THE PIOCHE RECORD

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GRAPEFRUIT AT MORN MAKES DOCTORS FORLORN

They say that if you eat an apple a day you keep the doctor away. But what about the grapefruit?

As a fact it is the ryme, the aptness of the thought, that has helped make the apple famous, with all the respect to the advertising power of Mother Eve. "A grapefruit each day keeps the doctors away," had it been sent tripping from the tongues of America, would have spelled health and happiness throughout the nation, and incidentally have developed a great industry of countless value, to our railroads, to our shipping, to our farmers—in fact, to all the people in every section of the country.

Of coarse there is no rivalry between the apple and the grapefruit. Both are health giving and delicious. One should be eaten in the morning and the other at night, and so, instead of a divided couplet, perhaps we might suggest a modest quartrain for general study and dissemination.

An apple each night
And a grapefruit each morn
Make men and maids bright
And keep doctors forlorn.

Clemenceau, the Tiger of France, announces that grapefruit is the most vitalizing and health giving of all foods, and such an endorsement, coming from one who has demonstrated his belief in the practical application of beneficial food theories by eating onion soup for breakfast is worthy of consideration.

Millions of Americans would be healthier and happier if they ate grapefruit every day. Medical men say it is the most beneficial of all fruits.

There is a very practical side to the potentiality of the grapefruit. What the orange and the prune have done for California, grapefruit can do for Florida. There are tens of thousands of acres of Florida lands that will grow the most luscious grapefruit in the world. If the legislature of the state would come to regard advertising as of more moment than log rolling, the demand for this food would soon be quadrupled, idle lands would be turned into productive groves.

Then America would have a lower death rate and a healthier bank account.

AMERICA'S SCIENTIFIC TRADE HARI-KARI

Perhaps the most serious reflection on American intelligence is the fact that from the formation of our nation to the present day we have spent nine-tenths of our time in convincing our own people that imported goods are better that those of our own manufacture.

In Great Britain and in other countries the words of Home Made stand as the guarantee of excellence. With us the mystice word imported is used by every merchandiser in the land to command the higher price and no opportunity ever is lost to convince the customer that if real worth be desired then the imported article must be bought.

Neither loyalty, tariff, commonsense or anything else has served to stem this tide of boosting for the foreigner at the expense of the American.

Naturally the tendency has been to cause the American manufacturer to live up or rather down to his reputation and produce in many cases goods not quite up to the standard of those that come to us from foreign lands.

The American can manufacture the best puality goods in the world, no matter what his line, if he sets himself to the task, but in chinaware he knows, we think, of Limoges or Dresden; in pottery we think of Lincolnshire; in cutlery we dream only of Sheffield; our linens remind us only of Nottingham and Belfast.

Always we are told the imported article ranks first. If we had been hired, each one of us, to strangle American production we could not have made a better job of it. We have become obsessed with the thought of foreign superiority.

If the American people will respond to the battle cry of "Home-Made," and the American manufacturer will answer the call, it will give us a more constructive loyalty than ten thousand Fourth of July orations, and do more to solving our economic problems than anything one can concieve.

Cartoon Review of 1922

60 YEARS SEES BIG ADVANCE IN IRRIGATING ARID LANDS

Great progress has been made in the art of irrigation since the first crude works built 60 years ago, according to the annual report of the Bureau of Public Roads, United States Department of Agriculture. In 1920 the area irrigated in the United States amounted to approximately 19,0000,000 acres and the annual gross returns from irrigated lands is now nearly half a billion dollars.

In the task of converting so large an extent of arid lands into highly productive fields and orchards, the bureau, through its investigations, has rendered substantial aid. Methods of applying water to land have been studied in the principal irrigation sections. Investigations have also been made of the rise of alkili and the capacities of drainage ditches and tiles.

The irrigation district, the report says, has been rapidly growing in favor as a form of reclaiming arid land or for improving existing irrigation systems. The bureau has aided a number of Western States in perfecting laws relating to districts, and last year a careful study was made of the operation of the irrigation district law in each of the States. Much valuable work has been done by the bureau in finding the cost of obtaining a water supply for arid lands. Frequently it is less than the farmer's expense of preparing his land for irrigation, purchasing equipment, and building the necessary improvements.

WHAT'S YOUR REACTION TIME? NEW QUESTION FOR AUTOISTS

"What is your reaction time or do you know the value of your personal equation?"

Thas has been suggested as a possible question to be put to applicants for motor vehicle driver's license, according to the Bureau of Public Roads of the Department of Agriculture. Reaction time is the interval of time that elapses between the instant a sign or signal is seen and the necessary action started. A driver starts to pass another vehicle when suddenly a third vehicle appears which may bloc his path. The driver must decide whether to pass the vehicle or drop back. If His reaction time is slow he may not realize the danger until it is too late to avert an accident.

Every astronomer who observes when a star crosses a hair line in his telescope and presses a key so that the time may be electrically rcorded knows that he does not observe the fact and press the key at the same time. A correction has to be made which has been carefully determined and is called his personal equation. It varies with different people.

Timers of a foot race with split second watches will frequently get different results for the time of the race.

The reaction time of some people is very slow and undoubtedly is the cause of many accidents. Does the public safety require that such people be denied driver's licenses? The Bureau of Public Roads is not yet ready to advocate such a policy but considers that it should be investigated as a possible safety measure.

F. L. PEER DEVELOPING PROPERTY AT HAMILTON

L. F. Peer is arranging for a camp for the development of the silver-lead-copper property adjoining the Jennie A group at Hamilton, purchased about two months ago. Peer accepts the erection of a smelter at Eureka as an assured fact and further states that in all probability a 100-ton cyanide mill will be erected at the mouth of the Eberhardt tunnel without further delay. This indicates the re-opening of many properties and a return of the prosperity to the camp.

From Our Early Files

During the month of November, 1872, bullion valued at $419,893.37 cat shipped from Pioche.

Their opinion of Us—The following from the Crawford County (Missouri) Express, shows the opinion the people have of us "back in the States" and will no doubt amuse our readers: "Of the twelve hundred persons in Pioche, Nevada, six hundred have been in the State Prison; and of the eleven hundred dead bodies in the cemetery, two died of natural causes".—Dec. 21, 1872.

We noticed three wagons unloading nothing but lamps at Frank Wheeler & Co.'s yesterday. It was decidedly the largest stock of lamps, wicks, etc., that ever arrived in Pioche or any other place of equal dimensions.—Dec. 14, 1881.

Yearly Payments—The Superintendent of one of our local mining companies (which by the way is not yet incorpoated) was recently asked by the collector of one of our hardware firms, with which the Company had contracted a bill for tools, powder, fuse, etc., when he would prefer to have his bill presented for payment. "For what?" exclaimed the superintendent, "you must think our company is a clap trap kind of an affair; here your bill has only been running two weeks and you want it paid. Come around when the year is up, for we only make yearly payments, and I am not going to rustle you the money now."—Aug. 27, 1871.

Ice—The supply of ice, which at one time was thought to be abundant is now about exhausted, only about one ton remaining, for which 25 cents per pound is charged.—Aug. 31, 1871.

Completion of the Telegraph to Pioche—As previously announced by A. M. Musser, General Superintendent of the Deseret Telegraph Company's lines, the connection was made between Pioche and the rest of the world promptly at 12 M. on Monday last, which fact was immediately announced to the assemblage by a salute fired from anvils.—October 16, 1871.

Our Public School—In regard to our public school affairs in Pioche, we learn from E. Schoppmann, the principal, the following: There are at present in attendance 71 pupils—36 boys and 35 girls—ranging from the age of four and a half to sixteen and a quarter years.—October 16, 1871.

Born on the Stage—An extremely rare incident occured on the last stage from Hamilton to Pioche, which arrived on Friday evening last. Shortly after leaving Hamilton, a lady passenger named Mrs. McCarthy, gave birth to a fine healthy boy. The event was as unexpected and surprising to the mother as to the ballance of the passengers. On examining the way bill, Wes Travis, one of the owners of the line, found that only sixteen passengers were booked, but learned from a passenger that seventeen has come through. In high dungeon he sought the agent L. A. LaGrange, and at once inquired how this had occured, and wanted to know who the "dead head" was. After the matter was fully explained, Wes could be seen slipping off down the street without saying a word to anyone. Whenever anybody now asks Wes about "that other passenger," all he has to say is, "Name your poison, gentlemen, it's my treat".—October 16, 1871.

Indian Lodge Tales

By
Ford C. Frick

THE BRANDED BUFFALO

FOR many years the valleys at the foot of the great mountains were considered the home of the Goslutes, and even the bravest did not venture far from the shadow of the Great White mountain where dwelt the Manitou. To the east were great plains, barren and dry, and these were infested by savage tribes, who fought and battled to the death.

To the south was an unexplored land, according to story one of the richest lands in the world, but infested with wild beasts and great monsters. And, so the fathers said, the southern lands were the home of great gods, who made their home in the "Twin Peaks" and who would not permit strangers to use their hunting grounds or fish in their streams.

But when the white men came the valley became quickly filled and the buffalo were killed and the antelope disappeared, and we who were the Goslutes could not find meat to eat or grain on which to live.

So the oldest chiefs held a council and the pipes were lighted and grave words were spoken and the medicine men brewed their herbs for a great decision. And finally it was decided that a hunting expedition should be made to the southlands, and prayers were offered to Manitou and a big party was organized.

And at that time I was a boy, just big enough to join the warriors, but I had not yet counted my first coup, and I was to go on the expedition. And so the party started southward and we journeyed for eight days until we came to the great twin mountains in the strange southlands. There buffalo were plentiful and we camped for the night, for the next day was to be the hunt.

In the morning, after we had made prayer to Manitou, we started on our hunt and by noon we found the herd, and the warriors on their ponies gave chase and many buffalo were killed. And the warriors rejoiced to see so much meat and everyone was happy.

But when we came to skin the buffalo strange things happened. For every one of the beasts carried a brand, stamped on the shoulder, and all the brands were alike, and they were strange in character, and there was no one who could read them or knew the meaning.

The leaders were frightened and no one knew what to do. And even the medicine men and the wisest chiefs were unable to read the strange brand or tell who placed them there, for there were no white men in the land, and no tribe that used a brand, and besides no one had ever before seen a buffalo that was branded.

And the warriors were much afraid, and they said that it was the mark of the strange gods who dwelt on the Twin Peaks, and that the buffalo belonged to them and that no one dared eat of their meat, else trouble would surely come.

So the party returned home, and the buffalo were left behind. Even to this day the secret of the branded buffalo is unknown, and no other warriors ever have seen them except us and we are Goslutes. Today at Ignacio, where all the old men live, the story of the branded buffalo is told about the campfire, and the old men shake their heads for there is no one who knows how they came by the brand or the meaning of its strange characters.

But they were branded, for I saw it myself, long years ago when I was but a boy and was on my first hunting party with my people who are the Goslutes.

Note.—The above story was told the writer by Buckskin Charley, head chief at the Ute reservation at Ignacio, Colo. The story is a common one with the older men of the tribe. Apparently the hunting party found the strange buffalo in southern Colorado near the Spanish Peaks (Twin Peaks). The Utes, as history records, were natives of eastern and northern Colorado.

Going to "Complet."

In Paris, when a street car is full, the driver hangs out a sign saying Complet, and the car does not stop for passengers. A time-honored joke on the green tourist is to tell him of the wonders of Complet and direct him where he can get a car for the place. Of course the tourist waits an exasperating time for a Complet car to take him abroad. Then doubtless he sees the joke, and would like to find the joker.—Youth's Companion.

A Leading Part.

The Show Girl—How did you like me in the chorus of sailors of the "Bad Ship, Rollingstone?"

Her Admirer—Let's see. You were one of the crew, weren't you?

The Show Girl—Gee, no! I was a skipper. Didn't you see me skip?

Opium for Famine Victims.

A Russian newspaper reports that when Prince Dava, representative of the Mongolian government, recently arrived in Moscow he brought with him as a gift for the famine sufferers—two chests of opium.

LODGE NOTICES

PIOCHE LODGE No. [illegible] O. F. Meets every [illegible] evening at 8 o'clock O. F. Building. [illegible]
All surrounding and visiting brothers cordialy invited to attend.
Frank Berger N. G.
W. S. Carman Sect.

ST. JOHN LODGE No. 1[illegible] F. & A. M. Meets at Masonic Hall LaCour St., on the second Thursday of the month at 8 p. m.
W. M. Christian, W. M.
C. A. Thompson, Sec.

HIRAM REBEKAH LODGE No. [illegible] Pioche, Nev. Meets every Thursday at 7:30 p. m. at I. O. O. F. Hall. All visiting brothers and sisters are cordially invited to attend.
Mrs Hattie Walker, Noble Grand.
Mary E. Campbell, Vice Grand.
Martha Wulfenstein, Secretary.

MIZPAH CHAPTER, O. E. S., LODGE No. 19, Pioche, Nev. Meets second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. at Masonic Hall. All visiting brothers and sisters are invited to attend.
Worthy Matron, Mrs. Carrie Ort; Worthy Patron, Wm. H. Pitts; Secretary, Mrs. Marian Christian.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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PIOCHE, NEVADA

MINING DIRECTORY

VIRGINIA LOUISE MINING COMPANY
Incorporated under the laws of the State of Nevada.
Capitalization 1,500,000 shares at $1.00 each.
Principal office, Pioche, Nevada
Transfer office, 680 I. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles.
Location of mine, Ely Mining District, Lincoln County, Nevada.
Officers and Directors: J. D. Thomson, President; N. S. Berray, Vice President; Chas. A. Thompson, Secretary.

PRINCE CONSOLIDATED MINING AND SMELTING COMPANY
Prince Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company, incorporated under the laws of Nevada.
Capitalization: three million shares at fifty cents each.
Principal Office: Salt Lake City, Utah.
Location of Property: Ely Mining District, Lincoln County, Nevada.
Twenty Claims.
Officers: J. E. Galigher, President. A. H. Godbe, Vice President; Herman Harms, John C. Howard and Arthur Sweet, additional directors; M. C. Godbe, secretary and general manager; J. H. Hedges, superintendent; A. L. Scott, resident agent.