta decided that the city's supply of drinking water was insufficient, so they ordered the construction of a great reservoir at Tallah, a suburb. This has been completed in the form of a tank of steel and teakwood with a capacity of 2,000,000 gallons. In size is 321 feet square, 16 feet deep, and is elevated 110 feet above the ground.

## AMONG LOSERS OF THINGS

The Advertisements of the Careless Present a Most Interesting Study in Psychology.

Even when you haven't lost or found anything do you ever turn to the column advertising for lost articles? If you do not, try it occasionally. You'll find the lost article column brim full of touches of nature that make the whole world kin.

Among other interesting things you'll learn that Kansas City is chuck full, almost overflowing, with cows. No one who hasn't read the lost article ads realizes the magnitude of the bovine population of Greater Kansas City. Never a day passes but some Kansas City family, usually a number of them, is regretting the loss of Bossie and is asking some one to bring her back. It's merely a case of won't stay put, that's all. Bossie strays every day, every hour, almost every minute in Kansas City.

Dogs, however, are the most frequently lost article. Usually another case of won't stay put. Towser is a gregarious nomad.

The lost article column is as seasonable as the market column, too. Just now its muffs, fur neckpieces, overcoats and shotguns that are being left in street cars, dropped from motor cars or forgotten somewhere, for this is their season.

Umbrellas, eyeglasses, watches, lockets, pins and brooches are lost all the year around without regard to season.

Horses are lost frequently, but mules rarely.

The other day a man lost a laundry—so the caption of the ad. would lead one to believe, but later on the ad. explained that it was a package of laundry the man lost.

One woman lost a pillow cover this week. She had taken it to a matinee to embroider between acts.

Women may now and then lose parcels of dress goods, lace and other materials while shopping, but staid lawyers, careful business men and physicians aren't immune to the affliction, as lawyers lose abstracts, valuable papers and books, while business men lose suitcases, bags, pocket-books and papers, and doctors sometimes leave medicine cases, parcels and books where they didn't intend to.

A pair of red house slippers were lost the other day, presumably by a minister or a woman.

## Leisurely Moose Hunting.

The most leisurely method of moose hunting chronicled during the present season is that pursued by a Mars Hill veteran hunter and woodsman, Humphrey Bridges.

Several hours' walk from camp brought him in sight of a hill on which he saw what looked like a pronged stump. He stood five minutes speculating, then crept nearer and looked again. The object did not move. Creeping six or seven rods, he saw the supposed stump moving slightly and then a large tongue flopping alongside the dark place revealed the identity of a moose.

He aimed for the neck of the animal and fired. The moose rose to his feet and ran. When Bridges reached the spot where the animal had lain he found blood. He sat down, filled his pipe and reasoned that the moose could not last over an hour. He therefore walked slowly on, keeping close to the trail, and found the moose lying down in a lumber road a mile and a half away from the place where he was shot. The moose reared on his front legs, but could not pull his hind legs under him, and half stood with head lowered for battle until another bullet ended the struggle.—Kennebec Journal.

## Out From Obscurity.

Jones had had a leg up in the world and was mighty proud of his new position. Not long since he met a man who in his submerged days had been his chum, but who had remained in the old rut.

"Hallo, Brown!" said Jones, smirking at his friend. "You haven't been to see my new house yet. Can you come on Friday?"

Brown expressed pleasure at the thought.

"Yes," continued Jones, "we're having a small party. Er—my daughter's coming out, you know."

Brown scratched his head meditatively. His mind wandered. A stab of sudden recollection came to him.

"I've just remembered, old chap," said he. "Our Jim's coming out on Friday. He's had 15 days."

Jones looked pained.

"But," added his old friend, "how long's your daughter had?"—Exchange.

## Out of the Ordinary.

An M. P. was discussing voting frauds—impersonation and the duplication of votes generally. He instanced one duplicator, an ignorant fellow who had the stolid and unmoved look of an animal.

"When they arrested him he asked what crime lay at his door."

"You are charged," said the policeman, "with having voted twice."

"Charged, am I?" muttered the prisoner. "That's odd. I expected to be paid for it."—Watchdog, London.

## Much More Expensive.

Downs—Why is it your friend Chownes is always down at the beel? Does he lose his money on horse races?"

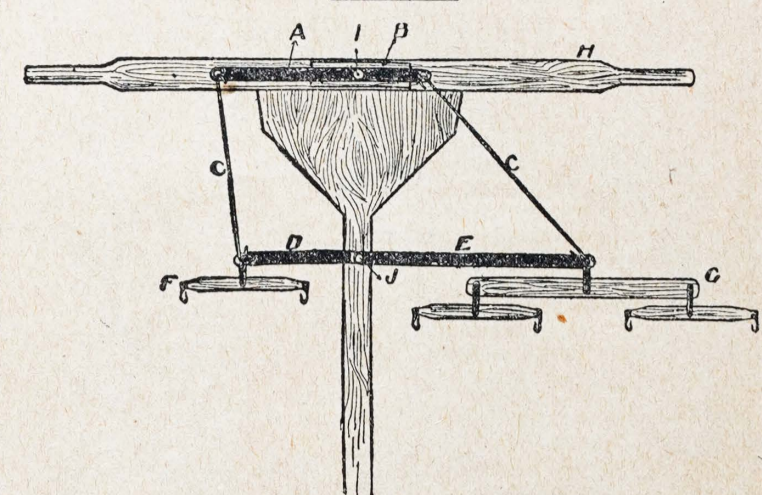
Downs—He never bets on a horse race. He loses more money on the human race.

Downs—Eh?

Downs—He has nine children.—Stray Stories.

## THREE HORSE EVENER FOR ROAD WAGON IS ILLUSTRATED

Blacksmith Furnishes Hitch Shown in Accompanying Illustration Which He Has Often Made and Will Answer the Purpose For Which It Is Designed in Satisfactory Manner.



Three-Horse Evener for Wagon.

In reply to a query a diagram of a three-horse evener is given, the idea being for two horses to walk in the road and one on the outside.

In the first place, if two horses are to work on one side of the tongue there will be some side draft to be equalized, hence there must be some way of doing this so that each horse will be drawing his proportionate share of the load. The accompanying cut illustrates the appearance of the evener, a portion of the tongue and axle of the wagon viewed from beneath. H is the axle. B is a block of wood fastened under the hole where the King pin comes through so that the iron bar A will be allowed to move back and forth under the axle, free from the obstruction of any nuts or bolts that may be there. The bar A is a flat piece of iron 2 1/2 to 3 inches wide and one-half to five-eighths inches thick, fastened at I by means of the King pin being lengthened sufficiently and having a key in its end to hold it in place. One arm of this bar A is twice as long as the other, good lengths being twelve and six inches,

respectively. J is the point of attachment for the ordinary wagon double-tree. Instead of having the ordinary double-tree here, two pieces of flat iron, D and E are used, E being twice as long as D. These two arms articulate at J, the wagon hammer holding them in place instead of the double-tree. The diagram shows these to be fastened underneath the tongue. This is for greater clearness in illustration. In practice they should rest on top of the tongue just the same as the ordinary double-tree. The two rods, C, connect D and E with the bar A, under the axle as shown. The single-tree F fastens onto the end of D and the double-tree G onto the end of E. Thus a hitch for three horses is provided, the draft is equalized, and there are two horses on one side of the tongue and one on the other. A sickle bar from a cast off mower is good material for the bar A. Show this diagram to your blacksmith and if he is any good he can make an evener that will answer the purpose splendidly, where three horses are required on the wagon.

## RAISING CALVES FOR THE DAIRY

Young Animals Need Milk for a While as Much as Babies and to Keep Growing Must Have it.

(By J. W. INGHAM, Pennsylvania.)

In order to raise cattle in the east with any profit, one must have one or the other of the beef breeds. The Shorthorns, Herefords and Aberdeen Angus, are all good and each has its admirers. I prefer the Shorthorns because the cows are generally the better milkers.

Whatever others may think they can do, or have done, I can't raise good calves on dishwater, milk slop and hay tea. Young calves need milk for a while as much as babies and to keep them growing right along they must have it.

We prefer to have our cows calve in the fall, both on account of winter dairying and for raising the calves, which if kept in a warm stable during the winter and fed milk, hay and meal will sooner obtain the size most profitable for their disposal to the butcher.

Our calves, when taken from their mothers, are each provided with a separate pen for convenience in feeding so they need not fight for the food bucket, rob each other of their mess, or suck each others ears and navels when done drinking.

The latter is a vicious habit which they soon acquire when two or more are penned together and unless prevented it soon causes a blemish on the belly.

Each calf is provided with a feeding bucket in a box which is nailed fast to the side of the pen. This prevents the bucket from being upset and the milk spilled by the calves' greedy butting, otherwise the feeder, for safety, would have to stand and hold it while the calves were drinking.

As soon as we begin feeding the calves skim milk, which is about ten days after being taken from the cow, a handful of wheat middlings is put into the milk of each calf and the calves are fed twice a day.

The quantity is gradually increased until a pint or more can be fed to advantage twice a day. After they have become fond of the middlings it is better to feed it to them dry instead of putting it into the milk so that they will have to eat it slower instead of gobbling it down.

Oats, corn and rye ground together make good feed for calves in addition to milk, but there is more danger in feeding this kind of meal than middlings as it is more likely to produce diarrhoea or scours. A little flaxseed meal will improve the ration and supply the place of other foods.

Before they are four weeks old they are fed a little hay, or rowen, in addition to their milk and meal. There is more danger of feeding too much skim milk than too little, as too liberal feeding of it is apt to bring on the scours.

Some calves can stand more than

others, but about five quarts at a mess twice a day is enough for any calf if it is supplied with hay, meal and water.

We provide our calves with water after they have drunk their milk and give them all they want. Skim milk should be warmed to blood heat before feeding to young calves.

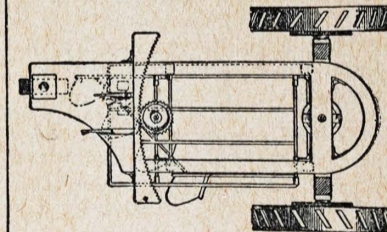
Fed to calves, the milk makes them grow faster and pays as well as when fed to pigs. They are provided with a shelter in the pasture to go under when a storm is coming, hot and they appreciate it highly.

## LATEST NOVELTY IN IMPLEMENTS

Automobile Plow Is Invented by Kansas Man—Plowshares Held Down to Work by Weight Thereof.

In describing a recent invention of Oliver H. Lincoln and Edson O. Parkhurst of Brownell, Kan., the Scientific American says:

This invention, the sectional view of which is illustrated herewith, relates to automobile plows, and it has for its object to provide one, with traction wheels disposed near the front and at



Automobile Plow.

all times times in the same position relatively to the engine, whether the plow is being driven in a straight line or is being turned to one side or the other, the plowshares being disposed under the engine and being held down to their work by the weight thereof. By a movement of a lever the plowshares may be moved up or down to a position where they will engage the earth and will do the general work desired, these plowshares being secured to the lower frame having the transverse members.

## Necessary for Good Shelter.

The birds must have access to shelter during the rainy weather. A thorough soaking when they are nearly bare of feathers, is apt to result in an attack of roup, or cause a chill that may throw the bird back for weeks. But the hen that gets through the molt early and quickly will almost invariably prove a good winter layer.

## Relief for Ingrowing Feathers.

Sometimes when a fowl is thick in the molt it will be seen constantly pecking at one particular place on its body. This may be caused by one or more of the new feathers failing to pass through the skin and causing great irritation.

If a needle is passed under the covered end of the feather, it will enable it to be drawn above the skin.

**900 DROPS**

**CASTORIA**

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.  
A 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.**

Recipe of DR. J. C. WATKINS, PHARMACEUTICAL

Pumpkin Seed - 1/2 lb.  
Licorice Sals - 1/2 lb.  
Aloe Seed - 1/2 lb.  
Peppermint - 1/2 lb.  
1/2 lb. Castor Oil  
1/2 lb. Sugar  
1/2 lb. Vanilla  
1/2 lb. Flavor

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of  
*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old  
35 Doses - 35 CENTS.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

**CASTORIA**

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**CASTORIA**

**For Infants and Children.**

**The Kind You Have Always Bought**

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

**In Use For Over Thirty Years**

**CASTORIA**

## Obliging One's Friends

Yarrington promised his friends to buy the box they wanted for one day at the automobile races. The best thing Yarrington does is to oblige his friends, and all the others had said they had no time to attend to the matter.

The broker he went to said that while boxes were very scarce, he thought by paying a premium, he might be able to wrench one by main force from the eager throngs that were battling for them, provided Yarrington would take it for the two days. When he escaped from the broker Yarrington had parted with \$40, but he figured on quickly disposing of the box for Friday, and the \$20 that would be left was not much split up among the crowd.

He had his first job the next morning when Pientz telephoned that imperative business called him to San Francisco, so his name must be scratched off the list. At noon Kernack called up to say there was a sudden rush of business at the office and it was absolutely impossible for him to get away Saturday, so Yarrington must count him out. At three Woodmere called up to say that since some of the party could not go he thought they might as well call off the party.

After Yarrington had confided some litter things to himself over the treachery of humanity in general he hunted up the broker and asked him to take back the tickets. He had no compunction about this, as there was such a demand for them. The broker smoothly said he had such a quantity of boxes on hand that he really could not think of paying the full price for Yarrington's, but that he would at great personal sacrifice give Yarrington \$10 for it.

Thereupon Yarrington said a few sharp things and departed, resolved to sell the tickets himself since selling was so much more profitable than buying.

He called up Wattles and asked if he didn't want a box for one day at the automobile races. Wattles jumped at the chance, so Yarrington sent over the tickets and a bill for \$20. Wattles nearly tore the telephone out by the roots and the boy with the tickets came back looking very much as though he had been shot out of a gun.

It seemed that Wattles thought Yarrington was giving him the box, and so the bill offended him hugely. After that Yarrington heard of a

### Notice.

A meeting of the Democratic Central Committee for the Third Congressional District of Arkansas is hereby called to meet at the Court House in the City of Eureka Springs, Arkansas, on Saturday, January 6th, 1912, at 9 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of naming the date for holding the election of the Democratic Primary to nominate the Democratic nominee for Congress from said District for the next election for congressman and to transact such other business as shall be necessary and proper for the success of the Democratic party in said district.

Chas. D. James, Chairman.  
J. R. Newman, Secretary.  
Democratic papers of the third Congressional District will please copy and publish.

### A. E. TATMAN, M. D.

#### Specialist

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat  
Phone 2 No. 30 Spring St.

#### Glasses Properly Fitted

### CLAUDE A. FULLER

#### Attorney-at-Law

Office in Central Building.  
Practice in all the Courts

### C. F. ELLIS, M. D.

#### Resident Homoeopathic Physician

Rooms 1 and 2, Post Office Bldg.  
Phones: Res. 46; Hours, 9 to 11:30 a. m.  
Office 11; Hours, 12:30 to 4 p. m.

### CHAS. E. DAVIS, M. D.

#### Resident Physician

Office Spring Street, next to Hotel Wadsworth  
Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.  
Phones, Office 180; Residence 135.

### CHARLES D. JAMES

#### Attorney and Counselor-at-Law

Special attention to practice in the Supreme Court of the State and in the Federal Courts.

#### Office in Central Building

### WADE H. JAMES

#### Attorney-at-Law

Deputy Prosecuting Attorney 4th Judicial Circuit  
Office in Cook Building, up-stairs

### F. L. ALLEN

#### Notary Public

Office with C. A. Fuller in Central Block  
EUREKA SPRINGS, ARKANSAS

### T. H. CANTRELL, M. D.

#### Physician and Surgeon

GYNECOLOGY A SPECIALTY  
Office hours: 9 to 11 a. m.; 3 to 5 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m.  
125 Spring. Phone 8

### Dr. M. R. REGAN

#### Homoeopathic Physician and Surgeon

Office hours, 9-12 a. m. and 2-5 p. m.  
Phones, office 32; residence 37.

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Suits Pressed, ..... 50c  
Pants Pressed, ..... 15c  
Ladies' work at reasonable prices  
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AT BLOCKSOM MERCANTILE CO.

### MISSOURI AND NORTH ARKANSAS RAILROAD COMPANY

#### "North Arkansas Line"

NORTHBOUND		
Trains	No. 2	No. 12
Lv. Eureka Sps.	9:07 p. m.	5:00 a. m.
Ar. Harrison	9:57 p. m.	6:15 a. m.
Ar. Neosho	11:45 p. m.	9:40 a. m.
Ar. Oklahoma City	9:30 a. m.	
Ar. Joplin	12:25 a. m.	10:30 a. m.
Ar. Kansas City	7:00 a. m.	4:50 p. m.

SOUTHBOUND		
Train	No. 1	
Lv. Eureka Sps.	12:15 p. m.	
Ar. Harrison	2:41 p. m.	
Ar. Leslie	4:48 p. m.	
Ar. Kensett	8:40 p. m.	
Ar. Little Rock	11:39 p. m.	
Ar. Wheatley	10:34 p. m.	
Ar. Helena	12:40 a. m.	

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The Daily Times-Echo, the only daily in Carroll County, \$4.00 per year, in advance, by carrier or mail. 10 cents per week, by carrier.

5 Cents to 15 Cents Each

We have the following in stock at the above prices

"No Hunting on These Premises"  
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"For Sale"  
"Furnished Rooms to Rent"  
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"Private Boarding"  
"Dressmaking"  
"In Wait"  
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"Furnished Rooms"  
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Get them at the TIMES-ECHO OFFICE

Eureka Springs Flashlight, our weekly, at \$1.00 per year, by mail.

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### NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

#### N. O. P.

Little Harold Jackson is on the sick list.

Brother Jackson will fill his appointment at Pleasant Ridge next Sunday, if nothing prevents.

Mr. Vincent Hackworth has completed his new bungalow and the family now occupy it.

The school children enjoyed a happy holiday Monday—resuming the school work Tuesday.

The new Post Office at Grand View

is nearing completion. It has the appearance of being a very comfortable, cozy little building for Uncle Sam's place of business.

A fire last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hines destroyed his home completely; it is rumored that there was a large amount of cash consumed by the flames.

Owing to the great rush in the Post Office, the rural carriers were obliged to make a delivery Christmas day. We, of route 1, appreciated the sacrifice as many were made happy by Harry's appearance with numerous packages and Christmas greetings.

Mr. A. Evans, of Shady Nook Farm, came up from Harrison to spend the holidays with his family. He brought with him a very fine specimen of a Plymouth Rock cockerel to add to his already fine stock, of which he is justly proud.

A few of the immediate neighbors gathered at the home of Mrs. Wickham and surprised her daughter, Mrs. Vivian Ewan, who is visiting her mother. The evening was spent very pleasantly singing, Mrs. Ewan acting as organist.

There were a number of pretty Christmas trees in this vicinity. A party of friends gathered at the home of A. J. Strain where a pretty tree was laden with candies and presents. The other trees were at Shady Nook Farm and also one at Fairview Farm.

Mrs. J. W. Hollingsworth spread a sumptuous feast for a large number of guests Christmas. The table fairly groaned under the burden of choice viands, and there was everything to satisfy the inner man. Raymond, the eldest son, is the proud possessor of an unusually fine toned graphophone and a number of choice selections were beautifully rendered. A favorite selection, "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder," received numerous encores.

#### Ends Winter's Troubles.

To many, winter is a season of trouble. The frost-bitten toes and fingers, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, cold sores, red and rough skins, prove this. But such troubles fly before Bucklen's Arnica Salve. A trial convinces. Greatest healer of Burns, Boils, Piles, Cuts, Sores, Bruises, Eczema and Sprains. Only 25c at Dr. J. S. Porch.

You see it first in the Times-Echo.

#### Mountain Melting Away.

Telluride, Colo.—With a crash like the discharge of a battle ship's broadside, followed by a prolonged roar, the crest of Lizzard Peak, one of the highest mountains in Colorado, tumbled into the canyons at its base.

The few residents of that locality did not discover what had happened until some one discovered a queer change in the formation and an apparent lowering of the crest of Lizzard Peak, which is 14,000 feet high.

Advices from points surrounding the peak, which is eighteen miles from here indicate that 100 feet of the crest had crumbled away.

Lizzard Peak was one the sharpest pointed of the many slender tipped monarchs of the San Juan Range. It was difficult of ascension, and the few

who have tried to scale it have reported large caves and fissures near the summit.

#### Lightning Kills Few.

In 1906 lightning killed only 169 people in this whole country. One's chances of death by lightning are less than two in a million. The chance of death from liver, kidney or stomach trouble is vastly greater, but not if Electric Bitters be used, as Robert Madsen, of West Burlington, Ia., proved. Four doctors gave him up after eight months of suffering from virulent liver trouble and yellow jaundice. He was then completely cured by Electric Bitters. They're the best stomach, liver, nerve and kidney remedy and blood purifier on earth. Only 50c at Dr. J. S. Porch.

#### Stockholders Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Blocksom Mercantile Co., will be held at the office of the company on Thursday, January the 25th, 1912, at 2 o'clock, p. m. for the purpose of electing three directors and such other officers as are provided for in the articles of incorporation and the by-laws of the company, and to transact such other business as may lawfully come before the meeting.

B. H. Blocksom, Pres.  
Etta Hancock, Sec.

#### A Terrible Blunder

to neglect liver trouble. Never do it. Take Dr. King's New Life Pills on the first sign of constipation, biliousness or inactive bowels and prevent virulent indigestion, jaundice or gall stones. They regulate liver, stomach and bowels and build up your health. Only 25c at Dr. J. S. Porch.

#### Cure for Sleeplessness.

If one is restless and cannot sleep at night, take a common towel, double it four times, dip in cold water and pin around the waist with a dry towel on the outside. For croup or sore throat, put the towels around the neck and they will give almost immediate relief.

**Pipes Not Made From the Brier.**  
French brier pipes are not made from the roots of the brier, but from the root of a white heath which attains a considerable size in the south of France, where it is sedulously cultivated for pipe-making purposes. The name is derived from the French bryere, the dialect form of which is brier, meaning heath.

#### While There Is Life.

Drummer—Well, I'm sorry I can't pay you that ten I borrowed from you last time I went on the road.

Auto Drummer—That's all right old man. Some one of these days I may run across you on the road when we'll even up matters—Judge.