



# The Press-News

THE NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY  
Incorporated.

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Sunday Morning, July 11, 1909.

## USE REAL ROCKS.

That old adage of a stitch in time saving nine is meaty in every aspect. It's right now up to San Angelo to put in the stitch that will save a world of ripping in the days to yet.

The Press-News refers to the Lanin proposition.

Solomon invites the sluggard to go to the ant and learn wisdom.

The Press-News would invite the property owners of this city to go to Abilene and learn wisdom. Terrible lessons are sometimes learned from insignificant examples.

Abilene thought that in her greatness and with her tonnage producing possibilities the Santa Fe would naturally confer with the people of that city before building the cut-off.

And what a blunder!

Abilene today would gladly give \$100,000 to secure this Santa Fe cut-off. Perhaps if Abilene had bestirred herself just a little more intelligently a few months ago she would not be on the downward grade at this writing.

Very well, then here is the illustration.

Just suppose Lanin decides to build his road to Miles! Foolish, you say. Not a bit of it. Miles is several miles behind San Angelo in all ways save one, and in that one San Angelo could emulate with profit the spirit that hustling little city displays. Miles is willing to give Lanin \$50,000 to build from Sterling City to Miles. And what is more, Lanin may take up this proposition before he wears his patience out with San Angelo.

And please permit The Press-News to make another suggestion. People here with their tents and chattels can easily strike their tents and leave. But the man with real estate, the owner of the piles of burnt mud—the building of wood and of brick and mortar—what say you? Can you fold your tents and take your wealth with you? Not much. Your prosperity depends upon the prosperity of San Angelo. If this city reaches her manifest destiny you have got to do your part, or you will suffer the consequences, and the consequences will make the man who loves a dollar above everything else wince like he had salt on sore spots scattered all over his body.

The man of property ought to wait to the front and center the first one in this instance. If he is lacking in selfish acquisitorial pride, at least a selfish instinct to preserve what he has ought to inspire him.

A faithful few, a splendid guard, a magnificent squad of people in San Angelo have for too long been bearing loads that would not have been burdens had they been scattered as should have been the case. The drones the drabbacks, the do-nothings ought to be smoked out and forced to get into action.

A farmer once shouted at a flock of crows eating his corn. He shouted himself hoarse and got blue in the face. But the crows cawed merrily and paid not the slightest attention to him. Feeling greatly enraged, the farmer decided upon a different plan of action. He gathered a handful of rocks and when he cast the first stone the crows combined discretion with instinct and found safety in flight.

There is a big moral buried in this simple annal of the rustic. The thing is to find someone with force enough in him to cast the first rock. The Press-News is trusting to luck when it hurls this pebble. It hopes the example it is endeavoring to set will cause a stronger force to start and that the necessary material to complete will soon be forthcoming.

Dig a little deeper and let's get that Lanin road running before Christmas.

In case of doubt what to do this morning, or tonight, compromise into going to church.

My, my, Brownwood is really to have a new depot. An extra room should be added to care for the jug trade, by all means. No charge is made for this suggestion.

What's the matter with buying a carload of crude oil and sprinkling some of the downtown streets here? The dust devil is having too much of an inning in San Angelo right now.

Dallas is insisting upon having a union depot. At this distance Dallas has some pretty good depots, considering the fact with one exception only branch lines of railroads serve that city.

Oklahoma City is said to be experiencing an ice famine. Oh, very well, we'll manage to get along somehow, unless reports come from Los Angeles to the effect that an ice famine has struck that place at say 4 g. m. while the antler herd is there.

United States Ambassador Whitelaw Reid has entertained the king. We know a lot of fellows who would get more enjoyment out of entertaining four kings at one time than the son-in-law of Mr. Mills got out of his blow out.

## Hubby Can't Read; Love Dream Ends

Columbia, Miss., July 10.—The love dream which came to Mrs. Sarah Acton, 64 years old, and a grandmother, when she married Turner Acton, 19 years old, three months ago, ended when she lost her pension because of the marriage, and when her boy husband refused to learn how to read she killed herself with poison.

In her honeymoon, Mrs. Acton wore a happy smile and Acton seemed as fond of her as she was of him. The bridegroom's aunt, at whose house, in this city, they were married, said that the pair acted as though the difference in their ages never crept into their thoughts.

Mrs. Acton, who was strong and active and industrious, despite her years and her white hair, said she felt sure that her husband's love for her would last as long as she lived, and that he would never weary of her because of her age.

Acton and his venerable bride met about five months before they were married. Their courtship was quiet, and they both said that they expected to "settle" down and accumulate property. Mrs. Acton had saved about \$500, and had a pension of \$12 a month.

They went to live in a cottage, which the bride had furnished. Young Acton possessed great physical strength and knew all about how to manage a team of horses, but his intellectual education had been neglected. Mrs. Acton decided that the early neglect should be remedied, and that he should learn to read. She tried to teach him but he rebelled.

Why not keep everything fresh? Get a refrigerator now while they are cheap. C. R. FOX & CO. Phone 493.

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**PLANS FOR BROWNWOOD DEPOT.**  
Modern Substantial Structure Will Be Erected by Santa Fe.

Plans for the new passenger depot to be built at Brownwood by the Santa Fe have been returned by the railroad commission, where they were sent for approval. Upon completion of this depot it will be one of the most ornate along the Santa Fe lines and will cost about \$35,000.

It will be a strikingly handsome building with outside dimensions of 40 feet width by 177 feet long. Built of brick, it will be stuccoed on the outside and faced with rough red brick. The roof will be of red glazed tile. The general waiting room, which will be located in the eastern end of the building, will be 70 feet long by 38 feet wide. The interior of this will be of white oak, finished in hard oil. Plastered in white, the cornice ornamentation will be simple but neat. The wainscoting will be of marble or brick, bidders to furnish prices on each. The floor will be of gray marble, laid in blocks of 12x20 on the concrete foundation. The colored waiting room will be 22 feet wide by 26 feet long, and the interior will be the same as the general waiting room. The baggage room will be 29 feet wide by 38 feet long, fitted up with all of the latest appliances and equipment.

For the floor foundation there will be a layer of cinders 8 inches thick, on top of which will be placed a layer of concrete four inches thick. This will then be made damp proof. The plaster will be laid on wire lathing of three-eighths inch mesh and will be of the best quality. The toilets will be equipped with the latest appliances, have wainscoting similar to the waiting rooms and be floored with tiling. The drinking fountain will be of a heavy vitreous ware, 24 inches long and 14 inches wide, with a 10-inch integral back. The basin will be three inches deep and the cooling box will be lined with copper.

The building will be lighted with electricity, having a three-wire alternating current system. All switches will be enclosed in cut-out cabinets and mounted on enameled slate one inch thick. The conduits throughout will be hidden, and although the electrical fittings were not mentioned in the specification, it is presumed they will be in keeping with the character of the building. Steam radiators of the best obtainable quality will be installed throughout the building. The boiler room will be in the basement and equipped with an automatic temperature regulator.

This new depot will face the south, and when completed will have a green lawn with flowers around it, and present to the traveling public a depot the Santa Fe and the residents of Brownwood may be proud of.

Bids are at the present time being asked for by the management of the road, and presumably in about thirty days these will be opened and in a very short time thereafter actual work will be begun, giving the lucky contractor just sufficient time to get his paraphernalia on the ground.

Ice cold melons to take home, at the Angelo.

## Forges Name But Makes a Good Friend

Sacramento, July 10.—"Save \$200 in the next two years while working for the man you wronged."

This is the alternative given a young man at Woodland, who was sentenced last week to two years in the penitentiary for forgery, and is now to be paroled on the foregoing conditions. June 13, L. W. O'Brien was arrested for having passed a forged check for \$10. Judge Hawkins heard the case and sentenced him to two years in the penitentiary. Sentence was suspended.

A. J. Aljeo, the farmer whose name O'Brien forged does not think he is a bad man and is confident it was his first offense. Aljeo has agreed to give O'Brien employment. O'Brien has promised to work two years, or until he has saved \$200. If at the end of that time he desires he will be given a permit to go east. O'Brien was released from jail today.

## Mountain Has Entirely Gone

San Francisco, July 10.—Mount Borgasler, which was created a couple of months ago by volcanic action on an islet off Unalaska in the Aleutian group, has recently disappeared. The news was brought here by the steamer Homer from the seal rookeries.

Following an earthquake shock which was felt at Unalaska on June 21, Mount Borgasler settled, forming a lake. The water in the surrounding sea attained a temperature of 240 degrees and steam issued from the lake in great volumes.

The result of this strange submarine commotion was discovered by the crew of the United States revenue cutter Perry, which is a unit in the seal patrol fleet.

Steam came from the ocean as the

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cutter came near the island and the atmosphere was so charged with heat that it became unbearable. The Perry approached as near as possible to the land and the crew saw the lake formed in the center of the sink made by the settling mountain. To determine the temperature of the water a thermometer was lowered and those on board were startled to see the record rise to 240 deg. Eggs were boiled in the sea. Those on the Perry told the Homer people that they believed the appearance of the mountain was the result of the shock felt at Unalaska. Refrigerators, water coolers and cream freezers at C. R. Fox & Co. Phone 493.

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### "I'm Afraid to go Home in the Dark"

Indianapolis, Ind., July 10.—Between 2 and 3 a. m. Mrs. Minnie Haberly, who keeps a rooming wadlerly, who keeps a rooming house, was awakened by some one in her room. She screamed and as the intruder ran she gave pursuit and chased him down an alley, where a negro coachman headed him off and assisted Mrs. Haberly to capture him.

When taken to the police station he was recognized as Joseph H. Smart, a clerk in the Big Four Railroad freight office, who has been rooming for some time at the Young Men's Christian Association building and taking much interest in the work of the association.

Smart has lived here for three years and his friends are greatly surprised at his arrest. He was identified by a half dozen people in the rooming house as a man who was prowling about the place night before last. He refused to answer any questions.

### GEN. EDWARDS SNEAKED OFF.

Declined to Go Out With the President but Was Caught at a Ball Game

Washington, July 10.—Brig.-Gen. Clarence Edwards, of whom President Taft is very fond, was asked by the President to go automobiling. A request of that sort from the President is regarded as a "command," but Gen. Edwards declined to go on the ground of the pressure of official business, or that he had a cold or something. So Gen. Edwards went to see the double-header baseball game between Washington and Boston.

At the ball grounds the General encountered Charley Taft, the President's younger son; the head usher at the White House and the two secret service men who guard the President. He put them all under bond not to reveal to the President that they had seen him.

All would have gone well if Gen. Edwards had not overheard some remarks by Empire Perine which had an important bearing in the way of evidence on the demand of the National's management that Perine be suspended for unfairness. What Gen. Edwards overheard got into the local newspapers with his name attached. President Taft reads the baseball news and the jollying he is going to give Clarence, as he calls the General, will furnish food for delightful thoughts to the latter's friends.

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## Model Paint Store

### TRIUMVIRATE OF BON VIVEURS GONE

Stories of Chamberlains Are Stock Talk for Old Timers in Capital. Murray Also a Tradition.

Washington, D. C., July 10.—With the death of George Harvey the last of Washington's great triumvirate of bon viveurs passed away.

Harvey lingered on for years after the others—John Chamberlain and Terrapin Tom Murray, but Harvey's, on Pennsylvania avenue at Eleventh street, had passed into other hands some time before his death. Washington is now without a single representative of the old-time gourmet who loved his tavern keeping, his vlands and his guests, says the New York Telegraph.

Fifteen years ago John Chamberlain was still alive; George Harvey was supervising personally the preparation of those "Eastern Sho" dinners which made his house famous throughout the country, and Tom Murray was influencing legislation by feeding the minor solons at the house of the capitol on dishes into the preparation of which went the knowledge gathered during many years of study and original culinary research.

They were three great men, John Chamberlain, Terrapin Tom Murray and George Harvey. Harvey specialized in Southern dishes and was more a gourmand than a gourmet, but a night with him, when he presided over the range and later over the table, was always a night to be remembered.

The three men were rivals, and between them existed a vast amount of jealousy. Terrapin Tom always insisted that a man who would pour sherry over terrapin while it was cooking should be condemned to eat in a child's restaurant the rest of his days, while Harvey calmly rested himself behind his enormous paunch and let the results of his work with the chafing dish speak for themselves.

Chamberlain's place, at the corner of Fifteenth and I streets, was one of the rarest taverns in the country. There one could stumble over the lawmakers, the law interpreters and the law enforcers of the nation in groups every night.

Men whose names would be buzzing along over hundreds of miles of telegraph wires would be found there babbling of sauce and forgetful of a great day's work in the senate listening to Chamberlain oracularly disposing of all rivals in the culinary line. Many were the evenings on which a cabinet meeting could have been called together in Chamberlain's. Not infrequently the nation's chief executive could be found in one of the private rooms of the place, giving himself over to the enjoyment of some especially favored dish.

Chamberlain knew more about cooking than any man in the country at that time. He knew all there was to know about his art, but he knew much more than this. He was not merely chief of sauces and game, but one welcomed into any gathering in his house. He was the host who would dish you up enigmas, jests or canvasback ducks with equal readiness. Dining when he presided at the table was really a ceremony.

To receive the personal attention of John Chamberlain was to be honored above other men. For him to suggest a particular dish was really the act of conferring a distinction to be obtained in no other way in Washington. For Chamberlain to send for his own cook and a chafing dish and to prepare some particularly desirable dish with his own hands was to advance the person honored to the first rank of Washington notables.

John Chamberlain ate his way into his own tomb. He had had troubles that bore heavily upon him in starting the big hotel at Old Point Comfort that bears his name, but his years would have been lengthened and a ripe old age would have been his had it not been for his inability to refrain from eating what he wanted to eat and not what his doctor ordered him to eat.

With specific orders to eat nothing but dry toast and a rare chop, Chamberlain would send for the old sigger that cooked for him and would solemnly order the dry toast and the chop.

"Don't you think you could eat jes' a little piece er duck, Mistah Chamberlain and them sweetbreads and then that there dry toast and a

nice little chop would would kinder make you feel a whole lot better, Mistah Chamberlain. Ah sho' hate to see you peckin' away at them fool trifles like that doctor says you gotter eat."

And John Chamberlain would eat two ducks, a terrapin, a pound or two of sweetbreads, the chop and the toast and would suffer agonies throughout a long night. It was after a dinner of this sort that he passed away.

"Terrapin Tom" Murray, who certainly knew more about cooking terrapin than any man on earth, was a Washingtonian only during a few years. He had the house restaurant privilege, which is one of the softest, blin? the old coon would ask. "I gotter cupler ducks in the ice box that is jes' beauties, an' I could cook one of them ducks and jes' cut you off a slice of the breas' and maybe a little piece er ther dark meat, an' I don' think it would do any harm."

Stretched at length on his couch, tortured by gout and suffering organic troubles enough to warn him against further indulgence, John Chamberlain would smile a slow delighted smile.

"That certainly sounds good to me," Chamberlain would remark. "I hate to think of separating those ducks, though. Suppose you cook both of them and I'll pick a piece or so off each of them."

"I gotter little dimon' back down in the ice box, Mistah Chamberlain that is sho a prize," the old darky would ramble on. "Ef Ah could 'es fix that up fo' you it'd be better than all them medicines. They's also some sweetbreads and a kag of awsters that is the bes' Ah've seen in a long time. Maybe a couple dozen of them awsters and them ducks and a little bit finest snaps in the world. The big restaurant under the house of representatives is furnished rent free, coal free and with certain other perquisites that make the profits soar delightfully. The house restaurant in those days was good for \$30,000 a year.

"Terrapin Tom" had been a newspaper man, a co-laborer on the Sun with Amos Cummings, and he had enlisted himself as a follower of Brillant-Savarin through sheer love of the eating and skill in preparing things to eat. He published several books on cooking that are still regarded as indispensable to the man who would pass as one learned in such matters.

After leaving the house restaurant through a shift in politics he came back to New York, where some sudden overcasting of misfortune caused him to send a bullet through his brain some ten years ago.

George Harvey, as the eldest of the Harvey brothers, catered not only to the elect, but to the proletariat as well, and for that reason Murray and Chamberlain were inclined to treat him as one prostituting the art.

Harvey was then a man who invented steamed oysters. No one who has visited Washington can ever forget the steamed oysters of Harvey.

In the basement a huge boiler is constantly throughout the night and day under full steam pressure, and hour after hour the wire baskets come up from below filled to the brim with the great wide-lipped Chesapeake bay oysters, gaping from the heat, filled with deliciously flavored juices. Behind the marble counter the wise coons, one of whom has been at Harvey's for forty years, prepare a sauce of butter and condiments that causes one's mouth to water through the mere memory of the nights spent there.

Harvey discovered the steamed oyster by accident. A fire in the old Harvey place had devoured many barrels of oysters and the older Harvey—this was about the time of the civil war—wandering about the ruins, peckish with hunger, stopped and opened an oyster that lay upon a bed of hot bricks, steamed open from the water from the hose the firemen had been playing upon the ruins.

Harvey ate one, and then many others. They were not roasted oysters, for the flavor was essentially different. They were steamed oysters, and the flavor was unlike that of any other oyster Harvey had ever tasted.

Thereafter steamed oysters came into the list of delicacies theretofore unknown. Since that time Harvey's has been famous for steamed oysters.

But in the upper dining rooms it was the "Eastern Shore" dinner that was really worth while. This always opened with Chesapeake bay oysters. Then followed canvasback duck cooked so that the blood followed the knife, and with the duck, hominy and baked potatoes and thereafter terrapin and then that there dry toast and a

### Vanderbilts to Forget Each Other

London, July 10.—Despite the efforts of relatives in Europe to smooth

the differences said to exist between William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and his wife it is declared that the wife of the millionaire is determined to live apart from her husband permanently. "The Vanderbilts are trying to forget each other," declared an intimate friend of the family today.

It is said only the most formal correspondence has passed between Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt since she sailed from America. When she left, her husband was not at the dock to see her and the two children depart.

It was believed that Mrs. O. P. H. Belmont, mother of Vanderbilt, would reconcile them when she reached America, just before her daughter-in-law sailed, but there are no outward evidences that the efforts of Mrs. Belmont have been successful.

Let The Press-Press get it for you.

### IT LOOKS LIKE A DONKEY.

New York, July 10.—The Central Park authorities tried the experiment of crossing the American elk with the English red deer. The result is an animal that reminds the keepers of a donkey.

The hybrid is a buck. Its resemblance to a donkey is principally in the head. The keepers are interested to know how a donkey's head will look with horns. The youngsters body is like that of an elk, but it is more compact and graceful.

### The Texas Wonder.

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### SPECIALS

- Austin, \$10.80, July 7th to 14th, limit July 21st.
- Lampasas, \$6.20, July 21st limit, August 2nd.
- Lampasas, \$5.30, July 24, limit two days.
- Palacios, \$14.50, July 12th and 13th, limit July 24th.
- San Antonio, \$15.15, August 9th, limit August 15th.
- Waco, \$9.40, July 11th, limit July 18th.

C. L. CARMEAN  
C. P. A.

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**Hostess and Guests Don Pajamas**

Los Angeles, July 10.—No, indeed! We did not play leap frog or any thing of the kind! We looked like boys, but we did not act like them. We met behind closed doors and we had the jolliest kind of a time in perfect comfort.

Miss Lena Burke of 1306 West Thirty-fifth street blushed charmingly as she gave the foregoing account of her novel entertainment of a dozen of her girl friends at her home yesterday afternoon—the first pajama party ever given in Los Angeles.

Twelve girls from 16 to 18 years of age were the guests of Miss Burke, and pajamas were de rigueur. Each of the guests brought her costume with her—the little pajamas. As the last of the giggling girls arrived, the doors were locked and the key was concealed in the refrigerator or in some other secure place. The came the transformation scene.

As they emerged from their dressing rooms the guests, one and all, were coolly attired in pajamas. Skirts, lingerie waists, petticoats and a' that and a' that were tabooed, discarded, forgotten for the nonce.

Laymen might think that with everybody dressed in pajamas, the ensemble was lacking in variety, monotonous. But then laymen are noted for always thinking fool things and never understanding anything. There are pajamas and pajamas. Materials and designs vary, if the cut is about the same. Some are polka-dotted and some are not, some are streaked this way and some that. At a pajama party there is no annoying sensation of having one's gown critically surveyed from the back, no little sniffs of "Wonder where she got that dress?" Miss Burke's guests were too well bred for that sort of thing, anyway, and then, the pajamas fitted so deliciously that there was no thought of the gowns that were not in sight.

Chairs were also absent. There was an abundance of cushions on the floor, great, soft fluffy cushions, but no chairs. Chairs are so hard and unbending that they should be banished forever and aye, anyway, and the pajama party would be a dismal failure with that sort of furniture obstructing the room. Occasionally a frolicsome guest may feel like chucking a cushion across the room in response to a witty sally, all of which would be quite appropriate, and, according to "The Little Bird," did happen once or twice at Miss Burke's party. But just think what would have happened if any one had chucked a chair!

Miss Burke understood all this and so she had only cushions in the rooms. And hostess and guests made a delightful picture as they lolled at ease, sipping their tea and nibbling at their little biscuits and other goodies. In the center of the room was a big pond filled with Japanese flowers, and overhead long festoons of Chinese lanterns.

"Why, the idea! Of course we did not swim in the pond," exclaimed Miss Burke, under cross-examination. "It was not deep enough, you know," she added, after an instant's reflection, her bright eyes twinkling with mischievousness.

"Were any of the girls accompanied by their brothers or other grills' brothers?"

"Indeed not! That is just why we made it an afternoon tea; so the girls could come and go unaccompanied. It would have been awkward at night, you know."

"What suggested the pajama party to you?"

"Oh, I don't know; perhaps it was the warm weather, but I can tell you it was bully fun and—and—well, maybe there will be others."

A clever program of illustrated songs and musical romances helped to pass the time away after tea. The first prizes, golden spoons, were won by Misses Lillian Behcher and Ethel Joyce, while Miss Olive Davis of Pasadena and Gail Wehrle of this city were awarded the consolation prizes in the guessing contests.

**Arrested on Honeymoon.**

Colorado, Springs, July 10.—Mrs. Eather Sanger of Chicago was arrested on board a train here on her way to California on a charge of embezzlement made by her employers, the Chicago Roller Skate Company.

Mrs. Sanger was with her husband, H. B. Sanger, a young Chicago business man, travelling in a pullman with thirty other members of the Wabash Avenue Methodist church. She was recently married and the trip was her wedding journey.

For the past year Mrs. Sanger has been bookkeeper for the Roller Skate company, who gave her a leave of absence. She denies the charge and will return without requisition as soon as a Chicago officer arrives. The amount of the alleged embezzlement is \$135.66.

**Horse Thief Brings Down Police Chief**

Chicago, July 10.—Chief of Police Owen O'Hare of Kenosha, Wis., was shot and perhaps mortally wounded by an unidentified man, whom he suspected of being a horse thief. The assailant escaped. But a posse of armed men is scouring the country for him.

O'Hare, who has a local reputation as a "gun fighter," and is known among his friends as "the fighting chief of Kenosha," was completely surprised by the attack, but after regaining his feet, while the blood was flowing from his wounds gave chase until he fell exhausted. A short time later the assailant fired two shots at Deputy Sheriff H. F. Krueger, but failed to hit him.

A sack and rain coat which the thief discarded that he might run with greater speed, showed two bullet holes but they appear in the side of the garments, which flapped out, and it is not certain that the bullet struck his body.

The suspected thief drove into Kenosha from Evanston, about 9 o'clock, and put up his horse and buggy at Mungen's livery stable. The horse showed the effects of a hard drive, and when the man gave orders that the horse be hitched up ready to depart at daylight, employees became suspicious and telephoned to police headquarters. Chief O'Hare answered the summons, but when he arrived at the livery stable he found the man had left. O'Hare located him in a restaurant.

On the way to the station O'Hare pressed him to explain how he came in possession of the rig. Just as they reached the entrance to the station, which is upstairs in the Central Fire Department, the chief was heard to say:

"I believe you stole the outfit," and instantly the suspect drew a gun from his hip pocket and fired one shot into the chief's left breast.

O'Hare fell to the sidewalk. When Fireman Frank Hannan went to his aid the injured officer said, "Never mind me, Frank, but get that man."

The chief gained his feet, drew his own revolver and ran after the fleeing suspect. He emptied his gun at him and then grabbed a revolver from the hand of Deputy Sheriff Nick Fonk, and had fired his second shot when

**THE SAN ANGELO BANK AND TRUST COMPANY**  
Capital Paid In \$250,000.00  
Depository of Tom Green County Treasurer and Depository of the City of San Angelo  
Treasurer and Depository of the San Angelo City Schools  
The Banking House of the Common People

**Dr. J. O. Lowry & Wife - Osteopaths**  
Graduates under Founder of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Missouri  
Rooms 1-2, Conerly Building.  
Office Phone 546 Residence Phone

**Loans Bonds and Fire Insurance**

**Ions & Boulware**  
Established 1883

**J. S. DAVIS & CO., Groceries, Grain and Hay**  
Orders from East Hill especially solicited.  
733 SPAULDING STREET PHONE NO.

**FIREARMS FOR WOMEN.**

Mrs. Trow Says All Women Should Know How to Use Them.

Chicago, July 10.—Mrs. Charity Trow, 3030 Wabash Avenue, who trapped a burglar in her home and held him a prisoner until the police arrived, said that every woman in Chicago should learn how to handle a revolver for self protection. After being threatened with death by the robber, who held a razor in one hand, Mrs. Trow drew a revolver from a bureau drawer and disarmed him.

"I was taught how to use a revolver and shotgun when I was a girl," said Mrs. Trow, who passed her early life on the plains of Oklahoma. "When that man holding a razor demanded that I give up all my jewelry I was not frightened at all. As I saw the thief I quickly seized my weapon and disarmed him. That's all there was to it."

At the Cottage Grove avenue police station the prisoner gave his name as George Mylets, was also accused of holding up and robbing Miss Ella Stevens of \$10 in a restaurant two weeks ago.

Do you want a sound, vigorous digestion, strong, healthy kidneys, regularity in the bowels? Take Prickly Ash Bitters. It has the medical properties that will produce this result. Central Drug Store, special agent.

Sewing machines for sale or rent at C. R. Fox & Co's. Phone 493.

**W. E. STURGIS, M. D.**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
Residence, Landon Hotel Phone 952  
Office, Shupert Building Phone 950

**OWL DRUGSTORE**  
Everything Fresh  
O. K. STETLER Proprietor Phone 16

**Are You in a Hurry?**

☞ We fill all prescriptions promptly—but we never sacrifice care for haste.

**ARE YOU PARTICULAR?**

☞ We always make quality the dominating feature of our buying.

**Are You Hard to Please?**

☞ We have been pleasing those who demand everything being just so, and we have practiced being agreeable so long that it is a second nature with us now.

☞ We want your business. We want to deserve your custom. We want you to trade with us all the time. We have got to merit your consideration or we will not get it.

☞ Our Drugs are FRESH and PURE. Our line of Toilet Articles is full and complete. Our prices are extremely reasonable and our services are always at your command.

**Modern Drug Store**  
16 S. Chadbourne—Phone 49

Art in itself consists of a materialization of tone and technique. The best made piano on earth, for instance, unless it had tone would not please the music lovers. In Chinaware the highest art is reached in

## Haviland China

Haviland China has the tone to give value; it demonstrates the value of technique and it embodies true art. We have an exceptionally large stock of Haviland China now on hand. We wish to move a portion of this stock and to this end we are offering some

### Astounding Bargains

We would like for discriminating people to make an inspection of our stock. If you buy—we'll both be pleased. If you don't buy—we'll both be satisfied that you favored us with a call and your artistic tastes will be sharpened at the stock we have on hand.

## ROBERTS' THE JEWELERS

### Angelo Furniture & Undertaking Company

Established 1890 by A. S. Gantt

#### General Directors and Embalmers

Day Phone 11; Night Phones 930 and 931

Let The Press-Press get it for you.

Jules Roberts of Dallas, representing the James Bute company of Houston, and one of the best known traveling men in the state, was in the city Saturday calling on the trade.

R. C. DeLong and Robert Hewitt went to Eldorado Saturday on business in DeLong's big white Buick touring car.

Eat cold watermelons at the Angelo; 10 cents a slice.

## Trained Elephant Stops Fast Limited

Tacoma, Wash., July 10.—Three sharp jerks on the bell rope of the North Coast Limited train, which was speeding along near Napavine on the Northern Pacific tracks brought fourteen coaches and the engine to a stop.

While conductors and brakemen fumed and passengers had visions of a desperate hold-up, three more signals were given, and "Mike," the trained elephant which appeared recently at a local vaudeville theatre, was found to be rehearsing in the baggage car. "Mike's" special stage stunt is wearing a blanket with the name "Teddy" in large letters emblazoned on its sides, and pulling a rope which discharges a toy gun and supposedly kills one of his mates.

When he saw the awaying rope in the train he gave three sharp jerks and the train rumbled to a standstill. It was not until the express messenger saw "Mike" give the second signal that the first was explained.

#### Business Notice.

The undersigned, having purchased the interest of R. W. Reynolds in the grocery firm of J. P. Reynolds & Bro., also all outstanding accounts, etc., and in order to close the books of the old firm, all accounts must be settled promptly or they will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. Respectfully,  
J. P. REYNOLDS.

Ice cold melons to take home, at the Angelo.

## MANY WHITE WOMEN HAVE DISAPPEARED!

Some Are Mission Workers Though Others Sought Chinatown as Place to End Life of Dissipation.

New York, July 10.—Mrs. Mary Atherton, who for the past seven years, has been a mission worker in Chinatown, says: "There are only about twelve Chinese women in Chinatown. Ordinarily there are 300 or 400 white women here. In the seven weeks that Gaptin Galvin has had charge of this precinct, he has done more to clean it out and clear it up than has been done in the seven years that I have been here. Never were there so few girls in Chinatown as now, but no one knows how many there are, for when a girl once comes here she generally just ceases to exist for the remainder of the world. She drops out of sight.

"There are women here who have not been outside of their own doors for years—who will never go out again until they are carried out in their coffins. They 'hit the pipe' and spend their days in a semi-conscious state, drunk on opium, too languid to move, or even think, with no desire left in them but the ceaseless craving for opium, and more opium. Almost all of these women, strange as it seems, are from the better grades of society. Many of them are well educated, and several I know are graduates of Vassar and Wellesley and several of them were convent bred.

#### Lead Strange Lives.

"The lives these women lead are the strangest in the world. They literally live on opium. They scarcely eat anything, because opium dulls the appetite, and so they mostly subsist on fruits and coffee. They do not read. They do not sew. They do not visit. They do not shop. They do not attempt to amuse themselves in any way. Everything is swallowed up by the pipe. If they have remorse of conscience, if they have fear for the future, it is all lost in the fumes that deaden every sense and leaves them inert lumps of flesh, mindless, purposeless, rolling against their silken cushions, scarcely clothed at all, a prey to the Chinese.

"Under this life a woman's youth and beauty withers like a flower in a hot sun. Ten years at the most is the span of a woman's life down here. Then she disappears.

"How do girls happen to come here? For many reasons. For one thing, it is the end of the toboggan slide. Chinatown is the terminal station of a wasted life. There is no death beyond it. The derelicts of fate float in here, outcast from everywhere else.

#### Why They Enter the Life.

"Many women come here, allured by the luxurious surroundings and the fine clothes and the easy money. Others come here to conceal their shame—young girls who have made a false step and in their frenzy of desperation want to hide where there is no possibility of their ever being found again.

"The chop suey restaurants are responsible for bringing many more young women here, who come out of mere curiosity to see what Chinatown is like, and who get fascinated with its life. Girls get into the way of coming to a restaurant, they get into conversation with a Chinaman, perhaps he makes them a few presents, and they accept his invitation to see an opium joint. They try the pipe. They marvel at the smell of burning opium, that is the most delicious perfume on earth, and before they know it they have the habit. The remainder follows as inevitably as the night day.

"Or perhaps an American brings a girl into Chinatown on a lark. She is taken to an opium joint and out of sheer daredevilry tries a pipe. It is always the pipe. She is not used to it, and when she drifts off on rosy dreams and into unconsciousness, and when she awakes the American is gone and a yellow face is telling her how beautiful she is and that he loves her. Then there is another pipe before the girl really comes to her senses, and the girl probably never gets out of Chinatown again. She may never even leave that house again.

#### Women Get Presents.

One result of the murder of Elsie Siegel has been the discussion among clergymen as to the advisability of substituting men for women to teach the Chinese in Sunday schools. Dr. John R. Henry, pastor of the East Side parish of the Methodist church, is credited with starting the movement, and is said to have a majority of the congregation with him.

Opposed to any change in conditions are several women teachers, who insist that the Chinaman is a good subject from a religious standpoint, and when the matter is taken up for adjudication by the vestry in the next few days, a spirited controversy is expected.

Miss Mary K. Banta, who is in charge of the Chinese classes in Dr. Henry's church insists young women are the right ones to convert the Chinese.

"Young women have a great influence over the Oriental mind," she said today, "and the pupils appreciate

# Shoes, Shoes!

Big reduction in prices this week. If you haven't got your share in this big MONEY SAVING sale it will be the past of wisdom for you to hurry at once and be fitted at

## EDWARD'S SHOE STORE

our efforts in their behalf. It was a cruel shame, this murder, but I don't see why we should neglect these poor Chinese boys because one of them committed a crime. My boys are all upset over this murder, and it has made them sorrowful and gloomy.

"As an illustration of how the Chinese boys appreciate the work of our teachers, I have known them to give the girls handsome presents such as diamonds, rare lace handkerchiefs and rare pieces of bric-a-brac. The teachers, understand me, do not enter the missionary field simply to get these presents, but it is easier to obtain teachers for Chinese than it is to get teachers for the American pupils. I regard this as the best missionary field we have."

Dr. Henry would not discuss the subject for publication.

Mrs. E. J. Heroy, a member of Dr. Henry's church, said she agreed with Miss Banta that young white women were the only suitable ones to instruct the Chinese.

#### Duel Is On.

Havana, July 10.—The challenge sent by Speaker Ferrara to Congressman Monleon at the close of the session of the House in consequence of offensive expressions used by Monleon on the floor of the house resulted in a hotly contested duel with rapier.

Both men are accomplished swordsmen and were evenly matched. After fighting for five minutes each received a slight wound in his sword arm. Honor was declared to be satisfied with this result and the combat terminated.

Let The Press-Press get it for you.

## Big Balloon Fell in Delaware Bay

Woodbine, N. J., July 10.—A drop into one of the wide stretches of swamp land, on Delaware Bay, with its myriad of mosquitoes, far from any habitation and near midnight was the experience of the party of four Philadelphiaans, who ascended in the big balloon Philadelphia II. In an effort to find succor, Dr. Thomas E. Eldridge, head of the party of four, plunged into a creek and came near drowning, but finally found a cabin, and finally reached this place, six miles away, where students of the Baron de Hirsch Agricultural school rallied to the aid of the stranded party and brought all of them here.

The balloon crossed the river and headed in a southerly direction, following closely the West Jersey and Seashore electric line.

It kept in a straight southerly course for three hours, passing Newfield, Millville, Manumuskin and Port Elizabeth. About 10 o'clock a big body of water could be seen in the distance, and preparations were made at once to land. Just then a strong breeze sprang up and, despite everything that could be done to lower the big bag, it could not be brought to the earth in time, and landed in the swamps of Delaware Bay. Here the party made fast.

Miss Margaret Tourison, who was on her initial trip, got lunch, while Dr. Thomas E. Eldridge, his brother, Frederick, and Dr. George H. Simmerman secured the balloon. As soon as lunch was finished, Dr. Eldridge started out alone to secure a relief party.



## Warm Up

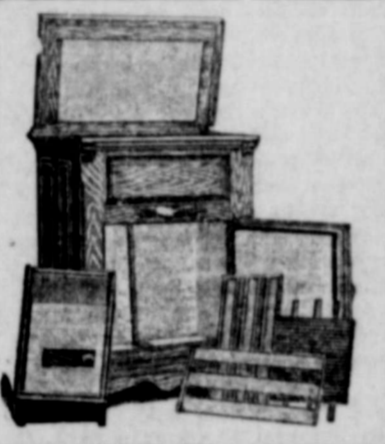
## To These Cold Propositions

# 20 Per Cent OFF

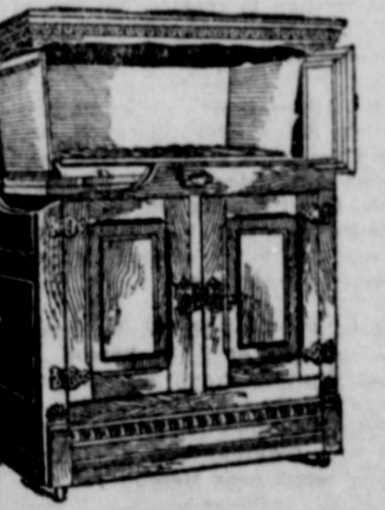
## These Money Savers Are The Best Ice Savers Made

One-Fifth Off on all Refrigerators this coming week and all Refrigerators are marked in plain figures. All other sizes in stock. Some discount on all Ice Boxes.

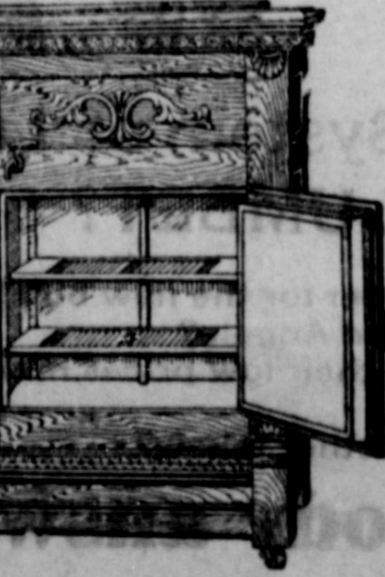
Angelo Furniture & Undertaking Co.  
Phone 11



Gurney Two Shelves, Ice Chambers 14 5-8x8 1-2x8 1-2  
\$16.50 Less 20 Per Cent



Gurney 2 Shelves, Ice Chambers 21 3-4x13x11.  
\$27.50 Less 20 Per Cent



Gurney, Ice Capacity 123 Pounds  
\$30.50 Less 20 Per Cent

## Stover Gasoline Engines

They Can't be beat for Work

108 styles and sizes operated by: Gasoline, Gas, Alcohol or Distillate

NO RANCH } Complete with-  
GIN or } out a STOVER  
SHOP } Engine

Sampson Windmills and Well supplies

Findlater Hdw. Co.



**\$3.50 Shoes**  
FOR  
**\$3.15**

**MONDAY** morning only special in our Shoe Department, we offer unrestricted choice of our entire stock of Men's and Women's low cut Tan Shoes, our \$3.50 lines **\$3.15**

**CHILDREN'S** Waite Canvas Shoes, broken lines, soiled, and sold as they are; sizes from 5 to 2 1-2, a few women's sizes in the lot, sold for \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 choice **50c**

**Baker-Hemphill Co**  
BUY 'EM FOR LESS - SELL 'EM FOR LESS

**Experience is Always a Teacher**

New York, July 10.—Sol Blumauer, described by Deputy Surveyor McKeon as a cheerful person, whose sense of humor was not ruffled even when by order of Collector Loeb he was ordered to pay a fine of \$1500 for failing to declare goods of that value, arrived last week by the Hamburg-American liner Kaiserin Augusta Victoria. He was accompanied by his wife and they had been to Paris to attend the marriage of their daughter to H. J. Litt. They left the young folks honeymooning and took the Kaiserin at Quebec.

Mr. Blumauer is a wholesale liquor dealer in Portland, Oregon, and has lots of money. He apparently had not read the papers recently about the inspection of baggage at this port, otherwise he might not have taken the trouble to make preparations to pay the government \$1500 more than he would have to put up if he had declared the things, mostly expensive wearing apparel, he and his wife brought over in several trunks. He made the usual declaration that each had only \$100 worth of dutiable stuff, which passengers are permitted to bring in.

Inspector Halloran went through the trunks of the Blumausers very carefully and handed out a big surprise to Mr. Blumauer by telling him that there would be about \$500 duty on the things he had failed to declare.

Mr. Blumauer said he was ready and willing to pay the duty. He was perturbed when he was told that that would not be all that was required of him, but he would have to appear before Collector Loeb and make more explanations. The Collector listened to the cheerful remarks of Mr. Blumauer, as did the United States District Attorney's office, and it was decided that Mr. Blumauer was not innocent enough to get away with the payment of the duty alone. The law

allows the imposition of a maximum fine equal to the foreign value of the goods that passengers bring in with intent to deceive the government, and as the value of the Blumauer importation was \$1500 Mr. Blumauer turned over \$2300 to the Collector, and he did it with a smile, regretting that he did not know the laws were being so strictly enforced at this port.

Mr. Blumauer later became a little disturbed. He said that his son-in-law and daughter were coming home on the American liner St. Paul, which arrived at her pier fifteen minutes before midnight on Saturday night, and that they were bringing a trousseau of considerable value that he did not want them to have to bother about. He was told that he might easily reach the St. Paul by wireless and later he confided to an inspector that he had sent several wireless messages. The purport of them, Mr. Blumauer said, was to inform his son-in-law and daughter of the nature of the laws in regard to the declaration of baggage and the contents thereof.

Mr. Blumauer was one of the first persons on the pier when it was announced that the liner was to dock on Saturday night even if it did not get in until after midnight. He was still smiling and told the friendly inspector that "everything was all right." The bride was among the first to land when the gang plank was put up at 11:45. The meeting between her and her father and mother was enthusiastic. The bridegroom's father was also no hand. The most skillful appraiser in the port and one of the best inspectors were assigned to look over the three trunks of the bridegroom and the bride. Bridegroom and bride were quite as cheerful as the radiant Mr. Blumauer himself. The declaration of the Litts was one of the most satisfactory documents, consisting of two carefully written pages, that has ever been examined on a steamship pier. They did not omit anything of value and the total was \$1580. Father-in-law was on hand with the money to pay about \$800 duty if it had been demanded.

Eat cold watermelons at the Angelo; 10 cents a slice.

**OZONA LADY WINS BAKER'S GOLD GLASSES.**

Shows Remarkable Ability as Composer.

The committee selected to judge the jingles sent in to the Baker Optical company has completed its task of judging the two best jingles out of 288 pieces of poetry on Baker, the eye specialist. The gentlemen selected for this were B. F. Meador, lawyer; R. C. Burrows of the Hall Music Company, and P. Orr, fruit dealer. A peculiar coincidence is that the winning lady is named Baker, and is not only no kin to the doctor, but not known by the Baker Optical company at all. Her composition is as follows:

**A ROMANCE.**  
Young Reuben Grey loved a pretty lass  
With eyes of deepest brown,  
But there came two guys with splendid eyes,  
So she turned poor Reuben down.

Alas, 'twas because his eyes were weak,  
She told him with a sigh;  
She liked so much to display her charms,  
And she liked a splendid eye.

One that could watch the blushes creep,  
Like a flush on the sunset sky,  
And watch the dimples play hide and seek  
And the sparkle in her eye.

She liked poor Reuben more than all the rest,  
But vanity held full sway,  
She would wed the one who could see to admire,  
So she sadly turned away.

For the lovely maid, though she heartless seemed,  
But her words were cruel though true,  
For her eyes a lovely chestnut brown,  
He'd always thought them blue.

So he went to a friend his woes to tell,  
When in his eld's surprise  
His friend cried out the very thing,  
"Why, Baker can fix your eyes!"

He lives right down on Chadbourne street,  
His No. two hundred and two,  
South of the Western National bank—  
He'll fix your eyes for you.

So forth he went without delay,  
His errand with success was crowned,  
With a splendid pair of glasses  
By the best optician in town.

So he repaired at once to his lady love,  
"Ah, darling, see!" he cries,  
I bring a heart brimming over with love  
And a dandy pair of eyes.

Oh, Reuben, my dear, was all she said,  
Then reclined on his manly chest,  
And their lips both met in a rousing smack,  
And I guess you know the rest.

—By Mrs. Julia Baker, Ozona, Texas.

The winner of the silver glasses will be published in the Standard of Tuesday next, together with the lucky writer's jingle.

Dr. Baker wishes to thank the 288 jingle writers who took the pains to compose and send in their verses, and wishes to add that all not lucky enough to win the glasses will be supplied a fine metal folding spectacle case, covered with leather and beautifully lined, by calling at the Baker Optical company's first door south of Western National bank, Chadbourne street.

Mrs. W. R. Moore and daughter, Miss Lyda Moore, departed Saturday for an extended visit to relatives at Hillsboro.

**TEXAS LEAGUE.**

Standing of the Clubs.

	P'd	Won	Lost	Pct.
San Antonio	77	45	32	.584
Houston	83	48	35	.578
Dallas	84	47	37	.559
Shreveport	80	44	36	.550
Oklahoma City	79	40	39	.506
Fort Worth	81	36	45	.444
Waco	84	35	49	.416
Galveston	83	32	51	.385

**SATURDAY'S RESULTS.**

**At Shreveport.**

	R. H. E.
Fort Worth	3 8 2
Shreveport	7 12 2
Batteries: Fort Worth, Sorrells and Powell; Shreveport, Klawitter, Henninger and Torry.	

**At Dallas.**

	R. H. E.
Oklahoma City	1 5 2
Dallas	6 9 3
Batteries: Oklahoma City, Bandy and Kelsey; Dallas, Drucke and Drucke.	

**At Waco.**

	R. H. E.
Galveston	1 8 1
Waco	2 4 2
Batteries: Galveston, Crabble and Quisser; Waco, Holmes and Ott.	

**At San Antonio.**

	R. H. E.
Houston	0 4 0
San Antonio	3 6 2
Batteries: Houston, Rose and Gordon; San Antonio, Ables and Schan.	

**Announcement.**

To the colored citizens of San Angelo and the public:  
The Orient hotel and ice cream parlor, commencing today, will be run on a different style, under the proficient management of Prof. J. R. Johnson. Everything will be first-class. Located on the corner of Third and Randolph streets. No. 300.

R. F. CARRUTHERS, Prop.

Ralph Wofford, who returned Saturday from a visit to his former home at Cuero, is the young man who recently purchased the interest of John Freeland in the firm of Freeland & Boldt. Mr. Wofford is an extremely progressive young fellow and it is to be believed that his methods will be strictly up to date. He announces that he will clear all the superfluous stock from his store and add to the stock, so that he will be able to present to the public one of the finest lines of up to date and fine grade groceries ever before seen in San Angelo.

W. S. Cunningham sold Saturday for Mrs. Annie E. Atkinson to J. C. Clark lot 7 and the west half of lot 6 in block 18, in the Miles addition, for a consideration of \$1150. He also sold for J. C. Clark to Mrs. Annie E. Atkinson 5-acre block No. 115 in the town of Rotan; consideration \$750.

The Baptist Woman's Missionary union will meet with Mrs. George Rust, 125 North Oakes street, at 5 o'clock Monday afternoon. This is a called meeting to consider matters of great importance, and an extra large attendance is earnestly requested.

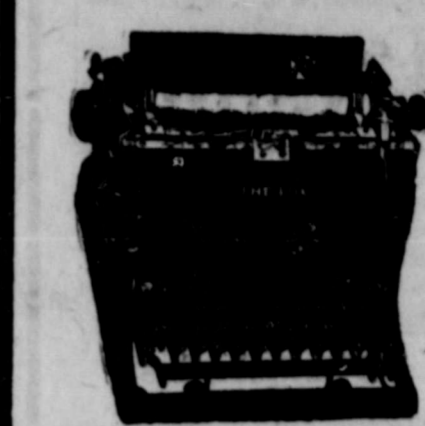
Floyd Atkinson, who works on Jesse Cargile's ranch near Sherwood, was thrown from his horse Friday and knocked unconscious. He was brought to his father's home on Eighteenth street Saturday morning. His wounds are reported to be serious, but not necessarily dangerous.

Goldie, Fay and Hubbard Bryson, little daughter of J. R. Bryson, returned Saturday from an extended visit to relatives at Comanche.

Dr. Boyd Cornick and daughter Miss Amy left Saturday for a visit to Loomis' ranch near Mereta.

Let The Press-News get it for you.

**TYPEWRITERS**



Did it ever occur to you there is a vast amount of energy gone to waste in operating a typewriter? The Light-Running Fox Typewriter has revolutionized the method of operating. On account of the light touch of this machine, which means the amount of resistance on the key when it is depressed, the finger stroke is made possible, and it is also unnecessary in the operation of the Fox to lift the hand from the keyboard.

The eight to sixteen-ounce key resistance of the ordinary typewriter positively prohibits this new method employed on the Light-Running Fox, and makes it necessary for the operator to raise the finger a sufficient distance from the key each time to secure the proper momentum in order to strike the key heavily enough to print a letter. Make a test of this by having an operator accustomed to any other typewriter than the Fox use the Light-Running Fox, and the work will show from the fact that the letters are more or less blurred, that the operator is following the keys to the limit of the stroke, and holding them. This means time lost. After the same operator has used the Light-Running Fox and becomes accustomed to it, he will change from the striking method to the touch realizing intuitively that it not necessary to raise the finger from the key each time to get sufficient momentum to overcome the resistance, thereby keeping the fingers close to the keys. This means accuracy, great speed and less fatigue. Very few operators stop to consider how injurious this continual striking really is. The nerves situated in the finger tips are the most sensitive and the most delicate in the whole body. Is it any wonder, then, that these operators using machines with this heavy key tension, and striking the keys, are so tired out, and after a few years of continual service are almost nerve wrecks?

On the other hand, is it any wonder that an operator having once used the Light-Running Fox, with its key tension of not over two or one-half ounces, cannot be persuaded to use any other machine on the market?

To write in full sight has been the study of years, and has never been accomplished till now in the Light-Running Fox.

The Fox has solved a triple problem, for it not only operates with a soft touch, but writes in full sight while retaining the form of construction which years of experience has proven to be that which makes a typewriter easiest of operation and most durable.

In other words, the Light-Running Fox is built on the well tested principle of the famous easy writing, long-wearing, "under-stroke" machines, but in a way to secure such perfect visibility as has never been realized.

Again, while gaining speed by the fullest visibility and greatest ease of operation, it gains still more by new and superior mechanical devices, while at the same time it saves the strength and nervous energy of the operator.

The way for you to prove these statements is to try the Light-Running Fox.

**Probandt Printing Co.**  
We Sell Fire Proof Safes

N. Butler left Saturday for a business trip to Oklahoma.

Let The Press-News get it for you.

W. A. Sewell, father of Jesse P. Sewell, departed Saturday for Robert Lee, where he will preach Sunday.

Miss Pryce Elmore went to Belton Saturday to visit friends, after which she will go to Nashville, Tenn., to visit her brother.

Let The Press-News get it for you.

Miss Marguerite Ralston of Galveston is a guest of Miss Anne May Hendricks at the home of her parents at 126 Poe street.

Let The Press-News get it for you.

Misses Ruth Johnson and Annah-lee Harris departed Saturday for a visit to relatives at Coleman.

D. M. West went to Brownwood Saturday on a pleasure and business trip.

Let The Press-News get it for you.

**Swelter and Talk.**

Washington, July 10.—The "mill" noise that grates on the ears of statesmen when the electric fans in the houses of congress are broken, has been stilled and will be all time, if the edict of Elliot W. Swelter, superintendent of the capitol is revoked.

Senators and Representatives swelter and perspire, but the edict must be heard and he will have way in eliminating what has been termed a very disturbing factor speakers on the floor.

During the consideration of Dingley tariff bill, electric fans their breezes throughout the chamber. Trouble developed, however, when some "longwinded orator" (named the floor, some of the mad members would saunter on the fans and turn on the current, the resounding disturbance was to the operation of foundry.

The experience of that session so unpleasant to the speakers the officials at the capitol will repeat it by barring the fans.

Norman Taylor has returned from Mineral Wells, Fort Worth and D.

**Who Is Who?**

Who Organized the System of LOW PRICES on LUMBET?

- WHOSE wagons do you always see on the streets hauling Lumber for the new buildings going up in the city?
- WHO does your neighbor say is doing the Lumber Business in San Angelo?
- WHO does the Contractor say is the friend of the builder and by their low prices make plenty of work, and which proves them also the friend of the laborer?
- WHO sells Lumber and Building Material for a little less than the other fellow?

Who? Everybody answers

**West Texas Lumber Co.**





**The Press-News**

THE NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY  
Incorporated.

Entered as second-class matter December 17, 1907, at the postoffice at San Angelo, Texas, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Sunday Morning, July 11, 1909.

**USE REAL ROCKS.**

That old adage of a stitch in time saving nine is meaty in every aspect. It's right now up to San Angelo to put in the stitch that will save a world of ripping in the days to yet.

The Press-News refers to the Lanin proposition.

Solomon invites the sluggard to go to the ant and learn wisdom.

The Press-News would invite the property owners of this city to go to Abilene and learn wisdom. Terrible lessons are sometimes learned from insignificant examples.

Abilene thought that in her greatness and with her tonnage producing possibilities the Santa Fe would naturally confer with the people of that city before building the cut-off.

And what a blunder! Abilene today would gladly give \$100,000 to secure this Santa Fe cut-off. Perhaps if Abilene had beatrred herself just a little more intelligently a few months ago she would not be on the downward grade at this writing.

Very well, then here is the illustration.

Just suppose Lanin decides to build his road to Miles! Foolish, you say? Not a bit of it. Miles is several miles behind San Angelo in all ways save one, and in that one San Angelo could emulate with profit the spirit that hustling little city displays. Miles is willing to give Lanin \$50,000 to build from Sterling City to Miles. And what is more, Lanin may take up this proposition before he wears his patience out with San Angelo.

And please permit The Press-News to make another suggestion. People here with movable chattels can easily strike their tents and leave. But the man with real estate, the owner of the piles of burnt mud—the building of wood and of brick and mortar—what say you? Can you fold your tents and take your wealth with you? Not much. Your prosperity depends upon the prosperity of San Angelo. If this city reaches her manifest destiny you have got to do your part, or you will suffer the consequences, and the consequences will make the man who loves a dollar above everything else wince like he had salt on sore spots scattered all over his body.

The man of property ought to wait to the front and center the first one in this instance. If he is lacking in selfish acquisitorial pride, at least a selfish instinct to preserve what he has ought to inspire him.

A faithful few, a splendid guard, a magnificent squad of people in San Angelo have for too long been bearing loads that would not have been burdens had they been scattered as should have been the case. The drones the drawbacks, the do-nothings ought to be smoked out and forced to get into action.

A farmer once shouted at a flock of crows eating his corn. He shouted himself hoarse and got blue in the face. But the crows cawed merrily and paid not the slightest attention to him. Feeling greatly enraged, the farmer decided upon a different plan of action. He gathered a handful of rocks and when he cast the first stone the crows combined discretion with instinct and found safety in flight.

There is a big moral buried in this simple annal of the rustic. The thing is to find someone with force enough in him to cast the first rock. The Press-News is trusting to luck when it hurls this pebble. It hopes the example it is endeavoring to set will cause a stronger force to start and that the necessary materials to complete will soon be forthcoming.

Dig a little deeper and let's get that Lanin road running before Christmas.

In case of doubt what to do this morning, or tonight, compromise into going to church.

My, my, Brownwood is really to have a new depot. An extra room should be added to care for the jug trade, by all means. No charge is made for this suggestion.

What's the matter with buying a carload of crude oil and sprinkling some of the downtown streets here? The dust devil is having too much of an inning in San Angelo right now.

Dallas is insisting upon having a union depot. At this distance Dallas has some pretty good depots, considering the fact with one exception only branch lines of railroads serve that city.

Oklahoma City is said to be experiencing an ice famine. Oh, very well, we'll manage to get along somehow, unless reports come from Los Angeles to the effect that an ice famine has struck that place at say 4 p. m. while the antler herd is there.

United States Ambassador Whitekew Reid has entertained the king. We know a lot of fellows who would get more enjoyment out of entertaining four kings at one time than the son-in-law of Mr. Mills got out of his blow out.

**Hubby Can't Read; Love Dream Ends**

Columbia, Miss., July 10.—The love dream which came to Mrs. Sarah Acton, 64 years old, and a grandmother, when she married Turner Acton, 19 years old, three months ago, ended when she lost her pension because of the marriage, and when her boy husband refused to learn how to read she killed herself with poison.

In her honeymoon, Mrs. Acton wore a happy smile and Acton seemed as fond of her as she was of him. The bridegroom's aunt, at whose house, in this city, they were married, said that the pair acted as though the difference in their ages never crept into their thoughts.

Mrs. Acton, who was strong and active and industrious, despite her years and her white hair, said she felt sure that her husband's love for her would last as long as she lived, and that he would never weary of her because of her age.

Acton and his venerable bride met about five months before they were married. Their courtship was quiet, and they both said that they expected to "settle" down and accumulate property. Mrs. Acton had saved about \$500, and had a pension of \$12 a month.

They went to live in a cottage, which the bride had furnished. Young Acton possessed great physical strength and knew all about how to manage a team of horses, but his intellectual education had been neglected. Mrs. Acton decided that the early neglect should be remedied, and that he should learn to read. She tried to teach him but he rebelled.

Why not keep everything fresh? Get a refrigerator now while they are cheap. C. R. FOX & CO. Phone 493.

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**LIGHT READING**

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**PLANS FOR BROWNWOOD DEPOT.**

Modern Substantial Structure Will Be Erected by Santa Fe.

Plans for the new passenger depot to be built at Brownwood by the Santa Fe have been returned by the railroad commission, where they were sent for approval. Upon completion of this depot it will be one of the most ornate along the Santa Fe lines and will cost about \$35,000.

It will be a strikingly handsome building with outside dimensions of 40 feet width by 177 feet long. Built of brick, it will be stuccoed on the outside and faced with rough red brick. The roof will be of red glazed tile. The general waiting room, which will be located in the eastern end of the building, will be 70 feet long by 38 feet wide. The interior of this will be of white oak, finished in hard oil. Plastered in white, the cornice ornamentation will be simple but neat. The waincoting will be of marble or brick, bidders to furnish prices on each. The floor will be of gray marble, laid in blocks of 12x20 on the concrete foundation. The colored waiting room will be 22 feet wide by 26 feet long, and the interior will be the same as the general waiting room. The baggage room will be 29 feet wide by 38 feet long, fitted up with all of the latest appliances and equipment.

For the floor foundation there will be a layer of cinders 8 inches thick, on top of which will be placed a layer of concrete four inches thick. This will then be made damp proof. The plaster will be laid on wire lathing of three-eighths inch mesh and will be of the best quality. The toilets will be equipped with the latest appliances, have wainscoting similar to the waiting rooms and be floored with tiling. The drinking fountain will be of a heavy vitreous ware, 24 inches long and 14 inches wide, with a 10-inch integral back. The basin will be three inches deep and the cooling box will be lined with copper.

The building will be lighted with electricity, having a three-wire alternating current system. All switches will be inclosed in cut-out cabinets and mounted on enameled slate one inch thick. The conduits throughout will be hidden, and although the electrical fittings were not mentioned in the specification, it is presumed they will be in keeping with the character of the building. Steam radiators of the best obtainable quality will be installed throughout the building. The boiler room will be in the basement and equipped with an automatic temperature regulator.

This new depot will face the south, and when completed will have a green lawn with flowers around it, and present to the traveling public a depot the Santa Fe and the residents of Brownwood may be proud of.

Bids are at the present time being asked for by the management of the road, and presumably in about thirty days these will be opened and in a very short time thereafter actual work will be begun, giving the lucky contractor just sufficient time to get his paraphernalia on the ground.

Ice cold melons to take home, at the Angelo.

**Forges Name But Makes a Good Friend**

Sacramento, July, 10.—"Save \$200 in the next two years while working for the man you wronged."

This is the alternative given a young man at Woodland, who was sentenced last week to two years in the penitentiary for forgery, and is now to be paroled on the foregoing conditions. June 13, L. W. O'Brien was arrested for having passed a forged check for \$10. Judge Hawkins heard the case and sentenced him to two years in the penitentiary. Sentence was suspended.

A. J. Aljeo, the farmer whose name O'Brien forged does not think he is a bad man and is confident it was his first offense. Aljeo has agreed to give O'Brien employment. O'Brien has promised to work two years, or until he has saved \$200. If at the end of that time he desires he will be given a permit to go east. O'Brien was released from jail today.

**Mountain Has Entirely Gone**

San Francisco, July 10.—Mount Borgasler, which was created a couple of months ago by volcanic action on an islet off Unalaska in the Aleutian group, has recently disappeared. The news was brought here by the steamer Homer from the seal rookeries.

Following an earthquake shock which was felt at Unalaska on June 21, Mount Borgasler settled, forming a lake. The water in the surrounding sea attained a temperature of 240 degrees and steam issued from the lake in great volumes.

The result of this strange submarine of the United States revenue etoalntal commotion was discovered by the crew of the United States revenue cutter Perry, which is a unit in the seal patrol fleet.

Steam came from the ocean as the

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cutter came near the island and the atmosphere was so charged with heat that it became unbearable. The Perry approached as near as possible to the land and the crew saw the lake formed in the center of the sink made by the settling mountain.

To determine the temperature of the water a thermometer was lowered and those on board were startled to see the record rise to 240 degrees. Eggs were boiled in the sea.

Those on the Perry told the Homer people that they believed the disappearance of the mountain was the result of the shock felt at Unalaska.

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No. 326, College Avenue

# The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON

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which trembled nevertheless, but her eyes were full of solicitude.

"I'm sorry, sir," she began nervously. "You have made a serious mistake. But," she added frankly, holding out her hand to him, "you meant to defend me. I thank you."

Chase bowed low over her hand, too bewildered to speak. Baggs was pulling at his mustache and looking nervously in the direction which the prince had taken.

"He'll be back here with the guard," he muttered.

"He will go to my father," said Geneva, her voice trembling. "He will be very angry. I am sorry, indeed, that you should have witnessed our scene. Of course you could not have known who he was."

"I thought he was a— But in any event, your highness, he was annoying you," supplemented Chase eagerly. "You will forgive me if I've caused you even greater, graver annoyance. What can I do to set the matter right? I can explain my error to the duke. He'll understand."

"Perhaps—perhaps you'd better go at once," said the princess, rather pathetically. "My father will not overlook the indignity to—to my—to his future son-in-law. I am afraid he may take extreme measures."

"Forgive me," muttered the hapless Chase.

"It would not be proper in me to say that I could bless you for what you have done," she said, so naively that he lifted his eyes to hers and let his heart escape heavenward.

"The whole world will call me a bungling, stupid ass for not knowing who he was," said Chase, with a wretched smile.

"If I were you I'd never confess that I did not know who he was," she said. "Let the world think that you did know. It will not laugh then. If you can trust your friend to keep the secret I am sure you can trust me to do the same."

Again Chase was speechless—this time with joy. She would shield him from ridicule!

"And now please go! It grieves me to feel that I may be the unhappy cause of misfortune to you."

"No misfortune can assail me now," murmured he gallantly. Then came the revolting realization that she was to wed the little musician. The thought burst from his lips before he could prevent: "I don't believe you want to marry him. He is the duke's choice. You?"

"And I am the duke's daughter," she said steadily, a touch of hauteur in her voice. "Good night. Goodby. I am not sorry that it has happened."

She turned and left them, walking swiftly among the trees. A moment later her voice came from the shadows, quick and pleading.

"Hasten," she called softly. "They are coming. I can see them."

"It's a devil of a mess," sighed Baggs when they were far from the walls. "I'm sure it will cost you your job, if nothing else. You'll be relieved before tomorrow night, my word for it. And you'll be lucky if that's all. The duke's a terror. I don't for the life of me see how you failed to know who the chap really is."

"An Englishman never sees a joke until it is too late, they say. This time it appears to be the American who is slow witted. What I don't understand is why he was leading that confounded band."

"My word, Chase, everybody in Europe, except you, knows that Brabets is a crank about music—composes, directs and all that. He's a confounded little bouncer just the same. He's mad about music and women and doesn't care a hang about wine—the worst kind, don't you know. I say it's a shame she has to marry him. But that's the way of it with royalty, old chap. You Americans don't understand it. They have to marry one another whether they like it or not. But, I say, you'd better come over and stop with me tonight. It will be better if they don't find you just yet."

Three days later a man came down to relieve Chase of his office. He was unceremoniously supplanted in the duchy of Rapp-Thorberg.

It was the successful pleading of the Princess Geneva that kept him from serving a period in durance vile.

error. Not only was the pictured scene of welcome missing on the afternoon of her arrival, but an overpowering air of anti-pathetic smote her in the face as she stepped from the lighter, conquest in her smile of conciliation. She glanced from right to left down the lines of awarthy islanders and saw nothing in their faces but surly, bitter unfriendliness. They stood stolidly, stoutly at a distance, white robed lines of resentment personified.

Not a hand was lifted in assistance to the bewildered visitors; not a word, not a smile of encouragement escaped the lips of the silent throng.

"Is there no British agent here?" she demanded imperatively, perhaps a little more shrilly than usual.

No one deigned to answer. Glances of indifference, even scorn, passed among the silent lookers-on, but that was all.

"Does no one here understand the English language?" she demanded. "I don't mean you, Mr. Saunders," she added sharply as the little clerk set the suit case down abruptly and stepped forward, again fumbling his much fumbled straw hat. This was the moment when the red cocker's fall came to grief. The dog arose with an astonished yelp and fled to his mistress. He had never been so outrageously set upon before in all his pampered life. Seizing the opportunity to vent her feelings upon one who could understand, even as she poured soothing words upon the insulted Pong, whom she clasped in her arms, Lady Agnes transformed the unlucky Saunders into a target for a most ably directed volley of wrath.

Lord Deppingham, a slow and cumbersome young man, stood by nervously fingering his eyeglass. For the first time he felt that the clerk was better than a confounded dog after all.

"My dear," he said, waving Saunders into the background, "I think it was an accident. The dog had no business going to sleep"— He paused and inserted his monocle for the purpose of looking up the precise spot where the accident had occurred.

"Oh, rubbish!" exclaimed her ladyship. "I suppose you expect the poor darling to apologize."

"All this has nothing to do with the case. We're more interested in learning where we are and where we are to go. Permit me to have a look about."

His wife stared after him in amazement as he walked over to the canvas awning in front of the low dock building, actually elbowing his way through a group of natives. Presently he came back, twisting his left mustache.

"The fellow in there says that the English agent is employed in the bank. It's straight up this street. By Jove! He called it a street, don't you know," he exclaimed, disdainfully eyeing the narrow, dusty passage ahead.

"There's the British flag, my lord, just ahead. See the building to the right, sir?" said Mr. Saunders, more respectfully than ever and with real gratitude in his heart.

"So it is! That's where he is. I wonder why he isn't down here to meet us?"

"Very likely he didn't know we were coming," said his wife icily.

"Well, we'll look him up. Come along, everybody. Oh, I say, we can't leave this luggage unguarded. They say these fellows are the worst robbers east of London."

It was finally decided, after a rather subdued discussion, that Mr. Saunders should proceed to the bank and run out the dilatory representative of the British government. Saunders looked down the sullen line of faces and blanched to his toes.

"Tell him we'll wait for him," pursued his lordship. "But remind him, — him, that it's inexpressibly hot down here in the sun."

They stood and watched the miserable Saunders tread gingerly up the filthy street, his knees crooking outwardly from time to time, very much as if he were contemplating an instantaneous sprint in any direction but the one he was taking. Even the placid Deppingham was somewhat disturbed by the significant glances that followed their emissary as he passed by each separate knot of natives.

"I do hope Mr. Saunders will come back alive," murmured Bromley, her ladyship's maid. The others started, for she had voiced the general thought.

"He won't come back at all, Bromley, unless he comes back alive," said his lordship, with a smile. It was a well known fact that he never smiled except when his mind was troubled.

"Goodness, Deppy," said his wife, recognizing the symptom, "do you really think there is danger?"

"My dear Aggy, who said there was any danger?" he exclaimed and quickly looked out to sea. "I rather think we'll enjoy it here," he added after a moment's pause, in which he saw that the steamer was getting under way. The Japat company's tug was returning to the pier. Lord Deppingham sighed and then drew forth his cigarette case. "There," he went on, peering intently up the street. "Saunders is gone."

(To be continued.)

Eat cold watermelons at the Angelo; 10 cents a slice.

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"Darling," said she, "do you love me as much as ever?"

"Yes, dearie," said he, with his nose buried in his newspaper.

That ought to have satisfied her, but she had to ask, "Why?"

"Oh, I dunno. Habit, I suppose."—London Fun.

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Corn meal, 17 1-2 lb. sacks	.67
Feed oats	.36
Oklahoma ear corn	.90
Texas ear corn	.88
Sacked mixed corn	.92
Sacked white corn	.94
Corn chops, 100-pound sacks	1.70
Kaffir corn chops	1.65
Milo maize	.75
Poultry Food, 100-lbs.	1.75
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Bloody Butcher corn, bushel	1.7
No. 2 alfalfa	17.00
Millet, 100 lbs.	2.75
June corn	1.50
Choice alfalfa	18.00
Trico, 100-lb. sacks	.80
Wheat	1.50
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Bananas, lb.	.04
Onions, lb.	.24
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Alfalfa meal, 100-lb. sacks	1.35
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**Hostess and Guests Don Pajamas**

Los Angeles, July 10.—No, indeed! We did not play leap frog or any thing of the kind! We looked like boys, but we did not act like them. We met behind closed doors and we had the jolliest kind of a time in perfect comfort.

Miss Lena Burke of 1305 West Thirty-fifth street blushed charmingly as she gave the foregoing account of her novel entertainment of a dozen of her girl friends at her home yesterday afternoon—the first pajama party ever given in Los Angeles.

Twelve girls from 16 to 18 years of age were the guests of Miss Burke, and pajamas were de rigueur. Each of the guests brought her costume with her—the little pajamas. As the last of the giggling girls arrived, the doors were locked and the key was concealed in the refrigerator or in some other secure place. The came the transformation scene.

As they emerged from their dressing rooms the guests, one and all, were coolly attired in pajamas. Skirts, lingerie waists, petticoats and a' that and a' that were tabooed, discarded, forgotten for the nonce.

Laymen might think that with everybody dressed in pajamas, the ensemble was lacking in variety, monotonous. But then laymen are noted for always thinking fool things and never understanding anything. There are pajamas and pajamas. Materials and designs vary, if the cut is about the same. Some are polka-dotted and some are not, some are streaked this way and some that. At a pajama party there is no annoying sensation of having one's gown critically surveyed from the back, no little sniffs of "Wonder where she got that dress?" Miss Burke's guests were too well bred for that sort of thing, anyway, and then, the pajamas fitted so deliciously that there was no thought of the gowns that were not in sight.

Chairs were also absent. There was an abundance of cushions on the floor, great, soft fluffy cushions, but no chairs. Chairs are so hard and unbending that they should be banished forever and aye, anyway, and the pajama party would be a dismal failure with that sort of furniture obstructing the room. Occasionally a frolicsome guest may feel like chucking a cushion across the room in response to a witty sally, all of which would be quite appropriate, and, according to "The Little Bird," did happen once or twice at Miss Burke's party. But just think what would have happened if any one had chucked a chair!

Miss Burke understood all this and so she had only cushions in the rooms. And hostess and guests made a delightful picture as they lolled at ease, sipping their tea and nibbling at their little biscuits and other goodies. In the center of the room was a big pond filled with Japanese flowers, and overhead long festoons of Chinese lanterns.

"Why, the idea! Of course we did not swim in the pond," exclaimed Miss Burke, under cross-examination. "It was not deep enough, you know," she added, after an instant's reflection, her bright eyes twinkling with mischievousness.

"Were any of the girls accompanied by their brothers or other girls' brothers?"

"Indeed not! That is just why we made it an afternoon tea; so the girls could come and go unaccompanied. It would have been awkward at night, you know."

"What suggested the pajama party to you?"

"Oh, I don't know; perhaps it was the warm weather, but I can tell you it was bully fun and—and—well, maybe there will be others."

A clever program of illustrated songs and musical romances helped to pass the time away after tea. The first prizes, golden spoons, were won by Misses Lillian Belcher and Ethel Joyce, while Miss Olive Davis of Pasadena and Gail Wehrle of this city were awarded the consolation prizes in the guessing contests.

**Arrested on Honeymoon.**

Colorado, Springs, July 10.—Mrs. Esther Sanger of Chicago was arrested on board a train here on her way to California on a charge of embezzlement made by her employers, the Chicago Roller Skate Company.

Mrs. Sanger was with her husband, H. B. Sanger, a young Chicago business man, travelling in a pullman with thirty other members of the Wabash Avenue Methodist church. She was recently married and the trip was her wedding journey.

For the past year Mrs. Sanger has been bookkeeper for the Roller Skate company, who gave her a leave of absence. She denies the charge and will return without requisition as soon as a Chicago officer arrives. The amount of the alleged embezzlement is \$135.00.

**Horse Thief Brings Down Police Chief**

Chicago, July 10.—Chief of Police Owen O'Hare of Kenosha, Wis., was shot and perhaps mortally wounded by an unidentified man, whom he suspected of being a horse thief. The assailant escaped. But a posse of armed men is scouring the country for him.

O'Hare, who has a local reputation as a "gun fighter," and is known among his friends as "the fighting chief of Kenosha," was completely surprised by the attack, but after regaining his feet, while the blood was flowing from his wounds gave chase until he fell exhausted. A short time later the assailant fired two shots at Deputy Sheriff H. F. Kreuger, but failed to hit him.

A sack and rain coat which the thief discarded that he might run with greater speed, showed two bullet holes but they appear in the side of the garments, which flapped out, and it is not certain that the bullet struck his body.

The suspected thief drove into Kenosha from Evanston, about 9 o'clock, and put up his horse and buggy at Mungen's livery stable. The horse showed the effects of a hard drive, and when the man gave orders that the horse be hitched up ready to depart at daylight, employees became suspicious and telephoned to police headquarters. Chief O'Hare answered the summons, but when he arrived at the livery stable he found the man had left. O'Hare located him in a restaurant.

On the way to the station O'Hare pressed him to explain how he came in possession of the rig. Just as they reached the entrance to the station, which is upstairs in the Central Fire Department, the chief was heard to say:

"I believe you stole the outfit," and instantly the suspect drew a gun from his hip pocket and fired one shot into the chief's left breast.

O'Hare fell to the sidewalk. When Fireman Frank Hannan went to his aid the injured officer said, "Never mind me, Frank, but get that man."

The chief gained his feet, drew his own revolver and ran after the fleeing suspect. He emptied his gun at him and then grabbed a revolver from the hand of Deputy Sheriff Nick Fonk, and had fired his second shot when

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he fell. He was removed to the Kenosha Hospital.

The entire city was aroused by the shooting, and in a brief time Sheriff Bill Gunter and Assistant Chief of Police Joseph B. Newhouse, had policemen, deputy sheriffs and citizens to the number of 300, divided into two squads, and a systematic search of the county was begun.

**Waited Long Time.**  
 Tombstone, Ariz., July 10.—Mayor Wentworth has had his hair cut. Wentworth has been noted for many years in the Southwest by his flowing white locks which were combed over his shoulders.

In 1896 he vowed that should not again touch a razor, and silver was restored to him.

The mayor has decided to have a statute of limitations passed by the legislature, and the free color Mayor Wentworth is still in office.

He eats heartily in weather who uses Prickly Heat Ointment. It keeps the stomach, bowels in perfect order. Store, special agent.

**Are You in a Hurry?**

☑ We fill all prescriptions promptly—but we never sacrifice care for haste.

**ARE YOU PARTICULAR?**

☑ We always make quality the dominating feature of our buying.

**Are You Hard to Please?**

☑ We have been pleasing those who demand everything being just so, and we have practiced being agreeable so long that it is a second nature with us now.

☑ We want your business. We want to deserve your custom. We want you to trade with us all the time. We have got to merit your consideration or we will not get it.

☑ Our Drugs are FRESH and PURE. Our line of Toilet Articles is full and complete. Our prices are extremely reasonable and our services are always at your command.

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Art in itself consists of a materialization of tone and technique. The best made piano on earth, for instance, unless it had tone would not please the music lovers. In Chinaware the highest art is reached in

## Haviland China

Haviland China has the tone to give value; it demonstrates the value of technic and it embodies true art. We have an exceptionally large stock of Haviland China now on hand. We wish to move a portion of this stock and to this end we are offering some

### Astounding Bargains

We would like for discriminating people to make an inspection of our stock. If you buy—we'll both be pleased. If you don't buy—we'll both be satisfied that you favored us with a call and your artistic tastes will be sharpened at the stock we have on hand.

## ROBERTS' THE JEWELERS

Jules Roberts of Dallas, representing the James Bute company of Houston, and one of the best known traveling men in the state, was in the city Saturday calling on the trade.

R. C. DeLong and Robert Hewitt went to Eldorado Saturday on business in DeLong's big white Buick touring car.

Eat cold watermelons at the Angelo; 10 cents a slice.

## Trained Elephant Stops Fast Limited

Tacoma, Wash., July 10.—Three sharp jerks on the bell rope of the North Coast Limited train, which was speeding along near Napavine on the Northern Pacific tracks brought fourteen coaches and the engine to a stop.

While conductors and brakemen fumed and passengers had visions of a desperate hold-up, three more signals were given, and "Mike," the trained elephant which appeared recently at a local vaudeville theatre, was found to be rehearsing in the baggage car. "Mike's" special stage stunt is wearing a blanket with the name "Teddy" in large letters emblazoned on its sides, and pulling a rope which discharges a toy gun and supposedly kills one of his mates.

When he saw the swaying rope in the train he gave three sharp jerks and the train rumbled to a standstill. It was not until the express messenger saw "Mike" give the second signal that the first was explained.

### Business Notice.

The undersigned, having purchased the interest of R. W. Reynolds in the grocery firm of J. P. Reynolds & Bro., also all outstanding accounts, etc., and in order to close the books of the old firm, all accounts must be settled promptly or they will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. Respectfully,  
J. P. REYNOLDS.

Ice cold melons to take home, at the Angelo.

## MANY WHITE WOMEN HAVE DISAPPEARED

Some Are Mission Workers Though Others Sought Chinatown as Place to End Life of Dissipation.

New York, July 10.—Mrs. Mary Atherton, who for the past seven years, has been a mission worker in Chinatown, says: "There are only about twelve Chinese women in Chinatown. Ordinarily there are 300 or 400 white women here. In the seven weeks that Gaptin Galvin has had charge of this precinct, he has done more to clean it out and clear it up than has been done in the seven years that I have been here. Never were there so few girls in Chinatown as now, but no one knows how many there are, for when a girl once comes here she generally just ceases to exist for the remainder of the world. She drops out of sight.

"There are women here who have not been outside of their own doors for years—who will never go out again until they are carried out in their coffins. They 'hit the pipe' and spend their days in a semi-conscious state, drunk on opium, too languid to move, or even think, with no desire left in them but the ceaseless craving for opium, and more opium. Almost all of these women, strange as it seems, are from the better grades of society. Many of them are well educated, and several I know are graduates of Vassar and Wellesley and several of them were convent bred.

"The lives these women lead are the strangest in the world. They literally live on opium. They scarcely eat anything, because opium dulls the appetite, and so they mostly subsist on fruits and coffee. They do not read. They do not sew. They do not visit. They do not shop. They do not attempt to amuse themselves in any way. Everything is swallowed up by the pipe. If they have remorse of conscience, if they have fear for the future, if they have fear for the present, if they have fear for the future, it is all lost in the fumes that deaden every sense and leaves them inert lumps of flesh, mindless, purposeless, rolling against their silken cushions, scarcely clothed at all, a prey to the Chinese.

"Under this life a woman's youth and beauty withers like a flower in a hot sun. Ten years at the most is the span of a woman's life down here. Then she disappears.

"How do girls happen to come here? For many reasons. For one thing, it is the end of the toboggan slide. Chinatown is the terminal station of a wasted life. There is no death beyond it. The derelicts of fate float in here, outcast from everywhere else.

"Why They Enter the Life.

"Many women come here, allured by the luxurious surroundings and the fine clothes and the easy money. Others come here to conceal their shame—young girls who have made a false step and in their frenzy of desperation want to hide where there is no possibility of their ever being found again.

"The chop suey restaurants are responsible for bringing many more young women here, who come out of mere curiosity to see what Chinatown is like, and who get fascinated with its life. Girls get into the way of coming to a restaurant they get into conversation with a Chinaman, perhaps he makes them a few presents, and they accept his invitation to see an opium joint. They try the pipe. They marvel at the smell of burning opium, that is the most delicious perfume on earth, and before they know it they have the habit. The remainder follows as inevitably as the night the day.

"Or perhaps an American brings a girl into Chinatown on a lark. She is taken to an opium joint and out of sheer daredeviltry tries a pipe. It is always the pipe. She is not used to it, and when she drifts off on rosy dreams and into unconsciousness, and when she awakes the American is gone and a yellow face is bending over her and a Chinese voice is telling her how beautiful she is and that he loves her. Then there is another pipe before the girl really comes to her senses, and the girl probably never gets out of Chinatown again. She may never even leave that house again.

Women Get Presents.

One result of the murder of Elsie Siegel has been the discussion among clergymen as to the advisability of substituting men for women to teach the Chinese in Sunday schools. Dr. John R. Henry, pastor of the East Side parish of the Methodist church, is credited with starting the movement, and is said to have a majority of the congregation with him.

Opposed to any change in conditions are several women teachers, who insist that the Chinaman is a good subject from a religious standpoint, and when the matter is taken up for adjudication by the vestry in the next few days, a spirited controversy is expected.

Miss Mary R. Banta, who is in charge of the Chinese classes in Dr. Henry's church insists young women are the right ones to convert the Chinese.

"Young women have a great influence over the Oriental mind," she said today, "and the pupils appreciate

# Shoes, Shoes!

Big reduction in prices this week. If you haven't got your share in this big MONEY SAVING sale it will be the past of wisdom for you to hurry at once and be fitted at

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our efforts in their behalf. It was a cruel shame, this murder, but I don't see why we should neglect these poor Chinese boys because one of them committed a crime. My boys are all upset over this murder, and it has made them sorrowful and gloomy.

"As an illustration of how the Chinese boys appreciate the work of our teachers, I have known them to give the girls handsome presents such as diamonds, rare lace handkerchiefs, diamond rings, expensive laces, and rare pieces of bric-a-brac. The teachers, understand me, do not enter the missionary field simply to get these presents, but it is easier to obtain teachers for Chinese than it is to get teachers for the American pupils. I regard this as the best missionary field we have."

Dr. Henry would not discuss the Chinese boys' appreciation of the work of the missionaries.

Mrs. E. J. Heroy, a member of Dr. Henry's church, said she agreed with Miss Banta that young white women were the only suitable ones to instruct the Chinese.

Mrs. Elizabeth Todd, known in Chinatown as "Mother Todd," declared she saw no reason why the women's work of converting Chinese should be abandoned.

Duel Is On.

Havana, July 10.—The challenge sent by Speaker Ferrara to Congressman Monleon at the close of the session of the House in consequence of offensive expressions used by Monleon on the floor of the house resulted in a hotly contested duel with rapiers.

Both men are accomplished swordsmen and were evenly matched. After fighting for five minutes each received a slight wound in his sword arm.

Honor was declared to be satisfied with this result and the combat terminated.

Let The Press-Press get it for you.

## Big Balloon Fell in Delaware Bay

Woodbine, N. J. July 10.—A drop into one of the wide stretches of swampland, on Delaware Bay, with its myriad of mosquitoes, far from any habitation and near midnight was the experience of the party of four Philadelphiaans, who ascended in the big balloon Philadelphia II. In an effort to find sector, Dr. Thomas E. Eldridge, head of the party of four, plunged into a creek and came near drowning, but finally found a cabin, and finally reached this place, six miles away, where students of the Baron de Hirsch Agricultural school rallied to the aid of the stranded party and brought all of them here.

The balloon crossed the river and headed in a southerly direction, following closely the West Jersey and Seashore electric line.

It kept in a straight southerly course for three hours, passing Newfield, Millville, Manumuskin and Port Elizabeth. About 10 o'clock a big body of water could be seen in the distance, and preparations were made at once to land. Just then a strong breeze sprang up and, despite everything that could be done to lower the big bag, it could not be brought to the earth in time, and landed in the swamps of Delaware Bay. Here the party made fast.

Miss Margaret Tourison, who was on her initial trip, got lunch, while Dr. Thomas E. Eldridge, his brother, Frederick, and Dr. George H. Simmerman secured the balloon. As soon as lunch was finished, Dr. Eldridge started out alone to secure a relief party.

## Warm Up

## To These Cold Propositions

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One-Fifth Off on all Refrigerators this coming week and all Refrigerators are marked in plain figures. All other sizes in stock. Some discount on all Ice Boxes.

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