

THE HIRED MAN

"A neighbor's wife comes to see us every day. She is a nice body, good and true. She seems nearly like one of us. The other day in fun I up and kissed her and now I feel guilty. Should I tell wife about it?" Answer: You could have signed your name, there is no danger that the Hired Man would tell it. But I might have lost the note, it is true, although they go into the fire immediately. Your act was just a little out of the usual and some little bird may have already told it. The neighbor's wife may have told her husband. At any rate I would not tell my wife now, for two mistakes never make one correct deed. Some of these days some fellow will "up and kiss your wife," and then don't you go off and have a jimminy fit about it. The old law used to be, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and I suppose, a kiss for a kiss. I did know of a fellow one time who got two black eyes for less than half a dozen wee kisses, and it might just be possible that your case will be settled that way later. Tell your friends next day that you got up in the night and was feeling around for your slippers and struck your eyes on a chair back, and hereafter don't "up" and let loose.

"Three years since a fellow here in town married with a nice innocent girl who knew nothing about the world and its ways. He taught her to love him. She gave him her trust and whole heart. She is the mother of two babes now. He has worse than deserted her, for he lives around adjacent towns, flirts with flirty women, blows in his money at dances and shows, gives his wife not a cent, comes around once in three months and jollies the poor girl into loving him again, then laughs at her and goes off. What should be done?" If you tell me the precise truth, and your story is substantially as you report it, the fellow ought to be put on the rock pile at once for three years at a dollar a day and his board and the dollar should be paid to the wife. She should be compelled to get an immediate divorce, and he should be sterilized the day of his conviction. If the prosecuting attorney wants to act in this case he can get track of evidence and tell him who brought this to me.

"When I die or go away from Caldwell, I want folks to remember me a long, long time, how am I to bring it to pass?" Cheat a good many of them, tell others they are not baptized right and threaten the others with being politicians when they propose reforms.

I am reminded that things around us are all to perish. I saw ten persons last week with something wrong with their false teeth. One had a broken tooth, three or four had cracked something in the machinery of them, and others were having other troubles. Caldwell dentists all have a queer idea about false teeth, they make them all look about the right age for a 27 year old person.

"I am naturally a musician, but dad says there ain't anything in playing the fiddle and that he never saw anybody worth shucks who could play right well. What is your opinion?" Its about like your dad's. A professional musician in a country town has about as hard a time of it as a preacher in a country place with a marriageable daughter whose mother never knew anything about making over clothes. If you really go much on good food and woolen underwear instead of cotton flannel, take up something besides fiddling. You can play the fiddle on the side, but get hold of your ducats some way less ephemeral.

"I have two books I will give you if you will read them. They don't agree with you, however. Will you read them?" I won't promise until I see the books. I don't really have time to do much reading, and absolutely no time for useless reading. A good many modern books read very well until you get to the last chapter. The write-ups on weddings read fine, they say, and you are made to think that two royal bloods have been married, until the last line says "Mrs. Blank used to work for Tim Shannigan and the groom raises mushrooms."

"You say that our lands out here could have been watered for thirty dollars per acre, would you blame for the additional cost?" I don't know that I blame anybody. Somebody at headquarters in Washington who happened to have a job and who happened to know less about the contour of our country than several of our own native sons, got a cog loose in his early thinking, and went at the whole thing wrong end to. I think I can show that every acre of the north side and every acre of the south side here could have been watered for thirty dollars, and the job could have been completed so long ago that we would have now been thinking about something else.

"You must notice that a large percentage of our farmers work on Sunday. Say something about this condition." I regret that so many good men and women here feel it necessary to work on Sunday. No country is a

good country where people must needs work on Sunday to make a living and no man is at his best when he will work on Sunday when he don't have to do it. There are a whole lot of things in the land worse than working on Sunday when you don't have to do, but if God ever yet prospered a land where people generally would disregard His wish, He has failed to make any history of such country. The safest thing for Sunday is to set your water early, turn the horses out on the pasture, send the hired man to see his sweetheart, eat bread and milk for dinner and supper, and go hear some preacher talk about the resurrection.

"Why isn't the bible as interesting as the Sunday paper?" That is easy enough: There is no funny page in the bible and its Katzenjammer kids are made to look too much like ourselves, and bringing up father is too true to nature and there is always a note in the scripture that most of us don't like: It keeps telling us to quit before the undertaker begins to pump his pink stuff into the periorbital cavity of ours; while the Sunday paper says "go it boots, there isn't any settlement day." Give the bible a great big new purple special edition every Sunday and create a yah-yaw-yah and let it tell how Jones killed Smith and Brown ran off with Jacob's wife, and it will be read studiously by everybody, nearly.

"We are debating which region is best to raise our children in, the country or town." I give it up. I used to think the country was the best from a moral standpoint, but after I was told by merchants that farmers put the little potatoes and sundry apples at the bottom, and sold their incubator refuse eggs for fresh ones, and put their fox tail in the bottoms of the hay stacks they sold the sheep men, and after the county attorney is having so much trouble with the meanness in the county, I am about to decide that it is six of one and half a dozen of the other. We get bigger wages in town, but then the steam laundry gets a bigger share of it, the ice cream cone and coca cola glass get another dig and you have to pay about eight dollars more for a suit of clothes consistent with your surroundings, and so it's a toss up. I notice some pretty wise children in both places.

"I am a good looking, wise girl in the Link's college and want your opinion about whether to go ahead and get me a position, or accept a pretty fair offer of marriage." If your offer of marriage is with an honorable fellow who is able to make you a living with what you can help him, by all means renig your stenography instanter and get married by September first, if you can. You being a good looking stenographer will make it easier for you. I have had a lot to do with stenographers, and it was always harder for me to say "now don't let these letters come back to me another time all shot to pieces like this" to a pretty girl than to one who was ugly, but at the same time an ugly young woman singing a lullaby to her first born child is a million times perpendicular above the pretty girl listening to the soft pedal from her boss, even at sixty-five per, even if the babe does look like its father or resemble to a large extent its mother. I am not knocking on Link's school either, because I have sent several students there. I am simply telling you what is best.

"You fellows down there must think Uncle Sam is going to make an exception of you and give you a big wad of money and not tax you up with the money that has been spent for putting water on your ground. Uncle Sam don't ever give away his children's money like that, do you think?" Uncle Sam puts his dredges in the rivers of eastern states and year after year spends millions in cleaning out the washed dirt, and the new river thinks of taxing it up to the people along the way. He will put in over thousands of acres of lowlands, and people never are asked to pay back a dollar of the expense. He sees where there is an opportunity to make some producing territory, and he makes it, and that is all there is to it. Millions and millions are spent in harbors and rivers and levees and dikes and dams for the eastern people and they gobble up the benefits, but just when we out here in this country are about to get the benefit of a little of the same sort of help from our old Uncle, a lot of old skinflints in the east and middle west are going to throw up their hands in horror and almost die in a jimminy fit.

"I just cannot repeat a thing without making it different and usually much bigger than it was. What am I to do to stop giving way to my imagination?" Next time you discover that you have added a little to the story, just stop right there and say to your listeners "now wait, that is a lie. That is not the way it was told to me at all. I lied where I said this or that." Get into the habit of stopping right in the middle of a lie and straighten it up. Just a few times like that and your burning imagination will not be so liberal with its lies. It will take a tumble to what is liable to happen every time it lies. You will improve right from the start and after a month or so you can tell a whole story almost exactly as it was told you. Try it a whirl.

I have been asked the question: "Is the death of a child for the punishment of the child or its parents?" The death of a child usually punishes its parents, no matter what some higher power intended that that death should mean. The one who dies is rarely ever punished in the dying part of it. Many folks live in a punishment for greater than their death would be. We avoid that pain as far as we can, but pain does not kill us. Usually we do our suffering weeks before death takes us away. That which we often see at the time of death of a friend is punishing us far more than the one undergoing it. God has mercifully planned things so that

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the dying ordeal is not half the physical suffering that sympathizing friends suppose. Disease does not bring us nearly the suffering that we suppose; it is the fear of death that accompanies disease that terrorizes us. Folks who have been operated on for appendicitis and other things often suffer just as much afterwards, as before, but now "since we know we are not going to die, we don't mind it so much" is the universal answer. God says that after all, He has no way to get children into heaven except to take them from earth while they are children. All punishment accompanying the giving up of a sweet child, ought to be overwhelmed in the fact that that child is in Heaven. There is not an if nor an and about it. There is no dispute about it, the child is in Heaven.

"Is there any law against marrying kin folks, say, as close as cousins?" There is a law on the books of the universe prohibiting intermarrying. If you should marry your cousin and not know she is your cousin, your doctor bill among your children, your trouble with the school teacher reporting your children to the authorities and your own remorse, would later tell you you had been a great big fool. The kings and princes of some European countries have married kinfolks so much that they are running the race clear out the gang plank of brain power and, while claiming to be civilized very highly, are simply the runt end of a degenerate animalism. Yes, you are forbidden by law to marry blood relation. Let somebody else have that good looking cousin and you try to get his sister or cousin. That's the sensible thing to do. You might get a little trouble even in marrying some other fellow's cousin, much more your own.

A man told the Hired Man today that if everybody worked his share six hours work a day would be twice enough. He said three hours would be all that would be needed. For nine years of my life I worked a full twelve hours and for ten years I worked fourteen hours a day. That was too much, of course, but it had to be done and I thought I had to do it. If a man will work eight hours for a day, then put in eight hours for recreation and the service of distressed worthy brothers and then sleep eight hours, he will be just exactly balanced and will be happy. Ten hours work is a little too much. Ten hours sleep is a little too much. Six hours of the usual work is a little under what the human frame is geared up for. Idle men and women is where we find the looseness of character every time. Busy men and women are the best men and women. It is usually the beer garden that wants less than seven hours work for an honest day.

The Hired Man was walking down main street one day this week, when he stopped to talk with a fine sturdy little fellow about ten years of age, rigged out in a soldier's uniform, and eating away at a sack of popcorn. "Well," I said, "would you shoot at a man, seeing you are a soldier?" A sweet smile stole over his face and his chin got its remnants as he said, "well depends on who he was and what he was doing." "Would you take a shot at a Mexican?" I asked. "Yes, if he wasn't behaving himself" was the rejoinder. "Don't you think he might take a crack at you?" I volunteered, as my manly soldierette was getting absorbed in my interest in him. "Yep, he might do that" he replied "but then I would try to get him first." Here the laddie stuffed another handful of popcorn in his sturdy jaws and smiled. He chewed away, gesticulating with his head to thoughts he was having but which could not be put in words so long as his mouth was filled. I thought of the hour that might yet come when that broad full breast of his might be lacerated by an enemy's bullet, or that those eagle and beautiful eyes of his might draw a bead on some enemy and send the leaden missile crashing through the quivering flesh of another woman's son.

Divorce proceedings were started in the district court Thursday of last week by Elisha Koshaha against Margaret Koshaha.

P. I. D. DELINQUENT TAX LIST.

- (Continued from Page 8.)
- Smith, P. E. Nk 44 ft of lots 21 to 24, blk. 29, Dor. add. Caldwell \$1.46
 - Snead Charles G., S½ SW¼ NW¼ less 4rain ditch, Sec. 3, Twp. 3 N., Range 2 W. B. M., \$34.92
 - Snyder Mabel M., lots 7 to 9, blk. 50, M. V. add., Caldwell \$2.72
 - Spencer, Ralph E., lots 22 to 24, blk. 16, Dor. add. Caldwell \$2.72
 - Springer, Frances E., lots 7 to 9, blk. 96, M. V. add., Caldwell \$2.92
 - Spurgin, S. L., lots 13 to 15, blk. 29, Orig. TS, Caldwell \$2.72
 - Stengel, Oscar A., lot 3, blk. 17, C. H. add. Caldwell \$1.14
 - Steuenberg, Eva, lot 4 to 6, blk. 50, M. V. add. Caldwell \$2.92
 - Steuenberg, Julia, the NW 25 ft. of a strip of land 120 ft. wide adjoining blk. 15 W. H. add. to Caldwell on the S. W. \$1.07
 - Stoddard E. M., lot 14 Midway sub div, Sec. 8, Twp. 3 N., Range 2 W.

- B. M. \$12.57
- Stoddard, H. P., W½ Tract H. M. V. sub div, Sec. 34, Twp. 4 N., Range 3, W. B. M., \$3.77
- Stone, Emma E., lots 22 to 24, blk. 101, Orig. TS Caldwell \$2.72
- Stormer, Lillia, NW¼ NW¼ less R. R. of W Sec. 15, Twp. 3 N., Range 2 W. B. M., \$32.81
- Stout, J. F., the SE 75 ft. of a strip of land 120 ft. wide adjoining blk. 15 W. H. add. to Caldwell on the S. W. \$1.48
- Stout, J. F., lots 16 to 18, blk. 34, W. H. add. Caldwell \$1.47
- Stovel, Laura A., et al, all of blk. 79, M. V. add. Caldwell \$9.16
- Strickland, John A., lots 11 and 12, blk. 43 Orig. TS, Caldwell \$1.90
- Swehittam, T. J., lots 15 to 18, blk. 2 Orig. add Caldwell \$3.55
- Swormstedt, C. L., lot 1, blk. 3 Upland Park sub div, Sec. 2, Twp. 3 N., Range 3 W. B. M. \$17.85
- Tarrance, Wm., SE 100 ft. of lot 2 blk. 4 W. H. add. Caldwell \$3.55
- Towle, R. R., lots 15 and 16, blk. 6 C. H. add., Caldwell \$2.03
- Tracey, Frank E., lots 19 & 20, blk. 36, M. V. add. Caldwell \$2.03
- Travis, Hugh, lots 4 and 5, blk. 75, M. V. add., Caldwell \$2.03
- Tucker, C. S., lot 3 less E 1½ rds and drain ditch, Sec. 3, Twp. 3 N., Range 3, W. B. M. \$33.86
- Turley, Cyrus J., lots 7 to 21, 25 to 29 and 32 to 34, Waynes resub div, blk. 39, W. H. add. Caldwell \$20.05
- Uhl, Aline and C. F., lots 1 to 4 and W½ 5, blk. 45, M. V. add., Caldwell \$4.26
- Underkofler, Geo. F., NW¼ NW¼ Sec. 3, Twp. 3 N., Range 3, W. B. M. Caldwell \$70.65
- Utah Bedding & Mfg Co., E½ NE¼ NE¼ SW¼ Sec. 29 Twp. 4 N., Range 3 W. B. M. \$9.05
- Vandervord, Chas N., lot 3 Longview place less High Line Canal, Sec. 31, Twp. 4 N., Range 2 W. B. M. \$32.10
- Van Houten, Frank, E½ tract H. M. V. sub div Sec. 34, Twp. 4 N., Range 3 W. B. M. \$3.77
- Van Houten, C. H., frac lot, 5, blk. 98, G. and K. add Nampa \$1.69
- Van Wyngarden G. H., lots 15 and 16 blk. 17, Dor. add., Caldwell \$1.90
- Van Wyngarden, C. H., lots 1-2 & 8 replating of blk. 32, Dor. add., Caldwell and blk. 24, W. H. add. Caldwell \$6.85
- Van Wyngarden, G. H., lots 1 to 4 blk. 17, M. V. add. Caldwell \$3.81
- Vaughn, Robt C., S½ SE¼ NW¼ less drain ditch, Sec. 19, Twp. 4 N., Range 2 W. B. M. \$28.68
- Vincent, Doyle lots 9 and 10, blk. 84 Orig. TS Caldwell \$1.90
- Voight, Anna, E., lots 3 and 4, blk. 15, C. H. add., Caldwell \$2.03
- Von Wasmer, Eva B., lots 11 and 12 Mitchells acreage, Sec. 28, Twp. 4 N., Range 3 W. B. M., \$17.85
- Waigand, Chas., S½ SE¼ NW¼ sec. 10, Twp. 3 N., Range 2 W. B. M. \$17.85
- Waigand, Chas., SE¼ NW¼ less R. R. and all that part of SW¼ NW¼ lying N and E of R. R., Sec. 16, Twp. 3 N., Range 2 W. B. M. \$35.74
- Wagner, J. P., lots 23 and 24, blk. 129, Orig. TS Caldwell \$1.90
- Wanke, Edward E., lots 1 and 2, blk. 85, Orig. TS Caldwell \$1.90
- Warner, Ida M., lots 6-7 and frac 8 to 10 Shuees Re sub div, blk. 27, F. A. add. Caldwell and blk. 136, Orig. TS Caldwell \$1.90
- Wassler, Alfons, N½ SE¼ NW¼ Sec. 10, Twp. 3 N., Range 2 W. B. M. \$17.85
- Waterman, Walter W., lots 19 to 21, blk. 54, Boones add. Caldwell \$2.72
- Wayne, C. F., SW 50 ft of Waynes resub div blk 39, W. H. add. Caldwell \$1.90
- Weick, Otto, SW¼ NE¼, Sec. 30 Twp. 4 N., Range 3 W. B. M. \$35.45
- Weick, Wm., lot 2 and SE¼ NW¼ less drain ditch, Sec. 30, Twp. 4 N., Range 2 W. B. M. \$66.64
- Weller, Wm., lot 1 blk. 98 G and K. add., Nampa \$1.90
- Wiley, P. A., Tract O M. V. sub div Sec. 35, Twp. 4 N., Range 3 W. B. M. \$4.65
- Williams, Green, E¼ NE¼ NE¼, Sec. 32 Twp. 4 N., Range 3, W. B. M. \$17.85
- Williams, Wm. T., SE¼ NW¼, Sec. 26, Twp. 4 N., Range 4 W. B. M. \$35.45
- Wilson, Alfred N., lots 19 to 21, blk. 28 Orig. TS, Caldwell \$2.72
- Wilson, Geo. and John, lots 3 and 4, blk. 98, G. and K. add., Nampa \$3.55
- Wing, Martin S., lots 17 and 18, blk. 95, M. V. add., Caldwell \$2.03
- Winslow, W. J., SW¼ NW¼, Sec. 26, Twp. 4 N., Range 4 W. B. M. \$35.45
- Wisherd, Foyd L., lots 7 and 8, blk. 11, C. H. add., Caldwell \$2.03
- Womack, Wm., lots 1 to 3 blk. 34, M. V. add., Caldwell \$2.92
- Woodring, J. E., all that part of SE¼ NW¼ lying north and east of R. R., Sec. 15 Twp. 3 N., Range 2, W. B. M. \$30.34
- Young, Fay D., lot 21 Hasb resub div of F. A., Sec. 28, Twp. 4 N., Range 3 W. B. M. \$4.94
- Young Fay D., lots 1-2 and 11 to 24 Hasb resub div blk 22 F. A. add., Caldwell \$13.45
- Young, Fay D., blk. 23 Hasb resub div of F. A., Sec. 28, Twp. 4 N., Range 3 W. B. M. \$3.36
- Young Fay D., all of Hasb resub div blk. 24 F. A. add., Caldwell \$20.05
- Young, Fay D., lots 5-6 and 11 to 18 Hasb resub div blk 25 F. A. add., Caldwell \$8.50
- Young, Fay D., blk. 28, hasb resub div of F. A., Sec. 28, Twp. 4 N., Range 3 W. B. M. \$2.30
- Young, Fay D., lots 8 to 24, Hasb Resub div of blk. 31 F. A. add. Caldwell and blk. 138, Orig. TS, Caldwell \$14.27
- Young, James and Emma, SE¼, Sec. 21, Twp. 4 N., Range 2 W. B. M. \$141.05
- Young, Louis L., SW¼ SW¼ and that part of E½ SW¼ lying S and W of north branch of Bennett Lateral, Sec. 27, Twp. 4 N., Range 2 W. B. M. \$71.83
- Young, W. J., SE¼ less drain ditch Sec. 32, Twp. 4 N., Range 2 W. B. M. \$274.98

real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the taxes, penalty and costs assessed thereon, for the fiscal year 1915-1916.

The sale to continue day to day until completed.

Dated this 4th day of August, 1916.
 W. P. LYON,
 Treasurer and Ex-Officio Tax Collector of the Pioneer Irrigation District, Canyon and Ada counties, State of Idaho.

Order to Show Cause Why Order of Sale of Real Estate Should Not be Made

In the Probate Court of the County of Canyon, State of Idaho.

In the matter of the estate of Sarah E. Bay, deceased.

T. B. Bay, the administrator of the estate of Sarah E. Bay herein, having filed his petition praying for an order of sale of the real estate of said decedent, for the purpose therein set forth.

It is therefore Ordered by the Judge of said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Probate Court on the 8th day of September, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the said day at the Court Room of said Probate court, at the Court House, in Caldwell, County of Canyon, to show cause why an order

should not be granted to the said administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for not less than four successive weeks in The Caldwell Tribune, a newspaper printed and published in said Canyon County, Idaho, and that said publication be completed at least five days prior to said 8th day of September, 1916.

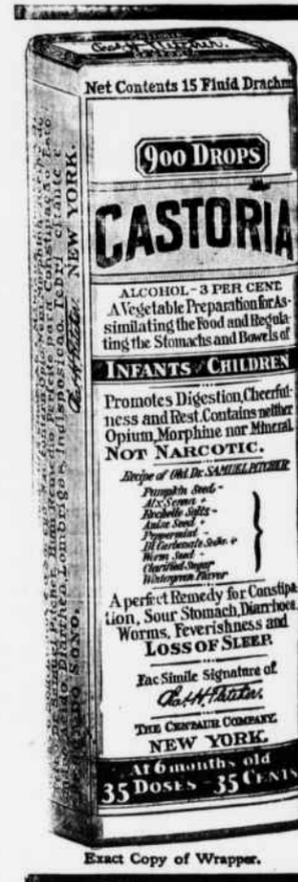
FRANK E. MEEK,
 Judge of Probate,
 Dated August 7th, 1916. 811.98

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Notice is hereby given that I, Charles F. Roberts, having been convicted of robbery in the district court of the Seventh Judicial District of the state of Idaho, in and for the county of Canyon, having been sentenced to from five to fifteen years in the state penitentiary, and having begun said sentence on the 6th day of January, 1914, will make application to the State Board of Pardons, at the next regular meeting of said board after the legal publication of this notice for a pardon.

Dated at Boise, Idaho, August 15th, 1916.

CHARLES F. ROBERTS.
 818-98.



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- Monthly School Tickets 1c per mile

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