

THEY BODY'S CODE ON THE ICE TRUST

REMARKABLE WAVE OF RESENTMENT AT EXTORTION SWEEPS OVER THE UNITED STATES—VULNERABLE SPOT SOUGHT—ICE BARONS CHANGE THEIR PLEAS.

Washington, August 2.—All over the United States Mr. Common People looking round for a rock with which to pelt the ice baron. Fifty ready have taken some sort of a step toward busting the ice trust—ease of brutal largess when it knows that the trust is patently suffering everything it can to ameliorate its suffering of humanity.

In only a few cases has Mr. C. Peopled through the baron. These have been in Washington, Topeka, Cleveland and Jacksonville, Fla. In St. Louis and in Hartford, Conn., suits have been filed to take away the charters of ice companies. In Chicago only has there been a trial resulting in conviction. Jacksonville after them for a second time.

The first and for a long time the only success made by the ice companies was that there was a shortage of the natural crop. This same shortage was expected to serve even in the vast territory where natural ice is totally insignificant as a commodity.

Now the trusts have changed their plea. They are whining. They have begged to play the baby act. Their spokesmen discover that ice has been hoarded, that it costs more to produce ice, that there will be a famine if the dealers do not allow the supply in the market in some way, that the profits are smaller, and other reasons which are unconvincing as they are rehearsed.

In the meantime the wave of resentment against extortion has swept the country. Here are the recent instances of rebellion against the monopoly:

Youngstown, O. Ice combine dissolved voluntarily.

Harrisburg, Pa. Council asks



Board of Public Works to report on cost of municipal ice plant.

New Britain, Conn., Committee reports favorably on project for a municipal plant.

Waterbury, Conn., City switches to an independent company for its ice purchase.

La Crosse, Wis., District attorney calls for opinion from the attorney general upon which to sue prohibition.

St. Vrain, N. Y., Contract for 100,000 municipal ownership plant let.

Council Bluffs, Ia., Citizens protesting at 1-cent ice and investigation demanded.

Des Moines, Grand jury takes ice trust testimony.

Biddeford, Me., Proposition to fight ice trust by merchants' company to organize.

Florida, Information preparing charging violation of state anti-trust law.

Oakbrook, Wis., Appeal to attorney general to take action on increase in price.

Jacksonville, Ice trust again accused after acquittal of alleged members. One of the defendants this time is prepared to go to jail to permit a test by habeas corpus.

York, Pa. Prosecutions demanded.

New Bedford, Mass. Board of Trade, after informal inquiries, decided to take no action.

Taunton, Mass. City sealer investigating ice weights.

Hackensack, N. J. Mass investigating appointed committee to lay before the county prosecutor. Price is 10 cents.

Schenectady, N. Y. Council committee named to act against trust.

New Haven, City sealer investigating charges of robbery through ice.

Hartford, Conn. Court gives state order permitting inspection of ice trust books.

Lynn, Mass. Mayor proffers his assistance to the district attorney in looking into the methods of ice dealers.

Worcester, Mass. Special committee from the council reported adversely to establishing a municipal ice plant, contending that the legislature can confer the needed authority upon the city. Council thereupon voted that the mayor investigate whether there is any unlawful combination among the local dealers.

Detroit. Mayor announces a plan for municipal supply for city departments and to sell the surplus to the people.

Providence, R. I. Board of Trade names a special investigating committee. Action by the state government recommended.

Boston: District attorney found the whole business in one man's hands, this being indictment for conspiracy, sale of cooperative ice plant.

Troy, N. Y. Ice men's association dissolved.

Washington: Ice trust officials pleaded not guilty to indictments. Hearing Sept. 1.

Ice a luxury, not a necessity. Prices not exorbitant. Cost of manufacturer increased. Natural crop short. Past losses. Higher prices prevent waste. No conspiracy involved. Are selling at a loss. Could ask even more for ice. Higher prices less than shortage warrants. Prices not as much higher as claimed. Ice has been higher. Creating fictitious famine. Conspiracy. Discrimination. Giving short weight. Unlawful combination. Refusing to sell at a fair price. Refusing to live up to charges. Raising the price repeatedly. Boycotting individual consumers. Restraining trade. Mulcting the poor especially. Holding up the supply.

FIFTH ENTER IN HONDURAS MULE TRAVEL

McFall Kills a Monkey and Suffers Remorse of Conscience.

IS 2000 MILES FROM BEER Warm Hospitality of People in Warm Part of the World.

Special Correspondence.

(By Leander McFall.)

Porterfield, Honduras, July 23.—It did look for a time as if there might be a real intimation of war down here in Central America, but nobody seemed to have any serious thoughts for a fight. No doubt, though, the press dispatches for what might have otherwise been deemed a quiet day. When we came to Picolet we found ourselves controlled with a deep, broad stream. The current was swift and strong and the crossing looked dangerous. We looked for the ferryman, and finally directed him on the other side, which direction you yourself this stream, the boatman is always on the other side. After severely straining our vocal chords, we succeeded in attracting his attention, and he slowly put out from the shore. He appeared to be paddling a long canoe, and making a last moment of the job at the other side of a very reflective turn of mind. I devoted the half an hour or more I took him to cross the stream in figuring out how three big men and three little ones were going to get over that broad river in a canoe, and after I discovered that the canoe was a dugout, I came to the conclusion that I should know the answer. I arrived at a partial solution, however, which was that one fat man (meaning me) and a certain day mule had to be sent across the river. The mule was a very fine specimen of the breed, and I was particularly interested in the operation of loading the canoe. I watched the mule and other things go in without a word—but I was keenly alive to the performance when Benito pulled the pack mule into the water and the boatman pushed off, leaving me gazing on the shore. That pack mule swam like a duck, and they loaded everything without a hitch. A scowman went next, and his mule performed the aquatic act with credit. I had one of those lurches that I had better go back to San Pedro, the only interior I cared anything about was just that moment in a decidedly nervous state and needed quiet and care, but I couldn't let that red-headed scowman from the District of Columbia, who had never had a vote, per se, a free-born citizen of the great and glorious United States. It was up to me, I had to go. I was admonished to keep my mule's head upstream and to give him plenty of rope. We started off in a gallant style, although it seemed to me that the mule must be on a bridge through his ears, as nothing else showed above the water.

"Cuidado!" exclaimed Benito, from the shore. I looked and the mule was headed down stream. I gave a sharp pull on the line and turned him back; but, oh dear, the man with the paddle wasn't expecting that, and the sky was lifted out as we went over, and went down. I shall always treat mules kindly after this, for my little mule saved my life right there. As I came up weighted down with my soggy clothes and heavy shoes and leggings, the mule paddled by, his tail sweeping out like a life line from shore. I grabbed and caught, that break and in three minutes was safe ashore. Porterfield was only a short drive from the river, and we hastened to the town hall, where space was reserved for us, and made a quick change of the clothes to avoid fever.

Honesty Among People.

Porterfield marks the beginning of the end of John Jacob Astor, Jr.'s notable failure as a railroad builder. A few years ago the yellow journals gave the world a good idea of the man's invasion of Honduras, and the young millionaire was pictured holding the little republic in the hollow of his hand. When he let go he was a heap wiser, but hadn't added anything but experience to the millions which he felt right there.

One short stay of one night in this place was marred by a feeling of uneasiness which was not felt elsewhere in the republic. We were told that our mules were likely to be stolen and we might be robbed if we were not watchful. This is unusual in Honduras, because the people are not so much afraid of thieves and robbery is but little known.

We got away from this objectionable place very early this morning, and made a swift hike for Santa Cruz Yojos. Shortly after leaving Porterfield, where I began writing this letter, we found ourselves in a most peculiar country. In early morning days a great rain cloud poured down from the mountains and swept over a large area of swamp. At the same time the mountains threw up a lot of builders, that fell thickly over the lava. The lava was porous, and decomposed rapidly, leaving many pits and causing the builders to slip.

It was with feelings of relief that we finally crossed the Rio Hondo and entered the dry and dusty valley of Yojos. After a short stop to rest the mules and to bandage the bruises, we rode on to the village of Yojos, a cluster of native shacks of adobe and brush, where we are to spend a couple of days straggling for a trip to the mysterious Lake Yojos. We will leave the pack mule at Benito, who had the saddle mule back, while we cross the lake in a boat. He is to meet us at Tonlaca, on the south shore. One of our good friends in San Pedro gave us a letter to the alcalde or mayor, a pleasant spoken individual, and upon presentation, he informed us that we were expected to attend a ball given in our honor.

Striking Southern Hospitality.

We were tired enough to go right off to bed, but, of course, dared not put such an effort upon his honor. On the depths of our journey, Benito brought forth our supplies which—duck suits and shoes, and, saved by the alcalde and his wife, we slipped down the mountain of the village, the dynamite of the population. That red-headed partner of mine came in for so much admiration from the maidens who appeared in the doorway that I felt a bit envious.

The dance occurred in the calidito, a square building about 12x12, with a floor of old fashioned square tiles. These were very unevenly laid, and I was constantly slipping and

plunging the mule we have had since we left San Pedro.

Today it is forcibly impressed upon me that I have paid farewell to the juicy breakfast and the seductive sherrycock, and a glass of beer is 2,000 miles away. We can never travel away from a glass of beer on a hot day? Perhaps you do not care for beer. Well, let me just the same distance to a dish of ice cream.

All Things to Those Who Wait.

Really, our first day on the hurricane deck of a mule was full of pleasant surprises as a whole, and until late in the afternoon was quite free from alarms. The crossing of Utiya river, the coldest stream in Central America, furnished a fitting climax for what might have otherwise been deemed a quiet day. When we came to Picolet we found ourselves controlled with a deep, broad stream.

The current was swift and strong and the crossing looked dangerous. We looked for the ferryman, and finally directed him on the other side, which direction you yourself this stream, the boatman is always on the other side. After severely straining our vocal chords, we succeeded in attracting his attention, and he slowly put out from the shore. He appeared to be paddling a long canoe, and making a last moment of the job at the other side of a very reflective turn of mind. I devoted the half an hour or more I took him to cross the stream in figuring out how three big men and three little ones were going to get over that broad river in a canoe, and after I discovered that the canoe was a dugout, I came to the conclusion that I should know the answer. I arrived at a partial solution, however, which was that one fat man (meaning me) and a certain day mule had to be sent across the river. The mule was a very fine specimen of the breed, and I was particularly interested in the operation of loading the canoe. I watched the mule and other things go in without a word—but I was keenly alive to the performance when Benito pulled the pack mule into the water and the boatman pushed off, leaving me gazing on the shore. That pack mule swam like a duck, and they loaded everything without a hitch. A scowman went next, and his mule performed the aquatic act with credit. I had one of those lurches that I had better go back to San Pedro, the only interior I cared anything about was just that moment in a decidedly nervous state and needed quiet and care, but I couldn't let that red-headed scowman from the District of Columbia, who had never had a vote, per se, a free-born citizen of the great and glorious United States. It was up to me, I had to go. I was admonished to keep my mule's head upstream and to give him plenty of rope. We started off in a gallant style, although it seemed to me that the mule must be on a bridge through his ears, as nothing else showed above the water.

"Cuidado!" exclaimed Benito, from the shore. I looked and the mule was headed down stream. I gave a sharp pull on the line and turned him back; but, oh dear, the man with the paddle wasn't expecting that, and the sky was lifted out as we went over, and went down. I shall always treat mules kindly after this, for my little mule saved my life right there. As I came up weighted down with my soggy clothes and heavy shoes and leggings, the mule paddled by, his tail sweeping out like a life line from shore. I grabbed and caught, that break and in three minutes was safe ashore. Porterfield was only a short drive from the river, and we hastened to the town hall, where space was reserved for us, and made a quick change of the clothes to avoid fever.

Honesty Among People.

Porterfield marks the beginning of the end of John Jacob Astor, Jr.'s notable failure as a railroad builder. A few years ago the yellow journals gave the world a good idea of the man's invasion of Honduras, and the young millionaire was pictured holding the little republic in the hollow of his hand. When he let go he was a heap wiser, but hadn't added anything but experience to the millions which he felt right there.

One short stay of one night in this place was marred by a feeling of uneasiness which was not felt elsewhere in the republic. We were told that our mules were likely to be stolen and we might be robbed if we were not watchful. This is unusual in Honduras, because the people are not so much afraid of thieves and robbery is but little known.

We got away from this objectionable place very early this morning, and made a swift hike for Santa Cruz Yojos. Shortly after leaving Porterfield, where I began writing this letter, we found ourselves in a most peculiar country. In early morning days a great rain cloud poured down from the mountains and swept over a large area of swamp. At the same time the mountains threw up a lot of builders, that fell thickly over the lava. The lava was porous, and decomposed rapidly, leaving many pits and causing the builders to slip.

It was with feelings of relief that we finally crossed the Rio Hondo and entered the dry and dusty valley of Yojos. After a short stop to rest the mules and to bandage the bruises, we rode on to the village of Yojos, a cluster of native shacks of adobe and brush, where we are to spend a couple of days straggling for a trip to the mysterious Lake Yojos. We will leave the pack mule at Benito, who had the saddle mule back, while we cross the lake in a boat. He is to meet us at Tonlaca, on the south shore. One of our good friends in San Pedro gave us a letter to the alcalde or mayor, a pleasant spoken individual, and upon presentation, he informed us that we were expected to attend a ball given in our honor.

Striking Southern Hospitality.

We were tired enough to go right off to bed, but, of course, dared not put such an effort upon his honor. On the depths of our journey, Benito brought forth our supplies which—duck suits and shoes, and, saved by the alcalde and his wife, we slipped down the mountain of the village, the dynamite of the population. That red-headed partner of mine came in for so much admiration from the maidens who appeared in the doorway that I felt a bit envious.

The dance occurred in the calidito, a square building about 12x12, with a floor of old fashioned square tiles. These were very unevenly laid, and I was constantly slipping and

TERRITORIAL TOPICS

CATTLE HUSTLERS AT WORK NEAR GALLUP.

W. E. Irvine has driven all the cows on his ranch to the range near Fort Wingate. He was obliged to move his stock because of the cattle rustlers, better known as cattle thieves, who have for some time been stealing from his herd. About one-third of the former cattle were rustled before the cattle were moved, which was a serious loss to the owner. The thieves drove some of the cattle into Arizona where they were sold as beef.

WILL RAISE BOTH GOLD AND ALFALFA.

United States Attorney Lowell and Engineer H. H. Carter of the geological survey spent several days on the Parcha, below the lower box, says the Hillsboro Advocate. Some say they were merely fishing, others that there is a prospect on foot to put in a large pumping plant to supply two colossal enterprises—one to reclaim several thousand acres of land lying between that point and the Rio Grande; the other, to throw water on the vast area of placer ground to the westward, where millions of virgin gold lies undisturbed. A project to raise alfalfa at the end of the route and alfalfa at the other is especially worthy of more than ordinary consideration.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE ACTIVE AT LAS CRUCES.

The new bridge for the Paso, near the Harriet place, has been completed. It is a very substantial structure and is twenty-three feet wide. At the point where this bridge crosses the Las Cruces aqueduct, the ditch banks are quite high, necessitating a large fill in order to establish the proper approaches to the bridge. Plans for this work are now being received by the chamber of commerce.

Steps are being taken by the chamber of commerce looking to the sending of a proper exhibit of the products of the Mesilla valley area from the mines of the county, etc., to the Albuquerque fair. This is an important matter, and the chamber of commerce should have the fullest co-operation of our citizens in it.—Rio Grande Republican.

KINGSTON, N. M., IN THE CORN BELT.

Sheba Hurs has struck his proper gold. His corn crop near Kingston, says the Hillsboro Advocate, is both a beauty and a joy, being higher than the corn and as even as a mown lawn. He always knew that it took a preacher's son to raise good corn and call boys intelligently. Sheba should be induced to make a corn demonstration on the low lands of the Rio Grande. Land would double in value in two years under the Hurs method of corn culture. The bureau of industry and soil culture should be all means procure Sheba and his experience for the next two years.

GOOD GOLD IS FOUND NEAR GALLUP.

William Viner, Mrs. Viner and Mr. Carpenter, who have been out prospecting returned Monday from their trip. They prospected the country near Callen's mine, situated to the south of Gallup, says the Republican. At a point seven miles from the mountain they located several tons of gold, which there are two well defined ledges of mineral bearing quartz and talc. Mr. Viner brought several samples of the ore home with him and if appearances go

for anything the ledge is undoubtedly very rich in good bearing rock.

While they were opening up their discovery a party representing Santa Fe capital visited them and took samples of Viner's ledge stating that it was the most promising prospect he had seen in that district and that if there was any gold in the country it would be found in the formation such as the Viner party located. Con. Gonzalez of this city in company with the Santa Fe people is thoroughly prospecting the whole district.

OLD TIMER IS GONE FROM ROSWELL.

The oldest tree in the city of Roswell was cut down Thursday. It was an immense cottonwood on the property of the Lea estate, at the rear of the office of Dr. C. M. Yaler. It was cut down to make the right into Dr. Yaler's office. The tree was not as large as those on Main street north of the Daily Record office, but the late Captain Frank Lee had told many people that he knew it to have been the first tree in Roswell. He had seen many deer and antelope drinking from the ditch that ran by the tree in the days when there was no town here.

In falling the tree knocked off Joe chimney and broke a window of Karl Snyder's office. Mr. Snyder was formerly of Albuquerque.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE HELD IN WHITE OAKS.

The Lincoln County Teachers' institute closed Thursday evening and Friday occurred the regular examination for teachers' certificates. This institute was a busy and interesting one and no doubt will be of great benefit to those who attended. The report is that so many of the more experienced ones had dropped out and not enough new ones have come to take their places to supply more than half of the schools in the county. This shortage prevails all over the territory notwithstanding the greatly improved conditions in educational lines during the past ten years. Low wages and the indifference of parents about sending their children to school regularly account for this, says the Outlook. Superintendent A. B. Stroup of the Bernalillo county schools and President H. J. Verr of the Normal university at Las Vegas were among the visitors.

IT WERE WELL THAT IT WERE DONE QUICKLY.

While nothing as yet has been done about opening the local oil fields, says the Gallup Republican, it is reported that the parties who have the most hands are keeping in touch with the eastern people who have looked over the fields and were satisfied that there is a flow of oil to be had in this district. It is now expected that there will be something doing in this line in McKinley county before long. The outlook is better.

LINCOLN COUNTY KEEPS GOLD RECORD.

The Captain News is authority for the statement that the Nopal Peak Gold Mining company has been steadily developing its property located in the Nopal district. The company has been driving a tunnel and sinking a shaft, employing one shift in the shaft and two in the tunnel. In the tunnel, which is 117 feet, an 18-inch lead has been cut. The ore pans exceedingly well, and has an assay value of about \$10 per ton, gold. The shaft is down 80 feet on the same lead, and also pans.

TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA, YET HAS MINERAL WEALTH.

According to the Prospector, the Tombstone Consolidated Mines company's Silver Thread property, being drained by the pumps at the Great Central shaft, was sunk down to water level, which is 800 feet below the surface. Here a new body of high-grade ore was encountered. After penetrating this for a short distance, a drift was started at water level, which passed through ore in such formation as to demonstrate the pres-

ence of a great body of ore underneath, the ore from which extended upward in chutes and irregular formations, so the drift would be part of the time in ore and part of the time in country rock. The shaft where the new ore body was encountered was also extended from water level down ward through solid rock. After having penetrated this treasure vault, which has for ages lain under water, until the shaft was 100 feet below water level, another drift was started and up to the last authentic information we are able to secure, had pierced through 100 feet of ore and the end is not yet.

RIGHT KIND OF SETTLERS TO BENEFIT COUNTRY.

According to the Estancia News William Leathers, who took a claim five miles west of that town the week before, announced in this paper that he is ready to dig wells at the rate of 80 cents per foot. He had had lots of experience in digging mine shafts in the east and understands his business. But the strongest point in favor of such immigrants is that they will bring with them the tools and machinery which they get ready for business.

DANGEROUS TO FOOL WITH COURT.

The Prescott Journal-Kimer says that for disobeying an injunction issued out of the district court on August 2, commanding him to show Attorney J. P. Wilson and mining engineers J. O. and Martin to make an expert examination of the Copper Hill mine, John J. Jackson, superintendent of the Copper Mining syndicate, operating that property, was yesterday sentenced to serve sixty days in the county jail and to pay a fine of \$100. Glenn Hall and Burnett Fitzgerald, two mining engineers employed at the camp, was on the instructions of Superintendent Jackson, removed the throttle from the hoisting engine after the writ was served, were not adjudged guilty of contempt. His occupying sentence on account of his youth, and Fitzgerald on account of duress. It being believed that he did not understand the import of the court's order.

The suit is the outcome of some difficulty of misundersanding between the management of the Copper Hill mining and smelting company and the directorate of the Copper Mining syndicate, the latter, who are in possession of the mine, having issued instructions, it appears, to Superintendent Jackson not to allow any of the representatives of experts of the former company to enter the mine for the purpose of making an examination of the underground workings.

ESTANCIA VALLEY GROWS PINE POTATOES.

Several of our farmers, says the News, have had good success this year in growing Irish potatoes, notwithstanding the impression that they cannot be grown in the valley. The best samples we have seen are from the ranch of A. W. Lantz, southwest of town, and weigh eight ounces each. He has almost an acre in potatoes, and these have been furnishing his family with new funds for more than a month past. If given any kind of care potatoes can be made a paying proposition in the valley.

ST. JOHN'S HERALD IS OF OPINION ARTESIAN.

There is artesian water in the valley of the Little Colorado river; this remains to be wholly proven by conditions not yet apparent. But we are willing now to start out on the conditions, which partly prove the theory correct, that there is artesian water here.

No Mines was ever come along and struck a rock anywhere around here and caused panned dirt to gush forth; and we have very grave doubts that such will ever happen. It will take some money and some work to demonstrate that artesian water is waiting below the surface for some enterprising person to make a way for it to come to light. It is down there waiting.

While in conversation with Gustav Becker of Springerville, we learned something of the star. In this line of discovery which is encouraging to one who believes artesian water can be had in this valley. Mr. Becker has had parties boring or artesian water. At a depth of 2.0 feet these parties had the misfortune to get their drill fastened and were compelled to abandon their contract. They had encountered water at several points before reaching that depth, and at present the water is standing at a depth of 10 feet. The piping across the well and shut off first waters encountered. In the boring they first went through a layer of sandstone, after which soapstone, reddish and slate colored, composed the formation. This soapstone formation made boring necessary. Mr. Becker is in correspondence with other parties now, and he intends to push forward the work as soon as possible, if the drill can be removed from this well, he will sink to a depth of 2,000 feet or more there; if not successful in removing the drill, another well will be bored, with the same intention of going to a depth of 2,000 feet if water is not encountered before.

had parties boring or artesian water. At a depth of 2.0 feet these parties had the misfortune to get their drill fastened and were compelled to abandon their contract. They had encountered water at several points before reaching that depth, and at present the water is standing at a depth of 10 feet. The piping across the well and shut off first waters encountered. In the boring they first went through a layer of sandstone, after which soapstone, reddish and slate colored, composed the formation. This soapstone formation made boring necessary. Mr. Becker is in correspondence with other parties now, and he intends to push forward the work as soon as possible, if the drill can be removed from this well, he will sink to a depth of 2,000 feet or more there; if not successful in removing the drill, another well will be bored, with the same intention of going to a depth of 2,000 feet if water is not encountered before.

St. Johns was an artesian well—small, but still an artesian flow of water from a depth of only eighty feet. This well was bored several years ago, for J. L. Hubbell, and is still doing business at the old stand. The water from this well flows out of the top of a pipe four feet from the surface of the ground. It is in the valley near McIntosh Spring, which spring throws out a stream sufficient to supply St. Johns with all the water necessary for domestic purposes and thousands of gallons run to waste.

Next to building artesian reservoirs for the conservation of the artesian water stands in importance. Both are possible; both are highly important; both are waiting for some one to attend to their development.

SANTA FE OFFICIAL SAYS ALBUQUERQUE.

Will Get \$250,000 for Shop Expenditures—Interviewed at San Bernardino.

Second Vice President J. W. Kendrick of the Santa Fe, with his party, including General Counsel Walter B. Hines, General Manager J. E. Harris and General Superintendent K. J. Parker of the Santa Fe line, together with Superintendent of Machinery Alfred Lovell, Master Mechanic Drury, General Storekeeper Hise, Mechanical Superintendent C. M. Taylor, and the division and coast superintendents will arrive in this city Thursday afternoon, leaving Barstow at 1 o'clock.

The party has been looking over the general situation in Albuquerque and all along the line from Chicago. The Santa Fe has ordered the expenditures of many millions for the improvement of its shops and mechanical service, as well as its lines, and it is to review the allowance made in the different budgets that this party of officials is journeying westward. A local official, asked about influence, the reported expenditures of \$250,000 on the shops at Albuquerque, would have on the local expenditures, said:

There could be no harm from such an expenditure as far as San Bernardino is concerned. The local budget is made out and there is no intention of withdrawing a penny. It is only a heavy amount of the amounts of the three that the Santa Fe company has decided to make these wholesale expenditures, but there could be no centralization of the shop forces at Albuquerque.—San Bernardino Index.

"Doesn't your husband tell you an innocent little lie now and then to save you trouble?"

"Perhaps. I know he tells me lots to save himself trouble."

graceful style of dancing for which I am famous, shortly after our arrival the orchestra appeared, a five-footed native with a whorly accoutrement. The little room quickly filled with people. It fell to my proud lot to lead the waltz of the evening in the first dance, which she informed me could be anything I desired, but she preferred a waltz. I knew nothing about the Spanish waltz, but naturally avoided saying so. When the solemn notes of that accented music the evening air I realized that this was new business. It might be a waltz that he was playing, but it sounded like a dirge, and I wondered if it were probable. Out of the tail of my eye I watched the mayor and distinguished his station, low, and the dance was on. The light was high, hold your partner close, and walk round and round her.

We managed to get through without any catastrophe, and I was then introduced to a scortina in white, and a scortina was called. The orchestra played a waltz of the same name, only with time slightly accelerated. As I led my lady to the center I was not a little dismayed to discover that she had forgotten to wear shoes. Remembering the unclean floor and my own heavy shoes, I had a case of duck fever as I thought of the waltz, but which were sure to follow. My warm-haired friend was holding a flirtatious smile over in the corner with four of the prettiest girls, but he wasn't overlooking any part of my performance and was making me aware of that fact by sly and sardonic references to my dress and my feet. I had to confess the number of times I stepped on my partner for tripping on her, but it was not a few.

After each dance the alcalde invited us, with ladies in tow, to join him in a small building near by, where he pressed out fiery arguments in a tin cup. The night was hot, but the liquor was hotter, and it was easy to see the finish of this dance if one tried to work the two in combination. Our friend the mayor, was much distressed at our abstemiousness, and it was difficult to make him understand that we meant no reflection on him, or his liquor. On the next night, however, we were earnest about it, but the dance did not stop until the jug was empty and the stars had fled.

INTERESTING ARTICLE IN FORUM MAGAZINE.

Prof. Blausman of the state university, is the author of an article in the current Forum on the "Economics and Politics of the Reclamation Service."

The reclamation act of June 17, 1902, provides that all moneys received from the sale and disposal of public lands in the states and territories west of the Missouri river, including Oklahoma, except the fees and commissions due registrars and receivers and the 5 per cent. set aside for educational purposes, shall be a special fund to be used in the examination and survey and maintenance of irrigation works for the reclamation of the arid and semi-arid lands. The total amount of this fund is estimated at \$100,000,000. The government is now under construction, upon other lands have been received, and still others and more than both the preceding, have been approved by the secretary of the interior. In the entire arid and semi-arid region it is estimated that the total amount that can be irrigated is one million acres. Of this, nearly ten millions are already under cultivation. With the aid of private enterprise in the governmental scheme of irrigation, it is estimated that the maximum that can be irrigated is five billions of dollars. The cost of irrigation construction carried on by the government is to be paid by the users of the water in ten annual installments and varies in proportion to the difficulty of construction and the amount of available water. This requires continuous residence on the land, the purchase of this removes the speculative element.

After paying the first cost the settler has no further expense except the annual payment for keeping up the water supply, which includes repairs, cleaning ditches and distribution. The government undertakes the project, secures suitable enterprise has about reached its limit, and in this material aid all socialistic features are barred because the management of the water supply is finally given back to the individual people. The government only temporarily produces an industry, adds and abetting a citizen, which in the long run produces government. The building of great canals, reservoirs, ditches and aqueducts represents a vast outlay, and necessitates many subsidiary enterprises, such as the manufacture of cement and lumber, and thus the government has gone further in this new role than any other for the same purpose of monumental the cost to the people who purchase the land and water rights and saving millions by carrying on its own independent enterprises.

Generally debilitated for years, had sick headaches, lacked an appetite, was worn out and all run-down. Burdock Blood Purifiers made me a well woman. Mrs. Chas. Frosty, Mound, Mo.

MODERN WOODMEN HOLD SUMMER LOG-ROLLING.

John, Mo., Aug. 2.—The summer log-rolling of the Southwestern Missouri district of the Modern Woodmen of America is being held here today. The event is of considerable importance and the attendance is unusually large. The Southwestern Missouri district has a membership of more than 25,000 members. More than twenty thousand visitors have been attracted by the log-rolling and the hotels are overcrowded beyond their regular capacity. Valuable prizes will be awarded in the annual log-rolling contest.

St. Louis, Aug. 2.—Speller, higher.

St. Louis, Aug