

The Haskell Free Press.

VOLUME XXIV.

HASKELL, HASKELL COUNTY, TEXAS, SATURDAY MORNING JUNE 5, 1909.

NUMBER 23

Collier's Drug Store

Always
in the

L E A D.



THE two words
"Queen Quality"
guarantee the best
women's shoes in the
world at their prices.
Note the graceful lines in
the above style.

Low cuts sell for

\$2.50 \$3.00 \$3.50

G. D. Grissom & Son

TEXAS RUINS BUSI- NESS OF BERMUDA FARMER

FAMOUS BERMUDA ONIONS
ARE GROWN BETTER IN
LOVE STAR STATES
THAN ON IS-
LAND.

New York Jun 1.

The rich soil and warm sun of Texas have conspired to put the famous onion growing industry of bermuda out of business. Sixty Portuguese and forty native bermudians arrived here yesterday from bermuda to find employment. All them had owned onion farms in bermuda until it was discovered that Texas could grow larger, earlier and more luscious onions than their island.

As a result their business had been practically ruined, according to the reports they brought here yesterday, and they were compelled to sacrifice or abandon their farms and come to this country. All of them brought their families. While some of them will go to the mill districts of New England, a majority will seek agricultural openings in the west.

SPEEDY NEW COMET.

New York, May 27.—A new comet is flying through space at the rate of many million miles a minute may be seen by the naked eye just after sunset any evening on the Southwest horizon, according to Edward Fairfax Nauty, an astronomer.

Mr. Nauty says the new comet is speeding toward the sun and should be visible for a number of days, because of the direction of its flight and the relative position of the earth. The comet's head is not visible, but Mr. Nauty and Prof. Brooks say that its tail, which is several million miles long, can be clearly seen. The astronomers agree there is no danger of a collision with the earth.

J. L. Tippitt will come at once and adjust your machine. Satisfaction guaranteed. Phone No. 173.

Farmers' Union Department.

Mr. Editor: I am giving this week some extracts from the report of the committee on agriculture and forestry made in 1895, and referring to the causes of low prices of cotton. It might be said by some that a report on causes for condition so long ago could be of no assistance in arriving at proper conclusions at the present time. I do not take issue with anyone on that question but ask all to read and give these statements their careful consideration.

"We proceed now to inquire into the causes of the low prices. It is admitted that the obvious, apparent and proximate cause is over production. Since in the main, with deviations produced by abnormal conditions, price is regulated by supply and demand—a full supply with relatively diminished demand bringing low prices, and a great and active demand with relatively diminished supply bringing higher prices—where there is an annual increasing supply there ought also to be, to maintain prices, an annual increasing demand. In the case of cotton, there has been an increasing demand, equaling the increasing supply.

The following facts, taken from a table prepared by Mr. Thomas Ellison, of England, will show that production has not out run consumption. In this computation it will be noted that the total supply for each year is made up by adding the deliveries to mills during the year to the surplus remaining over from the preceding year. In 1860-61 the total supply was 6,356,000 bales, and the surplus at the end of the season was the amount needed to run the American mills about five weeks, and the European mills twelve and one-tenth weeks.

In the year 1890-91 the supply was 11,640,000 bales, and the surplus for American mills was for about four and a half weeks and in Europe seven weeks. At this point—August 31, 1891—it appears that there was a less surplus than on August 31, 1861, by about 10 per cent in the supply for American mills and nearly one-half in the supply of the European mills, yet the price in the year 1860-61 averaged 7.63 pence for middling Orleans, and the price for 1890-91 was only 5.06 pence.

In 1891-92 the supply was 12,314,000 and the supplies at the end of the season for American mills was for seven and one-tenth weeks, and in Europe eleven and nine-tenths weeks, a smaller surplus, taken together, than in 1860-61, and the price had fallen from 7.63 pence in 1860-61 to 4.18 pence in 1891-2.

"This utterly overthrows the theory of over-production as the cause of the low price, the surplus in America and Europe being less than in 1860.

"The above comparison of supplies and surplus is based on the world's production. It will be seen that a similar result will be reached when we confine our comparisons to the American crop alone.

In 1851 the American crop was 2,410,000 bales, and in

Wears Longer or No Pay Here's Another Offer

Paint half of your house with lead and oil; the other half with Devoe lead and zinc. In three years the lead and oil half will need repainting. While the Devoe half will be about like new. If not we will give you the paint for the whole house.

McNEILL & SMITH Hwd. Co.
HASKELL, TEXAS.

Where you will find a full line of the above paints, also the largest and best line of Wall Paper in Haskell county.

We appreciate your trade in every thing in our lines. Best Buggies, Best Harness, Best Impliments, in fact everything carried by a first-class Hardware Store.

We Ask for Your
BUSINESS

McNeill & Smith Hwd. Co.

1860 it was 4,861,000, a little more than doubled in one decade, and yet the price in 1851 averaged 10.94 cents, and in 1860 was practically the same being 10.91. In 1881-82 the American crop was 5,435,000, and in the year 1891-92 it was the largest ever grown, being 9,038,000, an increase in the decade of 65 per cent, when it was 100 per cent in the decade 1851 to 1860, and yet the price in 1891-92 was only 4½ cents when in 1881-82 it was 11.73 cents, a decrease of over 60 per cent.

"It will be noted that in the decade 1851 to 1860 there was a constant and rapid increase in the volume of money coming from the large output of gold in California and Australia there was free and unlimited coinage of silver in the United States and most of the nations of Europe, and the other decade was under the full operation of demonetization of silver, as it occurred about 1871 to 1873.

But in ascertaining the true causes of low prices, we must go further back and find if there have been a cause or causes remote, yet exercising a potent influence. If there has been over-production we must ascertain whether this is a real over-production or one caused by agencies which, if removed, would remove

overproduction by increasing consumption.

Overproduction in the sense that more cotton has been produced than can find an effective demand at fair prices, in the present condition of the finance and trade of the world, is undeniably true. Overproduction in the sense that the needs of the world for cotton and cotton manufactures has been more than met is denied.

Almost half our population are farmers, persons who in ordinary times, while they do not possess wealth, are in that condition wherein they consume largely of those goods which are suitable to the poorer classes as well as a considerable amount suitable for persons of moderate wealth. Cotton manufactures are of the class of goods consumed largely by them, since these furnish not only the cheapest of textile products, but by improvements in manufacture and dyeing, furnish articles both of necessary clothing and of taste and luxury. The artisans and laborers in other vocations constitute probably about one-half the remainder.

Of cotton goods, these classes, constituting at least three-fourths of the American people, are great consumers, and consumers too whose use of these as of other goods is limited not

by the purchase of all they want but by their means of payment. So that any advance, artificial or otherwise, in the cost of these goods limits consumption, and any reduction greatly extends it." Senator George, the author of this report, then goes into an extensive discussion of the tariff policies of this country, and then conclude: "It is a fallacy to argue, as is sometimes done, that the large increase in the taking of cotton by the American mills, places them in the position of consumers who furnish a market for that much more of the cotton crop.

It is the effective wants of the ultimate consumers which fixes the amount of the demand for raw cotton. So that the real effective home market for the raw cotton, wherever manufactured, is in the power of consumption by the people. Whoever takes the cotton from the farmers and gives it in a manufactured state to the consumers at the lowest added cost, is a beneficial agent, both to the consumer, and the producer, by increasing consumption and preventing a surplus. Whoever and whatever increases this additional intermediate charge reduces consumption and injures both producer and consumer."

This report was made fourteen years ago and while the situation has changed somewhat it appears to your correspondent that the reasoning is sound and applies with as much force now as when first written.

It is time we are getting a much higher price for cotton now than then, but it must be remembered that we are also paying much more for all manufactures now than then. No doubt this condition is partly due to the great increase in the supply of gold that has been injected into the commerce of the country from the great mines of Alaska and elsewhere, but the fact remains that while commercial and professional men are accumulating wealth at a very satisfactory rate, about the only evidence of increased wealth of the farmers is the increase of the values of his farm land and as all know adding to the price of land does not add to its productive power, therefore that evidence of progress along the road to wealth is misleading as a large portion of the tillers of the soil are not land holders. As all know a fair or unfair price for a given product cannot be determined except by some standard of comparison.

Press Correspondent.

The editor sat in his hard bottom chair trying to think of a thought, and he ploughed all his fingers about his hair, but not a new topic they brought. He'd written on temperance, tariff and trade and the prospects of raising a crop, and joke about ice cream and weak lemonade till his readers had warned him to stop; and weary of thinking, sleep came to his eyes, as he pillowed his head on his desk, when the thoughts while awake refused to arise, came in drops that were strange and grotesque. And as the ideas fairly float, he selects the bright one of the tribe, and this is the gem, while dreaming he wrote: Now is the time to subscribe. — Prentiss Plaindealer.

STOUFFER'S HAND PAINTED CHINA



This is the time for June weddings when people just will get married. Some time ago we placed an order for gifts suitable for wedding presents.

In our show window you will see some handsome Ma Clocks, Cut Glass, Stouffer's Hand Painted China and painted by Miss Nellie R. the local art teacher.

The wise buyer never waits till the last moment.

Gus Evans

Cogdell's Drug Store.

Frightened Deer Jumps Over Freight.

A badly frightened full buck deer, closely pursued by dogs, leaped over a Lehigh Valley railroad freight train mountains thirty five miles Wilkesbarre, Pa. and escaped swimming across the River.

Pursued by the deer dashed down by mountain, two was river and came in train in a deep side of the river. The deer cut is higher than the river and the other was the banks of the it in a level of the track. The deer which looked saw coming down, and took the leap on the lapel without stopping long flight, and continued to run up the river bank. It is up, however, dashes into river and swam to the dogs were stowed on freight train, and it sort out of sight when I note I

Old Settlers of

have seen land one dollar to come to Pecos land and when it his self comes through the money. We also have honest property for sale and stay W. T. Fort

THE LION'S SHARE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OCTAVE THANET
AUTHOR OF
"THE MAN OF THE HOUR"
COPYRIGHT, 1907. BOBB'S-MERRILL CO.



The Detective Had Interposed a Stalwart Leg.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens at Harvard where Col. Rupert Winter, U. S. A., visiting, saw the suicide of young Mercer. He met Cary Mercer, brother of the dead student. Three years later, in Chicago, in 1906, Col. Winter overheard Cary Mercer apparently planning to kidnap Archie, the colonel's ward, and to gain possession of Aunt Rebecca Winter's millions. A Miss Smith was mentioned, apparently as a conspirator. Winter unexpectedly met a relative, Mrs. Millicent Melville, who told him that his Aunt Rebecca, Archie and the latter's nurse, Miss Janet Smith, were to leave for the west with the colonel and Mrs. Melville. A great financial magnate was aboard the train on which Col. Winter met his Aunt Rebecca, Miss Smith and Archie. He set his orderly, Sergt. Haley, to watch over Cary Mercer. Col. Winter learned that the financial magnate is Edwin S. Keatcham. In approaching Cary Mercer, the colonel was snubbed. Winter, aided by Archie, cleverly frustrated a hold-up on the train. He took a great liking to Miss Smith, despite her alleged connection with the kidnapping plot, which he had not yet revealed to his relatives. The party arrived in San Francisco. It was thought that there were big persons behind the hold-up gang. Archie mysteriously disappeared. Fruitless search was conducted for Archie. Blood in a nearby room at the hotel caused fears for the boy's life. No headway was made in the search for Archie. The lad's voice was heard over the telephone, however, and a minute later a woman's voice—that of Miss Smith. Col. Winter and a detective set out for the empty mansion, owned by Arnold, a Harvard graduate.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

His employer's satire did not even flick the dust off Birdsall's complacency; he grinned cheerfully. "Oh, I'm not so bad as that; I don't suppose she did kill the boy; I think he's alive, all right. But say, colonel, I'll give it to you straight; I do think the senora coaxed the boy off. You admit, don't you, he went off. Well, then he was coaxed, somehow. Now, who's got influence enough to coax him? You cross out the maid; so do I. You cross out Mrs. Melville Winter; so do I. I guess we both cross out the old lady. Well, there's you and the senora left. I don't suspect you, general."

"Really? I don't see why. I stand to make more than anybody else, if you are digging up motives. And how about the chambermaid?" Birdsall flashed a glance of reproach on his companion. "Now, colonel, do you think I ain't looked her up? First thing. Nothing in it. Decent Vermont girl, three years in the hotel. Came for her luggage. She ain't in it. But let's get back to Miss Smith. Did you know she is Cary Mercer's sister-in-law?"

He delivered his shot in a casual way, and the colonel took it stonily; nevertheless, it went to the mark. Birdsall continued: "Now, question is, was Mercer the secretary? You didn't see the man in the elevator, except his back. Had he two moles?"

"I couldn't see. He had different clothes; but still there was something like Mercer about the shoulders." "Burney didn't get a chance to take a snapshot, but he did snap the stove man. Here it is. Pull that book out of my pocket."

Obediently, the colonel lifted a couple of small prints which he scrutinized intently, at the end admitting: "Yes, it is he all right. Now, do you know what I think?"

Birdsall couldn't form an idea.

"I did." The colonel extricated himself from his wrappings enough to find a pale blue envelope, which he handed to Birdsall, at the same time taking the motor handle. "You see; type-written, very polite, chilly sort of letter, kind to make a man hot under the collar and swear at Keatcham's heartlessness. Mr. Keatcham unable to answer, having been ill since he left San Francisco. Did not see anything of any boy. Probably ran away. Has no information of any kind to afford. And the writer is very sincerely mine. The minute I read it I was sure Mercer wrote it; and he wrote it to make me so disgusted with Keatcham I wouldn't pursue the subject with him. Just the same way he snubbed my aunt; and, for that matter, just the way he tried to snub me on the train. But he missed his mark; I wired every hotel in Santa Barbara and every one in Los Angeles; and Keatcham isn't there and hasn't been there. He has a big bunch of mail at Santa Barbara waiting for him, forwarded from Los Angeles, but he hasn't shown himself."

Birdsall shot a glance of cordial admiration at the colonel. "You're all there, general," he cried with unquenchable familiarity. "I've been trying to call up the Keatcham outfit, and I couldn't get a line, either. They haven't used the tickets they bought—their reservations went empty to Los Angeles. Now, what do you make out of that?"

"I make out that Archie is only part of their game," replied the soldier. "Now see, Birdsall, you are not going to get a couple of rich young college fellows to do just plain kidnapping and searing women out of their money—" "Lord, general," interrupted Birdsall, "those college guys don't turn a hair at kidnapping; they regularly steal the president of the freshman class, and the things they do at their hazing bees and initiations would make an Apache Indian sit up and take notice. I tell you, general, they're the limit for deviltry."

"Some kinds. Not that kind; it's too dirty. Arnold was one of the cleanest football players at Harvard. And I don't know anything about human nature if that other youngster isn't decent. But Mercer—as an loco; you can look out for anything from him. Now, see the combination. Arnold was at Harvard! I have traced the motor car they used to him; and then, if you add that his father is away safe in Europe and he has an empty house, off to one side, with a quantity of space around it and the reputation of being haunted, why—"

"It looks good to me. And I understand my men have got around it on the quiet all right. How's your man Haley got on, hiring out to the Jap in charge?"

"Well enough; the Jap took him on to mow, but either Mr. Caretaker doesn't know anything or he won't tell. He's bubbling over with conversation about the flowers and the country and the Philippines, where he used to be; but he only knows that the honorable family are all away and he is to shun the house. Aren't we almost there?"

"Just around the corner. I guess when you see it you'll think it's just the patio a spook of taste would freeze to."

"Why is it haunted?" "Now you have me. I ain't on to such dream stuff. Gimme five cards. Mrs. Arnold died off in Europe, so 'tain't her; and the house has only been built two years; but the neighbors have seen lights and heard groans and a pick chopping at the stones. Some folks say the land belonged to an old miner and he died before he could tell where he'd buried his marmazas; so he is taking a little buscar after it. There's the house, general."

The street climbed a gentle hill, and on its crest a large house, in mission style, looked over a pleasant land. Its position on a corner and the unusual size of the grounds about it gave the mansion an effect of space. Of almost rawly recent erection though it was, the kindly climate had so fostered the growth of the pines, acacias and live-oaks, the eucalypti and the orange-trees, which made a rich blur of color on the hillside, had so lavishly tended the creeping ivies and Bougainvilleas which masked the rounded lantern arches of the stern gray facade, and so sumptuously blazoned the flower beds in the garden on the one hand, yet, on the other, had so cunningly dulled the greenish gray of the cobblestones from California arroyos in chimney and foundation, and had so softly streaked the marble of the garden statues and the plaster of walls and mansion with tiny filaments of lichens or faint green moss, that the beholder might fancy the house to be the ancient home of some Spanish hidalgo, handed down with a hereditary curse, through generations, to the last of his race. One was tempted to such a flutter of fancy because of the impression given by the mansion. A sullen reticence hung about the place. The windows, for the most part, were heavily shuttered. Not a pane of glass flashed back at the sunlight; even those casements not shuttered turned

blank dark green shades, like bandaged eyes, on the court and the beautiful terraces and the lovely sweep of hillsides where the wonderful shadows swayed and melted.

The bent figure of a man raking, distorted by the perspective, was visible just beyond the high pillars of the gateway. He paid no attention to the motions of the motor car, nor did he answer a hail until it was repeated. Then he approached the car. Birdsall was in the roadway trying to unlock the gate. The man, whose Japanese features were quite distinguishable, bowed; he explained that the honorable owners were not at home; his insignificant self was the only keeper of the grounds. He spoke sufficiently good English with the accompaniment of a deprecatory, amiable smile. Birdsall, in turn, told him that his own companion was a very great gentleman from the east who belonged to a society of vast power which was investigating spectral appearances, and that he had come thousands of miles to see the ghost.

The Japanese extended both hands, while the appeal of his smile deepened. "Too bad, velly," he murmured, "but not leally any g'lost, no nev."

"Don't you believe in the ghost?" asked Col. Winter.

"No, me Clistian boy, no believe no'tings."

"All the same," said the colonel, laboriously swinging himself from his vantage-ground of the motor seat to the flat top of the wall, thence dropping to the green sward below, "allee samee, like go in house hunt ghost." He cracked a bank note in the palm of the slim brown hand, smiling and nodding as if to break the force of his brusque action. Meanwhile, Birdsall had safely shut off his engine before he placed himself beside the others with an agility hardly to be expected of his rotund build.

As for the caretaker, whether because he perceived himself outnumbered, or because he was really void of suspicion, he accepted the money with outward gratitude and proffered his guidance through the garden and the orchards. He slipped into the role of eclecrose with no atom of resistance; he was voluble; he was gracious; he was artlessly delighted with his seniors. In spite of this flood of suavity, however, there seemed to be no possibility of persuading him to admit them to the house.

Assured of this, the two fell back for a second, time for the merest eye-flash from the detective to the soldier, who at once limped briskly up to the Jap, saying: "We are very much obliged to you; this is a beautiful house, beautiful gardens; but we want to see the ghost; and if you can give me young Mr. Arnold's address I will see him—or write, and we can come back."

The gardener, with many apologies and smiles, did not know Mr. Arnold's honorable address, but he drew out a solled card, explaining that it bore the name of the gentleman in charge of the property. Birdsall, peeping over the Jap's shoulders, added that it was the card of a well-known legal firm.

"Then," said the colonel with deliberation, "we will thank you again for your courtesy, and—what's that?"

The Jap turned; they all started at the barking detonation of some explosion; while they gazed about them there came another booming sound, and they could see smoke pouring from the chimney and leaking through the window joints of a room in the rear of the house. Like a hare, not breaking his wind by a single cry, the Jap sped toward the court. The others were hard on his heels, though the colonel limped and showed signs of distress by the time they reached the great iron door.

The Jap pulled out a key; he turned it and swung the door barely wide enough to enter, calling on them to stay out; he would tell them if he needed them.

"Augustly stay; maybe honorable t'ieves!" he cried. But the detective had interposed a stalwart leg and shoulder. Instantly the door swung open; he acted as if he had lost his wits with excitement. "You're burning up! Lord! you're burning! Fire! Fire!" he bawled, and rushed boldly into the room.

Winter followed him, also calling aloud in a strident voice. And it was to be observed, being such an unusual preparation for a conflagration, that he had drawn a heavy revolver and ran with it in his hand. Before he jumped out of the car he had discarded his thick top-coat and all his wrappings.

An observer, also (had there been one near), would have taken note of a robust Irishman, who had been weeding the flower-beds, and would have seen him straighten at the first peal of the explosion, stare wildly at the chimneys before any distinct smoke was to be seen, then run swiftly and climb up to a low chimney on a wing of the house, watering-pot in hand. He would have seen him empty his inadequate fire extinguisher and rapidly descend the ladder, while the smoke



"Shure, Mister Samural, 'Tis the Ongateful Chap, Youse Is," Expostulated Haley.

efforts; later, he would have seen the watering-pot bearer pursue the others into the house, emitting noble yells of "Fire!" and "Help!"

Further, this same observer, had he been an intimate friend of Sergt. Dennis Haley, certainly would have recognized that resourceful man of war in the amateur fireman.

CHAPTER VIII. Face to Face.

When the two men got into the house the dim rooms made them stumble for a moment after the brilliant sunshine of the outer skies; but in a second Birdsall's groping hand had found an electric push-button and the room was flooded with light. They were in a small office off the kitchen, apparently. Smoke of a peculiarly pungent odor and eye-smarting character blurred all the surroundings; but during the moment the Jap halted to explore its cause the others perceived two doors and made for them. One was locked, but the other must have been free to open, since Haley, with his watering-can, bounded through it while they were tugging at the other. Almost immediately, however, Haley was back again shouting and pointing down the dark passage.

"The fire's there," screamed the detective. "I can smell smoke! The smoke comes through the keyhole!" But while the Jap fitted a key in the lock and swung back the door, and Haley, who had paused to replenish his watering-can at a convenient faucet, darted after the other two, the colonel stood listening with every auditory nerve strained to catch some sound. He yelled "Fire! help!" at the top of his voice, but not moving a muscle. "Too far off," he muttered, then he yelled again and threw a heavy chair as if he had stumbled against it. Another pause; he got down on his knees to put his ear to the floor. Directly he rose; he did not speak, but the words that he said to himself were only: "Just possible. Some one down cellar; but not under here." Meanwhile he was hurrying in pursuit of the others as swiftly as his stiff knee would allow. He found them in a side hall with tiled or brick floor, gathered about a water-soaked heap of charred red paper.

"'Tis terrible!" announced Haley; "a bum for sure! a dinnermite bum!"—flashing out something like a tin tomato can from the sodden mass.

"Anyhow, there goes the real thing," observed the colonel, coolly, as a formidable explosion jarred the air.

"If you blow us up, I kill you first!" hissed the Jap, and his knife flashed.

"Chito, Chito!" soothed the colonel, lifting his revolver almost carelessly. Simultaneously two brawny arms pinioned the Jap's own arms at his sides.

"Shure, Mister Samural, 'Tis the on-grateful chap youse is," expostulated Haley. "I hate to restrain ye, but if ye thry any jehujits on me 'twill be sahanara wid youse mighty quick."

"No understan'," murmured the Jap, plaintively. "Why you hult me?" "Come, put out the fire first," said

the colonel; "you know the house, you go ahead."

The Jap darted on ahead so swiftly that they had some ado to follow; which seemed necessary, since he might have clasped a bolt on them at any turn. The colonel's stiff leg kept in the rear, but Haley was never a hand's breadth behind the runner.

They found smoke in two places, but they easily extinguished the tiny flames. In both cases the bombs turned out to be no more dangerous than a common kind of fireworks yielding a suffocating smoke in an inclosure, but doing no special damage on safe and fire-proof ground, like a hearth. They were quickly extinguished. In their search they passed from one luxurious room to another, the Jap leading, until he finally halted in a spacious library hung in Spanish leather, with ancient, richly carved Spanish tables and entrancing Spanish chairs of turned wood and age-mellowed cane, and bookcases sumptuously tempting a book-lover. But the colonel cared only for the soul of a book, not its body; the richest and clearest of black letter or the daintiest of tooling had left him cold; moreover, every fiber in him was strung by his quest; and Haley, naturally, was immune; strangely enough, it was the cheerful, vulgar little detective who gave a glance, rapid but full of admiration, at the shelves and pile of missals on the table, inconspicuously jostled by magazines of the day.

Winter faced the Jap, who was sheathed again in his bland and impassive politeness. "Where is Mr. Mercer?" said he.

The Jap waved his hands in an eloquent oriental gesture. He assured the honorable questioner that he did not know any Mr. Mercer. There was no one in the house.

The colonel had seated himself in a priceless arm-chair in Cordova stamped leather; he no longer looked like an invalid. "Show your star, please," he commanded Birdsall, and the latter silently flung back the lapel of his coat.

"I ought to tell you," continued Rupert Winter, "that the game is up. It would do no good for you to run that poisoned bit of steel of yours into me or into any of us; we have only to stay here a little too long and the police of San Francisco will be down on you—oh, I know all about what sort they are, but we have money to spend as well as you. You take the note I shall write to Mr. Mercer, or whatever you choose to call him, and bring his answer. We stay here until he comes."

Having thus spoken in an even, gentle voice, he scribbled a few words on a piece of paper which he took out of his note-book. This he proffered to the Jap.

On his part, the latter kept his self-respect; he abated no jot of his assurance that they were alone in the house; he insinuated his suspicion that they were there for no honest purpose; finally he was willing to search the house if they would stay where—

BE CONTINUED

THE HASKELL FREE PRESS

Oscar Martin, Publisher

Entered at the Postoffice at Haskell, Texas, as Second Class Mail Matter

SUBSCRIPTION:
One Year \$1.00 Six Months .50c
Published Every Saturday Morning

HASKELL, TEXAS, June 6, 1909

Lets Celebrate July 4th.

It has been several years since Haskell's had a barbecue.

Lets have a big barbecue, have speaking and celebrate the fourth of July. There will be several constitutional amendments to vote on in August, let them be discussed.

No boy, no girl, can ever come to be utterly bad who remembers only love and tenderness and sweetness as associated with father and mother in the old-time home. Give them manly and womanly example, give them training, give them the inspiration of devoted lives, give them these higher, deeper things. Do not care so much as to whether you are accumulating money, so that you can leave them a fortune. We really believe that the chances are against that being a blessing for a boy. But leave them an accumulated fortune of memories and inspirations and examples and hopes, so that they are rich in brain and heart and soul. Then if you happen to leave them a fortune besides, if they have all these, the fortune will be shorn of its possibilities of evil, and will become an instrument of higher and nobler good. —Benjamin Post.

A worthless Mexican named Rodriguez has been located on the creek for several weeks. He had no means of support and would not work. His conduct was such as not to make his presence desirable here longer so he was notified by the sheriff's department that he had better move on. He decided to take them at their word and left last Saturday. —Times-Throckmorton.

It has become common all over this country to order undesirable characters to move on. This policy or practice we never did approve. It is an illegal practice. It's tendency is to arouse resentment in the victim of such injustice and sooner or later he will visit his wrath upon society and some innocent person will be the victim. City authorities in this way keep a large percentage of the criminal class on the drift, without hope of reform. It is bad policy and a better way should be provided to deal with human direlicts.

When the legislatures are filled with business men instead of statesmen, and the body is converted into a scramble for advantage between mere class interest, there will be many oppressive laws passed. For forty-five years the republican congress has legislated on this line. The laborer is out of a job and bread is 15 cents a loaf. But these laborers vote for class legislation, the democratic warnings coming from the wiser statesmen and based on more lasting and patriotic principles has fallen on deaf ears in labor circles, but 15 cent bread is going to get a move on some of these people. So far as the eastern voter ever showing any higher motive than self interest and higher wages is concerned, he is in our opinion incapable. He can never see the cause of his woes when pointed out to him, many of them are unworthy of the ballot, and incapable of self government. They are demoralized and place no value on the ballot, they have adopted the boycott system, the strike system, and they are perfectly saturated with the mob idea of correcting evils. Reform if it ever comes must be from the progressive West and South, the East are a decaying people.

McDOUGLE & CO.

SUCCESSORS TO ELLIS & WILLIAMS

Staple and Fancy Groceries

FRUIT, CANDY,
CIGARS and
TOBACCO.

Country Produce

PHONE No. 9

The editorial comment on the sale of the Foard county school lands by the commissioners courts has met with a hearty response from the editor of the Truscott News, who sent us the original bid and order of court accepting same. In this letter and other literature submitted by the editor of the News, there is evidence to support us in thinking Mr. Oliver has made a splendid trade. The county commissioners gave him everything he could ask. It seems that owing to the fact that there is a lease on the school lands that will not expire till 1913, that Mr. Oliver will be out very little money under the liberal terms of the contract. It is possible for the land to double in value before the county gets any benefit whatever from the sale, as there is no date fixed for executing the deed from which date it seems interest will begin to run and Mr. Oliver will be able to turn \$50,000 or \$70,000 dollars in profits on an out lay of \$1000 and the cost of surveying the lands into small tracts for farms. We conclude that in a land trade, one private citizen is luckier than one County Judge and four commissioners all put together. We have often noticed that some how the people elect unlucky traders to office. If the members of the court had been as lucky as Mr. Oliver and made as good a trade as he did they would have gotten about \$250,000 for these school lands. Some how the court seemed to have overlooked a bid that was over \$4000 more than the Oliver bid. Here is where luck was against the court again. Now we hope the people of Foard county will sympathize with the court, for they sure are about as unlucky traders as any court we ever saw and the people should cheer them up and not let them get discouraged. Issue some county bonds and let the court go into the market and sell them. It may be they will have better luck selling bonds, it seems they can't sell school land.

Attention Farmers.

We will take wood for what you owe us or will do Blacksmithing for wood either cord or pole wood if you have wood to sell. See us, we will swap work with you.

Jno. B. Lamkin

White Wolf Stock Feed.

Alfalfa	35 Per Cent
Corn	50 "
wheat	15 "

Try a sack for your cow and horse
Phone 157. E. A. Chambers.

Hosiery, Towels, Handkerchiefs—nice line at the Racket Store.

Dried fruits and beans of all kinds at Stephens & Smith's.

CLUBBING OFFER

The Dallas Semi-Weekly Farm News make a specialty of.

OKLAHOMA

news. Outside of this, it is unquestionably the best semi-weekly publication in the world, but particularly and unsurpassed

NEWS SERVICE

of the great southwest in general. Specially live and useful features are the FARMERS' FORUM. A page for the LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN, THE WOMAN'S CENTURY. And particular attention is given to MARKET REPORTS. YOU CAN GET The Semi-Weekly Farm News in connection with The Free Press for only \$1.75 a year cash for both papers.

SUBSCRIBE NOW and get the local news and the news of the world at remarkably small cost.

STATE CONVENTION RALLY.

Looking Toward Waco.
June Convention.

1. Leader—Mrs. Baker.
2. What the Convention is—When and Where—Miss May Fields.
3. Talk—Speakers of Convention—Bro. McDonald
4. Reading—Mr. Beack.
5. The Encampment feature of Convention.—Mr. Street.
6. Vocal Duet—Mrs. Baker and Mr. Street.
7. Open discussion (Conventions we have attended)
8. Call for those that would like to go.

SKETCHING PARTY

A few days ago six people rallied forth from the Art Studio in the Sherrill building into a no-top buggy drawn by a fat old horse by the name of Bill.

They were Miss Nellie Reese (one of the best art teachers in this part of Texas) and four of her (five) youngest pupils. They were respectively Effie Nola Long, Annie May Hancock, Eupha Todd and Elsie Scott. Beryl McConnell being absent.

They went to South Haskell and sketched a picture of the first cement bridge in Haskell.

In the picture of one ambitious young artist appeared a sister artist placidly watching in the water a school of young snakes and a polliwog struggling up a mud bank.

Some of the party not wearing bonnets. Some were soon improvised of paper sacks.

When the noon whistle blew, a delicious lunch of olives, pickles, ham, crackers, cakes, bananas, cheese, stuffed eggs and many other nice things were served.

After painting a few minutes longer all departed in the same vehicle wishing for many more such good times.

One of the young artists.

PROFESSIONAL.

Dr. Aleck Spencer

Practice limited to Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Glasses Correctly Fitted.

Rate Building
Stamford, - - Texas.

Dr. O. M. GUEST DENTIST

Office in the McConnell Building.
OFFICE Phone No. 52.
RESIDENCE " " 149.

J. A. MOORE
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Special attention given disease of women and children.
Office Over Sherrill Building
Office Phone 187
Residence 342

Dr. J. D. SMITH DENTIST

Office—Sherrill Building.
Phone { Office No. 12
Residence No. 111

A. G. GEBHARD, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon
Phone: Office 150—Res. 15
Office over Irby and Stephens Grocery Store
Microscopical Diagnosis
A SPECIALTY

D. L. CUMMINS, M. D.
Practitioner of Medicine and Surgery.
Res. Phone No. 74—Office No. 189
Office at French Bros.
HASKELL, TEXAS.

DR. W. A. KIMBROUGH
Physician and Surgeon
Office Phone No. 246
Residence " " No. 124
Or Coiler's Drug Store
HASKELL, TEXAS.

DR. W. WILLIAMSON,
RESIDENCE PHONE 113
OFFICE OVER
French Bros. Drug Store.

DR. A. G. NEATHERY
Physician and Surgeon.
Office Northeast Corner Square.
Office Phone.....No. 50.
Dr. Neathery's Res.....No. 23.

A. W. MCGREGOR, Attorney-at-Law

OFFICE—Corner rooms over FARMERS NATIONAL BANK
Will practice in all the Courts.

H. G. MCCONNELL,
Attorney at Law.
OFFICE IN
McConnell Bldg N W Cor Square

Jas. P. Kinnard Sam Neathery
Kinnard & Neathery
Attorneys-at-Law

Office: State Bank Building
HASKELL, TEXAS
General Practice in all Courts.

Gordon B. McGuire Attorney-at-Law

Office in McConnell Bldg.

A. J. LEWIS, V. S.

From Chicago Veterinary College
Treatment of all Domesticated animals. Will attend to all night or day calls.

Your Business will be Appreciated.

Phone—Residence 256.

Office 216.

Office—Spencer & Gillam's Drug Store

Dr. F. C. HELTON Veterinary Surgeon

Office Phone 25
Res. Phone 190

Owing to the dissolution of the firm of Poole & Martin some time since, we have on hand a \$350.00 Mahogany case piano we intended to put up as a premium on subscriptions, that we have decided to sell on easy terms. Will take two gentle pony horses in trade. Poole & Martin.

Advic Is Cheap

but listen, young friends, how about the advice of such men as Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Mann and Hon. Wm. Pinckney White, Ex-Governor of Maryland? Henry Ward Beecher says, "Whatever occupation you may choose as your life work, the first step is to secure a practical business education; by all means attend a good business college." Horace Mann says, "Education is capital from which a profit may be derived in subsequent life; it will pay an annual income without expense for insurance, repairs, or taxes; riches have wings, a good education is a more lasting resource." Gov. White says, "It is the business knowledge obtained at the business college that is so important today; no man can succeed who is not systematic; it is a rare exception that a man who has not equipped himself with a business knowledge ever succeeds in life."

Young Friends, you are living in a business age, at business you must make your living, so why try to go thru life without obtaining a thorough business training? The business world today is holding out greater inducements to our young men and women than ever before. Young Woman, you will receive what you are prepared to earn; a washerwoman gets a washerwoman's wages and a washerwoman's social position thrown in, a business education in youth rescue many a woman from the wash-tub in old age, enables the widow to feed her starving children. Latin and Greek may be forgotten; the business course can be always and everywhere; it is a treasure secure from moth and rust, a safeguard against adversity, and its culture value surpasses any other of equal length.

Do you realize that the average educated man gets a salary of \$1000. a year, while the average daily laborer gets but \$450. Take laborer for 40 years and the educated man has earned \$22,000.00 more than the day laborer.

Young men, young woman, isn't this enough to put you to thinking and investigating? Write today to the Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas, the largest school of Bookkeeping, Business Training, Short-hand, Typewriting, and Telegraphy in America, get their 188 page catalog, read it thru carefully, read the endorsements of hundreds of successful graduates as well as those of prominent business men.

ANOTHER RETREAT

While Attorney General Wick-ersham is withdrawing suits against the big law breakers, Secretary Ballinger of the interior department is releasing timber reservations which the water power trust want. We are assured that President Taft approves of these things but that assurance is hardly necessary—it was understood by those who know what was going on that the republican party sounded a retreat when it wrote its platform and nominated its ticket.

Commoner.

WACO NURSERY

As agent of the Waco Nursery I have located in Haskell, and will take your orders for trees, shrubbery and shade trees. We sell on a guarantee and I will be on the ground to deliver the stock. See me before you give your orders to others.

C. W. RAMEY,
Residence Agent, Haskell, Tex.

FOR SALE

Four standard size lots two blocks southeast of the north side school house, corner lots \$250, inside lots 200.

Oscar Martin.

Whites Weep Negroes Sneer

Friendly and Hostile Crowds
Gather to Bid Farewell
to Shipp.

PARTING IS PATHETIC

Defendants in Chattanooga
Lynching Case Leave for
Washington to Learn
Their Fate.

Chattanooga, Tenn., May 30. —Over 200 of Chattanooga's representative citizens gathered at the central station this morning when Captain Shipp and five co-defendants in the contempt case before the United States supreme court started for Washington, where they go to receive sentence. A crowd of perhaps 200 negroes gather at the station shortly before the train left. There was no demonstration but they gazed with curiosity upon the defendants. Fearing that an untoward demonstration might be attempted by the negroes patrolmen were summoned by the railroad to clear the sheds. This was done and the negroes again assembled on Market street, directly in front of the station.

The scene at the central station was pathetic. Old Confederate veterans who have faced foes in battle without a tremor, cried like children when Captain Shipp waved a farewell and said good-bye.

The uncertainty of the fate awaiting them at Washington and other attendant circumstances made the parting sad, but the sheriff, in appearance a typical representative of the old South, did not show that he feared or even dreaded the punishment that many think will be meted out to the six prisoners. He was deeply touched however, by the tribute of his friends, by the hearty handshakes of his comrades in arms and by the words of encouragement and sympathy extended by men and women alike.

When the train moved out and Captain Shipp leaned out of the car window to wave a last farewell to his friends, old Confederate veterans were seen to shed tears, while here and there among the crowd of negroes gathered in the streets a low laugh could be heard. After the train left the crowd dispersed quietly.

At 10 o'clock five of the defendants, Jeremiah Gibson, Williams, Hick Nolan, Henry Padgett and William May, reached the custom house, where they had been notified to meet United States Marshal Dunlap. A crowd had gathered at the custom house before the arrival of the defendants and upon their arrival the officer and his charges walked down Market Street to the central passenger station, with the crowd behind forming a long parade line.

Within a few minutes Captain Shipp arrived in a carriage with Attorney M. H. Clift who will appear for Captain Shipp before the supreme court Tuesday.

When Captain Shipp reached the station he was greeted by many friends and shook hands with the other men and with United States Marshal Dunlap.

He was given a reception that continued twenty minutes, every man and woman expressing the hope that the supreme court would permit him to again return to his own people.

No talks were made. The occasion was too impressive for formal expressions of "God bless you," and "God speeds you" were heard.

Shortly before the train left the police cleared a way and a photographer secured a group photograph of the defendants and United States Marshal Dunlap. Then the train moved off.

Composing the party which went to Washington are: United States Marshal Dunlap, six defendants in the contempt proceedings, Attorney M. H. Clift and George W. Camble.

DRUGS

Cold Drinks, Ice Cream Cigars and Sundries.

Careful attention given to
PRESCRIPTION WORK

We solicit your patronage.

SPENCER & GILLAM
NORTH SIDE SQUARE.

Time Table

Schedule of trains on Wichita Valley R. R. arriving and leaving Haskell.

Train No. 2 East Bound due 7:50 a. m.
Train No. 1 West Bound due 6:40 p. m.
Train No. 6 East Bound due 10:50 p. m.
Train No. 5 West Bound due 5:22 a. m.

M. R. Frampton, Agt.

Locals and Personals.

Mrs. T. J. Lemmon left Wednesday, to visit relatives at Weatherford.

If you need a fine brass mounted up-to-date buggy harness at a low price, buy mine. W. J. Evers at post office blk Haskell.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Langford returned home the early part of the week from a visit to Central Texas and Oklahoma points.

Moved—Evers Harness shop to post office block, Haskell.

Our abstract books are complete and up-to-date. Get your abstracts from (tf) Sanders & Wilson.

Come to East Haskell and get fine syrup, fruit and potatoes. G. J. Miller

For fresh and up to date groceries call on Stephens & Smith.

There have been several local showers this week, and we look for general rains before the weather clears up.

Mr. Jno. L. Robertson made a business trip to Fort Worth a few days ago.

White Burmuda Onions at Stephens & Smith's.

Nice fresh butter on ice at the City Grocery.

E. A. Chambers. Phone 157 for the best bran chops and his special white wolf feed.

J. B. McBride of Robertson Co. and Mr. W. T. Norwood of Marlin, are visiting Mrs. J. S. Williams and W. A. Black of this city, to whom they are related.

Gus Grussendorf says he has 150 acres of cotton up and 50 acres of feed. He said his cotton came up to a stand June 20th last year.

Mr. Scott who had the contract for the brick work for the new building of Smith and Sutherland on the north side has completed same in the shortest time possible, and the plasterers have about finished the plastering.

I am now located in one of Mr. Williams houses across the Railroad track in the east part of town and will be glad to do your family washing.

Mrs. Minta Linam

FOR SALE: A buggy and horse H. L. Owens, near Dr. Gebhards residence.

T. J. Sims has crushed corn and threshed Milo Maize chops put up in 100 lbs and will be delivered any where in town.

Best line of Syruy on earth at Stephens & Smith's.

Some choice lands near Weinert for sale at right prices. See me. J. L. Robertson, State Bank.

RESOLUTIONS

Adopted by the Executive board of Haskell County Missionary Baptist Association at its session held at Knox City, May 29th, 1909.

That, whereas, there are some unpleasant feelings engendered and disappointments felt, concerning the action of the locating committee of the West Texas Baptist Sanitarium, therefore be it

Resolved, 1st. That we appreciate, commend and endorse the course and conduct of our committeeman, Mr. W. P. Whitman, and do hereby express our thanks to him for his faithfulness in representing us in all the meetings of the committee, and for his faithful contention for that which was right and fair, and we further express our high appreciation and gratification that he through it all kept his hands clean from everything that was seemingly unfair or that seemed to be flavored with political methods or trickery. We thank him for keeping all manner of taint or stain from the good name of the Haskell county association.

Resolved, 2nd. That we express our appreciation of the work of Rev. Jno. A. Arbuckle, pastor of the Haskell Baptist church, for his untiring and helpful co-operation with our committeeman.

Resolved, 3rd. That we commend the good people of Haskell for their unselfish and very liberal support of the sanitarium proposition, and do hereby express our appreciation of their high regard for and confidence in the Baptists of West Texas, as shown by their very liberal support in this matter, and resolved further, that we in humility express our deep regret that things have happened to in anywise shake, or mar that confidence.

Resolved, 4th. That we the executive board of Haskell county association, through our committeeman, Mr. Whitman, demand that inasmuch as the meeting at which the location of the sanitarium was acted upon was a called meeting at which all members of the locating committee could not be present, that a time be set for another meeting at which all members may be present and that the former locating action be reconsidered and this matter be settled by the whole committee in a free and untrammelled meeting.

E. B. Speck, Chm. Protm.
I. N. Alvis, Sec.

Listen To This, Farmers.

There is a man in Indiana who has made himself famous by the degree with which he excels his neighbors in the art of corn growing. He has made an acre produce one hundred bushels and when under ordinary conditions, his neighbors get a yield of forty bushels his runs from seventy to eighty. His also, is the best corn—recognized as such in the markets. Wherefore he was called the Corn Wizard until, having relish for a joke, he explained that his success came merely from planting his seed with care and then cultivating them hard. In other words, instead of being a wizard possessed of some mysterious secret, he is only a hard and intelligent worker. Work has a magic potency, but no touch of wizardry; but all of us, and especially those who cultivate the soil, are prone to envy the successful man as having been endowed with luck or some mysterious talent, where as he excels us merely in his willingness to work. What is needed by the average man who wants more acreage is more energy.—Galveston News.

If its saddles, harness, or any other horse clothing you need, I have them cheap. Remember my new location in post office block Haskell.

W. J. Evers.

NOTICE.

I have a stock of Rocking Chairs, Kitchen Safes, Kitchen Cabinets, and odd Dressers, Mattresses etc. I am going to offer at 25 per cent discount up to including June 5th. You will miss the bargains of your life if you miss this.

Wallis.
Arcade Furniture.

We Want The Bargains For Cash

\$40,000 in cash to invest in Haskell County farm lands. If you have anything at a bargain price come to see us. Chancellor, Creed & Co., office over Collier's Drug Store, Haskell, Tex.

We will treat free of charge all who will call at our office in Tompkins cottage on Thursday of every week for one month, beginning Thursday, June 10th.

W. L. Parrott, graduate of the famous Weltmer Institute.

One section choice land in Lubbock County to exchange for good improved land in Haskell County; price reasonable and quality high. New R. R. building there now. Also section in Dallam County. See me at once.

J. L. Robertson, State Bank.

A CARD OF THANKS

Words cannot express the many thanks to those who came to our assistance when the great cloud of sorrow came to us, when God called from this earth our Father and Husband and especially do we thank those who stood by our side, both neighbors, friends and Sovereign at Ballew Camp, until the Husband and our Father was laid away to wait the general resurrection in which we hope to meet him and all our friends and love ones at the Judgement throne of God.

Wife, P. C. Cunningham
Sons, J. H. and W. C. Cunningham

COURT NEWS.

Judge Higgins' court has been quite busy this week. Besides civil business disposed of the following criminal cases were tried, or set for trial:

State vs. Holder; (a negro) charged with Robbery; plea of guilty and five years.

State vs. Joe Johnson; (a negro.) Robbery; plea of guilty, five years.

State vs. J. A. Copeland; Illegal Banking; acquitted.

State vs. E. W. Johnson, Swindling; five years.

State vs. Parr; murder, set for trial June 9.

The case involving the jail lot controversy was adjourned till June 14th and leave granted plaintiffs to make new parties.

TEAM WANTED

Will sell one of our splendid piano's and take a well broke team of horses as first payment, Street Music Co. Haskell Texas.

On last Monay night, the whistle at F. T. Sanders gin announced the close of the ginning season at his plant. The local gins here have gined nearly six thousand bales of cotton during the season of 1908-9. The receipts of this town shows an increase of nearly one hundred per cent.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Smith and daughter of Midlothian are visiting their son Mr. J. Walker Smith of this city, Ruby daughter of J. Walker Smith who has been going to school at Midlothian accompanied her grand parents, and will spend the summer at home

I have moved my office from Collier's to Cogdill's Drug Store. A. G. Gebhard.

INSURE YOUR HOME AGAINST LAMP Explosion

Avoid Smoked Chimneys

By Using

EUPION OIL

Which has been the acme of perfection for 52 years—ask your dealer for it, accept nothing else. If you don't know whether you are getting EUPION PHNOE 45

We can tell you who handles it.

E. L. NORTHCUT

EUPION OIL AGENT.

IT IS NOW TIME FOR YOU TO BUY Your Cultivators and Harrows.

LET US SHOW YOU THE

JOHN DEERE

There is none better. We are also offering the Peter Schutler and New Moline wagons you know what they are. Our line of shelf and builders hardware is complete, besides our beautiful line of furniture.

Call and get the prices and we will sell you.



CASON, COX & CO.
Undertakers and Embalmers.

Some few weeks ago the Upshur County Echo, a very creditable and conscientious publication for which we have the highest regard and respect, published a bewailing moan, and general all-round kick, because the country editor is called upon to do a considerable amount of free advertising for which he should receive remuneration.

In the goodness of our heart we sympathized with our esteemed contemporary, and forcibly expressed our opinion of that kind of business by a suggestion that no well regulated newspaper would submit to graft of that nature, and suggest in the comment that the best way to run a newspaper is to run it as a business and if it don't pay along these lines, quit it. The article was taken up and very ably commented on by our contemporary, The Crowell Index.

The Haskell Free Press now comes forward with the explanation that if the expense of running a newspaper plant is explained to the people seeking free notoriety, the request for graft is gracefully withdrawn. We have failed to see that routine of explanation worked out with satisfactory results. We do not advance these exceptions as an opening for argument, but would like to call the attention of the Free Press, "on the side," to the fact that having copied our editorial remarks on the subject in full, it generously gave credit for our brilliant efforts to the Crowell Index. "Sic transit gloria mundi."—Foard County News.

We beg pardon brother Kimsey, but searching the deep recesses of memory fails to suggest a possible excuse for the error, for we assure you it was an error unintentional. We have often had matter copied from our paper that was credited to an esteemed contemporary, hence we know how it feels.

Where He Will Land.

A young man with a practical knowledge in his head, skill in his hands and health in his body, is his own letter of reference. Mix him up with 60,000,000 others and you will find him again, as he will have the habit of being on top. Throw him naked into a desert island and he will be at the head of something. He does not go whining over the land, blaming fortune and saying he has no chance, but goes out and does something, and goes out and does it again and does it better than he did before. Men that can do things with either head or hands are the men that are wanted, and the demand is as great now as it has been at any time since the beginning.—Dawson (La.) Times.

OVER 30 ARE KILLED IN ZEPHYR CYCLONE

TOWN NEAR BROWNWOOD SCENE OF CALAMITY—SCORES INJURED.

SEVENTY-FIVE HOUSES RAZED

Strip Three Hundred Yards Wide
Swept—Fire Adds to the
Horror.

Brownwood, May 31.—At 12:15 o'clock Sunday morning a cyclone struck the little town of Zephyr, the first station on the Santa Fe east of here, and almost completely destroyed the town.

Over thirty dead and a score or more injured was the awful scene to greet the survivors after the cyclone had gone.

The cloud came from the west and first struck in the edge of town and cut a strip 300 yards wide through the most thickly settled part. Not a building was left in its path.

The first news to reach Brownwood of the storm was brought by a man who came from Zephyr on a handcar and asked that help be sent at once. A relief train containing physicians and all who could be summoned to go and assist in the relief work left here at 4 o'clock this morning.

The regular train which leaves here at 7 a. m. also carried a large number to assist in the work. Another train carrying food, clothing and bedding went again at noon. The people of Zephyr are dazed at the awfulness of the disaster, but people from here who went to the relief of the sufferers have the matter well in hand, and different committees have been appointed to look after the wants of the sufferers and to attend to the burial of the dead.

To add to the seriousness of the situation fire broke out in the business part of town, destroying the Zephyr Mirror building, Cabler's Lumber Company, Zephyr Mercantile Company.

Several business houses were also destroyed by the storm, among them being Cobb & Quarrel's barber shop, Wren's drug store, Cobb & Shelton's wagon yard and livery stable. A number of horses were killed in the livery stable.

The number of buildings estimated destroyed is placed at seventy-five. Hardly a building in the town escaped being destroyed or damaged by being moved out of place or window lights broken.

The new public school building, a handsome three-story structure, was totally destroyed.

About thirty minutes before the storm struck the town the Masons had adjourned their meeting at the school house. Had they been in the building it is believed not one could have escaped.

Out of seven persons who went to Zephyr last evening to spend Sunday, six of them were killed, among them being Thad Cabler, County Clerk, wife and two children; Prof. T. H. Hart's wife and one child. The other child of Prof. Hart is so badly injured it can not live. Thad Cabler's father was also killed and his mother received injuries which will prove fatal.

Thirty coffins have been sent from here Sunday to Zephyr, Tex., to bury the victims of last night's cyclone. A large number was put to work early this morning digging graves. The bodies of Prof. Hart's wife and child, who lost their lives in the cyclone, were brought here on the first train this morning for burial. There were a large number of the injured brought here, as not enough homes were left here, as not enough homes were left here, as not enough homes were left here.

The merchants opened their stores and gave whatever was needed. At Zephyr a donation was made for the sufferers by the hundreds who flocked to the scene of the storm.

A relief train from the scene of the Zephyr cyclone reports Dr. W. S. Wren, Mrs. W. H. Hicks and Mrs. Cabler, had all died from their injuries. It is stated several more are expected to die before morning.

Twenty-one of the injured were taken to the hospital at Temple Sunday night. Another body found near the ruins of the school building, that of a young lady, has not been identified, and was badly mutilated.

Fifty witnesses were sworn Friday in the Federal Court at Dallas in the action of the Government against Fred Fleming, D. A. Templeton and A. J. Elliott, charged with the use of the mails to defraud in connection with the business of the Western Bank & Trust Company.

Portrait of Capt. Steele.
Mexico: Capt. Alfonso Steele left Monday for Palestine, where he went for a final sitting in connection with the painting that is to be made by Miss Nannie Crownin. It will be remembered that this painting was ordered by the last Legislature.

Willis Point's public auditorium is about completed and the city is the possessor of a comfortable building, well furnished, and which will accommodate any number of people likely to come together for some reason.

Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union of America

Edited and Contributed by
W. S. MORGAN,
Springfield, Missouri.

When a legislator won't work for the interests of the farmers he'll have to face the business end of the union. The time will soon be ripe for picnics, and the Farmers' union should see that it has its share of them.

The farmer who does not see the benefits of cooperation in buying and selling is riding on a slow train.

The man who thinks that farming is a fool's calling is greatly mistaken. Only fools think that way. It is of more importance than all the other callings put together.

It is the union man who gets tired too quick that is the most blatant in the start. He jumps too high to begin with, strains his gizzard and has to stop and let it rest.

If the farmers all over the country were well organized they could bring the trusts and corporations to time within two years, and there wouldn't be any technicalities in the way either.

The farmer who "cusses" the trusts and corporations for their extortions, and then won't join his fellow farmers in an organization and help curb the predatory classes ought to be cowed and staked out to graze on sage grass.

If the local unions would prepare an interesting program for each meeting there would be no trouble about having a good attendance.

The politician who thinks he can "monkey" with the Farmers' union would as well try to tickle the hind foot of a mule with a straw. Any old end of the union can kick harder than the business end of a mule.

The union member who quit early in the game and curled up on the floor because everything could not be accomplished at once, just like turning over a pan cake at one flip, will come back again when he sees that it can't be done that way. "He that fights and runs away, will live to fight another day."

GROWTH OF INDEPENDENCE

Era of Corruption Which Dates Back to the Civil War Shows Signs of Abatement.

The era of corruption which dates back to the war between the states, municipal, state and national governments, shows some signs of abatement. Perhaps at no time in the history of the government has such a fight been waged against corruption in high places. The magazines have done noble work in this fight for civic virtue. Partisan lines have been disregarded. The public conscience has been awakened and dishonest men have been defeated in the face of the fact that the states or districts which they sought to represent had hitherto cast a large majority for the party which nominated them. Minnesota, Republican, defeated a Republican for governor. Missouri, Democratic, repudiated the candidate of the Democratic party. These are wholesome signs. It means that the people will not stand for corrupt methods and practices. This growth of independence is not spasmodic, nor is it the result of temporary conditions. It has been growing for years. It comes from the people. It is not welcome to the old school of politicians. It began with the grange back in the seventies. It swept over the country like a whirlwind while the Farmers' alliance was at its zenith. Each of these great waves, especially that of the alliance, helped to sweep away the barriers of political prejudice. For several decades following the war it could be said truthfully that neither of the two great political parties of the country were national in their character. It was the solid south and the solid north. The alliance made it possible for the farmers of the north to shake hands with the farmers of the south. They had not before, and while the recitation was warm it was not altogether affable. They swapped war stories. They walked arm in arm together in the orange groves of the south, and in the beautiful parks of the north. They began to think more of their country and less of their party. Many of them joined hands in an independent political movement. They thundered at the evils under which they were suffering and struck at them the best they knew how. Their efforts were not in vain. They got the ear of the public. They pulled the lid off corruption. Young men like Bryan and Roosevelt, Folk and Hadley came to the front. They shocked the modesty of old snoots. They roused the ire of the moss-back. They may not have accomplished as much as could be desired, but they set the pace. The country is safely anchored in a large independent vote. From now on the labor organizations are a factor to be reckoned with. The farmers are organizing for protection. They already number millions. The members of the Farmers' union expect the parties to which they belong to make good. When they ask for bread they will not accept a stone. They ask for nothing but justice and they have their idea of what justice is. They also have the courage of their convictions and will suffer no compromise of their interests.

DIFFERENT CROPS FOR TEXAS

Farmers in That State Should Give More Attention to Cultivation of Various Grains.

Exports of breadstuffs from Galveston for the week ending Saturday, March 29, were 45,737 bushels of corn, 12,133 bushels of wheat, and 5,612 barrels of flour. The exports of grain and flour from the great port of Texas should be a great incentive to the farmers, and especially the union farmers, to give more attention to planting and marketing such grain as can be raised in Texas, which is about all of them, and in addition kafir corn and milo maize.

Corn sells for export readily now for 65 cents a bushel and kafir for five cents less per bushel. It takes much less labor and half the time to raise corn and get it in shape for market than it does cotton, and the expense is so much less that that alone should be a big inducement to raise it.

The Co-Operator is not advising union farmers how to conduct their business, for it believes that a wide-awake farmer knows his business better than anyone else, but suggestions based on facts are always in order. This would be practical diversification with a market in sight, and the Co-Operator is sure that even a town landlord, if he knew that his third or fourth of the crop would pan out more money than cotton, would gladly urge the renter to plant corn, just as he now urges and commands him to plant cotton—all cotton. This kind of diversification would enable the farmer to cut his cotton crop down or even cut it out altogether, for if he will give the same attention to his corn crop as he does to his cotton crop, the general success of his efforts would prove much more profitable. In Grayson county the farmers are offering a premium of five dollars for the best acre of corn, and the State Corn Growers' association at its last annual mid-winter meeting in Sherman, last January, demonstrated that corn planted and grown from proper seed would make an average of from thirty-five to fifty bushels an acre in Texas most anywhere. So we take the half of the product of both added together, 42½ bushels per acre, and place the price at an even 50 cents a bushel, which is less by 15 cents than what export corn is now selling at, and we have \$21.25 per acre.

Do you get as much as that from cotton after expenses are paid? Cutting the price, as has been done, don't you think that your corn would nearly realize you the sum mentioned net? What does it cost you to raise an acre of corn? Some one give the figures, and then also the figures on raising an acre of cotton, making an estimate on the time it takes to raise and market the two crops, and it to the Co-Operator and let us get to figuring on this proposition for the good of all.

One other thing, remember, and that is that there is no likelihood of the price of export cotton falling below present prices, for Indian corn has now become one of the great food products of the world, and people have got to have food, even if they go naked, to live. At the meeting in January of the Corn Growers' association, in Sherman, and there were a number of union men present, Mr. Curtis of the Barrus flour mills of Fort Worth told the assembled farmers that he would pay them 70 cents a bushel by the car load for straight white corn, f. o. b., at their station, and contract for unlimited quantities. Of course not many farmers now raise an exactly pure white corn, for they have so neglected, as a rule, the selection of their seed that the result each year has been to mix the character of the seed planted until it has become almost a hybrid. Like everything else, corn raising has been neglected for cotton, and there are several good reasons why the farmer has done this, which the Co-Operator will take up in time, for the farmer is not solely to blame for present conditions.

But while the topic of diversification is the main subject of discussion, the Co-Operator believes that it is wise to suggest to the farmer some practical way through which he can diversify with a certainty of getting a market for his surplus that will enable him to supply the necessary money that he is bound to have during the year. Corn can be raised as well in Texas as elsewhere, and it is only because people have heard it said so often that "Texas is not a corn country" that even farmers have become to believe in it. A market is absolutely essential if the crop is to prove a success financially or otherwise. It was not till the packing houses were established in Fort Worth that a market was found for hogs in Texas. Many times before the farmers had been induced by newspapers and town farmer talk to plant hogs and various other things. They grew all right, but could not be sold, and therefore the farmer grew disgusted, quit and returned to cotton.

Now, diversification leads to intensive farming, and intensive farming includes among other things the selection of good seed, and good seed means careful planting and cultivating, which results in an increase in the average product per acre, and in consequence a larger profit.

While the Co-Operator advises, or rather suggests, what has just been written, it would not advise anyone to plant all corn, but that, with all things planted for home use, corn might be made the standard crop and cotton only the auxiliary. Think over these matters and give your opinion.—Taylor MacRae in National Co-Operator.

Give the boy a chance on the farm. Give him to understand that farming is a science and encourage him to study the best methods of farming.

OVER \$1,700,000 REDUCTIONS MADE

GOVERNOR CAMPBELL STRIKES
NUMEROUS ITEMS FROM GEN-
ERAL APPROPRIATION BILL.

EXPECTS NO TAX INCREASE

Expresses Belief It May Be Only Five
Cents Next Year—Sends in
Proclamation.

Austin, Tex., May 31.—Having cut more than \$1,700,000 out of the general appropriation; having a promise of the University that \$100,000 of its appropriation will not be used; having made a contract which will obviate the necessity of spending \$250,000 for a State water and light plant, and having previously vetoed a bill appropriating \$200,000 for a tuberculosis sanitarium, Gov. Campbell feels that the tax rate this year will not be higher than that of last year, 61-4c, and that next year it may not be over 5c.

The most notable vetoes in the appropriation bill are those which cancel all the appropriations for scholarships at the State normal schools, the sum aggregating \$140,000, and those canceling all appropriations for new buildings at the Agricultural and Mechanical College, amounting to \$90,000, among them the item of \$60,000 for a new dormitory.

This bunch of vetoes may be epoch-making, for, unlike other vetoes of items in this bill, it is not to be based upon the ground of economical necessity, but is based upon the ground that the Legislature has no constitutional right to make such appropriations. The Legislature has for many years been making appropriations for such purposes, notwithstanding the constitutional objection has often been raised. Each member of the Legislature is permitted to appoint two pupils to each of the normal schools, and each of these pupils has been granted a scholarship carrying a cash allowance of \$50 a year. This will now stop.

As the Agricultural and Mechanical College: the college according to the Constitution, is a branch of the University, and when the constitution was framed it was considered that the college would share in the available funds of the University. But the college was years ago granted independence from the University Control.

What it will do in the future to provide new buildings, since Gov. Campbell has cut it off from legislative assistance it is difficult to forecast. The past two years it has been necessary to quarter hundreds of students in tents.

The Governor vetoes the item of \$1,068,900 for the payment of public debts, he cut the appropriation for new buildings of asylums and took big slices out of the Controller's Land and Health Departments, vetoing the item of \$30,000 to build a detention hospital at Galveston. This item was to come out of the special quarantine fee fund. Because of the provision which makes any item appropriated for the first year available for disbursement in either year, Gov. Campbell cut many second year allowances, saying that the allowances for the first year were sufficient for both years.

The items stricken from the general appropriation bill by the Governor total \$1,703,984, or nearly 20 per cent of the bill. Add to that \$100,000 which the University regents agree not to use, and which Gov. Campbell treats as vetoed the aggregate of the vetoed items is \$1,803,984. Add to that the \$200,000 for a tuberculosis sanitarium, which the Governor previously vetoed, and the \$250,000 for a water and light plant, which he approved, but will not use, the total deductions from appropriations are \$2,253,984.

The general appropriation bill at it now stands it \$4,189,224 for the year ending August 31, 1910, and \$3,706,443 for the year ending August 31, 1911, hereinafter referred to as the first and second years, respectively, and \$53,037 of miscellaneous items which are immediately available, making a grand total of \$7,948,304. Add to this \$1,653,017 of special appropriations and deduct from same the water and light item of \$250,000, which will not be used and the aggregate of all appropriations of the Thirty-First Legislature, as approved, is \$9,381,821.

The Governor makes this statement: That the gross appropriations made by the Thirty-First Legislature were \$3,577,170, more than those made by the Thirtieth, and that the items vetoed by him, plus the \$250,000 water and light item, deducts \$2,251,481 from the total.

It will thus be seen that the aggregate increase in net appropriation is \$1,325,689, or \$391,320 less than the Waters-Pierce Oil Company fine.

Electric Plant at Clifton.
Clifton: Machinery for a new electric power plant is being installed and will be ready for use in a few days. The plant supplements the water plant already in use and will insure Clifton twenty-four hours' electric service every day.

The Farmers' Union has organized a company in Celeste, and will erect a gin. The contract for all the machinery has been made for building the gin house, which will begin next week.

HE PUZZLED THE BRITISHER

Evidently Doorkeeper Had Never
Heard of the Lord That American Minister Served.

Judge George F. Lawton of the Middlesex probate court told me a story the other day of an American minister who was spending his sabbatical year traveling abroad. Arriving in London, he made every effort to get an intimate view of the two branches of parliament in session. Of course no stranger is allowed on the floor of the house of lords, but the minister not knowing this, and with the usual amount of American push, tried to make his way in. There is a rule, however, that servants of the various lords may be admitted to speak to their ministers. Seeing the minister walking boldly in, the doorkeeper asked:

"What lord do you serve?"
"What lord?" repeated the astonished American, "the lord Jehovah!"
For a moment the doorkeeper hesitated and then admitted him. Turning to an assistant standing near, he said:
"He must mean one of those poor Scotch lairds."—Boston Record.

WESTON, Ocean-to-Ocean Walker.

Staid recently: "When you feel down and out, feel there is no use living, just take your hat and boots with you and walk them off. Before you have walked a mile things will look rosier. Just try it." Have you noticed the increase in walking of late in every community? Many attribute it to the comfort which Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, gives to the millions now using it. As Weston has said, "It has real merit." It cures tired, aching feet while you walk. 30,000 testimonials. Order a 25c package today of any Druggist and be ready to forget you have feet. A trial package of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE sent FREE. Address ALLEN S. OLIMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Captain's Repartee.

The captain of a trans-Atlantic liner, having become irritable as a result of some minor troubles in the ship's management and the unusually large number of ridiculous inquiries made by tourists, was heading for the "bridge" when a dapper young man halted him to inquire the cause of the commotion off the starboard side of the ship. Being on the port side, the captain politely replied, with some sarcasm, he was not certain, but thought it possible that a cat fish had just had kittens.—What-to-Eat.

Quite True.

Marian, a little three-year-old, is very stubborn. One day, when she was fretful, her mother, wishing to engage her mind, attracted her attention to a cow in a vacant lot and asked what it was.

Marian replied, "hoss" (horse) and stubbornly refused to give in. Her mother, wishing to get a correct answer without scolding, asked: "What eats grass besides a horse?" "More hoss," was the quick response.—De-linicator.

Continual Doubt.

"How many children have you?" said the tourist, affably.

"I dunno exactly," answered the tired-looking woman.

"You don't know?"

"Not for certain. Willie's gone fishin', Tommy's breakin' in a colt, Georgie's borrowed his father's shotgun to go hunting an' Esmeralda Ann is thinkin' of elopin'. I never know how many I've got till supper time comes, so's I can count 'em."

A Plea for Bachelors.

There are few people in the community more generous, according to their means, more unselfish, and more self-denying than the much-maligned bachelor class. Why, then, should it be taxed? If a tax is required, let it be levied on the pampered, petted, over-indulged, usually ungrateful married man.—London Daily Graphic.

Exclusive.

"Where do the Hottentots live, Mary?" a public-school teacher asked one of her pupils. "I don't know, 'm," said Mary, primly. "Ma won't let me visit any of the people in this neighborhood."—Youth's Companion.

OPERATION HER ONLY CHANCE

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Adrian, Ga.—"I suffered untold misery from a female weakness and disease, and I could not stand more than a minute at a time. My doctor said an operation was the only chance I had, and I dreaded it almost as much as death. One day I was reading how other women had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it. Before I had taken one bottle I was better, and now I am completely cured."—LENA V. HENRY, Route No. 3, Adrian, Ga.

Why will women take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

TENDER, BUT NOT LOVING.



Waiter (to customer, who had complained that his steak is not tender enough): "Not tender enough? D'you expect it to kiss you!"

Logical Reasoning.

A certain young man's friends thought he was dead, but he was only in a state of coma. When, in ample time to avoid being buried, he showed signs of life, he was asked how it seemed to be dead.

"Dead?" he exclaimed. "I wasn't dead. I knew all that was going on. And I knew I wasn't dead, too, because my feet were cold and I was hungry."

"But how did that fact make you think you were still alive?" asked one of the curious.

"Well, this way: I knew that if I were in heaven I wouldn't be hungry. And if I was in the other place my feet wouldn't be cold."

Household Hint.

"Do you know how to use a chafing dish?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Sirlus Barker. "I have some novel ideas on the subject."

"What are they?"

"The best way I know of to use a chafing dish is to punch a hole in the bottom of it, paint it green and plant flowers in it."—Washington Star.

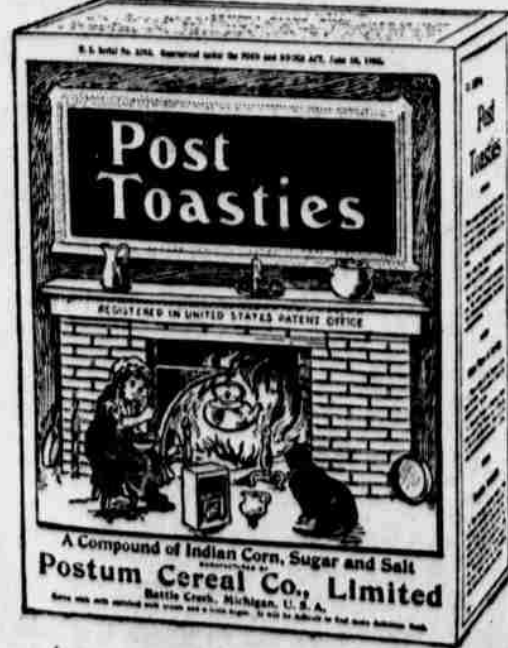
Her Blue Kitchen.

"You are always talking about your lovely little blue kitchen," they said, "but we see you dining out every night. Do you never cook in it?"

"Not enough to get tired of it," she said, "and that's the reason I like it so."

Appetite Calls

For food which promotes a prompt flow of the digestive juices—in addition to supplying nourishment.



Post
Toasties

is a most
delicious answer
to appetite.

It is, at the
same time, full of
the
food-goodness of
White Corn, and
toasted to a crisp
delicious brown.

"The Taste Lingers."

Popular pkg 10c; Large Family size 15c.



Dr. Geo. F. Oglesby, Veterinary Surgeon of many years experience and state wide reputation, will be in Haskell for several days. Anyone with crippled or diseased stock will find it to their interest to see Dr. Oglesby. **Examination Free.** Bring in those horses that can't masticate their food and have their teeth fixed. No trouble to answer questions.



22 Caliber Repeating Rifle

Model No. 20
The safety, comfort and convenience of the Marlin solid top, closed-breech and side ejection features are combined with the quick, easy manipulation of the popular sliding fore-end or "pump" action in the new Model 20 Marlin rifle.

In rapid firing—the real test of a repeater—the Marlin solid top is always a protection and prevents smoke and gas blowing back the excited rifle in your face or into your eyes, and never interferes with the aim; the fore-end is your hand and helps quick operation.

It handles the short, long and long-range cartridges without change in adjustment, and the deep Ballard riding guarantees the accuracy, making it the finest little rifle in the world for target shooting and for all small game up to 250 or 300 yards.

For full description of all Marlin Repeating Rifles, just get our 136-page catalog. Mailed free for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.,
42 Willow Street, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Rheumatism

More than nine out of every ten cases of rheumatism are simply rheumatism of the muscles, due to cold or damp, or chronic rheumatism. In such cases no internal treatment is required. The free application of

Chamberlain's Liniment

is all that is needed and it is certain to give quick relief. Give it a trial and see for yourself how quickly it relieves the pain and soreness. Price 25c; large size, 50c.

Sold by Collier's Drug Store.

VALUABLE INFORMATION for the Buyers of SEWING MACHINES

Does it run easy. Does it look good. Does it make a good stitch. Does it sew fast. Is it well made. Is it easy to operate. Is it simple in construction. Does the manufacturer put his name on it.

THE FREE

sewing machine recently placed on the market by the Free Sewing Machine Co. combines the best qualities of all other machines. It is the latest, best and most complete achievement in building of a sewing machine. Compare it with all other machines in anything in which they claim to excel and you will find it **FREE** easily the best.

FREE SEWING MACHINE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
FOR SALE BY
SHERILL BROS. & CO.

POSITIONS SECURED FREE

If you are looking for a chance to make something out of yourself young man or young lady, take a course in some of the Departments in

Abilene Business College,

ABILENE, TEXAS.

No other school in the entire south is doing as much for the great number of its students as this school. Our success depends upon the success of our students and they succeed on account of their superior training.

We Positively Guarantee the Success of Every Industrious Student.

We handle departments of Telegraphy, Shorthand and Typewriting, Bookkeeping and Banking and English.

Interesting circulars Free to those interested.

To those that are interested in great and growing demand for Telegraph Operators, we invite a critical examination of our Telegraph Department.

We have **FOUR MAIN LINES** for students use that will make them Practical Operators. Write us today.

ABILENE BUSINESS COLLEGE,

ABILENE, TEXAS.

These Be Growing Days.

If ever in the history of the Southwest, there was one time more than another in which to "smile and keep on smiling," it is right now. When the average stranger is given a brief summary of the wonderful things going on in the material way in the Southwest, he wants to argue the case with the narrator. He finds it impossible to mould his grasp so as accommodate the whole truth. It is almost impossible to conceive to the vast army of men—big-browed, broad-browed, full-pursed men—who are probing into every nook and corner of "the best" investment for money and the best field for the expenditure of brains and energy. Rivers are being traced from their sources looking to water power and to irrigation possibilities, looking to navigability and to drainage opportunities. Mountains are being probed for rich treasures of minerals and stone. Forests are being secured for a summary of their wealth of rapidly enhancing values in timber. The fields are being tried out through new processes and new crops that they may not only be multiplied in numbers and in area, but that the yield may be doubled, trebled and quadrupled. The iron horse is finding foothold in every place and is carrying a hitherto unprofitable production to the markets of the world, while the calm blue vault is showing day after day new markings of the furnace's breath, and the roar and rumble of the advancing material industry is making music that is soon to reverberate over every hill and vale, through every mountain and plain of this the greatest center of growth and activity on earth.

When the great queen said to the wise men, "the half has never been told," she spoke a truth whose weight lies in the prophecy of the Southwestern empire. When we of the Southwest tell the whole truth to those who have not seen it were bet

that we have told only a little part. The world is not prepared to believe all that is true of the climate, of the soil, of the mines, of the streams and of the forests which make up the riches of this country of every man's opportunity.

Not a day passes without some of our Eastern and Northern friends saying that it is impossible to grasp the greatness of the opportunities that are offered here and what is more to the points, the majority of those who come to see, become investors.

This should be a spur to those among us who are either sitting with folded hands or else dwelling over enterprises that should be taken hold of with a giant grasp and pushed with Herculean strength. One of these days those who wait will find that opportunities of today are all in the hands of others, and the big things they might have done have been accomplished by those who have heeded the admonition, "Whatsoever thy hands findeth to do, do with all thy might."—Texas Trade Review.



Sold By
Spencer & Gillam

The Bartlett Tribune gives some advice worth noticing when it says thusly: "Whenever you see a funnel-shaped cloud coming your way, don't stop to look for its silver lining, but run like the devil for a cyclone cellar!"

I have moved my shop to post office block where I will do all repairing on saddles, tops as well as goods cheap.

THE LOST CHORD

By Horace Seymour Keller.

If you have tears bottle them. Once during an unguarded moment, I cast off all monetary obligations, pulled up the festive carpet, disjoined the vengful stovepipe, packed the corn crockery and moved into a new and promising flat. Right here let me say that I shoot shy of new flats in the future. I prefer the tried old flat with its unbroken record of death and ice rates, its debilitated water pipes and slimy hallways, as well as its decimated stairs.

There was the aroma of fresh paint clinging to the environments of the new flat, and the banisters yanked the skin off my hands every time I made their acquaintance—not to mention the woes they worked upon my hopeful's pantalets as he slid down them. Fresh varnish. But those woes were nothing. The darling of the gods, whom the gods hate with a relentlessness fury, the cornetist, he it was who poured his vials of sadness upon me and worked his spirit of despair and demon of malignity with every stop wide open.

It was the old, old story told with hated breath, by lips ashed with poignant pain, yelled by loud-mouthed criers from each house-top and murmured in the quietness of night under grape arbores where suckling doves twitter their innocent lays to junior suckling dovelets. He began his obligato just when I drew the star-gemmed quilt of Murphy about me and sunk into alleged slumber. Then the fiend proceeded to unpin the drop curtain of night, let slip the dogs of war, swat pandemonium and make New York peevish.

I am a great lover of music, but I am not so habituated to the passion that I care to take it as a steady diet for ten long weeks.

But ah-ha and a-not'er ah-ha!

I am after him with a big stun that will put him out of the running. Of this, however, anon so to hint.

One night the troubled soul went waverling from B to bull's foot and thus down to lizard with a pang in every throb that would melt a heart of stone. But not my heart, son.

Poor soul! He panted and sighed and surged in a spasmodic splurge of wind after the lost chord. Then a painful silence fell with a splash like the murmuring of untold piffles tossed lightly to the wandering winds of night.

I heard him jab a cane into the mizzle of his wind-jammer. It was followed by a cuss word that seared the wall paper. He found the nice, big damp towel some human fiend had rammed into the cornet.

The lost chord was found and he pumped "The Merry Widow" until his bellows gave out—about four in the morning.

I waited another week before working my fell scheme to put him out of business. After hugging myself and smothering a deep Eureka, I hid me to my downy couch and awaited the climax.

I heard the rattling of keys, followed by a deep "Ah-m!"

And then—

"Great Scott! I—achew! I—achew! This—wow, wow, I—achew! Who put this—pep—pep—cay—cayenne—pep—pepper in—achew!"

Next day he moved and peace has reigned like a white-winged angel ever since.

MONKEY HUGS TWO GIRLS.

Simian's Attempt at Flirtation Makes Both of Them Faint.

Mrs. Stella Bruggeman and Miss May Wood of Montclair, N. J., and young Jack Ebbels, a Montclair beau, went chestnutting in the woods around the new state normal school, Montclair Heights, Monday, says the New York World. Of a sudden Miss Bruggeman, who had wandered a little way from her companions, shrieked affrightedly. Jack Ebbels ran to her; a monkey, with a funny bearded face and a long tail, jumped from Miss Bruggeman's shoulder, clambered up an oak tree and vanished through a hole in a big limb.

The frightened girl said she had not seen the monkey until it sprang on her shoulder, threw its arms around her neck and squeezed her so violently that it scratched her cheek and neck.

Young Ebbels vengefully swore he would catch the monkey, and, with the girls' help, he climbed the tree and caught its lowest branches. As he ascended, the monkey reappeared and pelted Ebbels with chestnuts, of which, it proved, it had a great stock in the hollow branch.

As Ebbels approached, the monkey ran down the tree and again sprang on Miss Bruggeman's shoulder, chattering excitedly as if it wanted to tell her what a pretty girl she is. Miss Bruggeman fainted.

Screaming, Miss Wood ran away; the monkey, as if to show no favoritism, chased and overtook her, and, leaping on her shoulder, clasped her neck and held on tight. Miss Wood ran to the nearest house and fainted.

"Why, here's Jocko come home again," cried the woman living in the house. The monkey sprang in her arms; her children came running and petted the monkey. The woman revived Miss Wood and told her she had owned Jocko three years.

Sand Far Below Surface.
Although the sand in the Sahara only averages 30 feet in depth, it has been found 200 feet below the surface.

MR. BRYAN'S PLANS

In response to repeated demands, coming from every section of the United States, Mr. Bryan will conduct a vigorous Campaign of Education through the Commoner, and assist in the organization of "An educational club in every precinct." These clubs will promote the work of education among the voters on all political questions affecting the American people.

To advance this educational plan, each issue of The Commoner will contain a special article on some pertinent political subject, designed to present in an instructive way, authentic historical information, to give valuable statistical data, to carefully analyze the opposing arguments, and to discuss their application to present-day conditions.

The following subjects, and others, upon which all Americans should be accurately informed, will be discussed:

The Tariff (by schedules as it affects the individual); **Postal Savings Banks**; **Imperialism**; **Colonialism**; **The Rights of the States**; **Wide Primary Laws**; **Inheritance Tax**; **Initiative and Referendum**; **Recall of Public Officials**; **Commission Form of Government**; **For Cities**; **The Trust Question**; **Regulation of Railroads and Other Corporations**; **Popular Election of Senators**; **Income Tax**.

This series will afford a vast fund of political information for any citizen regardless of party affiliation, provide excellent material for all students of economic questions and will be a veritable compendium of politics for schools and debating societies.

FREE BOOKS, FOR EVERYONE

The Commoner, to start this campaign of education, and to place this series of articles in the hands of as many voters as possible, will give FREE and express prepaid anywhere in the United States, the following splendid books:

The Life and Works of Abraham Lincoln—Six volumes, 240 pages, bound in red cloth, gold back stamp. Introductions and special articles by Theodore Roosevelt, President Taft, Governor Hughes, Henry Watterson and others. Full biography, anecdotes, tributes, early speeches, famous Lincoln-Douglas debates in full, later speeches and important addresses, all presidential speeches and state papers. This fine set neatly packed in box sent FREE and express prepaid, or by mail, sending 10 yearly subscriptions at the regular yearly subscription rate of \$1 each.

The Old World and Its Ways—Mr. Bryan's own book describing his tour around the world and journeys through Europe. His impressions are highly instructive and entertaining. Containing 57 Imperial Octavo pages, over 200 superb engravings from photographs taken or procured by him. Richly bound in extra English cloth, gold side and back.

Start this week among your friends and secure these books FREE, any or all of them, for a little easy work. It's not hard to secure subscribers for The Commoner. It is taken by people of all parties, and contains departments of interest to every member of the family. Educational clubs will be organized in every county, and many will subscribe in order to secure The Commoner's Course of Study. These articles and other special features will well repay the subscriber, and anyone may be proud to have the books which we offer FREE, in their library.

Secure and send in your subscription lists at once, and state what book or books you desire sent to you. Your own name may be included in any list, and a renewal subscription will count the same as a new one. Any boy or girl can take advantage of this offer. Make remittance by post-office money order and address—

THE COMMONER, Lincoln, Neb.

To secure any of these books you must cut out this ad., including name of paper below, and send together with your order.

regular selling price \$2. Given FREE for club of five names at \$1 each. Regular \$3 half leather edition, for 7 names; regular \$4 full Morocco Edition, for 9 names.

Bryan The Man—An impartial portrayal of his personal life, gathered from actual incidents in his home and public life, political campaigns, and world tour. Mr. Bryan as an editor, as a farmer, as a humorist, as a lecturer, as a soldier, in the pulpit, etc., etc. Handsomely bound in green cloth, 161 pages, beautifully illustrated. FREE for club of three names at \$1 each.

Letters to a Chinese Official—Mr. Bryan's reply to the famous "Letters From a Chinese Official." A superb vindication of western civilization and ideals in answer to an attack on the religious standards and purposes of our race. Selling price, 50 cents. A neat volume of 96 pages. Given FREE for club of two names at \$1 each.

To secure any of these books you must cut out this ad., including name of paper below, and send together with your order.

WANTED—A RIDER AGENT IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and sell the new **MONKEY HUGS TWO GIRLS** bicycle. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. **Write for full particulars and special offer at once.** **NO CASH ADVANCE** required. You can start at once. We will pay you \$100.00 for every bicycle you sell. You can also get a bicycle for \$10.00. **FACTORY PRICES**—We have the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make. We have a number of hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from \$5.00 to \$10.00. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free. **COASTER-DRAKES**, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, repairs and equipment of all kinds at half the usual retail price.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and see the prices of our superb models. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone but **MONKEY HUGS TWO GIRLS**. You can sell your bicycles under your own name plate at **FACTORY PRICES**. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—We have a number of hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from \$5.00 to \$10.00. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

\$5.00 HEDGETHORN PUNCTURE-PROOF \$1.80 SELF-HEALING TIRES A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY 4

The regular retail price of these tires is \$5.00 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a pair for only \$1.80. **NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES**—NAILS, Tacks or Glass will not let the air out. Sixty thousand pairs sold last year. Over two hundred thousand pairs now in use.

DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber which never wears out. It is a tire which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than ordinary tires, the puncture resisting qualities being given tread. The regular price of these tires is \$5.00 per pair, but to introduce we will sell you a pair for only \$1.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on order. You do not need to pay anything until you receive the tires. We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price \$1.71 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose \$1.00 per pair if you are not satisfied on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable offer.

IF YOU NEED TIRES—Don't buy any kind of any price until you send for a pair of the special introductory price quoted above, or write for our big Tire and Tires Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT—But write us a postal today. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING** a bicycle unless you have a pair of tires from **MONKEY HUGS TWO GIRLS**. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write us now.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

A Dutchman, addressing his dog, said: "You vas only a dog, but I wish I vas you. Ven you go mit your bed in you shust turn round drie times and lay down; ven I got mid de bed I hav to lock up de blade, and vind up de clock and put de eat frou vakes up and scolds, den de bady vakes up and cries and I half to walk him mid the house round, den maybe, ven I get myself to bed, it is time to get up again. Ven you get up you shust stretch yourself, dig your neck a leedle an you vas up. I have to light de fire, put on de kettle, scrap some mid me vife already, and get myself breakfast. You play around all day ond haf blenty of fun. I haf to work all day and haf blenty of drouble. Ven you die you vas dead; ven I die I haf to go to hell yet."—Journal Barstow.

The following story is told of how General Andrew Jackson got his title of "Old Hickory." Captain William Allen, who was an old neighbor of the general, messed with him during the Creek war. During the campaign the soldiers were moving rapidly to surprise the Indians and were without tents. A cold

March rain came on, mingled with sleet, which lasted for several days. General Jackson got a severe cold, but did not complain, as he tried to sleep in a muddy bottom among his half frozen soldiers. Captain Allen and his brother, Jim, cut down a stout hickory tree, peeled off the bark and made a covering for the general, who was with difficulty persuaded to crawl under it. The next morning a drunken citizen entered the camp, and seeing the tent kicked it over. As Jackson crawled from the ruins the toper cried "Hello, Old Hickory! come out of your bark and jine us in drink."—Graham Leader.

I will have this week a larger supply than ever, including east Texas fruits, berries, peaches, apples, pears, potatoes, pure ribbon cane syrup, and California goods as well. Will be glad to supply you.

G. J. Miller, East Haskell.

Dishes! Dishes! Best assortment in decorated and white at the Racket Store.

Wanted: clean white rags. Boys you can pick up a few dimes, Haskell Light Plant.

3t

3t