

# THE HIRED MAN

"The Hired Man" advocates both surgery and prayer for cancer treatment; now if you could not get both, which would you take? I make a distinction: If the quack means for me to say which is best, I will say that a good surgical operation is better than a poor prayer; if the inquisitor means what would I recommend in the event the patient would not be permitted to have both prayer and surgery and had to take choice between the two, then I would advise the fervent effectual prayer. A good prayer is better, of course, than a poor job with the knife, but if the friend means to ask what I would prescribe geographically for the man who was about to take up his domicile in one of the two regions, one where he would need to depend entirely upon surgery, or the other place where he would need to depend entirely upon effectual honest prayers, I would not hesitate to advise him to go and live where they depended entirely on God's promises, for a cancer shies around any one who solely depends on God. If he live now in such a country, and has not yet developed the cancer, my immediate advice is to take this and all other matters up with God a year ahead of time and thus keep the cancer away, even if the sore had to occupy or inhabit the other man who depends entirely upon surgery. God says He will work together with a good surgeon, but this He would rather not be hitched up publicly with a bad one. He says, of course, that any surgeon must necessarily learn his trade, and that He will be with him while he learns either praying or operating, but a man can do a good deal of harm with either of these sciences if he really does not mean business. An irrigation ditch is a splendid good thing, but it will drown your child if it fell in and is not taken out. Fire is good, but it will burn your house if it gets a chance.

The Hired Man has received a letter from Grandpa Simpson, father of S. D. and W. G.; some friend of Grandpa sent him The Tribune in which was some remarks on this subject. The aged father yearns for the release of his, to him, innocent boys. He chides the Hired Man for not having done more and for having done what he did in the way he did it. He states that he sent two petitions to Caldwell for signatures, and one came back with nearly a hundred names on it, while he feels that the petition the Hired Man holds has never been passed around at all. The Hired Man would like to talk with those who signed this other petition for in doing so I may get track of another stratum of thought. The business men of town know how carefully my petition was handled among them so as to not do the former fellow townsmen unnecessary injury or injustice, and they know what they said to me as I came around. In his letter the anxious old father holds out for his own flesh and blood, and in this few will blame him, but the Hired Man (as much as he thinks he knows?) does not know how to relieve the present pressure on the two dear old souls and friends of mine, who sorrow in a faraway Texas town.

"No man 'ere felt the halter draw With good opinion of the law."

The Hired Man hardly ever writes on any subject that he doesn't know anything about, but here is a case of that kind. I really do not know whether this is some grim joke they are working off on me, or that it is some serious matter that should be attended to, but it has been brought up to me to say just anything I think best, and silence would seem best for me, but I am not permitted to keep silent this time. It seems that a prominent man and his wife, just as prominent, went fishing last Sunday, and she caught a whopping, great big fish. It was fully fifteen inches long. He says ten inches. They cut it head off and yet it was eleven inches long. Anybody ought to know that a fifteen-inch fish has a head three inches long, if not longer. Calculation will show that this fish was actually fifteen inches in length. The man is jealous because he did not catch the fish and he is going to show enough human nature to belittle the job and undermine the accident that gave his dear wife the victory. Some passer-by overheard the last chapter of the necessary argument in the happy home and is at a loss to know what



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to do unless a little hint herein readjusts matters. By the way, I do recall that a goodly number of the church-goers, on that Sunday, were absent and went fishing, while the ministers thought of all the carp and suckers both in the river and out.

If the Hired Man were permitted to ask a twelve-year-old boy ten questions this is what I would ask him:

If you saw a sharp nail sticking through the side-walk, what would you do?

If you saw a bad word written on the fence or wall, what would you do?

If you saw a man's horse with the hitch halter lose, and you knew the man thought he had hitched him, what would you do?

If you saw some broken bottles and barbed wire on the lawn where some little girls were liable to play, what would you do?

If you were out of sight and you had a stone in your hand and there was a window in the old shack near by, what would you do?

If your dog had treed a cat on the fence, what would you do?

If I told you truthfully that I know of two boys, in one Caldwell family, who are sick and cannot do a day's work because they smoke cigarettes, what would you do?

If I told you truthfully that no liar, big or little, old or young, could go to Heaven no matter what church he belonged to, what would you do?

If I told you truthfully that if you commenced right now to make a real man of yourself, it would take you big or little, old or young, could go or papa who is liable next to die, what would you do?

Mr. Smith, down in Lower Boise region, used to work in the refinery in Kansas City. He was telling the Hired Man about it one day this week. He was a good deal younger in those days than now. A thousand men worked in the same institution and nine hundred and fifty of them drank liquor copiously, and seven hundred and fifty of them were habitual drunkards, and a good many of the wives were just as handy at the jag business. Mr. Smith was a sort of a go-between throughout the entire community. They had confidence in him owing to his liquor resisting power. When he got full up to the third gauge, he did it as the whale did Jonah, and he escaped the final fall. This safe valve was his salvation, and he was able to help his friends. Many a time he has found a visiting family in some other home, so drunk they could not travel. The man would tug him along home, go back get the drunk wife and tug her home and put her to bed, and then go back and get the baby and take it home, open the dress of the drunk mother and put the babe on her bosom, tuck the trio snugly in for the remainder of the night, and then go somewhere else and repeat the performance. Many a time he has answered the call for some crying infant and understood what was wrong. He would walk deliberately into that house, pick up the neglected child, straighten out its clothes and hunt up the drunk mother some where about the place and tell her the baby was hungry and if she was too full to attend to the child, Mr. Smith opened up the holy place and set the youngster to work on his rightful rotundity. Mr. Smith got used to such things and went at it as a matter of fact. He began to lose confidence in the tradition about dying unless you drank plenty of liquor to kill the effects of the acid in the air. He found that the man had to resist both the acid and the liquor, so he closed his cutout and quit it instantly. He looks back now on those days of drunk mothers and infantile neglect with a good deal of disgust and recalls the scores of times that he in his anger buttoned territory of reserve, that a youngster might get his dinner, and fall to sleep on the drunken milk of misguided human flesh.

The Hired Man does not expect this piece to get him a single box of mints, a single neck-tie, a single handkerchief, neither a single five-cent cone, but laying aside the bouquet feature of saying things, how could a town ever expect to get a better set of store clerks? If your purchase is fifteen cents worth of cheese, and on a credit dit at that, you are made to feel that you are as welcome as Helen Gould or Maude Addams. No body watching can ever tell whether you pay cash or whether you are dangerously near the dead-line of credit. No matter if you are going to take the time of a drygoods clerk for fifty five minutes while you decide whether this would look best or that suit your complexion better, that clerk will fondle your affections just like you were the May Queen or Don Quixote's cousin. She appears to want to make you feel welcome. Hay-Boone and Co. have a card up reading: "If you spit on the floor at home, spit on the floor here, for we want you to feel at home." For genuine neatness and dispatch, for courteous treatment and home-spun congeniality and suitability, commend me to the whole flock of clerks in Caldwell. Now, harken back to the opening sentence of this piece, I admit I do some times get what I am not expecting.

A young unmarried man has come to the Hired Man laughing about a piece I had in these columns last week and made a guess about what was referred to when something was written about worthless wives, lovers, hearts, little tois, etc., etc., and this young man felt like he actually knew the very wife for whose benefit the pen picture was drawn. Two other men, older fellows, married, thought the piece had been written for the benefit of Mrs. S. D. Simpson, since S. D.'s name was mentioned to me by still another man, and found its way into my story. Dwight L. Moody came very nearly getting whipped many a time by people who supposed he referred to them in his sermons. Now I will leave it to the professor

of English in the College of Idaho, or the professor of Greek in the High School, if I said anything at all about Mrs. S. D. Simpson in that, or any other piece. Of course any body who thought they really knew the ins and outs of Mr. Simpson's home life (I don't) would guess that the Hired Man also knew—provided there was something similar therein. The young unmarried man thinks it fits another wife in town much better than it could possibly fit any body else. Of course this rumor that Mrs. Simpson is suing for a divorce from Sam just because he must go to prison, will make all those who know about the divorce proceedings look with some suspicion upon that piece of last week, while others who have spotted some wives who have actually married for convenience and shelter will likewise construe the writing to refer to these latter women. And thus it goes, from one to another. Mrs. Simpson not being here to defend herself and Sam getting troubles enough of his own, the Hired Man thinks we would all do well to just drop that chapter on conjugal beneficence and turn to the chapter on "menta orthopedics." In closing this chapter let the Hired Man say he knows very few wives in town, the most of those he is acquainted with would crawl through a sewer a mile and a furlong long with a steel saw and a rat-tail file in their teeth in the best dress they have, if their husbands were in jail and this was the only way to get them out.

If Rev. Dark and Mr. Clambey don't quit looking so much alike, they are going to get some young men in embarrassing predicament some of these days. June is nearing very rapidly and imagine the young benedict shying up to Mr. Clambey and asking him if he had an open date for the 5th. Or another young man walking up to brother Dark and asking him to borrow two thousand dollars for five years at seven per cent, when I heard Dark say the other day that he had preached for twenty years and did not have one five dollar's worth of possessions that he could call his own. Mr. Clambey has one bispupid crown with gold in about the only difference the Hired Man can see, except Mr. Dark still peeks at things as he goes along the streets, while Mr. Clambey has been here so long there is nothing new to him.

### MR. ROOSEVELT OVERLOOKS SIMILAR TRANSGRESSIONS

In Colonel Roosevelt's address to the Methodists the other evening—his latest concio ad clerum—he apparently followed the model of Lacordaire. For it was of him that Guizot wrote: "His history and theology were full of originality. Indeed, they were absolutely original, for he invented them as he went on. This gave to his sermons the charm of perpetual novelty."

To the credulous Methodists Mr. Roosevelt made this statement:

"I was President seven and a half years. This nation during all that time never for one moment permitted any Power to wrong this country or to wrong Americans either in their persons or property or to make us recreant to our duty to others; and yet during those seven and a half years not one shot was fired by any man in American uniform against any foreign foe, and not one American man, woman or child, was slain by representatives of any foreign nation."

His reference was to Mexico. Very well, turn to the Tribune index for 1904, under "Mexico." We find the entry, July 22, "Two Americans Shot." In the year 1905, the record for January 18 is "I. A. Sanger Murdered," and for January 22, "Yakuis Kill Four Americans." But the tell-tale year is 1906, the "insults" to our flag were piled thick. Here are some of the entries: "American Fishing Boats Are Seized"; "American Fishermen Failed"; "American Sailors Charge Tortures"; "It was in June of 1906 that occurred the crowning 'infamy'—as Roosevelt would have called it if it had taken place under Wilson. Read this: 'How Americans Died at Cananea.' And then, oh, shamefaced Americans, read this: 'Root Denies American Troops to Cananea!'"

### Cananea Policy

There had been a murderous outbreak at the Cananea mines. Several Americans were killed. What did the imperilled American survivors do? They sent to Washington, through the American consul at Cananea, a telegram urgently calling for help. Even the Mexican governor of Sonora was reported as asking that the United States government send in a military force. But what happened? Why, Secretary Root consulted the Chief of Staff, and the "law officer" of the War Department "think of the disgrace of actually looking up the law!" and decided that American troops "must not cross the line." Imagine it, Uncle Sam putting on a peg-tail like that, when Roosevelt was President!

That this was a cowardly and abject policy, we know on the highest authority. For it was Mr. Roosevelt himself who laid down the eternally righteous principle in that same speech of his to the Methodists. Referring to the fact that Americans had been killed in Mexico while Wilson was President, he said:

"If, the very first time such an incident occurred, we had acted with instant decision and crossed the border, not within two or three days, but thirty minutes afterward, had inflicted immediate punishment on the offenders, punishment of a kind which would have shown the extreme unwisdom of repeating the offence, there would never have been a repetition of the offence."

Certain foolish pacifists at home would undoubtedly have been lackadaisical over the action, but it would have saved hundreds of lives."

### Forgets His Own Career.

Alas, my brethren, the very first time was when Roosevelt was president, and instead of acting with instant decision and crossing the border in thirty minutes, he paltered with the affair like a lackadaisical pacifist and would not send the troops at all though they were demanded by the beleaguered Americans at Cananea. The great doctrine of 1916 was trampled upon in 1906 by the very

man who now propounds it. What are we to say about such displays of inconsistency by Colonel Roosevelt? Do they prove that he is an unblushing liar? That would be far too simple an explanation of his complex psychology. He believes only what he wishes heartily to believe. His memory is so excellent that it retains nothing that it would be unpleasant for him to remember. And when the records are brought out which seem to prove that he has stultified himself, no one is more surprised than he. He is so startled that he at once sets out to show that the records have been falsified, or at any rate mean something very different from what they appear to on their face. We know how he dealt with the letters of "Dear Maria" and the Harriman documents. Within a few weeks we have seen how he forgot the approval of President Wilson's Belgian policy which he published in September, 1914. Naturally, then, he could dispose of the Mexican facts existed or have been wickedly perverted. Granted; but still does it not remain rather a pity, and a mystery, that Colonel Roosevelt is so violent in denouncing in others sins which in himself are the highest of virtues?

### NOTICE OF MEETING.

Office of the Board of Directors of The Caldwell Irrigation District, Caldwell, Idaho.

Notice is hereby given, that the Board of Directors of the Caldwell Irrigation District has examined each tract or legal subdivision of land within said District, with a view to determine the benefits which will accrue to each of such tracts or subdivisions from the construction and purchase of certain works and irrigation system authorized by vote of the qualified voters of said District at a special election held therein for that purpose, on the 11th day of April, 1916, and the maps, plans, specifications and estimated costs of which are now on file and open to public inspection in the office of the District, and also in the office of the Idaho State Engineer at the State Capitol; and that said Board of Directors will meet at the office of the Board in the District on the 27th day of May, 1916, at ten o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of hearing evidence concerning and considering and finally determining and assessing such benefits, and apportioning and distributing said cost of such works and system over such tracts and subdivisions of land within said District in proportion to such benefits, and making all assessments, lists and apportionments in the manner provided by law.

The total amount of bonds or indebtedness authorized at said election, and the maximum cost of said works and system is \$20,000.00, and, if apportioned equally over each tract or subdivision, will amount to \$20.00 for each acre, lot, or fractional part thereof, within said District.

By order of the Board of Directors of the Caldwell Irrigation District, this 10th day of May, 1916.

(SEAL) J. W. SHEPPERD, Secretary.

### ALIAS SUMMONS.

In the District Court of the Seventh Judicial District of the State of Idaho, in and for the County of Canyon.

George William Myers, plaintiff, vs. Lillian Myers, defendant.

The State of Idaho sends greetings to Lillian Myers, the above named defendant.

You are hereby notified that a complaint has been filed against you in the District Court of the Seventh Judicial District of the State of Idaho, in and for the County of Canyon, by the above named plaintiff and you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within 20 days of the service on you of this summons, if served within said Judicial District and within 40 days if served elsewhere.

And you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer said complaint within the time herein specified, the plaintiff will take judgment against you as prayed in said complaint.

This action is brought to procure a decree of divorce from you on the grounds of desertion.

Witness my hand and the seal of said District Court this 8th day of April, 1916.

(seal) L. C. Knowlton, clerk By Howard Snell, deputy.

Jackson & Walters, attorneys for the plaintiff, Residence, Caldwell, Ida. A21-M26.

### NOTICE FOR BIDS.

Scaled bids will be received on or before 2 o'clock p. m., on Saturday, June 3, 1916, at the office of the superintendent of schools, Caldwell, Idaho, for the construction of a school building in District No. 48, according to the plans and specifications now on file in the county superintendent's office.

Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for \$150.00. Bids will be opened at the day and hour first above mentioned, and said certified checks returned on all rejected bids. Right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

Dated April 27, 1916. (Signed) E. G. KENDALL, Clerk of the Board of Trustees, School District No. 48, County of Canyon, State of Idaho. 428-526

### NOTICE.

Bids Wanted on Power Sprinkler and Flusher.

Notice is hereby given that the City Council of the City of Caldwell, Idaho, will receive sealed bids for one Power Sprinkler and Flusher, for use in sprinkling and flushing streets. Each bidder to furnish plans, specifications and terms.

Bids will be opened June 5th, 1916, at 8 o'clock p. m., in the Council Chamber of the City Hall in the said City.

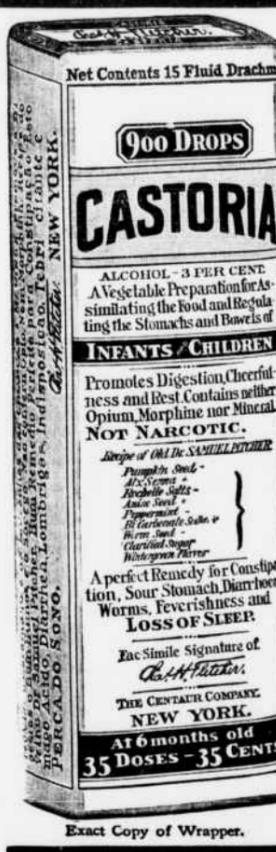
The Council reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the City Council of the City of Caldwell, Idaho, this 8th day of May, 1916.

S. BEN DUNLAP, City Clerk. 512-19-26

### NOTICE OF BOND SALE.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Trustees of School District No. 48, of Canyon County, of State of Idaho, under the authority vested



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- Monthly School Tickets ..... 1c per mile

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### NOTICE TO OWNERS OF DOGS.

Notice is hereby given that the annual dog license for the fiscal year May 1916-May 1917, is now due and payable at the office of the City Clerk.

The license on each dog, male or female, is three dollars, and if the same is paid on or before June 5th, 1916, a rebate of one dollar is given.

After June 5th, 1916, any person harboring a dog within the city limits, upon which no license has been paid, will be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction will be liable to fine. This law will be strictly enforced.

Pay your license now and save a dollar.  
JOHN A. BAKER, Chief of Police

55-19, JOHN A. BAKER, Chief of Police