

**THE IDAHO RECORDER**

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**MEXICAN SITUATION**

While the prediction has been frequently made that no man in Mexico could restore permanent peace there is some reason for optimism since the recognition of Carranza as de facto president of the storm-tossed republic. That one word, "recognition" means a great deal to a ruler of a country, and as all the Latin Americans have joined in the recognition Carranza has gained a victory of greater importance than the overthrow of some of his strongest enemies would amount to.

Never has any man been given such a splendid opportunity to lead his people rightly as Carranza now possesses. If he casts aside personal ambition and makes up his mind that grafting shall end in Mexico, he may make an ideal ruler. The principal trouble in Mexico has been grafting among the ones who were in authority. Finally the grafters became too overbearing and revolution followed. Since the overthrow of Diaz there has been one revolt after another, and the whole country has been paralyzed. All business has come to a full stop because neither life nor property was safe in the republic. Of all this the country is well informed.

Carranza, backed by the United States, will be able to put down the revolutionists still in the field. However, he must temper his justice with a good deal of mercy. The fighting has been conducted under black flags. None have either asked or given quarter. Prisoners have been put to death, women have been maltreated and property has been ruthlessly destroyed by all factions. It is, therefore, going to be difficult to make Mexicans realize that when they lay down their arms they will not be executed.

If Carranza deals kindly with his former enemies, and when they agree to cease fighting will grant complete amnesty, he will soon restore permanent peace. When that is accomplished his task will be well begun, for the country must be rehabilitated and the masses who have groped in ignorance must be educated.

Will Carranza arise to the opportunity and display statesmanship instead of bitter partisanship? He can bring order out of confusion if he can first conquer himself. He is known as a rather vindictive man, but there must be no vindictiveness in dealing with the millions of peons who constitute the bulk of the armies in the field.

Hereafter the Mexicans should be given a chance to attend schools and they must be taught to be more industrious. They must not be robbed by political grafters and by the clerical class if there is to be lasting peace.

The best people in the United States wish Mexico well. This coun-

try does not covet anything Mexico has. We want her to prosper, but we most of all wish that she should be a desirable neighbor. She must trust the United States instead of repelling our peaceful advances. If she does she will soon be on the high road to prosperity and peace.—Woman's National Weekly.

In the recent election in which the prohibition amendment was defeated by a majority of less than fifty thousand votes. To some this might seem very discouraging, but all things considered it is very encouraging for the prohibition cause. Last year this amendment was defeated by 84,152, double the majority of this election.

When it is considered that Ohio has 106 breweries, 17 distilleries 20 wineries and over 6,000 saloons, and money invested in liquor business of \$65,000,000 and over 200,000 men employed in the business, one can readily see that if the "drys" made any headway at all that it is encouraging.

In the elections all over the country last week where the prohibition cause was at stake the results show gains. At the session of the labor Federation now in convention in San Francisco this will be one of the main questions to be decided as to whether the federation will continue to stand against prohibition. Surely and steadily the people are being educated to the advantages of prohibition and the dry territory is growing larger each year.

Military experts have been assuring the world that the marvelous improvement in the equipment of armies would certainly have a decided tendency to not only prevent, but to shorten the duration of wars. By increasing the power to kill it would seem that the time required would certainly be shortened. But there appear to be reasons why the rule will not work out as some of the experts expected, because it is now just about possible for two contending armies to so fortify and arm themselves as to be deadlocked indefinitely. Scientific warfare has made the means and methods so nearly complete that neither can possibly go forth and destroy or defeat the other. The space between two armies is now a vast dead line across which no army can attempt to pass without complete disaster. The result is that the marvelous equipment that was once expected to shorten wars may, in conceivable instances, actually produce deadlocks, chiefly because of the very power that was expected to hasten the end.—Leiston Tribune.

**War by the Cities.**  
"This is a methodical war," writes an English soldier who served in several Indian campaigns and also in the South African war, and who is now at the front near Ypres. "In South Africa," he explains, "we rode gayly out in the morning, never knowing whether we would meet an enemy over the first hill or never see one all day. Here we got to fight by the six o'clock omnibus from Vlamerunghe. We know that we shall be in the firing line at a certain hour and out of it at another. It is all out and dried."  
"The Germans are even more methodical. There is a town about two miles behind our line that they shell regularly every Sunday from 11 to 3 and every Wednesday from 1 to 3:30, and at no other time. This has gone on for months."

**LOST AND FOUND**

By ANNE BROADHURST.

Having learned that a brisk walk and deep breathing in the cool air are a better cure for the blues than taking "a good cry," Elinor went out as soon as she had finished her dinner and walked until the darkness drove her in. As she neared her boarding house she saw at the edge of the curb a man's leather bill purse, which she picked up. As she saw no one near who could have dropped it, she took it to her room.

"Fifty dollars! Just what I hoped to win in that contest!" Then Elinor saw that the purse also contained some cards. "If I don't know whose it is I can't return it; and if I don't look at these cards I won't know, but—"

"To a man who carries a purse of this quality and who uses engraved cards fifty dollars probably means very little," she mused, "but to me it means a winter suit and a month's board." Slowly she began to tear the cards, but as the tough paste-board began to yield to her trembling fingers she stopped abruptly.

"Horrors!" she gasped. "I said I must win, and this is losing even my honor. Oh, I hate you!" And she swept the money from her and looked at the cards.

"Mr. Joseph Stanley Morton," she read, but the name meant nothing to her. She looked in the telephone book and found the following: "J. Stanley Morton, Broker, 515 City Bk. Bldg." No residence number being given, she could not notify him that night.

Elinor had no opportunity to telephone during her busy morning, so she went during her noon hour next day to deliver the purse to its owner. As she entered Elinor saw that the only occupant of the room was a tall, well-built man whose dark head was bent over a typewritten statement lying on the table before which he sat. Hearing the door close, he turned upon her a kindly glance from a pair of dark gray eyes.

"Are you Mr. Joseph Stanley Morton?" Elinor began.

"Yes," the deep voice had a slightly rising inflection.

"Here is something of yours that I happened to find last night." She handed him the purse.

"Why what a pleasant surprise to find the purse, and how kind of you to bring it to me! I thank you sincerely. Now, won't you sit down and tell me all about it?"

Elinor sat down and told him briefly where and how she found the purse.

"I'm going to confess to you," said Morton, "that this very day I've been thinking that honesty is an unknown quantity these days, so, you see, you have restored to me far more than my lost money; you've restored my lost faith in humanity." He was leaning toward her with the friendliest look in his clear eyes, but the sudden change which swept over Elinor puzzled him.

"Don't, please don't!" she almost wailed. "If you knew how near I came to keeping it you'd hate me. Oh, I must tell somebody—" and grasping the arms of her chair as if to support herself, and looking into her lap, she told him just what she first thought of doing with his money. As she talked her cheeks faded from crimson to white. Then she rose to leave. Stanley Morton had been sitting with his elbow on the table and his right hand shielding his eyes, but he rose quickly and stood between her and the door, with his right hand extended and a sympathetic smile in his eyes.

"Please let me say that I understand fully, and that I honor your bravery as much as your honesty. Many of us are passively honest when it's convenient, but you are actively honest even when it means a hard fight. You've made the world seem right again for me, and now won't you promise me that if I can ever make things easier for you you will let me serve you?" The man's sincerity was unmistakable, and Elinor extended her hand and smiled up at him frankly.

"You've already made things easier by forgiving me, and you've understood, and that is what counts most, you know." It was only after she had gone that Stanley Morton realized that she had not told him her name or given him any clue about her work.

One morning, a month later, as Elinor was at her work in the book store she turned from the shelves with half a dozen books in her arms and a near-sighted customer, intent upon a book he held, collided with her, scattering the books in all directions. A gentleman who was approaching picked up two of the books and was about to pass on with a formal acknowledgment of Elinor's thanks, when their eyes chanced to meet. It was Stanley Morton.

"At last I've found you, as I knew I should find you some day." His words came deliberately, but his tone made each word a caress. "But there are always twofold discoveries about you, and I'm daring to believe that I've found in your eyes evidence that in your heart there is something of the same love that has been growing in mine ever since the day I found you. This is no place to say it, but I love you and need you and want you." Her eyes fell on the title of the book he held in his hand. It was "Paradise Regained."

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**WHAT BY THE WAYSIDE.**

"People take life much easier than they used to."  
"Yep," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "There seems to be a growin' fear that the boys'll study too hard an' that the men will work too hard."  
"Still, there is every reason to believe that popular interest in a progressive civilization was never stronger than now."  
"Yes. But I'm kind of afraid that civilization will have to watch itself so's not to be like Lem Carruthers after he got talked into spendin' all his money for a fancy wagon. Mis outfit was all driver an' no horse."

**Strictly Business.**  
"You say that couple lead a cat and dog life?"  
"Yes."  
"Too bad. Incompatibility of temper, I suppose?"  
"Nothing of the sort. They conduct a cat and dog hospital."

**What Did He Mean?**  
"It must be a terrible thing to be paralyzed," said the female of the species, as they passed a man in a wheeled chair.  
"Yes," answered her male companion absently. "It makes a fellow feel so tough the next morning."

**LAZY THING.**



"Are you opposed to child labor?"  
"Yes; especially when the child grows up."

**The Curtain Lecture.**  
Most wives are inconsistent. When husbands drive them to it, they say: "It's no use talking." Then go right on and do it.

**Filmy Finance.**  
"I started in life on borrowed capital," said Mr. Cassius Chex.  
"And now you have no debts what ever?"  
"On the contrary, I expanded my credit so that I could go on borrowing more and more."

**Worse.**  
"Does your next-door neighbor wake you in the morning with his lawn mower as he did last year?"  
"No," answered Mr. Crosslots. "I wish he would. He has bought a new automobile and now he comes honking up the street at midnight."

**Mens in Revolt.**  
"Must be a feminist propaganda going on in the barnyard."  
"What makes you think that?"  
"I notice the rooster is scratching for himself these days."—Judge.

**Specifications.**  
"Isn't that a fine line of the post's about women being human nature's daily food?"  
"Yes, especially when they're peaches and chickens."

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**HEARD IN THE CAPITAL.**



The Congressman—You have had a great many epochs in your career.  
The Senator—Yes; sometimes I feel as though I have had more epochs than career.

**The Inextinguishable Ego.**  
No penitent is quite so sad, As he his fallings may rehearse, That he won't say, "I may be bad, But there are others vastly worse."

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