

The Borden Citizen

VOL. 7.

GAIL, BORDEN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, AUG. 8, 1907.

NO. 33.

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Coffins, Caskets and Robes,
Big Stock and Low Prices.
J. J. McClure, Licensed Embalmer,
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Ball Playing on the Streets Prohibited.

Base Ball is quite a fad with the youth of Gail, it seems to be the only game going America cares to play. As an athletic game, a game to develop and harden the muscles, it has no superior. It is our National game, and harmless when engaged in for necessary exercise, but for the risk of having an ankle sprained an eye put out or some other serious bodily injury, which is a matter of no surprise to the ordinary base ball player.

The Gail Team have made the game rather unpopular here by pitching ball on the streets, which is a menace not only to ladies and children passing by but to men, as the ball is thrown with a good deal of force, and

calculated to hurt whoever it happens to hit. Worse than this is the danger of making horses hitched to conveyances on the streets when hit by a ball run off and cause serious accidents. So much complaint has been made to Sheriff Clark about it by people who live in the country, that he has requested me to give notice in the CITIZEN of his determination to stop it, by arresting any one in future, found playing ball on the streets of Gail.

Mrs. John DeShazo received a phone message telling her of the death of her niece, Mrs. Graves Taggart which occurred at El-paso last Sunday. The remains will be shipped to Abeline to be buried by the side of her father.

Picnic and Barbecue.
Picnic and Barbecue at the Park School house Aug. 16th. Come one and all. There will be Speaking, Tournament riding, mule riding, steer riding, and base ball playing.
Everybody invited.
S. C. HUTCHERSON
J. R. JENKINS
J. M. EVANS
Committee.

Products of Borden County
A very fine specimen of two vegetables raised in Borden county were brought in town this week. One was a half grown kershaw, weighing over 18 pounds and a very fine cucumber. These samples were sent in by one of Borden county's most enterprising farmers, Mr. E. Page, who lives on the old McCarty place.

A Pleasant Trip.
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stokes, Mrs. Josie Edwards and Miss Verda Layton, went out to Mr. D. W. Godwin's Tuesday evening to witness a cattle dipping, a sight entirely new to people from the East. After they had witnessed the dipping Mr. Godwin treated the crowd to a nice watermelon which was greatly enjoyed by the four already mentioned, and Mr. Gurley and wife.

A Card of Thanks.
The ladies of the Home Mission Society wish to extend their sincere thanks to those who assisted in the ice cream supper last Saturday night. \$23.00 above expenses was realized, which will be expended to build porches to the Methodist parsonage.

**WHAT A BIT OF
COQUETRY COST**

(Original.)

Tracey Ashley, a young northerner, spent a winter in New Orleans, where he met and wooed Rosalind St. Leger, a resident of that old southern city. Miss St. Leger was a belle and had no end of suitors, among them a Julius Warfield, born and bred in Louisiana and heir to a large sugar plantation. Ashley was an ardent wooer, while the southerner appeared to be rather indifferent.

Mardi Gras was coming on and with it preparations for unusual festivities. Ashley, whose engagements at home required him to leave New Orleans with the advent of Lent, begged hard of the lady to give him an affirmative answer to a proposition of marriage he had made her, but she would not.

Meanwhile the Mardi Gras opened. On the last evening of the festivities Ashley put on a domino and mingled with the masqueraders. Among the throng he noticed a feminine figure in a green domino on the arm of a man dressed in a red one. In the former was something familiar to the young northerner. As he passed them the woman flirted her handkerchief at him. He followed the couple and at last made up his mind that she was Miss St. Leger. Then he purchased a bouquet from a street vender and, approaching her, offered it. She accepted it and slipped her hand within his arm. Her attendant fell back. Convinced of her identity, Ashley took a fancy to press his suit without revealing the fact that she was known to him.

"But supposing," she said in a voice thinly disguised, "that I am not of your class."

"That cannot be," he said. "One to the manner born cannot conceal it even in disguise."

"I may be homely."

"That I will risk."

"You haven't seen my face."

"I have seen your figure. I have heard your voice. Neither could belong to any but a beautiful girl. But were your face pockmarked, were your eyes green, your nose a beet, still would I love you."

She was silent. He felt her hand tremble on his arm.

"Oh, to have a lover like that," she responded presently—"to be loved for oneself by one who loves so well that a lack of beauty, a blemish, has no weight to turn his love!"

"You will find me such. You are beautiful. I know it. But supposing some accident, some illness, should convert that beauty into ugliness, still would I love you."

"If you only would!"

"I know I would."

"But suppose you should find my face, which you insist on believing beautiful, to be hideous?"

"I would love you."

They had passed beyond the crowd of merry-makers. The torches flickered in the distance. Shouts of laughter, the tooting of horns, the tread of feet, came confusedly. Ashley unclasped the hand from his arm and pressed it.

"Tell me, sweetheart," he said, "is it yes?"

"You do not know what you are doing."

"I know this—that I love you."

"When you see my face you will spurn me."

"Never!"

"Even if you should wish to keep your word I would not permit you to make the sacrifice. A hero once loved a beautiful woman. She refused him. Smallpox destroyed her beauty. They met again, and she accepted him. He married her. They lived a wretched life."

"It would not be so with me."

"I would not trust you."

"I beg of you, do not hold me off longer. I am becoming beside myself. Send me away from you, and I will bury my grief under the bosom of the Mississippi."

"You don't mean it."

"I do."

"You will surely die if I deny you?"

"I will."

"Then I must yield."

Removing her mask, she turned toward him the face of a full blooded African negress. He started back.

"Reckon yo' been mistaken, mars," she said in broad negro dialect.

Ashley drew forth a well filled wallet and was about to open it when the negro snatched it.

"I want it all, Mars' Ashley. Ef yo' don' gib it to me I'll tell Missy Rosalind."

"You know her?"

"I ought to. I'm her maid."

"Keep it, and if you keep the secret as well you shall have more." And, turning on his heel, he rejoined the revelers.

An hour later Ashley again passed the green and red dominos. The woman shook his wallet at him triumphantly. He was about to turn his back upon her when she lifted her mask and showed the features of Miss St. Leger. She tossed his wallet to him with a merry laugh and turned away. As she did so her escort raised his mask and showed the face of Julius Warfield.

Rosalind St. Leger regarded her act as a bit of coquetry that would serve to draw the northerner only the more closely to her. She was mistaken. He left the city the next morning without a call or a line of adieu. When she realized what she had done she bitterly rued her folly. She waited a year, hoping that he would relent; but, failing to hear from him, there was nothing for her to do but complete the part she had played by marrying Warfield. The only comfort remaining to her was to send her wedding cards to the man she really wanted.

HERBERT DOUSMAN.

Bermuda's Government.

The Bermudans govern themselves under a veto power which is practically never exerted, says World's Work. Their constitution is almost ideal. Here is a little world of its own, with a population of 17,000 souls. The good citizens elect their representatives to a house of assembly, and they administer the affairs of the colony with economy, justice and success. Here, as in every English colony, one is impressed with the great respect for the law. Like many of the West Indian islands, the Bermudas have almost no crime. The two jails at St. George and Hamilton look like summer boarding houses, and Charles Dudley Warner tried to become a "paying guest" with the jailer at St. George, to share his pleasant tropical home and relieve his loneliness and ennui.

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Trade at the New Dry Goods store Everything goes at a Bargain

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Comfortable Beds and Good Table Service.

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Prop.

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W. K. CLARK & SON, PROP'S.

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You cannot get GOOD work done cheaper in Bord'n county than at our shop.

West Side of Public Square,

Gail, Texas.

H. L. RIX & Co.

Carry the best assortment of Furniture, Stoves etc. ever offered to the people of West Texas. Second hand goods bought and sold. Write or call and see us when in the City.

Undertakers goods.

Big Springs, Texas.

We are here to do business and meet competition. If you want building material of any kind, come and figure with us before buying elsewhere, and we will save you money.

H. C. WALLACE LUMBER CO.

Big Springs,

Texas

Send the Citizen to the Old Folks At Home.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

By CHARLES KLEIN.

A Story of American Life Novelized From the Play by ARTHUR HORNBLow.

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As John Ryder sat there sphinx-like at the head of the directors' table he reviewed all this in his mind. His own part in the work was now done, and well done, and he had come to this meeting today to tell them of his triumph. Cries of "The chair! The chair!" arose on every side. Senator Roberts leaned over to Ryder and whispered something in his ear.

With an acquiescent gesture John Ryder tapped the table with his gavel and rose to address his fellow directors. Instantly the room was silent again as the tomb. One might have heard a pin drop, so intense was the attention. All eyes were fixed on the chairman. The air itself seemed charged with electricity that needed but a spark to set it ablaze.

Speaking deliberately and dispassionately, the master dissembler began.

They had all listened carefully, he said, to what had been stated by previous speakers. The situation no doubt was very critical, but they had weathered worse storms, and he had every reason to hope they would outlive this storm. It was true that public opinion was greatly incensed against the railroads and, indeed, against all organized capital and was seeking to injure them through the courts. For a time this agitation would hurt business and lessen the dividends, for it meant not only smaller annual earnings, but that a lot of money must be spent in Washington.

The eyes of the listeners, who were hanging on every word, involuntarily turned in the direction of Senator Roberts, but the latter, at that moment busily engaged in rummaging among a lot of papers, seemed to have missed this significant allusion to the road's expenses in the District of Columbia. Ryder continued:

In his experience such waves of reform were periodical and soon wear themselves out, when things go on just as they did before. Much of the agitation doubtless was a strike for graft. They would have to go down in their pockets, he supposed, and then these yellow newspapers and these yellow magazines that were barking at their heels would let them go. But in regard to the particular case now at issue—this Auburndale decision—there had been no way of preventing it. Influence had been used, but to no effect. The thing to do now was to prevent any such disasters in future by removing the author of them.

The directors bent eagerly forward. Had Ryder really got some plan up his sleeve, after all? The faces around the table looked brighter, and the directors cleared their throats and settled themselves down in their chairs as audiences do in the theater when the drama is reaching its climax.

The board, continued Ryder with icy calmness, had perhaps heard and also seen in the newspapers the stories regarding Judge Rossmore and his alleged connection with the Great Northwestern company. Perhaps they had not believed these stories. It was only natural. He had not believed them himself. But he had taken the trouble to inquire into the matter very carefully, and he regretted to say that the stories were true. In fact, they were no longer denied by Judge Rossmore himself.

The directors looked at each other in amazement. Gasps of astonishment, incredulity, satisfaction, were heard all over the room. The rumors were true,

then? Was it possible? Incredible!

Investigation, Ryder went on, had shown that Judge Rossmore was not only interested in the company in whose favor as judge of the supreme court he had rendered an important decision; but, what was worse, he had accepted from that company a valuable gift—that is, \$50,000 worth of stock—for which he had given absolutely nothing in return unless, as some claimed, the weight of his influence on the bench. These facts were very ugly and so unanswerable that Judge Rossmore did not attempt to answer them, and the important news which he, the chairman, had to announce to his fellow directors that afternoon was that Judge Rossmore's conduct would be made the subject of an inquiry by congress.

Ryder sat down, and pandemonium broke loose, the delighted directors tumbling over each other in their eagerness to shake hands with the man who had saved them. Ryder had given no hint that he had been a factor in the working up of this case against their common enemy, but the directors knew well that he and he alone had been the master mind which had brought about the happy result.

CHAPTER III.

AS the supreme reward of virtue the good American is promised a visit to Paris when he dies.

Those, however, of our sagacious fellow countrymen who can afford to make the trip usually manage to see Lutetia before crossing the river Styx. Most Americans like Paris—some like it so well that they have made it their permanent home—although it must be added that in their admiration they rarely include the Frenchman. For that matter, we are not as a nation particularly fond of any foreigner, largely because we do not understand him, while the foreigner for his part is quite willing to return the compliment. He gives the Yankee credit for commercial smartness, which has built up America's great material prosperity, but he has the utmost contempt for our acquaintance with art and no profound respect for us as scientists.

The logic of this position, set forth in *Le Soir* in an article on the New World, appealed strongly to Jefferson Ryder as he sat in front of the Cafe de la Paix in Paris, sipping a sugared vermouth. It was 5 o'clock, the magic hour of the aperitif, when the glutton taxes his wits to deceive his stomach and work up an appetite for renewed gorging. The little tables were all occupied with the usual before dinner crowd.

Fascinated by the gay scene around him, Jefferson laid the newspaper aside. To the young American, fresh from prosaic money mad New York, the City of Pleasure presented indeed a novel and beautiful spectacle. How different, he mused, from his own city with one fashionable thoroughfare—Fifth avenue—monotonously lined for miles with hideous brownstone residences and showing little real animation except during the Saturday afternoon parade when the activities of the smartest, male and female, centered chiefly in such exciting diversions as going to Huyler's for soda, taking tea at the Waldorf and trying to outdo each other in dress and show. New York certainly was a dull place with all its boasted cosmopolitanism.

It was true, he thought, the foreigner had indeed learned the secret of enjoying life. There was assuredly something else in the world beyond mere money getting. His father was a slave to it, but he would never be. He was resolved on that. Yet, with all his ideas of emancipation and progress, Jefferson was a thoroughly practical young man. He fully understood the value of money, and the possession of it was as sweet to him as to other men. Only he would never soil his soul in acquiring it dishonorably.

No, Jefferson was no fool. He loved money for what pleasure, intellectual or physical, it could give him, but he would never allow money to dominate his life as his father had done. His father, he knew well, was not a happy man, neither happy himself nor respected by the world. He had toiled all his life to make his vast fortune, and now he toiled to take care of it. The galley slave led a life of luxurious ease compared with John Burkett Ryder. Baited by the yellow newspapers and magazines, investigated by state committees, dogged by process servers, haunted by beggars, harassed by blackmailers, threatened by kidnappers, frustrated in his attempts to bestow charity by the cry "tainted money,"



He sat in front of the Cafe de la Paix in Paris.

certainly the lot of the world's richest man was far from being an enviable one.

That is why Jefferson had resolved to strike out for himself. He had warded off the golden yoke which his father proposed to put on his shoulders, declining the lucrative position made for him in the Empire Trading company, and he had gone so far as to refuse also the private income his father offered to settle on him. He would earn his own living. A man who has his bread buttered for him seldom accomplishes anything, he had said, and, while his father had appeared to be angry at this open opposition to his will, he was secretly pleased at his son's grit. Jefferson was thoroughly in earnest. If needs be he would forego the great fortune that awaited him rather than be forced into questionable business methods against which his whole manhood revolted.

Jefferson Ryder felt strongly about these matters and gave them more thought than would be expected of most young men with his opportunities. In fact, he was unusually serious for his age. He was not yet thirty, but he had done a great deal of reading, and he took a keen interest in all the political and sociological questions of the hour. In personal appearance he was the type of man that both men and women like—tall and athletic looking, with smooth face and clean cut features. He had the steel blue eyes and the fighting jaw of his father, and when he smiled he displayed two even rows of very white teeth. He was popular with men, being manly, frank and cordial in his relations with them, and women admired him greatly, although they were somewhat intimidated by

his grave and serious manner. The truth was that he was rather diffident with women, largely owing to lack of experience with them.

He had never felt the slightest inclination for business. He had the artistic temperament strongly developed, and his personal tastes had little in common with Wall street and its feverish stock manipulating. When he was younger he had dreamed of a literary or art career. At one time he had even thought of going on the stage, but it was to art that he turned finally. From an early age he had shown considerable skill as a draftsman, and later a two years' course at the Academy of Design convinced him that this was his true vocation. He had begun by illustrating for the book publishers and for the magazines, meeting at first with the usual rebuffs and disappointments; but, refusing to be discouraged, he had kept on and soon the tide turned. His drawings began to be accepted. They appeared first in one magazine, then in another, until one day, to his great joy, he received an order from an important firm of publishers for six wash drawings to be used in illustrating a famous novel. This was the beginning of his real success. His illustrations were talked about almost as much as the book, and from that time on everything was easy. He was in great demand by the publishers, and very soon the young artist, who had begun his career of independence on nothing a year, so to speak, found himself in a handsomely appointed studio in Bryant park, with more orders coming in than he could possibly fill and enjoying an income of little less than \$5,000 a year. The money was all the sweeter to Jefferson in that he felt he had himself earned every cent of it. This summer he was giving himself a well deserved vacation, and he had come to Europe partly to see Paris and the other art centers about which his fellow students at the academy raved, but principally—although this he did not acknowledge even to himself—to meet in Paris a young woman in whom he was more than ordinarily interested—Shirley Rossmore, daughter of Judge Rossmore of the United States supreme court, who had come abroad to recuperate after the labors on her new novel, "The American Octopus," a book which was then the talk of two hemispheres.

Jefferson had read half a dozen reviews of it in as many American papers that afternoon at the New York Herald's reading room in the Avenue de l'Opera, and he chuckled with glee as he thought how accurately this young woman had described his father. The book had been published under the pseudonym "Shirley Green," and he alone had been admitted into the secret of authorship. The critics all conceded that it was the book of the year, and that it portrayed with a pitiless pen the personality of the biggest figure in the commercial life of America. "Although," wrote one reviewer, "the leading character in the book is given another name, there can be no doubt that the author intended to give to the world a vivid pen portrait of John Burkett Ryder. She has succeeded in presenting a remarkable character study of the most remarkable man of his time."

He was particularly pleased with the reviews, not only for Miss Rossmore's sake, but also because his own vanity was gratified. Had he not collaborated on the book to the extent of acquainting the author with details of his father's life and his characteristics which no outsider could possibly have learned? There had been no disloyalty to his father in doing this. Jefferson admired his father's smartness, if he could not approve his methods. He did not consider the book an attack on his father, but rather a powerfully written pen picture of an extraordinary man.

The acquaintance of his son with the daughter of Judge Rossmore had not escaped the eagle eye of Ryder, Sr., and much to the financier's annoyance

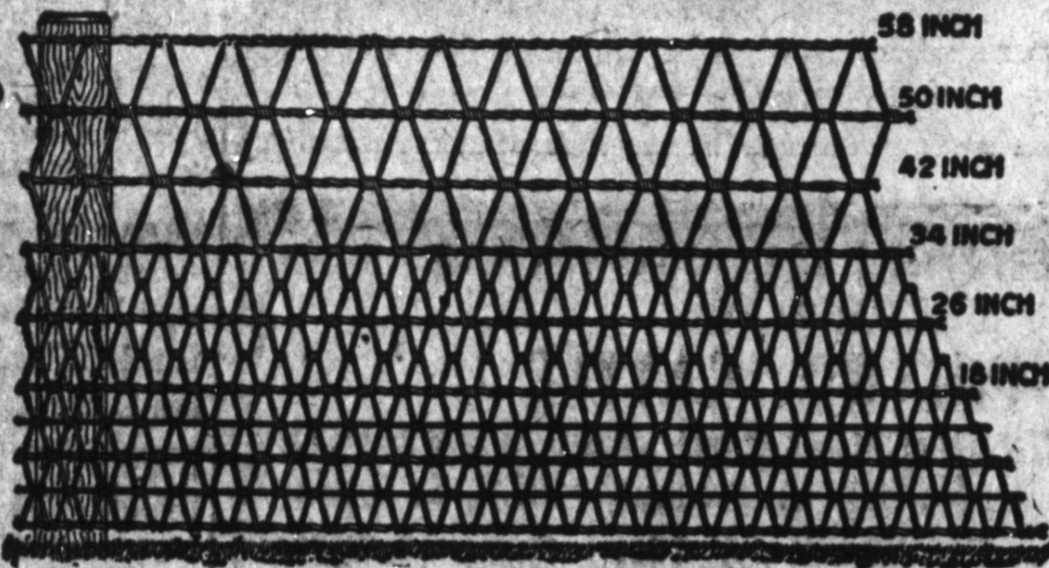
To be continued

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The Reasons:

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THAT IS ALL THERE IS TO ELLWOOD FENCE—

Heavy steel cables lapped about and held together by steel wire, forming uniform meshes. Simple, isn't it? No chance for weakness in any part; uniformly strong. The reasons for the superiority of ELLWOOD FENCE are not hard to find. This company owns and operates its own iron mines and furnaces; its own wire mills and six large fence factories—either one of the six being larger than any other fence factory in the world. These facts should be convincing.

Fence ont the Rabbits with Ellwood Fence

Best Fence on Earth for Cowpens and Corrals, All heights from 18 to 58 inches.

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It will pay you to figure with me

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Special Philippine Correspondence
By S. E. DeRackin.

Zamboanga, Moro Province, P. I. May 1, 1907.—The position of the Philippines as a whole, with reference to the trade of the Far East, is an ideal one, even today; but with the completion of the Panama canal their value to the United States will be beyond compare.

Our control of the Philippines, and the recent Titan struggle in Korea and Manchuria, are but incidents in a movement which has as its ultimate object the control of the Pacific. William H. Seward knew whereof he spoke when he declared that "henceforward European commerce, European politics, European thought, European activity, however effectively they may increase in intrinsic importance, and European alliances, however intimate they may become, will sink in relative importance—meanwhile the Pacific Ocean, its shores its isles, and the vast region beyond will become the principal theater of events in the great future of the world." The pro-

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The Thrifty Person buys his goods where his money goes farthest. Our aim is to make our store THAT Place. Come and see us.
Big Springs Furniture Co.

DIRECTORY.

District Officers.

J. L. Shepherd Judge
M. Carter Attorney
Court convenes eighth Monday after first Monday in February and September.

County Officers.

E. R. Yellott Judge
W. K. Clark, Sheriff & Tax Collector
J. D. Brown Clerk
D. Dorward, Jr. Treasurer
S. L. Jones Tax Assessor
No Attorney.

Court convenes first Monday in February, May, August and November.

Commissioners.

J. A. Scarlett Precinct No. 1
W. P. Coates Precinct No. 2
J. H. Wicker Precinct No. 3
C. E. Reader Precinct No. 4

Secret Orders.

Mason.—Meets Saturday night on or preceding full moon.

W. O. W.—Meets first Saturday night after each full moon, and on Saturday night two weeks thereafter.

Churches.

Methodist: Preaching every first Sunday. Rev. J. W. Childers, Preacher in Charge.

Church of Christ: Preaching every second Sunday. Eld. H. D. Pruett, Pastor.

Presbyterian: Preaching every third Sunday. Rev. W. W. Werner, Pastor.

Baptist: Preaching day every fourth Sunday.

Baptist Sunday School, at 3 p. m. T. R. Mauldin, Supt.

M. C. Bishop, Pastor

Union Prayer Meetings every Wednesday night.

OUR BARGAIN LIST.

If you like to read, come around to the Citizen office and let us fix you up with a great big pile of papers and magazines for a very small amount of cash. Just look at our liberal offers. When reading matter is so cheap, you are not doing yourself justice unless you avail yourself of these rare opportunities to become and remain well-informed.

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ern Br eders' Journal for one year.

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BE FARMERS BREED ARE THE KIND THAT PAY

A few yearling bulls for sale at present. Also in order to raise some more I must sell my Herd Bull, Dangerfield 9148, and a few nice pure bred heifers. Come up to the farm and inspect them or address

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Pies and Cakes

Table Supplied with best the Market Affords

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Colorado, Texas

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FOR SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.

THE WIGWAUM RESTAURANT

Is the only First Class restaurant in Big Springs with Ladies dining room, Cold Drinks and Ice Cream. Regular dinners 25cts. Short orders day and night.

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Big Springs,

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FREE Knowing what it was to suffer, I will give FREE OF CHARGE, to any afflicted a positive cure for Eczema, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Piles and Skin Diseases. Instant relief. Don't suffer longer. Write F. W. Williams, 400 Manhattan Avenue, New York. Enclose Stamp.

We are trying to make Big Springs the furniture market of this territory. Our prices are such that you cannot afford to buy elsewhere.
Big Springs Furn. Co.

phetic ken of Thomas H. Benton enabled him to see the day when the rule and empire of the world would belong to the route to the Indies, and to the nation which controls the commerce of that route.

The Panama canal, the Hawaiian, Aleutian, Ladrone and Philippine Islands place the American nation in absolute control of the Pacific, and they can no more escape the responsibility of their position than they can cease to be a progressive people.

AREA OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLAND.

The area of the Philippines equals that of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and the Islands are capable of supporting a population of one hundred million people. It is doubtful if on the face of the earth today an area so large as that of the Philippine Islands can be found which contains such a population together with such virgin resources in every line of industry. So prodigal is nature of her gifts, and so productive is the soil of the archipelago that only a scratch here and there is necessary for the support of eight million people. It must be remembered, however, that marked success is attained here only as it is attained in other countries, that is, by intelligent and entergetic work. This being a new country, many more opportunities offer here than in the United States, but those who expect success to wait upon them unsolicited will fail here as there. What these Island need is a class of sturdy pioneers such as made that great empire lying west of the Mississippi river to blossom as the rose—men with willing hands honest hearts and a small amount of capital. The statement so often made to the effect that a white man cannot labor in this climate is not true. Those who are afraid of a little sunshine can find some excuse for not laboring in any country. As Major General Leonard Wood, who is also a very eminent physician, says, "there is nothing in the climate of these Islands which prohibits long residence here. A moral life, with plenty of hard work, will be found to counteract, in most cases, the so-called demoralizing effects of the Philippine climate."

Method in Their Mud.

The Farmer—Stuck in the mud, hey? Hope ye git out all right, but I want to tell ye right now that we have poorer roads in this here country than in any seven states.

The motorist (sarcastically)—You certainly ought to be proud of them.

The farmer—An' you bet we are! Aytymobiles are almost as scarce as yellow fever muskeeters 'round these parts.—Puck.

The Borden Citizen

T. M. JONES, Ed. and Prop.
Published every Thursday.

Entered at the post office at Gail, Texas, as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

Per year\$1.00
Six months 50

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display ads, one inch per double column, \$1.00. per month.

Local ads, first insertion 10 cents per line, five cents per line for each insertion thereafter.

All ads placed in the Citizen without a specified time to run will be charged for till ordered out.

Gail, Texas, Aug. 8, 1907.

The Farmer and Politics.

(An extract from Farmers' Union Guide's Fourth of July oration)

Is this a people's government?

Whose fault is it, then, that the people do not get what is coming to them?

It is the fault of the people themselves.

They have never yet organized and drilled as soldiers (in other words, educated themselves) to a point where they can confidently take hold of their government and run it.

They stay at home on election day and let the other fellows carry their points, and then they find there was fraud, and they have had no show.

They are contented to labor and fail to read papers devoted to their own interests, and when the time comes to vote the destiny of their country they are not prepared for the responsibility and are at the mercy of the demagogues and looters and the street corner and cross roads politicians.

Failing to read and understand questions for themselves, they forget to pay their poll taxes, or if they pay them, they don't know when they are voting the noose around their necks and will put it in for the old party just because that's the way they've been doing.

Many of them will stay away from their local meetings and not even join and lend the influence to the Union because the corporations, the bankers, the speculators and their henchmen point to the alliance and say keep out of politics lest we bury you in the same grave. The FARMER never says keep out of politics—it's the town folks that are FOREVER AND ETERNALLY AFRAID THAT THE FARMER WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH POLITICS.

Boys, you must go into politics. You who live in the LAND of the FREE and the HOME of the BRAVE!

Ah! ye sons and daughters of Columbia!

Are you doing your own reading or are you content to produce and build for others as you have been doing and let them do your reading and inform you how you should vote?

Read and think carefully.

In the first place, who is it that wants you to stay out of politics; and in the second place, WHY does he want YOU to stay out? Is it because HE wants to stay IN?

"FARMERS," that is the class; "EDUCATIONAL," that is the object; "CO-OPERATION," that is the end. It is a plain proposition, and any one with an ounce of brains can understand it. Farmers and those who farm are the people for whom the order was originated. With the proper education along the lines of hearty co-operation and how to do it, is plenty to do, and the co-operation would follow as naturally as the night follows the day. Are you living up to this sort of an idea? If not, you should get right and stay right.

The Day of the Farmer.

R. N. Miller, Pres. J. D. Brown, Cash. D. Dorward Jr. Asst Cash

GAIL BANK

(UNINCORPORATED)

Will do a general Banking business.
Exchange drawn on the principal Commercial cities.

Colorado Drug Co.

The Leading Drug Store of the West
Prescription Work a Specialty

Mail orders given prompt attention.

COLORADO, TEXAS.

Who

ever heard of any body buying wire at \$2.85!

That's the way The Hinds

Big Springs sells it.
at you right on your
to 58 inches.

I want to sell you

Lumber Co.
Big Springs, Texas.

manufacturers. It is a far cry from the New England farmer, trying to arrange an exploded granite quarry into a stone wall that he may have room in which to plant his crop, and that master of capital, science and black earth ten feet deep, who plows with a traction engine and reaps with a ten-horse team. And between these two types of farmers the drift is steadily toward the latter. The comic paper does not laugh at the "granger" as frequently as it used to laugh. It wants his subscription. The capitalist does not foreclose mortgages on the prairie farm now. He borrows money of its owner. The farm is the nursery of individualism. If you are a cliff-dweller in the city send your boy there this summer, and let him see what it means to create wealth with the help of nature, rather than with the ticker. You will help make him a better American.

The farmer produces all wealth, at least what he produces make all other forms of wealth possible. This wealth rightfully belongs to the farmer because his labor produced it, and they might enjoy all the luxuries of their production if they would but resist the temptation to part with it for less money than it is worth. Get in line with the Union and help us all to resist temptation.—Co-Operator,

J S Cordill, Pres F M Cordill, V P C C Connell Sec

CORNELL LUMBER COMPANY.

Incorporated—Successors to the cordill Lumber Company.

DEALERS IN

Sash, Doors and Blinds; LUMBER, Shingles and Moulding;
Posts, Brick, Lime and Cement.

LET US FIGURE ON YOUR BILLS

Big Springs Texas

CONWAY-CRAIG LUMBER CO.

All Kinds of Building Material

Sherwin-Williams Paints, Oil Etc

Phone 100

F. B. Snyam, Manager.

Snyder, Texas.

For Stone Work of Any Kind
Cistern Building or House Moving

Apply to

J. H. SMOOT.

Gail, Texas

Two Advertising Truths.

A soap millionaire and an actor manager were talking business.

"I" Said the actor manager, "have discontinued the use of posters. My announcements appear in the newspapers exclusively. I have learned that those who don't read the papers don't go to the theater."

"You are wise," said the soap millionaire. "And I do like you. Long since I discarded every form of advertisement save that of the press, finding that they who didn't read a daily paper had no use for soap."

The Place for Pears.

The best soil for pears is probably a clay loam, or where the loam overlies a clay subsoil. Of course, pears will grow and produce well on what is known as a gravel loam, with a clay subsoil but this is not ideal as a clay loam. Whatever the location is, however, it must be dry, if not naturally dry, it should be made so by drainage. Low land is a very poor place on which to establish a pear orchard. The situation should be where there is plenty of sunshine and a free circulation of air at all times.

GOVERNER HOGG'S SPEECH.

The following speech by Gov. Hogg was delivered by means of a graphophone at a political banquet at Dallas sometime ago.

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen: In a recent nocturnal voyage on the watery waves of despair I drifted over the vortex of eternity, but was wafted back by the breath of Fate. In this sensational journey I forgot neith my God nor my State. To Him I stood ready and willing to render a final account, with no fear of my place in the great beyond. As to Texas, I felt there was much political work to be done in which every patriotic citizen should take part. Before leaving her I should like to see:

Rotation in office permanently established, nepotism forbidden, equality of taxation a fact, organized lobbying at Austin suppressed, the free pass system honestly and effectively abolished, oil pipe lines placed under the commission's control, insolvent corporations put out of business, all bonds and stocks of every class of transportation lines limited by law, corporate control of Texas made impossible and public records disclose every official act and be open to all, to the end that everyone shall know that in Texas public office is the center of public conscience and that no graft, no crime, no public wrong shall ever stain or corrupt our state.

Special Prices

The first Saturday in each month at

THE RACKET STORE

J. J. BROMLEY, Prop. Colorado, Texas

See **R. B. Spencer & Company**

For all kinds of Building Material

**Brick, Glass, Sash, Malthold Roofing
Lime, Cement, Door Screens, Doors
and Building Paper.**

SNYDER, TEXAS.

Bob's Restaurant

For Regular Meals and Short Orders
Pies and Cakes

Table Supplied with best the Market Affords

S. R. CRAWFORD, Prop. Colorado, Texas

DOYLE & WASSON

DEALERS IN

Hay, Grain and Flour

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Hides

Phone 244 BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS.

\$1.00 per day \$4.50 per week

GAIL HOTEL

Good fare and comfortable beds Wagon Yard and Livery teams in connection.

HOWE & HOLLAR, Prop.

GAIL, TEXAS

WINDMILLS

Standard, Eclipse, Monitor, Samson and Ideal.

Leroy Johnson

—Proprietor of—

Earners and Merchants Gin Company

—Also—

The Snyder Gin Company

Snyder, Texas.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.
Example of its Effectiveness in Making Quick Sales.

It has come to be recognized as a fact that the merchant who does the best business and enjoys the most prosperity is the one who does the most and best newspaper advertising. It stands to reason that this is so. It is the logical conclusion of an admission that it pays to advertise. As proving that newspaper advertising pays, we find in an exchange a couple of incidents related by W. A. Simmons, a shoe dealer of Hartford Conn. The incidents, which are from his own experience, Mr. Simmons referred to in an address before the Associated Retail Shoe Dealers of New England in session in Boston.

About three years ago one of his salesgirls made a belt of shoe strings. The belt was a novelty and quite attractive, and Mr. Simmons had her make up a dozen or so with an idea of selling them. He put a line or two in his ads, calling attention to them, with what result he told in the following words:

"The first dozen were sold the following day, and in the next three months we sold between 12,000 and 15,000 of these belts at a good profit. It also gave our salesgirls an opportunity of making quite a little pin money after hours. This was accomplished just through newspaper advertising."

Most shoe dealers now handle some make of arch supports. Mr. Simmons said his attention was first called to arch supports through an advertisement in a trade journal. He ordered a few pairs and had one of his clerks familiarize himself with their virtues, proper fitting, etc., and advertised them. The ads were written, of course, so as to appeal to persons suffering from fallen insteps, broken arches, etc. It was only a day or two before inquiries began to be made concerning them, and before long he was selling scores of instep supporters. In many cases also instep support was the cause of selling a pair of shoes—where the customer was convinced that the kind of shoe he or she was wearing was not the proper sort to obtain the best results. This all came through newspaper advertising, without which no retail business can be made the greatest success.—Springfield (Ill.) Register.

Local

Get my prices on cattle Dip Paint, Wall paper (Phonographs and records a specialty.)

W. L. DOSS.
Colorado, Texas.

Big Springs Furniture Company guarantee their goods.

Mr. J. D. Brown and Mr. S. L. Jones left yesterday to attend the West Texas Log Rolling Association at Colorado today.

Mr. Geo. T. Curtis, Mr. J. C. Brammer and Mr. Laud Morgan, all from Lubbock, are here putting in the telephone exchange.

Gail and Julia base ball teams played a game at Julia Sunday and one at Gail Monday. The game Sunday ended 21 to 9 in favor of Gail, Julia winning Monday 14 to 13.

Mrs. Josie Edwards and little son, from New Boston, returned home Wednesday, after a visit to her son here. Mr. Thad Durst, and other relatives and friends.

Mrs. Murray, who has been visiting relatives at Emma, passed through Gail Friday returning to her home at Brownwood.

Mr. A. Sid Garrett from Garza county was in our town Friday on business.

Mr. Hood and daughter were here Friday.

Mr. Jim Weathers, with his two little boys were in town Monday with a load of nice peaches.

We understand two boys were arrested last Sunday morning for playing ball on the street. Judging from the start made Sheriff Clark will soon put an end to the street ball playing.

The Methodist protracted meeting which begun here last Sunday, is still going on. Rev. J. W. Childers is assisted by Rev. T. C. Capell of near Dublin. The latter delivered a very practical discourse last Sunday morning, taking for his text Heb., 9-27. "It is appointed unto all men to die but after this the judgement." He dwelt upon the importance of preparation and the danger of delay, or of permitting business, or pleasure of interfering with the salvation of our souls.

Arnold would like to make that flue for you; he is in Big Springs.

We are representing one of the best Nurseries in the State. We make a liberal discount on large orders, replace trees that die from natural causes, at half the regular price, and supply shortages and omissions. It is best to patronize a local agent, who is always in reach.

T. M. JONES.

Lum Head of Hunt county, bother-in-law of our townsman Lee Pearce is visiting at his home. Mrs. Head has been here for sometime.

Mrs. W. T. Lindsey of Abilene and Mrs. S. W. Cathey of Guion who has been visiting relatives here returned home last Monday.

J. W. C. Mullins and daughter Miss Beulah were in Gail last Friday.

E. G. Maxwell of McGregor called to see us and subscribed for the Citizen last Friday.

J. Villepigue, representing Tennyson Bro's Harness and Saddle Co. of Dallas, was taking orders in Gail Thursday and Friday morning.

Mr. Kershner and son of Lynn were in Gail a couple of days last week.

County court has been postponed till next Monday.

When in Big Springs see Arnold for good flues and steel tanks. Successor to W. S. Self.

Mr. E. Gross, with his wife and four children, of Brown county arrived in Gail Monday evening and remained with H. D. Pruett and wife till Wednesday. They were on their way to New Mexico, prospecting.

Mr. Blankenship left last Friday on a prospecting trip to Young county. He returned Wednesday.

Mr. Gurley, cattle inspector from Colorado, accompanied by his wife and baby arrived in Gail Tuesday evening. Mr. Gurley has been assisting Mr. D. W. Godwin in dipping his cattle. They left yesterday evening for Durham, where Mr. Gurley will inspect a herd of cattle today.

Miss Stella Nesbitt is the guest of Miss Kate Turner this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Alley of Tahoka come down yesterday to bring a new auto for Dr. Hannabass and to visit friends.

Miss Ethel Morrow, who has been real sick at the Gail hotel for the past week is improving and will soon be able to be out again.

W. S. McELUNG,

DEPUTY DISTRICT SURVEYOR,

Gail, Texas.

Colorado Mercantile Co.

We carry a large and complete stock of
GROCERIES, HARDWARE AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS
STUDEBAKER AND OLD HICKORY WAGONS

The best Made. Sold by us under a strict Guarantee

ALSO FULL LINE BUGGIES, HACKS AND SURREYS.

"Colorado's Busiest Store on Colorado's Busiest Street"

Colorado,

Texas.

When you go to Colorado

Call on

A. J. PAYNE

for your

Dry Goods, Clothing and Shoes

He will be glad to see you. Make your stopping place with him.

CLOSING OUT.

We are closing out our stock of wire and will sell at the following prices as long as it lasts.

Painted wire	per 100	\$2.85
Galvanized wire	"	3.15
Elwood Fence		
18 inch per rod		16 cts.
26 "	"	22 and 30 "
34 "	"	25 and 35 "
42 "	"	30 and 40 "
50 "	"	35 and 45 "
58 "	"	50 "

We have all the sizes and grades in stock. Now is the time to fence your hogs, cattle and chickens.

BURTON LINGO CO.
Big Springs, Texas.

Go to W. R. Cole and Strayhorn of Big Springs, Texas, for Buggies, wagons, and the best implements on Earth.

Found.

A nice lap robe found between Chandlers store and John Arnett's. Owner will call at this office for it.

Mrs. J. G. Taylor and sister, Mrs. Simmons, who is visiting her from Valley Mills, went to Tahoka last Saturday to spend a week.

A Sorry Prospect For the Future.

Dupre had been rather a naughty boy on the street car, and after they reached home his mother corrected him in the good old fashioned way, though not anything like so severely as he imagined.

"Now, Dupre," she said, "I hope you will remember what happens when boys do not obey their mothers and next time we are on the cars that you will sit quietly, as mother tells you."

"Yes, m-m-mother," he sobbed. "I w-will if I am e-e-ever able to s-s-sit down anywhere a-a-again."—Woman's Home Companion.

Pompous Policemen.

Herr Muerbe, a Dresden schoolmaster, on visiting Halle lately went up to a policeman and, touching his hat, begged in a courteous tone to be directed to his destination. The policeman stared at him and told him that if he desired a reply he must speak more respectfully and take off his hat. This was too much for Herr Muerbe, who asked the policeman not to be insolent. Legal proceedings followed, and the court decided that, while Herr Muerbe was not obliged to take off his hat when addressing a policeman, he must pay a fine for using the word "insolent."

A Winter Wish.

I've read of folk who calmly glide
A down life's river, side by side,
With Cupid at the helm to steer
Their bark from rocks and breakers clear.
Or walk sedately in the way
Of matrimony, day by day.
Somehow I feel inclined to sneeze
At such slow, poky ways as these.
If I might choose, I'd ask, with Kate,
Forever down life's stream to skate!
—Grace Stone Field in Woman's Home Companion.