

The Emmett Index

Published every Thursday by ED SKINNER & SONS

Subscription Rates in Idaho: One year \$2.00, Six months 1.00, Three months .50. Outside of Idaho: One year \$2.50, Six months 1.25, Three months .65.

Entered in the Emmett postoffice as second class mail matter.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Look at the printed label on your paper. The date thereon shows when the subscription expires. Forward your money in ample time for renewal.

CURRENT COMMENT

What America Needs

What this country needs is not a new birth of freedom but the old fashioned \$2 lower birth.

What this country needs isn't more liberty but less people who take liberties with our liberty.

What this country needs is not a job for every man but a real man for every job.

What this country needs isn't to get more taxes from the people but for the people to get more from the taxes.

What this country needs is not more miles of territory, but more miles to the gallon.

What this country needs is more tractors and less detractors.

What this country needs isn't more young men making speed but more young men planting spuds.

What this country needs is more paint on the old place and less paint on the young face.

What this country needs isn't a lower rate of interest on money but a higher interest in work.

AN editor in a moment of sober thought says:

"After letting their little daughter play and decorate her doll with a glass pin which her father had picked up ten years ago, the parents learned the glass was a diamond valued at \$125.

"A change of thought created an entirely new atmosphere. A plain piece of 'glass' turned out to be a diamond. It always was a diamond, but those who had it knew not its value until some one pointed it out to them, and the 'glass' they had had for ten years at once took on a new luster and interest. The world is full of 'diamonds' which the majority of us do not see until one who has prepared himself to distinguish between the real and the unreal comes along, and then we get excited—all over a change of thought. Acres of diamonds are all about us, but we go racing off into unknown parts in search of them."

A CITY is spick and span, well kept, beautiful, when its individual homes are neat and attractive, when its vacant lots are not eyesores. The city is a collection of details. If these details are neglected, the whole city looks slovenly.

A man may think it makes no difference if he is a little careless around his home, if he lets the lawn become unkempt, if he dumps trash in a vacant lot. But such carelessness on the part of one family may ruin an attractive block, and one slovenly block may hurt a whole neighborhood.

Such patters as cards tacked on poles, advertising signs on boulevards and residence neighborhoods, weeds and tin cans on vacant lots, may be small matters in any particular instance. But when such things accumulate they make the city look ragged and run down at the heels.

BECAUSE he lived a clean life, "Christy" Mathewson is back home in Factoryville, Pa., today almost restored to health. He may have to return to the Adirondack for a time to complete the cure, but he has conquered in the battle against the dread disease, tuberculosis.

Never in all the years when he was the idol of the baseball world did "Matty" give a greater exhibition of courage than in the long-drawn-out struggle for his life. He had one chance in a thousand and he won. And he won as he did many of his ball games—on his courage.

There's opportunity for clergymen to preach sermons on the life of this fine specimen of the Christian and the athlete. He played the game of baseball fairly, honestly, always giving the best that was in him. So far as is known, he never took a mean advantage of a rival player, never resorted to an unworthy trick, but always "played the game."

If he hadn't led a clean life, he wouldn't be alive today. Great as he was at the height of his career on the diamond he is greater today, for he has fought the good fight and won.

When he returned to his old home town the whole population turned out to welcome him.

In business as in baseball, it is the man who plays the game fairly and courageously who commands respect and who has the real key to success.

It is quite the thing for one who speaks in public to tell a few jokes first and then pull a long face and give his auditors his good reasons for believing that the world today is rushing headlong to perdition.

But it isn't. The imminent end of the world has been predicted ever since the world was begun.

Since night was first divided from day we have had "with us this evening" the man who croaked of the better times that used to be. The advent of historic mankind brought at once a group of mourners for the prehistoric animals. It needs no "Outline of History" to prove that the antediluvian planet was a delightful resort. It knew no income tax, no smoke nuisance, no irksome prohibition, no superfluous noises, no sessions of Congress, no campaigns and drives for charity, no transit congestion. What a delightful world to occupy!

Then, at long range, with the enchantment lent by distance, always looks far more lusterful and glamorous than now. A man in the retrospect of boyhood forgets all but the fun of it, the freedom, the irresponsibility. He doesn't remember the crosses. All drudgery and repression have faded from remembrance; the play-times stand photographically clear in the golden light. The race itself looks back on its early days even as one by one we recall the episodes of our childhood behind us forever.

But that is of yesterday. What of today, that stands on the brink of tomorrow? Instead of deploring what has been, should we not give thanks for that which is to be? We cannot determine what men centuries hence in their own discretion and of their own motion are to do any more than we can undo the deeds of our ancestors and prevent their sins and follies committed. But we can put our best effort into our own time and link day to day with a chain of acts that shall have its influence in the story of the generations to be.

The future belongs to posterity; the past is in the keeping of those who lived and died; but the present is ours and ours alone. What are we going to do with it? There is no time to waste in unavailing lamentation. The study of what has been is useful only as it serves to shed light on the question of what we should do now. The speculation as to the time to come is valuable as it guides toward the right notion of service and duty, in public and private relations with our contemporaries.

Today is the material of which we build a life that none can build for us. If the days are spent as they should be, the life that is made of these days as a wall is made of stones will be the life that counts on the side of the angels. Men and women we revere have been too busy with the tidal fullness of living to lavish regrets on yesterday or anxious forebodings up on tomorrow.

TALES OF TOWN

OH, TO BE UNDERSTOOD!

I wear my new straw hat Tilting at an angle. Conventional blue my socks; Noiseless, my tie; But my notable new straw hat Tilts at a rackish angle.

Oh, the quiet smiles of my friends Who think I've entered second childhood!

Oh, the sneers of passing strangers Alas, the bland invitations Of people who think I'm a sucker!

And yet, by all the crowned gods, Can I stop to explain To every dense person on the densely peopled streets

That I've just had a haircut, And that my hat was bought when my hair was long, And that the darned thing will blow off

Unless I cock it towards the wind, Askew, askew, at an angle?

We wish to retract our kicks against the cold last winter.

What's become of the girl whom we criticised for wearing rats in her hair?

A Boise preacher advises his flock: "Keep your nickels and dimes—Saint Peter isn't running a movie."

Henry Ford was recently pinched for fast driving. Wonder what make of car he was driving that way.

No use in startin' now to worry 'bout next winter's coal bill, 'cause chances are there won't be any coal!

They held a Democratic rally in Pennsylvania the other day. That, we say, can be listed as among the unusual news events.

If the Democrats adopted the Ten Commandments as a platform in the coming election, we wonder what the Republican majority would be?

I See That—

In Africa native girls want American clothes. Somebody is going to get sunburned.

The Irish are burning Cork. Must be planning for a minstrel show.

Two more movie heroines, Blanche Sweet and Gloria Swanson, are said to have left their husbands. That movie cave-man stuff don't seem to get by in real life.

A Chicago golfer has been ordered off the golf links for a year because he hit his caddy with a thrown club. Caddies could make big money from the golf widows.

A Kansas City workman who operates a machine by pushing an electric button has complained to his chief that the work has raised a blister on his index finger. He wants the button placed on the floor so he can push it with his foot. He might try using different fingers each time he presses the button.

The McCormick family is all lined up for its different marriages and remarriages. Maybe we can get some news on page one now.

Henry Ford was taking a ride in one of his own Sedans and got stuck in the mud. A nearby farmer plowing with a tractor of Henry's make pulled him out.

The newest passenger air liners will include dancing in the list of entertainments while flying. Better not try the shimie.

If every worker did more than he is paid to do and every employer paid more than he is compelled to pay, we would have no more strikes.

The present generation sees many wonderful things its predecessor never saw, but it will never gaze upon that enthralling legend of the old time which read, "Square Meals 25 cents."

A young lady was visiting in the East and attended a little party one evening, in the course of which bonbons were passed by the Negro waiter. The girl spied a nice, plump chocolate on the plate, which she started to take, but it seemed to adhere to the dish. Another pull failed to dislodge it; then the darkey good humoredly remarked: "Beg pardon, miss, but that's mah thumb."

A Little Boy's Menu Sometimes I hear Mother say To Mis' Brown across the way, "What you going to cook today?" Then Mis' Brown she sigh, "Oh, dear! I don't know, not much I fear." Grown-ups are so queer, my sakes, Ice cream, jam and frosted cakes, Chocolate pie and toasty flakes. If I was a cooker, say, That's what I'd have every day.

"Ah, my little man!" saluted a motorist who had halted his car in the big road. "You are one of the numerous Johnson children of whom I heard back yonder at the crossroads store. Which one are you?"

"Aw, hell! Hain't you got no sense?" disgustedly returned the little man, "I'm the one you're talking to, o' course!"

During the great fire in San Francisco a mounted orderly from the Presidio was riding along Mission street at a smart trot. A woman ran out of a house waving her apron at him.

"Oh, Mister Soldier! Mister Soldier!" she called. "Where can I get some milk for our baby?"

Without drawing rein the cavalryman saluted as he answered: "I don't know, ma'am this animal I'm riding is a horse."

Now and then some fellow bobs up and says the age of invention is in its infancy and that our children will see many wonderful things accomplished that we do not dream of today. But the inventors of the future will have to go some to outdo those of our lifetime. Just think of the big inventions made since we were kids: Electric lights, telephones, wireless, airships, automobiles, electric motors talking machines, electric irons, washing machines and cook stoves, war gas, safety razors and non-skid collar buttons.

Daddy came home from the office early one evening, and mother had not returned from some friends whom she had been visiting for tea.

Little 4-year-old Gwennie ran up to her father's side.

"Daddy," she cried, "I've been wanting to see you for a long time when mother's not near."

"Why, my little girl?" asked the father.

"Well, Dad, answered Gwennie "Please don't tell mother, because she's an awful dear, but I don't think she knows much about bringing up children."

"What makes you think that?" asked her father.

"Well," replied Gwennie, "she makes

House Paint Per gal. Outside White No. 448 \$3.50 Olive Green No. 445 \$2.80

No. 900 Universal Varnish \$3.70 Gal. \$0.80 Per Quart \$1.25 Per Pint \$0.80

CERTAIN-TEED paint is sold on the proper basis; different prices for different colors. There is no reason why inexpensive colors should sell for as much as expensive ones.

When you buy Certain-teed paint, you get the highest quality paint, and you don't pay fancy or arbitrary profits. The Certain-teed name is proof of quality.

See us before painting—it will pay you.

Certain-teed PAINT - VARNISH - ROOFING - LINOLEUM - OIL CLOTH & RELATED PRODUCTS



me go to bed when I'm wide awake, and she makes me get up when I am awful sleepy."

Thank You

Thank you, Captain Morning, for the gift you bring to me Of beauty on the hills of light that top the singing sea.

Thank you for the spirit to be up and on my way To the toil that makes the meaning of life's duty day by day.

Thank you, thank you, thank you, for the happiness you bring To the toiler in the trenches, to the clown and to the king.

Thank you, Captain Morning, for the kiss of light and air, For the hope and faith and courage that defeat the aims of care.

For the strength and joy and purpose to be off and face the strife For the sake of simple service in the golden tasks of life.

A traveling man whose avoirdupois was considerably past the 200 mark was leaving town the other day and while he was buying his ticket the train started to pull out. The train often stopped at the watering pipe and coal bin for water or coal. Thinking it would do the same thing this time the man made a desperate run down the platform carrying two large valises in an effort to catch the train. But it did not stop for water or coal that day, so he did not succeed in catching it. He came back to the station sweating profusely and feeling not a little unkindly of mind. "Were you trying to catch the train," inquired a bystander.

"No, you d—n fool, I was just chasing it out of town," the salesman irritably sputtered.

A Jew purchased a horse and sent his son to a livery stable to find out how much it would cost to board it. Johnny came back and said the price was \$25 a month. "Go back and Jew him down," said the Jew to his son. When his son returned the second time he said the liveryman had cut the price to \$20. The Jew promptly sent him back again and when he returned he announced that he had Jewed the liveryman down to \$15. The Jew then sent him back still again. The boy didn't stay very long and when he came back he told his father that it was no use. "He won't take no less than \$15 a month," he said. "Well," said the father, "go back and find out how much he'll give us for the horse's manure." When the boy returned he looked dejected. "What did he say?" asked the father. "No use," replied the boy. "He told me there ain't no manure at \$15 a month."

May Have Sunday Train

The O. S. L. Ry. Co., is considering a proposal whereby Emmett will have a train to Nampa on Sundays, and passengers will be able to connect with the main line on Sunday as well as week days. This will mean that the Saturday train to the Lakes will return Sunday instead of Monday and there will be no down train on Mondays.

Fruit and other produce and freight could be shipped every day of the week instead of having to lay over until Monday, which would be especially beneficial at this time of the year. Such a change would also enable the train crews to spend Sunday with their families at the lotter end of

OPPORTUNITY FOR EMPLOYMENT Oregon Short Line Railroad

The Oregon Short Line Railroad Company announces its intention to give preference to young men residing on its lines in employing men, as far as possible, to fill places in all classes of the railroad service and advances the following reasons therefor.

FIRST—It will eliminate the "Floater" among our employes and substitute local citizens and taxpayers.

SECOND—It will create a mutual interest and a common understanding between the railroads and the people they serve whereby each will be able to understand and appreciate the problems and difficulties of the other, and work to a common end, viz: the welfare of the country generally as the interests of the railroad and the communities they serve are identical. To this end they extend a special invitation to young men who live in the country and towns along their lines to enter the railroad service.

At the present time their greatest need is for rough carpenters and experienced shop men and mechanics, and while they prefer men who have had some mechanical experience that would enable them to finish their training at an early date, they are willing to employ, to a certain extent, young men who are ambitious and willing to learn, and teach them the various trades or professions which enter into railroad work.

There are also a number of advantages which railroad employes enjoy which do not obtain in other lines of work, and employment officers will be glad to explain these matters by personal interview with prospective employes.

Following is a list of positions and rates of pay now in effect for shop employes:

Table with 4 columns: Payroll Classification, Rate Pr. Hr., Payroll Classification, Rate Pr. Hr. Lists various roles like Car Inspectors, Freight Inspectors, etc. with corresponding rates.

Any additional information desired may be obtained by writing to, or personally calling on the undersigned.

Approved: H. V. PLATT, General Manager. L. E. HALBERT, Supervisor of Employment, Room No. 209, Union Depot, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Whatever there is good in Tobacco, Cigars and Cigarettes, we carry.

POOL AND BILLIARDS

Confectionery and Soft Drinks

Make our cozy place your club house, and meet your friends here. You are as welcome as May flowers.

THE BRUNSWICK CIGAR STORE

THE BUSY PLACE

RAY G. NEWCOMER

Graduate Optician

Registered in Idaho 1908

Emmett, Idaho

Index for butter wrappers.

the line, and as the shops are at the lower end would also allow for repairing and overhauling of equipment without the loss of a day. This would send a train over the road every day in the winter and would be of great help in keeping the road open. There would be no other change in the train schedule.