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INTEREST SHOWN IN FAIR PROVES ITS VALUE

(Continued from Page One.)

splendid quality are shown proving that Lemhi county is taking the lead in the production of this excellent vegetable. The samples of onions on exhibition prove beyond a doubt that onion growing will become in the near future one of our most profitable field crops. All the root vegetables upon display are of first quality and in great variety, thus proving that our salubrious climate and fertile soil will respond to intelligent farming.

The Bee display of E. B. Randolph is perhaps the most elaborate and beautiful display ever shown in the state of Idaho by any single owner of bees. Mr. Randolph has on display a hive made of glass with a full swarm of bees actively engaged in caring for their winter store of honey within it. The hive is so constructed that one may see all the processes used by these industrious little insects in the construction of comb and deposit of honey. Mr. Randolph has on display nearly two hundred pounds of honey in its different marketable forms.

HORTICULTURE.

The Horticultural exhibit is grand beyond description. The luscious fruits rich in all the colors of the rainbow must be seen to be appreciated. The exhibit includes apples, peaches, quinces, plums and grapes. The display of apples is one of the finest ever shown in Lemhi county, and may be placed in competition with any display including the same varieties in the United States with an even chance of winning the prize. The apples of Lemhi county are properly packed will find a ready market.

The plate samples of peaches are as fine in appearance as one could wish, they are of marketable size and beautifully colored. The different varieties of plums on display are perfectly formed and rich in coloring. Lemhi plums should enjoy a wide popularity upon the markets. The pears on display include three distinct varieties each variety being splendid samples of its kind.

The public should appreciate at its true worth the efforts of the pioneer fruit growers of Lemhi county to whom we owe this splendid exhibit in horticulture, they have raised the fruit industry from the experimental stage and placed it among one of the profitable industries of the county.

(Continued next week.)



"Say, we've got to do something right away to save our city."
"What's threatening it?"
"Why, the story's got around that we don't support our ball club."

Self-Confidence As A Success Asset

By ORRISON SWETT MARDEN

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"PADDLE 'em as though they were apples," said an editor to a trembling, sentimental girl who offered him her manuscript with an air of a convict about to receive a death sentence. "If one man does not want your apples another will. Don't be afraid of me or anybody else."

Carry yourself with a self-confident air, as though you really believed in yourself, and you will not only inspire others with a belief in your ability, but you will also come to believe in yourself.

A keen observer can pick out a successful man on the street by the way he carries himself. If he is a leader, every step, every movement indicates it; there is assurance in his bearing, he walks as if he were master of himself, as if he believed in his ability to do things, to bring about results. His self-confident air is an index of the success he has attained.

Men and women who succeed in their undertakings are those who set their faces toward their goal and stoutly affirm and reaffirm their confidence in their ability to reach it. There is everything in keeping one's self up to the success standard and maintaining in all its dignity and integrity one's confidence in his power to accomplish the work undertaken.

On the other hand, it is easy to pick out the failure. There is no decision, no victory in his step, his uncertain gait indicates lack of confidence in himself; his dress, his bearing, everything points toward incompetence. His shiftlessness is pictured in every movement of his body.

There is nothing uncertain, nothing negative, in the makeup of the successful man. He is positive to the backbone. He does not need bolstering up; he can stand alone. It is not so much what he says as what he does not say; his very silence carries power. You feel that there is a large reserve back of everything he says or does.

It is wonderful what a power self-confidence has to marshal all the faculties and unite their strength in one mighty cable. No matter how many talents a man may possess, if he is lacking in self-confidence he can never use them to the best advantage; he cannot unify their action and harmonize their power so as to bring them to bear effectively upon any one point.

Never permit anyone or anything to undermine your self-confidence. Never admit to yourself, even in thought, that there may be a possibility of your failure. This constant affirmation, this persistent dwelling upon the positive, or plus, phase of success, and never admitting the negative, will tend to strengthen, to render impregnable, the great purpose, the one unwavering aim, which brings victory.

As a spring can never rise higher than its source, so one can never attain a greater success than he believes he can.

A cheerful face, a hopeful, confident air, and a determination to make the best possible out of the situation have often tided a man over a crisis in his business, when the least exhibition of moroseness, anxiety or doubt would have precipitated the ruin he was so anxious to avert. Employees are quick to detect doubt, anxiety or fear in their employer. If he is downhearted and discouraged, his mood will communicate itself to everyone who works for him. The customer, in turn, will be affected by the gloomy atmosphere of the store, and will go elsewhere. Thousands of concerns have gone down during panics or periods of business depression simply because the owners did not know how to control themselves or to conceal their doubts and fears in regard to the condition of their affairs. Discouragement is the great destroyer of ambition. It must be crushed and eliminated as if it were a plague.

Regard yourself as superior to the evils which surround you. Learn to dominate your environment, to rise above depressing influences. Look for the bright side of things, not the dark and gloomy side.

Read the news—in 'The Recorder.'

FOUR YEARS TO SERVE

By JOHN P. ROE.

No. 774 had caught meaning glances from the convicts as they filed into the foundry. He knew their meaning; for weeks a revolt had been brewing, and, strangely enough, this time the guards had no inkling of it. The secret had been well kept.

No. 774 was in for 20 years, and he had served 16. At any time now he might be paroled by the pardons board. But the spirit for freedom was strong in him. He had long since ceased to reason, to be much more than a dumb brute. He knew the odds were fearfully against him. But outside the sun was shining, and the birds were building. A mad hunger for freedom assailed him.

Only one man in the foundry was ignorant of what was transpiring. That was little 1237, a boy of twenty, serving a life sentence for the murder of the man who had insulted his sweetheart. He had been there only six months. No. 774 could read him like a book. He knew the sudden outbreaks of ire, the hopelessness, the longing to see the girl, the certainty that she would forget him as life increased and memories grew fainter. Poor little 1237!

The signal was to be the opening of the outer gates to admit the passage of the trustees, with their carts of slag. No. 774 listened intently.

Creak! Creak! Creak! A simultaneous yell. The men ran toward the doors, brandishing their red-hot bars of steel. The warders shrank away in terror. They were hopelessly overpowered. No. 774 was being carried along in the press. At his side, caught also in the crowd of men, he saw the boy.

He moved like a man in a dream. He heard whistles blowing, he heard a revolver spit spitefully and saw a man near him pitch up his arms and tumble forward.

They were in the outer court. The gatekeeper, an old man with a white, pointed beard, was trying to close the gates. No. 774 saw a crowbar descend crashing upon his skull. The gatekeeper fell forward. The men were in the open and racing down the road.

No. 774 came to a realization of what had happened, because, as the crowd separated, he was no longer thrust forward among them. He stopped, gasping. At his side was the boy. His long paralyzed brain began to work.

"Down here!" he gasped, indicating a dry ditch beside the road.

He looked back quickly. They were in a little depression which hid them from the prison, or anyone on guard there. There was nobody in sight. No. 774 dropped flat among the tangle of briars, dragging the boy with him.

"We're hidden here," he said. "They'll never look for us so near. And they'll get those other fellows as sure as a gun."

Slowly out of the distance came a freight train. It rolled at a slow pace along the meadow banks. It would cross the road that forked with that leading to the prison, and that was only a couple of hundred paces away. They could make it unobserved by running along the gully. And there was ample time.

No. 774 looked at the boy. He looked like a striped caterpillar in his hideous convict garb. He himself, as a first-class prisoner, wore the working garb of any laborer.

"Strip, kid!" he said.

The boy began suddenly to tear off the stripes. In a few minutes the transfer had been effected.

"You'll make the town by night, fall," said 774. "They won't catch you if you jump off before you reach the yards."

"But you?" stammered the boy.

"Four years more," answered 774, easily. "I could do that bit on my head. Hurry, kid!"

No. 774 watched him as he ran. He saw the train approach, slowing as it went up the incline, saw the boy scramble under a car. He held his breath involuntarily. But nobody had witnessed that sudden flash out of the gully into the daylight. The train went on.

No. 774 sat still in the gully. He watched the mounted men ride back, shepherding their captives. As they came toward him 774 stepped into the road. A mounted man dashed at him.

"Ah, put up your whip," said 774. "I ran because I was scared. I've been waiting for you."

He took his place in the dejected crowd. A few minutes later they passed through the outer gates, where an old man with his head in a bandage cursed them volubly.

No. 774 felt his heart leap in his breast. It was not murder, then! And his only offense was against the prison rules. They could take away his four years of "copper," but they could give him no more. You cannot imprison a man for breaking the prison rules by changing clothes, unless you can prove—but what could be proved?

"The boy knocked me down and took 'em off me," muttered No. 774.

He was back in his cell. Outside the birds were pouring out their evening song. He listened and looked at the calendar upon the wall.

"Four years!" he muttered, and then he thought of the boy.

"I'll do it on my head," he said, and winked, because his eyes were full of tears.

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DREW LESSONS FROM NATURE

Originality of College Professor's Lectures Caused Them to Be Appreciated by Class.

There was a certain college professor of machine design who was as original in his views as he was in his subject. One of his pet theories was the interrelation between nature and correct design. "Boys," he would say, "there has been only one designer who never made a mistake, and the more we study his work, the better machine we will build. When you put your legs under a machine, think of a horse or a cow, and get them as far apart as you can—don't get too much overhang at either end. And, speaking of a counterbalance, study the kangaroo; there is no prettier example of equilibrium in all positions. The further over he leans the more his tail comes into action off the ground. And again, in speaking of general design, wherever possible, try to work for elasticity as against rigidity. You find very little of the rigid in nature, and little trees often survive a gale by bending, where big ones are blown down." All of which was undoubtedly very true, and made more of an impression on his hearers than some of the more complicated mathematical demonstrations that followed. —Engineering Magazine.

The Venerable Microbe.

Just to think the microbe has been in this terrestrial sphere twenty millions of years! Disease germs that now afflict humanity have been discovered in the fossils of the earliest life on earth. There was a belief that bacteria were a modern pest, and they came just in time to plague mankind. But why should they exist before? What was the object of their insignificant lives? This question science answers by saying that they first came to assist in the decomposition of the calcareous rocks. This certainly was a more honorable mission than to scare people in later days into the use of special drinking cups and to set up great government bulwarks to resist their imaginary fury. The microbe was formerly an honorable and useful citizen, but now he has fallen from his high estate.

Great Men Born in War Time.

It is pointed out that during the first years of the last century, from 1800 or 1810 to 1815, when all Europe was suffering from the Napoleonic wars, she gave birth to almost every great man who was to guide her better destinies for 100 years to come. In that terrible period of travail Britain gave birth to Disraeli, Gladstone, Cobden, Bright, Browning, Tennyson, Shaftesbury and many others. Italy had Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel, the four men who secured the liberty and unity of the Italian kingdom. America gave the world Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry Ward Beecher and Abraham Lincoln.

Try This on Your Cook.

A friend of mine who is a culinary expert gave me the following recipe for cup custards: One quart of milk, seven duck eggs, five hens' eggs, sweeten to the taste and cook in good-sized bowls. He said he ate two of them for his dessert for a Sunday dinner and was taken sick that evening. I should have thought that he would have been.

One such cup custard was big enough for any ordinary man, but to crowd two such ones into the stomach was bound to wreck the best constitution. And he wanted me to see how it would affect me. I rather guess not.—Gloucester Times.

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DIPLOMATIC ENCOURAGEMENT.

"Have a cigar," said the young man as he handed out a fine perfecto.

"Thank you," said the older one.

"I was about to ask for your daughter's hand," continued the benefactor, offering a light.

"Oh, indeed," smiled the father, between puffs.

"But I learn she has given her hand to another."

"Oh, well," said the diplomatic parent, enjoying the fine aroma of his gift, "you know she has two hands."

An Appreciative Listener.

"Henrietta," said A. R. Meekton, "that was a wonderfully appealing and persuasive speech you made."

"The audience seemed to like it."

"Yes. And I was proud to be one of the audience. It's the first time that you have talked in that confidential and respectful tone to me in years."

Seems Reasonable.

"Some people find riding on the water wagon quite difficult."

"Tis true."

"And more seem to fall off when it rounds a corner than at any other time."

"I guess that's because so many corners are occupied by saloons."

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