

Wichita Daily Times

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1908

NUMBER 96

Great Bonaparte said, "Nothing is ever so easy afterward as in the first instant." Young men should follow this advice. He should for the sake of the satisfaction of all energies, of all graces, be satisfied, content, and in history or out of it, or in case or fell so greatly, sit down with a "TRADE" CIGAR and read his life.

For our sake, your sake and home industry's sake, smoke THE "TRADE" CIGAR. Union made—well made—Wichita Falls made.

TEMPT TO MURDER

M. ROTRAMEL SHOT DOWN HUSBAND AT ARCHER CITY LAST NIGHT.

HUSBAND'S ACT

Overpowered After Desperate Struggle in Which Captor is Wounded.

Archer City was the scene of a desperate attempt at cold blooded murder last night, when J. M. Rotramel, an Oklahoma City man, made a desperate attempt to kill his wife, shooting her with a revolver and inflicting wounds which may yet prove fatal.

The shooting occurred at about 9 o'clock last night on the street in front of the postoffice. Rotramel and his wife have been separated for some time and Mrs. Rotramel has been living with her sister, Mrs. James Clark, at the telephone exchange in Archer City.

Rotramel, learning that his wife was in Archer City, came to that place via Wichita Falls Saturday, arriving at Archer City late yesterday afternoon. He threatened the town until he had his wife on the street in company with Mrs. Clark. He approached them and she stopped them, demanding that she come with him. This she refused to do and he got away from her. As she walked away Rotramel drew a revolver and fired at her, the bullet striking her in the back, the bullet passing over her heart and through her lung.

A wounded woman staggered into the store of Hart's store with the murderer in pursuit. In the store Rotramel was seized by Deputy C. E. Goodwin and Judge J. B. Boston, who attempted to take him from him. During the struggle followed five shots were fired and Rotramel was wounded with one shot struck Will Grounds, a judge grounds, who ran to the aid of the officer and his father, getting a flesh wound in his left leg. Not until Rotramel had disarmed every cartridge in his 45-caliber shooter was he overpowered.

Rotramel was handcuffed and kept at the jail until this morning, when he was turned over to the grand jury. He is held in the jail in this city by Sheriff Goodwin, where he will remain until the October term of the county district court.

In today Mrs. Rotramel was well as could be expected. Her wound was some hope for her recovery. Grounds' wound is not a serious one and there is much feeling that Rotramel there.

Rotramel's motive known for the attempt at murder is jealousy. Rotramel, who was intending to go to Archer City for the purpose of forcing his wife to accompany him.

TO COLLEGE STATION.
President of A. and M. College Assesses Duties of His Position.

Excitement in Denton.
Denton, Tex., Aug. 30.—There is all excitement at Pilot Point, Tex., by reason of the discovery of oil. The additional oil after investigating the discovery. Eastland oil men have leased thousands of acres of the land which the discovery was made. Drilling on the Pilot Point papers, machinery for drilling has already been purchased and is now en route. Work will be begun immediately.

BOOMED FOR GOVERNOR.

Judge Howard Templeton of Sulphur Springs Being Groomed by Hopkins County Democrats.

Special to the Times.
Sulphur Springs, Tex., Sept. 1.—It was announced here today that the Hopkins county democrats are planning to boom Judge Howard Templeton of this city for governor two years hence and it is said that Templeton will accept the nomination.

Templeton was formerly judge of the court of civil appeals at Dallas.

MURDER SUSPECTED.

Body of Fireman Sterrett Found at Pyote in Mutilated Condition.

Special to the Times.
El Paso, Tex., Sept. 1.—The body of Tom Sterrett, a fireman on the Texas and Pacific at Toyah, was found this morning near Pyote, with the throat cut and the top of his head slashed off. It is believed that he was murdered. The police are hunting for his slayers.

CONTAINED LEGAL DOCUMENTS.

Guetter's Bomb Was Found to Be a Harmless Affair.

Special to the Times.
Houston, Tex., Sept. 1.—The infernal machine with which Edward Guetter threatened to blow up the court house was opened today and found to contain only legal documents. A week ago Guetter lighted a balloon filled with oil in an effort to burn the building.

TRIAL IN ESTIL COUNTY.

By Associated Press.
Jackson, Ky., Sept. 1.—The trial of Beech Hargis for the murder of his father will be held in Estil County, Judge Adams having transferred the case there.

NEW INDUSTRY FOR WICHITA FALLS

Wichita Falls is to have another new industry in the shape of a mattress factory. The capital stock of \$100,000 has been fully subscribed and the industry will be placed in operation as soon as a building can be erected and the machinery installed. The enterprise was promoted by Messrs. W. F. Jourdan and Job Barnett, a number of prominent business men and farmers have subscribed for stock.

The plant will employ about twenty hands at the start and will turn out one hundred mattresses a day.

At a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce this morning a motion was passed that the Chamber of Commerce furnish the new enterprise with a suitable site and a committee consisting of Judge Carrigan, J. T. Montgomery and Myles O'Reilly was appointed to look after the selection and purchase.

J. B. BOSTON DROPPED DEAD.

Director in Big Grocery Company Expired in Denison Last Night.

Special to the Times.
Denison, Tex., Sept. 1.—While attending a social affair at the home of Mrs. Levi Linko last night, J. B. Boston, a director in the Waples Platter Grocery Company, dropped dead from heart failure.

FOR CAMPAIGN FUNDS.

Financial Agent of National Democratic Committee Will Make a Personal Canvass.

GOMPERS KEPT BUSY NAME CANDIDATES

GREAT LABOR LEADER IN FORT WORTH TO ATTEND FARMERS' CONVENTION.

WILL SPEAK AT DALLAS

Citizens Hastily Prepare for Meeting at the Fair Grounds Auditorium.

Special to the Times.
Fort Worth, Tex., Sept. 1.—President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor spent the morning at his hotel, meeting callers and conferring with leading farmers and laborers. He will spend the afternoon in preparing a speech, which he will make at Lake Como tonight.

He attended the opening session of the Farmers' union convention this morning. He will speak in Dallas tomorrow night.

DALLASITES PREPARE FOR SPEECH.

Special to the Times.
Dallas, Tex., Sept. 1.—Hurried arrangements are being made here for the address of President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor on Wednesday night at the Fair grounds auditorium. It is expected that thousands will attend.

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.

Fort Worth Druggist Meets Serious Injury While Hunting.

Special to the Times.
Mineral Wells, Tex., Sept. 1.—Dick Beeman, a Fort Worth druggist, was seriously wounded here by the accidental discharge of a shotgun. While crawling under a fence, the trigger caught and a load was emptied into the hunter's leg, necessitating amputation.

MYSTERY AS DEEP AS EVER.

Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 1.—The condition of Charles B. Roberts of Baltimore, who was mysteriously and dangerously shot on the board walk last week, was pronounced at the hospital to be improved today.

The mystery surrounding the shooting is as deep as ever. An impression is gaining ground that the veil may never be lifted.

Mrs. Williams has returned to her home near Baltimore. She was with Roberts when he was shot.

TODAY'S MARKETS.

Special to the Times.
Fort Worth, Tex., Sept. 1.—The total cattle receipts today were 4,000 head.

Beef Steers—Receipts light. Quality medium. Market steady at \$3.00@3.15.

TO PAY HIGH PRICES.

Nothing Will Be Left Undone Which Will Make This City the Best Cotton Market in This Section.

That cotton shall not be sold at a higher price in any other town in Northwest Texas than in Wichita Falls and that nothing which will help make this city the leading cotton market in this section will be left undone was the prevailing sentiment at the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce this morning.

Many buyers are already on the ground and several of the largest cotton firms in Texas will maintain offices here. It was decided that if competitive buying failed to bring all the cotton in this section into the Wichita Falls market that the Chamber of Commerce would take any action necessary to bring about this result.

RECEPTION FOR SIMPSON.

Dallas Citizens Will Give Republican Gubernatorial Candidate a Non-Partisan Welcome.

Special to the Times.
Dallas, Tex., Sept. 1.—A non-partisan reception will be tendered J. N. Simpson, the republican gubernatorial candidate, on his arrival from St. Louis tonight. A committee of a hundred citizens will meet his train. Cecil Lyon and other prominent republicans will be present.

COMING TO TEXAS.

Hearst, Hagen and Graves Will Speak in Dallas on Sept. 21st.

Special to the Times.
Dallas, Tex., Sept. 1.—It was announced today that W. R. Hearst, with Hagen and Graves, the independence league candidates for president and vice president, will arrive September 21st and all three will speak at the fair grounds.

GOOD SHOWS TO APPEAR HERE

Work on the new opera house is now progressing very satisfactorily, and the only delay that can be foreseen may come from the failure of a shipment of steel to arrive on time.

The terra cotta, brick and other materials are on the ground and are being placed into the building as rapidly as a large force of skilled workmen can place them into position.

It is now believed that the building will be completed not later than the middle of November.

As yet no arrangements have been made for the attraction for the opening night, and nothing definite will be done in this direction until it is known whether the house will be ready to open.

CONVENTION OPENS

TWO THOUSAND DELEGATES IN ATTENDANCE AT NATIONAL FARMERS' UNION.

GOMPERS MADE ADDRESS

Question of Minimum Price is Still a Bone of Contention.

Special to the Times.
Fort Worth, Tex., Sept. 1.—The National Farmers' Union convention was opened here this morning with nearly two thousand delegates present. President Barrett was in the chair. The feature of the first session was the address of Samuel Gompers, who declared that labor unions would join the farmers in all their policies.

The minimum price of cotton is still the bugbear of the convention, many delegates opposing the fixing of a minimum price, while others want fifteen-cent cotton.

Allendale News Notes.
Special to the Times.
Allendale, Tex., Aug. 31.—A very pleasant singing party was enjoyed last night by a large crowd of young people at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Billingsley.

Last week seemed to be an especial week for fishfry, quite a number being held by the Allendale people.

Mr. R. L. Dunlap is putting up a three stand gin and will soon be prepared for the new cotton.

Mrs. C. C. Allen has been sick over a week with malarial fever, but is now getting along very nicely.

Mr. Charles Agee, who was our school teacher last year, is visiting his friends in Allendale.

Mrs. Allie Ferguson and children of Fort Worth are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Priebe.

Mr. Vance Lowry of Holiday was a pleasant visitor in Allendale yesterday.

Misses Cora and Ida Gulph were the guests of Misses Leora and Veta Pickett of Wichita Falls last week.

ORDER PHONES REMOVED.

Kaufman Citizens Will Not Stand the Southwestern's Increase and Will Organize Independent Company.

Special to the Times.
Terrell, Tex., Sept. 1.—One hundred and fifty indignant citizens at Kaufman ordered the phones of the Southwestern Telephone Company removed today because the rates were increased. The citizens will organize an independent company.

TOO CHOPPY FOR FISHING.

Judge Taft Denied Pleasure of Angling Today.

By Associated Press.
Middlebass, Ohio, Sept. 1.—The lake was too choppy for Judge Taft and his party to fish this morning.

Judge Taft will make a trip tomorrow to Toledo, where he will review the Grand Army parade. He desires not to make a speech.

THIRTY DELEGATES APPOINTED.

Nacogdoches Will Send Big Delegation to Waterways Convention.

Special to the Times.
Nacogdoches, Tex., Sept. 1.—Judge C. D. Mims today appointed thirty delegates to the waterways convention in Corpus Christi on November 18th and 19th. Several hundred will go from this county. G. M. Mallon will be the chairman of the delegation.

RATE RESTORED.

Compress Rate Suspended a Year Ago is Renewed by Commission.

Austin, Tex., Sept. 1.—The railroad commission today restored the compress rate suspended a year ago, requiring the compression of cotton at the nearest compress.

BROOM FACTORY TO OPEN SOON.

Temple, Tex., Aug. 29.—Machinery is arriving for the new broom factory that is to be operated in this city by W. H. Hill of Bartlett and is being set in place. It is expected that the factory will be ready to turn out work within the next fifteen days. It will employ thirty workmen. The mattress factory of J. K. Allen, which was destroyed by fire several weeks ago, has been rebuilt on a larger scale, with increased capacity and is now in operation.

venue doing past.

R

By the Sea.

(Original)

One summer moonlight night I was by the waves. I would rather be near them on moonlight nights than at any other time, especially when broken clouds give the sky and the waters variety. I never go to the hotels. I get as far away from them as I can, stopping usually at some fisherman's cottage. On this occasion I had pitched a tent on the beach and inhabited it alone. I was lying under my canopy, the flaps thrown aside so that from my bed—blankets only—I could look out on the ocean. There was the sky, light clouds slowly drifting across the face of the moon, the line of the horizon dividing the lighter from the darker hemisphere. The ocean plane met the path of moonlight broadening toward me from afar, the waves lazily rolling in and bursting on the shore.

I have wondered since if the music of the waters put me to sleep and I awakened or whether I did not sleep. At any rate, my attention was arrested by something white, at least lighter than the sand, down near the verge. I watched it. There was an occasional fluttering about it, like a woman's skirts gently moved by a breeze. It appeared to be about the height of a human figure, though really in my perception of it there was no such thing as size, and was gently swaying like a very young tree shaken by the wind.

Presently it moved. Then I was con-

scious that it was coming toward me. I had no superstitious fear. I was simply curious. As the thing approached it came gradually out of nebula into the form of a woman. There was a certain grace of movement, a lightness which, mingled with a slight rising and falling, was confusing. Had the figure appeared on the water surface I should have thought my eyes were transfiguring a sail that was rising and falling on the waves.

It was only when it came near that I distinguished the outline of a girl's figure—not a summer visitor, one of plainer mold, doubtless a fisher lassie. She stopped a few yards from me, turned and looked out on the ocean. Then, turning again without appearing to notice or care who was in the tent, she asked:

"Is that a boat out there?"
"What are you doing out here at this time of night? Do you know what time it is?"

"No."
I drew my watch from my vest pocket. I slept in my clothes. "It's half past 1."

"Is it?" She manifested no interest at the hour. She stood looking out at sea, apparently watching for another sight at the boat.

"There it is. Heavens, how they bend to the work!"

I raised myself on my elbows and strained my eyes to discern if I could see what the girl saw. Surely there was no boat out where she was looking. The dark face of the ocean was expressionless except where the moonlight trailed over it.

"I see no boat," I said.

"It's in the trough of the sea now."
"There is but a slight trough. Even if a boat were lost to sight between the waves it would reappear in a few moments."

She stood peering out on the ocean. A cloud floated over the moon. She said with a moan, a note of despair, rather, it seemed to me:

"Oh, how black!"

The cloud was denser than any that had obscured the moon before. The last words I heard spoken by the girl were, "They're coming," and she began to move toward the ocean, fading away in the shadow of the cloud. When it passed I looked for her, but she was nowhere to be seen. I lay thinking, wondering, for awhile, then lulled by the waves, fell asleep.

When I awoke the sun was rising out of the ocean, while the waves were plashing languidly. The first thing I thought of was the girl of the night before. I drifted between many opinions. Possibly I may have dreamed it all. But never before had I dreamed about one a stranger to me whose face and figure I could remember, while hers I remembered distinctly. Was she not some girl who had been demoted by misfortune?

I went to breakfast at a fisherman's cabin. It was a rude place, the only decoration being a lithograph of the Virgin Mary, but I got there plenty of sea food. The fisherman was preparing to go out in his boat while his wife waited on me. I was full of my dream, or whatever it was, and related it.

The man stopped his preparations and listened with a look of horror, making the sign of the cross, while his wife turned and covered her eyes with her hands.

I looked at them wonderingly. It was plain that I had struck some blight in their lives. Should I probe it by questions or spare them? What had I to gain by forcing a recital that would give them infinite pain? If there was any connection between them and my apparition it needed no strong imagination to replace it.

Lying in my tent during that day I wove the story. I saw a ship out on the bar, the waves beating furiously against it. The shore was lined with people. Presently a boat was lowered, and a crew from the wreck made an attempt for their lives. It rose and fell on the waves, its bow now pointing to the sky, its stern now sliding down out of sight. Then it hung for one instant on the seething line of foam and was hurled bottom upward.

Perhaps it contained the girl's lover.
F. A. MITCHEL.

He that flows upon dust fills his eyes with it.—Danish Proverb

A BALLAD IN "G."

A man with a marvelous mug
Rode out of Fort Scott on a nag;
He carried a jug in a bag,
And many and many a swig
Reposed in that corpulent jug,
And a cob fitted in as a plug
As snug as a snag on a bog.

The nag had a wiggly jig
Which churned up the jug in the jug,
And along by its side went a dog,
Which jiggled along in a jog,
With a narrative shaggy and sag,
Which he wearily, wearily wug.

O! that jug, and that jog, and that jag,
O! that jog, and that jag, and that jug,
Then the man shouted "Whoa!" to the nag,
Then took out the jug from the bag,
Then took out the plug from the jug,
And then from the jug took a jag,
A terrible, horrible jag,
Which acted quick as a drug.

He shouted "Yip-yip" to the nag,
And dug in his heels with a dig,
And the nag who would never renig,
Sprang off with the speed of a stag;
The man with a marvelous mug
Began a vociferous brag—

"Whoop-ee! I'm a bird on a crag,
I'm a thief, and a wolf, and a thug;
I'm a bug-hunter, hunting a bug,
O, I can hold more than a kag,
And I have boodle and swag
That says that my grave don't get dug."

The authorship of the foregoing poem is attributed to Hon. Eugene Ware of Topeka, Kansas. It is reported that when President Roosevelt saw this poem he was so amused and thought Ware so clever that he appointed him commissioner of pensions, and that Ware afterward developed so many eccentricities that his resignation was called for.

ODD THINGS IN A DAY'S NEWS.

Samuel Mathewson of Philadelphia, mistaking a bottle of petroleum for whiskey, took a big drink, and it was soon necessary to haul him to a hospital.

In two hours "Big Jim" Connors and "Little Jim" Shannon of New Bedford, Mass., drank twenty gallons of cider, and we were still thirsty," said "Big Jim."

Lightning struck the store of Horace Swan at Georgetown, Del., and when Swan recovered from the shock he found that one of his ears had been scorched until it was brown.

Fishermen—some of them—say blue fish can be made to bite in Great South Bay and on the banks off Fire Island, New York, if a violinist is taken along and he is kept playing for an hour.

A horse belonging to a farmer near Glassboro, N. J., although drawing an ice wagon, won a race and died in a few minutes after the victory from hemorrhage caused by excitement and overexertion.

Franklin Davis, the 8-year-old son of William F. Davis of Glassboro, N. J., has had his leg broken three times in three weeks, but twice the limb was broken by a physician to prevent its becoming crooked.

Miss Gwendolyn Washburn, aged 18 years, while bathing in White river, in Indiana, disappeared beneath the water. She was dragged ashore by friends, who discovered that a big turtle had seized one of her toes.

A storekeeper at Glen Cove, L. I., who left his cash register open so that burglars might not break it discovered that a mouse had made its home inside, and it was necessary to take the machine apart before it could be dislodged.

Henry Scott of Philadelphia, in celebrating his thirty-sixth birthday, said: "Never had a sick day in my life." He had hardly uttered the words before he was seized with lockjaw. Although rushed to the hospital, he died in three days.

OUR GREAT Consolidation Sale

will be continued for 30 days from August 10th, during which time prices on Furniture of any kind in our house will be slaughtered. Call and see and you will be convinced of what we say.

W.F. Jourdan Furniture Co

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

Farmers Bank Trust Co.

Capital \$75,000

You are entitled to absolute safety and efficient service in the transaction of your banking business.

NO BANK can offer greater safety or better service than this bank. Your business will be appreciated and will receive our very best attention.

FARMERS BANK & TRUST COMPANY
Wichita Falls, Texas.

Plumbing

I have had 17 years practical experience in the plumbing business and am the only practical man in the plumbing and heating business in this city. Will be glad to figure with you on anything in my line. Will give a strict guarantee, if necessary, on all work. We can furnish you with goods made by any of the leading manufacturers of the United States.

Am now making a special price of \$22.50 on Porcelain Bath Tubs, which can't be bought for the money by any of my competitors.

Will open up for the present at Abbott Paint Co., corner of Eighth street and Ohio avenue.

W. W. Coleman.

Ziegler's

TIN SHOP

Has Moved from old stand to former Baptist Church Building on Indiana Avenue where I am better prepared to serve my patrons. With better facilities for work I endeavor to merit a continuance of patronage so liberally bestowed in the past.

J. C. ZIEGLER

Give Us Your September Business

WE CARRY EVERYTHING YOU WANT

PURE FOOD GROCERS

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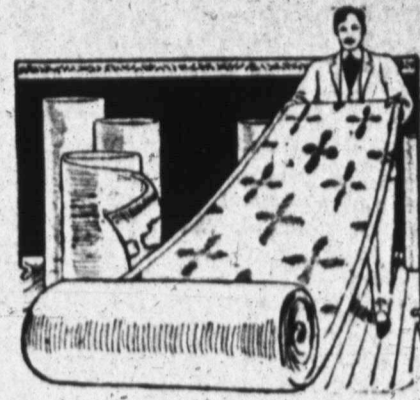
ARE LOOKING FOR YOU

With Furniture of quality at prices of cheapness. We want the chance of showing you through our immense stock of Parlor, Hall, Dining Room, Bed Room and Kitchen Furniture. Our prices and terms will interest you.

Some special values in Dressers and Chiffoniers this week. An extensive showing in this line.

Buffet Special: A beautifully designed Buffet with large mirror and leaded glass doors, \$25.00 value, at special sale only \$17.50.

We CAN and WILL Please You



A great selling of MATTINGS and RUGS this week. Have just received a large shipment of mattings, and we are in a position to give you some very special values in new patterns. Ask to see them.

Day Phone 64
Night " 527

NORTH TEXAS FURNITURE & COFFIN CO.

UNDERTAKERS

GOMPERS IN TEXAS.

Says He is Not a Democrat, But is Working for Bryan.

President Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor, arrived at Fort Worth yesterday for the purpose of meeting with the delegates of the Farmers' National Union, which convenes in that city today. On his arrival in Fort Worth, he was interviewed by a reporter of the Telegram on politics, and was free to talk, saying among other things that the election of Bryan was certain. The interview, in part, follows:

"Election of Bryan Certain."

"The election of W. J. Bryan as president of the United States is certain," said Mr. Gompers. The famous labor leader declined to give details, but repeated, "He'll be elected—that's all."

"Never in all the years I have been connected with organized labor have I seen such a unanimous sentiment as exists in behalf of the democratic nominee," he continued. "Not only among the working people, but among thinking people generally, the feeling is strongly in favor of Mr. Bryan's election."

Mr. Gompers states frankly that he

is not a democrat in the partisan sense. "Neither am I a republican," he added. "I was years ago, but am not guilty of that leaning now. Even now, I do not claim to be a member of the democratic party, but no man will fight harder than I for democratic success this fall."

The famous labor leader is frankness itself. "I am fighting for Bryan but I am not fighting as a democrat," he explains. "If conditions were reversed—if the democratic party had insulted and worse than ignored the laboring man as had the republican party, I would be found working just as hard on the other side."

Mr. Gompers gave utterance to the following sentiment, which is sure to be widely quoted during the campaign:

"The democratic party shows by its stand on the vital questions of the day that it stands for human liberty."

The president of organized labor is a vigorous campaigner and will be a power for the democratic party when he takes the stump. "It is the duty of every liberty-loving American," he said in ringing, earnest tones, "to rally to the support of the democratic candidate. The citizens should allow themselves to be less dominated by party

and vote according to their convictions—then we would have a better conception of what liberty means."

Mr. Gompers was shown a dispatch from New York in which the Central Federated Unions voted to oppose the republican party and pledged their support to Bryan. He was highly delighted at this intelligence. While in New York a week ago, he spoke in favor of this action, which was then taken. A few socialists in the councils of the union endeavored to secure a reconsideration of the action and the vote of Sunday shows that the New York union men are firm in their support of the democratic candidate.

Injunction Views.

Mr. Gompers is outspoken in his opposition to the republican position on injunction and pleased with democracy's stand.

Discussing this feature, he said:

"It is notorious that the abuses of government by injunction are flagrant and 'cry to heaven.' Only plutocratic attorneys and bigoted, power-lusting judges refuse to admit this. Even political trimmers are forced to give their approval to planks favoring some limitation of the use of the writ of injunction in so-called labor cases. "The greatest legal authorities have

held with labor's contention in the injunction process. The supreme court of the State of Montana, in a decision rendered last month, upheld in its entirety every contention which labor makes upon this subject.

"The writ of injunction was intended to be exercised for the protection of property rights only.

"There must be no other adequate remedy at law.

"It must never be used to curtail personal rights.

"It must not be used ever in an effort to punish crime.

"It must not be used as a means to set aside trial by jury.

"Injunctions as issued against workmen are never used or issued against another citizen of our country.

"It is an effort to deprive citizens of our country, when these citizens are workmen, of the right of trial by jury.

"It is an effort to fasten an offense on them when they are innocent of any unlawful or illegal act.

"It is an indirect assertion of a property right in men when these men are workmen engaged in a lawful effort to protect or advance their natural rights and interests."

Subscribe for the Daily Times.

To the Gentlemen of This City.

I will at an early date install a first class tailoring business in the place now occupied by the Palace meat market on Ohio avenue and would like to ask those that wish good clothes tailored in your city to hold your order until you have inspected my stock.

96-11p H. V. COLLIER, The Tailor.

No extra charge four courtesy. Try us through September. Your trade will be appreciated.

95-2t TREVATHAN & BLAND.

Last year New York city spent \$33,000,000 on its public schools; Chicago, \$23,000,000; Boston, more than \$10,000,000; Philadelphia, a little more than \$6,000,000.

Our service and goods are first class. Try them for September. Phone 232 and 432. 95-2t NUTT, STEVENS & HARDEMAN.

Austras Interstate egg-laying competitions have just been concluded, and in each competition South Australian hens laid the greater number of eggs.

See Benson for signs and Doyle for house painting. 20-1f

SOME POSTSCRIPTS.

Electricity excels all other methods of transmission for convenience.

Geologists say that New York City is as unlikely to be disturbed by an earthquake as any place on the globe.

"Continually eating apples and other fruit" helped Mrs. Anna Hulsiser of Ohio well along toward 107 before she died.

It costs the Methodist Episcopal church about \$28,000,000 annually for its preaching and superintendence, this including about \$600,000 that is paid to superannuated ministers.

Preserving pears delivered to your home at \$1.50 per bushel. Phone 64. 95-2t TREVATHAN & BLAND.

An ingenious Japanese small fruit grower in California has rigged up an aerial railway in his strawberry fields on which trays of fruit are carried to the little packing house.

Give us your trade during the month and note our prompt service and high class goods. 95-2t NUTT, STEVENS & HARDEMAN.

Every Non-Progressive Merchant Becomes Your Competitor When You Cease to Advertise

WHEN a merchant "slows up" in his advertising, and concludes to "save a little money" in that direction, then the merchant who never had the courage and foresight to advertise adequately BECOMES A REAL COMPETITOR. Even the merchant who never advertises at all reaps a certain amount of profit from the "slowing up" process of the live store. Not many merchants, of course, who have at any time set the pace for progressive advertising, will be content to take a backward plunge into the company of the non-progressives, of the LITTLE MERCHANTS, the easily satisfied ones, the un-awakes! But that is just what the "live one" does when he imagines that his advertising is costing too much, and that its curtailment means saving. If business conditions ever suggest retrenchment in advertising, the wise merchant knows that this should be interpreted as a signal for "full speed ahead," for redoubled efforts to WIN the business that does not come so easily as usual. :: :: :: :: :: :: ::

The Times Publishing Company

WE PRINT ANYTHING

Times Bld'g., 716 Indiana ve.

WE PRINT ANYTHING

Wichita Daily Times
Published at
Times Building, Indiana Avenue.
Published Daily Except Sunday.

Officers and Directors:
Frank Kell.....President
Ed Howard.....V. P. and Gen'l Mgr
G. D. Anderson.....Sec'y and Treas.

Subscription Rates:
By the year (mail or carrier) \$5.00
By the month (mail or carrier) .50
By the week (mail or carrier) .15

Business Office.....167
Residence.....111

Ed Howard.....General Manager
S. D. Donnell.....City Editor

Entered at the Postoffice at Wichita Falls as second-class mail matter.
Wichita Falls, Texas, Sept. 1st, 1908.

- ANNOUNCEMENTS
For Representative 105th District, G. E. HAMILTON of Childress.
For District Attorney, 30th Jud. Dist., P. A. MARTIN of Graam.

WANTS TO CHANGE.
Desires to Look After Its Own Schools.

Austin, Tex., Aug. 30.—The attorney general's department through Assistant Attorney General Sluder, yesterday furnished an opinion to the city authorities of the city of Amarillo, in which he held that a city or its city council can not nullify an independent school district by an election or otherwise.

It appears that the city of Amarillo wants to change the independent school district, or, in other words, abandon the district and take charge of the schools and issue bonds as a city and not as an independent school district.

Besides this, the Amarillo independent school district is materially affected by the recent opinion of the supreme court in the Baird independent school district, and for this reason, if for no other, the department could approve none of its bonds.

Prizes for Best Corn.
To the farmer bringing to either of our offices between now and the first of October the best one dozen ears of corn we will pay a cash prize of \$7.50, and for the second best one dozen ears a prize of \$2.50 will be paid.

BEAN & STONE.
MARLOW & HUEY
Wichita Falls, Tex., Aug. 20, '08 86-12p

Buy your grape juice from King & White. 82-4f
Heins small sour spiced pickles in bulk. 70c per gallon or 10c a dozen. 95-21 TREVATHAN & BLAND.

Cartier Miner's Water. Phone 268. 82-12p
WANTED—Contributors for the Times

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

The Robe Pantaloon.
For months the papers have been filled with comments on the "sheath gown," but there is something newer than that in fashion's realm.

Decidedly the most interesting and talked of article today is a new skirt launched by the beautiful young Duchess d'Uses.

It is called the "robe pantaloon" and as its name suggests has to be donned in the same manner in which a man dons his trousers. It is a style which, for obvious reasons, is scarcely likely to become common, yet it is just now the fad of the moment.

Another pretty fad is the colored tulle gumples and sleeves that have taken the place of the white ones. It is considered correct to have gumples and sleeves to match in tone the color of your frock, but the high stock, and they are extremely high, must be finished with a white ruche.

Old-fashioned grenadine is once more among us, though it is softer than that of a bygone generation. It is shown in hats, coat suits, separate skirts, trimmings and stunning reception and dinner gowns and nothing adapts itself better to the prevailing mode.

Crepe de chine still holds its spot in the feminine heart. Silver and gold will figure conspicuously in the season's trimmings and especially in millinery.

Skirts are longer and "clingy" and so are sleeves. The slender, graceful woman is in her glory in the present style of dressing.

A Rational Diet.
The rational diet is not a fruit diet, nor a meat diet, nor any other one-sided diet, but a mixed diet, in which every form of food has its proper place, the reform that is necessary today being the reduction of meat foods, and cooked-up messes that are so much eaten, with a corresponding increase in the use of nutritious fruits, honey, cream and such like lighter foods.

Fads and Fashions for Feminine Readers.

The pretty and popular fluffy ruffs are said to be decreasing in size. The extremely nice grades of lisle and silken hosiery are striped.

In millinery one sees a great many of the brown and yellow tones. For early fall wear there are very fetching coats which have a skirt of voile in the darker shades of blue or brown, with a single breasted coat of taffeta in the same shade, trimmed in broad braid of the same color.

Never before has the finger ring been so imperatively decreed by Dame Fashion as at the present time. Velvet is to be much worn during the fall and winter season.

For matrons' hat dull gold is a great favorite. Tan shoes are considered good for wear with gowns of any color and are especially good in the two-button style.

White linen parasols are exceedingly dressy when braided in large designs of coronation braid.

The very latest craze in the world of fashion is the little handkerchief shawl. One does not see as many white handkerchiefs as formerly, but in colors they are every imaginable shade.

There is no salad dressing better than Fernell. Comes in two sizes at 35c and 55c per bottle. 96-21 J. L. LEA JR.

R. M. Moore, with Bean & Stone only exclusive city real estate dealer in Wichita Falls. Ask him; probably he can tell you. 285-1f



AN EXCLAMATION
of delight is bound to escape you when you first see our collection of jewelry. No one could keep silent in the face of such an array of pretty brooches, stick pins, waist and skirt fasteners, etc.

A.S. Fonville
JEWELER

A COUP BY A TELEPHONE GIRL.

[Original.]
"Carl, this is dreadful."
"Calm yourself, Gretchen. Try to throw it off your mind. If you can't you will land in a lunatic asylum."

"But to think of Heinrich being put to death and he innocent of the crime! How can I throw that off my mind? We must find a way to get this new evidence before the court."

"That is impossible, sweetheart. We have had the last rehearing of the case, and it is closed. Do try to make up your mind to bear it. You will not only lose your reason, but make me lose mine. No judge or court can now help us to save your brother."

"Could not the emperor?"
"The emperor cannot interfere in law cases. Besides, it would be impossible to get an audience with him."

"Not on a matter of life and death?"
"Unquestionably. Suppose every convicted prisoner or his friends could interview the emperor about his case. He would have no time for his legitimate duties. Besides, the courts have exclusive control of such matters."

He talked with her a long while, but failed to produce any effect. Who suffers most, one whom the law punishes or those who love the offender? Probably the latter. At last the lover went away, and Gretchen walked the floor in agony. Presently Marie Froebel, a friend of Gretchen's, came in. Marie was employed in the central office of the Berlin Telephone. She not only knew of Gretchen's trouble, but suffered from it herself. Carl, the condemned, and Marie had been school children together, and, although they had not spoken of love and no one suspected them of being lovers, still Marie hid a secret in her heart. She alone knew that she loved Carl. But she must not display her feelings as her sister did.

"Marie," said Gretchen, "I must see the emperor. Carl says his majesty cannot help us if he would. I don't believe it. He has the power to do almost anything. I am sure he has a kind heart."

Marie pondered. "It seems to me," she said presently, "that a woman's heart is more susceptible to pity and would be easier influenced, especially when what is asked conflicts with duty."

"But the emperor is not a woman."
"The empress is."
"But has she the power?"
"Yes, to influence the emperor."

"Well, but we cannot get an interview with her any more than with the emperor."
"I think possibly I may manage that."

"You, a poor girl working for your living, get me an interview with the greatest lady in the fatherland?"
"Sometimes I have great power to secure the attention of great people."

"What do you mean? Tell me quick!"
"I have given you hope. Live on that for the present. If I perfect a plan I will call you upon the telephone and give it to you. Stay at home, never go long even for a minute where I can't reach you."

Marie kissed her friend and went away. She had caught an idea. The question remained, would she get an opportunity to work it out? There might be a penalty attached to what she proposed to do, but what was that compared with a chance to save the life of the man she loved.

In a few days, when Gretchen was endeavoring to get her mind off the tragedy by doing some housework, there was a ring at the telephone. Taking up the receiver, she heard a woman's voice ask:

"Is that you, baroness?"
"You are"—began Gretchen.
"The empress."

Gretchen trembled.
"No, your majesty, I am not the baroness. I am only a poor girl whose brother has been sentenced to death for a crime he did not commit. God has given me this opportunity to ask you to help to save him. I beg that your majesty will implore the emperor to use his influence to give me an opportunity to get the new proof that he is innocent. Think, your majesty, how you would feel if one dear to you were about to be killed."

"This is singular," said the voice of the empress as if to herself. Then: "Give me your brother's name, my poor girl, and I will see if I can do anything for you, though you must know that the courts are an entirely different part of the government from that which the emperor administers. But I am sorry for you and will help you if I can."

Gretchen gave her brother's name, then thanked the empress, hung up the receiver and danced all around the room. But soon she began to be despondent again, though now that she had the empress's promise to try to help her she did not despair.

The next day the judge before whom the case had been tried received a summons to the palace. There an interview occurred between him and the emperor, which resulted in a reopening of the case in question, and in the end the condemned man was acquitted.

Marie Froebel had succeeded in getting herself assigned to a field which comprised the empress's private line; then the first time the empress was called Marie connected her with Gretchen. Marie waited, expecting to receive her dismissal, but when a month had passed and nothing came of it she concluded that since her offense concerned a matter of life and death her majesty had pardoned it. When the prisoner was released there was great rejoicing by two families, which was celebrated by a double wedding.

HETLEN INGEBART.

Are You Tipping a Last Year's Hat?
JUST AS A MATTER of news, it is definitely known that hundreds upon hundreds of last year's hats will be unloaded upon the people of Wichita Falls this month. That is the principal reason why so many dollars are being offered for 50c in the hat line.
Pennington Co's. Hat Store Have Very Few Last Years Hats in Stock
This statement ought to give assurance to numbers of buyers who don't watch the fashions, but take the advice of their dealer.
Pennington Co's. Felt Hats \$2.50--\$3
Fresh and clean. Most of them have been received in the last few days. Soft felts that insure comfort in the exact proportions for your being rightly dressed.
IT IS WORTH WHILE TO KNOW WHERE TO GO TO BE ABSOLUTELY SURE OF YOUR STYLE; ABSOLUTELY SURE OF THE COURTESY
you will receive and absolutely sure that the PRICE to you will be the Lowest Known Cost. There is nothing better for \$2.50 and \$3.00 on the market than the P. H. Co. hat. That is why the price is \$2.50 and \$3.00. If there were a BETTER HAT for \$2.50 WE'D get it! If there were a lower price on this hat WE'D make it.
BOY'S SCHOOL HATS AND CAPS 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 AND \$1.50.
Men's New Fall Suits at a Discount of 15 to 35%
cheaper than merchant tailoring shops. We will fit you with a suit to your measure for \$20.00 or \$25.00. One consisting of special domestic fabrics that always cost \$35.00 to \$40.00 made to measure. We are showing a larger and better collection of men's and young men's new fall clothing than ever before.
THEY RANGE IN PRICE FROM \$10 TO \$35
CALL AND LET US SHOW YOU—IT'LL BE A PLEASURE
P. H. Pennington Comp'y.



ORIGIN OF MOVING PICTURE.

Principle of It Was Known Before Christ.

Bohemian Magazine.
Although it is true that the moving picture machines of today are of decidedly modern invention, the idea, or discovery, upon which motion photography is based is older than Christianity. In the year 130 B. C. the Egyptian scientist, Ptolemy, ascertained that the human eye had the property of retaining a light, or object, for some time after it had vanished from its radius. To prove this by practical demonstration, he traced a color line on a section of a piece of glass, or glazed surface, after which he was able to show that, by revolving the glass with great rapidity, he could make it appear that the comparatively short color line extended completely around it.

While the importance of this discovery is now recognized, it was the middle of the Eighteenth century before further investigations were made along these lines, and practically the end of the Nineteenth century was reached before the experiments brought any very tangible results. It is true that during this period, several toys, like the "Wonderdrum" were devised to provide parlor tests of the duration of objective impressions upon the eye, but it was not until 1877 that the celebrated photographer, Muybridge, succeeded in actually taking a moving picture. This was a series of views in which the motions of a running horse were consecutively shown.

As there was no camera that could be used for this purpose, Muybridge placed twenty-four cameras side by side at the edge of a carling track, parallel with a wall facing the sun. Each camera was provided with a rapid snapshot shutter, operated by electricity, these being kept open by means of a thin silk thread which crossed the track and was fastened to the opposite wall. Thus, when the horse came down the "stretch," he broke the threads successively, and as he snapped the shutters in rapid succession the effect was that of a continuous picture.

Revolutionary as this experiment was from a scientific point of view, the practicable results were anything but satisfactory. As the highly sensitized plate had not then been invented, the photographs lacked that sharp detail that is so necessary to successful enlargement, or reproduction, but when in 188 the dry plate appeared, much of this difficulty was obviated and motion photography ceased to be the dream of theorists.

Dr. Carey's Patients tonight at the Majestic. A big laugh for everyone.

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WEDNESDAY

WILL BE A BARGAIN DAY!

We close our doors Thursday morning, September 3rd, to invoice, on account of Mr. Duke having bought out Mr. Rock's interest in the firm. Therefore Wednesday we are going to offer you some exceptionally good values in all departments. :-:

EVERYTHING AT ACTUAL COST

YOURS FOR A BIG DAY WEDNESDAY

ROCK & DUKE

WANT ADS.

FOR SALE—Two fine young Jersey cows. R. H. Suter. 82-26t

FOR SALE—Good milk cow, \$30, at 1704 Travis street. 88-4fc

WANTED—Apprentice girl in millinery department. W. E. Skeen. 96-4f

FOR RENT—At 1016 Eleventh street, two nicely furnished rooms. 95-2tc

FOR RENT—Two nicely furnished rooms at 1007 Seventh street. 95-5tp

FOR SALE—My home at 1007 Seventh street. See me, Mrs. C. Grately. 95-10tp

LOST—Pair of glasses in black spring case. Finder return to this office and be suitably rewarded. 95-3tp

WANTED—100 good democrats to contribute \$1 or more to the Times Bryan campaign fund. 84-4f

FOR RENT—Two unfurnished rooms at 1207 Lamar ave. Roberts, at Nutt, Stevens & Ardeman's. 93-6tp

FOR RENT—One or two bedrooms, desirable location, suitable for two gentlemen. 1106 Ninth st. 95-1fc

WANTED—A second hand roller-top desk. State price and address. P. O. box 642. 94-3t

FOR RENT—Two unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping. Apply to Mrs. R. A. Hawkins, 900 Indiana ave. 96-6fc

FOR EXCHANGE—An eight section ranch in Borden county for land close to Wichita Falls. For information address owner, box 64, Gall, Texas. 96-5t

FOR SALE—Nice sideboard and a six foot table. Both good as new, only used a short time. Apply at 712 8th street. 94-3tp

WANTED—Board and room in congenial private home by small family. References furnished. Address "Inquirer," care Times. 94-4tp

WANTED—Apartment with conveniences suitable for light housekeeping, or furnished cottage. Address F-100, care Times. 94-4tp

FOR SALE—Twenty head of work mules. Prices reasonable for cash. Apply to C. Waller, 4 miles north of town. 89-26tp

LOST—On August 26th, between Wichita Falls and Jolly, a felt-lined black Galway robe. Finder return to this office and receive reward. 95-2tp

FOR RENT—One two-story brick building, 40x65 feet, now occupied by S. Y. Ferguson. Apply to Geo. Davis, P. O. Box 584. 67-4fc

FOR SALE—McCormick short corn binder, almost good as new. Never cut but 75 acres. Price, \$75. Address W. C. Heath. 72-4fc

WANTED—Party to contract to dig a complete cistern on my farm near Petrolia. Inquire of F. T. Webb, Petrolia, or address the undersigned at Silsbee, Texas. Thos. T. Ryan. -916t

FOUND—The pair of spectacles lost by Mrs. Brown and advertised for in this column were found by Miss Mabel Higgs and brought to this office. The owner can have same by calling for them. 96-1t

WANTED—A housekeeper for a widow without encumbrances, by Sept. 7th. Must be a fair musician and good cook; not younger than 20 or over 30 years of age. References exchanged. Address "Q," care Times. 92-6tp

FOR SALE—Six head of work mules, one gelding horse, one fine mare with yearling mule colt; one 12-foot push binder, Superior drill, three disc plows, 1 California plow, one broad-tired wagon, one buggy. Terms, \$1,000, for the lot, cash or bankable note. Address or apply to Wm. Daniels, 12 miles north of Iowa Park. 90-6tp

Adopting an Orphan.

[Copyright, 1928, by T. C. McClure.]

Parson Williams, feeling sorry for Deacon Flint's widowhood, suggested that he take a girl from the orphan asylum to keep house and for company.

The deacon started for the city next morning and returned in the evening with the orphan. Her name was Ruth. The deacon liked her at first glance, and he kept liking her better all day. Before going to bed that night she was shown over the house and through the pantry and told what to get for breakfast and at what hour to have it ready, and the deacon's heart swelled up as she called to him: "Good night, my own dear old papa. Your little daughter is awfully glad she has come to live with you."

Breakfast was to be ready at 6. The deacon overslept, and it was 7 before he got out of bed and went downstairs. There was no one about. He knocked at the daughter's door, but got no answer. He went outside to look for her, and, finding nothing, he returned and opened the door of her room. She was still asleep, but when he called to her she woke up and demanded to know what was wanted.

"You should have had breakfast all ready an hour ago."

"Not on your life!" she exclaimed. "When you get it ready come and call me."

"But—but, what do you mean?" demanded the astonished man.

"You skiddoo and don't ask questions. Say, pop, you might as well understand right now that I'm a lady and must be treated as such. After this I shall take my breakfast in bed."

The deacon got breakfast, and Miss Ruth came down. She found fault with everything and when reproved gave him such back talk that he reached over and boxed her ears. The next minute everything on the table she could reach was flying at his head. After being hit by three plates, the crust, the coffee-pot and the sugar bowl he flew the coop and made his way to the parson's house.

"Ah," said the good man, "I was wondering if you came home last night and brought the orphan with you."

"I did!" exclaimed the deacon with a great deal of energy.

"And—and—"

"And you come over and see her. She was as humble as a kitten last night, but this morning she seems to be a limb of Satan."

When the house was reached the adopted orphan was found in the yard throwing pieces of the broken crockery at the hens, and she had already lamed an old rooster and knocked a speckled hen gally west.

"Morning, parson," she called out. "I suppose pop's been telling you that a bad kid I am? If he wasn't a dub he'd have stayed and fought it out with me."

"My dear child, I am sorry to hear such reports of you," solemnly replied the parson. "You seemed to me the other day to be such an innocent, humble young girl that—"

"That was in the game, parson. I was after a papa and a home. Oh, I can be an angel when I want to. See me knock that black hen's head off."

The parson and the deacon walked aside to consult, and the latter asked in anxious tones:

"Well, what shall I do about it?"

"Sit down with her and talk of heaven and angels and appeal to her better nature. I think you will have her crying in five minutes. It seems that in some way I must have got a wrong impression of the child."

The good man returned home, and the deacon sat down to try moral suasion. The village graveyard was in sight, and he looked over at the stones and asked the girl if she knew where good folks went to when they died.

"Oh, come off!" she answered. "Can't we go to a circus or something today? I knew you was an old poke, but I've come to stir you up. Come in and shove. I don't like your whiskers."

The deacon rose up and took her by the ear and led her into the house and locked her up in a closet and said something about bread and water until she could behave herself. He then went to the field to put in a short forenoon. At 12 o'clock, when he came back, the closet door lay on the floor, the table and chairs were on their backs, and the girl was getting ready to smash windows. The deacon went out and cut and trimmed a peach tree limb and wore it out around her shoulders and locked her up in another closet. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon his barn was found to be on fire and couldn't be saved. He went to the house to find the prisoner gone, everything a wreck and the following note pinned to a door:

"Dear Papa—You are no gentleman, and I don't like your style. As you can't hustle, I will."

And on top of that the good parson came around to console with him and to say:

"I guess we made a mistake, deacon. Instead of trying the adoption plan, again why not take a wife?"

The parson had a spinster sister forty-two years old, and public gossip had said that she would marry the deacon if asked. The brother had heard nothing of this, and the sister was not in his mind in the least when he put the question, but the deacon turned from surveying the wreck and answered:

"Not by a darned sight, and you get right out of here or I'll throw you over the fence!"

And that was ten years ago, and they have not spoken to each other since.

M. QUAD.

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WANTED—The Times wants 100 ladies in Wichita Falls to call the paper up over the phone and each give us an item of news. Our number 167. Will you do it? 285-4t

Good pickles, sweet or sour, barrel or bottle. King & White. 52-4t

FOR A NEW COUNTY.

People of Eastland Want to Create It. San Antonio, Tex., August 30.—One of the most novel and unusual, and at the same time effective ways of bringing a proposed new county into the limelight, has been adopted by the residents of Eastland county, who are desirous of carving out of the commonwealth another "shire" to be known to the world as Ross county.

They have gathered together from all parts of that section of Eastland which it is desirous of erecting into a new county, a gigantic agricultural exhibit for the San Antonio International September 26 and close on October 11, fair, which will open in this city on and they have styled the collection, "Agricultural Exhibit from Ross County."

In this manner the residents of the proposed new county will effectively demonstrate the resources of their section of the county of Eastland, and the Rising Star Commercial club, which is engineering the project, is in almost daily receipt of letters from all parts of the State, congratulating them on the adoption of such novel means of presenting their claims to the people of the State.

Arrangements for the housing of the exhibit from "Ross" county have been made with A. M. Eyrone, superintendent of the agricultural department of the International fair, and the residents of "Ross" county hope to carry away the first prize of \$500, which has been offered for the premier county exhibit.

Twelve other counties will be in competition with "Ross" and each of them will make strenuous efforts to land the coveted prize and the honor which is attached to it. These counties are Garza, which won the first prize at last year's fair, Brazos, Williamson, Kendall, Cameron, Hidalgo, Val Verde, Brewster, Tom Green, Kerr and Lee, and it is not improbable that before the big exposition opens on September 26 that two or three other counties will be included.

Numerous commercial clubs of the Southwest will also have local exhibits in the agricultural department, as will fourteen or fifteen big individual farms. One hundred thousand dollars has been offered by the fair association for the best individual and the best club exhibit. Bexar county will not compete, as the farmers' institute of the county decided several years ago that on account of the proximity of the farms to the fair grounds, and the ease with which the exhibits could be moved thither, that it would be

taking an unfair advantage over the other counties. For that reason only individual exhibits will be seen from this county.

"Ross" county's novel bid for popularity and fame, however, is expected to create considerable interest all over the State, and as a big delegation from Rising Star and other communities in the proposed new commonwealth will come to the fair with the exhibit, the claim of the embryo "shire" will be loudly heralded from the thousands of Texans who will throng this year's International exposition. The lowest rates ever offered by the railroads of the State will be in effect on account of this year's fair, and on two days there is a rate of one-half of a one-way fare for the round trip authorized. These, with the rate of one and one-fifth fares for the round trip, which will be in effect all during the fair, as well as several other even lower rates for Saturdays and special days, will bring the biggest crowd to this year's fair that ever thronged to San Antonio for any purpose.

The Prodigal Preacher tonight at the Majestic. The sympathetic picture hit of the season.

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Cheery Mr. Sinclair.

(Original.)

"Now, I want to know," stammered Miss Clementina Gibson, "what you come courting me for. You're nothing but a boy, and I'm forty."
"Hats! Forty! You may be a few years older than I am, but you're ten or twelve years this side of forty, and it wouldn't make any difference to me if you were fifty. As soon as I saw you I knew you were just the woman for me."

The man was Algernon Sinclair, a youngster of twenty-two. He had known Miss Gibson only a fortnight, but had been very persistent in his attentions during that time. He had appeared one morning at the door of her flat and asked for Miss Gibson. "I am Miss Gibson." "You're not the Miss Gibson I'm looking for. She's a red headed, freckled faced person, while you—well, you're simply beautiful." Miss Gibson snickered and asked the good natured, cheery young fellow to step in—perhaps she could help him in his search. He did step in and was in no hurry to step out. From that time forward he was devoted to Miss Clementina Gibson.

"Tickets to the theater tonight," he said one afternoon. "Got a box. We'll be right in among the swells, and you'll have to wear your best clothes. Put on what jewelry you have. Any diamonds? No? Well, I think I see my way clear to get you some before long if a deal I have on hand goes through. Pearls? Oh, a brooch set with pearls! Wear it without fail."

The young man rattled on in his funny way, quite delighting the elderly lady, who had caught his fancy. When he called for her in the evening and saw her attired in a pearl silk dress he held up his hands in admiration. The brooch he pronounced "a daisy." "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—seven pearls, and that big one in the center is a hummer. I'm not going to be ashamed of my girl tonight, you bet. Come on."

Whenever Mr. Sinclair took Miss Gibson out he manifested this same desire that she should be well dressed, and on occasions appropriate for jewelry he begged her to produce some new ornament that she had not worn before. But Miss Gibson was not inclined to wear her best gowns in public, though she was not disposed to have Mr. Sinclair think she hadn't fine gowns, and finally when he bet her a dozen pairs of gloves that she couldn't show half a dozen really first class dresses she brought out the half dozen and said she could "go two better." Sinclair looked at them, lost in admiration, and the next day paid the bet.

One day he wrote her a note to say that he would call in the afternoon to take her to ride in an automobile, and wouldn't she wear that dress with the green figure—"snakes and turtles on a jamboree?" Miss Gibson laughed at his description and put on the dress indicated. Mr. Sinclair called at the hour appointed with a beautiful machine, which he drove himself, and they sailed out into the country. During the ride a man ahead with a camera waved his hat. Sinclair slowed up.

"He wants to take our picture," he said. "Let's have one."
"No, no; we don't want a picture."
"Yes; we do. Fire away, Mr. Photographer."

"There was a click, and the picture was taken."
The next day there was a ring at Miss Gibson's door. She opened it and there stood Mr. Sinclair and another man with a warrant for her arrest. She cast an astonished look at Sinclair and turned pale.

"Who and what are you anyway?"

"Robert Williams, detective."
Mr. Williams, recently pretended lover, now only a paid hireling of a wealthy lady who had been robbed by her housekeeper, proceeded to ransack his ladylove's premises with no more evidence of feeling than if he had been a savage burying a tomahawk in her brain. The photograph of the dress with the figure of "snakes and turtles on a jamboree" had been sent to her employer, who had identified the dress as one of her own. Mr. Williams found the flat filled with stolen property, all of which belonged to the rich lady in question. The brooch with seven pearls was in a list of jewels he possessed lost by his client, and every one of the half dozen dresses that had won the bet was on a list of missing gowns.

The detective had been given the preface to this little story book, which was thus: Miss Gibson, housekeeper for Mrs. Bickford, had quarreled with her employer and had left her service vowing vengeance. Some time after her departure the house was entered when the owner was away and a large quantity of property taken. Considering Miss Gibson's threat, Mrs. Bickford suspected that she had given the information that led to the robbery. Mr. Williams was put on the case and by his skillful handling of it secured the return of thousands of dollars of property and a handsome fee for himself.

Miss Gibson, now doing a term in the penitentiary, has vowed vengeance on the "little whippersnapper," as she calls him, who "talked soft" to her for a brief season only to trap her. When she gets out of jail she is going to do something very terrible to him, but what it is to be she keeps to herself. Meanwhile the detective is employed in what his fellows have dubbed the "blanchiment department for trapping old maids."
ELINOR T. BOYD.

Immortal Love.

(Original.)

"One of the most singular features of human nature," remarked the anatomist, "is the breaking up of love between two persons when one dies."

"Love does not necessarily break up in such an event," replied the psychologist.

"I don't agree with you. Love after the death of the being loved is simply memory."

"Cases of actual love between the sexes are very rare—one in a thousand. They are not mere memory after death; they are immortal."

"Can you give me such a case?"

"Yes, one. It is the only one that has ever come to my knowledge. Listen and I will relate it."

"Douglas Bissell knew the moment he set eyes on Caroline La Cour that she and he had been appointed by Providence to be lovers. Miss La Cour recognized the fact at the same instant. Bissell was a young northerner who, after being graduated at college, went to New Orleans as a teacher. Miss La Cour was a creole. Their love came as a child is born—that is, a perfect thing, though it grew as the child grows. It cannot be said that it was a case of that turbulent evanescent love which comes with extreme youth, for Bissell was thirty years old when they met, and Miss La Cour was twenty-five. It was unalterable from its inception.

"It was the woman who was taken away. She died during one of the epidemics of yellow fever that occurred about the middle of the last century and but a few weeks before they were to have been married. Such partings—partings between beings in whom there is this real immortal love—are terrible. Miss La Cour in all the physical agony of death resulting from that awful disease did not suffer bodily as the lover suffered in soul, and when all was over he fell into a stupor from which his friends despaired of ever awakening him. He never was again the same man.

Bissell never married. He lived alone. If he had a companion it was his wife. He told others that there was such a companionship, though when he attempted to explain it he failed signally. He could say rather what it was not than what it was. For instance, she did not visit him. It was not one of those cases where one broods over a grave. The mortal part of his love was placed in a tomb provided for it, and Bissell went there but seldom. He did not consider what was there as being any more a part of his love than one of her gowns. She was elsewhere.

But one day when he made one of his periodical visits to the tomb to see that the premises were in condition he met with a surprise. He found a man weeping before it.

"Pardon me," said Bissell, "we have a common sorrow. You must be the brother. I often heard my love speak of him—he who was living in South America."

"I was not her brother. I am her lover."

"For a few moments there was silence, during which the two men regarded each other with a strange expression on the face of each. Then Bissell spoke:

"You say you are her lover. That is my position."

"Pardon me, it is mine."

"Do you mean to assert that she ever loved you?"

"She did. We met in Paris. She was but eighteen. I offered her my love, and it was accepted. Circumstances which I do not care to reveal parted us."

"Strange," replied Bissell, half to himself, "that she never told me of this affair."

"There was no affair. It was an undying love."

"On your part, not on hers."

"I believed she loved me always. I believe she loves me now."

"Bissell carried a cane. It was one of those sword canes very much in use at that period. Taking it in both hands, he partly drew the blade, then thrust it back.

"Pardon me; I forget you are unarmed."

"You mistake; I am armed." And the stranger drew from his own walking stick a similar blade.

"Fortunate," said Bissell, drawing his steel. "She whose mortal part lies there is mine. You dispute her possession with me. We cannot both have her. One must give place to the other. But, mind you, if I fall she is still mine."

"There was a fervor in the last four words that could scarcely have been equaled had the object been a living being."

"It seems to me," said the stranger reflectively, "that we are about to fight for that which has no real existence."

"Your words show that this love you speak of in your case is not real love. And she—she never considered it worth the while to speak of it to me, though perhaps she may have considered your preference for her as sacred."

"The words angered the stranger. His eyes flashed ominously, and he placed himself on guard."

"One of the workmen in the cemetery, hearing the clash of steel, rushed to the La Cour tomb, but only in time to see Bissell fall pierced through the heart. His antagonist was unhurt."

The speaker paused. He seemed to consider that he had established his point.

"What place," asked the anatomist, "do you give the stranger in this tripartite love?"

"None at all. In a year he was married."
D. HUNTER HALSEY.



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Big Stationery.

(Original.)
Joel Throggs was a driver on the towpath. Joel was reaching an age where he wished for a home. He admitted to himself that he couldn't have a home without a woman, and he never stopped long enough to do any courting. He was always moving on the towpath, and how can a man make love who is continually walking behind a horse or a mule pulling a canalboat?
On the route was a little unoccupied house across the road from the towpath that Joel would have coveted if he had had a wife to put in it. One day when he passed he saw smoke curling from the chimney and a woman at a window. After passing and re-passing on several trips he made up his mind from observation that the woman lived alone.
Here was an opportunity, the first he had ever had. He resolved to take advantage of it. Before starting on one of his trips he prepared a small board, on which he wrote in chalk:
"Dear Maddam, I would be happy to make your acquaintance. I am driven a mule on the towpath."
On reaching the house in question he threw the board into the yard without stopping his mule. This was Mr. Throggs' first love letter. It was not very neat—indeed, it was somewhat bulky—but they say "Love laughs at locksmiths." Why shouldn't the little god smile benignly on a board billet doux?
When Joel passed the house on his return trip, on the end of a chicken coop had been chalked:
"I had be pieezed to make yourn."
MAHULDY WIGGINS.

So far so good. Joel had not prepared stationery, wooden or otherwise, for a reply, so it was not till he came along on his next trip that he responded. Then he ran across the road between the towpath and the canal and set the top of an old table on the gate, on which he had written:
"I wud esteem miself onered ef you wud tak a ride with me on my nex trip. The mule has a easy gate. Bring a piller to set on."
But the course of true love can't be expected always to run smooth. When Joel passed again the end of the chicken coop glared with big chalk letters:
"Can't. Out to work all day."
Joel was depondent. Not only was he tied to the towpath, but his love also was at work. He thought the matter over as he jogged along, now and then gently laying his whiplash on the back of his mule, and when he reached the terminus prepared another letter, a longer one—so long that he needed more room to write it. He selected the door of the canalboat cabin, which he took off its hinges, lay on the deck and wrote as follows:
"dere Mahuldy, I saved 60 dollars. Im lookin fur a home were two harts kin beet together. Sposen I jine with you an we work your yard fur garden truck fur the market. Prises is bit in town. Stay hum nex time I pas, wensday. He ride you a-few miles, an we can tawk it over. He pay you the days wages."
On passing the house the next time Joel carried this bulky letter to the premises and set it up against the fence.
When Joel passed the following Wednesday afternoon Mahuldy was waiting for him with a pillow "to set on." Except for the lack of several front teeth and one eye gone she wasn't bad looking. Joel was much pleased. He helped her up on the mule's back and walked along beside her. She told him that she was a widow with no incumbrances. She had been permitted to live in the house rent free. It had no especial value, and the land wasn't worth \$50 an acre. She accorred with Joel's plan, especially as he had money enough to buy the place and stock it. But she was somewhat coy about marrying a man she had never seen before and wanted time to consider.
Joel's only objection to delay was that they would wish to communicate, and this was difficult. He had already been obliged to use the door of the canalboat. As his passion grew he would need more space. The only larger stationery he could think of was an old tent he possessed. He might rip out a side, write his message on it and set it up on poles when he passed. If he needed a still larger space, he might use the whole of one side of the canalboat.
Mrs. Wiggins thought the matter over and found that her modesty would not admit of such open love-making. She said the neighbors might get on to it. Joel didn't care for the neighbors, but objected to the trouble of getting up such big messages. He said mournfully that "if they kep' a-growin' he'd her to use the mainmast of a 600 ton schooner before they were married."
This settled the matter. Mrs. Wiggins, who had already ridden three miles, got down from the mule. It was agreed between them that Joel should resign at the end of the month from his position of mule driver and assume the position of husband. But in the interval Mahuldy was to stay at home. In order that they might converse when he passed he was to buy a megaphone for himself and one for her. They were to commence the dialogue when he was half a mile away and keep it up till they were half a mile apart. Having arranged all this, Joel handed her \$1 in lieu of the day's wages and kissed her, and she set off back to her home.
In due time they were married. The county turned out to the wedding uninvited, the bride wondering how they knew about it.
OSCAR COX.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MANUSCRIPT.

(Original.)
I was born when my mother was nineteen years old. Her uncle, a middle aged man, had done something in a literary way, and I was turned over to him by my mother's mother to be looked over. He took me to his study and sat down with me, first sharpening his pencil with which to cut me in pieces, for I heard him say that my mother knew nothing about writing and he supposed "the thing was full of rhetorical blunders." When he began to read me he wore a bored look, but he had read but one paragraph before his expression changed. As he read on he forgot who had written me, and when he had finished he exclaimed:
"By thunder!"
Then he called my mother and her mother into his study and asked my mother:
"Where did you learn to write English correctly?"
"At school."
"School be banged! There's something else here that you didn't learn at all. It was born in you. Send your story out just as it is. If it is appreciated it will be accepted, but I don't believe it will be. It will come back to you and keep coming back."
They took me away, and the mother said to the daughter: "Your uncle is sore because all his own manuscripts come back to him. Don't you believe him, my dear. Your story will be accepted, and you will get a good price for it."
The next day I was sent to the Globe Publishing company. I was turned over to a young fellow they called a weeder. He looked over the manuscripts which came in the morning's mail and out of the lot picked one. I heard him mention the author's name. I had heard it often before. The rest of us were put in envelopes with printed slips with the editor's name to them, saying a few very nice things and thanking our parents for sending us in. Then we were put away for awhile and when it was convenient were sent back to where we came from.
When my poor little mother saw by the bulk of the package that I had been returned to her tears started in her eyes. Her uncle said: "I told you so. I don't believe they read a line of it. However, I know Simpson & Co. They've turned down a lot of my work, but perhaps they'll read this if I make a personal request. Let me have it tomorrow."
The next day he took me to Simpson & Co. and had a long talk about me with the editor, who was very polite and promised to give me his especial attention. After my mother's uncle had gone away the editor tossed me to a weary looking man sitting at a desk covered with manuscripts and said:
"Read that."
It was two weeks before the tired looking man took me up in my turn, then ran over twenty pages of me in as many seconds and wrote on my wrapper "Declined." And so I was sent back again to my mother, who had hoped that her uncle's personal effort would insure success. She was nearly as much disappointed as at first.
And so I continued to go from one publishing house to another without acceptance. Finally I attracted the attention of an intellectual looking editor, who wrote this criticism:
"If we were looking for literature I would recommend the publication of this book. But as we are looking for "best sellers" I would decline it."
However, my mother got nothing but the printed slip when I was returned, though it was couched in just as polite terms as the first.
Meanwhile a publisher told my mother that she would better write something "startling"—a trifle erotic, he said. So innocent was she that she thought he said erratic. She went to work and turned out my brother. Poor boy! He was deformed in frame and intellect from birth. Mother was very much ashamed of him and wouldn't acknowledge him by publishing him under her own name. But he was published under a nom de plume and proved a second best seller.
My mother continued to give me all her affection notwithstanding the fact that my brother made so much money for her. She was now deluged with requests for something from her "gifted pen." She sent me out once more, and I was accepted at once, but she refused to permit my publication under the name which had been appended to my crazy brother. The publishers would not issue me unless she consented to this. They offered her a large sum with that name to me, but she was obdurate, and so I was obliged to remain in obscurity.
Mother would write nothing more, and at last, not making any money, which she needed, she wrote the publisher who had wanted me that he could have me to publish under her fictitious name. "He wrote her in reply that the public had forgotten her former book, that the character of all fiction had changed and that if he were to publish me under any name whatever he couldn't sell a thousand copies. He added, "Your first effort could only have been sold as by the author of a 'second best seller.'"
And so my only opportunity passed without my getting out into the world. My uncle, who is now old and philosophic, says that these "best sellers" are a development like "stars" on the stage. Other books, like other actors, must remain in obscurity, for the public can only be attracted by that which is most prominent.
I wonder if any of them know.
CONSTANCE WILD.

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Bulk Olives are as good in quality as bottle olives—only they won't keep as long and don't look quite so nice; they are usually a darker color.

But the Heinz Olives that we have in bulk are extra fine and are only 25c per pint.

You ought to keep a supply of them on hand constantly and eat them freely for your health and complexions sake.

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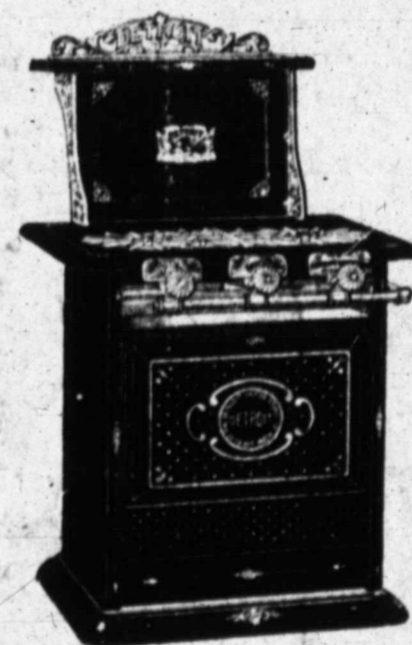
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WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS.

PERSONAL MENTION

N. Henderson returned this afternoon from a business trip to Austin. Mrs. C. Dean, who lives near Petrolia, was shopping in the city today. J. A. Fisher, a prominent citizen of Electra, was here today on business. Lon Bennett, a prominent business man of Seymour, was in the city today.

Mrs. L. L. Slager of Fort Worth is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. E. Cobb of this city. M. J. Talbott, one of Petrolia's staunch citizens, was here today on business.

Mrs. Frank Kell and children returned yesterday from their visit to Colorado Springs, Colorado.

J. W. Chamberlain, a prosperous farmer from Charlie, was transacting business here today.

Julius Rosenstein, a popular cigar drummer out of Dallas, was here today supplying his trade.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Barwise of Fort Worth arrived in the city today on a visit to relatives and friends.

Mrs. T. B. Smith and little daughter returned this afternoon from a visit with relatives at Hillsboro.

Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Dalton returned last night from Bonham, where they had been to visit with friends.

Miss Tennessee Walker returned yesterday from Burkburnett, where she had been visiting her sister, Mrs. E. Foster.

Mrs. J. T. Brooks and daughter, Miss Lucille, returned last night from a visit to Mrs. J. G. Fitzhugh at Duncan, Oklahoma.

Miss Tura Thaxton of Henrietta, who has been visiting Miss Mabelle Simpson of this city, returned home this afternoon.

Tom Felder left last night for Mineral Wells to see his brother, Dr. W. H. Felder, who is sick with typhoid fever at that place.

J. H. Forcher and family, who live near this city, were here today on their return home from a visit with relatives at Enid, Oklahoma.

Mr. G. L. Wagner, head clerk at the St. James, who has been spending a six weeks' vacation with his brother at St. Louis, returned home last night.

Miss Hattie Baird of Greenville, Texas, passed through the city today en route to Petrolia, where she was recently elected as one of the teachers in the public schools.

Miss Arsinia Gribble of Bonham, one of the newly elected teachers in the public schools of this city, arrived yesterday and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Stratton.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer McGregor of Petrolia were in the city today on their return home from Henrietta, where they had been visiting Mrs. McGregor's relatives.

Rev. T. R. Bowles and wife left this afternoon for Petrolia, whither Rev. Bowles goes to perform the marriage ceremony of Mr. E. M. Perkins and Miss Elsie Holloway.

Casino tea for ice tea. It pleases all tea lovers. Try it. 95-2t TREVATHAN & BLAND.



DR. J. W. DUVAL, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat—X-ray and Electricity. Wichita Falls, Texas.

Great Revival at the Court House.

The revival meeting of the First Methodist Episcopal church, under the preaching of Rev. J. L. Albritton, D. D. of Tabernacle M. E. Church, Dallas, is doing splendid work. Sunday was a good day, there being a large congregation Sunday night, with a number standing for prayer. Last night there were four converted at the altar, besides those that came forward for prayer. The presence of the spirit was felt keenly last night, as about fifty gathered about the altar in an earnest volume of prayer for the lost. It is said by old residents that the series of sermons now being delivered each night by Dr. Albritton are as strong intellectually as any ever delivered in the history of the city and the spiritual appeal is of the highest New Testament standard. So far as we are able to know at this time, Wednesday night will close the services. The singing begins each night at 8:15.

Card of Thanks.

To all our neighbors and friends who ministered so kindly unto us during our recent bereavement, we wish to return our sincerest thanks. May God's richest blessings rest upon you all. Very sincerely yours, MRS. J. A. MAPES and FAMILY.

At the home of L. D. Rhodes on Lamar avenue at 9 o'clock this morning the marriage of Mrs. Julia Martin and William Cohenour was solemnized, Rev. R. E. Farley officiating. The groom is an engineer on the Fort Worth and Denver out of this place and is being heartily congratulated today upon the happy event.

Our strained honey is pure goods. In bulk at 12 1/2c per pound; in 12-lb cans at \$1.40. 96-2t J. L. LEA JR.

We are anxious for your trade during September and are well prepared to take care of you. Ring 232 or 432 tomorrow early. 95-2t NUTT, STEVENS & HARDEMAN.

Don't miss hearing Miss Etta B. White sing her two beautiful illustrated songs tonight at the Majestic.

Jackson Bros., undertakers and embalmers. Day phone No. 24; night phone No. 547. 96d&w-tf



PUT HEART IN YOUR PLAY If you would be a victor. Get up plenty of enthusiasm. Make sport more than a name. And don't fail to get the RIGHT KIND OF SPORTING GOODS. That means, of course, you will come here after them. Well, you certainly cannot do better and we doubt if as well. Come and see what the crack-jacks in your line are using. You ought at least to know the right things. WATER-MAGNER DRUG COMPY Free Delivery to Any Part of the City.

How a Fierce American Was Appeased.

(Original.)

America is far from Europe, and the poorer classes know very little about the western continent. When I was a boy I was one morning at the Hotel des Invalides, in Paris, with my father. He was speaking in French with a pensioner. Presently my father burst into a laugh. I asked him what he was laughing at. He said that he had told the Frenchman that he was an American. "No," replied the old soldier; "Americans are all black."

Some years ago an American wild west show visited Budapest. There were the usual fusillades, individual shootings and stagecoach robberies. The people who saw them got an idea that all Americans shot, and shot to kill, on the slightest provocation. I spent a few days at the place soon after the show had passed on, registering from my home, Toledo, O. The day after my arrival I saw some citizens over the register debating in an excited fashion about just where in America Toledo was, whether it was on the Atlantic or Pacific coast, one man declaring that it was in the Allegheny mountains, the region of the fiercest tribes of cowboys. Suddenly catching sight of me, they scattered like a flock of birds among which a stone had been thrown.

The same evening I attended a performance in a music hall. A little, deformed girl, with pale cheeks and great, staring black eyes, was selling programmes. A waiter moving across the floor with half a dozen glasses of beer poised on a tray above his head, not seeing the child, ran her down. The six glasses of beer went crashing on the floor, and the waiter fell on the girl. As she and he rose in his irritation he gave her a cuff, saying, "Take that for getting in my way."

Now, I am a mild mannered, peaceful man, nothing of a knight errant; but I thought the waiter should be re-proved for giving way to his temper and the little girl given a tip to make up for the blow she had received, so I said:

"Waiter, you had no business to strike the child in that manner. The accident was your fault. You should have looked about you to see if anybody was in your way."

As I spoke I put my hand to my hip pocket to get out my portemonnaie, which I always carry there, to give the little programme seller a coin.

The noise of the fall had attracted the attention of every one in the hall. All eyes were upon the waiter, the girl and me. As I spoke those farthest away from me got on chairs to see what I was going to do. I had been pointed out to many of them as an American, and as they saw that I was displeased at the waiter they considered him in imminent danger. When I put my hand to my hip pocket there was the most remarkable commotion I have ever had the honor to occasion. Indeed, it is the only glittering spot in my otherwise uneventful life.

There was a wild scramble at the tables nearest me to get out of the way. The men knocked over the chairs, jumped across tables; the women shrieked; the children (they take their children to such places abroad) cried. Those nearest the door blocked the opening in a vain effort to get out all at once. I had my eye on the poor little programme girl and to prevent her being trampled upon put an arm about her to protect her.

The manager came fighting his way toward me and when he got near enough shouted to me: "Do not shoot. Everything you require shall be done. What will appease you?"

It suddenly occurred to me to turn the score to account for the little programme girl.

"I'm not going to kill any one," I said, "but I have a suggestion to make. Let us take up a collection for this poor little girl, who received a cuff she did not deserve."

I had my portemonnaie, not a revolver, in my hand and, opening it, took out a bill, dropped it in my hat and gave it to the manager. He stood on a chair and as soon as he could make himself

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nearby said:

"The American will not fight if we take up a collection for the programme girl. Let us ransom Carl Steffens, the waiter who offended him. Carl is a poor man and has a large family."

With that he went around with the hat. Every person in the assembly considered that he was bound to disgorge as he had seen stagecoach passengers disgorge to road agents in the wild west show. When the hat came back it was brimful of bills and coins. The manager handed it to me, and, pouring its contents into my handkerchief, I handed it to the child. The manager got on a table and cried: "The American is appeased. Now go quietly to your homes."

The people shrank away—that is, those who were left, for a goodly number had departed by the door and window. Some who had to pass me looked at me with timid curiosity and when they were obliged to present their backs to me hurried out as if afraid to trust me behind them. When they had all gone except the landlord he bowed very low and said to me: "When may I reassure our people that your excellency has departed?"

To assume such a commanding position by striking a people with terror even in so ridiculous a manner has its effect. I confess myself affected by it. I could fancy how it was that even the

great Napoleon got the big head.

"You may tell them," I said "that I am much pleased with their generosity. I leave by the train tonight."

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