

# THE ALBUQUERQUE CITIZEN

PUBLISHED DAILY AND WEEKLY

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PRESIDENT

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## THE ALBUQUERQUE CITIZEN IS:

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## "WE GET THE NEWS FIRST."

## STATEHOOD FOR NEW MEXICO

We favor the immediate admission of the territories of New Mexico and Arizona as separate states in the Union.—Republican National Platform.

## "Physic Cruelty" the Latest

In the heat of the campaign which has just been waged in this county, the Citizen has been too busy to look after the wants of many of its subscribers but it asks their pardon and promises to give them due attention from now on.

For the benefit of those seeking divorce and full annulment of their marriage relations, the Citizen hastens to call their attention to the very latest thing in that line.

It is entirely new—something nifty and pleasing which is bound to make a hit and create quite an impression on the public.

The new divorce plea is more modern than "brain storms," "dementia Americana," the merry widow hat and even the sheathe gown. It is the real goods in its line and no dissatisfied married couple can afford to be without it.

The name of the new plea is "Physic cruelty." The Citizen does not for one minute pretend to know what it means but that is not necessary and has nothing to do with the matter at all.

All his paper does know about it, is that Physic cruelty is considered real chic and is the very latest.

It came in being when a well known actress filed suit against her husband charging him with "Physic cruelty." He must have been a brute. No other words will express it. She may have been a brute too but that also has nothing to do with Physic cruelty.

Maybe he went so far as to kick her favorite poodle dog when the poor dumb beast was having its long hair marcelled. Maybe he objected to her wearing a slit skirt and knee trousers. This paper does not pretend to know just what he did except that he is openly charged with "Physic cruelty" and that certainly appears to be enough.

Actor land and the four hundred of Newport are all agog. Just to think of a brand new divorce plea, which sounds so eloquent and grand as "Physic cruelty," being sprung on the public these hot days.

Mrs. Gould and two or three others are already preparing to amend their divorce petitions to include "Physic cruelty" and thereby keep thoroughly up to date.

The good old days are no more in the divorce line. The man who is sued for divorce because he shield a stove lid at his wife when she burned the bread or who came home with a jag on because his wife bought two calico gowns in one season and charged them at the village store, is a thing of the past. He lives only in literature, like Hamlet's ghost, and cuts about as much ice.

A woman who cannot prove that her husband is guilty of "Physic cruelty" in this day and age isn't entitled to a divorce even in South Dakota and ought to be ashamed of herself for even taking up the court's time.

But as a matter of honesty, the Citizen is really glad to see this "Physic cruelty" business breaks into the monotony of every day life.

It comes in plenty of time to give the professional humorist a chance to say something new and if it only succeeds in turning attention from the sheathe gown and merry widow hat, it will have accomplished much for the good of the community.

But my! don't it sound nifty?

These days we are getting endless evidence of the supremacy of the "subconscious" in life, says the Ohio State Journal. To other day we referred to a Chicago man who died of poison when the doctors declared he had never taken any poison in any shape or manner. Now we have a case in New York where a woman suffered indescribable tortures from swallowing her false teeth. There lay the poor victim, blue in the face and gasping for breath. The doctors were hurried in—two or three of them—with their X-rays and many surgical instruments. Nothing would do but an operation, so she was hurried to the St. Vincent's hospital. By this time she was hysterical and had to be softened down with opiates. Then she was removed to the operating room and placed upon the table, surrounded by the solemn surgeons and white-capped nurses, and just as the doctors were marking out the place for the incision there were hurried footsteps on the staircase and the next thing a young man burst into the operating room with the set of the false teeth, which had been found under the pillow of the bed where the woman had slept that night. How they got there it is not our purpose to surmise. Nor shall we tell how rapidly that woman got well. This is a psychological dissertation, intended to show the widening domain of the subliminal of the subconscious activity of the mind, which in these days of advance has become so important a part of the pathological phenomena. How quickly that woman got well when it was proven to her there were no false teeth in her stomach!

Some old moss backs are raising an awful howl because the Confederate veterans want to place Lee's statue in the Capitol at Washington. Lee was a brave soldier and since the scars of civil war days have healed, his statue has as much right in the Capitol as a whole lot of others who never got nearer a musket than the ammunition wagon.

Bribers and bribe takers should be taught that there is a hereafter according to the Knoxville Journal-Tribune. Yet, the president's way is quite popular and that is to teach them that there is also a right now with a grand jury on its business end.

Every time a New Mexican starts to tell what a fine country the Southwest is, some one hands him a lemon in the shape of—"well you haven't got statehood." But it won't be for long now.

Dear old Kansas has turned turtle politically again. It has taken a long time for that radical old state to kick one Sen. Long in the slats but everybody knew he would get it sooner or later.

An Illinois man has taken a vow not to paint his house until Bryan was elected. He ought to give it a few good coats in advance however, for it will look pretty rusty later.

The alienists think Thaw is still insane and Thaw thinks the alienists are also insane since he saw those bills for \$500 each which they presented for that examination.

An eastern paper devotes a whole column to discussing gas engines and even then it never mentioned Larrazo's name once. Maybe it never has heard of Larrazo?

"Everything in this world is getting better," says the Rev. Charles F. Aked. Bet John D. will agree with him since that fine was reversed.

Bill White, editor and writer, appears to have jumped into the Kansas political pond with a load splash. How deep is the water, Bill?

We note that the Hon. Miguel A. Otero is staying around the city in a nonchalant manner. Bernalillo county is for Andrews.

Abdul Hamid is sick. When the devil was ill, the devil a monk would be but when the devil was well, the devil a monk was he.

Texas has raised an eighty pound watermelon. In the past however, Texas has raised other things with equal success.

Our idea of a mean child is one who will put a pin in the old man's chair and then laugh when he sits down on it.

Count Zeppelin's air ship when it blew up, behaved just like some of those favorite son presidential booms.

With Andrews' nomination assured, Larrazo might just as well save his own oratory and his friends' money.

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## ARIZONA HAPPENINGS

Bisbee has the largest lodge of Fraternal Brotherhood in the territory—263 members.

A new stage line has been established between Lowell, Gleason, Leadville and Courtland.

George Hoffer, an old Yuma county prospector, is missing and a searching party is looking after him.

Figures from the territorial auditor's office show that the public schools of Arizona cost over \$70,000 last year.

A Tucson family has a kitten which likes music so well that it runs the scale on the piano before breakfast every morning.

The Twin Buttes copper properties near Tucson are now shipping eight cars of good ore weekly to the El Paso smelters.

Marshal Anderson of Yuma is wearing his hand in bandages, caused by the bite of an Indian whom he was trying to arrest.

Phoenix board of trade is working on the plans for a miniature farm, to be exhibited at the irrigation congress at Albuquerque.

Governor Kibbey has emphatically announced that he would not be a candidate for delegate to Congress if the offer were made him.

W. D. Baker has been selected as principal of the Prescott city schools to succeed Professor Wood, who resigned on account of ill health.

Several thousand orange trees were ordered for transplanting near Mesa. They are of the Washington navel

and grapefruit varieties and will arrive for planting in December.

The Florence Blade says that 2,000,000 acres of the finest and most productive land in the United States surrounds the town of Florence.

E. W. Jackson, recently arrested at Benson, charged with embezzlement from the Bisbee Tribune company, has been bound over to the grand jury.

A rich ledge of ore carrying hundreds of dollars to the ton in gold has been uncovered on the Juanita property in the Crook Canyon district, Yavapai county.

The rainy season for Arizona is now in full force and the country is becoming thoroughly soaked. The ranges are taking on a green hue which makes the stockmen jubilant.

Work will soon be commenced in Tucson on a new building for the use of the immigration department, to cost in the neighborhood of \$7,000, containing offices, detention prison, etc.

An estimate based on the Tucson postoffice report for the year ending July 31st, gives that city a population of 22,500. If the estimate is correct Tucson is the largest city in Arizona.

President Roosevelt has established a zone 60 feet wide along the Mexican border in San Diego county, Cal., the land which has been withdrawn from settlement, according to advice received from Washington. The president's idea is to retain the government's ownership of this property in order to prevent smuggling.

## DAILY SHORT STORIES

### THE GIRL IN PINK.

By Stuart B. Stone.

It was the corner store where the bells of St. Michael's jingle and the rush of the crowd for the Bellaire bridge makes the city's noisiest scene. I rounded the corner from Grand avenue—the street of the magnificent east-mark—and I plunged awkwardly against the girl in the pink batiste.

"Your pardon," I stammered; and the girl in pink looked straight into my eyes.

Many a passable maid have I seen in my lonely world-drifting—brown-eyed Bretons, jet-orbed Andalusian maids, merry, gray-eyed girls of Dublin, and the composite-charmed Miss America in her thousand and one superlative varieties. But the first flashing look from the pink maid's gray-green eyes stirred my heart. It was the haunting appeal—hungry, haunting appeal such as I had seen in my wanderings.

"Madam," I called, "is there anything I can do?"

But she whisked by, with no word or further look down the long, gilded street, a flash of pink in the swirl of hurrying shoppers, but drawing me all the while in her train, mad with the fancy that her eyes had turned to me in her quest.

And then she halted before Canby's

plate-glassed wonderland and I had agonized three minutes as she gazed at a \$319 brooch—at \$288.50 for the annual mid-summer sale—for I feared that my pinkish lady might be rich and not for me. But she sighed most woefully, and I took heart again.

Then into the hodge-podge of Victoria st. she darted and I found her staring into a stationer's window where five-cent chromos ranged with the Lives of Noted Murderers—one dime in the yellowest paper.

"Eyes that can talk and call and witch—eyes the Florentines never caught—and a taste for this—oh, hang it all!" I raved.

But she smiled and the smile was of the most exquisite toleration, and I was sure once more of her infinite charm.

At Ritter's the lights were coming on and she seemed to hesitate before the entrance to the seructive garden of palms.

"Not there," I murmured, "not there by yourself—or I cannot love true." And I shivered with apprehension.

But the lady in pink tripped by and I saw her troubled look that she mourned for those within. And oh, those calling eyes!

I pursued her, wild with what I knew was love. On she went and on I went for blocks and blocks of hurrying. But finally she idled. I noted the slackening pace and rushed to overtake her. By the granite pile of Ben Franklin she halted, faced about and looked me square—with her dear green eyes yet appealing. McGraw.

sergent in the Grand avenue squad, strutted nearby as I advanced swiftly, ecstatically to her.

"Officer," she pursued, in tones that will peel softly in my ears until death, "this man has annoyed me for half an hour."

That was all. She tendered McGraw a card, and I saw an impressive name upon it. There is a considerable controversy just now as to whether her husband is worth three millions or merely two. And McGraw bundled me off without ceremony.

Still do I believe in the love that springs up when soul meets soul on the highway. I loved the girl in pink batiste—I love her yet. It is only that she has two selves. The one is of the impressive card and the strutting officer; and that is for the magazine on the stately avenue. The other is the self of the eyes that looked and longed; and that self is mine—I swear.

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