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As predicted in the columns of the society portion of the Evening Telegram last Sunday morning, this past week saw much activity in literary and social club circles of Fort Worth, and the success of the first reception of this season is only a forerunner of what is to come later on.

The following are some of the events which will occur during the week: Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, in the parlors of the Third Christian church, the first session of the winter season of the members of the Merry Wives Whist club, at the home of Mrs. H. W. Williams on East Belknap street, and it is requested by the director of this club that all members be on hand promptly; the first session of the Monday Book club on next Monday afternoon at the home of the director, Mrs. Robert E. Buchanan, on Monday afternoon the regular weekly meeting of the '93 club, in the parlors of the Third Christian church; Monday evening at 8 o'clock, important business meeting of the members of the Imperial dancing club; Monday evening, the regular weekly dance of the Elks; Tuesday afternoon, the first session of the winter season of the members of the Merry Wives Whist club, at the home of Mrs. Anderson; Tuesday evening at Greenwall's opera house, Miss Helen Grantly, in Martha Morton's clever comedy, "Her Lord and Master," which will prove a large drawing card; Wednesday afternoon the regular weekly session of the members of the Current Literature club, at the home of Mrs. George S. Hart, on Pennsylvania avenue; Wednesday afternoon, the regular weekly meeting of the Woman's Wednesday club; Thursday afternoon the first social entertainment of the winter season of the members of the Gibson Girls' Whist club, at the home of Miss Mabel Horsley on East Weatherford street; the weekly social gathering of the Marguerite Whist club, Thursday afternoon; Thursday afternoon, the regular bi-monthly session of the Kensington Sewing club, at the residence of Mrs. Homer A. Judd on East Weatherford street; Thursday evening, the Commercial club members will entertain their young lady friends an informal dinner at the club rooms, which will begin promptly at 8:30 o'clock; Saturday morning, the weekly session of the Browning Literary at the home of Miss Saunders, on Henderson street; Saturday afternoon, the "Little Women" club members and a few special invited guests will be entertained with a game of whist, at the home of Miss Eva Mae Lewis.

The social debut of Senorita Adelina Alvarez Calderon, daughter of the Peruvian minister will be a notable event at the capital. She is the only debutante in the diplomatic contingent of this year which adds to the importance of the event. She is eighteen years old, beautiful and vivacious. pink, these same decorations being carried out in the tea room. The decorations used in the punch room were yellow and white carnations, interspersed with an abundance of palms and ferns, which made a very pretty effect. The dining room was the center of attraction; American beauty roses could be seen in every nook and corner here, the sideboard, mantelpiece and china closet being simply hidden from view by these beauty roses and smilax.

The members of the Marguerite Whist club were entertained Wednesday afternoon by Miss Edgington at her home on Lamar street, complimentary to her visitor, Miss Marguerite Crawford of Dallas. The souvenir of the afternoon, a sword fern, was awarded to Mrs. Fred Martin. Those in attendance included Misses Eagon and Crawford of Dallas, Sallie Spencer, Annabel Pendleton, Bessie McLean, Josephine Binyon, Mary Swayne, Daggett, Annie Binyon, Elizabeth Tarleton, Bessie and Lucille White, Virginia VanZandt, and Mesdames Ed Burns, J. C. VanZandt, Rozelle and Fred Martin.

The members of the Current Literature club met and were entertained at the home of Mrs. L. H. DuBoise on the South Side last Wednesday afternoon. The authors taken up and studied at this meeting were: Chas. Kingsley, Elizabeth Knight, Tompkins Lane Allen, author of the "Kentucky Cardinal," "Aftermath" and many other stories, was read and very much enjoyed by those present. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. G. S. Hart on Wednesday afternoon.

The last social meeting of the Little Women club was held at the home of Miss Bessie Bibb on Presidio street, when those in attendance were entertained with a game of whist. The guest trophy, a picture, was captured by Miss Ethel Evans, and the club souvenir, also a picture, was won by Miss Belle Bunting, in a cut with Miss Helen Murdoch.

The members of the Woman's Auxiliary board of the Elks' club are very busily engaged preparing for the

big indoor carnival to be given during the latter part of next month. Mrs. Charles Connerly was chosen chairman of the following committee which is hard at work making necessary arrangements: Mesdames Sanguinet, W. R. Thompson, M. E. Berney, C. W. Connerly, L. Gross and McIvée.

The regular weekly session of the '93 club members last Monday afternoon in the parlors of the Third Christian church on Throckmorton street, was largely attended there being present the following: Mesdames R. F. Butts, John M. Adams, W. H. Callaway, J. N. Clements, O. B. Comer, M. T. Crittenden, Irbly Dunklin, T. O. Edwards, J. D. Covert, R. F. Moffett, L. Gross, M. B. French, Annie Harper, A. W. Jackson, S. M. Hudson, M. A. Huggins, Ella Merrill, M. E. Smith, Rosa Stewart, Lena Thomas, M. G. Vincent, Kline, and Misses Annie F. Matlock, Adelaide Roe, R. T. Howard and L. Tomlinson. The regular program was scheduled for that afternoon was carried out, which in substance was as follows: Roll call, Quotations on Man; Parliamentary Law, Voting and Reconsideration; J. D. Covert; topics for discussion: Costumes, Duration of the Action, by club members; Critical reading of Act 2 of "As You Like It." At this meeting the '93 club decided to have the Traveling Art exhibit under an art director to exhibit here at



SENIORITA
ADELINA ALVAREZ
CALDERON

some future date. This exhibit is under the auspices of the State federation. The members also were unanimous in their decision to have a booth during the Elks' indoor fair in the month of November and the following committee was selected to look after that matter: Mrs. M. T. Crittenden, Miss Annie F. Matlock, Mrs. S. O. Bibb, Miss R. T. Howard, Mrs. O. B. Comer, Mrs. Rosa Stewart and Mrs. Ella Merrill. This committee held a meeting Tuesday afternoon and decided to have a lunch counter at the fair and the booth to be decorated with the club colors, pink and white.

The Priscilla Sewing club was very pleasantly entertained last Wednesday morning at the residence of Mrs. A. T. Byers at Arlington Heights. The following were present at the affair: Misses Montgomery and Sanguinet, and Mesdames H. S. Bunting, J. D. Mitchell, Stuart Harrison, C. S. Mattie, Robert McArt, M. R. Sanguinet, Smisses and Frank Sanguinet. During the morning the guests present were served an elegant two-course luncheon, and all departed with thanks to the hostess for the pleasant morning spent.

A very important business meeting of the members of the Lyndhurst club has been called for this afternoon at the Hotel Worth at 3 o'clock, and it is requested by the secretary of this organization that all members of this society be on hand promptly, as matters of vital importance to the welfare of this club will be taken up and disposed of.

Euterpean Musical Club
The first meeting of the Euterpean Musical club was an open one, and to say that it was an immense success would be but mildly expressing the enjoyment of the afternoon spent with Mrs. Benjamin J. Tillar last Tuesday by the members of this club, and a large number of specially invited guests.

The interior of the home was very beautifully decorated with American Beauty roses, pink and white carnations and numerous other cut flowers. The punch room, wherein the delicious beverage was served to thirsty visitors, was presided over by Misses Eagon of Dallas, Letcher and Edging-

ton, and the table upon which the punch bowl stood was very elaborately decorated with ferns and white carnations.

The programs were very artistic, being hand painted pink carnations, the work of Mrs. Blanche Brazleton.

The refreshments were out of the ordinary, several courses being served. The cream was frozen in the shape of roses, and was of the predominating color, pink.

For this special occasion Mrs. Emma Dietz of Dallas, a singer known all over the state, gave several selections which were enthusiastically applauded and thoroughly appreciated by all in attendance, as were also other numbers on the program.

The following were the numbers rendered:
Overture—"To Edmond" . . . Beethoven
Mrs. F. L. Jaccard and Miss L. Tomlinson.
Vocal solo—"Day Dreams" . . . Sterlezi
Mrs. F. J. Huntoon.

Violin solo—"Reverie"
J. Christopher Marks
Mrs. Godrich V. Morton.
Vocal solo—"Thou Art Like a Lovely Flower" Rubenstein
Mrs. Anderson.

Piano solo—"Abends" Raff-Liszt
Miss Nellie Higby.
Two vocal solos Selected
Mrs. Emma Dietz of Dallas.

Piano duet—"Don Juan" Mozart
Mrs. C. W. Connerly and Miss Alice Lathrop.
Vocal solo—"Cradle Song"
Adolph Gunkle
Miss Edgington. Violin Obligato. Mrs. G. V. Morton.

Vocal solo—"Bedouin Love Song"
Mr. Rollin M. Pease.
Violin solo—"Adolzia" Farasite
Mr. J. Schreiner.

Vocal solo—"Elzas Dream" Wagner
Mrs. Emma Dietz of Dallas.

The following are the officers of the Euterpean Musical club for the season, 1902-1903: President, Mrs. R. J. Tillar; vice-president, Mrs. C. W. Connerly; recording secretary, Miss M. Hope Chase; corresponding secretary, Miss Sallie Spencer; treasurer, Mrs. F. J. Huntoon; librarian, Miss Glicky. The active members are as follows: Mesdames Louise S. Allison, W. A. Durringer, C. W. Connerly, B. Anderson, Frank Gray, L. Gross, F. J. Huntoon, F. L. Jaccard, E. H. Keeler, Godrich V. Morton, Duncan Ross, Stanbery, B. J. Tillar, Sam Davidson, R. J. Parker and Misses Emma Zane-Cett, Lottie Tomlinson, Sallie Spencer, Jessie Pottle, Overstreet, Nellie Higby, Glicky, Edgington and Miss M. Hope Chase.

The associate members are: Mesdames James Anderson, J. B. Collins, W. A. Adams, J. D. Covert, Hovenkamp, Hyde Jennings, A. B. Leeds, M. A. Spoons, J. C. Terrell, George Thompson and A. C. Walker. Honorary members: Mrs. F. E. Dietrich, Mrs. Maude P. Ducker and Mrs. David B. Keeler.

Miss Bernie Nowlin entertained about fifty of her friends with an informal tea Friday afternoon at her home on the West Side, complimentary to Misses Bessie Eagon and Marguerite Crawford of Dallas. The interior of the house was very prettily decorated with American Beauty roses, intermingled with smilax. Miss Nowlin was assisted in receiving the visitors by Mesdames D. C. Bennett, W. G. Newby, W. V. Newlin, David B. Keeler, Sam Davidson and Misses Ray Saunders, Elizabeth Tarleton, Mildred Bennett, Lena Evans and Edith Bennett. During the afternoon the guests were served with tea and chocolate, wafers and bon-bons.

Nothing definite was decided upon at the first called meeting of the West Side Social club whist society last Monday morning, at the home of Mrs. E. R. Meek on the South Side, but another session will be held at which time the plans for the season's entertainments will be mapped out.

The Browning Literary club met yesterday morning at the home of Miss Ray Saunders on Henderson street. The time was spent in reading "In a Balcony" and those who participated in the same were: Misses Tom Montgomery, Mary Malone, Ray Saunders, Virgile Paddock and Donna Lee Carter.

Mrs. C. W. Connerly, chairman of the committee of the Women's Auxiliary of the Elks club, has issued a call for a meeting to be held in the Elks hall at 4:30 o'clock Monday afternoon and she requests that all of the ladies be on hand promptly, as arrangements will be perfected at this session regarding the Elks' charity fair.

Announcement is made of the approaching wedding of Miss Carrie E. Hornby to Dr. W. G. Cook on the evening of November 12, at 7:30, at the home of Miss Hornby on Fifth avenue. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. Bartow B. Ramage.

Arrivals and Departures
Mrs. Herm Specht of Iowa Falls, is visiting Mrs. J. B. Beard.

Miss Helen Shoemaker of Bridgeton, N. J., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. Suggs at 420 Broadway.

Miss Ray Saunders will depart next Saturday morning for Paris, where she goes to be present at the debut party of Miss Marie Baldwin.

Miss Ethel Wilkes will leave next Thursday for Paris to be a guest of Miss Mabel Dalley for several weeks.

Master Beggs Anderson arrived in the city Tuesday morning at 7:30, and is visiting his parents, Dr. and Mrs. James Anderson on Henderson street. He is named for his grandfather, Mr. George Beggs of this city, and Mr.

WE KNOW WELL WHAT WE ARE TALKING ABOUT

When we say we are head and shoulders above all the stores in the city in the variety, tastefulness and quality of our over-shadowing stock of merchandise and the superb values we always give the public!

At Dress Goods Counter

We have selected from our immense stock some very attractive things for this week's selling. One lot of storm serges, 46 inches wide in Cardinal, Green, Navy, Royal Blue and Black. This is a shrunken cloth sold regularly at 75c. A special, yard 50c

Another bargain of note is a lot of 25 pieces of Canvas, Zibeline, Chevots and Granite Cloths, all 40 inches wide, sold at 69 and 75c. A special, yard 50c

A special sale on heavy double faced Skirtings. These for Monday only. Four shades of Gray, Navy Blue, Black, Brown, Mixed and Tan, including two pieces of hair line stripes. All sold at \$1.50 and \$1.75. For Monday, only, yard 98c

The largest line of Heavy Skirting at \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.25 in all colors and Black ever shown here.

15 pieces of Black, Brown, Navy and Castor Canvas and Etamine Cloths, sold regularly at \$1.25, \$1.35 and \$1.48. All at one price Monday 98c

Linen Section

North Aisle

Never since our debut in Fort Worth was our Linen stock in such fine condition for the economical house and hotel keeper. We have added many new designs and qualities such as will only be found in this stock. We have the renowned reputation of always having the best and never misrepresent an article to sell it. We can furnish you any quantity, makes no difference how large or small be your order. We give you a cordial invitation to visit this department whether you buy or not and see what magnificent designs and qualities you can get in full bleached Damask 72 inches wide for 75c to \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50. Silver bleached, 72-inch, the old reliable German Damask, raised pattern, wears like iron, worth \$2 per yard. Monday \$1.50

Did it ever occur to you that there is no money saved in buying trash? More especially when the wear is so great as it is on Towels. We, therefore, ask you to come to us. We will save you more money on one bill bought from us than the other fellow will charge you for his cheap trash. We carry at all times a full line of Barnsley's Crash, ranging in price from 10c to 25c per yard. None better made.

Blanket and Comfort Department

Some very interesting items for Monday's selling in Cotton large size, White or Gray, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.35 and \$2.50, all wool with fancy borders, including a lot of fancy Plaid all wool Blankets. These quotations are about 25 per cent under value. All wool at—
\$4 00, \$4 25, \$5 00, \$5 50, \$5 75, \$6 00, \$6 35, \$7 75 up to \$12 50

COMFORTS—We claim to overshadow all others in this line. Nothing but the large sizes, and will save you from 25c to \$1 on each Comfort for this week's selling—\$1, \$1.10, \$1.25, \$1.85, \$2.50, \$2.95, \$3 and \$3.50.

See Windows Today for Monday Bargains

A great many items not in this ad will be found in this morning's Register.

THE Fastest Growing Store . . . in the South . . . G. Y. SMITH . . . CORNER of Eighth and Houston Streets.

Beggs is bearing the honor very gracefully.

Mrs. A. L. Cardy, who was a guest of Mrs. H. S. Bunting at Arlington Heights, has returned to her home in St. Louis.

Miss Marie Baldwin has returned to her home in Paris after a brief visit in Fort Worth with relatives on Henderson street.

Mrs. William G. Turner has returned to Fort Worth after a few days spent in Dallas, a guest of Mrs. W. D. Fakes.

Mrs. John Hannah of Dallas, is being entertained for a few days by Mrs. C. H. Platter, at her residence on Henderson street.

Miss Christina White, who has been a visitor at the home of Miss Sallie Spencer on Adams street, has departed for her home in Dallas.

Miss Bessie Eagon who was an outside visitor at the open meeting of the Euterpean Musical club last Tuesday afternoon, and who was a guest of her sister Mrs. B. J. Tillar while here, has returned to her home in Dallas.

The many friends of Mrs. Charles S. Battle will be glad to learn of his intention to return to this city, to make Fort Worth her future home. Mrs. Battle will leave Seattle, Washington in about two weeks, and arrive

in Fort Worth about the middle of November.

Mrs. Carrie D. Brown is here again after an absence from Fort Worth of over three months in Los Angeles, California, where she was entertained by the family of Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Brown.

Mrs. Earl H. Lowe left the early part of the week for St. Louis and Chicago, to be away from Fort Worth for the next two or three weeks, a guest of friends and relatives.

Miss Marguerite Crawford of Dallas is enjoying the hospitality of the family of Mrs. H. C. Edgington, on Lamar street, for the next week or ten days.

Miss Frances Tarleton left the early part of the week for Itasca, where she goes to enjoy a visit with her friend Miss Will Ross Bragg.

Miss Lelia Chalk, who has been visiting Miss Gussie Reynolds on Hemphill street for the past three weeks, is now at home to her friends at the residence of Mrs. W. T. Scott.

Mrs. Kate Vaughn Hearne, accompanied by her brother, W. W. Vaughn and Miss Annie Fellds, departed Tuesday evening for a three weeks' stay in Monterey and other points in Mexico.

Mrs. Lawrence Parks of Houston is being entertained at the home of Mes-

dames C. W. Connerly and E. W. Taylor on the West Side, for the next few weeks. Mrs. Parks will depart next Thursday for Dallas, to spend a short time with her mother, Mrs. W. J. Clarke.

Mrs. Emma Dietz has returned to her home in Dallas after an enjoyable stay of several days in Fort Worth. Mrs. Dietz was here by special invitation to be present at the opening meeting of the Euterpean Musical club.

Miss Julia Logan, who spent a few days in Fort Worth, the guest of Miss Virginia Paddock, has returned to her home in El Paso.

Miss Bessie McLean will leave in a few days for a short visit with relatives at Houston, and from there will go to Beaumont, where she will be bridesmaid at the marriage of Miss Blanche and Mr. Gleeves, which takes place on the eleventh day of this month.

Mrs. W. T. Scott, who has been enjoying the past month in Shreveport, a visitor at the home of Dr. John J. Scott and Mrs. Youree, returned to Fort Worth Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. J. L. Driebelbis, who has been a guest of friends and relatives in Kansas City for some time, spent several days in Fort Worth this week with her mother, Mrs. M. E. Binyon, on Jennings avenue, en route to her home in Waco.

The Latest Paris Modes In Cloth Frocks.



Light Broadcloth With Bands of Russian Embroidery.

FANCIES OF THE HOUR.

Mrs. Jules Vatable carries three gold bags, a long reticule of gold net finished at the top with a gold chain, which answers the purpose of a draw string running through tiny gold rings; a small square bag for her pocket handkerchief and a still smaller one for coin.

Mrs. Belmont Tiffany fastens the back of her collar with a small diamond bejeweled pearl.

Mrs. Frederic E. Condit, Jr., is carrying a small square-cornered bag of black stamined leather. In one of its corners is her monogram in gold, crowned with a tiny gold coronet.

Mrs. James P. Haggin has a "parure" of jet. It consists of a chain of jet beads, which she wears around her neck and which reaches almost to her waist, and a pair of enormous jet ball earrings.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., wears her hair on her belt. Hers is an open heart

It is probably because Parisians pay so much attention to their gowns for street wear that the French women have gained the reputation of being the best dressed women in the world, for in public they always look smart and trim and are charmingly gowned. By charmingly gowned is not meant conspicuously gowned, for it is only of late years that the conspicuous style of dress has been adopted, and even now the smartest gowns, while they are noticeable for beauty, do not attract attention by the brilliancy of their coloring.

Cloth always is in good taste for street gowns. It drapes well, hangs well and can be made to fit almost perfectly, for it follows the lines of the figure, and if the figure be not all that might be desired it can be helped to a surprising extent. The soft, silky finish of many of the new cloths makes them possible to deal with in any style of costume, and there are many weights of cloth—the heavy, thick ones that are used in coats and short skirts or in the long coats and cloaks; the medium weight, in plain or figured effects, and the light yet warm varieties of which the smart reception gowns are made and which this season are preferred to any others, for they can stand so much handsome trimming, can be made up in a variety of designs, and when trimmed with braids or bands of the same material are exceedingly handsome.

First among the cloth gowns come the white ones of a material so soft in finish that they look like silk. This is made up with all white effect or with inserted bands of velvet of different colorings, or with round insertions of black velvet alternating with round insertions of Persian lamb. When the square lozenge insertions are used they are outlined with folds of the cloth, and this trimming is put around the foot of the skirt, down the front of the waist and down the front of the jacket. Another favorite style of trimming is the Persian designs, either in braid or in cloth put on in bands around the foot of the skirt, down the front of the jacket, and around the collar. Other white gowns have insertions of heavy lace, and are made very much on the plan of the white muslin gowns trimmed with heavy lace that have been so fashionable all summer. Few of the white cloth gowns are made short. Those that are short look conspicuous. They are made on the lines of the muslin and wash gowns, with a long skirted coat, and the skirt of the gown long enough to clear the ground. There is no trimming whatever, except on the revers, which are faced with dark velvet, braided with narrow soutache braid or with gilt. There is no lace on them, and the whole effect is plain and severe. With them are worn white furs, white felt or heavy hats, which are made and worn in a certain conspicuous, although they are smart.

The pale tints of blue, gray and rose pink are immensely fashionable, especially for young girls, and the debutantes of this season are to revel in these dainty light colorings in cloth gowns, elaborately fashioned and made with waist to match the skirt and coat to wear over the same. A smart model is one of the pale blue shades, exceedingly light in color, the skirt having stitched pleats and a tremendous flare around the foot, long not only in the back, but in front at the sides, and so cut as to give a slender appearance to the figure. The waist is made with a high collar of pale blue velvet, and in front there is a "pocket" of free of lace, with small straps of blue velvet and gilt buckles. The jacket is double-breasted, short and with tails at the back, but made to stand out from the figure in front in what is almost an exaggerated straight front of feet and at the same time is not unlike the

gray gown trimmed with chinilla that was such a favorite model in Paris two seasons ago. The blue velvet used for trimming is several shades deeper and of the cloth, and the same model is made with black velvet instead of the dark blue and with rhinestone buckles set with gold. The hat to wear with this costume is of the same color as of the cloth or of rough felt. There is rarely any darker trimmed excepting a knot of velvet to carry out the same idea as in the gown.

A few years ago such light colors would have been considered impossible, and would not have been used even for young girls' reception gowns, but now light colors are the rule, and it must be confessed that they look well against the fresh, delicate coloring of the girls from 15 to 20 years of age. A favorite model for either the white or one of these light pastel colored gowns is made entirely in tucks, but is trimmed either with heavy Irish lace or with black velvet, on which is an applique of heavy lace or cut work. This model has been made up for young girls, but is more suitable for older women, as it is rather intricate and elaborate, and there is no question that the simpler effects are better for youthful figures.

There are many women who will not—no matter what the fashion may be—wear light colors, and they have their gowns made of blue, brown or black. Reports to the contrary, black are as fashionable as ever. They have a quiet elegance about them that is becoming and decidedly smart. Either broad or massimetric is in fashion for trimmings, while the Persian embroideries and braids, such as are used on the light gowns, are also much used for black gowns. A touch of colored velvet in the inserted effect is fashionable, but this idea requires careful treatment, otherwise it looks patchy and uneven, a thing always to be avoided.

Short waists are as fashionable as long ones for costumes, and almost all of them are made with tails in the back—short or long tails. The coats to match skirts are cut so smart for the moment. There are any number of long coats that reach to the knees, are quite shapeless and are most elaborately trimmed with lace, fur and embroidery, but these are not intended to be worn with walking gowns. The straight front is as fashionable as ever, but it is not so exaggerated as it was. That is, the line does not curve so sharply from the hip down in front, and all the coats, short or long, hang out from the figure, effectually hiding the lines of the form, excepting in the case of the short, double-breasted coat that is curved at the side to show the wide belt, for wide belts and girdles are worn by those who are slender enough. These girdles or belts play an important part in the street dress, because they are either in a contrasting color or material, made of satin or velvet on the bias, and so arranged that they can be pulled down close to the figure, outlining the waist in a becoming style, and fastened either with an oblong buckle of cut steel or rhinestones or with six hand-some buttons. This same fashion was popular last year, but it is now so improved upon as to look almost like a new style.



Light Cloth Gown With Velvet Applique.

Domestic Life Of The Bulgarians.

The Bulgarian woman is distinctly, unaffectionately domestic. For her whole world revolves about her "man," her children, her home. To have a "good man," who provides well for his family; to have as many children and to be well favored with them, is the chief aim of her life. To keep all the 180 holidays each year—this is the end and aim of her existence. She has no longings for the unattainable, no reachings out to the distant future. She is honest, industrious, capable, kind-hearted. She lives in simple, patriarchal style, calls a spade a spade, is scrupulously clean and honest, dirty in others. The children are so fond of her that they run up in the way they should go by an interplay of resounding slaps and kisses. The children are so fond of her that they are not dressed at night, but they are sold healthy little creatures, about as light and graceful on their feet as a kitchen table.

Neither picturesque nor sanitary are the little bits of the whole world that go to form a Bulgarian village. They are usually set in a meadow by the side of a stream, far back out of sight of the public road. A row of frame-work of mud and branches are woven in and out and then plastered inside and out with mud. No chimney spoils the symmetry of the low thatched roof, but frequently one sees a melancholy stork perched on one long shank, engaged in clattering its bill or admiring the wheel-like nest he has built there for safety.

One or two little windows, sometimes of glass, often of horn, admit what the light can struggle in. The floor is of beaten earth. There is neither chair nor divan in the room, but a bank of earth at one end, on which is a pile of heavy, comfortable and hay pillows. Above it swings a wooden shelf on leather straps to hold the baby, rolled up like an Indian papoose. Here, also, is the metal chest, the wooden tray in which the bread is mixed and the buckets of copper or wood for bringing the water from the village well. In the small outer room is an earth oven, set in a hole in the floor, where the black Bulgarian bread is baked.

On another bank of earth stands the wooden chest which holds the family wardrobe. Over the chest hang festoons of red peppers, herbs and wood, and on the side-wall a pocket holding the wooden spoons used by the family. In the winter the room is completely furnished. In the summer it stands outside the door, where the good wife sits and weaves all the stout homespun in which her family is clothed, watching, meanwhile, the family playing with the pigs and fowls or the men cutting sandals for the family from the skin of the sheep, whose fleeces are being sold in the market.

Lack of Convenience.
There are no conveniences for the Bulgarian women. Everything is done by hand. If she shops meat she does it on a broad board laid flat on the floor. When she washes, if she lives in the capital, she brings her water from the hydrant in the street or from the old Turkish fountain; if in the country, she secures her garments on the stones by the streams, beating them with a wooden paddle, then rinsing them in clear water. The diet of the peasants is simple in the extreme—milk and garlicky, beans, ditto, cheese, made from the milk of the buffalo, also yaburt or matzoon, black bread, sometimes made from millet, and an occasional bit of mutton. Their ordinary drink is water, a thin sour wine being reserved for holidays. So simple are their habits that few diseases attack them, even the plague sparing the Bulgarians, while it carries off the more luxurious Turks.

The Bulgarian woman is distinctly, unaffectionately domestic. For her whole world revolves about her "man," her children, her home. To have a "good man," who provides well for his family; to have as many children and to be well favored with them, is the chief aim of her life. To keep all the 180 holidays each year—this is the end and aim of her existence. She has no longings for the unattainable, no reachings out to the distant future. She is honest, industrious, capable, kind-hearted. She lives in simple, patriarchal style, calls a spade a spade, is scrupulously clean and honest, dirty in others. The children are so fond of her that they run up in the way they should go by an interplay of resounding slaps and kisses. The children are so fond of her that they are not dressed at night, but they are sold healthy little creatures, about as light and graceful on their feet as a kitchen table.

Neither picturesque nor sanitary are the little bits of the whole world that go to form a Bulgarian village. They are usually set in a meadow by the side of a stream, far back out of sight of the public road. A row of frame-work of mud and branches are woven in and out and then plastered inside and out with mud. No chimney spoils the symmetry of the low thatched roof, but frequently one sees a melancholy stork perched on one long shank, engaged in clattering its bill or admiring the wheel-like nest he has built there for safety.

One or two little windows, sometimes of glass, often of horn, admit what the light can struggle in. The floor is of beaten earth. There is neither chair nor divan in the room, but a bank of earth at one end, on which is a pile of heavy, comfortable and hay pillows. Above it swings a wooden shelf on leather straps to hold the baby, rolled up like an Indian papoose. Here, also, is the metal chest, the wooden tray in which the bread is mixed and the buckets of copper or wood for bringing the water from the village well. In the small outer room is an earth oven, set in a hole in the floor, where the black Bulgarian bread is baked.

On another bank of earth stands the wooden chest which holds the family wardrobe. Over the chest hang festoons of red peppers, herbs and wood, and on the side-wall a pocket holding the wooden spoons used by the family. In the winter the room is completely furnished. In the summer it stands outside the door, where the good wife sits and weaves all the stout homespun in which her family is clothed, watching, meanwhile, the family playing with the pigs and fowls or the men cutting sandals for the family from the skin of the sheep, whose fleeces are being sold in the market.

passed around and the cakes had been eaten a second relay arrived from the griddle, and this process was kept up until the cry of enough told the cook that no more cakes were wanted. The object in serving them in this way was that each guest should be constantly supplied with hot cakes, and it will be seen that the plan is an improvement upon the old idea of serving five or six as a portion, thus compelling one to eat cold cakes at the end. Delicious home-made maple syrup always accompanied Eve's buckwheat cakes.

One hardly expects to find a cordon bleu in the Catskills, but "Eve," as the old farmer and his wife called their assistant, was a natural born cook, and made the most delicious pies and cakes imaginable. Here is the way she prepared cheese pie, which like the buckwheat, made its appearance daily. For one large cottage cheese, two or three eggs, according to their size, were used. A large tablespoonful of butter, two or three cups of sweet cream, sugar to taste, nutmeg or vanilla. Nutmeg is generally used, but better than vanilla, however. The cheese and butter were first mixed together, then the eggs thoroughly incorporated. The sugar was then added, and afterward the nutmeg, and last of all the cream, which made it of the consistency of a thick, rich custard. This was baked in an open crust, like the usual custard pie.

Eve's buckwheat cake deserves to be known far beyond the limits of the mountains where she makes her home, for it is so delicious it fairly "melts in the mouth."

For it a cup of maple syrup, one egg, one cup of thick, sour cream, a small teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt and flour enough to make a very thin batter are required. Flavor with ginger to taste, bake in a flat shallow pan, then cut in squares and you will say that you never tasted anything quite so good in the way of cake.

And if you try Eve's cookies you probably will render the same verdict. They call for a cup of molasses, a cup of sugar, one egg, a tablespoonful of ginger, a cup of butter of lard, or both mixed, and a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a little water, say about two or three tablespoonfuls. Cream the butter and sugar, beat the egg and add, then the soda, and stir in flour sufficient to roll out quite thin. Cut with a biscuit cutter and bake.

Eve's corn bread was something to dream about beforehand and a delicious reality every morning at breakfast. She made it by taking a cup of sour cream, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one egg, one small teaspoonful of soda, a scant cupful of Indian meal, half a cup of flour or a little less, about one-third as much flour as meal. She baked it for 20 minutes, cut it in squares, served it piping hot, and always was greeted with a request for more.

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Eve's buckwheat cake deserves to be



Dark Cloth Gown Trimmed with Pompadour Embroidery and Mohair Braid.



Black Cloth Gown With Stitched Satin Bands.

The THEATRE

"Wasn't Mme. Trentoni good?"
 "Wasn't Captain Jinks just fine?"
 "Wasn't Papa Bellardi splendid?"
 "Wasn't Mrs. Jinks the dear old woman?"
 "Wasn't Mrs. Greenborough the ideal chaperon?"
 "Wasn't the policeman the real cop?"

These and similar are a sample of the interrogations and complimentary exclamations heard from nine of every ten persons who fled out of Greenwall's Friday night after they had witnessed the presentation of "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" by Miss Elizabeth Kennedy and her company.

The audience was a most complimentary one, the house being packed to its seating capacity. Miss Kennedy as Madam Trentoni and Theodore Babcock as Captain Jinks were the stars, and well they deserve to be called such. Miss Kennedy is a finished actress and at the close of the second act she was honored with five curtain calls, something that few actresses can boast of, and when the cultured audience that was responsible for this demonstration is taken into consideration, then it is apparent that "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" was a success, and those who presented it approved.

Miss Kennedy, a Southern girl, has received the most favorable criticism from the press and public in all the larger cities throughout her present tour, and that she is deserving of it all there can be no question. Hers was indeed a brilliant impersonation of a difficult role and her powers of acting from frivolity to determination back to lighter lines again and then to the pinnacle of the womanly woman have not been equaled by any stars who have ever entertained a Fort Worth audience.

The Greenwall's opera house is to have four attractions this week. Melo-drama, comedy and minstrels are to hold the boards. The week starting Monday night when W. E. Nankoville will introduce his splendid production of the idyllic pastoral drama, "Human Hearts," a pathetic picture of rural life in Arkansas superbly presented by a capable cast. Theatergoers never tire of this beautiful drama, for each season it is presented and the house is always crowded to its utmost.

Tuesday matinee and night James B. Decher presents Miss Helen Grantly in Martha Morton's comedy, "Her Lord and Master." There is indeed a treat in store for those who witness this performance, and from the advance sale indications are that the society folk will be out in numbers.

Wednesday night we are to have our old standby Al G. Field, who this season has the largest company and best show he has ever had. The last attraction of the week will be on Friday matinee and night, the famous comedy "Brown's in Town."

Miss Helen Grantly

Manager Greenwall of Greenwall's opera house, on Tuesday matinee and night, November 4, offer the patrons Miss Helen Grantly in her sumptuous production of "Her Lord and Master." Miss Grantly brings with her the entire production as given at the Manhattan theater, New York city, 150 nights last season. This play is considered to be the most amusing of Martha Morton's comedies. The supporting company is headed by Mr. Lionel Adams whose impersonation of Lord Canning is said to be one of the surprises of the theatrical season.

The San Antonio Express said: Miss Helen Grantly made her first appearance before a San Antonio audience last night at the Grand and scored an instantaneous hit with the large and fashionable audience present. As the petted and spoiled child of the domestic circle in a smart white frock, she was the incarnation



MISS HELEN GRANTLY

of a sweet, lovable, capricious maiden accustomed to have her way; she won sympathy and admiration wherever her large, lustrous eyes were turned appealingly, and as the perfectly proper young wife of the exacting English lord and his more exacting mother, she was even more beautiful in her ever. In all she was perfectly natural. She was acting a part; but it was not Helen Grantly, but Indiana Stillwater, who was doing it. It was the little country girl, somewhat hoydenish, transplanted from the green fields and broad prairies of the great West to an aristocratic home in England, trying to adapt herself to her new surroundings to please husband and her husband's most aristocratic mother. "Her Lord and Master," the idyllic play by Martha Morton, in which Miss Grantly was seen, is a pretty romance

in which the author has clothed the lofty sentiments in fitting phrases. And Miss Grantly and her superb company presented the play in such a way as to bring out all its force and strength, as well as its beauty. It is the height of art to conceal art, and this is what Helen Grantly does. That she won a great triumph last night was attested by numerous and enthusiastic curtain calls and the heartiest of ovations.

In fact the company is in every way ample to the demands of the play in the development of the story. The leading man, Lionel Adams, formerly with Julia Marlowe, is a polished actor easy, natural, never excited even when his heart is stirred to the depths of conflicting emotions.

There was not a weak spot in the cast, nor a bit of a blunder in the play. It simply delighted every one who saw it.

"Human Hearts"

"Human Hearts," the melo-dramatic success announced at Greenwall's opera house Monday night, November 3, appeals to every class of play-goers. It deals with a story that teems with court interest from beginning to end. Tom Logan, an honest young blacksmith in the Arkansas hills, falls in love with, and marries, a strong confidence woman. The dull country life soon palls on her. She accidentally meets her former lover and "pal." Without any just cause they conspire together to ruin Tom and kill him if necessary. They go to his home while he is asleep, and Tom, mistaking the father for the young blacksmith, is fatally stabbed by the ambushed man. Tom, coming out to see where his father is, is accused by the adventress and her "pal" of the murder. He is finally sentenced on a charge. But his friends ultimately establish his innocence and he is released. Retribution overtakes his villainous and murderous accusers. No play of its kind possesses a stronger plot or more sensational incidents. The serious element is mingled with comedy, forming a combination that never fails to touch a responsive chord in the hearts of play-goers.

Al G. Field's Minstrels

Al G. Field has imported many novelties, and the presentation of extraordinary features, to a specialty with Al G. Field Great Minstrels which come to Greenwall's opera house Wednesday night, Nov. 5. The musical Mignani family has yielded to the big money magnet inducements offered by Mr. Field, and will be seen in the most startlingly original musical act it is possible to present. He Magnani family comprises the original four Parisian musical Pavours. These musical geniuses have created an actual novelty that surpasses that which brought them fame and fortune as "The Musical Barbers of Seville."

Sweetest melodies are produced on shaving mugs, razor strops, brass instruments disguised as bay rum bottles, and even the razors are made to give forth melody as they are applied in the ordinary way. A knife grinder who is called in gets music out of the tools of his trade, the barber chairs and cuspidors when touched by the hands of these musical marvels give forth melodious sounds—the whole scene reaching a fitting climax which ends in tumultuous applause as the musical Magnanis leave the stage after giving a delightful imitation of Sousa's band, playing on the barber poles.

One of the best titles ever given to a farce comedy is "Brown's in Town" which will be the attraction at Greenwall's opera house Friday matinee and night, Nov. 7. There is something amusing in the very suggestion as to why this numerous gentleman is in the city. It is said that this particular Brown has enough embarrassing experience to shake up an audience thoroughly. The amusing situations therefore are said to never pall on any one and those who have seen it pronounce it the most original of all of them. The conventional mother-in-law, the stereotyped old maid, the visiting aunt with mother-in-law instincts, and the time worn German and Irish servant have been dispensed with.

Plays Coming Here

There is said to be more thrill and excitement in David Traite's coming big Ouida play of "Lord Strathmore," than can be found in dozens of its predecessors. It is an imposing, intense picture of English drawing room life with a moral that teaches a lesson good for both stage and pulpit. It is so effectively presented, and the acting of Miss Virginia Drew Prescott, "Lady Yvassour" so powerful, that every jot of emotion and every bit of sentiment in this role is fully expressed.

Louis James and Frederick Warde combination in Wagenhal's & Kemper's big production of "The Tempest" will shortly be seen in this city. The company is a large one and is receiving much praise at present in the Northwest. The music is by Maxime De Grosse and the costumes by Freisinger and Hermann from designs by Mrs. Seidel and the Metropolitan opera house.

Mr. Warde will of course, be seen as Prospero, Mr. James as Caliban, Norman Hackett as Ferdinand, Teresa Maxwell as Miranda and Edith Fassett as Ariel. The comedy is arranged in four acts and 11 scenes.

A novel electrical effect will be introduced in the first act of F. Marlon Crawford's new play, "Unorna," which is to be produced soon by Mrs. Bruno. The waters of the sacred river Ganges will be shown with the glow of the setting sun and the glitter and glimmer of the beams on the rippling water will be faithfully reproduced by means of a "ripple machine," which has lately been patented for stage use.

The return engagement of the clever young actress, Miss Adelaide Thurston, was a decided success. Miss Thurston's last appearance here was in "Sweet Clover." This time her play was "At Casey's Corners," a play of more comedy than the other, intensely interesting, strong in climax and situations and presented by a thoroughly capable company. There were a full dozen of curtain calls.—Norfolk Standard.

Quaintly humorous remarks, not entirely devoid of satire, characterize Haddon Chambers' pretty comedy "The Tyranny of Tears," which Paul Gilmore and an excellent company will present in this city shortly.

Charles B. Hanford's productions of "The Taming of the Shrew" and Much Ado About Nothing" have both been received with a degree of favor which leave no doubt as to the conspicuous success of his present tour. The indications are that he will continue to have the largest audiences that have greeted him at any time during his career.

There is a plot connected with "The Prince of Tartarus," Al H. Wilson's latest comedy vehicle for the exploitation of his vocal charms, which, to say the least, would not interfere with the tastes of the most exacting. It is a new play written by Sidney R. Ellis for the especial benefit of Al H. Wilson. The latter is given a better opportunity to become liked by his audiences than he had in "The Watch on the Rhine" or in any other play of recent years in which he has appeared.

The new comedy by J. M. Barrie which Charles Frohman will shortly produce at the Duke of York Theater, London, is entitled "The Admirable Crichton."

On her personal tour Amelia Bingham has been received with cordial favor throughout the south, and "A Modern Magdalen" has been accounted the best acting play since "Diplomacy" by the critics on this circuit. Miss Bingham's other companies, in "A

Washington Post: Gen. Miles told a good hot weather story once that is good enough to put into black and white. He and another man from this city were crossing the Jersey City ferry and the day was of the sort that makes strong men sigh for a blast from the Arctic.

"Behave!" exclaimed Gen. Miles, "this isn't as hot as some of the days I've experienced in Arizona. Down at my old post there we used to fight two common foes, the Indians and the mercury, and of the two the latter used to play us out quicker. If you study the weather map you will see that on any day during the summer Yuma, Prescott or any other Arizona point where a meteorological station may be located will cap the thermometer fig-

ures from any other section of the country.

"One day two privates were brought into the post hospital badly wounded. They were frightfully hot then and also during the night for the two poor fellows as they lay on their couches at the opposite sides of the aisle. In fact, it was too hot by a long way even for men who had no other excruciating pain to torment them. One of the two men died before daybreak. The second day afterward the other stopped the surgeon as the latter came around to dress a wound. The wounded man told the medic that the spirit of his former comrade had come to him during the night.

"What did he want?" the surgeon asked good naturedly.

"He returned to get a blanket," was the answer.

"The surgeon walked sadly and sorrowfully away and borrowed a fan."

A Violent Attack of Croup Cured. "Last winter an infant child of mine had croup in a violent form," says Elder John W. Rogers, a Christian Evangelist, of Willey, Mo. "I gave her a few doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and in a short time all danger was past and the child recovered. This remedy not only cures croup, but when given as soon as the first symptoms appear, will prevent the attack. It contains no opium or other harmful substance and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by N. E. Grammer, druggist.

It has been suggested by Jules Murray that with such stars at his command as Lewis Morrison, Rose Coghlan, Kathryn Kildier and Paul Gilmore—all of whom are now touring at the head of their respective companies under his management—it would be comparatively easy for him to sweep the country, as the expression has it, with a spring tour of an all-star cast. Mr. Murray is merely thinking it over.

In "Sherlock Holmes" the play selected for the tour of Herbert Keelsey and Edie Shaanon, the part of Sherlock Holmes requires the incessant smoking of cigars. Unfortunately, Mr. Keelsey has ever been a confirmed hater of the weed, and until he was forcibly confronted with the situation, had not given it a thought. Things were too far advanced to recede, so he proceeded to investigate the position by "tackling" a cigar. The first attempt was well nigh disastrous, the second but little better, and before he

conquered his aversion to the habit he suffered agonies of nausea. He had about concluded to retire when a friend in the tobacco trade suggested a cigar of such mildness and flavor that the actor was able to use it. It is really not a cigar, but a stage "property," but it answers the purpose and has saved the Keelsey-Shanon tour.

It is pleasant to note that in his current production of "Mr. Pickwick" De Wolf Hopper is striving strenuously to preserve a Dickensian atmosphere—that is to say, he is encouraging the members of his support, and incidentally himself, to avoid horseplay and clowning. There were a number of years that both De Wolf Hopper and Nat Goodwin used to stand in their own light in stepping outside of the picture, and it is one of the best signs of the times that they have both reformed. Ten years ago who would have predicted Goodwin as Shylock and Hopper as Pickwick.

Both the book fame of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," the publication of which preceded the dramatization by about two years, and the present success of the play become all the more interesting from the fact that the publishing of the novel was the experiment of a Beacon street young woman of Boston, Carro M. Clark, who made something like \$50,000 in one year out of the venture.

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Music

Jacob Schreiner.

The art of music when correctly taught, trains the ear to finer conceptions of the beauties of the tone world. What the eye is to the painter or the ear is to the musician. The ordinary pursuits of life all tend to develop the perception of the eye far more than the ear. In seeing we learn to know the difference between objects, as well as the distinction, and so classify with the eye with perhaps more readiness than with any other of the senses. Blind people show us often to what wonderful extent the ear may be developed in its ability to distinguish and classify tone expression. This ability comes from the practice of "thinking through the ear." Of course when this is done to the exclusion of the sense of seeing, the development becomes abnormal, but I see no general reason why our education should not be so managed as to teach the youth to think through either or both the eye and the ear. There is, perhaps, no study that will develop the sense of hearing so well as music. But even in the practice of either vocal or instrumental music the thought must accompany the act, else intelligent conception will not be formed. As music is usually taught I think there is not enough attention directed to this point, i. e., developing intelligent tone conception. This can only be done by resorting to such devices as compelling the pupil to depend solely upon his hearing.

William G. Armstrong and wife arrived in the city from Canada Thursday evening.

The first Arlon subscription concert will be Nov. 11 with Arthur Van Eweyk as harp soloist.

Mr. E. C. Marvin of Maysville, Ky., who is well known throughout that state as a pianist, spent yesterday in the city.

A move is being made by Secretary Reeves of the Y. M. C. A. to secure the Thomas Orchestra of Chicago for a date in Fort Worth. The organization will make a tour of the south-west in the spring.

Miss Louise Zane-Cetti returned last week after spending two months traveling throughout the east.

Miss Emma Dodd, pianiste, of Dallas, is in the city.

Michael J. Kelly, a Democratic nominee for the Illinois legislature, was formerly a professional violinist. Several Republicans are trying to induce Mr. Kelly to give a concert for his adherents.

Mrs. Deitz, contralto at the Emanuel Temple, Dallas, was the guest of Mrs. Maud Peters Ducker Wednesday.

Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, the American pianiste, has recently had unlimited success in Berlin, Germany. Godowsky, another American, took them by storm last year. Possibly in time to come Europe will be sending over here for her soloists as we are doing with them today.

A Minneapolis paper says: "Joseph Wiener, the violinist, has gone insane. The first symptoms of his malady appeared when he played false notes, forgot whole passages and played with a shaking bow." Heavens! I am sorely afraid that Fort Worth has several incipient cases of insanity.

A Dangerous Month. "This is the month of coughs, colds and acute catarrh. Do you catch cold easily? Find yourself hoarse with a tickling in your throat and an annoying cough at night? Then you should always have handy, a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup, J. A. Ballard's Horehound Syrup, 34 West Fifth Street, Salt Lake City, writes: "We use Ballard's Horehound Syrup for coughs and colds. It gives immediate relief. We know it's the best remedy for these troubles. I write this to induce other people to try it, the pleasant and efficient remedy." 25c, 50c and \$1 at H. T. PANGBURN & CO. S.

Chicago Tribune: "It is hardly necessary for me to say," replied the distinguished looking woman, "that the rejection of that Frances Willard memorial window because it was wine colored has my cordial approval. We must abstain even from the appearance of compromising with the enemy."

Then the good woman lighted her little alcohol stove and made a cup of tea for her caller.

ANXIOUS MOMENTS. Some of the most anxious hours of a mother's life are those when the little ones of the household have the croup. There is no other medicine so effective in this terrible malady as Foley's Honey and Tar. It is a household favorite for throat and lung troubles, and as it contains no opiates or other poisons, it can be safely given. Sold by Reeves' Pharmacy, Ward Pharmacy and Arlington Drug Co.

Filled a Want. Chicago Evening Post: He was cutting an item from a newspaper. "It tells how a house was robbed, and I want to show it to my wife," he explained. "What good will that do?" a friend inquired. "A whole lot," was the reply. "You see, this house was robbed while the man was at church with his wife." "Say!" exclaimed the friend, excitedly, "you haven't got a duplicate copy of that paper, have you?"

Instruction in the school of music of the Oregon University began last week. Students and others interested are highly pleased over the new arrangements that have been made by the board of regents. The department has been set off as a true school, with a dean in the same relation to the university as the school of literature and arts, or the school of science and engineering. Other colleges in this country might well do the same.

Professor Urbanschtich of Vienna, has published the results of his study on the influence of music on handwriting. After examining a great number of persons he arrived at the conclusion that low tones compel the writer to make his letters larger, especially at the end of a sentence, and to indulge in bigger flourishes. In the case of high notes the writer makes his letters and flourishes small. Some persons are reduced by music to such a state that they omit to dot their "i's" or put dots over the umlaut. Moreover, under the influence of low tones the tendency is to make the lines run down, and with high tones to run up.

There still exists in this country a crude, half-civilized class of men who pretend to look upon music with some degree of contempt, regarding it as a sort of womanish amusement hardly dignified enough to occupy a lord of creation. It is odd that this American notion that music is for girls only is the direct opposite of that entertained by the most brilliant nation of antiquity. The Greeks considered that boy a dunce who could not sing and accompany himself upon the lyre. Every boy, whether gifted or not, was obliged to study music, just as our American girls are often forced to do. Every member of the mats, have had from one to three years of musical training.

Ernest van Dyck, the eminent Belgian tenor and ex-member of Mr. Maurice Grau's Metropolitan Opera House company, began his series of Wagnerian impersonations at the Paris Grand Opera on October 10, with Tannhauser. Mr. van Dyck had attempted the same impersonation in 1861, the box occupants would have thrown things at him. Now he is heard with respectful attention and his impersonation is accorded the honor long criticisms in the Parisian newspapers. The sun do move.

Mr. Albert Alvarez fled before the approach of Mr. van Dyck and went over to the Opera Comique, where he sang in "Manon" on October 9. In the second week of next month he is to take part with Mme. Calve in a performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana." The combination of stars is becoming a habit in Paris just as it already is here. Opera will presently become an expensive luxury in the French capital.

Six Alexander Mackenzie, the British composer, has accepted an offer from Charles Hariss to cross the Atlantic in the early spring and give a series of concerts of his own works in Canada. He is to conduct performances by local societies which will be prepared to sing some of his choral pieces.

To the Public. Allow me to say a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I had a very severe cough and cold and feared I would get pneumonia, but after taking the second dose of this medicine I felt better, three bottles of it cured my cold and the pains in my chest disappeared entirely. I am most respectfully yours for health, Ralph S. Meyers, 64 Thirty seventh St., Wheeling, W. Va. For sale by N. E. Grammer, druggist.

A FREE OPERA HOUSE BOX. On the evening of November 3, at 6 o'clock sharp, will close the contest for a free theater box at Miss Grantly's appearance here. This box goes to the saleslady who receives the largest number of votes on the coupons appearing every day in The Telegram.

A POLICEMAN'S TESTIMONY. J. N. Patterson, night policeman of Nashua, Ia., writes, "Last winter I had a bad cold on my lungs and tried at least a half dozen advertised cough medicines and had treatment from two physicians without getting any benefit. A friend recommended Foley's Honey and Tar and two-thirds of a bottle cured me. I consider it the greatest cough and lung medicine in the world." Sold by Reeves' Pharmacy, Ward Pharmacy and Arlington Drug Co.

A Free Opera House Box. See particulars elsewhere of The Telegram's voting contest in which the most popular saleslady will receive a free opera house box to "Her Lord and Master."

Startling, But True. "If every one knew what a grand medicine Dr. King's New Life Pills is," writes D. H. Turner, Dempseytown, Pa., "you'd sell all you have in a day. Two weeks' use has made a new man of me." Infallible for constipation, stomach and liver troubles. 25c at Guthrie & Guthrie's drug store, 502 Main street.

Floored the Conductor. Roswell (N. M.) Register: A well known cattleman of advanced years got onto a P. V. & N. E. train last week at one of the small stations up the line with a shipper's ticket which had really been issued to another

party, a much younger man. When the conductor took the ticket and gave the description on it of the party to whom it had been issued, he looked at the elderly cattleman and said: "This ticket describes a much younger man than you are. I can't let you ride on it." "I can explain the matter," said the cattleman, "very easily. That ticket was issued to me at the time I ordered those cars in which to ship my cattle to Kansas City."

Hand Sapolio. It makes the toilet something to be enjoyed. It removes all stains and roughness, prevents the skin white and chafing, and cures the prickly heat, soft, healthy. In the bath it brings a glow and exhilaration which is common soap can equal, imparting the vigor and life sensation of a mild Turkish bath. ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS.

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 The safest and surest mode of treating disease is with Dr. Burkhart's Vegetable Compound, the greatest restorer of health. Guaranteed to cure Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Catarrh, Pains in Back, Coated Tongue, Blisters or Pimples on Face, Rheumatism, 10 days' trial free. All Druggists. DR. W. S. BURKHART, Cincinnati, O.



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A WONDERFUL WORK.
 To be a man who can excel one hundred thousand men in any one line is good; to be one in a million is better; to be the only living man, and the only one in the world, who has drawn a perfect picture is wonderful! This Mr. Fleming, author and illustrator of "The Capital," (\$2.00 in his drawing of the Capital, is the best illustration of the Capital, Washington life sketches and five views of prominent Americans, including the statesmen and commanders of the Spanish-American war, participating in the great War-companions of facts and faces never produced in any volume in our history, produced in the drawing of the Capital, for which Queen VICTORIA, Empress of India, and the Emperor of Russia, have each sent a gold medal. Write for it today. It is the best illustration of the Capital, Washington life sketches and five views of prominent Americans, including the statesmen and commanders of the Spanish-American war, participating in the great War-companions of facts and faces never produced in any volume in our history, produced in the drawing of the Capital, for which Queen VICTORIA, Empress of India, and the Emperor of Russia, have each sent a gold medal. Write for it today.

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C. D. REIMERS Editor and Publisher
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FORT WORTH, TEXAS, NOVEMBER 2, 1902.

COMMON CONVERSATION

WHEN one pauses to think about it, the ordinary run of conversation which is heard on the streets, in the shops, on the street cars and everywhere people meet casually, is rather vapid and frivolous.

Fashionable drawing room talk doesn't ever rise much above this level. Perhaps it may be more harmoniously attuned to the polite surroundings, in substance, though, it gets little better than that of the street, except, perhaps, what goes to make up some sharp censure or criticism of some one not present and what the conversation of the street then loses in stupidity it gains in acerbity in the house.

What an amount of truth is lost in the wise remark, "what a beautiful day!" What equally fruitless prattle attends the admiration of the rain, the snow, the mud on Houston street and the heat and cold, which increase the average and physical discomfort. No one denies that it is not helpful or elevating to discuss the latest party, to criticize someone's habits, to roll from the tongue as a tender bit of morsel the newest scandal, to speculate on the weather. But these are the things which the great mass of people, educated or illiterate, talk about when they get together.

The other day some "Down East" preacher deplored this very thing. He tried to figure out the reasons for it. So it would seem that even the effete East is deficient in the standard of intellectuality when measured by street car and corner conversation. With Boston failing one can forgive it in Fort Worth.

Now, Fort Worth is a pretty good sample of a southwestern town. It, too, falls below the mark set up by the clergyman from "Down East." Not even the most loyal spirits of civic pride will justify a perversion of fact as to claim that the conversion of forces or the dividing line between plant and animal life are common on the street cars here or that the women who attend their receptions incline to any deep consideration of metaphysical problems. This is not saying that there is in this town a total lack of interest in subjects which quicken the intellect, but here, as "Down East," the zeal for mental achievement reveals itself in the select coteries which patronize "evenings" and "afternoons" dedicated to music, to literature, to art, to town improvement. There are clubs and societies in Fort Worth which go into study and research of topics which require exercise of the reasoning faculties and it is likely not too much to hope that these agencies are bringing nearer the time when a man can hang on to the straps in a Polytechnic or Arlington Heights car in Fort Worth and elaborate to his fair companion who bounces up and down in a modest effort to keep her seat, of the soul's immortality, or when women will sit to an afternoon game of whist and alternate her request for "what's trumps" with a dissection of the beliefs of Buddhism.

At all events, Fort Worth is no further behind the age, than the far away and much older "Down East," and with the Jennings avenue viaduct finished so that that awful trip over the T. P. tracks has lost its terrors and the mule cars of Polytechnic and Arlington Heights have given way to something decent to ride in, and by diminishing the number of fashionable receptions and making it unlawful for gatherings at street corners, there is no telling what strides may be made in the improvement of common conversation in Fort Worth within the next decade.

Anyway, Fort Worth is all right. And there isn't anybody in the town who has any optimism at all in his soul, who would do away with the cheery common place, "Good Morning," whether the day be bright or dark.

BUSINESS IN CITY POLITICS.

CONSERVERS of the current tendencies in our American life all bear witness that the question of divorcing politics from municipal government is attracting greater and greater attention and is growing more and more prevalent. A few years ago such a thing was, except by a few editorial writers, an iridescent and impractical dream. But a change has come and like a rolling stone on a mountain side, is gathering a momentum which bids well to crush forever, in its path, the corruptly professional ward politician. In a great many of the larger American cities aggressive organizations are forming and strengthening to which are committed purity in municipal politics.

Here in Fort Worth we do not have the struggles of opposing political factions. National politics are not the pivot on which our municipal campaigns are swung, but instead we fight it out as factions in the one party which dominates the field. And when the balloting is over and one or the other wheels into the official chair those who have been faithful in the preliminaries are put into the appointive places of trust. The campaign pledges to the people are not always remembered. Victory has suddenly become a piece

of negotiable paper with which is paid the price of the victory. It is not that Fort Worth is any worse or any better than any other place in this respect. We are only one of a thousand other cities in these United States where the same municipal propositions arise and are treated in the same way.

There ought to be but one ideal in municipal politics. That ideal can be best summed up in the two words, "efficiency and economy." These two constant watchwords applied conscientiously to municipal affairs will invariably lead to reduction in taxation and increase of population. The city which attains the highest standard of municipal government is sure to attract increased commercial and industrial operations.

It is not necessary to say that city affairs cannot be managed unless the people divide into hostile political camps or factions with the cleavage along lines which have no reference to city affairs. Look at the schools of Fort Worth for instance. The schools of this city have not been subjected to partisanship, and yet it is a fact and no one will deny it, that our city schools have made more rapid progress than any other branch of the public service. They are economically managed and are progressive and efficient. When a school teacher is to be engaged the question is not whether he or she is politically or factionally "right," but whether the applicant is fit to be entrusted with the training of the young.

The same beneficent effects of entirely non-partisan and non-factional direction in other departments of local government are confirmatory of that experience which has followed the complete adoption of the principle in some of the eastern cities. What is good for the schools must be good for the police organization and for the fire department and a system that strengthens the efficiency of these departments cannot work any other results in the street department, in the waterworks and electric light service; in fact every branch of public service. No intelligent man employs a manager for his business because the applicant may or may not be a Democrat, a Populist or a Republican. A city government is purely a business concern, which has to do with nothing more than plain, hard matter of fact business details. What reason then, for the people to elect a mayor, a secretary, a treasurer, a councilman, because of his identity with one party or one faction?

There is little difference in the work of managing a large private corporation and the affairs of a municipal corporation. The last is infinitely harder. There are more people than stockholders. That makes more people to satisfy. Therefore it needs level heads—good, hard business heads—to run a city. The best of our men are none too good. His politics should not be questioned.

The Telegram is not sharpening any ax in these suggestions. It is a hobby believer in the future of Fort Worth. It wants Fort Worth to be the business center of a great Southwest. "Efficiency and economy" in municipal conduct will help to make it so. These suggestions are thrown out, hit or miss, to give our people things to think about. Think it over.

ABOUT SCHWAB.

CHARLES M. SCHWAB, president of the United States Steel company, in receipt of the largest salary ever paid to an employe of any company, was for awhile a valuable object lesson to all young men.

He attained his position in life by the hardest kind of hard work; by constant application of mind and body directly on the task before him, and by never-ending economy, sobriety and morality.

Recently some of these virtues seem to have escaped him, judging from the reports that come to us from Europe where he is supposed to be on a vacation, building up a shattered nervous system.

For a year marvellous tales have been told of his gambling exploits, of his extravagances for automobiles, yachts and villas; of his tours through the provinces of France that resembled more a continuous New Year's celebration than anything else; of the hundred and one novel and picturesque ways by which he showered his money about him and attracted the attention of the silly public. The plans and pictures of the immense chateau that he is to erect on Riverside drive in New York are even now in the papers. This residence is to cost several million dollars and surpass in magnificence that of any other man in America, or any private person in the world either, for that matter.

Mr. Schwab can spend his money as he pleases. The time is not yet arrived when anyone has a right to say how another shall spend the millions that belong to him. The purpose and point of this is only to show what was stated in the beginning, that as an object lesson to young men, Schwab has outlived his usefulness.

Elsewhere in this morning's issue of The Telegram is an appeal for money. It is written by Mrs. D. B. Keeler, chairman of the Carnegie Library Book committee, and is an earnest request for lovers of books and patrons of the library to assist in a matter that is imperative. That the Free Public Library of Fort Worth be properly maintained is as important to the literary life of the city, as the support of the city schools is to the educational life. That such an appeal has to be written is unfortunate. A quick response will be the only remedy for the need and for the humiliation of its existence.

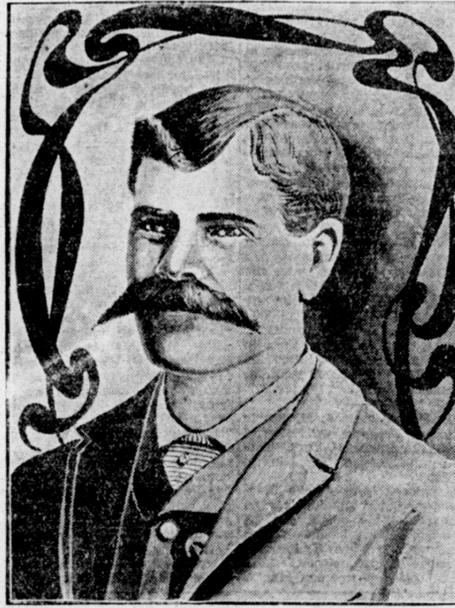
A great many good people in Fort Worth were unnecessarily alarmed over the prediction of Astrologer Meyer that there would be a mighty earthquake throughout the entire South at 1 o'clock of the night of October 31. As yet the disturbance has not arrived, and in the matter of earthquakes, it is a good plan to take it for granted that when they are behind time in coming, they won't come at all. The lesson of the earthquake prediction that didn't come true is to never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

Grover Cleveland's speech at Morrilstown the other night amply demonstrated that he is yet a powerful influence in the Democratic party. After his enforced retirement from the councils of the party for several years, his triumphant reception indicates no more his personal strength than it does a return of the party to those principles of which Mr. Cleveland is the most distinguished champion and under which the party has been victorious in former years.

TWO MEN WHO LOOK AFTER THE PUBLIC AT UNION STATION

"More people get on and off the trains in Fort Worth than at all other cities in Texas combined." A prominent railway official is accredited with having made the above remark several years ago, and it is a part of Fort Worth's history. When this fact is taken into consideration, and the fact that more passenger trains come into and go out of the Texas and Pacific union passenger station at this place than at any other point in the state, then it is apparent that the position of depot master is no small thing.

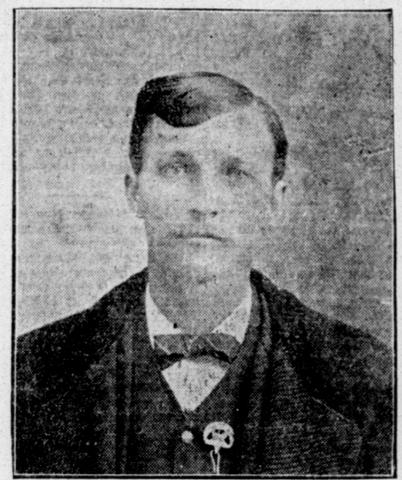
To fill this position a man must know the state, the towns and cities that compose it; the trains, and where they go; the hour of departure and arrival, where and when connections are made in and out of the state—a walking bureau of information where hundreds, sometimes thousands of passengers get on and off daily, many of whom are women and children, and people who travel but little, others who travel constantly; people who are aged and decrepit, dependent upon the kindly assistance of men with hearts and a desire, personally and officially, to render, and by a kind word find assurance that all is well—then it is that the importance of the position of depot master in a great railway center such as this Fort Worth impress itself upon those who give the matter a thought. In Messrs J. J. Fulford and J. W. Pemberton, the Texas and Pacific rail-



J. J. FULFORD, DAY DEPOT MASTER

J. J. Fulford was born in Thomas county, Ga., in 1853, and is 49 years old. He lived in Georgia until he was 18 years old, coming from there to Texas, landing at Longview, which was at that time the terminus of the Texas and Pacific railroad, in 1872. He resided at Longview nine years, and worked at carpentering and bridge building for the road. He came to Fort Worth in February prior to the road's building west out of here in March, when the old Texas and Pacific passenger station stood where the present magnificent Union station stands. The greatest object of interest to be seen about the depot in those days were stacks and stacks of buffalo hides and furs of various kinds scattered everywhere. The ticket agent in charge here at that time was the popular E. P. Turner, now general agent in Texas. Fulford continued in the carpenter's trade for a few years, and in 1884 went on the police force, under William Rea, and served three years, until 1887, when he again went to the Texas and Pacific as night watchman, or depot master, at the old union station at the Katy crossing. He was there for three years and was made day master, and after the burning of the station came up to the old temporary station, and so continued in to the new and up to now.

Mr. Fulford married soon after his arrival in Texas, at the age of 20, to Mrs. Mary Clark, and is the father of two sons and one daughter. His home is at 803 Bessie street, in Glenwood addition.



J. W. PEMBERTON, NIGHT DEPOT MASTER

J. W. Pemberton first saw the light of day in Jackson county, Mo., and it was in 1859. He came to Texas at the age of 16 on October 22, 1875. He attended school, but was employed at odd times, the first regular employment being with W. B. Tackabery, who at that time was engaged in a general harness and saddle business on the public square. Later he went with the retail grocery house of Joseph H. Brown, also on the public square, and followed to Third and Houston. When Joseph H. Brown merged into the wholesale business and went to the corner of First and Throckmorton streets Pemberton engaged with the W. A. Huffman Implement company, where he remained for nearly four years. From there he went on the city police force under William Rea, and so remained for three years, the latter part of his service being under Sam Farmer. He resigned while under Farmer to accept a position with the Texas and Pacific as night depot master at the old union station at the Katy crossing, commencing service on the night of November 24, 1887. He remained in this position for four years, resigning to accept a position on the police force under J. H. Maddox, and so continued for sixteen months. Again he resigned from the police force to go with the Pacific Express company, but remained with the express company only three and a half months, following which he took his old position as night depot master with the Texas and Pacific company.

Mr. Pemberton was the first man to unlock the new Texas and Pacific Union station on the morning of December 16, 1899. Bought the first ticket sold through the window, at being a ticket to Manchester, and was sold by C. D. Lusk. The ticket number is 2908, and Mr. Pemberton has it as a souvenir. He escorted the first man to pass through the new station after its opening, the man in question having come in from Dallas on the Dallas News train. He was a commercial traveler named D. W. Martin, representing Fairbank, Morse and Co., St. Louis.

Mr. Pemberton has never failed to lock the station in nights or to unlock it of mornings a day since its opening three years ago. Mr. Pemberton was married at Dublin, Tex., on the 28th day of December, 1882, to Miss Laura A. Keffler, a Virginia girl, and has six children—four girls and two boys, all of whom are living and are at home.

THE IDLER'S NOTE BOOK

The heart speaks the language-it loves best, and somehow the mind thinks it.

At the entertainment the other evening, peering his delightful "Lullaby," Fred Emerson Brooks said: "I'll recite the words, though they ought to be sung, but the music of them you can understand, and you'll get the air when you go outside." Now that is the way I heard it, and probably no two persons in the room heard it the same way, for coming home from the hall, I was behind a young man and a young lady to whom he was telling the jokes of the reading, in that delightfully imbecile way in which young men usually repeat jokes they have heard.

"At the first part, he made them all laugh," the young man was saying. "It was that there lullaby he called it and I guess you didn't hear him."

"I guess, maybe I didn't," she admitted, and I admired her for the sacrifice, for I knew she had. "Well he was a tellin' them about it and he said 'I'm goin' to speak the words an' you'll kin get the air when you go outside.'" His fair companion laughed deliciously at the unconscious substitution of words, though of course he imagined it was at his skill in telling. And after all, who told it the better?

And although I have been trying to find out for more than two whole months, still I don't know. No it isn't about the fire alarm system, or Houston street paving, or the Jennings avenue viaduct, or even the poll tax.

It's this. Why, when they run, do they run three street cars down Main street together instead of one at a time?

Main street isn't so wide the cars need be afraid they'll be assaulted or robbed. Most of the reasonable men are not violently opposed to twins—but triplets.

And I have seen men wait a whole period of seven minutes for a car, and then after an audibly expressed impatience, (I can't say it any more gently) start down the street. About the time they got to Fourteenth street, three street cars would go sailing past, except the last one which usually has a flat wheel somewhere. It doesn't sail, but hobbles horribly.

And when you're at Seventh street and want to get to the Union station real quickly, doesn't it jar you?

It is 1300 feet across the Jennings avenue viaduct. I know it for I walked it.

They were just finishing putting down the cinkly iron's heating that holds the concrete in its cavernous cracks, when I started to walk across. It is 1300 feet across the viaduct, and I didn't wonder at the fat men who hesitated at the north end of the structure before venturing to go upon it.

Down through the cracks, you could see the steel tracks below, lying like ribbons at a bargain counter.

So I started to walk across on a street-car rail. It is 1300 feet across the viaduct.

I walked bravely up the incline, remembering the old superstition about walking 27 rails backward and meeting a short gray man with dark hair who would be reciting "As I was going to St. Kitts," and all of the other but I didn't care, for I was walking across the viaduct. Wonderful sensation. It is 1300 feet across the viaduct.

But finally I got to the top where there wasn't any more cinkly iron, but good concrete that felt pleasant after walking on a steel rail. So I walked jauntily along till I came to the men busy putting in 6-cornered blocks in the sand, while other men were pouring tar out of sprinkling cans on the blocks already laid. It looked like a nice game and I wanted to play it, but they wouldn't let me, and one of them told me nobody was allowed on top of the viaduct but workmen. "But you're not working," I argued, "you're just playing with those blocks."

He was a stern, visaged man, and he threatened to put me off, finally telling me to go back the way I had come as the tar was too hot for me to walk down the south approach. I knew he was telling the truth, so I started back, thinking wearily of the steel rail. It is 1300 feet across the viaduct.

And then I started to walk down the north approach on a street car rail. I got half way down when the foreman hailed me. "Go back," he said, "nobody is allowed to walk up here."

"That isn't flattering," I answered. "You let me walk up when I came here about fifteen minutes ago. Do I look like nobody?"

"We've got our rules," he answered, and his grammar nearly made me lose my balance and topple down to the street tracks below.

"Go back," he repeated firmly. He had a crowbar in his hands and besides I can't fight while balanced on a steel rail.

"But the tar's hot over there," I objected.

"Makes no difference," he replied, "we've got our rules."

"I shuddered, then yielded. Rather than hear such grammar I would submit to the indignity. I walked up the steel rail again, back to the concrete, and started across to see if the tar had cooled. It is 1300 feet across the viaduct.

I got over to where the tar was, and by sneaking past the men who were busy with their little game, I tried to walk over the blocks. The tar was sticky.

It stuck to my shoes. It held fast. Horrors, was I going to be fastened on the viaduct all my life. I thought about brave men who had been tarred

and feathered and ridden on a rail. I had walked on a rail, but hadn't gotten the feathers. Then I thought about tar-heels. Mine were tar soles and heels. I looked longingly across to the other end. Anything would be better, even a fight with the foreman than this. As I looked the distance seemed to lengthen. It is 1300 feet across the viaduct.

No one noticed me and the cold sweat broke out. A little later I broke out too, but I left my shoes behind. I started to walk across the viaduct once more. It is 1300 feet across the viaduct.

I got to the other side and met the foreman. He looked at my socks and grinned, but said nothing. I started to walk down the north approach. He wagged the rail. I grew nervous and turned back. I walked back to the south end of the viaduct. It is 1300 feet across the viaduct.

My shoes were still there, but a workman had filled them with sand. The long and the short of it is, I walked back and forth over the viaduct all afternoon till the sun went down and the air got cool enough to let the tar harden. Then I sneaked down the south end and walked back on my stocking feet, under the viaduct. It was 1300 feet across the viaduct and 1302 under it.

THE IDLER.

A FABLE IN SLANG.

There was once a Knocker.

He had a three-quarters body Brunsells Education he got from Current Publications, and he also was the proud Owner of an intense desire for Publicity, which he got from Himself.

He called himself an Iconoclast and was fond of reading miscellaneous Yawp about Higher Culture, and of pointing a Long Finger at anything which wasn't.

There were a lot of Ordinaries in the Knocker's town and because they were Duffers they bore with him patiently.

He knocked on their customs, did a Devil's tattoo on their manners, hammered their artistic Yearnings, pounded their local Characters, thumped on their Tastes, and did the Trip-hammer act on their Natural Tendencies. He was a Regiment of Drummer boys, a Corps of Circus-tent Stake-drivers, a Battalion of Blacksmiths, and an army of Carpet-beaters.

And his hammer was his Own Opinion.

When the Duffers had a social Time, the Knocker was there eating Cake and distributing Gratuitous Chunks of Iconoclasm. He poked fun at the Soloist because she wasn't a Calve, ridiculed the Accompanist when she got three Beats behind and stayed there, Snorted when a Ceacon attempted to say Grace and said his prayers instead, and belittled with Laughter at the awkwardness of some of the young male Duffers who were there.

To recount all the knockings of the Knocker would be taking a three

grain dose of Nux Vom. like Mother used to make.

After a while a Wise Guy fell onto the Knocker. He had a secret Consultation with some of the Duffers and they decided to do it Brown.

Just for a Jolly they started a Public Movement. None of them hardly knew what it was, but the Wise Guy assured them it was going to be a swell Joke and would Squelch the Knocker forever.

It was only an innocent Scheme to Raise some Dough for a Town need that was so hoary it had gotten to be a Joke. At one time it had been thought about quite seriously by the Duffers, and they had even held a Mass meeting, but it had long since been given the Attic Shove and was covered with Cobwebs.

The Joke was to appoint a Committee of Steen to visit Prominent Citizens and secure Subscriptions. They were to call on the Knocker first and when he failed to Cough, they were to give him the Whinny.

They had their Great Circular printed and the Steen Committee had more volunteers than they needed. The Wise Guy walked in the front Row, and all the others followed holding Their Ha-ha's.

When they gave the Circular to the Knocker, he grinned, a Pink Pills for Pale People Grin and started for the Safe.

The smiles on Steen Committee's faces broke and their Jaws dropped because of the released Tension.

When the Knocker had finished Tumbling, he swung open the Door, pulled out a rather Lean Drawer, dove into it and Raked out a handful of Ten-spots without changing the color of his Eyebrows.

Then he affixed his Signature to the Circular, Combed out Fifty Plunks, handed them to the Chairman and then said "Come on Gentlemen, let's get some more."

He gave the Steen Committee the hottest Chase of their lives, and when they quit for Table d'ote, they had twice as much Dust as they needed.

The Town Need was hauled down from the Attic and rejuvenated and the balance of the Subscriptions was used to buy ponies for the Steen Committee's Hoads. They aren't over it yet. Moral, if you want to get the Interest on your money, invest it.

Luck in Thirteen.

By sending 13 miles Wm. Spirey of Walton Furnace, Va., got a box of Buckley's Arnica Salve, that wholly cured a horrible Peter's Sore on his leg. Nothing else could. Positively cures Bruises, Felons, Ulcers, Eruptions, Boils, Burns, Corns, and Piles. Only 25c. Guaranteed by Guthrie & Guthrie, druggists, 502 Main street.

A FREE OPERA HOUSE BOX

On the evening of November 3, at 6 o'clock sharp, will close the contest for a free theater box at Miss Grantly's appearance here. This box goes to the saleslady who receives the largest number of votes on the coupons appearing every day in The Telegram.

STILL FIGHT THE UNION

COAL BARONS CONTINUE STRUGGLE AGAINST COAL MINERS

HAMPER THE ARBITRATION

John Wanamaker Draws a Gloomy Picture of the Conditions in His State Out of Which Grew the Coal Miners' Strike

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 2.—Smarting under the rebuke of the people of the United States, voted in every newspaper in the land, the coal barons were forced into quasi acceptance of President Roosevelt's plan to end the strike.

The strike has ended, the miners are at work and the process of settlement has begun.

But if the people of the country think the coal barons have accepted the spirit of the President's propositions they are vastly mistaken. Right at the threshold of the work of the arbitration commission it is clearly apparent that the coal mine and coal railway owners propose, if possible, to nullify the vital purpose of the commission—arbitration between employer and employee.

Baer insists that the commission must deal with each mining property separately; another baron, Thomas, insists that the commission is to merely "investigate"—not "arbitrate."

A third, Truesdale, proposes to eliminate John Mitchell from the inquiry so far as his 12,000 employees are concerned. He wants the commission to receive a committee from his men to present their case.

The whole trend of their objection is plain—the coal barons are still fighting the union, and mean to fight it to the last.

This is demonstrated in another way. A movement is now on foot to have the Pennsylvania legislature repeal the act requiring every miner to pass a rigid examination and obtain a certificate from the miners' examining board.

The repeal of this act would permit the employment of inexperienced men in positions where long training and great care are necessary to avoid disaster.

The law was passed to prevent accidents and therefore to protect the lives of workmen. But it had a result which had not been foreseen, in that it formed an impregnable citadel of strength to the miners' cause. Had there been no restrictions, the mines would have been filled with unskilled laborers as soon as a strike was declared, and the organization would have been forced to ignominious surrender.

Having discovered this fact at great cost, the operators are ready to kill the law which strengthens the organization of their employees.

Wanamaker Draws a Gloomy Picture In an interview John Wanamaker, the merchant and philanthropist, explains how the coal barons retain their grip on Pennsylvania.

"This is a sunken state," he said gravely. "I mean that literally. It is not on the surface of the map, stretching his hand out over the top of the table. Not on the map level with the rest of the country. It is sunken."

"Certain of the trusts," he continued, "have for years violated the constitution of the state, and the people are powerless, for, with the legislature and other branches of the government under absolute control of the machine, where can they go with hope of a hearing?"

"The constitution forbids any railway in Pennsylvania from mining or manufacturing articles which are to be carried over its lines. For years the coal railroads have openly violated that provision of the organic law by various circumlocutions. Quay's governor and Quay's creatures in other branches of the state government make it impossible to prosecute the violators of the constitution.

"The gang which rules the state, from the governor down, makes the courts seem almost useless. It buys or otherwise 'fixes' the juries. No one who cares to get the facts will question this.

"We have many times stirred the public conscience, but the gang still steals the votes wholesale. The corruption of our system is notorious. Many have hoped that the honest vote in the country districts might save Pennsylvania from her present woful plight, but the Quay methods will prevail so long as the corporations will furnish the money, and interfere in all important elections of legislators.

"The miners are inevitably tending toward socialism, and so are other workmen. They turn to anything that seems to promise relief. But the relief they need can be found only in the complete overthrow of the corrupt and law-defying ring which controls the dominant politics of the state. Lifting the veil is settled until it is settled right."

"But it seems incredible, Mr. Wanamaker, that a rich and old community of 7,000,000 persons, with schools and churches and colleges and well-developed industries, is without power to have its organic law enforced?"

"It seems strange, but the fact is plain. They buy every vote they want, high or low, singly or by the dozen. This is the last analysis of every contest. The officeholders form a political trust, and politically appointed courts block the way of redress.

"Justice in Pennsylvania is Salterized and Potterized. State funds, appropriated to colleges, universities, hospitals and charities, are manipulated, just as offices are, to buy off opposition, to subsidize those who have opposed the Quay machine. They are in some way caught and corralled by the hope and promise of public place and official favor.

"Even the churches and clergymen, with a few brave exceptions, are silent. If any one dares to inject into a church

council or a prayer meeting a hint of this crisis the silence increases, and finally the clergyman announces a hymn and pronounces the benediction.

A Mont Pelée Is Needed "Nothing but a patriotic Mont Pelée can destroy the power that defies the constitution and circumvents the laws. It must be a tremendous upheaval. The continued defiance of the constitution and laws of Pennsylvania by the corporations, in the very teeth of the great struggle which has stricken the country, and the continued refusal of the governor and the attorney-general to enforce the laws or punish the criminals, is a frightful example to set before the great multitude of workingmen."

"These men, the toilers, have borne themselves manfully toward society and its laws all through the agonizing ordeal which has just ended. What a contrast between the law-abiding work people and the law-defying corporations!"

"In saying this I am not the enemy of corporations, but always friendly so long as they keep within the law as strictly as they request the poor man to do."

"There is only one ray of hope. That is President Roosevelt's determination to make the corporations amenable to the laws, as private citizens are; to punish lawbreakers under existing statutes, and beyond that to protect the public ad curb corporate oppression by enacting more stringent regulations."

"There is only one ray of hope. That is President Roosevelt's determination to make the corporations amenable to the laws, as private citizens are; to punish lawbreakers under existing statutes, and beyond that to protect the public ad curb corporate oppression by enacting more stringent regulations."

GEORGE GOULD'S DREAM AT HAND

MIGHTY RAILROAD INTERESTS ARE ABOUT TO BE CONSOLIDATED

FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC

Alliance With Rockefeller's Has Made Possible Gould's Life Long Dream of a Transcontinental Railroad, Under His Direction

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—Recent developments on the surface of the stock market and hints of more interesting developments beneath the surface have led the Wall Street community to conclude that at length the long promised "holding company" into which shall be merged all of the Gould railroad properties, is about to be formed. It is now definitely established that George Gould has effected an alliance with the Rockefeller family, otherwise the "Standard Oil interests." This was a great stroke for the house of Gould. Alone it could hardly have

held upon the horizon that United States leather is to be hulled. Leather common is a byword in Wall Street and has been ever since the famous Keene-Rockefeller pool in the stock collapsed in such a dismal manner, James R. Keene and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., got up that campaign for mutual profit. It was young Rockefeller's first pretentious undertaking in the stock market. He provided most of the money, or the credit, and Keene did the manipulation. They bulled

this. Gould promises in Wall Street, today, however, whether they be merely speculative with reference to some market manipulation, or deals with some more pretentious matter, are trusted absolutely. They rarely fail upon test, and then only for causes over which the Gould interests have no control. George Gould, indeed, the new financial order, and his determination to do just that was illustrated soon after he took up his father's burdens by his breaking from the influence of Russell Sage. Mr. Sage had been Jay Gould's most intimate adviser, though his advice was often wasted, and when Jay Gould died Mr. Sage appeared to think his influence should count above that of the young man.

Young Rockefeller's First Deal There is worthy evidence that in the next bull market the low priced industrial stocks will come in for greater speculative attention. There is evidence to the same general effect that is not altogether worthy. It is written bold upon the horizon that United States leather is to be hulled. Leather common is a byword in Wall Street and has been ever since the famous Keene-Rockefeller pool in the stock collapsed in such a dismal manner, James R. Keene and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., got up that campaign for mutual profit. It was young Rockefeller's first pretentious undertaking in the stock market. He provided most of the money, or the credit, and Keene did the manipulation. They bulled

from a clergyman who had by dint of much self-denial saved \$500. He wanted to know if the fakir could conscientiously advise him, the clergyman, to invest his savings in that particular stock. The fakir, who was not wholly devoid of conscience, replied that he could not, but for the sake of his business he qualified the confession by saying that he would not advise any man to invest his entire savings in a stock which although beyond reasonable doubt a very good thing still was a speculation. The next mail brought the clergyman's \$500.

A Big Money Broker The biggest money broker in the world is Howard P. Frothingham, who does nothing else but "sell" money on call and time to stock brokers. He sells millions of dollars worth of money every day and when the commodity is scarce and the demand is great he bids up the price by percentage just as a broker of another kind would bid up the price of a stock. Thus during the recent monetary stringency it was Frothingham acting for the banks, who frequently bid money up to 20 and even 30 per cent to the great temporary distress of brokers who had to have money at any price or sacrifice their own and their customers' stocks. Mr. Frothingham is a peculiar little man. He is the money market. He rides between the stock exchange and the Wall Street banks in a gorgeous automobile, and the wits say that if one is sharp one can tell by the speed of Frothing-

ham's automobile going south in New Street what the price of money is going to be in the loan crowd 5 minutes later.

A B. NEARING. There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists. 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

ELKS CHARITY FAIR Special notice—There will be a meeting of the executive committee of ladies auxiliary, Kindergarten association and Benevolent Home, Monday, November 3, 4:30 p. m. Elks club rooms.

Best Liniment on Earth I. M. McHany, Greenville, Tex., writes, Nov. 2, 1900: "I had rheumatism last winter, was down in bed six weeks; tried everything, but got no relief, till a friend gave me a part of a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment. I used it, and got two more bottles. It cured me and I haven't felt any rheumatism since. I can recommend Snow Liniment to be the best liniment on earth for rheumatism."

That house you've been looking for is advertised in the Classified Columns.

Jamaica exported 10,000,000 coconuts between April and August this year

FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF COAL STRIKE ARBITRATORS IN ACTUAL SESSION



JUSTICE GRAY GEN. WILSON E. E. CLARK BISHOP SPALDING CARROLL WRIGHT EDWIN W. PARKER THOMAS WATKINS

NOTICE TO CARPENTERS All members of Social Union No. 239 Carpenters and Joiners of America are requested to meet in the Jr. O. U. A. M. hall, corner Houston and Second streets, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 3, 1902, at 7:30. Constitutional amendments are to be acted upon and a full vote is desired.

J. K. WILSON, Rec. Sec.

HE COULD HARDLY GET UP.

P. H. Duffy, of Ashley, Ill., writes, "This is to certify that I have taken two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure and it has helped me more than any other medicine. I tried many advertised remedies, but none of them gave me any relief. My druggist recommended Foley's Kidney Cure and it has cured me. Before commencing its use I was in such a shape that I could hardly get up when once down." Sold by Reeves' Pharmacy, Ward Pharmacy and Arlington Drug Co.

Systematic inquiries into the present condition of bird life in Missouri bring to light the surprising fact that within the last 15 years insectivorous birds have decreased 62 per cent and game birds 80 per cent.

Used by Millions of Mothers Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, soothes the child, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.

ONE DOLLAR will get you one dozen fine photographs this week. John Swartz, 705 Main street.

Everybody Notices Your Dandruff. Why don't you use Smith's Dandruff Pomade; it removes the cause. For sale by Brashear & Hill.

Of 106 aliens who became naturalized British subjects last month, 62 hailed from Russia.

Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs and colds; reliable, tried and tested, safe and sure. Sold by Reeves' Pharmacy, Ward Pharmacy and Arlington Drug Co.

hoped to cope successfully with the potent Pennsylvania railroad interests whose territory it had come to invade in order to bring its Greater Missouri Pacific system to eastern tide-water. George Gould is essentially a financial builder.

Difference Between the Goulds The newer stock market generation gets an impression from the name of Gould quite different from the impression that the same name created in the mind of an older generation. Many years ago there was published in Wall Street a periodical called the "Lamb." Its mission was to pass strictures upon the great financiers who were then in undisputed control of the stock market. Two cartoons of Jay Gould printed therein are recalled. One represented him as a shepherd before whom was passing an endless flock of sheep. The crook of his shepherd's staff was a barbarous looking fish hook. The sheep that approached from in front of him were big with wool while those behind him that had passed were brutally shorn. In the background was a huge mound of sheep bones. Another cartoon represented him as the "Devil in the Cemetery." He was pictured sitting at night amid the tombstones erected to the memory of the railroad properties he had wrecked. That was the contemporary conception of Jay Gould. Later he became a builder.

Western Union and Manhattan being monuments of his ability in that respect.

George Gould a Builder Under the initiative genius of George Gould the properties which his father began building on ruins have grown and developed until today they are shaping for consolidation into what will be perhaps the most pretentious transcontinental system in the country. It is George Gould's ambition to be able to leave New York in his private car and ride to the Pacific slope without leaving his own tracks. He appears to be in a fair way to realize a dream which ten years ago most people would have called idle. It has been handicapped by the old proverb prejudicial in his case, of "like father, like son." George Gould is scrupulously fair, but he was a long time convincing the Wall Street community of

leather common across 40, and then something slipped. Wall Street doesn't know to this day precisely what it was that happened, but it is not believed that Mr. Keene lost any money. John D. Rockefeller called his son off, asked him how much he owed around the "street" and settled. Leather common found a level between 12 and 14 and has lingered there ever since. It is said that young Rockefeller has reams of the stock in the old clothes closet of his office tied up in bundles like newspapers. Keene is supposed to have a few shares left of it himself. Now it is said that Keene is going to buy the stock again, but whether on his account or for young Rockefeller the informants saith not. It is hardly probable, however, knowing how heavily long young Rockefeller is of leather that Keene would undertake a campaign in it without that gentleman's active co-operation. Young Rockefeller has learned a great deal about the game since the fiasco in leather, and it is to be expected that another campaign in the stock will be better managed.

Fake Mining Companies This has been a very rich year for the promoters of fake mining stock companies. The amounts of money these precious fakirs have taken away from the interior public are simply fabulous. A man who has been selling fake mining stocks, chiefly through advertising them widely and attractively, for less than a year, said to some friends the other day that he has put \$350,000 away where the "wolves cannot get at it." This is but one fortune of a score that might be named, all arising from the same manner of scheme. The public is doing nothing at all in the stock market, but it is buying cheap mining shares, worth in most instances less than it cost to engrave the certificates, literally by the ream.

The men who engage in this very questionable business treat the thing in a very cold-blooded manner. They laugh at the victims who send in their money and make witty calculations on how often the ordinary lamb will present himself to be fleeced. The other day one of these fakirs got a letter

Kodol Digests what you Eat Dyspepsia Cure

There is one certain way of curing indigestion and stomach troubles, that is: give your stomach a rest but still eat plenty of good food to keep up the nourishment for your body. You can do this by using KODOL DYSPEPSIA CURE because it is the one preparation which digests what you eat without aid from the stomach. Nature will then repair your worn out digestive organs and restore them to healthy condition. It relieves that feeling of fullness, belching and distress after eating. "I suffered with dyspepsia a great many years. I tried many remedies without relief until I used KODOL DYSPEPSIA CURE. My health has improved and I now feel like a new man. S. J. Flemming, Murray, Neb."

It can't help but do you good Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The \$1. bottle contains 24 times the 50c. size. When you need a soothing and healing application for piles, and skin diseases, use DeWitt's Witch Hazel SALVE. Beware of counterfeits.

FOR SALE BY Smallwood & Anderson, 712 Main Street, Anderson & Smallwood, 1604 Main Street.

A FREE OPERA HOUSE BOX. On the evening of November 3, at 6 o'clock sharp, will close the contest for a free theater box at Miss Grantly's appearance here. This box goes to the saleslady who receives the largest number of votes on the coupons appearing every day in The Telegram.

It Costs Nothing to the Winner A free box to the opera house on November 3. See particulars elsewhere. Prescription No. 2851 by Elmer & Amend, will not cure all complaints, but it will cure rheumatism. E. F. Schmidt, Houston, Texas, sole agent.

WHEN YOUR DISEASE LINGERS

Consult Drs. Blackburn and Van Horn, the Celebrated Specialists in Chronic Diseases of Both Sexes.



The X Rays cure when everything else fails. No shocks; no pain; no danger.

Diseases that have become chronic; that make men and women weak, nervous and despondent; that poison your blood; that sap your vitality and rob you of your energy and will power and cause sleeplessness, nervous debility and the loss of manhood, bring on neuralgia, headache, indigestion, constipation and nervous exhaustion, and will, if neglected, permanently destroy your health. The X Rays and electricity scientifically applied will cure all chronic diseases, including Consumption, Cancer, Rheumatism and blood and skin diseases. Our super-heated dry air apparatus Surely Cures Rheumatism. A positive guarantee in every case where strict compliance of our rules is observed.

Drs. BLACKBURN & VAN HORN, Southeast corner Fifth and Main, over Rock Island Ticket Office.

Texas Neat Dressing Club

Room 2, 1402 Main Street. The Best Clothing on Earth for the Money. Pressing Department \$1 per month—Cleaning and Dyeing a Specialty.

Result Bringers - - Classified Columns

The CLASSIFIED COLUMNS.

Growing Every Day Because They Bring Results

One Cent Per Word For First Insertion. One-half Cent Per Word Thereafter.

No Ads. Taken For Less Than 15 Cents.

Classified Ads Payable In Advance.



Good advertising is the magnet which pulls trade.

You may have just as good values as the other fellow, but if he tells the public about his ability to do better for them than any one else and you do not he will get the trade.

Tell people why it is their advantage to trade with you. Tell them convincingly and keep telling them.

—Chicago Dry Goods Reporter.

The drawing power of an ad. is gauged by its circulation. If you want to reach the people, use this paper.

England's Postmaster General, Joseph Austen Chamberlain, son of Joseph Chamberlain, colonial secretary, by getting a seat in the British cabinet furnishes the rare spectacle of a father and son holding cabinet rank



simultaneously. It is a precedent in English politics for father and son to be in the cabinet at the same time. Young Chamberlain is but thirty-nine years of age. He was educated at Rugby and Trinity college at Cambridge. He is now postmaster general of Great Britain.

Head of the Reaper Trust. Cyrus H. McCormick, recently elected president of the newly organized International Harvesters' company,



which has a capital stock of \$120,000,000, is a son of the late inventor of the famous reaping machines which bear his name. At the death of his father in 1884 he became president of the McCormick company, which has now been merged into the trust.

Worm Destroyer

White's Cream Vermifuge, not only kills worms, but removes the mucus and slime, in which they build their nests; it brings, and quickly, a healthy condition of the body, whose worms cannot exist. 25c at H. T. PANGBURN & CO.'S.

A Free Opera House Box

See particulars elsewhere in The Telegram's voting contest in which the most popular saleslady will receive a free opera house box to "Her Lord and Master."

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE IT. Many broad minded physicians prescribe Foley's Honey and Tar, as they have never found so safe and reliable a remedy for throat and lung troubles as this great medicine. Sold by Reeves' Pharmacy, Ward Pharmacy and Arlington Drug Co.

It Costs Nothing to the Winner. A free box to the opera house on November 3. See particulars elsewhere.

When delivery of The Telegram is irregular make complaint to the office. Phone 177 or 676 Main.

HELP WANTED—MALE.

WANTED—Manager for new branch of our business here in Fort Worth. Address at once, with references, Alired Morris, Wholesaler, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AN UP-TO-DATE MAN who can come well recommended to take charge of our office at a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars and liberal commission. Must be in a position to take stock in our company, \$1,500 to \$3,000 for term of engagement. This company is one of the strongest in Maryland. Capitalized for \$250,000.00. Address Maryland Assurety & Trust Co., Calvert Bldg., Baltimore, Maryland.

WANTED—Men to learn barber trade. Special inducements to distant applicants. The advantage of steady practice can only be had in larger cities. Years saved with our facilities. Do not be deceived by similar names nor five cent shops called colleges. Write for special offer today. Motor System Barber Colleges, New Orleans, La., or St. Louis, Mo.

TRAVELER WANTED—To work country stores. Salary \$1,000 per year and expenses. El Padre Cigar Co., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—Four first-class carpenters at once, corner Fifth and Taylor.

WANTED—Salesman to sell our \$1, \$2, \$4 and \$5 accident and health insurance policies, combined with registration; big commission; \$250,000 deposited for protection of policy holders. Salesmen making \$10 to \$25 a day. Travelers' Identification Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., N. R. Tidal, Room 5, Denver building, corner Fifth and Houston.

WANTED, QUICK—Young man who can give proper reference, to take an interest in established business (established 12 years). Must have \$200 cash. A gift-edge opportunity for energetic young man. No canvassing. Business a money maker. Don't reply unless you have the cash and mean business. For full particulars address, "Success," care Fort Worth Telegram, Fort Worth, Texas.

MEN—We teach the barber trade in the shortest possible time at small expense and guarantee positions; tools furnished; only colleges in the world on the ground floor and where tuition can be earned while learning; write for particulars. Motor's Barber Colleges, Dallas, Tex., or Denver, Colo. We have no college in St. Louis or New Orleans.

WANTED—Men to learn barber trade. Free transportation to New Orleans or St. Louis until November 1 only. This is special offer. Write either branch at once if you want to learn the trade under most favorable conditions and at least expense. Address, Motor Barber College, New Orleans, La., or St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—Two or three good carriers with ponies at The Telegram office.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

WANTED—Energetic young women to solicit for the Social Season, 410 East First, between 8 and 9 o'clock.

COOK WANTED—Corner Sixteenth and Elm street. Lady preferred. Jno. Carter.

WANTED—Four energetic young ladies who would like to spend a month next summer at one of the leading resorts on the Great Lakes (absolutely free) and can at once engage in a profitable, high class enterprise here in Fort Worth or elsewhere. Don't apply unless you mean business. Call or address D. J. Murray, room 6, 706 1-2 Main street, over Wells Fargo office, Fort Worth, Texas.

WANTED—At once lady to press pants. Panatorium club, 315 Main St.

WANTED—A girl for general housework in a family of three. A German or Swedish girl preferred. Mrs. J. A. Ford, 325 Garveston avenue.

BOARD AND ROOMS.

WANTED—By northerners for winter two or three comfortably furnished apartments with private family; South or West Side. Address "North," care The Telegram.

DESIRABLE ROOMS with board. \$15 Lamar street.

HORSEHOERS.

THE HORSE SHOERS—Treatment of diseased feet a specialty. Tenth and Throckmorton. J. M. Crabb, opposite City Hall.

SCIENTIFIC HORSE - SHOEING — And an up-to-date repair shop. 22 years experience. Satisfaction guaranteed. Green Hamilton, corner 13th and Rusk street.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WANTED—Second hand furniture, etc. Will pay top prices, or trade with you. Bains Furniture Co., 308 Houston street.

W. T. LADD TRADING CO. for your furniture, stoves and all kinds of household goods. Easy payments. 912 Main street.

THE UNEDA CO.'S famous crude oil heater, "Josephine," on view at W. T. Ladd Trading Co., Main St.

FOR SALE.

The noblest hook-up is an open park wagon. We have the Spider phaetons in the happy medium styles. Fife & Miller, 312 Houston st. W. J. Tackaberry.

FOR SALE—One Fischer upright piano and furniture of five room cottage. 1009 West Second street. Call afternoon.

WATERMAN FOUNTAIN PEN CONNERS' BOOK STORE

READ OUR AD—Just received a job lot of mattresses at prices to suit. We also have stacks of furniture. Your credit is good at Nix-Graves bargain house. 302-4 Houston street. Phone 998-2.

JUST THE BOOKS you're looking for. Send stamp for list. Box 373, Montreal, Canada.

FOR SALE—The best second-hand furniture business in Fort Worth. Sick-nese reason for selling. Address A. B. C., care Telegram.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—For sale or will trade for an upright piano, one light platform spring wagon, nearly new, with double team new harness. Apply to C. W. Maxwell, 507 May street.

\$175 SCHUBERT UPRIGHT PIANO, cost \$450; \$6 monthly. Hirschfeld, 812 Houston St.

READ OUR AD—Such prices on furniture given by no others. C Nix-Graves, your credit is good. 302-4 Houston street. Phone 998-2.

FOR SALE.—Nothing like our Buggies, Runabouts, Phaetons and Surries, and we name prices that will meet your views. Our guarantee fully protects you. Call and be convinced. R. M. (Bob) DAVIS & CO., Cor. Second and Throckmorton streets.

FOR SALE—Lot 14, block 16, Felt-Weich, 1033-37, Fronts College on west and Alston avenue on east. In all 6 2 5 50-foot lots. D. E. Hirschfeld, Beaumont, Tex.

LARGEST STOCK of Edison phonographs and moulded records in the city. Cummings-Shepherd Co., 709 Houston street.

UPRIGHT PIANO, almost worn out, for \$75.00. Good for practice work. Cummings-Shepherd Co., 709 Houston street.

FOR SALE—A lot of good second-hand buggies. Price \$10 to \$75; also two car loads of new and up-to-date buggies, most of them made by the Hynes Buggy Co., Quincy, Ill. Prices right and terms to suit. George L. Marlow's Ivory stable, Fourth and Rusk Sts. Phone 137.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITERS—"Standard Visible Writer," at Lyster & Smith's, 506 Main St. Phone 651.

CASH—All kinds of articles bought, sold or exchanged; boots, shoes and clothing a specialty. 1304 Jennings.

WHEN you need Furniture U C Bains Furniture Co., 308 Houston street.

U WILL ALWAYS find a well assorted stock of furniture, Trunks and Novelties at easy prices and low payments. R. H. Standley, Third and Houston streets.

PERSONAL.

\$2.00 to learn to pass on any dice any where. No failure. Address with stamp, Clark Smith, Shreveport, La.

YOUR FORTUNE Told from cradle to grave. What I tell you comes true. Send time and birthdate. Prof. J. Myers, Drawer 704, Chicago.

GET your Blank Books, Stationery, Toys and Fancy Goods and Sheet Music at CARRUTHERS' Book Store.

LIGHT! LIGHT!! LIGHT!!!—Better than electric and at half the cost. No expense for fixtures. Try us a week. Satisfaction guaranteed. National Arc Light Co., 1906 Main st.

READ OUR AD—Furniture of all kinds, bought, sold and exchanged. Go to Nix-Graves' bargain house. Your credit is good. 302-4 Houston street. Phone 998-2.

LADIES—Use our harmless remedy for delayed or suppressed period; it cannot fail. Trial free. Paris Chemical Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

For reading matter, J. F. Green's Old Book Store. Open until 9 p. m. Library block, 906 Houston St.

PERSONAL—Morphine, opium, laudanum, cocaine habit; myself cured; will inform you of harmless, permanent home cure. Mrs. M. A. Baldwin, box 1212, Chicago.

READ OUR AD—Then when you have furniture to buy, sell or exchange. C Nix-Graves, your credit is good. 302-4 Houston street. Phone 998-2.

DENTISTRY—Dr. Daniels, 703 1-2 Main street, will give you the best dental work for the least money, notwithstanding other advertisements.

STEAM RENOVATING WORKS—Carpets, Rugs, Feathers and Mattresses renovated. Scott's Renovating Works. Phone 167 1-R.

REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENTS

FOR SALE—Nice vacant lots near University; small cash payment. Will build to suit on monthly installments. Geo. W. Peckham & Co., 310 Hoxie Building.

FOR SALE—Nice five-room house, bath room, etc.; close in; \$1,750, on good terms. Geo. W. Peckham & Co., 310 Hoxie Building.

FOR SALE—Good four-room house and lot in Union Depot Addition, for \$1,200; \$75 cash, balance \$15 per month. Geo. W. Peckham & Co., 310 Hoxie Building.

FOR SALE—We have houses and lots for sale in all parts of the city on excellent terms. Geo. W. Peckham & Co., 310 Hoxie Building.

FOR RENT—Good house and lot on South Side; \$20 per month. Geo. W. Peckham & Co., 310 Hoxie Bldg.

FOR RENT—New five-room house on South Side, one block from the car line; \$16 per month. Geo. W. Peckham & Co., 310 Hoxie Building.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO W. L. LIGON & CO., REAL ESTATE, RENTAL AND FIRE INSURANCE, 610 MAIN STREET. PHONE 446, FORT WORTH, TEX.

FOR SALE—New 4-room cottage on East Westford street, lot 50x100, must be sold at once. See this place and make an offer.

FOR SALE—Nice 4-room cottage, corner lot, 50x100, thorough repair, on East Side. Price \$1,200, \$200 cash, balance monthly.

FOR SALE—A beautiful 5-room cottage on Jennings avenue near car line, corner lot, 50x100, southeast exposure, iron fence, shade trees, beautiful lawn, flowers, two-story barn. Price \$2,300, \$200 cash, balance monthly.

FOR SALE—On South Side, lot 50x150, small house, picket fence, lawn, shade, stable. Price \$450, \$50 cash, balance to suit.

FOR SALE—New 3-room frame house, nice lot, barn and fence. Price \$350, small cash payment balance monthly.

FOR SALE—Lot near University, northeast exposure, corner lot, 62 1/2 x 120. Price \$750.

FOR SALE—Lot 50x224 on Jennings avenue. Price \$500, one-fourth cash, balance annually.

L. T. KNIGHT & CO., 711 Main St. Phone 276-1-r.

EMPLOYMENT AGENTS

IF YOU WANT bookkeeper, stenographer, office man, clerks, farm or ranch hands, cooks, waiters, chamber maids or house servants, we furnish them free. Fort Worth Employment Office, 1011 Main. Phone 245.

WANTED TO BUY.

WANTED—All the second-hand goods in town; highest price. G. W. Willis, 1312 Houston St.

WANTED—To buy house, lot not less than 50x100. Small payment down, balance monthly. Address "Lino," care Telegram.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.

LOST—The back of a watch charm. Emblem of Mystic Circle and initials W. Y. D. on it. Finder will be rewarded by returning same to El-lison's Furniture store.

RESTAURANTS

MASON'S RESTAURANT has moved to 1012 Main street, just below old cash balance \$25 monthly.

Five-room frame house, hall hydrants, trees, walks, barn, picket fence, lot 50x162 feet to 20-foot alley, located on West Side, price \$2,000, one-third cash.

Pretty 4-room cottage completely furnished, on Northeast Side, porch, picket fence, corner lot 50x100, near car line, price \$1,500, \$300 cash and monthly payments.

Six-room modern cottage, hall hydrants, porch, lawn, trees, stable, lot 100x100, to an alley, east front, price \$2,000, \$500 cash, balance to suit. Fifty acres fine land at station on the Interurban line, 26 acres in cultivation, all fenced, price \$60 per acre, one-third cash.

M. L. CHAMBERS & CO., 810 Main Street, Ft. Worth, Tex.

SAM H. TAYLOR, 309 Houston street. Job Printing, the best always at prices the lowest. Telephone 211.

GILLILAND-SANDIDGE CO.

Real Estate, Loans and Investment Securities.

On Weatherford street, 100x100, corner lot, good new three-room house, barn (new). Price, \$1,650. Terms arranged.

On North Side, near car line, near Central avenue, a good new 4-room house, bath room, porch, lots 50x140, good barn, shade, fences, artesian well, windmill, gasoline engine. The well pays \$15 per month. Price, \$1,700, \$700 cash, remainder to suit.

On South Hemphill, opposite Chase place, a new 6-room modern cottage, very large porch, bath room, water works, good barn, lot 125x210 feet to alley, on brick wall foundation, three fine mantels, sliding doors, large halls, screened porch in rear. An ideal home, unexcelled location, and cost more than the price we ask for it. This beautiful home can be had at a rare bargain, and it will not be on the market long at the price we ask for it. \$1,250; \$150 cash and the remainder on easy terms.

South Side corner lot, near car line, good 5-room house, good barn, fences, well, trees, etc. Price, \$1,200; \$150 cash, balance \$15 monthly.

On South Side, three lots 50x100 feet each, good 5-room house, barn and buggy shed, nice trees, water, etc. Can be bought for \$1,800; \$200 cash and balance monthly payments. It will pay to investigate this.

In the Seventh ward, within two blocks of school and one block of car line, we have a new 5-room cottage on two lots, good fence and barn, all new and up-to-date. Will sell for \$1,300, with very small cash payment and balance like paying rent.

A nice lot in Union Depot addition, on graded street, that we can erect a nice 5-room house according to your own plan, and sell at a very reasonable price with \$100 cash and \$15 per month.

A pretty resident lot 50x150 to wide alley, located within one block of Pennsylvania avenue, in a fine location, very cheap at \$700.

On West Side, close in, a very modern 5-room cottage, bath, sewerage, electric lights, large pantry, etc., barn, storm house, nice shade trees, east front, in fine condition and an elegant location. Remarkably cheap at \$2,500; one-third cash, balance to suit. Investigate.

A "Quality Hill" home, cottage very modern, has every convenience the city affords; six rooms, two halls, large porches, large lot, good barn, servants rooms, nice lawn, trees, flowers, etc., in a fine neighborhood can be had. This place is cheap at \$5,000, but owing to circumstances, \$4,500 will buy it. Terms arranged.

GILLILAND-SANDIDGE CO. The here to stay Real Estate Agts. 611 Main Street.

I'll Give My Head for a Football—If I haven't got the most astounding proposition ever dreamed of, I can sell you a lot, north front, in a nice new addition, three blocks from city belt line, build a spick span new five-room cottage on same, oil finish, reeded casing, bath room, bath tub, sink, pantry, closets, fine paper—a strictly up-to-date cottage all for about \$35,000; do it, balance \$22 to \$25 per month. If you have a lick of business "get up and git" to you, come around and let me talk to you.

Some Wallowing Trades—A few four-room new frame cottages in Union Depot Addition, south front, going at \$1,050; \$100 down, balance \$15.00 monthly at 8 per cent. Its coming winter. Get into warm quarters. Get you a home. Haven't you paid rent long enough? How many years' rent have you paid? Cast up the account. What have you to show for it? Not a thing in God's world. Jump onto a hurricane and blow into my office. Charles M. Brown, the Real Estate Hustler, 706 1-2 Main. Phone 370.

Down goes the price. Four-room house, shade trees, lot 50x100, near Broadway, price \$1,100. Easy terms.

Eight-room, 2-story frame house, 2 halls, closets, pantry, bath, sewerage, servant's room, barn, picket fence, porch, lot 60x120, south front, near High school, price \$3,500; \$1,500 cash, balance easy terms.

Six-room frame house, hall, bath, closets, pantry, china closet, cistern, hydrants, lawn, trees, cement walks, iron fence, lot 55x100, east front, on West Side, close in, price \$2,500; \$400 cash, balance \$25 monthly.

Five-room frame house, hall hydrants, trees, walks, barn, picket fence, lot 50x162 feet to 20-foot alley, located on West Side, price \$2,000, one-third cash.

Pretty 4-room cottage completely furnished, on Northeast Side, porch, picket fence, corner lot 50x100, near car line, price \$1,500, \$300 cash and monthly payments.

Six-room modern cottage, hall hydrants, porch, lawn, trees, stable, lot 100x100, to an alley, east front, price \$2,000, \$500 cash, balance to suit. Fifty acres fine land at station on the Interurban line, 26 acres in cultivation, all fenced, price \$60 per acre, one-third cash.

M. L. CHAMBERS & CO., 810 Main Street, Ft. Worth, Tex.

SAM H. TAYLOR, 309 Houston street. Job Printing, the best always at prices the lowest. Telephone 211.

REAL ESTATE.

A. N. EVANS & CO., 706 1-2 MAIN ST. A Few Bargains in Real Estate.

We have just arranged to place on sale at greatly reduced prices, one of the finest additions in the city. The Goldsmith subdivision of the Patillo Addition. These lots will be on the market at the prices offered but a few days. We are sole agents and can offer extra inducements for parties looking for an investment, or will build houses and sell on good terms to desirable purchasers.

We have a few choice lots left in the Patillo Addition, on Hemphill, Jennings Ave., May, Galveston and Main streets. These lots are selling very rapidly, and any one desiring an investment or looking for an investment for a home, it will pay them to see us a once.

FOR SALE—A modern new 8-room two-story house, contract price for the building alone is more than we are asking for the property. We are authorized to sell this place for \$2,500, on terms to suit most any one. This place is located in one of the best portions of the city, and will not be on the market but a few days. See us for terms.

A nice large two-story residence S. W. portion of the city, East front, corner lot, bath, sewerage, lights and near street car line, for \$3,500.

On the west side of city, close to business, house of 6 rooms, corner lot fronting east, if sold at once, price \$2,300; good terms.

Nice new 4-room cottage, South Side, lot 50x100, East front, near street car line, good neighborhood. Price, \$1,200.

Six-room house on Peter Smith street, near high school building. Price, \$1,200.

Good 5-room house, corner lot 100x100 feet, South Side. Price, \$1,200. On good terms.

Five-room house barn and buggy shed, lot 100x150 feet, corner fronting south, near street car line, good neighborhood; price \$1,800. \$100 cash, \$25 per month. This is a special bargain; call and let us show it to you.

19 1/2 acres truck and garden tract, Riverside, three miles east from city, all good farm land, 10 acres cleared, small house and good orchard; price, \$1,200. Terms to suit.

We have houses and lots for sale in all parts of the city. Established business of twelve years, and if you want to buy, sell, rent or exchange property, see us.

A. N. EVANS & CO., 706 1-2 Main St., Fort Worth.

FOR SALE—Nice five room plastered house on South Side; has two-story barn, lot 100x100 feet. Price \$2,100, part cash and balance on good terms. We have nice lots on the South Side on which we will build houses to suit on the best terms. We have a fine list of both business and residential property in the city for sale at very reasonable prices.

FOR SALE—Suburban home; modern improvements; 4 rooms; frame; barn; buggy shed; lot 17 1/2 x 260; water and sewerage connections; gas, etc.; cheap. Apply Bud Brown, Palais Royal.

STORAGE AND TRANSFER

STORAGE—Cleanest rooms, lowest prices in Fort Worth. C Nix-Graves, 302-4 Houston street. Phone 998-2.

DARRAH Storage Company's moving vans carry larger loads than any in the household or goods carefully packed and shipped at reasonable prices. Some bargains in furniture held for storage. 1601 Houston St. Phone 65.

CARPENTERS

CARPENTER AND CABINET WORKS—Thomas Dillard, shelving, counters, show cases and all kinds of fixture specialties. 1302 Jennings avenue. Telephone 727 2 rings.

LUMBER YARD.

JOHN E. QUARLES Lumber company on E. Fourth street, have a large stock of lumber they want to reduce by Jan. 1. See them before buying.

FINANCIAL.

MONEY to lend upon improved city property and for building. No stock has to be taken. Monthly payments, and loan paid any time. J. F. Wellington, Jr., Board of Trade Bldg.

LOANS on farms and improved city property. W. T. Humble, representing Land Mortgage Bank of Texas, Board of Trade building.

FURNITURE REPAIRED

CANE and wickerwork and folding beds a specialty; all work guaranteed. A. M. Blackman, 1302 Jennings avenue. Phone 727 2-r.

GLOBE FURNITURE CO. buys, sells REPAIRS. 300 Houston street.

FOR SALE BY

E. L. Huffman & Co., 109 East 4th Street, Fort Worth.

On West 5th street, 7 rooms and bath, stable and outbuildings, house in thorough repair, with all modern conveniences. Price for short time only \$2,500; one-third cash, balance to suit.

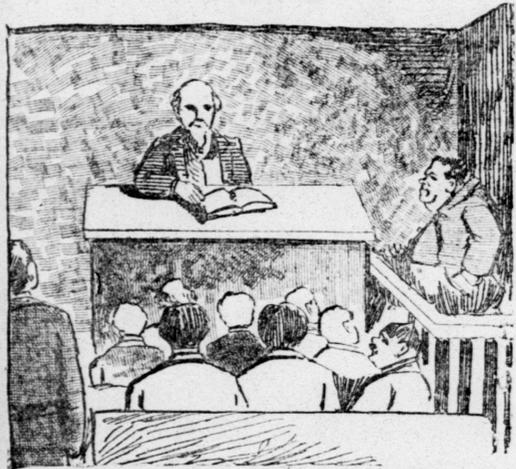
Modern 6-room frame cottage, reception hall, bath and modern conveniences, located in one of best residential portions of the city, large lot. Are offering this property for next few days at \$2,500. Terms, \$1,000 cash, balance to suit purchaser.

Five-room frame cottage on Hemphill street, just completed, modern and up-to-date in every way, with large reception hall and mantels, east front, large corner lot. Price, \$2,300.

New two-story 8-room house, on West Side, corner lot 50x100 feet to 15 foot alley. Is now rented for \$35 per month. If sold at once, will take \$2,500 for this property. Terms \$750 cash, balance to suit purchaser.

We can give special bargains in lots in McConnell addition, which is

Light and Shadow in the Police Court



"I Only Held the Pistol on Me Knee, Yer Honor."

It was the down-trodden landlord who came into court this time and told Judge Stewart a harrowing tale of woe. The court leaned forward over the desk and drank in every word.

A man with a bay window front and scrambled face stood up in the dock and ground his teeth in fear and anger at the damning testimony. It seemed that the man with the bay-window front style of architecture had drawn a pistol and threatened to bore numerous holes through the corporeity of the landlord.

Now the landlord was thin, and he felt that it would not improve him to any great degree to be punctured.

"How about this?" asked Judge Stewart. "This landlord says you threatened to shoot him up a whole lot. How about it, my man, how about it? You don't look to me—"

"Your honor," said the man with the bay-window front in a voice which sounded like a stereotyped saw, "it's all a mistake. I assure you I had no desire to perforate you gent. I merely took the revolver from me pocket and laid it on me knee—right on me knee, judge, yer honor."

"Ah, ha. And what did you say as you did so?"

"Nawthin," judge, yer honor, nawthin. I merely laid the weapon on me knee."

"Indeed, indeed—just laid the weapon on your knee. What a disciple of peace you are, to be sure. You just wanted to look at the gun on your knee?"

"That's all yer honor—that's all." "You are not a Prohibitionist, are you?"

"No, judge, yer honor."

"Then you were drunk, eh?"

"Yes, judge, yer honor, I had been drinking."

Turning to the landlord the judge asked: "When is this man's rent up, Mr. Landlord?"

"It is always up, your honor," retorted the thin gent of the X-ray style of architecture.

Turning to the gent standing in the dock, the court said:

"You hear this man, and I am inclined to believe him. He says you are a never-ending source of trouble, and that he wants to get rid of you. I think I should myself, were I in his place. You'll get right out if I let you go, will you?"

"Indeed I will, judge, yer honor," said the man in the dock as he reached for his hat.

"But your honor, we have a pistol case against him. What are you going to do with that?" interposed Attorney Roy.

"So we have, so we have," recalled the court. "He admits it, too. Well, well, my man, I'll make it as light on you as I can—\$25 and costs."

The man with the bay-window attachment sat down all in a lump, and the hat that he would have picked up as a free man, rolled to the floor.

A Mother's Devotion to a Worthless Son

This boy sat in the dock in the corporation court, brazen-faced and unconcerned. He is about 17 years old, but in devilry he is a veteran. He looked about him with the supreme indifference of one who is gazing upon scenes which have been seen often—so often as to have become a bore. And such doubtless was really the fact. For he has been up often before. In fact he but recently came off the county road. He is an incorrigible, and jers at law and justice.

His mother sat in the courtroom on this occasion and she watched him with all her anguished soul in her faded old eyes. Occasionally his restless eyes would fall upon her face, rest there a few moments indifferently and then move on again. His mother was nothing more to him than an old woman who had brought him into this world. Beyond that her influence and standing ceased. She was not to be mentioned in the same breath with some of the toughs with whom he associated.

This was not the first time this poor old mother had endured the torments of the damned while waiting to see what would befall her idolized boy. Many times has this one been up. A few weeks ago another brother was up before Judge Stewart, and this poor old soul was there attired in black. This boy was at that time on the county road. And well may she wear black, for the hopes of her life are dead—coffined in the steel-barred cage that keeps the human wild beasts in restraint while justice decides what shall be done with them.

He was fined for trespassing, and when court was adjourned and while yet in the dock he beckoned to his

old mother, much as he would have beckoned to a dog—"Come here," he said.

His mother went over and listened anxiously while he spoke a few words over the dock railing, following which he turned abruptly away and paid no further attention to her. She lingered tearfully for a while with a wistful yearning look toward the file of men and her boy as they were marched to the prison through the corridor, then went away with bowed head and streaming eyes.

And what of the boy? Oh, he heaved tobacco and paper from a fellow prisoner, rolled a cigarette with apparent indifference, and puffed the smoke to the low ceiling, walked over to the barred door and peered out. Turning to a fellow prisoner he asked where the street gang was working, and wondered what kind of ankle bracelets George Craig would put on him this time.

It Was All a Joke (?) Readers of The Telegram will recall the mention made a few days ago of the arrest of a fellow for ringing up the patrol wagon just for fun.

Well this same gent was in the corporation court one morning the past week. He himself had had a mean joke perpetrated upon him this time, and he brought a great big roar into Judge Stewart's court.

That's usually the way with practical jokers, though. It tickles them nearly to death to get a joke on some one else; but when its on them its all off.

Well that's different somehow. It developed that this facetious gent had invited another to spend the night in his apartments. The invitation was accepted.

The invited gent got up first next morning, or else beat his host staying awake.

He was such an absent-minded guest, for he wore away two suits of clothes, only one of which belonged to him.

It was all a joke (?) of course. But somehow the patrol wagon called could not see it that way. He had the other joker, the absent-minded guest arrested.

Secretary Montgomery wrote him name in a big book, and Judge Stewart made a notation opposite, and there was —

Trouble, trouble, trouble. And all because the inveterate joker could not see a joke.

Jumped On a Ten Penny Nail

The little daughter of Mr. J. N. Powell jumped on an inverted rake made of ten penny nails, and thrust one nail entirely through her foot and a second one half way through. Chamberlain's Pain Balm was promptly applied and five minutes later the pain had disappeared and no more suffering was experienced. In three days the child was wearing her shoe as usual and with absolutely no discomfort. Mr. Powell is a well known merchant of Forkland, Va. Pain Balm is an antiseptic and heals such injuries without maturation and in one-third the time required by the usual treatment. For sale by N. E. Grammer, druggist.

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE SPECIAL RATES.

Chicago, Ill., rate \$28.40 for round trip. Date of sale Nov. 29 to Dec. 6. Return limit Dec. 10.

Amarillo, Tex., rate \$13.40 for round trip, account Home-seekers. Date of sale daily. Return limit 30 days.

San Francisco, Cal. Rate \$25.00 one way. Dates of sale, September 1 to October 31. Stop over will be allowed at certain points in California.

For further information and particulars, call on V. N. TURPIN, C. P. & T. A. Telephone 127. Office 601 Main St.

W. A. Herren of Finch, Ark., writes, "I wish to report that Foley's Kidney Cure has cured a terrible case of kidney and bladder trouble that two doctors had given up." Sold by Reeves' Pharmacy, Ward Pharmacy and Arlington Drug Co.

H. & T. C. Special Rates To California points, \$23. Dates of sale during Sept. and Oct. For further information call on phone or address information call on phone or address Phone 458. W. R. SMITH, C. P. & T. A., Hotel Worth.

Constipation is the rock that wrecks many lives; it poisons the very life blood. Regularity can be established through the use of PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. It is mildly cathartic and strengthens the stomach, liver and kidneys.

It Costs Nothing to the Winner A free box to the opera house on November 3. See particulars elsewhere.



It so happened the very day the stanch old salt came searching through the



"You sent for me, sir?"

building in quest of his friend that the general with two aids and others of his staff had assembled in the office of Colonel Strain. Several of them had known and sailed with the Idaho's master and liked her captain well, despite his frequent flings at soldiers. His appearance at the doorway, therefore, was the signal for quite a cordial welcome.

The general himself came forward to take him by the hand and say how sorry he was at the loss of his ship and how he hoped soon to see him on the decks of a bigger and better one. But the bluff captain thought as little of land generals as of lubbers of lower grade, and was not as grateful as he should perhaps have been, and was evidently looking for something beyond the sympathetic group, and presently said so.

"I've come to see Mr. Loring, by George! I haven't laid eyes on him since the night he backed me up in restoring order and discipline on my ship. That man ought to have been a sailor! Where'll I find him?" he concluded, abruptly, starting round at the circle of somewhat embarrassed faces.

"We heard some rumor about this, captain," said the general. "Suppose you come into my office and tell me the whole story?"

"Why not right here, where they can all hear?" was the instant answer. "I'm told, that more'n one man has been at work trying to rob him of the credit, and as for Mr. Jennings, who was our first officer, I gave the company a piece of my mind the moment I heard of it, and I've got a tongue lashing in store for him. 'Tain't the first I've had to give him, either, and it won't be the last if he ever runs foul of me again. They tell me, what's more, that Escalante's agent has had the impudence to come here a dozen times threatening Mr. Loring. Next time he comes you have him kicked out and charge it to me. That man's a thief, and so is one of the Escalantes—if not more than one."

As for Loring, he's head and shoulders above any of the young fellows that have sailed with me, and when I was flattened out by the rush of that cowardly gang he stood up to 'em like a man. That one shot of his brought 'em up with a jerk and put an end to the trouble."

He broke off short and glanced about him to note the effect of his words. It was an awkward moment. Three of the group had had their doubts as to the possibility of Loring's being culpable, but so disturbed and partially convinced had been the general and his chief of staff, so active had been the aid-de-camp referred to in his collection and dissemination of scandal at Loring's expense, that no one felt able to say anything until the general himself had spoken.

The chief evidently felt his dignity assailed and his commanding attitude imperiled. No further revelations ought to be allowed except such as should be filtered through him or his accredited staff officers.

"Come into my den, captain," he exclaimed, therefore. "You interest me greatly, and I want to hear all about it."

"I'll come quick enough," said the captain briefly, "after I've seen Loring. I want to shake hands with him, I say, before I do anything else. Where'll I find him?" And with most depressing disregard of the general's greatness, the sailor would have turned his back on the entire party in order to find his injured friend, but the chief was a strategist.

"Ah, go to Mr. Loring, captain," said he to a ready staff officer, "and say to him that I desire he should come to my room a moment!" And the aid-de-camp was off like a shot, so the seaman could only wait. The general led the way into his comfortable room and signaled to one or two to follow, and presently back came his messenger and a moment after him—grave, composed, but freezingly formal—there at the door stood the engineer. His eyes brightened up the instant he laid them on the Idaho's sturdy commander, but etiquette demanded that he should first address the general.

"You sent for me, sir?" "I did, Mr. Loring. Our good friend, Captain Moreland, has been telling us of your most—er—praiseworthy conduct the night of the disaster. We all wish to assure you, are—er—gratified to hear of this. And now it has occurred to me that Captain Moreland might be able to throw some light on the very unpleasant matter which we had to bring to your attention a few weeks since. Surely he must know something of these—er—people who were your accusers."

The general was seated at his big desk. He was flanked by the adjutant general and backed by a brace of aids.

A WOUNDED NAME

By BRIG. GEN. CHAS. KING, USA.

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Moreland, the mariner, was standing at the table and started forward as Loring entered as though to grasp his hand. The general still considered it essential to observe a certain air of formality in speaking. It was as though he had begun to believe Loring an injured man, and therefore he himself must be an aggrieved one, for surely the lieutenant should have spared the general the mortification of being placed in the wrong.

But to this tentative remark Mr. Loring made no reply. He stood calmly before the department commander, looking straight into his face, but did not open his lips.

"I say," repeated the general in louder tone, "the captain appears to know and may be able to tell us something about the people who were your accusers."

"Possibly, sir," said Loring, finding that he was expected to say something, but with an indifference of manner most culpable in one so far inferior in rank.

"I was in hopes, Mr. Loring," said the general, evidently nettled, "that you would appreciate the evident desire of myself and confidential officers to see you relieved of these—er—accusations. For that reason I urged Captain Moreland to make his statement public."

And still looking straight at the department commander, whose florid face was turning purple, Loring was silent. Perhaps after a month of accusation, real or implied, on the part of the general and the "confidential officers" he found it difficult to account for the sudden manifestation of desire to acquit.

He was thinking, too, of a tear stained little letter that had come to him only a few days earlier—the last from Pancha before the child was formally entered at the school of the good gray sisters. He was wondering if she at 16 were really more alone in her little world than he in the broad and liberal sphere of soldier life. Then the sight of Moreland's weather-beaten face, perturbed and aggrieved, gave him a sense of sympathy that through all the weeks of his virtual ostracism had been lacking. He had other letters, too, worth more than a dollar apiece, which was what their carriage cost him, bidding him have no fear; documents of weight were coming that would teach the authorities of the Pacific coast the error of their views and ways, but of these he did not care to speak. He chose to wait the coming of the documents themselves. The silence, however, was oppressive, and the sailor spoke.

"If the only accusers this gentleman has are Escalantes, or associates of the Escalantes, you'd better beg his pardon and have done with it," said he, and thereby put the matter in its most luckless way.

Angrily the general turned to the aid-de-camp fidgeting on his left.

"Do you know whether the Escalantes are the sole accusers, captain?" said he deliberately.

"I regret to say that they are not," was the answer. "And Mr. Loring has shown strange reluctance, to put it mildly, to meet the others."

"I have answered, once and for all, every charge brought to my ears," said Loring, turning on the speaker, with eyes that blazed, and Moreland, who had seen him cool and composed in the face of panic, marveled now to note the intensity of his emotion, for Loring was white and trembling, though his gaze was steady as the hand that held back the terror-stricken crew that wild night on the waters.

"Perhaps you are unaware of the more recent developments—and the source of information," said the aid unhesitatingly.

"I am, and I demand the right to know or to meet both without delay."

"I'll come quick enough," said the captain briefly, "after I've seen Loring. I want to shake hands with him, I say, before I do anything else. Where'll I find him?" And with most depressing disregard of the general's greatness, the sailor would have turned his back on the entire party in order to find his injured friend, but the chief was a strategist.

"Ah, go to Mr. Loring, captain," said he to a ready staff officer, "and say to him that I desire he should come to my room a moment!" And the aid-de-camp was off like a shot, so the seaman could only wait. The general led the way into his comfortable room and signaled to one or two to follow, and presently back came his messenger and a moment after him—grave, composed, but freezingly formal—there at the door stood the engineer. His eyes brightened up the instant he laid them on the Idaho's sturdy commander, but etiquette demanded that he should first address the general.

"You sent for me, sir?" "I did, Mr. Loring. Our good friend, Captain Moreland, has been telling us of your most—er—praiseworthy conduct the night of the disaster. We all wish to assure you, are—er—gratified to hear of this. And now it has occurred to me that Captain Moreland might be able to throw some light on the very unpleasant matter which we had to bring to your attention a few weeks since. Surely he must know something of these—er—people who were your accusers."

The general was seated at his big desk. He was flanked by the adjutant general and backed by a brace of aids.

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is one for you, sir," said he to the engineer, who received it, but did not open it. He was again facing the embarrassed aid, who finally found words.

"Mr. Loring, my informant was here a whole month and said you refused to appear. Now—they are beyond recall, unless—it should come to trial."

The answer came like a flash. "Your informant, sir—and there was but one—would never appear in the event of trial. That informant sailed three days ago on the Sonora, and you know it." Then, as a sudden thought struck him, he tore open his dispatch and read, then turned again to his faltering opponent. "So long as that informant could be confronted you kept me ignorant of any new allegations, if there were any. Now come out with your story, and by the next steamer I'll run it down."

CHAPTER XVI The worst of having a man of Moreland's views present on such an occasion is that the whole thing is sure to be noised abroad with scant reference to military propriety. Moreland told the owners of the steamer line, the Chamber of Commerce, the easily gathered audience on Rush and Montgomery streets, the usual customers at Barry & Patton's, the loungers in the lobbies of the hotels—everybody who would listen, and who would not—how that brave fellow Loring, who ought to have been a sailor, faced down that quartet of "blue bellied lobsters" at headquarters. The general was not a popular character. His principal claim to distinction during the great war seemed to be that of being able to criticize every other general's battles and to win none of his own.

"He never went into a fight that he didn't get licked," declared the exultant Moreland, "and now he's bowled over by his youngest lieutenant."

The story of that interview went over the bay like wildfire and stirred up the fellows at the Presidio and Angel island, while the islanders of Alcatraz came bustling to town to learn the facts as retailed at the Occidental and to hear something more about that queer, silent fellow Loring. Among the junior subalterns in the artillery were one or two who knew him at the Point, and they scouted the story of his having ever stolen a cent's worth, or the idea of extracting anything about the matter from his lips. The latest yarn in circulation was that after the now famous interview Loring had "laid for" Captain Petty, the aid-de-camp referred to, a young Gothamite of good family who had got into the regulars in the war and out of company duty from that time to this, and, having met the aid-de-camp, Loring had thereupon calmly pulled the gentleman's aquiline nose for him.

Petty could not be found. He had gone to Fort Yuma on important business for the department commander, was the explanation. The general properly refused to be interviewed by reporters of the papers, and couldn't be approached by anybody else on the subject. Only two things were positively known. Lieutenant Loring had received telegraphic notification from the chief of engineers of his relief from duty in the department and his assignment to similar work in the department of the Platte, and it was rumored, though it could not be confirmed, that the general had been directed by telegraph to designate a staff officer to receipt to Lieutenant Loring at once for the public property for which he was accountable in order that the latter officer might take an early steamer for the isthmus, as his services were urgently needed at his new station. It was an open secret that the general considered himself aggrieved by the action of the authorities at Washington and said so. He had made no charge against Lieutenant Loring. He had merely called that gentleman's attention to the very serious allegations laid at his door, and this was true. On the other hand, people who had been permitted to know anything about the matter, notably certain senior officers of the engineer corps not under the general's orders, and one or two staff department officers who, unhappily for themselves, were under his orders and subject to his semi-official rebuke, now openly said that not one allegation against Loring came from a reliable or respectable source, and that it was an outrage to have held him even to inferential account on the statement of such a cad as Escalante's agent, who hadn't been near the office since the recovery of Captain Moreland, the insinuations of Mr. Purser Traynor, now totally vanished, and the rumored aspersions of a fair incognito, known only to Captain Petty, a man who had few associates in the "line" or outside the limited circle of the general's personal staff, and who was not too well liked even there.

And, as the revulsion of feeling set in, Petty set out for Yuma. "Where there is so dashed much smoke," said he, as it later transpired, "there must be some fire," and the general had hidden him go to Yuma, to Gila Bend, to Guaymas, to the devil, if need be, and find out the facts. But the linesmen at Presidio and the jovial blades at Moreland's elbow were loud in their laughing statement that if Petty were looking for fire he could have found it here in abundance. Loring could have given him more than he wanted.

Continued tomorrow

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WESTERN BEES IN A SOUTHERN HIVE.

BY A. FAIRBANKS DREW.

CHAPTER IV. With another respite in view they tried...

ing Aunt Maria's injunctions to "keep a watch on dem gals out of the tail ob you all eyes..."



"JACOB," SHE CRIED, "DEM YANKEE GALS IN CERTAIN HOODOOS."

looked at her out of the corners of his eyes, stuck his lips out farther, and nodded.



"JACOB," SHE CRIED, "DEM YANKEE GALS IN CERTAIN HOODOOS."

Tilda, but feebly. "If white gals can spit fire they can hoodoo folks..."

A HALLOWE'EN HUNT.



It was Halloween, and a crowd of boys... For perched on the gate was a fairy maid...

JIMMY'S HALLOWE'EN ADVENTURE.

It was one of the happiest Halloween parties of the season that Jimmy and Mabel...

WANTED—AN ENCHANTED PRINCESS.

BY W. BEALL BALDWIN.

Now this is the story as told to the boy one night after he had gone to bed by the Gossiping Goblin...

bold Terence was seeking. When he found her she was sitting on the very edge of the Other End...

A BOOK TITLE PUZZLE.

Puzzle advertisement for J. THOMPSON'S FURNITURE, MOVED AND STORED. Includes an illustration of a horse-drawn cart and a person.

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