

# WHAT'S IN A NAME

A GOOD DEAL WHEN IT IS THE NAME OF A NATIONAL FOREST



In the process of redistricting the national forests, which has just been completed, numerous changes of name were made. These changes were by no means haphazard or arbitrary. The new names have been chosen on account of their importance in local and national history, and they will serve for all time as reminders of men and events prominently connected with the country's progress from the pioneer days. Merely to read them understandingly is to trace the salient facts of western growth and development.

The national forests in New Mexico, with the significance and derivation of their names, are as follows:

The Alamo National forest is named from Fort Alamo, which received its name from the old Alamo mission of Texas. This fort is the site of the most memorable battle which has ever been fought on Texas soil, being the altar on which William R. Travis, Davy Crockett, James Bowie, J. B. Bonham and their heroic companions offered up their lives in the cause of liberty and popular government. The name Alamo signifies "cottonwood" or "poplar," and was probably given it by the troops quartered there who came from Fort Alamo de Parras, in the province of Coahuila, to which province Texas was annexed. This forest includes 1,164,906 acres, and is under the supervision of Acting Supervisor Arthur M. Neal, with headquarters at Alamogordo.

The Carson National forest takes its name from the city, pass, lake, river and valley in Nevada, all of which were named after the Rocky mountain guide, Kit Carson, one of the most picturesque figures of western history. His early life was spent on the plains, where he met Gen. John C. Fremont, by whom he was engaged as guide in subsequent explorations. In this capacity he was eminently useful and to him is probably due much of the success of those explorations. He was perhaps better known to a larger number of Indian tribes than any other white man, and from his long life among them learned their habits and customs, understood their mode of warfare and spoke their language as his mother tongue. No man did more than he in furthering the settlement of the northwestern wilderness.

The Chiricahua National forest is named from the Chiricahua Apaches, who were one of the most warlike branches of all the Apache nation. They made their home in the depths of what is now the Chiricahua forest, and the Cochise stronghold where Cochise, their greatest warrior of modern times, for years defied the white man. It is an important point for sight-seers in the region. The word means "mountain" or "lawless," that is, "Indians living in the mountains and having little respect for the white man's laws." This forest includes 466,497 acres and is in charge of Acting Supervisor A. H. Zachary, with headquarters at Douglas, Ariz.

## CHANGE FOR A DOLLAR

In the midst of the speaking, shouting and voting at a recent political convention one of the ragged newsboys in the big hall was seen trying to attract the attention of the chairman. He was a little fellow, and his appealing eyes were about on a level with the floor of the platform. At first no one took any notice of him, because no one saw him, but presently his persistence and the earnestness of his gaze compelled remark. The chairman stepped to the edge of the stage, and said, "What is it, son?"

For reply the lad offered a grimy fistful of something. There was a whispered consultation between the two, and then the chairman, reaching down, yanked the little fellow right up to the platform. The hall grew silent, expecting some joke or growl.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, "here's a boy in trouble. Some one here bought a paper from him a few minutes ago, and gave him a dollar to get changed. Here is the change." He opened his hand—"but where is the owner? Will he please show himself?"

# JOHN HENRY ON SANSKRIT STORIES

BY GEO. V. HOBART, ("HUGH M'HUGH.")

Dear Bud: I'm going to pull something on you in this letter that will make you get up and leave the room. Just to kill time, I've been dabbling in literature.

(P. S.—Time died a violent death, all right, all right!)

I want you to read these little stories from the Sanskrit, and scold me when we meet.

Once more, go to it, Bunch!

The Finish of Biddad.

And it came to pass that Biddad the son of Jimdad was worried within himself, and he communed with himself, saying: "Behold! I must join the Brethren of the Long Thirst in secret session this night, but what good thing shall I say unto my wife when she chides me with having no great purpose in going forth?"

And Biddad the son of Jimdad glanced disconsolately at his favorite newspaper, and his heart was like lead within him.

And even as he read a smile broke forth from the gloom that overshadowed his face, and this smile was like unto the first faint flush of the wakening East, and he arose with gurgling glees as does one whose mind is relieved of a mighty burden.

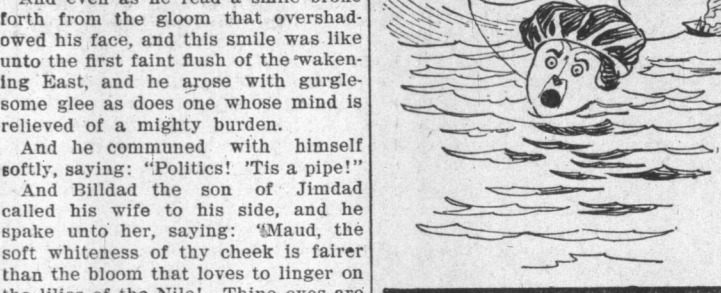
And he communed with himself softly, saying: "Politics! 'Tis a pipe!"

And Biddad the son of Jimdad called his wife to his side, and he spoke unto her, saying: "Maud, the soft whiteness of thy cheek is fairer than the bloom that loves to linger on the lilies of the Nile! Thine eyes are twin thieves, which by some sorcery have taken the light from yon poor, weeping star, and now that light must lurk forever in those languorously limp depths! Thy smile, O Maud, is like the scintillating sweetness of a summer's sky!"

And Maud, the wife of Biddad the son of Jimdad, made answer, and said: "What talk have ye, Biddad? Quit your joshing, or I'll baste you with the broom. Got to go out again tonight, I suppose. What is it this time? The Inner Circle of the Royal Sons of a Krupp Gun? Or is it the Ancient Order of the Accidental Dollar Bill?"

And Biddad the son of Jimdad answered and said: "Nay, sweet wife of my wedded heart, 'tis none of these. 'Tis politics that beckons me forth into the nolsome night. Knowest thou not that the two Great Parties will soon have to grapple in the final death-struggle, and my uncertain vote still wavers in the winds of indecision? Therefore, this night, O wife of my weary heart, I go forth to join a garibulous group of statisticians, astrologists, soothsayers, and seers to the end that my eyes may clearly see the light and my vote may count upon the side of Right. Be thou of good cheer, beloved, for I shall sit at the feet of the wise men of Egypt and imbibe much wisdom. Wherefore, thou need'st not wait up for me, for politics is like unto an owl-train for lateness, and the soothsayers say not neither do they sooth until the world is in the dead of night!"

And Biddad the son of Jimdad went forth to sit at the feet of the wise men of Egypt. And it came to pass that



Until She Was Fain to Scream Sufficiency.

arrived in perspiration quantities, and made the Land of Peebleonthebeach look and feel like the innermost recesses of a Japanese warship during a battle in the newspapers.

And the City Man and the City Man's wife and his wife's nearest kinswoman, and all the diminutive members of his own individual tribe, forsook their raiment and rushed into the ocean, which was full of cold water, saying to one another: "Ha! ha! the humidity cannot touch us here!"

And behold! the waves put on their white caps and communed one with another, saying: "The Cityites are in our midst; let us make merry with them!"

And straightway the little waves collaborated in a successful effort to land on the City Man's solar plexus, and what they did to his was a plentiful plenty. And unto the wife of the City Man the little waves did likewise, until she was fain to scream sufficiency.

And the City Man and the City Man's wife's kinswoman and stood her on her head, and rendered her unfit for specification.

And the members of the life-saving station worked overtime hauling from the cavernous depths of the ocean the diminutive members of the City Man's own individual tribe; and trouble was their portion.

And when the Cityites were come back from the bosom of the mighty deep, the Mosquito and the Landlord presented their bills, and yet; unto this very hour the City Man knoweth not which bill penetrated with the most terrifying penetrativeness.

And it came to pass that the City Man knew no peace in the Land of Peebleonthebeach, and he communed with himself, saying: "Lo! the gentle-voiced advertisements in the City Man's wife's kinswoman are even an automobile chauffeur for rudeness; the humidity followeth unceasingly, and the Mosquito stingsh like an adder. Therefore will I gather the remnants of my tribe about me and flee for the City whence I came, lest, peradventure, the Landlord shall take my wearing apparel, even as he hath taken my purse and the contents thereof."

And straightway he got up and gat. And even as he gat he communed with himself, saying: "Stang!"

Cheer up, Bunch; the wurst is yet to come, as the man said when the waiter didn't bring the sausage.

Yours as heretofore,

J. H.

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Women as Chemists.

"It is inexpedient publicly to encourage women to adopt chemistry as a professional pursuit."

In this concise way is expressed the view of those members of the Chemical society of Great Britain who disapproved of the proposal to allow women to become members.

Out of 3,400 papers read on personal researches during the last 35 years, only 23 have been contributed by women alone. There is a growing desire, however, on the part of many of our leading scientists to admit women chemists to membership, and, as the wish has met with the strongest opposition from other members, the question is being put to a ballot.

Mme. Curie is at present the only woman member, and she has been made merely an "honorary fellow," with neither voting power nor eligibility for office on the council.

Mischief Done by Gulls.

That many of the gulls have become far too numerous during the last 15 or 20 years, thanks to coddling and overmuch protection, has become a patent fact to those who observe and understand the habits of these birds. Here and there measures are being taken to lessen the plague, and by some few county councils the protection once accorded has been withdrawn.

Gulls are responsible for an enormous destruction of fish, as well as raids on the eggs and young of various birds. In many parts of Scotland the lesser black-backed gulls have become the veriest vermin, in this respect ravaging the hooded crows and common rooks, the latter another recent development of unwise overprotection.

—Country Life.

## CAPTAIN OF CHICAGO ELEVEN



Walter Steffens, captain of the Chicago University football team, is considered one of the best quarterbacks in the west. He is very fast in handling the ball and in running back punts he is without a peer.

## SOME PITCHERS ARE ALSO GOOD BATTERS

Many Twirlers Who Can Line Out Ball When Hits Are Needed—Some Examples.

"Pitchers as a rule don't clout the ball much, but there are a lot of the sluggers playing ball now that used to hurl up the curves, and some of them will last a long time yet," said the fan.

"Cy Seymour can line 'em as well as anybody in the business. We used to think that Cy was the whole head of cheese as a curve finger, and he was, too. But even before Cy got through pitching he was shoved into the outfield, not because he was a world beater as a fielder, but because he could bring the ball hard. His reputation for pulling down home runs came after."

"And how about Roger Bresnahan? This fellow started out as a pitcher in Washington, but the wise manager down there soon learned that he could hit 'em on the nose, and it was a case of put on the mask and get behind the bat. Since then Roger has developed into a good all-around man, but it is his batting that makes him the big thing that he is in baseball to-day."

"Two of the old standbys of the famous White Sox of the days of Pop Anson's regime were pitchers before they began to shine as hard hitting fielders. The two men I refer to are George Van Haltren and Jimmie Ryan, both of whom are still playing ball. Old Van certainly could line 'em out and was a mighty valuable man to the Giants until he broke his leg."

"Then we have Jesse Burkett and Bobby Wallace. Both of these men were good pitchers, and were turned out into the field long before their usefulness as pitchers had passed, and all because they could make the base hits."

"Frank Isbell of the present White Sox team was a pretty good pitcher in his day, and so was Jimmy Callahan. Both these men struck terror to pitchers when they stepped to the plate. Charles Hickman, Pat Dougherty, Joe Yeager, and the two Stovalls were other pitchers who batted their way into the baseball limelight."

"But Donovan, Ed Killian, and George Muller do not worry about their livelihood after they pass their usefulness as box artists. All three of them are good hitters. Ed Walsh of Chicago is a natural hitter. But he has several years to go as a pitcher."

J. H.

## FOOTBALL NOTES

Coach Larkin of Cornell is out of the hospital and has again taken up the art of coaching the Ithacans' backs and ends.

The idea of secret practice on the college football fields oftentimes is more to teach the players work without the distraction of having the spectators about them to drill the team on special plays or formations.

The Lafayette team, which held Princeton to a 0-to-0 tie, has not a senior classman in the lineup, which augurs well for next year. The last time Lafayette met Princeton was in 1905, the Tigers winning 22 to 4.

Bob Cook, the old Yale oarsman, will have to share his unique distinction which he gained when he coached the Yale crew on horseback on the bank, with Harry Kersberg of Harvard, who coached the guards from a motor cycle at Cambridge Wednesday.

In all the years that "Hurry Up" Yost has been at University of Michigan, no team except Penn or Chicago until the other Saturday had tied or beaten his team. Penn beat Michigan twice, and Chicago took a 2-to-0 game a couple of years ago. This makes Michigan's 0-to-0 game with the state college of Michigan especially disappointing to the coach.

E. N. Robinson of Brown says that his days of active football are over. He has had 18 years of the game. He played first at Dean academy and was captain there before he went to Brown to play four years on the university team. He has coached Brown eight seasons since his graduation, besides spending two years at University of Nebraska, and coaching other years at University of Maine and Phillips Exeter. He never has had a poor team and has turned out some of the best.

Coy Elected Captain of Yale Eleven.

Edward Harris Coy of New Haven, Yale 1910, has been elected field captain of the Yale football team and will have charge of the work of the team during the games for the rest of the season. Capt. Robert Barch will not be able to play even in the final games, but will retain his title and direct the work from the side lines. Coy is 20 years old, 5 feet 10 inches tall, and weighs 194 pounds.

## THE LORD OUR SHEPHERD

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 15, 1908  
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Psalm 23; read also John 10:1-18. Commit entire Psalm.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."—Psalm 23:1.

AUTHOR.—David.

TIME.—Either in his youth, or later in a review of his life. Barton places it during Absalom's rebellion, referring to 2 Sam. 17:27-29.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

The Good Shepherd Shepherd His Sheep.—Vs. 1-3. "On such a wilderness of mirage, illusive paths, lurking terrors, and infrequent spots of herbage, it is evident that the person and character of the shepherd must mean a great deal more to the sheep than they can possibly mean with us. With us, sheep left to themselves may be seen any day—in a field or on a hillside with a traveling wire fence to keep them from straying. But I do not remember ever to have seen in the east a flock of sheep without a shepherd. On such a landscape as I have described he is obviously indispensable."

The sheep in modern times under civilized governments are as really protected by the shepherd as are those in the open fields of the orient; only in a different way. The laws take the place of clubs and crooks. Fences and police guards are but another mode of protecting the sheep from labyrinthine paths and desert dangers, and of guiding them to the green pastures and waters of rest.

This is equally true of life. By a fuller knowledge of natural and divine law, by the protection, which Christian civilization bestows, and the guidance of God's word, many things are done for us which needed once more visible guidance. But it is the same shepherding as was given of old.

The Good Shepherd loves his sheep with an everlasting love. He gives his life for the sheep.

He left heaven, his home, and became man; taught, suffered, died, that he might find his lost ones.

"The shepherdhood of Christ and the fatherhood of God are the two most comforting assurances of Scripture."—Hugh Black.

The Good Shepherd Knows His Sheep by Name. "It is a remarkable fact in oriental husbandry, that in a flock of hundreds of thousands each individual sheep has its name, knows it, and is known by it." This implies: 1. That the shepherd takes a living, personal interest in each individual. 2. That he knows each individual's peculiar circumstances, so that he ministers to each one what he specially needs, and requires. 3. That he assigns to each one the work for which he is best fitted. 4. That he can accept the love and loyalty of each individual. Jesus, the Good Shepherd, does all this and more for his flock.

"Every life needs shepherding; and a shepherd knows his sheep by their weakness and faults, and measures his care of them thereby; and when the Good Shepherd calls his own sheep, he calls them by the name which suggests at once their falling and his help, and his call thus becomes a tender appeal, for it is both a remembrance and a promise."—Hugh Black.

The Good Shepherd is Our Guide Through Life's Labyrinth. "Leadeth me," "Guideth me on a journey from which it is easy to stray from the right path," "In the paths of righteousness," "In the right tracks, those that lead directly and safely to the place of destination."—Prof. C. A. Briggs. "Often have I roamed through the shepherd country in my youth and watched how hard it is to choose the right path for the sheep; one leads to a precipice, another to a place where the sheep cannot find the way back; and the shepherd was always going ahead, leading them in the right paths, proud of his good name as a shepherd."—Song of the Syrian Shepherd.

"Thy rod and thy staff" "are not synonymous, for even the shepherd of to-day, though often armed with a gun, carries two instruments of wood, his crook and his staff. The crook is a wild beast, and his staff to lean upon or to touch the sheep with, while the ancient shepherd without firearms would surely still more require both."—George Adam Smith.

The staff is the common shepherd's crook, by which he can draw a wandering sheep toward him or pull him out of some crevice or away from some poisonous herb.

"They comfort me." "We must not miss the force of the good old word 'comfort' (con, together; fortis, strength). It means to comfort, to console. It signifies to tone up the whole nature, to strengthen a man so that all his energies can be brought to bear."—M. R. Vincent.

"Goodness and mercy" (the qualities of God) "shall follow me," pursue me, hunt me.

One need not seek anxiously for them as an illusive blessing, as the child seeks in vain for the rainbow; but they will pursue him and overtake him, if only he is a true sheep of the Good Shepherd. God loves to give good things to his people.

"I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." In his house, and under the heavenly influences of his house, wherever he may be. On earth and in heaven he will serve him day and night in his temple. A member of God's family here will be a member there where "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life; and God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes." (Rev. 7:16, 17).

The Sun's Light.

It has been calculated that the amount of light received from the sun is about 600,000 times that of the moon. The intrinsic brightness of the sun's disc is about 20,000 times that of a candle flame, 150 times that of the light and more than four times brighter than the brightest spot in the crater of an electric arc light. The darkest spot on the sun is much brighter than the limelight.—New York American.

## KEPT GETTING WORSE.

Five Years of Awful Kidney Disease.

Nat. Anderson, Greenwood, S. C., says: "Kidney trouble began about five years ago with dull backache, which got so severe in time that I could not get around. The kidney secretions became badly disordered, and at times there was almost a complete stop of the flow. I was examined again and again and treated to no avail, and kept getting worse. I have to praise Doan's Kidney Pills for my final relief and cure. Since using them I have gained in strength and flesh and have no sign of kidney trouble."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## LIVED ON TEN CENTS A WEEK.

Bill Doolittle's System a Good One, But Not Attractive.

"D'y' find smoking hurts y'u?" asks Hi Biddle, a Yankee lawyer, in Willie Brook's story, "The Solar Machine," in Harper's.

"It probably doesn't do me any good," I said; "but I'd have trouble quitting it."

"No, y'u wouldn't. Smoke this." He took from his vest pocket the fellow to the storey, in his mouth and tossed it across the table to me. "Ever hear how Bill Doolittle lived on ten cents a week?"

I confessed that Bill's economies had never been brought to my attention.

"Wal," said Biddle, "he took dinner with a friend on Sunday, an' ate enough to last 'im till Wednesday. Then he bought ten cents' worth of tripe, an' he baked tripe so like thunder that it lasted 'im the rest o' the week. These seagars work a good deal like that tripe. You take 'em smokin' 'em, an' y'u won't want more'n one or two a day."

## 15 YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Burning, Painful Sores on Legs—Tortured Day and Night—Tried Many Remedies to No Avail—Cured by Cuticura.

"After an attack of rheumatism, running sores broke out on my husband's legs, from below the knees to the ankles. There are no words to tell all the discomforts and great suffering he had to endure night and day. He used every kind of remedy and three physicians treated him, one after the other, without any good results whatever. One day I ordered some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. He began to use them in and three weeks all the sores were died up. The burning fire stopped, and the pains became bearable. After three months he was quite well. I can prove this testimonial at any time. Mrs. V. V. Albert, Upper Frenchville, Me., July 21, 1907."

## BOTH UPLIFTING.



"I see that they're agoin' to uplift us farmers!"

"What do they calculate ter use—balloons or dynamite?"

## Time's Wonderful Changes.

Harry Lander says that when Sir Alexander Ramsay was constructing upon his magnificent estate in Scotland a piece of machinery to drive, by means of a small stream in his barnyard, a threshing machine, a winnowing machine, a circular saw for splitting trees, a hay press, an oat roller, etc., he noticed an old fellow, who had long been about the place, looking very attentively at all that was going on. "Nobby," said he, "wonderful things people can do nowadays, can't they?" "Ay," said Robby; "indeed, Sir Alexander, I'm thinking if Solomon was alive now he'd be thought naething o'!"

## PUZZLE SOLVED.

Coffee at Bottom of Trouble.

It takes some people a long time to find out that coffee is hurting them. But when once the fact is clear, most people try to keep away from the thing which is followed by increasing detriment to the heart, stomach and nerves.

"Until two years ago I was a heavy coffee drinker," writes an ill stockman, "and had been all my life. I am now 56 years old.

"About three years ago I began to have nervous spells and could not sleep nights, was bothered by indigestion, bloating, and gas on stomach affected my heart.

"I spent lots of money doctoring—one doctor told me I had chronic catarrh of the stomach; another that I had heart disease and was liable to die at any time. They all died me until I was nearly starved but I seemed to get worse instead of better.

"Having heard of the good Postum had done for nervous people, I discarded coffee altogether and began to use Postum regularly. I soon got better, and now, after nearly two years, I can truthfully say I am sound and well.

"I sleep well at night, do not have the nervous spells and am not bothered with indigestion or palpitation. I weigh 32 pounds more than when I began Postum, and I sleep better every way than I ever was while drinking coffee. I can't say too much in praise of Postum, as I am sure it saved my life."

There's a Reason.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in plugs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.