

# THE HIRED MAN

Obituary No. 3.

This is about what will be said when Mr. John Bowman passes over to the Great Beyond, where the dead, both small and great are asked to step into the sweat box for a few minutes to give an account. Mr. Bowman is on our streets every day and so far as the Hired Man knows as well as for an old gentleman far up in the 80's. The desire to do things right up to the minute is urged by the Hired Man on to writing obituaries years in advance of the death of those mentioned therein, and so they can read it before.

In the home of his daughter in this city, quiet and serenely, John Bowman breathed his last on the morning of June 14th, and all that was earthly of this most respected fellowtownsman is now in repose in Canyon Hill cemetery. Mr. Bowman had suffered a good deal during his late sickness, but along toward the end he had perfect peace, both of body and soul. No remorse crowded about him to disturb his last hours and no regret aroused a single anxious moment. He had no enemies in this entire region and no one today is recounting evils any one has received at the hands of the old timer who has just gone over to become a tenderfoot on the other side. John Bowman believed in the square deal, and he wanted not a dollar that rightfully belonged to another. His was a peaceful end. With his colors flying and with a calm sea all around, his sun sank in the sublime west of his long earthly life and his twilight has gathered about us in fondness as his fallen sails began to feel the eager winds on the farther shore. Thus ends a long, gentle and assured life. We will miss him about the streets and in his home his voice is hushed forever. He came here about '65 and has helped to kill snakes and build bridges. He has seen road after road move a little higher toward the foot hill as wash after wash crept further back from the river at each succeeding rain. He has seen the Indian driven out and has welcomed the incoming brother. He was here when people were wondering if we would ever have a railroad, a telephone, a mower, a binder, a plastered house, a church house, a painted building, an iron bridge, a sidewalk, a sewing machine, a buggy, or a grist mill. He was a friend to the needy and a brother to the distressed. On the streets of Caldwell he has been a daily presence when in health. All the old men who perform daily about the city will now miss from their troupe one of their best actors. Mr. Bowman was always a religious man. He came from an old line of intense Methodist and this inheritance has always flamed in his breast, and was at last an anchor sure and steadfast to his fleeting soul. He knew the end was near, but he also knew that the beginning on the other shore was just as near. He has real rest.

"The Bible states that for forty years the Children of Israel wandered in the wilderness and that they had no new clothes and shoes; Don't you think that this is some incident?" Answer: You did not tell it just as the scripture does, but you did pretty well. That was some proposition to be sure. You did not say anything about the children who started with these people, wearing a number 11, child size shoe. Why don't you wonder whether the shoe grew as the time passed, or did the feet stay little? Then those little boys with overalls on; how did they make it when they grew up to be big men all jumbled up in the little breeches they started out in? Then the women who started in as little girls with their short dresses, what must they have looked like? You might just as well go to the bottom with your question right at the start. Well, now, you start in by supposing God only handed one feature of that case, whereas He was right there on the job all the while, looking after everyone connected with it. That's the way He does. Of course, if we are going to turn God off before he gets through, we are going to find a lot of things mixed up, ye uphill is uphill just because God said so. The people on the opposite side of this earth walk around with their feet sticking up against our feet as we walk around on this side, just because God made it that way, and not because of some happen-chance. When Levi's ten year shoes got to pinching feet, he simply gave them to Joe who was eight. When Ben's overalls got to squeezing him, his mamma gave them to Henry. When father's shoes started to wear out, they didn't do it, for God saw to it. When father's clothes commenced to get threadbare, they only commenced, for God attended to that matter then and there. When you leave God in things, it is easy, but when you eliminate him from most anything, you've got quite a question on your hands.

The Hired Man thinks it would be a most splendid plan for every church in Canyon county that has any idea that God will pay attention to their petitions, to get a list of all soldier boys the county has sent away, and each Sunday morning and evening have its pastor pray for them individually by name, even mentioning their middle names if they have. I should consider any regular church service an absolute failure unless it held these brave fellows up to the throne of God continually. Our country churches should fall into line with this prayer service, and all our churches in the midweek prayer meeting should also pray for the sons who have endangered their lives for us. There should be several cardinal points covered by this shield: God should be petitioned to be a constant comfortor and an ever present help to all mothers and sisters and sweethearts, a soothing portion to father and brother and to be a rock in the time of storm. For the soldiers He should be asked to be a shadow in a weary land. If some must die—and die they must regardless of our prayers, ask God to let them off for past sins and present errors. Then I don't know but that He will even spare their lives in answer to the prayers of a county. I know if I were a mother or sister I should not hesitate to ask Him to let them return alive. If you know one who is wayward, pray for his moral repairing and spiritual upheaval. Then after you have done all, do not forget to pray for those Mexican sons, for we are into this matter now in a way that Mexico's woe is sure to come from the slaughter of her men and boys. Once again the truth comes to the surface and here it is: "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins."

One day last week a great big spotted bird dog put his front feet on the basins of the street fountain on the corner by the Commercial bank and swilled down a handsome drink. He was not timid about licking the mouth piece either. I saw a great big fellow one day, innocent enough, take the same piece clear into his mouth and shut down on it until his tears commenced to surge. Well, the dog enjoyed a good drink, gave the mout piece one last good wipe with his long tongue, and then went on his way satisfied. I don't suppose the dog had any disease worse than some people who drink there, but I'd just a little rather the dogs would cut it out for the summer. Last year some body had a dog who made his regular visits to this fountain and regaled himself splendidly and appeared to understand that slobbering on the mout piece was permissible. I saw a little tot of a girl the other day lift her little and fatter chubby brother up to this fountain, and balance him across his tummy over the edge of the basin and hold his legs while he sucked and blubbered away ferociously until his wind was flying out in his bellows. He got what he was after however, and went away rejoicing. We just cannot get along without these street fountains.

The Hired Man doesn't see why some energetic young farmer doesn't plant a cranberry field in this party of the country. I know of a marsh that would be superb and could be bought right, for it is worth but little for anything else. I think a man can make \$500.00 an acre on cranberries and hire much of the work done. I believe the market in this balivick would use three acres of berries. The cranberry makes the finest jelly in the land and it is good too. You could make your jelly bodies of cranberries and then taint it with any syrup you desired giving it all flavors. Any time the market did not use up all your crop, you could jelly what was left and could dispose of your jelly at a profitable figure, and you could take two or three years to do so if necessary. You can write to Washington and get some circulars on the business, and then you can send off for your planting stock and the first thing you know you will be a real live cranberry merchant and do well.

The Hired Man gives this information for what it is worth, and it being just a little too-too for my credulity, I leave it to the reader for investigation. A seed house of reputation advertises Te-o-sin-te, a forage plant for young stock, a sort of rough-plant for older critters, a winter feed for animals that do not work hard. The heaviest yield vouches for in the seed catalog is one hundred and eighty tons to the acre per year, and the profitable yield that most any farmer would get if he had an eye to te-o-sin-te at all, would be sixty to seventy tons to the acre. You have to plant it each year, and in the summer time it is a sort of perpetual motion affair, having to cut it every

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week and then it will be three feet high. The accent is on the sin, and there may be some more of it in claiming all this for the plant, but the seed house stands in under what it says about it. Imagine having ten acres planted to te-o-sin-te and getting 650 tons of food. If there is any lie out about this tremendous plant, some body other than the Hired Man has told it.

Two winters ago the Hired Man stepped up to a hungry sick looking lad on the streets by the Commercial bank and asked him what he got to eat. The boy demurred in his answer, but finally stated that he was getting one 5 cent bowl of soup and sometimes another in the evening and an occasional 15 cent meal at a restaurant. He said that was about all he was entitled to because he was sick and could not work much. I sent Dr. Col to examine him and he sent him a nice suit of clothes and some medicine. Mrs. William Mark took him in her home four weeks and fed him up a good deal. His sickness proved to be deep seated and this climate would not deal with him at all lenient. A home was secured for him on one of the islands of the Pacific 150 miles from shore. He ate fish and breathed the briny air and got better. He applied himself diligently to the study of wireless telegraphy and today the Hired Man is informed that the lad is drawing \$75,000 per month in Seattle. He is sixteen years old at this writing.

The Associated Charities' Clothing department in the city hall is now getting very low. For the information for all those who do not yet know, let the Hired Man state here that every thing in the way of clothing that has been outgrown, worn considerably, out-classed by some streak of good luck, out of style, etc., etc., can be put to good use if you will send it down to the city hall. Worthy people can have such articles absolutely free and with no humiliation. If you have some particular person, you may send it down, notifying Mrs. Rice, what you wish in that regard, she will see that it goes to the one you designate. You might desire to give some body something and you don't see how it can be brought to pass. You do not want to take the chances. Very well, send it to the city hall, first advising for whom it is, and the happy idea will be brought to pass. To save time you may simply put the bundle at the back door of the engine room, and it will be found. Please send on your batch.

Mrs. Nathan King's father is visiting with her this summer. He is 87 years old, and has been lonesome for sixteen years, for then it was that the angel came and took away his beloved wife. Since then he has been alone. No amount of affection on the part of his large family of living children and their love and tenderness can fill that place where they died out the presence of the sweetheart of his youth. No use arguing, for he has lost that which he can never lose again. To the Hired Man he said one day this week, "Always I have felt that God held me by the right hand and he holds me still." At thirteen he says he became a Christian and all these years "amen" coming from honest lips, has been the sign for his trusting heart to leap with joy. He is looking across the way. Both morning and evening his obligation to God is laden with a secret desire that ere long the Lord will let him remain here no longer and that after a brief closing of his eyes in sleep he shall awake in the presence of our Seraphim and Cherubim. Mr. Korn is robust, and one would take him to be ten years younger.

You seem to answer Bible questions pretty well, tell us: Can a man save himself without the aid of another human being? Answer: You doubtless see what you are putting up to me for reply. That is the biggest question ever. The Bible states that a man who believes and is baptized shall be saved. Of course a man cannot baptize himself. If baptism is a saving ordinance, and a man could get any body to baptize him with only the will and grace of God, he could not of course, save himself with only the will and grace of God. If a man sat down with the Bible and studied himself into sorrow and repentance for his sins, and he commenced to pray earnestly to God for pardon and God as good as said to him, No siree, no pardon until you get some body to baptize you, then the man's salvation would depend entirely upon some other man, and knowing men as I do I am safe in saying that he might fall down in securing that man in time. I do not think the Bible teaches us that the sinner has done anything at all toward any body else's when he gets some body to baptize him. The baptizer and not the one who is in the act of baptism obeyed God. It is the sinner's job to repent and clean up and quit and jar loose from his wickedness and it is the church's job to see to it that the repentant sinner is baptized. It is God's job to put the

means of conversion within your reach, and if he has not done that, you can just go on in your meanness with perfect impunity, but if he has done that, you better take a tumble now while it is time to go to talking and acting as such. If you are a church on earth will begin to think of baptizing you. You are trying to get me to settle that one red-hot question between the Christian and Baptist churches, and I cannot settle it, for it won't settle. If I were a layman, I should never feel just right about my own salvation until I had been used by God to convert some sinner and then I had baptized him with my own hand or else had taken him to some body else and had watched while it was being done.

Out on Deer Flat this spring one young man went to see another about working for him this summer. The first young man was insisting that he was worth \$45.00 and board. The young farmer was in need of help, but thought that \$45.00 was too much to pay out he just could not afford it. The fellow who was after a job, held out for the good salary and insisted that he was worth it, and was using pretty vigorous language to convince the land owner that he ought to pay it. Finally the deal got down to the knots on the string and the land owner made a counter proposition. He said: Now you come here and the two of us will run the farm. We will board and sleep you and take good care of you, we will both work good and hard, and next winter, you just let me have your \$45.00 a month, and you can have all that is left. The Hired Man sees where the young farmer was right. It is a mighty hard matter to get a man who is worth \$45.00 a month and his board, for if he is, he will have a place of his own in two or three years. I don't see what the farmers in this region are going to do for help, unless they send down south and bring out a few car loads of negroes. Of course, one negro would not stay over night. You must have enough of them to keep each other company, but even at that they will solve the farm labor question.

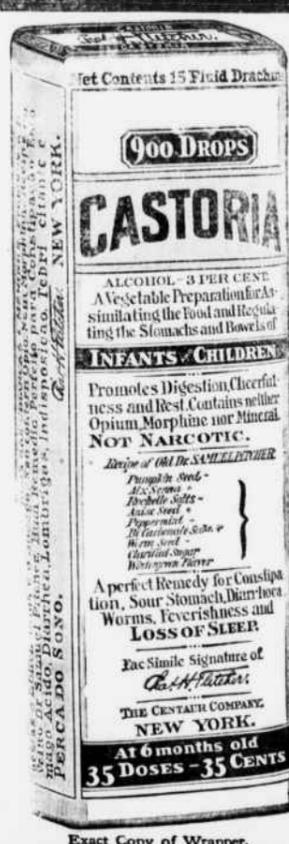
The Hired Man has taken a trip through the potato region on Deer Flat. The crops look fine, the cool weather having been a real help to this crop, for the ground has been making roots all the while, and roots of course is where the tuber takes place. If the potato raisers would select some lustling young fellow from among their number and send him off to a market and then ship to him, it would be worth fifteen cents the 100 pounds on all they raise. Texas would be a good region to which to look, for they cannot keep the spud a long time down there and they cannot raise him. In another regard this idea of sending a man to look after the business: It is the habit of some centers to dump a certain portion of receipts in order to keep the price up, and the representative of the growers could put the kibosh on this deal so far as this section is concerned. Then, a good potato dryer is a mighty good excuse for passing up a starvation offer from anybody who has the cinch. Then once again, dried potatoes will ship to foreign countries pretty economically, and all our mountain regions can handle an immense quantity of spuds.

Rev. Dark of the Baptist church and Mr. Clamby, the retired business man of Caldwell must be waited upon by a committee and he made to wear different colored suits. One day this week Rev. Dark came to the Hired Man and said: "This thing has to stop right now. With my hands almost shut on a nice big check, my disappointment had to be admitted." A man had stepped up to the minister and said "that check is all made out for you, won't you get around and get it?" "Whom do you think you are talking to?" asked the preacher. The man was nonplused to think Mr. Clamby, whom he has known for a long time, would think so foolishly. "Let me see now," said the man, "isn't this Clamby?" He then saw upon close scrutiny that he was paying the wrong man. One night Mr. Westrope and his wife (Mr. Clamby's daughter) were seated in the Baptist church when Mr. Dark was moving in a dignified manner about the beautiful edifice preparing for the preliminaries of the evening service, when Mrs. Westrope was wondering what under the sun had gotten into her father, and when she was just getting ready to go stop her father's assumptions, she discovered her mistake. The Hired Man sees a splendid opportunity for some life insurance company to be swindled. Suppose Clamby and Dark should put up a job and one of them draw down a tremendous insurance written on the other?

Dehorning is such a simple operation that it is difficult to explain why it is ever postponed until the calves are fully grown and necessity arises for saving them off. To dehorn, secure a pencil of caustic potash at a drug store. When the calf is three days old locate the knot which indicates the young horns, wet it and rub with pencil, held in gloved hand. This is all there is to the operation. It constitutes but a few minutes' work and causes no pain to the animals.

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**  
Estate of Iona R. Demke, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of Iona R. Demke, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at the law office of W. A. Stone, Masonic Block, Caldwell, Canyon county, Idaho, the same being

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designated as the place for the transaction of the business of said estate.  
Dated June 26, 1916.  
W. A. STONE,  
Administrator of the estate of Iona R. Demke, deceased. 630-728

The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.  
J. W. SHEPPERD,  
Secretary of the Board of Directors, Caldwell Irrigation District, Caldwell, Idaho. 69-33

**CALL FOR BIDS.**  
Sealed proposals, addressed to the Secretary of the Board of Directors of the Caldwell Irrigation District, at Caldwell, State of Idaho, and endorsed "Proposals for grading and constructing the Mason Creek Feeder Canal," will be received at the office of the Caldwell Irrigation District, at Caldwell, Idaho, until 8 p. m. of the 8th day of July, 1916, for the construction of the Mason Creek Feeder Canal, and said bids will be at that time publicly opened and read.

**ALIAS SUMMONS.**  
In the District Court of the Seventh Judicial District of the State of Idaho, and for the County of Canyon.  
Nellie Decker, plaintiff, vs. Jola Decker, defendant.  
The State of Idaho sends greetings to Jola Decker, the above named defendant:

Plans, specifications, forms of proposals, and other information may be obtained on application to the undersigned Secretary of the Board of Directors of the Caldwell Irrigation District, or at the office of the Inland Engineering Co., Caldwell, Idaho.  
Bids will be considered on all or any portion of the work. All bids must be submitted on blank proposal forms furnished by the district. A bond in the sum of twenty-five (25%) per cent of the total cost of the work bid, with some acceptable Surety company, will be required for the faithful performance of the contract.  
Bidders must make personal examination of the work to be done.

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, and for the County of Canyon, by the above named plaintiff, and you are hereby directed to appear and answer the said complaint within twenty days of the service of this summons if service within said Judicial District, and within forty 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.  
Witness my hand and the seal of said District Court, this 25th day of May 1916.  
L. C. KNOWLTON, Clerk.  
By G. B. Passow, Deputy Clerk.  
W. A. Stone, attorney for plaintiff.  
Residing at Caldwell, Idaho. 526-529

**THE-AUTHOR KNOWS WHAT'S WHAT**

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