

ELKO NOTES

(By Fred Roo)

P. Emerson Moore, director of terminals, Waldo subdivision, was in Elko this week.

A Mrs. Happy, of Washington, D. C., is seeking a divorce, but Jim Thistlebeak says she won't be "happy" if she gets it.

Miss E. May Roo left via the overland stage for Roosville, Tuesday, to spend the Christmas holidays.

The best thing to say when you have nothing to say, is to say nothing and stick to it.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Harwood, of Fernie, crossed the mountains Sunday and returned on passenger train No. 514. They report a magnificent trip and splendid scenery.

A telegram received in Elko today stating that Charlie Kay had left Salt Lake City for Los Angeles is proof positive that he did not join the Mormon church, as some people in Elko thought he would.

This fall we have failed to observe any frost on the pumpkins.

The Ladies Constant Talking Union held a meeting the other night, when Miss Mary Jane Slackhammer, Sec. Treas., whose looks would make her dead safe from being kidnapped in man's country, read a paper on the "Social Unrest in Mexico." Her rendition would produce grief at a funeral.

A Fashionable Function

The Tobacco Plains Indians near Roosville held a big levee. There was a notable gathering at the pretty Indian village situated at the north end of Roosville valley, the land of sunshine, fruit and two handled pumpkins and double-yoked eggs, in celebration of the coming of age of Johnny Long Time Before the Moon Comes Up.

Lavish arrangements had been made for the celebration and dozens of Indians with their squaws and paposes being invited to the festivities, a large company assembled. All the cream of the skin were there from distant reserves and the proceedings were one continuous round of pleasure and went along as smooth as a Wednesday evening prayer meeting.

The chief event was the presentation to the young Nobleman Chief Johnny Long Time Before the Moon Comes Up, with a fine running horse. Jim Thistlebeak, editor of Human Interest Weekly and President of the Elko Ping Pong Club, made the presentation with remarks that would make a cabinet minister quit his job, and had Johnny feeling like a self-made millionaire about to eat consommé. In his closing remarks he said that Johnny was bigger, grander, nobler, and tighter around the chest than any brave on the reserve. Young Chief Johnny who was greeted with applause, spoke with Indian directness and brevity in expressing his thanks for the gift and appreciation of the good feeling that had been shown.

Like a clash of thunder that follows the lightning the enthusiasm began and he received an ovation which might have gratified the last of the Caesars, and he went around shaking hands like a President on parade. Prominent among the visiting nobles and most respected wearers of the strawberry leaves were Black Kettle, Red Moon, Stone Calf, Lone Wolf, Hole in the Blanket, Big Moon, Iron Tail, Paul Prairie Chicken, Mud in the Eye, Afraid of a Bear, Flying Bird, Running Wolf, Six Weasels, Black Rabbit, Yellow Shirt, Little Raven, Painted Horse, Long Time Sleep, Wolf Robe, Big Hawk, Eagle Feather, whose families date back to the Red River rebellion.

The proceedings took place in the village square, where a substantial repast was provided for visitors. The banquet was held in the open air and the menu would make the C.P.R. palace dining cars look like a 5 cent lunch counter, and the biscuit shooters ashamed to take a tip.

Mud Turtle Soup.
Cold Chicken Gumbo a la Tobacco Plains.

Cold Assorted Meats, Roosville Valley.
Snowshoe Rabbit Mulligan.
Rawhide on the Grill.
Boiled Beaver with Jelly.
Weasel Wafers.
Grizzly Bear Turnovers.
Moccasin Short-Cake.
Tea, Coffee as thick as brown paint, and butter-milk.

The banquet was excellent, and the tea, coffee and butter-milk beyond reproach, and the braves, their squaws and paposes went after the good things like a Kentucky colonel after corn juice and never blinked an eye.

The biscuit shooters were a marvel of speed and politeness.

A variety of outdoor sports and amusements had been arranged and was carried out without a hitch:

Wrestling on horseback was won by Mud in the Eye.

Flying Bird captured the 300 yard horse race.

The fat race was won by running Wolf.

Sally Two Kettles took the squaw pony race by a nose.

The squaw Marathon, 2 miles, was won pantingly by Millie Moccasin String.

The three-legged race went to Yellow Shirt and Painted Horse.

The village band scattered seeds of musical kindness, which consisted of 1st base drum, 2nd base drum, big drum and little drum, making an elegant combination of harmony.

Gloriously fine weather favored the occasion, the sun shining during the whole of the festivities with all the warmth and brightness possible. The village was gaily decorated with flags and hunting kindly loaned for the occasion by the Roosville Cash Store Co. The braves had on their best clothes and enough rainbow face powder to raise a sourdough bannock.

The squaws were dressed like New York's Four Hundred with a slight difference and for all the world looked as proud as a drove of peacocks.

In the evening Miss Millie Bull, the Speckled Beauty, sang several selections by request and was accompanied by the village String Bean Band. She was very stylishly dressed in an exquisite very short skirt of Tobacco Plains sheep-herders plaid, with mud dots and green goose quills, a squaw town opera shawl covered her classic shoulders and was fastened in front by a very pretty barb-wire plaited fence spike, rainbow colored blanket, hose and beaded moccasins. She had a ring with a diamond in it as big as a hickory nut, and when she fanned herself you would think she had bought out some jewelry store. Her hair, black as the raven's wing, hung down her back in cow tail plaits and her general appearance would make Cleopatra look like a suffragette out of a job. She sang "My Red Irish Rose" and "You Never Miss the Daughter Till the Lights Go Out," in a style that would make Madam Melba ashamed of herself if she heard it. The applause she received fairly shook the mountains, and for an encore she sang very feelingly, "Drive Them Steers." It was one of the greatest events ever held on Tobacco Plains.

The festivities closed about midnight, the crowd dispersed singing that great and ever popular Irish-American ballad entitled "Auld Lang Syne."

A great sensation was caused the other day at a certain station just previous to the starting of the morning express for London. The guard was about to start the train when a fussy and fat old gentleman trotted up to him and said:

"Wait a minute, will you, please, while I—"

"Impossible, sir," said the guard, putting the whistle to his lips.

"But you must wait!" cried the old gentleman, excitedly. "There's a man's leg under the wheel."

"Good gracious! Where is he?" inquired the horror-stricken guard. "Hold on there!"

He hurried after the old gentleman, while a couple of porters jumped down on to the line amid great excitement. After a short search one of the porters handed up a rush basket containing a large leg of mutton.

"What do you mean, sir?" roared the guard. "You said—"

"—said a man's leg was under the wheel, and so it was. I paid for this leg, and if it isn't mine I should like to know to whom it belongs."

Then the train moved on.

Scheme To Get Ahead of Czar

Toronto, Dec. 21.—A contract by which a Jew is to become a nominal Christian for the purpose of entering Russia is alleged in a suit brought at Osgoode Hall by Jacob Bloom against Louis Gurofsky and J. Rowensky.

The writ claims \$1000 damages for alleged breach of contract.

It is said that in consideration of the payment of a sum of money the defendants would co-operate with a priest of the Greek church in Toronto to obtain a certificate of baptism and membership in the Greek church, whereby the plaintiff, who was a Jew, would be permitted by the Russian government to visit certain parts of Russia, from which Jews are excluded.

It is further alleged that a condition of the contract was that the certificate should be secured without the necessity of a public profession of belief in the doctrines of the Greek church, except the making of the sign of the cross, in which he was to be instructed.

The writ says that the contract fell through because the plaintiff refused to go through baptism in the presence of two members of the Greek church.

When you have carpenter work to do phone 167 or call on A. McLean, 111 Howland Ave. D19-4

ETIQUETTE OF ROYALTY

The king himself has many royal privileges, for as "the fountain of honor and justice" he alone can create titles, or grant pardons, and it is he who in the name of the nation is supposed to make all treaties with foreign powers, or to declare war. In his own person he is beyond the reach of the bailiff or the power of the policeman, for he pays no taxes and is answerable for no debts, and is above all laws, as theoretically "the king can do no wrong."

Nowadays, however, the king exercises his public prerogative almost entirely by the advice of his ministers, and it is chiefly in private and social life that the personal privileges of the sovereign and the members of the royal family are most noticeable.

In the presence of royalty, with the exception of a few well known individuals, in whose cases special privileges have been made by royal grant in return for notable services, no gentleman, unless he is an officer on duty, may remain with his head covered, nor may anyone sit down until royalty is seated, and requests them to be seated.

No one may address a member of the royal family unless first spoken to, nor enter a room where any royal person is present unless invited to do so, nor leave it without their permission.

Perhaps nowhere more than in the ballroom are the privileges of princes and princesses so rigidly observed. No one may commence dancing until the royal party have opened the ball, and at one time there was a rule, now seldom enforced, that no other person could dance in a round dance when any royalty had taken the floor.

A prince can invite any lady to be his partner, and his invitation is a command which cannot be refused, but no one except a prince can ask a princess to dance, as she chooses her own partners.

Where this strict etiquette is enforced at private houses some rather ridiculous situations occasionally arise. At an impromptu dance given at a big house in the home counties, which had been hurriedly arranged to amuse a royal duke and his daughter, some of the guests, who had very little experience of court etiquette, had rather an anxious time.

It was no easy matter to stop dancing without committing a dreadful breach of etiquette in standing with one's back to one of the royal party who might be seated behind you.

Waltzing became a difficult business when you had to avoid bumping into his or her royal highness, though, on the other hand, the royal dancers seemed to be troubled with no anxieties of that kind.

The duke was a vigorous dancer, and in the middle of a dance collided violently with a youthful gentleman in a pink coat, who was dancing with his mother, who was a singularly attractive lady and a well-known beauty in the neighborhood.

The young sportsman so far forgot himself as to ejaculate a very audible and explosive expression of disgust, and, when at the end of the dance, he saw the duke advancing across the room towards him, he began to think he would be called on to make a very humble apology.

The duke, however, began by apologizing most handsomely for his own clumsiness, and then requested that he would introduce him to the lady he had been dancing with, so that he might apologize to her, too. The request was a command, and the duke spent most of the rest of the evening dancing with her, so his apologies must have been ample, and the young sportsman considered himself very lucky.

He was more fortunate than a royal prince who, at a yeomanry ball in the Midlands, paid so much attention to the pretty wife of a fox-hunting squire that the husband became seriously annoyed, and took advantage of his royal highness being down at supper to order his carriage and to remove his wife from the ball at an early hour.

Half way down the avenue the carriage was overtaken by one of the royal suite, who had galloped after them with the prince's imperious request that the lady should return.

But the choleric squire had no regard for royal etiquette or for the privileges of princes, for, showing his head out of the carriage window, he shouted to the astonished equerry who awaited his reply:

"Give my compliments to the prince and tell him my wife is going home with her husband—and that he can go to the dickens!"

On another occasion one guest committed a dreadful faux pas. He was a young gentleman, dressed in blue coat and brass buttons of the Beaufort Hunt, and was evidently staying in the house, and apparently on very friendly terms with the royal party.

He noticed the princess sitting out a dance, talking to another lady, and after some hesitation walked up to her in her retired corner, where he made a low bow and evidently said something to the princess. For a moment the princess seemed to be taken by surprise, then, drawing herself up rather stiffly, she made some reply to the gentleman which caused him to retreat hurriedly, blushing to the roots of his hair.

He had committed the indiscretion of asking a princess to dance. But shortly afterwards he was seen wreathed in smiles and dancing with the princess, who, with her usual good nature, had made him happy by sending him an invitation to be her partner.

This privilege of princesses in choosing their own partners is one which, perhaps, some young ladies might be prepared to envy. At the same time it is possible that the younger princesses may, on some occasions and in some cases, wish that they could waive their royal privilege.

Certainly nothing really interests and amuses the younger members of the royal family more than those rare and informal occasions on which they are so much at home with their guests or their hosts that the strictest rules of royal etiquette can be relaxed.

Then the privileges of princes and princesses are ignored, and for one blissful moment they can make believe that they are only young men and women much the same as all the rest of us, who manage to enjoy ourselves, though we have no privileges at all.—Pearson's.

WHEN A HAT IS NOT A HAT?

Under a new regulation adopted by the Swiss railway companies, no hat measuring more than 20 inches in diameter will be allowed on a train unless it is properly boxed and consigned to the baggage van.

Each official on the federal railroad trains is provided with a tape measure, and any hat suspiciously large is promptly measured. If it exceeds the regulation limit, it is charged for at an extra rate.

The first persons to suffer under this new rule were two American ladies who recently arrived at Basle. They were wearing hats measuring nearly thirty inches across, and, of course, the official tape was applied. They were informed that the hats would have to pay a "fine," and, furthermore, the offending headgear would have to be consigned to the baggage van, unless they wished to take another train in going to Geneva. They decided to lose their train rather than be subjected to the indignity.

They applied to the American consul for redress, but he was powerless to interfere with the operation of one of the by-laws on the Swiss state railroads. After considerable trouble and many protests on the part of the victims, the ladies paid their fine.

Under this new regulation, all hats measuring more than the limit stated are classed as "wheels," and must be treated as bicycles or other wheeled vehicles. It makes no difference to the officials whether the wheels are on the heads of ladies or attached to rolling stock of some description. To the stolid Swiss official, it is "all the same."

An Irishman and a Scotchman were walking down the street together and the Irishman told a rather impossible story.

"Hoot, man, hoot," said the Scotchman.

"Hoot yerself," responded the Irishman, "O'im no owl."

NOTICE

Notice Is Hereby Given that an application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at the next Session thereof by The Calgary & Fernie Railway Company, "Incorporated Chapter 71, Statutes of Canada 1906," for an Act:

1. To extend the time for the commencement and completion of the Company's lines of Railway.
2. To change the Head Office of the Company from "Ferne, in the Province of British Columbia" to "Calgary, in the Province of Alberta."
3. To amend Section 8 of the Act of Incorporation by striking out "twenty" in the second line thereof and by substituting therefor "sixty."
4. To amend Section 9 of the said Act of Incorporation by adding thereto the following:

"High River and Hudson's Bay Railway Company; High River, Saskatchewan and Hudson's Bay Railway Company; Canadian Western Railway Company; Canadian Northern Railway Company; Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company; "Hudson's Bay Railway Company."

Dated at Winnipeg this 12th day of December, A.D. 1913.

Hough, Campbell & Ferguson, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Solicitors for the Applicant Company. D19-5

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