

THE EMMETT INDEX
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REFLECTIONS

A Chautauqua lecturer, speaking of
the evils of the day, asked an old
question, but a searching one, when he
asked "do you care?" Little children
bend over grinding tasks—do you
care? Workers waste their lives in
sweat shops—do you care? Boys
grow up delinquents for the lack of in-
telligent oversight on the part of so-
ciety—do you care? Young offenders
are thrown into jails with hardened
criminals and educated in criminality,
all because of a crude and indefensi-
ble penal system—do you care? In
your own community are folks who
are carrying loads that would be light-
ened by a lift you could give—do you
care? How about it—do you really
care? Or do you go about your own
affairs and leave all this "reform"
business to the other folks? Are you
vitaly concerned, or is all this sort of
thing kind of a far-away sort of a
thing to you? Perhaps the question
belongs to a sermon, rather than a
lecture. But that's not the question.
The question is—do you care?

We people of the Emmett valley
who enjoy the luxury of eating ripe
peaches just off the trees should be
thankful for the privilege. The
peach that is shipped never has the
juiciness nor the flavor of the home
product. This was impressed upon
the writer while away on a vacation

There was a baseball headline one
day last week that you don't see more
than once in a life time: "Knocked
Mathewson Off the Rubber."

The California man who is building
an ark for the second flood will, let us
hope, leave out the mosquitoes, the
San Jose scale and the aphid. Also it
will be just as well to omit the grass-
hopper, ground squirrel and the cher-
ry slug.

According to the annual statement
of the department of internal revenue,
14,276 million cigarettes and 7,699
million cigars were consumed in the
United States last year. It is also
estimated, informally, that the light-
ing of them involved the borrowing
of 21,975,082,328 matches.

respect if he planks down the cash for
what he buys and all business folks
have more respect for the young man
who pays cash. Besides all that, it's
a good business proposition. How can
any young man hope to attain inde-
pendence if he keeps mortgaging the
future to supply present wants?

Tales of the Town

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

THE hour was sad I left the maid,
A lingering farewell taking.
Her sighs and tears my steps de-
layed,
I thought her heart was break-
ing.
In hurried words her name I blessed,
I breathed the vows that bind me
And to my heart in anguish pressed
The girl I left behind me.
Then to the east we bore away
To win a name in story.
And there, where dawn the sun of day,
There dawned our sun of glory.
Both blazed in noon on Alma's height,
Where in the post assigned me
I shared the glory of that fight,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

Full many a name our banners bore
Of former deeds of daring,
But they were of the days of yore,
In which we had no sharing.
But now, our laurels freshly won,
With the old ones shall entwined be,
Still worthy of our aires each son,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

The hope of final victory,
Within my bosom burning,
Is mingling with sweet thoughts of thee
And of my fond returning.
But should I ne'er return again,
Still worth thy love thou'lt find me.
Dishonor's breath shall never stain
The name I'll leave behind me.
—Samuel Lover.

Some men's religion is a good deal
like rheumatism. It only bothers
them just before a storm.

Our idea of the height of bad luck
would be to be a blind man at the
bathing beach at Payette lakes.

Every man who goes any place on
an excursion train thinks he could run
it a great deal better than the rail-
road company.

There were days when the postmas-
ter's 4-year-old child sat with him.
The old man and the child sat one
evening when the old man sighed:
"If it would only rain, there would be
half a crop yet! If it would only
rain!" The child heard him and sighed
imitatively: "Yes, if it would only
rain—what is rain, Mr. Barringer?"
He looked at the child blankly and
sat for a long time in silence. When
he arose he did not have even a pre-
tense of hope. He grew despondent
from that hour, and a sort of hypo-
chondria seized him. It was his fan-
cy to exaggerate the phenomena of
the drought.

That fall when the winds piled the
sand in the railroad "cuts" and the
prairie was as hard and barren as the
ground around a cabin door, Barrin-
ger's daughter died of fever. The old
man seemed little moved by sorrow.
But as he rode back from the bleak
graveyard, through the sand cloud,
in the carriage with the dry, rattling
spoke, he could only mutter to the
sympathizing friends who had come
"And we laid her in the hot and dusty
tomb." He recalled an old song
which fitted these words, and for days
kept crooning: "Oh we laid her in a
hot and dusty tomb."

That winter the postmaster left.
The office discontinued. The county
commissioners tried to get Barringer
to leave. He could not be persuaded
to go. The county commissioners
were not insistent. It gave one of
them an excuse for drawing \$4 a day
from the county treasury; he rode
from Maize to Aqua Pura every day
with supplies for Barringer.

The old man cooked, ate and slept
in the office of the hotel. Day after
day he put on his overcoat in the win-
ter and made the rounds of the va-
cant store buildings. He walked up
and down in the little paths through
the brown weeds in the deserted
streets, all day long, talking to him-
self. At night, when the prairie wind
rattled through the empty buildings,
blowing snow and sand down the
halls, and in little drifts upon the

his bed were his balanced books and
his legal papers. In his dead eyes
were a thousand dreams.

When the Drought Broke.

The following from William Allen White's "The Story of Aqua Pura"
is particularly appropriate at this time, owing to the severe droughts in
Kansas. Aqua Pura was a boom town in far Western Kansas. Of the six
who staked out the townsite, two—Johnson and Barringer—were Harvard
men; one, Nichols, was from Princeton; and the other three, Bemis, Brad-
ley and Hicks, had come from inland state universities. It was given the
latin name of Aqua Pura that the world might know it was not a rowdy
town. The little settlement grew rapidly into a large town. Then came
the drought of 1887 and people began to leave. Barringer, the mayor, be-
lieved in the place and refused outside aid. In 1888 more empty buildings
could be seen. In '89 Barringer's failure was announced. In 1890 the hot
winds drove others East. In '91 there were fifteen persons left in the
once prosperous Aqua Pura.

BARRINGER grew thin, un-
kempt and gray. Every ev-
ening when the wind rattled
in the deserted rooms of the
old hotel and made the faded signs
up and down the dreary streets creak,
the old man and his daughter went
over their books, balancing, account-
ing interest, figuring on mythical
problems that the world had long
since forgotten.

When the spring of 1893 opened,
Barringer looked ten years older than
he looked the spring before. The
grass on the range was sere and great
cracks were in the earth. The win-
ter had been dry. The spring opened
dry, with high winds blowing
through May. There were but five
people on the townsite that summer,
Barringer, his daughter and the post-
master's family. Supplies came over-
land from Maize. A bloody county
seat war had given the rival town the
prize of 1890. Barringer had plenty
of money to buy food, for the county
commissioners distributed the taxes
which the railroad paid.

It was his habit to sit on the front
porch of the deserted hotel and look
across the prairie to the southwest
and watch the breaking clouds scatter
into the blue twilight. He could see
the empty water tower silhouetted
against the sky. The dying wind
seethed through the short, brown
grass. Heat lightning winked devi-
lishly in the distance, and the dissolv-
ing clouds that gathered every after-
noon laughed in derisive thunder at
the hopes of the worn old man sitting
on the warped boards of the hotel
porch. Night after night he sat
there, waiting with his daughter by
his side. There had been a time
when he was too proud to go to the
East, where his name was a byword.
Now he was too poor in purse and
spirit. So he sat and waited, hoping
fondly for the realization of a dream
which he feared could never come
true.

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