

The Holbrook News

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RIPE OLIVES.

A Trick Which People in California Play on Newcomers.

"I have just returned from California," said the traveler, "and for your information, in case you ever wander thither, let me post you on one of the merry little jests which the inhabitants love to ring in on the innocent tender-foot.

"About the first thing they'll run you up against the California ripe olives. Ever eat them? You can hardly get them here because they won't stand shipment. And they're mighty good.

"Most real olive eaters prefer them to the ordinary green pickled olive. The ripe olives are pickled also, you understand, and come out of the brine jet black.

"After you have eaten and approved, they will lead you on by remarking: 'Well, if you like them that way you'll like them better fresh. Just stroll out to the orchard with me and we'll have one.'

"Then they lead you out to one of their long lanes of trees. I pause to remark that you don't know what olive green and olive brown mean until you've seen those colors in that slim graceful little tree.

"There are fresh olives all right hanging among the gray leaves and looking mighty tempting. You pick one, and bite into it.

"Whew! Bitter! I can taste it yet. It's all the quinine and rhubarb and wormwood in the world, combined in a nasty, haunting bitterness that hangs to you until you have eaten two meals. It is an oily bitterness that gets into the corners and crannies of your mouth and won't be washed out.

"When you recover a little they explain that the brine takes out the bitterness, and that's why olives are pickled."—New York Sun.

MAN'S GOLDEN AGE.

His Best Achievements Not in the Past, but in the Future.

The old theologians were gloomy in the contemplation of the future of mankind. They could not see much in the days ahead except unhappiness and pain. Whether the trouble lay in reading the mournful but magnificently beautiful words of Job, or whether in the times there was a poison of hopelessness, none of us may more than guess.

The scientific people have been doing a great amount of overstudying of the face of the globe in recent years. The Toledo Blade says, experimenting, turning over ancient dust heaps and cleaning up cave debris. The total age of the world is somewhere in the neighborhood of 72,000,000 years, a few million either way, of course, being no matter over which any spectacled professors would come to blows. The human race began to accomplish things for itself which may be counted of value about 2,000 years back. The best it has done is within the last 200 years.

So the man is but an infant in his life's history. His great work, his achievements, his glory and his grandeur are ahead of him. The golden age is not buried in some distant past, but is a heritage into which he has not yet come. These views of the scientific world hardly agree with those who find all that is good, all that is attractive to them in the records of the Greeks and the Romans. There is warfare between the two schools of thought. For you it is permitted to take up with either party, or accept them both, as occasion and mood direct.

Her Astral Spouse.

An unmarried woman of my acquaintance was drawing dangerously near the threshold of that age where the unmarried must abandon every matrimonial hope.

Belonging as she did to that large contingent of women to whom marriage represents the only possible career, her anxiety, as she saw her chances of achieving it dwindling to the vanishing point, became keen, and in her distress she began to seek for comforting reassurances among that fraternity who, for a suitable consideration, obligingly offer to reveal the secrets of the future.

In the course of an interview with one of these "wise women" she was told: "My dear, you already are married on the astral plane, and it is your astral husband who is keeping the earth men away from you."
 "Oh," cried the ungrateful bride, "please tell him not to!"

You Can Bet.

Dix—Girls will be girls.
 Nix—Yes, and old women will be girls, if you believe what they tell you about their aces.

PARDONS GOEBEL SUSPECTS.

Gov. Willson Gives Clemency to Men Indicted for Old Crime.

The issuance by Gov. Willson of Kentucky of pardons to W. S. Taylor, ex-Governor, Charles Finley, ex-Secretary of State, and other persons indicted for complicity in the murder of William Goebel writes the final chapter in the story of a remarkable political tragedy. It terminates the effort on the part of the State authorities to solve the mystery of a crime which has left a deep imprint on Kentucky life.

The murder of William Goebel took place on Jan. 30, 1900, when Kentucky was on a verge of an internecine conflict over the outcome of a hotly-contested election between William Goebel, Democrat, and William S. Taylor, Republican. Taylor was elected by many thousands. Goebel contested the election vigorously. An appeal to a Democratic election board proved unavailing. As a last resort, Goebel moved to have



FORMER GOVERNOR TAYLOR.

the Legislature unseat Taylor and his colleagues. During the ensuing excitement, while hundreds of mountain men were in Frankfort, Goebel was shot. The next day, by direction of the Legislature, William Goebel on his deathbed was sworn in as Governor and J. C. W. Beckham took the oath as Lieutenant Governor. Then during the investigation of the murder that followed W. S. Taylor, Charles Finley, his Secretary of State, and the rest of his active partisans were obliged to flee.

Caleb Powers was arrested in connection with the crime, and was four times convicted for the murder, but just as often the judgment was reversed, till he was finally pardoned last year by the Governor.

Taylor found an asylum in Indiana since his flight. One after another of the Indiana Governors have refused to give him up, and he has been able to defy his enemies in Kentucky. Meanwhile the Democratic majority in Kentucky chose its own Governor, and Mr. Beckham, who was the candidate for Lieutenant Governor on the ticket with William Goebel, was first chosen by the Legislature, and afterward elected by the people chief magistrate.

Beside the pardons issued to Taylor and Finley, Gov. Willson exercised executive clemency in the cases of John Powers, brother of Caleb Powers, who is believed to be in Honduras, to Holland Whitaker of Baker County, John Davis of Louisville and Seach Steele of Bell County, who did not flee the State.

Too Well-Done.

Mrs. Eliphabet Howe of Centerville had never encountered "Hamlet," either in the pursuit of literature or on the stage, up to the time of her first visit to her Boston niece. On that occasion she was taken by the niece and her husband to see a performance of the play.

"How did you like it, Aunt Jane?" asked her nephew-in-law, as he piloted the old lady up the aisle by her elbow, when the performance was over.

"If that's what you call a 'play,' I call it hard work!" said Aunt Jane, indignantly. "How you and Nettle can sit calm in your seats and see such heartless doings is beyond me!"

"Why, that Hamlet man looked so sick I shouldn't have been surprised if he hadn't lived to finish out his talking." And by the expression of those other folks, I'll venture to say they felt the same.

"I had my smelling salts all ready in case o' need from the first minute he came on to the platform!"

Wasted Energy.

"Nursin' a grouch," said Uncle Eben, "is like negettin' de flowers an' vegetables an' puttin' in yoh time tendin' de weeds."—Washington Star.

New Word for Carriages.

The French have a new word for carriages drawn by horses. They are "hippomobiles."

The importance of a really important man doesn't show on the surface.

FARMS AND FARMERS



Plans for Farm Barn.

The many very marked changes in farm life would lead one to believe that the large farm is, or soon will be, a thing of the past. The high price of farm help, the necessity for better cultivation and farming, fewer and better bred stock, better care of stock, better buildings for housing the hay, grain and stock, has or soon will bring the small farm, and, so planned and arranged that a greater variety of products are raised.

Many instances are known where the man who had struggled for years with 200 to 500 acres, barely made a living, and of doubling their income by sim-



HANDI-SHALL BARN.

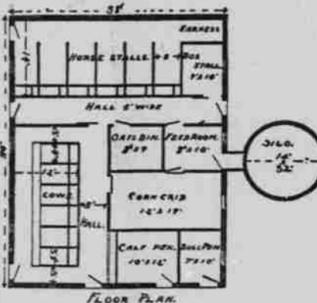
ply renting out all of the land except fifty to eighty acres. That several cows must be kept on such a farm goes without saying, not only for the monthly income and profit, but for the manure that is necessary to keep the soil alive.

Present sanitary requirements call for many devices and appliances that cannot be installed on the small farm, but cleanliness and kindness is within the possibilities of any of us, and while it is true that to house the cows in the same building with the horses has some disadvantages, it also has its advantages, and to build separate buildings for both, is not only expensive, but calls for extra help in caring for and feeding them.

A careful study of the barn shown in the illustration herewith will show what we will call a condensed arrangement, and, while the cows are in the same barn with the horses, a good, tight partition separates them from the horse barn, to keep out the dust and odors. For the same reason the silo is located where shown, for, no matter how well cared for, it has an offensive odor, that is readily absorbed by milk.

The floor plan is self-explaining, the silo is an ordinary stave structure, with wire cables for hoops, as the cable is not so easily affected by contraction and expansion as the solid iron hoops.

The crib has the foundation left out as shown, and the floor is of 2x6 inch studding, with one-half-inch spaces between. The siding is drop siding, the same as the balance of the barn, but the top and lower edges are beveled, and a one-half-inch space is left between each board. This construction allows a free circulation of air, and keeps out the rain, snow and wind. The small amount of corn that drops through the floor is eaten by the poultry and hogs.



FLOOR PLAN.

The studding are 12 feet, and the lower story is 8 feet; the cow stalls are of cement, with gutter, and all stalls have pounded clay floors. It will pay to plaster the walls and ceiling of the cow barn with cement. After the silo has been used for several years, it is intended to lath and plaster it with cement.

It will pay to use good material throughout, provide a good foundation and roof, and to keep all exposed wood work well painted.

As the various climates demand slightly different construction, and the lumber used is not the same in all sections, it would be simply a waste of valuable space to describe them here.—J. E. Bridgman, in St. Paul Dispatch.

Cultivation That Damages Corn.

The corn is often damaged by the roots being broken in deep cultivation. This is not the case to a serious extent early in the season, when the corn is small, but the check to the crop may be quite marked if cultivated deep late in the season, when the corn has reached a height of 2 to 3 feet or more, particularly if the previous cultivation has been shallow or neglected. If dry

weather happens to follow such treatment the damage to the crop is much increased. When not followed by some form of cultivation that will level down the ridges left by the large shovel cultivator, the ground will dry out quite deeply and in the furrows between the ridges this drying readily reaches the roots of the corn. To obviate this as much as possible, when the old-fashioned large shovels are used, the work should be followed as soon as possible with something to level down the surface. Unless there is something to be gained by it, deep cultivation should not be followed.—Oklahoma Station.

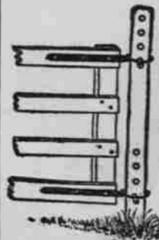
Fertilizing the Garden.

Don't be afraid of getting the soil too rich for any of the vegetables whose leaf or stem is edible. If you cannot have plenty of well rotted manure, a top dressing of nitrate of soda just before planting will furnish the plant food needed of nitrogen, but other elements may be needed for a proper balance. Wood ashes, if available, are a good source for potash, but sulphate or muriate of potash may be used instead and frequently a dressing of hyperphosphate is beneficial.

If one is growing only a small garden for home use, the droppings from the poultry house will furnish enough fertilizer to keep the soil in a good state of fertility; but if growing truck on a large scale, it would be well to inquire of your experiment station what commercial fertilizers would be of most help in securing maximum crops of the vegetables you wish to grow.

Easily Regulated Gate.

The gate hanger illustrated in the drawing is very handy for use where it is desired to let hogs pass from one



ADJUSTABLE HANGER. SHOW IN WINTER.—Sam Avery, in Farm and Home.

All in Management.

Folks say that if you want any class of stock that can always be sold at a profit, from weaning time until tottering old age, you want a mule. We do not raise mules, so can not speak from experience. This much we do know, however, several good friends of ours have been dickering in mules for years without making any money. Perhaps these are the exceptional cases that prove the rule. Others have raised and bought mules and made good money. We surmise it's more the man and his management than it is the mule, that reaps the profit. The same man dealing in razorbacks might make some money.—Farmers' Mail and Breeze.

Fertilizer for Potatoes.

For potatoes the past year we used 1,200 pounds of fertilizer to the acre, one-third applied broadcast and the rest scattered in the furrow, brushing the fertilizer into the soil of the furrow before planting the seed. After planting, the surface was kept well stirred to prevent weeds starting and the cultivator was run often enough to keep down the weeds. A little hand hoeing was done. The yield was 250 bushels per acre. The crop followed corn and the land was very thoroughly harrowed before potatoes were planted. Plenty of harrowing and liberal use of fertilizers may be depended on to give a good crop.

Breeding Corn.

Prof. R. A. Moore says that painstaking in breeding corn has raised the average corn production in Wisconsin from 25 bushels per acre in 1901 to 41.2 bushels per acre in 1907. This increase is worth striving for in every State and on every farm.

Notes of the Pig Pen.

Give growing pigs food to produce bone and muscle rather than fat.

The pig should have a warm, dry bed kept clean and free from dust.

No domestic animal responds so quickly to good treatment as the hog.

Thrifty hogs turn grains into money quicker than any other domestic animal.

The thrift and condition of the mother determine to a great extent what the pig will be.

When a hog has to be driven to his feed usually a mistake has been made in his feeding.

When fed dry shelled corn is more economical than cornmeal to feed to fattening hogs.

SHEAR NONSENSE

"Didn't I see him kiss you?" "Oh, that was only a trial kiss."—Life.

"What did she get first when she inherited her billion?" "Furs and chauffeurs."—The Bellman.

Hoax—Here comes Borleigh. Do you know him to speak to? Joax—Not if I see him first.—Philadelphia Record.

"I am looking for a fashionable overcoat." "All right, sir, will you have it too short or too long?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Mrs. Hicks—My husband has been just lovely to me all day. Mrs. Wicks—H'm! What was it you caught him doing?—Boston Transcript.

She (at the piano)—I presume you are a true lover of music, are you not? He—Yes, I am; but pray don't stop playing on my account.—Judge.

Hawkins—So you sent for a doctor? Does he think you will be out soon? Robbins—I imagine so. He said he wished I had sent for him sooner.—Puck.

Little Girl—What's an intelligence office, mamma? Mother—It's a place where one goes to find out what wages cooks are charging.—New York Herald.

She—Fred, do you believe that the pen is mightier than the sword? He—Well, you never saw anybody sign a check with a sword, did you?—Illustrated Bits.

Husband (getting ready for the theater)—My dear, what in the world are you taking that newspaper along for? Wife (coldly)—To read between acts.—Life.

Mrs. Youngwife—What is the first question you ask of a maid whom you think of employing? Mrs. Oldone—I always say first, "Have you ever lived with me before?"—Life.

Recruiting Sergeant—Do you know anything about the drill? Recruit—Ay course. Didn't Old just tell ye Ol wurked in a quarry these foive year past?—Philadelphia Record.

"Uncle Jack, mother says you're ill, so I thought I'd like to come and talk to you a bit." "That's kind of you." "Will there be a band to play the Dead March at your funeral?"—Ally Sloper.

Indulgent Papa—Why, my dear, you had a party last month. How often do you wish to entertain your friends? She—This one is not to entertain my friends papa, but to snub my enemies.—Life.

"For goodness' sake, Harriet, why so sad?" "The cook's left, but that isn't the worst of it; she took with her the recipe-book for all the things John's mother used to make."—Brooklyn Life.

Fond Mother—Tommy, darling, this is your birthday! What would you like to do? Tommy, Darling (after a moment's reflection)—I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked!—Paris Figaro.

He (calling)—I'm here promptly, Miss Fannie. She—Yes, Mr. Stately. He—I never like to keep people waiting. She (significantly)—Waiting for you to come, you mean, of course.—Washington Post.

"If I went out in a small boat," said the teacher, "and the owner knew it was leaking, and I got drowned, what would that be?" After a few minutes' silence a little boy stood up and said: "A holiday, sir!"—Catholic News.

"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we.'" "Why?" "So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."—Christian Work and Evangelist.

Englishman—You—aw—live in California, I believe? American—Yes, sir; San Francisco is my home. Englishman—Quite so. Ah, I presume you frequently come in contact with my friends, the Courtneys, in Arizona—an adjoining State, I believe?—Harper's Bazar.

Citizen—What'll you charge me, Uncle Rastus, to cart away that pile of stone? Uncle Rastus—About two dollars, sah. Citizen—Isn't that very high? Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah, jes' fo' cahlin' away the stone, but I got ter hire a man to hep me hahness de mule.—Harper's Bazar.

"I hope you were a good little boy while at your aunt's and didn't tell any stories," said his mother. "Only the one you put me up to, ma," replied her young hopeful. "Why, what do you mean, child?" "When she asked me if I'd like to have a second piece of cake I said, 'No, thank you; I've had enough!'"