

Watch Us Grow

The San Angelo

The Press Vol. XI No. 46 | Consolidated November, 1907
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San Angelo, Tex.

Conversion Sale

CONE JOHNSON HOLDS FORTH AT RIVERSIDE RINK

NOTED TYLER ORATOR GETS AFTER THE RUM DEVILS IN VIGOROUS FASHION.

GENTLY TOUCHES THE PRESS-NEWS

Smith County Candidate Does Not Comprehend Diversity of Interest in This Great State—Is Accorded Fine Reception.

Declaring that he has no faith in the slogan "Turn Texas Loose," but is strongly in favor of "Let the People Rule," Cone Johnson of Tyler spoke for two hours Saturday afternoon on prohibition.

"I regret that prohibition must be injected into this campaign," said the speaker, "but the anti's have forced us to it. The pros wanted to have it submitted to the people during an off year when there were no elections of consequence, but some of these legislators at Austin who want saloons open for their own benefit, went contrary to the state platform.

"You are warned not to overlook this issue when you vote for the next governor of Texas, for if you are misled on some other excitement, and elect a man not in favor of submission, our cause will be lost; he will say that by placing him in office you have ratified the acts of the Thirty-first.

Scores Senator Bailey.

The speaker then directed his remarks to Senator Bailey, stating that conditions in Washington are much like those in the Texas legislature. "We have a senator," continued the speaker, "who believes he knows more than such men as Brooks, Storey and Baker, who participated in the making of a platform. Now, I could have sent you a better set of men to Denver than these, but you went against me—and I then took off my hat and abided by the decision of the majority. Still, I consider those gentlemen fairly good representatives of the people of Texas when it comes to the matter of handling the tariff question. But Senator Bailey rode right over that platform.

"Why write platforms if your representatives are not going to abide by them? It is always just the thing when they are out after votes, but when you elect them they become learned. Will it be that we are to elect public officers and say 'You know more than we,' turn them loose and make them account for nothing? No, never, and now is the time to place the stamp of disapproval; otherwise we will be back in the stage of aristocracy."

Public Morality.

Mr. Johnson dealt with the prohibition question from start to finish. "I don't want to regulate private morality," he said, "although I do have a feeling for those poor individuals who resort to the habit of drinking, but what I am interested in is the question of public morality. There is a big difference between private morality and public morality.

"I claim that there is not one-half as much harm in private gambling as there is in whiskey drinking. Then you ask, why do we have laws against gambling? Because gambling is a violation of public policy and a corruption of public morals. Take the Sunday laws. You ask why. Because the history of the Anglo-Saxon race has demonstrated that in America as we have Sunday it constitutes a civic liberty, without which we would have a generation of degenerated morals.

Whisky Question.

"Then I say, why don't we have a law to blot out the whisky evil? For all the good it does, one million times as much harm results. Do you see the banker, the business man, the lawyer, the doctor or the merchant using it? No. They don't need it, for whisky does not go with business. But you look at the man whose wife takes down from a shelf some old faded out

dress, transforms a hat four years old into one of these modern tub creations—there's the man who drew his check Saturday night and spent the entire amount at the grog shop. Does he need whisky? My God, no!

"And then you anti's tell me to go to the polls and vote for a place where thousands and thousands of people are led to debauchery, and which causes homes to be wrecked, children to go thinly clad, and brings gray hairs in mothers' heads? I will never do it as long as God gives me breath.

Tears Down Schools.

"The time has come when Texas will no longer vote to put the seal to the contracts with our public school teachers, and then authorize the seal that sets up the grog shop to tear down what the schools have done. And in speaking of schools, that reminds me of an example. In Tyler, Mr. and Mrs. Cone Johnson, who have no children, pay the school tax for the instruction of other children; others do the same; this rule applies all over the state. Why do we? Directly we are not concerned, for we have no children to send to school. We give up this money gladly because we know it will benefit somebody else's child.

"Then why don't you say the same about whisky and vote it out? You care nothing for it, but why don't you think of that poor wife with wrinkles in her cheeks, of that dear little child without decent clothes, who has no opportunity to make a real man out of himself?

Something Strange.

"There is something strange about this whisky question. Until this matter came up the Texas democracy has always been able to do what she wished. In other things the minority has always stood by the majority. But this doctrine has certainly been imposed on by the whisky business. Take the anti-free pass law, for instance. It was a hard fight, but the legislators who were in the minority took off their hats to the majority. But not so with the whisky question. Every time you go after it something bobs up and we lose out. During Gov. Hogg's administration the people ruled that the railroads should be placed under proper restrictions. There was a big to do and lots of fighting from the railroads, but those in the halls of the legislature stood true to their trust."

Mr. Johnson then went on to say that it is democratic to throw everything up to the people for their approval, and told of the actions of the prohibitionists in their last efforts to carry the state, and scored the members of the legislature who refused to let the matter be submitted to a vote of the people.

Opening Remarks.

In opening his address Mr. Johnson said that he has lived in Texas for thirty years, and that this is his first trip to San Angelo. He said that he had always heard that West Texas was a dry country—dry as far as rain is concerned—but that he certainly must have been misinformed. During the twenty-four hours that he was out fishing it rained eighteen, and any country that can boast of that much rain, continuously, in the summer time is not to be classed as a drouth-stricken section.

"You need people to settle down and take care of that land," continued the speaker. "On my trip to Spring creek I did not see many farm houses. The ground is capable of growing almost anything on earth. You need men who understand that to make a success they must work."

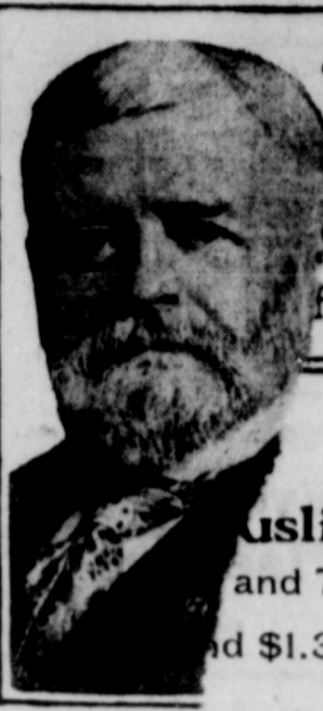
East Texas and West Texas.

Referring to a recent editorial in The Press-News regarding the major benefits East Texas is receiving, and West Texas is getting absolutely nothing, not even the offices, Mr. Johnson said that East Texas is not antagonistic to West Texas. "There can't be a law that hurts East Texas or Tyler unless it hurts West Texas and San Angelo. What helps Tyler also helps San Angelo. This is one state and one people. You don't help one part without helping the other. You don't help one dog by tying a can onto another dog's tail.

"I also read an editorial in The Press-News appealing to the sectional interests of Texas, picturing the sandy hill east Texas and the black land Central Texas at daggers' points, and saying in substance, 'Now is the time for West Texas to step in and take the bone away from both.'

"I am not here with that sort of spirit. I would like to see a man on every foot of your farming and cattle land, enjoying the greatest of prosperity, but don't get them all from Smith county. I have met no less than twelve men from Smith county since I have been here. In fact, we would be willing to send you a few more settlers for your great country, but we ask that you leave us a few. Your sheriff came from near my home, and so did Hon. C. T. Paul, your mayor.

"Now, The Press-News says West Texas has never received anything from the state. Well, it is because you haven't asked for anything. You have only yourselves to blame. Have you an experimental station out here?"



SENATOR Michigan's senator has had a long life, has been elected to the office of the Fort served several terms to the senate

Why don't you get it, or you don't know to meet in gangs, divide up the country and each fellow works his territory as if he owns it. How often have you heard of one being refused dinner during the day and the same fellow being found robbing the house the following night? How many lives do you suppose have been destroyed by wrecked trains due to spite work of tramps that have been refused rides by employes on the road? No wonder it is that railroad men give them free passage. Indeed, there are two distinct classes of paupers, and this is by far the worst class. And so long as this army of men increases and grows larger, just so long will the moral condition of the cities grow worse.

"Their whole outlaw means of living tends to kill instincts for order and swell the city's vice."

Rompers

Made of blue, gray and pink Gingham, 5c and 25c grade 19c
10c grade 39c

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"Their whole outlaw means of living tends to kill instincts for order and swell the city's vice."

Many are the forces that tear men and boys loose from home. Forces that have doubled in the last twenty years and are still increasing. New labor-saving machines, new machines to make use of child labor, new machines to speed up the American pace and so turn out more cripples; rush and slack seasons, demanding more and more armies of surplus labor; the swift growth of industry bringing to America millions, over half of them young men, who come alone, and most of all, the railroads demanding increasing throngs of nomadic camp workers; the railroads tempting boys to the road and giving all kinds of hobos easy and free means of travel.

Lastly the huge tenement dives in the large cities where year by year people are packed in tighter; where year by year life grows more nervous and tense and restless. And deep down under all these conditions responding to the chances the offer, the old human love for the road imbedded in the souls of men—the "wanderlust" of humanity.

One Remedy.

Knowing all these things and seeing the complications, it may sound foolish to ask for a remedy. But I am convinced that there is a remedy, and like the cause and conditions, the remedy may be complicated, but if followed it will solve. First, those already existing must be properly cared for and must be encouraged to change and live a decent life, many of whom may be prevailed on to do so. In order to bring about this change each community must make up its mind to care for its own paupers. And we should set about to put a stop to their promiscuously traveling from place to place. Every community should take care of its own paupers. If one strays in another community it is proper and

and all the week we have inaugurated a general Clean-up which all high-quality merchandise will be converted into profits are a thing of the past, we want to clean up all Summer. The prices we have made will move them quickly. Be on hand first comers have the best selection.

READ EVERY ITEM

Muslin Underwear

and 75c garments	\$.43
and \$1.34	.79
"	.98
"	1.05
"	1.20
"	1.38
"	.65
and \$3.50	1.89
"	2.69
"	2.98
"	3.98

Royal Worchester Corsets

\$1.00 grade	\$.82	\$2.00 grade	\$1.49
1.50 grade	1.15	2.50 grade	1.79
1.75 grade	1.38	3.00 grade	2.39
		\$5.00 grade	\$3.69

Shirtwaists

All new styles, trimmed in lace and embroidery, long sleeves, waists worth up to \$1.35, Clean up price 83c

Shirtwaists

Dainty tucks, lace and embroidery trimmed, regularly sold at \$1.50 and \$1.90, Clean-up price \$1.12

Shirtwaists

Correct styles, trimmed in laces, medallion tucks; regularly sold at \$2.50, Clean-up price \$1.65

Probandt & Raphael

The Quality Store

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Dirty Pup Stole Stella Says Suicide

Pendleton, Ore., July 24.—Because another man had stolen his wife away, Edward Fawcett of Denver found life not worth living and killed himself here, and left a note in which he stated the motive for his act. The note was addressed to Mrs. George Dyer at Denver, who is the suicide's mother.

"Life is not worth living since the dirty pup stole Stella from me," the note ran in part, "and I shall kill myself."

Fawcett did not name the man whom he accused. He swallowed both carbolic acid and strychnine in his determination to make a thorough job of the suicide.

CEDAR FOR PENCILS.

Tract in Tennessee That Furnishes the Wood for That Purpose.

"Down in my state there is a patch of territory about twenty-five miles square, near the town where the battle of Franklin was fought during the civil war, which is practically the only section of the United States where cedar is grown for no other purpose than to furnish stock for the lead pencil industry," said Thomas Green of Nashville.

"In that section cedar trees seem to spring spontaneously from the soil, and the peculiar thing about it is that they do not grow in any other section of the state to amount to anything. These forests give employment to many wood choppers and planing mill workers, who prepare the cedar for shipment to lead pencil factories in the eastern states and to Europe.

"An immense amount of the wood is cut, planed, sawed and shipped out of the town of Murfreesboro, Tenn., every year. There have been many fortunes made in that section out of cedar. Cedar trees are cultivated there as in any other crop. The groves, conserved as they are now by the wise owners, will last forever and will be furnishing the close grained, fine fibered wood for pencils a century from now."—Washington Post.

Mrs. A. B. Burns went to Goldthwaite Saturday to visit friends and relatives at that place.

The Big Rain

Has swelled our sales, but it has not swelled our prices, and our Lumber is swell-proof.

We Want Your Trade

We want it on a business basis, which means we can save you money on your lumber needs. We have a complete stock of everything needed in the lumber line, including Screen Doors.

Alfalfa Lumber Co.

J. F. Ross, Manager
Phone 757
Let Us Figure With You

"Zeke" Bennett was a passenger on the outgoing train Saturday to take in the sights of Galveston.

Miss Eula Day, in company with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Snyder, left Saturday for a month's visit to Mineral Wells.

Miss Mary Pyle, one of San Angelo's society set, left Saturday to visit in Dallas.

A. H. Thomson went to Miles Saturday.

TEXAS PRIDE

The Man From Brodne's

By GEORGE BARR M'GUTCHEON

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The sibilant hiss of the scorned Persians as he passed among them on the outskirts of the crowd. He observed the threatening attitude of the men who waited and watched. He saw the white, ugly face of Von Blitz quivering with triumph. He felt the breath of disaster upon his cheek. And yet he walked among them without fear, his head erect, his eyes defiant.

The market place was a large open tract in the extreme west end of the town, some distance removed from the business street and the pier. Through a break in the foothills the chateau was plainly discernible, the sea being obscured from view by the dense forest that crowned the cliffs.

Chase made his way boldly to the nearest platform, exchanging bows with the surprised Von Blitz and the saturnine Rasula, who stood quite near. The men of Japat slowly drew close in as he mounted the platform. From where he stood looking out over those bronze faces he could pick out the scowling husbands who hated him because their wives hated them. Afar off stood the group of women who had inspired this hatred and distrust. Behind them, despised and uncountenanced by the oriental elect, were crowded the native women, who down in their hearts loathed the usurpers. It was Chase's hope that the husbands of these simple women would ultimately stand at his side in the fight for supremacy, and they were vastly in the majority. If he could convince these men that his dealings with them were honest, Von Blitz could go hang.

He faced the crowd, knowing that all there were against him. "Von Blitz," he called suddenly. The German started and stepped back involuntarily, as if he had been reprimanded.

"I've called this meeting in order to give you a chance to say to my face some of the things you are saying behind my back. Thank God, all of you men understand English. I want you to hear what Von Blitz has to say in public, and then I want you to hear what I say to him. Von Blitz and Rasula and others, I hear, have undertaken to discredit my motives as the agent of your London advisers. Let me say right here that the man who says that I have played you false in the slightest degree is a liar—a liar, if you prefer it that way. You have been told that I am selling you out to the lawyers for the opposition. That is lie No. 1. You have been led to believe that I make false reports to your London solicitors. Lie No. 2. You have been poisoned with the story that I covet certain women in this town, too numerous to mention, I believe. That is lie No. 3. They are all beautiful, my friends, but I wouldn't have one of 'em as a gift.

"For the past few nights my home has been watched. I want to announce to you that if I see anybody hanging around the bungalow after today I'm going to put a bullet through him, just as I would through a dog. Now, to come down to Von Blitz. You can't drive me out of this island, old man. You have lied about me ever since I beat you up that night. You are sacrificing the best interests of these people in order to gratify a personal spite, in order to wreak a personal vengeance. You."

Von Blitz, foaming with rage, broke in: "I suppose you will call out der warships! We are not fools! You can fool some of 'em."

"Now, see here, Von Blitz, I'll show whether I can call out a warship whenever I need one. I have never intended to ask naval help except in case of an attack by our enemies up at the chateau. You can't believe that I seek to turn those big guns against my own clients—the clients I came out here to serve with my life's blood if necessary. But, hear me, you Dutch lobster, I can have a British man-of-war here in ten hours to take you off this island and hang you from a yardarm on the charge of conspiracy against the crown."

Von Blitz and Rasula laughed scornfully and turned to the crowd. The latter began to harangue his fellows.

"This man is a—s—," he began.

"A bluff!" prompted Von Blitz, glaring at his tall accuser.

"A bluff!" went on Rasula. "He can do none of these things. Nor can the Americans at the chateau. I know that they are liars. They!"

"I'll make you pay for that, Rasula. Your time is short. Men of Japat, I don't want to serve you unless you trust me!"

A dozen voices cried: "We don't trust you, dog of a Christian, son of a snake!" Von Blitz glowed with satisfaction.

"One moment, please. Rasula knows that I came out here to represent Sir

John Brodne. He knows how I am regarded in London. He is jealous because I have not listened to his chatter. I am not responsible for the probable delay in settling the estate. If you are not very careful you will ruin every hope for success that you may have had in the beginning. The crown will take it out of your hands. You've got to show yourselves worthy of handling the affairs of this company. You can't do it if you listen to such carrion as Von Blitz and Rasula. Oh, I'm not afraid of you! I know that you have written to Sir John, Rasula, asking that I be recalled. He won't recall me, rest assured, unless he throws up the case. I have his own letters to prove that he is satisfied with my work out here. I am satisfied that there are enough fair-minded men in this crowd to protect me. They will stand by me in the end. I call upon!"

But a howl of dissent from the throng brought him up sharply. His face went white, and for a moment he feared the malevolence that stared at him from all sides. He looked frequently in the direction of the distant chateau. Knives slipped from many hands. Von Blitz was screaming with insane laughter, pointing his finger at the discredited American. While they shouted and cursed, his gaze never left the cleft in the hills. He did not attempt to cry them down. The effort would have been in vain. Suddenly a wild, happy light came into his anxious, searching eyes. He gave a mighty shout and raised his hands, commanding silence.

(To be continued.)

Negro Grabs Wrong Bird is Reformed

There is a young buck negro in Fort Worth who, though in fairly good health, took an oath Thursday morning at the police station to forever forego his inherent taste for chicken and other fowl. A big, bald-headed American eagle which a year or two ago soared in the West Texas altitudes, but which has lately decorated the back yard of a prominent livestock commission man's residence on the south side, is the cause of the negro's rash resolution.

Thursday night the bird of independent roost on the back fence and, tucking its head under one wing, prepared for a night of uninterrupted slumber. But the negro happened to pass through the alley and spied the bird silhouetted against the sky line and mistook it for a half-grown turkey as he smacked his lips in anticipation. To think was to act, and the next moment he had Mr. Bird by the legs—and the next minute the eagle had buried its talons in the negro's arm. A howl of pain from the man and a screech of exultation from the bird brought the householder to the scene of the battle and in vain did he try to dislodge the eagle with a broom, although the negro was fighting in frenzy with his free arm and endeavoring to get away. The bird was attached to a weak chain about ten feet long and when that broke in the melee and allowed the use of its beak it literally cut the negro's free arm into ribbons and tried several times to get his face and eyes. A garden hose was next brought into play, and after both the negro and the eagle had been flung drowned the bird let go its hold, fluttered back to the fence and, spreading its nine feet of wings, gave vent to a prolonged ear-splitting screech.

The negro claimed the bird had made the attack without provocation and he was allowed to go, but voluntarily appeared at police headquarters looking for the city physician to dress the wounds, and while there he took the oath to run hereafter every time he sees a chicken or turkey.

Thursday morning the owner of the eagle appeared at the central fire station and offered to present it to his friend the chief of the department, Mr. Bideker, however, declined with thanks, as the bear cubs, of which there are now three, another being added Wednesday night as a gift from A. W. Shaw, and the crane, the crow and the hawk daily attract hundreds of children and grownups to the small triangular park, and the eagle was considered unsafe, as it might repeat with the children the dose it handed the negro.

A letter from the Kansas City park board asking that the bird be sent to that city for the zoological garden, was exhibited, and if the local park board declines to receive the eagle as a gift it will immediately be forwarded to the city at the mouth of the Kaw.—Fort Worth Record.

Crazed by Desertion.

Aberdeen, Wash., July 24.—When Mrs. Elsie Brunk arrived here after having traveled from Michigan with two small children to join her husband it was only to learn that he had left, declaring his intention to desert her. Leaving one child with some relative near here, the woman started on an aimless tramp into the country, carrying her baby and raving in incoherent phrases. She is believed to be hopelessly insane.

Mrs. Ed Martin went to Hillsboro Saturday to visit friends and relatives.

PHONE 913 Ice Cream

Flavors Today

Vanilla,
Strawberry,
Pineapple,
Orange Ice

Quart 50c
1-2 Gal. 60c, 75c
gal. \$1.00, \$1.50

Free Delivery Everywhere Place order early

San Angelo Ice Cream Co. PHONE 193

KILLED IN AUTO ACCIDENT.

C. W. Chappel, President of the National Casket Co. Has Head Cut Off.

Utica, N. Y., July 24.—C. Will Chappel of Onedia, president of the National Casket Company, the main factory which is located in that city, was instantly killed in an automobile accident near Chittenango tonight. Chappel, who had recently purchased a new touring car, started from Onedia at 6 o'clock this evening for a run of Syracuse. He was accompanied by his wife, two other women and a child. While speeding along the highway a few miles east of Chittenango a team of horses suddenly came into view around a bend in the road. In his excitement Chappel was unable to slacken the speed of the car, and when he saw a collision was unavoidable he swerved into the ditch, he chose the latter alternative. It was not a deep ditch and Chappel would have undoubtedly cleared the farmer's rig had not a tree stood in the way, and into this the car plunged. Chappel was pinned between the auto and the tree and instantly killed, his head being cut off.

The women in the machine besides Mrs. Chappel were two sisters, Mrs. William Cochran of Onedia Castle and Miss Florence Wells of Onedia. All were badly injured, but it is believed they will survive their hurts. A seven year old son of Mrs. Cochran was in the party, but was not injured. Chappel was very well known in business and social circles throughout the Eastern States. He had developed the National Casket Company into a powerful corporation and in doing so had amassed a fortune.

His brother R. A. Roshing of this city, returned Saturday to her home in Ballinger.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey D. Broyles and baby went to Brady Saturday to visit relatives.

Wiggins & Gorman Dentists

Office Over San Angelo Nat. Bank. Telephone No. 108

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Douglas Masseurs
No. 326, College Avenue

Temples of Ice in the Artic Region

Amid the bleak, icy deserts of Greenland the survivors of the recent ill-fated Ericson expedition discovered a sight of majesty that soled them for months of darkness, tedium and suffering. They found a crystal palace of superhuman architecture, vaster than a dozen cathedrals and Egyptian temples, resplendent with jewels and endless decorations of ice.

Created by nature in a forbidding wilderness, it frightened the eyes of the explorers and awed them with unimaginable magnificence. The dreams of poets and the fancies of epic bards were surpassed by this vision of colossal loveliness, which the painter Achton Friis, a member of the expedition, endeavored to carry away for the benefit of the dwellers in civilization.

More than a mile in length, the lofty nave of this artistic temple of ice was pierced at intervals with windows through which the glancing sunrays sparkled on columns and cubes and immense clusters of stalactites like pendant jewels. An iridescent glow, as if from opals and diamonds, suffused the lighter spaces and shaded into the bluish twilight which reigned in solemn transepts. The painter despaired of comprehending even the elusive colors that emanated from every surface and were infinitely toned by combination and reflection.

Through the center of the ice palace flowed a stream of water, whose occasional ripple and slanting fall broke the majestic silence. The human voice reverberated weirdly against the massive walls and the arched roof. A tone of mystery or of giant power was repeated by invisible spirits of the north. There were echoes like chiming of bells, matching the fairy decorations of the nave. A huge dissonance caused by the cracking of a distant floe rumbled through the cavern as if it were the beginning of a prelude on an organ appropriate for an Arctic temple. What strains of might and of brooding softness would be required in such music.

In habited latitudes the architecture of frozen water is regarded as a pelting fantasy, something which lasts a few short months and disappears. Far north it is possible that ice palaces and temples should endure without change longer than human structures of stone. The carcasses of prehistoric monsters have remained inviolate in Arctic tomb for thousands of years, while granite pyramids have worn away and Babylonian civilization died.—New York Tribune.

TEXAS LEAGUE STANDING.

	P.P.	Won	Lost	Pct.
Houston	95	56	39	.589
San Antonio	89	52	37	.584
Dallas	96	53	43	.552
Oklahoma City	92	49	43	.534
Shreveport	93	47	46	.505
Fort Worth	97	45	52	.464
Galveston	95	38	57	.400
Waco	96	38	58	.396

SATURDAY'S RESULTS.

At Galveston.

	R. H. E.
Houston	4 13 2
Galveston	2 4 1

Batteries: Houston, Hornsby and Gordon; Galveston, Robb and Quisner.

At Waco.

	R. H. E.
San Antonio	3 6 2
Waco	0 5 2

Batteries: San Antonio, Mitchell and Sehan; Waco, Barenkamp and Ott.

At Oklahoma City.

	R. H. E.
Fort Worth	4 9 5
Oklahoma City	9 10 2

Batteries: Fort Worth, Burke and Brady, Powell and Green; Oklahoma City, Young and Kelsey.

At Shreveport.

	R. H. E.
Dallas	6 8 0
Shreveport	5 7 2

Batteries: Dallas, Peters and Miller; Shreveport, Beeker and Henninger.

William Atwater, who has been visiting in San Angelo for several months, returned to his home in Savannah, Ga., Saturday.

Santa Fe Excursions

Galveston, \$7.05, Saturday July 24th. Limit July 26th

Through Tourist Sleeper from San Angelo.

C. L. CARMEAN
C. P. A.

DIRT and Gravel Hauled, Houses Moved, Plowing, etc. Anything in the teaming line.

JIM CUMMINGS
Back of Landon Hotel.

Dr. W. L. VORIES

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Over Modern Drug Store, Conerly Building.
Office phone 536; residence phone 901 black.
Residence 715 Orient street.
Specialty: Diseases of Women and Children.

W. E. STURGIS, M. D.

Residence, Landon Hotel
Phone 952
Office, Shupert Building
Phone 950

Angelo Furniture & Undertaking Company

Established 1890 by A. S. Gantt
Funeral Directors and Embalmers
Day Phone 11; Night Phones 930 and 89.

The Landon Hotel

Finest Hotel Building in the West
Large Rooms
Modern Service
Best Accommodations
J. C. LANDON, Proprietor

OWL DRUGSTORE

Nunnally's Candies
O. K. STETLER
Proprietor
Phone 16

Solid ice lasts longer than half snow and half ice. Try ours. San Angelo Ice and Power Company.

Remember

We carry the very best of everything in Fancy and Staple Groceries. The Ferndell line a specialty. We would appreciate a call.

Boldt & Wofford

Freeland's Old Stand 33—Phones—435

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NOTICE!

We wish to call your attention again to the fact that we carry the most complete line

Bibles and Prayer Books

in this city. Our prices suit everybody.

JANKE'S

206 South Chadbourne St.



FOOLISH TO LISTEN TO WISDOM if it is not heeded. No use to tell you about the economy of good paint if the experience of others has no weight with you. But we don't believe you are that kind of a person. We believe YOU WANT THE BEST PAINT. So we invite you to come and get your supply here. Accept it and you will be glad you did when you see how bright and fresh your paint keeps long after the poorer kinds have utterly disappeared.

W. S. Robertson Paint Co.

FALSE PATRIOTISM.

Bishop Williams' Rebuke of American People Commended.

The Right Rev. Charles D. Williams, Protestant Episcopal bishop of Michigan, spoke in the manner of an accusing Hebrew prophet in his sermon at St. Bartholomew's church on Sunday, yet not without light and grace. He rebuked the American people for believing in the inevitableness of national success and progress.

Said the bishop: "It is character that determines the fate of nations, as of individuals. A false patriotism casts its eyes to that law and trusts blindly and with stupid obstinacy, to manifest destiny."

The point is that people who suppose themselves to be the favored children of fortune are likely to turn out worse than those who understand that they have got to work for what they get.

Nothing paralyzes the will like the sense of having a sure thing.

To suppose that America is fore-ordained to be the greatest and happiest country in the world, whether Americans do anything to make it so or not, is to prepare the way for a stupendous national disaster.

The bishop's preaching should help to clear the mental confusion of those who confound faith with fatalism.

To have faith in America is to be willing to undergo labors, risks and losses for it.

To believe, on the other hand, that the country is fated to prosper is to lose all sense of the need of struggle and sacrifice.

There are Oriental nations that have stagnated for forty centuries, simply because they are fatalist nations and do not understand that great destinies are in store only for those who chieve them against doubts and difficulties.

A wretched woman sank to heart-break and assassination in Maryland the other day because, as her poor paralyzied, sentimental letters showed, she was a fatalist in affairs of the heart, and did not understand that happy and successful love is an act of enterprise and a triumph of the will.

Bishop Williams is right. America is to be saved, not by the hidden optimism of fatalists, but by the daring adventures of the faithful. New York American.

If you have no appetite for your meals something is wrong with your digestion, liver or bowels. Prickly heat Bitters cleanses and strengthens the stomach, purifies the bowels and creates appetite, vigor and cheerfulness. Central Drug Store, Special Agents.

Ice cold melons to take home, at the Angelo.

Neely Bros. buy hides.

New Depot Will be Fine Structure

Superintendent Hull of the Santa Fe railroad was in Ballinger Tuesday and held a conference with Mayor Kirk and other citizens relative to the new depot his railroad will build in Ballinger. Mr. Hull informed our people that the plans for the new depot were all drawn, the bids on the construction work are in and the road is ready to begin work. All he wanted to know was whether the council would give the road the privileges of site asked for.

The mayor informed him that nothing was too rich for a railroad that was willing to build a \$25,000 depot in our town and as soon as he, Mr. Hull, could specify just what was wanted it would soon be granted by the council in extra session. Mr. Hull said that the depot would cost not less than \$25,000 and that he would have his exact desires in the way of site, etc., up to the Ballinger council within four days. The making by the Santa Fe of a beautiful park of its right of way in the city is a part of the proposition.

And so it is practically settled that we are to have a fine new depot as handsome as any town of 10,000 people in Texas.

Will Day, a popular and efficient clerk at the postoffice, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. J. R. Day, went to Belton Saturday to spend about a week visiting friends.

Angelo's Well Known Paint Dealer, W. S. Robertson's Eyes Were Bad. Had Headaches Considerably.

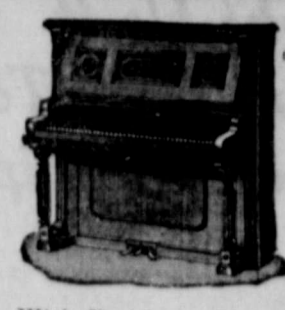
W. S. Robertson, San Angelo's popular paint dealer, certainly had his share of eye trouble, the strain of which gave him a good deal of headache and bad vision. His friends will be glad to know that this annoyance has been overcome. He consulted Dr. Baker, the eye specialist, who after carefully diagnosing the case, made a pair of special glasses that completely corrected the trouble. A letter just received by the doctor reads as follows:

San Angelo, Texas, July 22, 1909.—Dr. Fred Baker, San Angelo. Dear Doctor: I wish to inform you that the headaches and other trouble caused by my eyes have entirely disappeared since you fitted them.

I certainly wish you the success which your ability deserves. I am yours truly,

W. S. ROBERTSON.

People having defective vision or other troubles caused by eye strain should not overlook the splendid facilities of Dr. Baker, who, no doubt, has the most up to date eye testing parlors together with the finest instruments in Texas.



WE Handle the best Pianos made. Sell as cheap as any one. Pay cash for our goods. **Can SAVE YOU money.**

With Smith Electric Co. **E. J. POWELL & COMP'Y**

West Texas Cold Storage & Ice Co.

PURE ICE

Prompt Delivery Phone 641

WE

Have the most complete line of Advertising novelties on the market today. If you are interested in the Trades Excursion you will need something of this kind and why not buy it at home? Come in and see them

Holmes Stationery & Office Supply Co.

PHONE 104

GARAGE.

Choctaw George to Have Erected a Two-Story Brick Building.

Choctaw George wants more room. He needs it in his ever-increasing business, and "Choc" is never slow in making necessary improvement.

Scott & Kirby have about completed the plans for a two-story brick building to be erected right beside "Choc's" present garage, where his residence now stands. "Choc" will use the lower floor for a garage and the upper floor for household purposes. The building will be 40x50 and strictly up to date in every particular.

Bids will be asked for in a few days and work will start right off the reel.

The rain didn't muddy our water. We use our well water for making ice. San Angelo Ice and Power company.

A. M. Howard, a representative of the Western Union Telegraph company, who has been in the city on business for several days, returned to Dallas Saturday.

NATION'S DEBT TO FULTON.

He Convinced the World That Steam Navigation Was Practicable.

By the launching of a duplicate of Robert Fulton's Clermont, Americans are reminded of chapters of history which justify the greatest pride, but which are not without pathos. One element of success in the achievement, which, together with the discovery of the Hudson, is to be celebrated next autumn, lay in the choice of means for utilizing the power of steam in navigation. Other inventors had experimented with jets of water forced from the stern of a boat, but the method was found to be extremely wasteful.

Fulton adopted the paddle-wheel, a much more effective device. Yet there is not the slightest doubt that other men, on both sides of the Atlantic, tried the paddle-wheel before the builder of the Clermont did. Fitch, on the Delaware, and Symmington, on the Forth and Clyde canal, in Scotland, demonstrated its value years in advance of the historic voyage of August 11, 1807. Both, however, abandoned their efforts before Fulton took up the unfinished task.

Symmington ceased to work because steam towage caused a wave which threatened to damage the banks of the canal, and his two successive patrons, Miller and Lord Dundas, apparently did not think it worth while to attempt river navigation. Precisely why Fitch, one of whose boats carried passengers on a stream nearly as large as the Hudson, in 1788, was unable to enlist the necessary capital in a continuance of the business so promisingly begun, is not easy to say. With adequate financial backing he might have antedated triumph by nearly two decades.

The two men must share the honor of proving the feasibility of propelling boats with paddle-wheels: but as Fitch died just before the close of the eighteenth century, Fulton alone enjoys the distinction of convincing the world that steam navigation was altogether practicable. But for him evidence might have been delayed for a generation. There is no danger that his courage and inventive talent will be overrated.

The most wonderful development which has followed the success of the Clermont is of course observed on the ocean. At present a new type of engine is receiving a trial there, and side wheels have given place to the screw propeller. Nevertheless, the conquest of the sea is so directly the conquest of the Hudson, a little more than a century ago, that the Mauretania sheds new luster on the name of Fulton.—New York Tribune.

Come down and get a jug of our distilled well water. It's pure. San Angelo Ice and Power Company.

Tal Hunter was headed for Galveston Saturday to see the sights of the Island City.

A. J. Kelley left Saturday for Wichita Falls to accept a position at that place.

DIAMONDS

Are a Safe Investment

The diamond business continues to grow. WHY? Because people realize that they are AN INVESTMENT. The prices on diamonds will absolutely be maintained. You will understand that the mining syndicate controls the world's supply and while it is possible that there will be temporary flurries in different parts of the world, the syndicate goes on doing business in the same old way at the same old prices.

Come in and let us show you our display—at prices you can't duplicate.

H. D. Leffel Jeweler

The Tiffany of San Angelo

Modern Drug Store....

Has a complete line of

Barbers' Supplies

Chewing Gum Mystery.

Chewing gum has been called the mystery of confectionery, for, of all the millions of chewers there are few who have any idea what it is they are really masticating.

Chewing gum is nothing but chicle mixed with sugar and flavoring; and chicle is the gum of a tree that grows plentifully in Mexico and Central America, and that of recent years has been cultivated on a large scale in Yucatan, where the American Chicle company, commonly known as the chewing gum trust, owns several million acres of it.

The chicle tree is not unlike the India rubber tree, and the gum was first shipped to America by men who believed that in it they had a perfect substitute for rubber. In this, however, they were mistaken, as it was found that the chicle gum was insoluble. Not to this day has any medium, acid or alkali, spirit or ether, been found that will dissolve it. It can be melted, yes, but dissolved, no. The consequence was that the first shipments of chicle gum lay unsold and unuseable on the pier of the docks in Brooklyn. It was a reddish, rubbery looking substance, and at first aroused no little curiosity, but nobody was able to use it for any practical purpose, so there it lay for months.

One day a New Yorker happened to notice it. He picked up a piece and put it into his mouth and began chewing it. Its peculiar consistency struck him, and it occurred to him that if the stuff were only flavored it would make a nice chew, its insolubility being in its favor for that purpose. He experimented with some more of it, refined it, and found that it would be easy to impregnate it with flavoring and sugar. He made some inquiries as to where it came from, and whether a regular supply could be had, and bought the lot. This was the beginning of modern chewing gum.

Practically all of the crude chicle gum is shipped to Canada, where it is refined in Toronto before being sent to the factories in the United States. The reason for this is that there is a high ad valorem duty on chicle, and, as it is worth about 40 cents a pound and loses 25 per cent of its weight in refining, the chicle company saves about \$250,000 a year by refining it before shipment. Louisville Courier-Journal.

I will be at home in San Angelo, and ready to train horses for the fall fair.

BOSE MOTLEY.

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

The Chair That Cheers

HERE'S

The Biggest Bargain Ever Offered

The Chairs That Cheers



This chair has saddle or cobbler seat, is quartered oak and polished is full size arm rocker. The most comfortable chair ever brought to San Angelo.

Remember For Monday Only While They last This \$7.50 Chair For Half Price

\$3.75

Angelo Furniture & Undertaking Company

24-28 W. Beauregard.

PHONE 11

The Chair That Cheers

The Chair That Cheers

FINDLATER

Hardware Co.

Headquarters for all kinds of seasonable goods, from Refrigerators and Ice Cream Freezers to Lawn Mowers and Garden Tools. No trouble to answer questions.

The Best of Everything

Dr. J. O. Lowry & Wife - Osteopaths
Graduates under Founder of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Missouri.
Rooms 1-2, Conerly Building.
Office Phone 546 Residence Phone 954

TWO BUNS FOR A FAWN.
A Biscuit and a Beer for the Roadworker's Pet's Breakfast.
Newton, N. J., July 24.—The workmen on the Stonehope-Newton road contract have adopted a fawn as a pet to replace the dog which strayed away from the camp near Cranberry Lake. The new pet lives in the mountains through which the road runs and every morning it makes a trip to the camp and is fed by the men.
Not long ago the men gave it for breakfast a biscuit and a bottle of beer, which it feasted on with apparent relish.

C. A. Broome W. B. Hunter C. C. Kirkpatrick
C. A. BROOME & CO.
We represent the best in Fire and Tornado Insurance. Careful and prompt attention is given to all business entrusted to us. We will appreciate your business. Office opposite Landon Hotel. Phone 94.

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A. F. Crowley, Pres. G. W. Sutherland, Vice Pres. Lewis G. Barefoot, Salesman
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WE SELL 'EM OURSELVES
Crowley-Sutherland Commission Co.
Capital \$25,000 Surplus \$5,000
Rooms 214-216 Exchange Building NORTH FORT WORTH, TEXAS.
If you have any live stock to ship write us—or ship first and we'll write you.

San Angelo Livery Stable
J. T. GARRETT & CO., Proprietors
(Successors to Cain & Gillispie) J. T. Garrett, Manager
The Livery Stable of San Angelo Telephone 68

M. L. MERTZ, President CHAS. W. HOBBS, Vice-President
R. A. HALL, Cashier HERBERT O'BANNON, Ass't. Cashier
San Angelo National Bank
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS
Capital, Surplus and Profits **\$270,000.00**

Drs. Sands & Proctor
The Painless Dentists
The Only Ones That Pull Your Teeth Without Pain
Phone 886 Office in Swartz Building

AFTER SIX YEARS REWIFES SPOUSE

STRANGE TALE COMES TO LIGHT IN COURT PROCEEDINGS IN LITTLE OLD NEW YORK.

THOUGHT HIM FROZEN

Anyway Charles M. Jenkins Acted as If His Love for His Wife Had Grown Quite Cold—Returns After Six Years' Absence.

New York, July 24.—An order was submitted to Supreme Court Justice Erlanger asking that a referee be appointed to take testimony in the proceedings brought by Herbert R. Averill, part owner of the F. A. L. Motor Company of Chicago, for the annulment of his marriage to Mattie B. Averill. It is understood that Mrs. Averill joins with her husband in asking for the annulment.

Prior to her marriage, Mrs. Averill was Miss Mattie B. Antrim of Los Angeles. In 1898 she was married to Charles M. Jenkins, a hotel proprietor of that city. Not long after that Jenkins went to Alaska in search of gold. Nothing was heard from him for six years and his wife came East. In 1905 she read in a Boston paper that her husband had been found frozen to death in the Klondike.

Under these circumstances, she contends, she accepted the proposal of Mr. Averill to become his wife. They were married in this city in 1907. Mr. Averill was employed as an automobile salesman here, and the couple lived happily until December, 1908, when Mr. Averill was sent to York, Pa. Mrs. Averill did not care to go to York and stayed here.

Later she received a letter from her mother, who was still at Los Angeles, informing her that Jenkins had turned up there from a trip around the world. He had been living for some years in the Philippines, where he said he conducted several large hotels in the vicinity of Manila. He told his mother-in-law that he was going East to see his wife, and did so, reaching Boston, where he wrote to Mrs. Averill asking her to meet him in that city.

Mr. Jenkins took her back to the Philippines with him, where they are now said to be living. Mrs. Averill, it is understood, pleads justification for her marriage to Averill as, on account of Jenkins' silence of nearly six years, she fully believed him dead.

C. S. Lorensten is counsel for Mr. Averill, and Francis B. Wood is looking after Mrs. Averill's interests.

Baby Makes a Good Meal On The Rent

Washington, July 24.—The six-months-old son of Mrs. Herman Berger, a charwoman, has already developed the Rockefeller fever. His ambition to absorb all the money in sight nearly caused the mother to lose her little home.

The baby was sitting at a table where Mrs. Berger had left her pocketbook containing \$5, her rent money. While she was engaged elsewhere young master Berger opened the pocketbook and started to make a meal off the \$5. When Mrs. Berger returned he had eaten up two \$1 bills and was sinking his gums into a five. Mrs. Berger could not afford to lose the money. She sent the two mutilated bills to the Treasury Department and got two new crisp ones in their stead.

Men Wade Waist Deep for Booze

Alton, Ill., July 24.—Out in a field of water, 500 feet from the railroad embankment, the saloon of Steve Ruckman at West Alton, did a thriving business today. Men waded waist deep in water to reach the thimble parlor, the only one within ten miles.

One skiff was used to ferry the patrons from the embankment to the saloon, but the rowers sometimes took several hours to make a return trip, stopping with convivial friends to sip a few drinks.

Ice could not be gotten to the saloon and so the sale of beer stopped early in the morning. Plenty of whiskey was on hand, however. The proprietor says it is the best day's business in the history of his grog shop.

Mrs. Cecilia Schraeder and grandmother, Mrs. J. Shutz, left Saturday for a visit to friends and relatives in Houston.

Fight Us If You Dare To See Our Ships

London, July 24.—One hundred and forty-eight British warships dropped anchor in the Thames, the array extending from the estuary at the south end of the river to Westminster Bridge in the heart of London.

More warships—165 to be exact—were assembled for the naval review at Spithead in 1897, but at least thirty of those could neither steam nor fight, and were there simply for show purposes. The fleet now on the Thames is without a useless or obsolete unit. Every one of the 148 vessels could go into battle at a moment's notice, and give a good account of itself.

The object of this extended and superb display of Britain's fighting power is an anti-panic show. Uneasiness prevails in every quarter of Britain. Anxiety in the higher circles as to the condition has bred apprehension and pessimism throughout the body politic.

Germany is accused of having aggressive designs against the peace and liberty of Britons. The result of all this ferment is that the country is in danger of "going off its head."

The mighty armada on the Thames is the Admiralty's heroic sedative.

Pet Monkey Scares Fans at Ball Game

New Orleans, July 24.—Infuriated by the taunts of players, "Henry," the big monkey mascot of the New Orleans team, broke from his pen behind the home players' bench at Pelican Park, this afternoon, climbed into the grandstand and for several minutes caused a stampede and stopped the game between New Orleans and Mobile in the seventh inning.

Mobile players were teasing Henry. Lunging at one of them, he broke his leash, chased the players from his vicinity and bounded up into the grandstand.

Spectators threw programmes and pop bottles at him. Many became frightened and started for the exits, and in the melee several were knocked down. The monkey jumped out into the field and the umpire called the game. The animal was captured after a few minutes and play was resumed.

The monkey is exceedingly vicious. Last season he clawed the park-keeper so that he was laid up for three weeks.

ESCAPED SIBERIAN CONVICTS!

Men Wearing Russian Uniforms Reach Cordova, Alaska, Via Nome.

Cordova, Alaska.—Among a party of 100 Russians who arrived here on the steamer St. Croix from Nome are several who are believed to be political convicts who escaped from a penal colony in the interior of Siberia several months ago. The party reached Nome from Siberia on the Russian steamer Vaarg and immediately embarked for this port.

The uniforms worn by the men are believed to have been taken from the guards killed in the battle at Chukotok, near the Arctic circle, last March, when the convicts defeated a company of pursuing Cossacks.

Jealousy Rife.

Boston, July 24.—Jealousy is rife in the President's set at Beverly. The society folk who are clustered around the Taft cottage are bitterly, sadly envious over the successful bid for Mrs. Taft's favor which a charming woman has made.

A book, a two-volume edition de luxe, is the cause of all the heartache, and the Countess Von Bernstorff, wife of the German Ambassador, is the much envied woman.

The close-knit bonds of friendship between Germany and America have been strengthened through the graceful act of the Countess in presenting Mrs. Taft with the memories of the late Count Von Bernstorff, the present Count's father, who was a great friend of Alonzo Taft, the President's father, when the latter was American Minister to Germany.

As a result of the Countess's gift, Mrs. Taft is more than mere friendly to the Count and his charming wife. Indeed, the German Ambassador's seems destined to outshine all the other women of the diplomatic set.

Even Mrs. Bryce, a great favorite, is rather palling beside the sudden rise of the Countess Von Bernstorff. This is all the more wonderful as the Von Bernstorffs have not mixed in the social life of Washington any more than their position absolutely demanded.

J. Sid Hudson came in from Dallas Saturday.

Ice cold melons to take home, at the Angelo.

Phone 77

Phone 626

We Are The People's Store

PHONE US YOUR needs or call at our store and we will treat you right. We handle everything carried in a FIRST-CLASS GROCERY STORE.

D. C. Chamberlin

Phone 626

Phone 77

Go to Angelo Auto and Repair Co.

For repair work on your car, also Gasoline and Lubricating Oils. Free storage to customers. Plenty of room for all.

Angelo Auto & Repair Co.

O. P. POE, Jr., Proprietor
228-230 Oaks Street Phone No. 705

Always the Best Always the Newest Always the Cheapest Druggist Sundries

Our stock is the largest and most complete embracing all popular lines. Only Goods of Merit, and always up to date Quality, with prices Satisfactory.

The Pioneer Drug Store

Opposite The Postoffice

DON'T

Forget that the Queen City Realty Co., has some good bargains in real estate.

See them before you buy or sell

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Phone 379 - Room 5 Cornerly Blkg.

Joseph Spence, Jr., Abstract Co

A. W. ARMSTRONG, Manager.
118 Chadbourne Street. "ACCURACY" OUR MOTTO

YES, IT RAINED PROSPERITY

And we are all glad of it. Now is an opportunity to think of

LUMBER

And when you think of Lumber, if you live anywhere in the Concho-Colorado Valley, you think of the friends of the builders, the Originators of Low Lumber Prices in West Texas, the

WEST TEXAS LUMBER COMPANY

San Angelo, Texas

C. J. Latham, the clock inspector of the Western Union Telegraph company, left the city for Seguin, after several days here on business.

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

DR. KIGHT

Practice limited to

Skin, Genito-Urinary and Rectal Diseases

Office in Conerly Building

Office Phone 362
Residence Phone 947
Green

Office hours, 9 to 12; 2 to 5.

Bear This in Mind!

COOK WITH GAS

The worry, the torment and trouble you miss will not cost you a penny. As a fuel Gas is cheaper than anything else. It is certainly safer, more convenient and less bothersome than anything else. Phone 76 and let us tell you more about our plans for making extensions

San Angelo Gas Company

Widows Are So Dangerous Says Widower

New York, July 24.—Martin Weiss, a widower, proposed marriage to two widows in the Yorkville police court, and in each instance the offer was rejected with considerable scorn.

Weiss is 32 years old and was left a widower with two children a year ago. He lives at 114 Forsyth street. He was a prisoner in the Yorkville court on last Saturday on the complaint of Rosie Zenker, a young widow who lives at 124 East Tenth street. She charged him with the larceny of \$60. Incidentally she told Magistrate Heerman that the man had promised to marry her but had failed to keep the promise.

"I have always loved you, Rosie, and I am willing to marry you. Come down to the city hall now and we'll get married right away," the man said to the complainant when he was brought to the railing.

Rosie blushed when the Court asked her if she had rather get married than to prosecute the larceny. She selected the marriage, the complaint was dismissed and the two went away. But today they were back again with their positions reversed. This time Rosie was a prisoner and Weiss the complainant. He had a knife cut on his forehead and a blackened and bruised right eye. He declared that Rosie was responsible for his disfigurement.

"Is that the way you celebrate the first day of your married life?" the Magistrate asked the young lady.

"We are not married; he fooled me. When we left the court he told me he would not marry me," she responded.

"She came up to me on the street last night and cut me with a knife. But I forgive her," said the widower. He then told the Magistrate that he had decided to withdraw the complaint and he asked the widow if she would go with him to the rabbi's and get married.

"No, I would not marry you now. You are too lazy to support a wife," was her response.

"I supported a wife and two children for twelve years. That ought to be proof," he returned.

There was a commotion at the gate and in came a good looking young woman dressed in black. She said she was Selma Prager, a widow of 1062 First Avenue. Having heard that Weiss was in court, she decided to go there and tell what she knew about him.

"He promised to marry me, but went back on his promise after he got my gold watch," she told Magistrate Heerman.

"What is there so attractive about him that the widows take to him so?" mused the magistrate, who is a bachelor. The widower fiddled with his mustache and remarked that his promise to the Widow Prager still held good. He suggested that they leave the court forthwith and be married.

"No, sir! If he were the last man on the earth I would not marry him. He is not worth that," she said as she snapped her thumb and finger.

Weiss said he left a silver watch with the Widow Prager for the gold watch she gave him and he didn't see how he could be accused of larceny.

"Leave widows alone, young man. You have had a very narrow escape from prison. The next time you may not be so lucky," so spake the Magistrate as he dismissed the case.

SPARE THE GROUND HOG.

Illinois Legislators Err in Making War on Little Animal.

The ground hog of Illinois and the west generally is the woodchuck of the eastern states. It is charged

against him that in digging his home he throws gravel up over the surface of the ground to an extent that injures the farmers' prospects of raising crops. The ground hog also is accused of being a prowler in the vegetable garden, and it is said that the farmer's table sacrificed to appetite of the unbidden guest in the field.

Out in Kansas a few years ago the Western red-tailed hawk was abundant. About once in every six months the red-tail would pick up a chicken, and the act aroused the owner of the chicken to anger. The law makers of Kansas declared the red tail an outlaw and put a price on his head. There were so many red-tailed hawks killed that the count was lost. Coincident with the killing of the birds, the plague of the prairie dogs increased and menaced the very means of livelihood of the majority of the Kansas dwellers. They called on the biological survey at Washington to help them out of their trouble. The scientists sent this prescription: "Repeal the law placing a bounty on hawks." This was done and since that time nature has kept the balance even.

All this, perhaps, has comparatively little to do with the ground hog of Illinois, but it may be said that the legislators who would pass laws intended to interfere with the workings of Mother Nature are taking great chances. Confessedly it is not known just what place the ground hog or woodchuck, as you will, holds in nature's system of economy, but that it holds a place is well assured.

It is more than possible that the propaganda for the preservation of the natural resources of the country includes the ground hog.—Chicago Evening Post.

The Texas Wonder.

Cures all Kidney, Bladder and Rheumatic troubles; sold by all druggists, or two months treatment by mail, for \$1.00. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials.

Notice.

Miss R. Ramke, representing the French Laboratory of San Antonio, for the treatment of consumption, is now at the Landon hotel. Call or phone.

Buoys Faith With Big Gun Charmed Life

Lexington, Ky., July 24.—Information has been received here from Jackson to the effect that former Sheriff Ed Callahan, the noted feud leader who was recently fired upon from ambush by assassins, has so far recovered from his wounds to be able to attend to some of his business affairs.

Coincident with his recovery the fearless leader of the Callahan-Smitlin feud has issued a statement in which he says in view of the fact of his miraculous escape from sudden death and his subsequent recovery, that he does not believe God will suffer assassins to kill him. Callahan is a deacon in the Baptist church at Crockettville and has long been known as Deacon Callahan among his intimate friends.

The feudal chieftain is not taking any chances on his enemies believing his way in regard to Divine providence is shown in that he lets no grass grow under his feet in traveling from his residence and store, which are only a short distance apart, as he makes the trip in double quick time with a repeating rifle across his arm. It was while making one of these trips recently that he was shot down by an enemy concealed on a mountain across the road from his store.

EARLY JOKING HIS UNDOING.

Man Who was Branded as a Leper Tells Story of His Sufferings.

John R. Early, held a prisoner for almost a year because Washington physicians thought he had leprosy instead of the mild disease which surgeons at the New York Skin and Cancer hospital found, has told the whole story. He is now in the hospital here. Early had a sense of humor the Washington doctor who first examined him did not have and that, he says, is the cause of all his trouble. To a Washington doctor who looked at his hands, which were swollen because of his work in a pulp mill in North Carolina, Early remarked laughingly:

"Don't you think it might be leprosy?"

The doctor, standing six feet away, looked frightened, though he didn't pretend to know anything about the case, and hurried out. Within a couple of hours the health authorities of Washington had taken control of him and he was held for eleven months.

"I was stopping at the Salvation Army headquarters" he said. "I went to bed. About one o'clock in the morning another doctor came into my room without knocking, lit the gas and ordered me to get up and dress. I did. He stood out in the hall and told me to walk on to an ambulance. I would find in the street and get in. Afterwards I learned that this man was a health official.

"I didn't know what it was all about and no one told me, but I did as directed. I slept all night in the ambulance, which was driven to the Eastern Branch reservation, and the next morning two soldiers pitched a tent within a few feet of the tide water mark and told me it was mine for awhile. Their orders were to establish a dead line about me which they themselves were not to overstep. The nearest anyone was to come to me, they said, was ten feet. They didn't know why when I asked them.

"The next day I had come to my senses enough to know that I was in a pretty serious fix, and I made up my mind I'd find out how just how serious before sunset. So when the doctor came I told him I wanted to write a letter to my wife letting her know my predicament, and I asked him to say in the letter what was the matter with me.

"He said, and I can remember every word of it, I don't need to tell you anything more than that the letter you are going to write to your wife will never be handled by anyone but me. Nothing you every touch again will be touched by any human being. Write your letter and say what you please, but let your wife understand that I am to rewrite whatever you write."

"By December it was so cold of nights in my tent that sleep was almost out of question. I was told that I could get warmer quarters by paying my own living expenses out of the pension I had received since I had been pronounced a leper.

"But here is one of the amusing things that happened. For some reason or other the authorities feared I might not be able to make both ends meet on the pension money, so one day after we had been in the house a few weeks the doctor told me that a flock of hens was going to be delivered that morning.

"I don't know how many dozens of eggs I sold through agents this spring. I have often laughed myself to sleep wondering what the good people would say who sat down to a breakfast of those eggs if they knew they were hatched from hens that Early the Leper fed and cared for.

"As for the future I have no plans. Friends my wife has made have given us a little cottage at the seashore. When Dr. Bulkley is ready to have me leave here I shall go to our new home."—New York Globe.

Finds Skeleton.

Earl Day, the new general proprietor and publisher of the Rowena Review, was in Ballinger on Monday and besides giving us some pretty good ghostly news, made us acquainted with some of the best citizens of the little city of Rowena, and extended a welcome invitation to visit his town, etc. Mr. Day reports a story that reminds us all, of course, of Indian days, and war times, generally speaking. Some parties who were digging a well near Rowena last Saturday, found under the surface about three feet, the skele-

ton of what is supposed to be an American woman. Buttons indicated that it was the skeleton of a woman, and the arms crossed over her breast indicate that she was an American.

This well was being dug near the old San Antonio and Kansas stage line, and from this it would seem that the lady was either killed in an Indian fight or died on the road.—Ballinger Ledger.

Ice cold melons to take home, at the Angelo.

Neely Bros. buy hides.

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Serve Ice Cream When They Entertain

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Potter's 100 Per Cent Pure Ice Cream

1-2 gal. 75c, 1 gal. \$1.50
Bricks, all colors, each .50

San Angelo Ice Cream Company
Phone 913

L. W. Norcross

Of Fort Worth, Texas

PIANO TUNER

Will be in San Angelo About Aug. 7

Mr. Norcross has been coming to San Angelo since 1882—twenty-seven years. His reputation for intelligent, conscientious work is unapproached.

Orders Left at Allen's Music House

Phone 173, will be placed on his list and given earliest attention.

We are Over-stocked in

Kitchen Cabinets

We have 14 on hand and we need the room they take up for new goods, now arriving. These cabinets include EVERYTHING from the plain cabinet to the cabinet with a place for everything used in the kitchen. These cabinets vary in price from \$6.50 to \$30.00.

We Will Cut the Price 20 Per Cent

On just half of them. First come, first served.

Stevens Furniture Co.

Conerly Building

LEEDALE STOCK FOR EXHIBITION

WARRIOR, THE GRAND CHAMPION BULL, TO BE SHOWN.

MANY WILLING TO MARRY

Everything Being Placed in Readiness for San Angelo's Big Fall Fair and Carnival.

Warrior the Eighteenth, grand champion bull; Prince Wilton, champion steer; Addies Donald, first premium yearling heifer; John Pearl, first Southern heifer calf, and Retta, first Southern two-year-old, are to be shown by the Leedale Stock farm at the coming fair and carnival.

Phil C. Lee states that he will have twenty-one Herefords on exhibition—five steers, seven bulls and nine heifers.

"Who will be the happy couple to be wedded before the grand stand at the fall fair?"

This is an all-absorbing question in San Angelo at present, though the fair is several months off. The cash consideration will be liberal and there will be other inducements. Three couples at least have offered to allow their blouses to become public property, and take all that is coming to start up a swell little home, with the wolf howling aimlessly outside.

It is probable that the couples will have to draw straws in order to settle the leading question.

This feature is getting to be more and more an attraction each successive year, and more proffers are expected by the fair management.

A deal has been closed with a big fireworks outfit to put up one of its big productions on the order of "The Last Days of Pompeii." Such exhibitions as this have been popular for many years, but they are still growing in popularity.

In all probability President George Hagelstein of the Fair and Carnival association will close a deal with one of the many big carnival companies now showing at the Yukon-Alaska exposition, and this practically assures San Angelo something high class in every particular.

Improvement is the order of the day out at the fair grounds. With hatchet and hammer the carpenters are at work repairing everything, and a bunch of scrapers is putting the tracks in apple pie order.

San Angelo is going to have a great fair. Of that there is no doubt. Greater interest than ever before in its history is being taken. Crops are coming and the sheep and cattle men will soon begin to open their purse strings and let the fair go on. Unexcelled prosperity and promise for the future counts for a great deal, and the fall fair is going to exceed all expectations.

BUYER.

Swift & Co. Sends Man Here to Ship Two Cars a Day.

Swift & Company has San Angelo on the brain. At least that is the supposition left in the minds of several San Angelo citizens when they talked with C. A. Ruff, a representative of that big packing company Saturday on his regular round on the lookout for fat cattle.

He stated straight out that he did not come here to establish a packery at this place, but he did not say anything about not looking over the ground. He admitted that San Angelo was an excellent location for such

Monday Night AT The Yale

Entire Change of Pictures and Vaudeville

an enterprise.

Mr. Ruff says that he came here to live, and will ship two car loads a day from here to Fort Worth or Kansas City.

Mr. Ruff has just come from Fort Worth, where he has been in the fresh meat department.

SALES.

Rain of Thursday Starts Things Moving Briskly.

J. F. Love of Coleman bought from J. F. Craig Saturday 350 head of high class cattle at \$25 per head, making a grand total of \$7500. The cattle were bought by Mr. Love to replenish his Coleman county ranch.

Felix Mann & Co. sold for O. B. Robertson of Waelder to Fayette Tankersley the lease on 11,000 acres of Gonzales county school land in Irion county and 600 head of one, two and three-year-olds, at \$18 per head.

Felix Mann and George Mapes sold a five-year lease on 30,000 acres of school land to Paul and Roy Willoughby, for Gus Hargroves of Paint Rock; also 1500 head of cattle at \$15 per round.

R. E. Scott of the firm of Scott & Kirby left via automobile Saturday morning for Big Springs and Midland on business.

We Will

SECRETARIES OF STATE TO MEET

INSTITUTE SCHEDULED FOR AUG. 3 IN FORT WORTH.

ROUND TABLE SPEECHES

Prof. Elmer S. Batterson of Chicago Associate Editor of Dry Goods Reporter, to Lead.

Fort Worth, Texas, July 24.—(Special.)—Commercial secretaries from all over the state will be here for the week beginning August 3 to attend the commercial secretaries' institute that will be conducted by Prof. Elmer S. Batterson of Chicago, associate editor of the Dry Goods Reporter. Mr. Batterson will hold daily round table conferences with the men on the various problems of city advancement, while W. C. Connor, general freight agent of the Trinity and Brazos Valley railroad, will deliver a series of addresses on freight rates as they affect cities in competition with each other.

Among the problems of the city that will be given prominence in the discussions are municipal growth, town publicity, expansion and protection of local trade, industrial expansion, securing new industries and commercial club activities. While Mr. Batterson will lead out in the discussions, his talks will not be lectures and will form only the introductions to the discussions proper that will follow. Each secretary will be expected to contribute something to the conference.

Along with the problem of general city promotion there will be a consideration of questions of peculiar concern to particular communities. In view of the many new commercial clubs that are being launched in the state, this feature promises to be very valuable to the secretaries of the new organizations.

After the institute is over Mr. Batterson will be at the service of any town in the state that may need him for a few days in helping it through a particular problem or difficulty.

Prof. Batterson is one of the few men of the country who have made town promotion a science and has studied it in all its phases. He is a graduate of the Northwestern university, where he took his major work in economics. He has later built up a large business at Muscatine, Iowa. His work in connection with the Dry Goods Reporter has led him out into the field of city development, where he has attained marked success in his institutes. They have been held largely in Iowa, Illinois, Michigan and Ohio. No institute of this kind has been held in Texas.

Delegates.

Fort Worth, Texas, July 24.—(Special.)—J. A. Arnold, president of the Commercial Secretaries' association, has appointed ten delegates to the Trans-Mississippi congress that meets at Denver August 15 to 21. The delegation is requested to use its best influence to bring the 1916 congress to San Antonio. It will be headed by E. R. Haines, secretary of the Galveston Chamber of Commerce, who will deliver an address on the commission form of city government. The other delegates are T. W. Larkin of Beaumont, Roy Miller of Corpus Christi, O. Owens of Port Arthur, J. R. Babcock of Dallas, H. E. Kirksey of Waco, N. H. Ragland of Paris, C. W. Coons of Denison, R. N. Magill of Brownsville and Garrett A. Dobbin of Houston.

One Cent Fine Is Imposed By This Jury

One cent and costs! This was the fine assessed against C. F. Sharpe for alleged pugilistic inclinations, by a jury of his peers in City Recorder Wade Henderson's court.

But the costs were summed up to about \$24. This makes a new record for San Angelo and Tom Green county in the line of straight out fines, though the necessary amendment in the shape of costs made the amount fairly presentable.

In passing it might be said that this story illustrates a great moral as well as business principle: Save the cents and the dollars will accumulate with commendable haste. If it had been possible to save the one little copper cent in this affair, the \$24 would not have been forthcoming of a necessity. "Big trees from little acorns grow," and this little saying is too often illustrated in such cases as this.

Capt. and Mrs. T. S. Lawrence and sister, Miss Clara Ferguson, of San Antonio; Mrs. Reagan and daughter Cordelia of Beaumont, are stopping at Johnson cottage on Fourteenth street for a few weeks.

Queen Olive Limeade

10c

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DRUGS

Heart of Shopping District Ladies Side of Street


MONDAY IS Ladies' Day

At Henderson's and there will be many new and attractive articles on sale, besides big reductions on some necessary household articles and ladies' house dresses. We will be showing new waists with Dutch collars, new jet pins, new jet barrettes and many other new seasonable articles.

WE shall be glad to have you in the store Monday to see new and low price merchandise.

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THE HOUSE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY.

Plenty of Wall Papers



For any room you wish to re-paper. Rich patterns for the parlor, cozy designs for the dining room, dainty papers for the bed room, enameled papers for bath room or kitchen. THEY ARE ALL HERE in variety enough to suit every taste at prices to suit every purse.

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Watch Us Grow

The San Angelo Press-News

Watch Us Grow

The Press Vol. XI No. 46
The News Vol. I No. 305
Consolidated November, 1907

San Angelo, Texas, Sunday, July 25, 1909,

Vol. 12, No. 188

CONE JOHNSON HOLDS FORTH AT RIVERSIDE RINK

NOTED TYLER ORATOR GETS AFTER THE RUM DEVILS IN VIGOROUS FASHION.

GENTLY TOUCHES THE PRESS-NEWS

Smith County Candidate Does Not Comprehend Diversity of Interest in This Great State—Is Accorded Fine Reception.

Declaring that he has no faith in the slogan "Turn Texas Loose," but is strongly in favor of "Let the People Rule," Cone Johnson of Tyler spoke for two hours Saturday afternoon on prohibition.

"I regret that prohibition must be injected into this campaign," said the speaker, "but the ants have forced us to it. The pros wanted to have it submitted to the people during an off year when there were no elections of consequence, but some of these legislators at Austin who want saloons open for their own benefit, went contrary to the state platform.

"You are warned not to overlook this issue when you vote for the next governor of Texas, for if you are misled on some other excitement, and elect a man not in favor of submission, our cause will be lost; he will say that by placing him in office you have ratified the acts of the Thirty-first.

Those legislators who disobeyed the platform built for them at the San Antonio convention have made a direct assault upon the voice of the people to rule, and they are not fit to be returned.

Scores Senator Bailey.

The speaker then directed his remarks to Senator Bailey, stating that conditions in Washington are much like those in the Texas legislature. "We have a senator," continued the speaker, "who believes he knows more than such men as Brooks, Storey and Baker, who participated in the making of a platform. Now, I could have sent you a better set of men to Denver than these, but you went against me—and I then took off my hat and abided by the decision of the majority. Still, I consider those gentlemen fairly good representatives of the people of Texas as when it comes to the matter of handling the tariff question. But Senator Bailey rode right over that platform.

"Why write platforms if your representatives are not going to abide by them? It is always just the thing when they are out after votes, but when you elect them they become learned. Will it be that we are to elect public officers and say 'You know more than we'; turn them loose and make them account for nothing? No, never, and now is the time to place the stamp of disapproval; otherwise we will be back in the stage of aristocracy."

Public Morality.

Mr. Johnson dealt with the prohibition question from start to finish. "I don't want to regulate private morality," he said, "although I do have a feeling for those poor individuals who resort to the habit of drinking, but what I am interested in is the question of public morality. There is a big difference between private morality and public morality.

"I claim that there is not one-half as much harm in private gambling as there is in whiskey drinking. Then you ask why do we have laws against gambling? Because gambling is a violation of public policy and a corruption of public morals. Take the Sunday laws. You ask why. Because the history of the Anglo-Saxon race has demonstrated that in America as we have Sunday it constitutes a civic liberty, without which we would have a generation of degenerated morals.

Whisky Question.

"Then I say, why don't we have a law to blot out the whisky evil? For all the good it does, one million times as much harm results. Do you see the banker, the business man, the lawyer, the doctor or the merchant using it? No. They don't need it, for whisky does not go with business. But look at the man whose wife takes down from a shelf some old faded out

dress, transforms a hat four years old into one of these modern tub creations—there's the man who drew his check Saturday night and spent the entire amount at the grog shop. Does he need whisky? My God, no!

"And then you ants tell me to go to the polls and vote for a place where thousands and thousands of people are led to debauchery, and which causes homes to be wrecked, children to go thinly clad, and brings gray hairs in mothers' heads? I will never do it as long as God gives me breath.

Tears Down Schools.

"The time has come when Texas will no longer vote to put the seal to the contract with our public school teachers, and then authorize the seal that sets up the grog shop to tear down what the schools have done. And in speaking of schools, that reminds me of an example. In Tyler, Mr. and Mrs. Cone Johnson, who have no children, pay the school tax for the instruction of other children; others do the same; this rule applies all over the state. Why do we? Directly we are not concerned, for we have no children to send to school. We give up this money gladly because we know it will benefit somebody else's child.

"Then why don't you say the same about whisky and vote it out? You care nothing for it, but why don't you think of that poor wife with wrinkles in her cheeks, of that dear little child without decent clothes, who has no opportunity to make a real man out of himself?

Something Strange.

"There is something strange about this whisky question. Until this matter came up the Texas democracy has always been able to do what she wished. In other things the minority has always stood by the majority. But this doctrine has certainly been imposed on by the whisky business. Take the anti-free pass law, for instance. It was a hard fight, but the legislators who were in the minority took off their hats to the majority. But not so with the whisky question. Every time you go after it something bobs up and we lose out. During Gov. Hogg's administration the people ruled that the railroads should be placed under proper restrictions. There was a big to do and lots of fighting from the railroads, but those in the halls of the legislature stood true to their trust."

Mr. Johnson then went on to say that it is democratic to throw everything up to the people for their approval, and told of the actions of the prohibitionists in their last efforts to carry the state, and scored the members of the legislature who refused to let the matter be submitted to a vote of the people.

Opening Remarks.

In opening his address Mr. Johnson said that he has lived in Texas for thirty years, and that this is his first trip to San Angelo. He said that he had always heard that West Texas was a dry country—dry as far as rain is concerned—but that he certainly must have been misinformed. During the twenty-four hours that he was out fishing it rained eighteen, and any country that can boast of that much rain, continuously, in the summer time is not to be classed as a drought-stricken section.

"You need people to settle down and take care of that land," continued the speaker. "On my trip to Spring creek I did not see many farm houses. The ground is capable of growing almost anything on earth. You need men who understand that to make a success they must work."

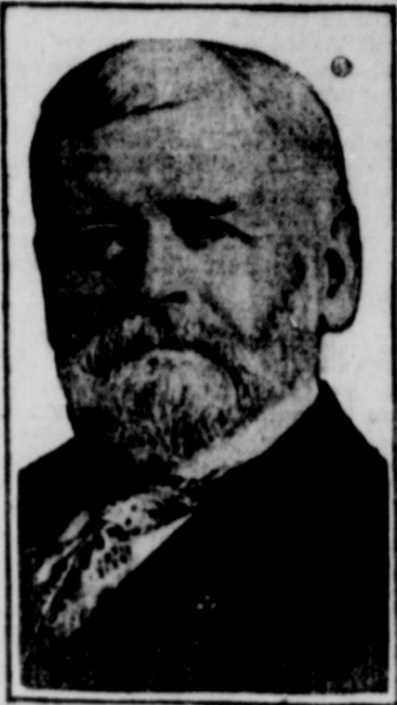
East Texas and West Texas.

Referring to a recent editorial in The Press-News regarding the many benefits East Texas is receiving, while West Texas is getting absolutely nothing, not even the offices, Mr. Johnson said that East Texas is not antagonistic to West Texas. "There can't be a law that hurts East Texas or Tyler unless it hurts West Texas and San Angelo. What helps Tyler also helps San Angelo. This is one state and one people. You don't help one part without helping the other. You don't help one dog by tying a can onto another dog's tail.

"I also read an editorial in The Press-News appealing to the sectional interests of Texas, picturing the sandy hill east Texas and the black land Central Texas at daggers' points, and saying in substance, 'Now is the time for West Texas to step in and take the bone away from both.'

"I am not here with that sort of spirit. I would like to see a man on every foot of your farming and cattle land, enjoying the greatest of prosperity, but don't get them all from Smith county. I have met no less than twelve men from Smith county since I have been here. In fact, we would be willing to send you a few more settlers for your great country, but we ask that you leave us a few. Your sheriff came from near my home, and so did Hon. C. T. Paul, your mayor.

"Now, The Press-News says West Texas has never received anything from the state. Well, it is because you haven't asked for anything. You have only yourselves to blame. Have you an experimental station out here?



SENATOR BURROWS. Michigan's senior senator, one of the powers in the upper national house, has had a long legislative career. He was elected to the house of representatives of the Forty-third congress and served several terms before his election to the senate in 1895.

Why don't you ask for one? You'll get it, or you can have two or three if you want them. Go after it in the right way and just keep right on—that is all that is necessary.

"In my county we have 100 farmers who are raising crops under the direction of government experts who are paid by Uncle Sam. Our country is not a corn growing section, but despite that last year some of our farmers realized eighty bushels to the acre, the work being done under the supervision of the government men.

"You ask why don't the farmers of West Texas experiment? Because they can't afford to. If they fail they are put out of business. But the state can afford to, and you should ask it. I met a man here today who said he didn't know whether or not cotton could be grown with any success near San Angelo, and he has lived here pretty much all his life. Why don't you find out? The state will pay for it."

Capital and Laws.

Changing the subject of his remarks to that of "Turn Texas Loose," Mr. Johnson said that he is not in favor of it. "Before we do anything like that we had better investigate as to who it is to be turned over to. A great deal depends on that. I don't like the phrase, anyway, for it conveys the impression that Texas is already tied down, and that we have laws that are unfavorable to capital. I would like for you to point out just one law in Texas that is against capital. You can't do it. During the past year I have compared our laws with reference to corporations and commerce with those of many other states and I find that in other places they are a great deal more rigid. Corporations get a fair deal in Texas, and you all know it. All I ask in the control of capital is that you do not surrender the rights of the future generation. Those who are to carry on our work in the future are the people we must look up to."

Judge Wright.

Mr. Johnson was introduced by Judge W. A. Wright, who, with Mayor Paul, occupied a seat on the platform. Judge Wright said that in 1910 the citizens of Texas will have one of the greatest battles in the history of the state to fight out. The fur is going to fly, he said, but it will come from the back of the other bear. It is a question of whether the people will tell their representatives what to do, or whether the representatives will dictate to the people what they are going to do.

"In every great fight there must be a leader. We are not going to have any more lieutenant generals who disobey the wishes of the people. Brown Lee kept his faith, but the gentleman who calls his home at Ozona half the time and El Paso and Val Verde the other half, betrayed a great people, and we don't need him any more.

"I wish to introduce to you the general of our forces. He is a man of courage and fights all the way through; he is a man of ability, a constructionist and a statesman—the Hon. Cone Johnson."

Thomas Head and bride, who have been spending their honeymoon at Pajacos, were delayed in Temple on their return trip by a misconnection with trains. They arrived in San Angelo on the night train Saturday.

TEXAS POLITICS RIGHT UP TO NOW

SPEECHES NOWADAYS GENERALLY FALSE ALARMS.

PAYMENT OF POLL TAXES

Does the Voter Get a Run for His money?—Junius of Austin Comments on Matter.

Austin, Tex. (Staff Special.) July 25.—Does the discriminating poll tax payer in Texas get a run for his money?

Ever think about that? Does he get a run for his money in the July blanket primary or the November Hapkin finger-bowl finale—the what's-the-use—approval of the mid-summer firsts past the post.

Isn't politics as played today in Texas a sort of bromide, a big noise, the same old roof on the brush arbor? Isn't politics the push album of the whittling committee instead of the moving picture film of Twentieth century progress?

A flimsy platitude for a paramount issue, a blue denim suit, and a handful of throat tablets where the speaker talks against a sad storm—that about invoices the equipment of a patriot screeching at the forks or singing his state's swan song where the predatory rush by in joy wagons.

And bear in mind that eternal progress is neither built upon platitudes nor steamed up with big chunks of sophistry. Here's a challenge: Has any one point scored in a Texas political speech lived as long as a Booger Red three-sheet stand posted on the main door of the village blacksmith shop, or developed in the office-seeker's district a dividend-paying industry equal to peddling Concho pecans to tourist or soap to the idle squad on the street corner?

Get out your dope books and figure results.

Can the discriminating, thoughtful, poll tax payer trace a nickle's worth of material development to his vote for the politician 99 99-100 per cent something, sobbing patriot ready to draw his pay in the interest of his constituency?

If you have the goods—come across with it.

As Played Today.

Which is getting back to politics as played today.

Politics, the sort that is keeping Texas progress doped at the starter's stand can be summarized about as follows: It's a ringing speech made up of a few personal references to the record of the other fellow; a flash to start the Confederate veterans, God bless 'em, to cheering; a resume of how the speaker was educated in the public schools, worked his way through college, and afterwards lived among his people; a few sideswipes at the predatory; an anti-trust spasm or two; a sudden plunge into the tariff and a semi-strangle hold on the Fearless One; a debonair reference to the ladies, bless 'm; also; a civic boquet or two; a peroration about hospitality that would make a yellow leg chicken hunt the darkest spot under the corn crib; one parting swipe at the recklessness and extravagance of the party in national power—and then the newspaper reporters describe how hundreds of prominent citizens shook the speaker by the hand and incidentally beamed with the smile that won't rub off, until after the picnic "breaks."

Getting a run for your poll tax money in that sort or semi-recherche rot?

But it's the same old brand you've been handed for twenty years.

To get closer to the speaker's stand: A direct question as to the industrial enterprises in the district, the opportunity for development, or the location of spots where resources slumber for the alarm of capital to wake them into a pay roll propositions and dinner bucket fillers—a direct question of that sort would break up the meeting or call for ouster proceedings under directions of the reception committee.

But ask what any prominent muck-raker wrote in reference to the tainted money and the lobby—and the speaker could call the column and page of the magazine which floated "the public scandal."

Simmered down, the political speech of the time-serving politician is a false alarm over a wire constructed for the real thing.

This is not an argument that industrial enterprises can be financed from

the public safe or that the agricultural department furnish the hands to harvest the intensive farming crop.

But it is an argument that the prosperity of any public man's constituency can be benefitted by lapses into constructive statesmanship rather than by leaps at the throat of the alleged money power.

The man who intelligently legislates for his people must be familiar with their material successes and failures, their opportunities and industries that make for values and prosperity. A landslide at the ballot box never yet uncovered a deposit of hard coal or an opportunity for drainage work or canalization enterprises.

Age of the Dollar.

This is the age of the dollar. The captain of industry knows that as well as the consumer. The dollar carries comfort into homes as well as the light of Christianity into the jungles of the Congo. Stump speech sophistry and platform platitudes neither increase deposits at the bank nor fill one shelf in the kitchen pantry. We educate that our children may not be handicapped in useful pursuits which lead to the pay envelope. Politics that makes pennies sprout where poverty camped before, will gradually work around to the dollar.

Criticism of reckless expenditures at Washington will not pull weeds on the public square or buy hot cakes.

We pay our poll taxes in Texas.

Give us a run for our money in Texas.

Meanwhile, check up the next office-seeking speech for any one feature that will add a dime to the common wealth.

If you locate such a feature—well you're getting a run for your money.

JUNIUS.

VERY FINE GRAPES ARE GROWN HERE

T. BALDWIN PRODUCES LUSCIOUS CLUSTER AT HIS HOME.

ARE OF EXTRA QUALITY

Possess Superior Advantages for Wine Making Purposes—Compare With German Product.

Another turn of the kaleidoscope of Father Time and San Angelo and its surrounding country blooms as a vineyard, the envy of the combined grape growers and wine producers of southern Europe. Italy's sunkissed grapes are no more luscious, and Germany's vineyards can not produce their equal.

T. Baldwin, who lives out in East San Angelo, at 1029 Preusser street, came into The Press-News office Saturday afternoon with two bunches of grapes, as luscious and beautiful as ever one saw. He raised them in his little vineyard at his home right here in San Angelo.

"California grapes are rated almost with those of Italy, Spain, Germany and France," he said, "but even they can not surpass, and hardly rank with the quality of the fruit that can be produced right here in Concholand. This grape you are now tasting can best be compared with the one raised in Germany; it has its color and its delicious fragrance. The most famous wines in the world are its product, and this same San Angelo grape can be made to yield as delectable a beverage, the kind one takes for his stomach's sake.

"Improvement and cultivation is all that is necessary. The soil of this country has no equal under the sun for diversity as well as quality."

Mr. Baldwin also told of a magnificent blackberry he had produced. He declared that this blackberry compared favorably with any that is raised in the world.

J. W. Caldwell and David Girdwood took advantage of the excursion Saturday to see what the storm did to Galveston.

B. B. Massenburg, who has been in the city for the past few days on business, returned Saturday to Paris.

Mrs. R. A. Patout and little son left Saturday to visit friends and relatives in Paris.

E. F. Givens of Coleman county is in the city visiting friends.

Mrs. Arthur Fox went to Cleburne Saturday to visit relatives and friends.

RETAIL MCHTS. FAVOR IDEA OF EXCURSION TRIP

MEETS SECOND MONDAY IN AUGUST TO CONSIDER MATTER AND ARRANGE PROGRAM.

ENDURANCE RUN FOR AUTOMOBILES

This Feature Already Proving Popular With Honk-Honk Men—Adds Considerable Interest to the Occasion.

With the view of making the proposed trades excursion of the San Angelo business men the biggest thing of the kind that has ever been given by a town of this size the Retail Merchants' association will take the matter up at its meeting on the second Monday in August. The subject will be handled at length, and it is very likely that at this season a program and route will be mapped out.

Another interesting feature in connection with the excursion has just been suggested. It is proposed to pull off an endurance contest at the same time. A large number of automobiles—twenty-five or thirty—will be in line, and it is pointed out that to make things more interesting a contest of this kind will be just the thing. Automobilemen are heartily in favor of it.

NOVELTIES.

H. B. Holmes Catches Trades Excursion Spirit—Has the Goods.

Trades excursion! That's all the talk among the business men of San Angelo nowadays, and the matter will come to a final culmination some time in August.

H. B. Holmes of the Holmes Stationery company has taken advantage of the enthusiasm and has put in a strictly up to date line of advertising novelties which will just about catch the eye of the people the merchants intend to visit. Novelty calendars, large and small, pencils and pen holders, novelty match cases, and a complete line of bank pass and check books combined and many other trinkets of a like order too various for enumeration.

Mr. Holmes says that he already has received orders for about \$200 worth of this advertising material and is expecting a headlong rush for it along in August.

BOOKLET TO TELL ABOUT SAN ANGELO

Business Club Closes Contract With Advertising Agency—Ten Thousand Copies Guaranteed.

Wayland & Foreman, the advertising experts, have been granted \$100 by the Business club, for which that organization will receive 1000 copies of the big All-Concholand booklet that firm is going to get out. It is further specified that they distribute 9000 additional copies along the Orient and Strling City roads.

The booklet as planned will be an entrancing advertising plan. It will be printed on fine paper and will be chock full of good stuff relative to San Angelo, her past, her present, and the wonderful possibilities of her future. It will contain twenty cuts of schools, business houses and residences of San Angelo; likewise views of the country showing the remarkable development that have taken place in the last few years.

Everything descriptive in the line of climate, soil and possibilities for the future will be accurately but glowingly put down.

Dr. D. F. Heaton, pastor of the Baptist church at Miles, who has been attending the Cates revival, returned home Saturday.

The Press-News

THE NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Incorporated.

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

Sunday Morning, July 25, 1909.

MR. JOHNSON, DEAR SIR.

Mr. Cone Johnson, Dear sir: We heard your speech Saturday afternoon at the skating rink. We have often heard you before. We have never heard you when you were not eloquent. You are now in a sense the guest of the city of San Angelo. Not only are you a guest of this city, but you are also a distinguished citizen of this state and you aspire, with perfect right, to fill a high office.

Being a guest of this city, The Press-News will forbear while you are partaking of our hospitality arousing argument or inciting excited discussion. When one is breaking our bread, eating our meat and drinking our waters the training that we have received estops remarks, even though pertinent, which could lead to heated tempers or sharp phrases.

For our guests we have the most kindly feelings. Possessing such feelings toward you, while the proprieties of the moment preclude argument, they at least suggest that admonishment, extended upon a platter of admiration and tendered with feelings of profound respect for erudition, is entirely proper. And with such feeling suffusing us at this moment, Mr. Johnson, we would with due humility and acknowledged appreciation of all the surroundings, beg of you to become a fixed star.

A man with your great profundity, with your strong analytical powers, your acute discernment and your soul-stirring eloquence is untrue to himself and is depriving his fellows of the gifts that God hath given you as trustee when you fail to make fixity of purpose one of the pillars of your faith.

We believe that your first impulses come from your heart. We have during the years of our life been a follower in the paths you have beaten when you blazed the way in the beginning.

The first time your tongue thrilled was when life was young with us, in 1887, and the pleas that you put forth then have been markers for our course through life to this good day. A little later we heard you—was it not in the senate of the Twenty-second legislature—deliver an address that is still ringing in our ears, against the folly of the times concentrated in the Horz stock and bond law. You pleaded with the strength of one whose loins had been girded with righteousness and whose heart had been steeled to face the seething mob, for more sanity in that measure. You, in a degree, succeeded in preventing a splendid idea from becoming an instrument of destructive powers, even though you failed to pull all of the fags from the measure.

You set our faith, and our convictions upon that subject became set, Mr. Johnson, after hearing you make your speech in the senate on that question. You were right then, Mr. Johnson, and the plea you made then is right today.

A little later we heard you breathe expressions so lofty and patriotic that to those less gifted, the powers of speech you used in clothing them inspired an idea that you yourself were inspired. We refer to the campaign of 1896, when you entered your solemn and your eloquent protest against democracy being bathed and tainted with opium. Our heart was with you then, Mr. Johnson, though our hand faltered and failed when we tried to go to the end of the chapter with you and tear the names of the Bryan electors from the top of the ticket. You were right then, Mr. Johnson, and time has vindicated your conduct.

Still later we heard you pay a tribute to a high official whom you convinced us was worthy of the encomiums you wove about his head. And you were right then, Mr. Johnson, eternally right.

Mr. Johnson, comets illuminate the sky, and they cause wonderment and astonishment. But no mariner would dare mark his course by a flying streak of fire in the firmament. The fixed stars are the ones that are charted. The man who goes down to the seas in the ship looks not in vain for a guide when the sky is clear and his ship is north of the equator, for though seasons may change and storms may come and go, the north star ever glitters forth a message and is ever a monitor to those seeking the right path.

With all of your brilliancy, with all of your splendid polish; with all of your powers, intellectual and physical, and with the great graces your Creator hath given you, you are still a comet. We can not mark our course by your lights. We can not swear by your rays. We are ever like a lost mariner, who battles with wild waves without compass or rudder and beneath heavy clouds when we would mark our course and square our conduct in true accord with the eloquent ideas that spring from your throat.

If a man acts intuitively, he acts from his heart. We believe in the

first instance you have been right in every great question that has stirred the people of this state. If you were right in the first instance, Mr. Johnson, you can not be right in the second instance.

You are our guest. We are delighted to be your host. What is here written is written in a spirit that has the flavor and tone of the west in it. It is honest and sincere. It is without cant or hypocrisy. Could we think it would be construed as an offense against the conventionalities of the moment it would not be written. And in closing, Mr. Johnson, let us again point out a way to greatness that one with your comprehensive powers is entitled to travel. Be a fixed star! A comet can shine, but it consumes itself as it shoots through space.

Someone asks where did East Texas gaff West Texas? Well, in the state railroad in one thing; in giving sixteen sections of west Texas land to induce a railroad to build through East Texas; in cabbaging all the state institutions, with one exception, and in denying to West Texas even a crumb. Why don't West Texas ask? Didn't Brown F. Lee plead for three hours for an experimental station in Tom Green county, and didn't John Mobley, the hill billy of the East Texas flock, order his crowd to vote no—and they did as ordered. Didn't Turney of Brewster plead for three hours, eloquently, for a scalp bill, and didn't East Texas members giggle joyously when they stabbed this measure? Didn't Dick Bowman of Amarillo, whose district pays in over \$100,000 a year more to the school fund than it gets back from the state, entreat on five different occasions for a state normal, and didn't the East Texas members concoct the scheme of putting up such a normal to be auctioned off? Talk about asking for things! West Texas has asked, West Texas has begged, has entreated, petitioned, implored and supplicated—and all she has got has been the merry ha-ha from the sandy launders and the black waxers. In the future West Texas will not ask. She will demand, and between the two factions now fighting over the spoils—the sand-hillers and the black-waxers—when this demand is made it will be hard, if judgment is used when it is made. We of the West are tired of asking. We intend clubbing our way in the future. We are not dealing with ideals in this instance. We are dealing with the shrewd politicians of the eastern section of Texas, who can no longer pull wool over our eyes, and the grasping landlordly gentry of the black waxer that doesn't want to pay taxes. When dealing with such as these the fellow with the long pole, not the fellow with the ideals, knocks the perlinmons. Watch us knock ours.

A Fort Worth grand jury is after the straw bond people. This looks like a bit of yellow work—or shall we say straw-tinted?

Senator Culberson declared in a speech in the senate that generally speaking the democrats voted as a unit on the tariff question. Now watch the Old Lady make wry faces.

Now comes a report from Phoenix, Ariz., to the effect the weather there has been so hot the amalgam fillings in teeth have plumb melted. Poor old Joe Mulhatten is dead, too.

No, Pauline, every dollar paid into the school fund by a west Texas county on account of a pickinny being born in the sand hill section does not mean that the dollar paid for the negro will be used in educating the negro. That's merely a supposition that doesn't even "supposite."

Now a railroad locomotive engineer is suing a railroad at Amarillo all because the engineer told the conductor that a certain person intended to smash him some—and he was smashed just as predicted. At this end of the line it would appear that the jury should decide the railroad ought to be forced to buy the engineer a blue ribbon for being a prophet.

Now comé the commercial secretaries and suggest that a Texas Prosperity club be formed in Texas. And this is right, too, on the heels of the declaration by Gov. Campbell that he is sorry he didn't have a larger big stick, and the statement that the sanity displayed by the Thirty-first is responsible for the building of the Santa Fe cut-off. Puzzle picture: Find somebody squirming and crying out "Criminal Secretaries."

Czar Fond of Rowing.

The Czar, like the Prince of Wales, is scholarly, but sport is distasteful to him. He makes an exception, however in the case of rowing. For the Empress and his children he has the deepest affection, and he regards every hour passed away from them in the affairs of state as an unpleasant but necessary duty. His greatest enjoyment is to take them out in his boat and in his shirt sleeves to row them on the lake near the palace.

The Empress is a woman of considerable intellectual attainments and of a very determined character. She rules her gentle husband without his feeling it, but everybody knows that she has to be reckoned with before he can be counted upon.—From the By-stander.

All kinds of grain and hay at Neely Bros'.

Pert Paragraphs

West Texas Press

The graveyards are full of aspiring towns whose citizens have slumbered and relied exclusively on God-given advantages. This is a time when advancement in town and city building depends upon the progressiveness of individual citizens. Grass and weeds are growing on thousands of logical locations for cities.—Abilene Reporter.

Brady has been the largest shipping point in Texas for a number of years for cattle, hogs and sheep. Since the first of last January there have been two oil mills completed, costing \$150,000. Now a good companion enterprise to these would be a packinghouse of sufficient capacity to supply the territory contiguous to this point. The cattle could be finished at our oil mills and the packinghouse could convert them into the finished product. It takes work and hustling to get these things, and if the Business Men's league will go at the matter in the right way we believe they can get a packinghouse for Brady, which would be of more benefit to the town than another railroad.—Brady Enterprise.

If the press of West Texas were to give all the facts about the actual conditions existing in middle and east Texas, those saintly editors down that way would not get done tearing their hair for six months; yet that benighted crew never get tired of saying hard things and knocking West Texas. Oh, consistency!—Miles Messenger.

You can hear people talk about how cheap lands were five years ago. Five years from now you will hear the same complaint. Lands in West Texas are cheaper now than they will ever be again. Now is the time to buy. Any man with energy can pay for a home in this section at this time, but the day is surely coming when the poor man will be so handicapped by high prices as to practically bar him from owning a home. They do not seem to know what it is worth to dwell "neath one's own vine and fig tree. No man may hope for real independence who does not own a home. The West is a poor man's Mecca. Some are awakening to this fact. Many who have been here five years and have labored are independent today. Those who come now can do equally as well. But five years from now it will be harder to get a start, for prices will continue to advance. Lucky is the man who heeds the call and is headed this way.—Brownwood Bulletin.

Mr. Bryan wants every precinct on earth to form an income tax club. Now, we are loyal enough to the old candidate, but if he thinks the American people have nothing to do but form clubs, he is just as poorly informed on their condition as he was on how they would vote in the last election.—Menardville Messenger.

Mr. Bryan meant his suggestions for the faithful reformers in those states where the issue of an income tax is doubtful, and not for Texas or any other southern state where a great majority of men are free men and not controlled or dominated by the corporation interests. There is but one way

As Fitzgerald Sees It.

Hon. Cone Johnson, at San Angelo, declared against home rule and local self-government and insists that the power is lodged above and must come from above—the state. Then why not destroy the state and state rights and embrace the national idea—the pet of Thad Stevens and Ben Wade and other rampant radicals of reconstruction days who were bent on the destruction of every vestige of state's rights? Mr. Cone Johnson has lost his democratic principles somewhere in the brush between Tyler and San Angelo. As for the Hon. William Poindexter, he has been everything, in a political sense, except a Jeffersonian democrat and, therefore, is consistent in his attacks today upon the cardinal tenets of the old democratic faith.—Dallas Times-Herald.

VANDERBILT'S GREAT TRICK.

Feigned Death, but the Trick Didn't Work on Gould.

The name of Vanderbilt is one of the greatest in the role of financial giants that the world has ever seen. The commodore, who founded the great house, a man of surpassing power in commerce, must have been, one would imagine, a gentleman with a well balanced mind and, at the height of his success, a man of supreme dignity. Gould is another name to conjure with in finance. The founder of that gigantic fortune, one would think must have been such another as the founder of the Vanderbilts—dignified, unimaginative, a pillar of the great commercial world. Yet nothing could better illustrate the lighter side of finance than a scene enacted between these two giants which I will now describe.

One night Vanderbilt and Gould met on most important business in the former's parlor, which both were in the zenith of their fame. In the eyes of the public they were bitter enemies, and matters had come to a climax. No sooner had the great rivals exchanged courtesies and started their private conversation on a question in relation to which many millions were at stake, than the ancient mariner, the commodore—Vanderbilt the First—apparently overcome by the excitement of the meeting, suddenly fell down in a faint and rolled off his chair on to the floor, where he lay as if dead. Mr. Gould's anxiety may be more easily imagined than described. It is said that "his first impulse was to rush to the door and summon aid, but he found it locked and no key in it. This," continues an authentic account of the historic scene, "increased his alarm and he became greatly agitated. Vanderbilt lay limp and motionless. Once there was a heavy sigh and a half-suffocated breathing, as if it were the last act of respiration." His rival watched the great financier lying in this condition; every minute seemed hours. What

could he do should his rival die? Great heavens! What a position! It was well known that they were deadly rivals. It was common knowledge that they publicly denounced each other. Vanderbilt was much the older, the richer and the greater. Gould had everything to gain by his death. He had sought a private interview late at night. Now, to find Gould alone in Vanderbilt's parlor. Vanderbilt dead and Gould bending over him would be one of the most tragic events in the history of commerce. But the trick did not work. Yes, reader, the trick Vanderbilt the Great was acting the whole time, so as to arouse Gould's sympathy and induce him to smooth matters over!—Harry Furness in Strand Magazine.

Camel a Delicate Beast.

Contrary to the widespread but erroneous opinion the camel is a very delicate beast. A camel that has worked fifteen days in succession needs a months rest and pasturage. It is liable to a host of accidents and ailments. When a caravan crosses a seabka, or dry salt lake, it is rare that some of the animals do not break a leg. If the fracture is in the upper part of the limb there is nothing for it but to slaughter the animal and retail its flesh as butcher's meat.

If the lower part of the limb has been injured the bone is set and held in position by means of splints made of palm branches which are bound with small cords. If no complications ensue at the end of a month the fracture is reduced. When in a case of simple dislocation the injured part is cauterized with a red hot iron, then coated with clay and bandaged with a strip of cloth. Fifteen days afterwards the animal is generally cured.—From La Vulgarisation Scientifique.

G. W. Hindman, who has been in the city on a week's visit to relatives, returned Saturday to his home in Coleman.

CLASSIFIED ADS.

Little Money--Large Returns

RATES

One Time.....One Cent a Word
Three Times.....Two Cents a Word
Seven Times.....Four Cent a Word
One-half cent a word each subsequent insertion.

FOR SALE.

BRICK for sale. San Angelo Brick Manufacturing company.

FOR SALE—Fairbanks-Morse gasoline engine; good as new, with wood saw equipment attached. See R. S. Rainey & Co.

FOR SALE—50,000 heart and prime cypress shingles, \$2.25 per 1000, a few days only. R. A. Rushing.

FOR SALE—Nearly new 5-room frame house, with bath, galleries and modern conveniences, city water, barn, etc. House nicely finished. Situated in Angelo Heights, on lot 70x160 feet. Will sell cheap or trade for smaller place closer in, address "Owner" care Press-News.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS—Bids will be received at the office of the San Angelo Bank and Trust company until Monday, July 26, 1909, at 12 o'clock noon, on the excavating and removal of dirt for the new bank and office building to be located at the corner of Chadbourne and Beaugard streets. Plans can be seen at above office. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids. J. D. O'Daniel, chairman.

FOR SALE—My residence built of rock, two stories in height, containing 8 large rooms, two halls, bath toilet, stationary wash, tank, good cellar, 3 two-story galleries, servants' house, laundry, two-story barn, carriage, feed and poultry houses and yards, garden, hog pen, young orchard, two cisterns, one underground, capacity 7500 gallons, now about full of the best rain water; bored well and windmill that will furnish from 10,000 to 15,000 gallons of water in 24 hours; 8 hydrants; the main dwelling located in center of a ten-acre tract; street on either side, within eastern corporate limits, only four blocks distant from public school and where the new convent and sisters' sanitarium will be located. Will be sold at a price less than the main building cost to erect. For price, terms, etc., phone 264. T. P. Bell.

WE NOW OWN the most complete restaurant outfit in San Angelo. We will sell all or part of these fixtures or will trade same for San Angelo property. We trade. What have you to offer. W. D. Currier & Co., Landon hotel, phone 207.

FOR SALE—2 lots on corner, 25x120 feet, facing Avenue E, real close to Orient depot; \$2000 worth of improvements are on the lots, at \$1000 per lot. I was offered \$6000 cash five months ago for this property. C. G. Lovelace, phone 228.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Good 3-year-old Jersey milk cow. See J. J. Alvey or phone 463 black.

FOR SALE—Good family driving horse, buggy and harness. See Joe Luna, Balfanz & Wilson's barber shop.

WANTED—To sell a second-hand Hammond typewriter for only \$10. See J. H. Wooten, Press-News office.

WE BUY AND SELL second-hand furniture. Can save you money on anything you use. Give us a call and be convinced. Same old stand. Thos. W. Henning, No. 10 East Beaugard avenue. Phone 52.

WANTED.

WILL put some trade in and pay cash difference for a good buggy. J. C. Wren.

WANTED—Lawn mowers to sharpen. See R. S. Rainey & Co.

WANTED—Boarders—Phone 758 black.

PIPE, GASOLINE ENGINE, Wind Mill and general repair shop. R. S. Rainey & Co., North Chadbourne St. Give us a trial.

WANTED—A cook. Phone 503 red.

WANTED—Lawn mowers to sharpen. See R. S. Rainey & Co.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Two unfurnished rooms; use of bath and phone. Mrs. Harsh. Phone 458 black.

FOR RENT—Several good houses close in. W. H. Collins. Phone 371. Spence Building.

FOR RENT—New six-room cottage, bath, close in, Park Heights. Phone Thompson & Sampson.

FOR RENT—Two upstairs rooms, southeast exposure. Phone 827 black.

FOR RENT—New house, 219 Bird St., also desk room in front part of my store. Apply W. C. Nolte, opposite postoffice.

LOST AND FOUND.

PERSONAL.

MAN AND WIFE without means want employment as housekeeper, at house work or work of any kind; one or both. Address X, Press-News.

A. D. West E. N. Daniel
All kinds of Fire and Tornado Insurance, representing the very best companies. Any of your business will be appreciated.
WEST & DANIEL
Conerly Building Phone 580

Merrifield & Hopkins
Groceries, Grain and Hay
16 Chadbourne St. Phone 49

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

J. S. DAVIS & CO., Groceries, Grain and Hay
Orders from East Hill especially solicited.
733 SPAULDING STREET PHONE NO. 545

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PAUPER QUESTION CAN BE SOLVED--HERE IS HOW MAYOR PAUL FIGURES IT

Mr. President and gentlemen of the association: The pauper question of Texas is becoming to be a most serious one. Texas is rapidly growing and becoming widely advertised throughout the United States and in other countries. And hearing of Texas the tramps want to come, and they do come in floods.

Strange as it may seem, the paupers of our country travel around more than most any other class of people. A passenger train seldom enters the large cities in the state but what it does not unload them, or seldom pulls out that it does not carry them, at the expense of the public, of course. A freight train is seldom wrecked in this state but at least one tramp taking a free ride is reported killed.

I have the tenderest sympathy for these unfortunate people living from day to day upon the charity of the world. And as sympathy often rules one, rather than judgment, I have found myself administering to their needs carelessly instead of in a thoughtful way. This careless help I find to be a common practice among others, often times doing harm to both the receiver and the giver.

In studying this subject "What Shall We Do With Our Paupers?" and putting the information thus obtained with what actual experience I have had with this class of people, I find that to successfully deal with them we should first understand them. A pauper's soul, as he is found in mature years, is closely tied to his body. "His body depends on food, clothes and lodging, and hence on prices, jobs and rent." And when sermons fall, merely bodily comfort, with proper encouragement, may reach his soul.

Cause of Paupers.
In solving this problem we must know three things about these people. First, the cause of paupers and tramps; second, the conditions under which they exist; third, the effects of their existence on the public and society, and then follows the fourth division of the subject—the best methods of relief to paupers and the public—and a cure for the future.

One of the forces in industry that makes men paupers and hoboes is child labor. Many mill owners manufacture only coarse goods which can be done on machines that a child may tend. And during the past twenty years hundreds of thousands of children have been put through the work shop. Many of them, owing to their inexperience, have been crippled and maimed. But most of them have had their very life vigor sapped from them before reaching mature years.

In the city of Chicago a man by the name of Captain Mullenbach is at the head of what is known as the Chicago Free Municipal Lodging House. His life work is to find jobs for hoboes and tramps. His place will accommodate about two hundred at a lodging and he estimates that forty thousand of these wanderers have come to his place and been accommodated. His business and daily life is to talk to them and learn their story. Out of the forty thousand that have come and gone, fifteen thousand say they went to work at hard labor before they were fourteen years of age. Further inquiry reveals the fact that immediately following these years of child labor physical ailments have set up here and there and one has followed another until, in many instances, their bodies have become almost total wrecks. It further appears that giving away to

this weakness they have come to drink and dissipation.

Rogues and Vagabonds.
Deep underneath social and industrial tendencies can be found causes for people breaking all the fetters that bind them to home life and classing themselves among rogues and vagabonds. For this reason and that, thousands of youngsters become dissatisfied with home life and go out into the world following rainbows of wild imagination. The early principles of life and the love for home has not been taught them, and they soon forget that there is such a place as home. Travelling from place to place, working a bit here, and begging a bit there, they fall in love with the road. There seems to be a fascination about travelling that even tramps enjoy. They become addicted to the habit. They ride the rods. They follow the circus. They drink, they gamble. They fleece; they get fleeced, and they lose confidence in the whole world. Then the police authorities must muffle their plans and schemes or robberies and murders will follow.

Disheveled often leads to pauperism. Starting into business men sometimes do little dishonest things to make a dollar. One dishonest act leads to another, and the public soon loses respect for them. And all the time the public is losing respect for them they are losing respect for themselves. They get into trouble. They become disgusted and have no confidence in any one. They lose courage and go to the bad, and consequently burden the public as sores to society the rest of their lives.

Labor Saving Machines.
A few paupers have been made by the introduction of labor-saving machines, where thousands have been thrown out of employment. Of course these inventions and machines advance industry and ultimately create more labor and jobs than they destroy, but that does not help the man who has just been discharged.

To illustrate this cause we will take the great wholesale concerns in the north and east that before the invention of bill making machines employed 50 to 100 men at \$12 and \$15 per week, but after introducing these machines the same concerns employed 40 to 50 girls and boys at \$8 and \$10 per week. The consequence is that many of those who have been thrown out of employment leave that locality entirely and go to other places looking for a job. The weak ones of these probably fall to secure a job that they can hold, and are compelled to go further. Many of them go on the farms, only to be discharged when the work season is over. They secure work in the winter and return to the farms in the spring and fall. One discouragement after another follows and they lose interest in life. They receive more pleasure out of traveling than anything else, and as it is an easy way to live they make hoboes and beggars of themselves. In their gangs from night to night they meet hoboes from all over the world. Around the camp fires each listens to the other's interesting story and becomes so in love with the life that they often never give it up.

This is one class of paupers. There is another class that lives among us from day to day. As a rule, however, this class of paupers living among us receive aid and encouragement in the proper way, and at one time or another manage to regain themselves and to at least partially provide for themselves. They are helpless and pitiable and deserve the help and sympathy of the public.

Going Class.
The class of paupers that hurts most is the going class. The condition of their existence is more serious. They feel free to do as they please. They are strangers in the community. They know no one. No one knows them. They care for no one, and few are they that care for them. They drift into dissipation. They get drunk, drugged and robbed. And when they get sober they proceed to do robbing themselves to get even. They are locked in jail and when dismissed they sleep out of doors. They become weatherbeaten, crippled and twisted, so that you would rather not look at them twice. They are sent to hospitals on charity. They die and fill a pauper's grave.

City Standpoint.
From the city's point of view the pauper question is a most serious one. It not only burdens the public charity with thousands of old men and crippled and weaklings and drunkards and wrecks of the road, but it increases street hold-ups and lowers the moral standard of the community. The railroads of the country fear to be strict with them, because they find that the more liberal they are the less of their property is burned and destroyed and the fewer trains wrecked. If they know that the man riding the rods belong standing and wide travel. They let him ride, while if they suspect him of being an ordinary man bumming his way they put him off, often times very roughly. Indeed this phase

Conversion Sale

For Monday and all the week we have inaugurated a general Clean-Up Sale, by which all high-quality merchandise will be converted into cash. Profits are a thing of the past, we want to clean up all Summer goods. The prices we have made will move them quickly. Be on hand early, first comers have the best selection.

READ EVERY ITEM

Muslin Underwear

50c, 65c and 75c garments	-	\$.43
\$1.00	"	.79
1.25 and \$1.34	"	.98
1.50	"	1.05
1.65	"	1.20
1.75	"	1.38
2.00	"	.65
2.50	"	1.89
3.00 and \$3.50	"	2.69
4.00	"	2.98
5.00	"	3.98

White and brown Linen, Rep and Linene Skirts, greatly reduced.

\$2.50 Skirts	\$1.69	\$4.50 Skirts	\$3.19
3.50	2.39	5.00	3.39
4.00	2.98	6.00	4.19

Rompers

Made of blue, gray and pink Gingham,	
35c and 25c grade	19c
50c grade	39c

Royal Worchester Corsets

\$1.00 grade	\$.82	\$2.00 grade	\$1.49
1.50 grade	1.15	2.50 grade	1.79
1.75 grade	1.38	3.00 grade	2.39
\$5.00 grade \$3.69			

Shirtwaists

All new styles, trimmed in lace and embroidery, long sleeves, waists worth up to \$1.35, Clean up price 83c

Shirtwaists

Dainty tucks, lace and embroidery trimmed, regularly sold at \$1.50 and \$1.90, Clean-up price \$1.12

Shirtwaists

Correct styles, trimmed in laces, medallity tucks; regularly sold at \$2.50, Clean-up price \$1.65

Probandt & Raphael

The Quality Store

of the question is a serious one. The hoboes are organized. They know each other by name, by reputation and by long standing and wide travel. They are known to meet in gangs, divide up the country and each fellow works his territory as if he owns it. How often have you heard of one being refused dinner during the day and the same fellow being found robbing the house the following night? How many lives do you suppose have been destroyed by wrecked trains due to spite work of tramps that have been refused rides by employes on the road? No wonder it is that railroad men give them free passage. Indeed, there are two distinct classes of paupers, and this is by far the worst class. And so long as this army of men increases and grows larger, just so long will the moral condition of the cities grow worse. "Their whole outlaw means of living tends to kill instincts for order and swell the city's vice."

Many are the forces that tear men and boys loose from home. Forces that have doubled in the last twenty years and are still increasing. New labor-saving machines, new machines to make use of child labor, new machines to speed up the American pace and so turn out more cripples; rush and slack seasons, demanding more and more armies of surplus labor; the swift growth of industry bringing to America millions, over half of them young men, who come alone, and most of all, the railroads demanding increasing throngs of nomadic camp workers; the railroads tempting boys to the road and giving all kinds of hobo easy and free means of travel. Lastly the huge tenement dives in the large cities where year by year people are packed in tighter; where year by year life grows more nervous and tense and restless. And deep down under all these conditions responding to the chances the offer, the old human love for the road imbedded in the souls of men—the "wanderlust" of humanity.

One Remedy.
Knowing all these things and seeing the complications, it may sound foolish to ask for a remedy. But I am convinced that there is a remedy. And like the cause and conditions, the remedy may be complicated, but if followed it will solve. First, those already existing must be properly cared for and must be encouraged to change and live a decent life, many of whom may be prevailed on to do so. In order to bring about this change each community must make up its mind to care for its own paupers. And we should set about to put a stop to their promiscuously traveling from place to place. Every community should take care of its own paupers. If one strays in another community it is proper and

right for that community to, in some way, determine where the unfortunate fellow started this kind of life, and to send him back there or to his people. Traveling from place to place can give no relief, but it hardens them to the life to which they have become a victim.

Second—An organized state association should be formed at some convenient place within the state, say at Dallas or Fort Worth, and its work should be so systematized that the interest of these unfortunate people could be looked after in an effective business-like way. Each community should likewise have a local board of charities to work in connection with the state association. And every person who asks for charity within this state should be thoroughly investigated, until it can be learned from where they come and why they deserve the help of the public. The great railroad centers are the distributing points for this class of people just as they are distributing points for the business interests of the country. And the state association located at an important railroad center could keep closely in touch with them as they come in, and could get information for the local board of charities. A history of every case as he enters, or is found in the state, should be secured and furnished to the local boards of charities and to the police authorities throughout the entire state. The gateways entering Texas should be specially provided for. El Paso, Texarkana and Houston are the principal points that they have to pass through first, upon entering the state. And these places should be closely watched after. Likewise Texas should insist that other states unorganized along these lines make similar preparation to help better conditions. Until investigations can be made these people must, as a matter of course, have assistance. But it is often found that those in destitute condition have relations or friends somewhere who are glad to care for them, and no one can but believe that home and friends, if they will only do it, can do more than all the world to reach such a soul.

How to Cure Them.
This brings me to the most important part of the cure for tramps and paupers. Through the home, and the schools, and the churches, the three greatest institutions of man, this problem must be solved. The home must be kind, sympathetic, companion like, not grouchy and tyrannical. Conditions should not exist that cause heedless boys and young girls to go out and face the world disgusted with home life. The home must aid and ask the schools to do more and more each year to educate the children of the

poor and to instill into their tender minds a desire for something great when they are grown. Every child however humble in life has an ambition, which if cultivated at the proper time, may prove its salvation in mature years. And it is every sound minded human being's duty to lend some of his means and efforts to this end. The churches and Sunday schools should give more of their time to children which they waste on grown-ups and aged persons set in their ways. So train the mind of the child and impress it with ideas of honesty, of right and wrong and of the great beyond that it becomes accustomed to thinking about the value of the good and beautiful things in life, and in after years, when the trials and ordeals of mature life come upon them the desire and ambition to be a good man or woman will in a great measure overcome the temptation to be bad.

These are preventative methods to be used in early life, and while it will take a long time to see a cure, the plan is a sure one. It is an easy plan and a comparatively inexpensive one. If an additional sum amounting to half the money spent in poorly caring for our paupers and tramps be put into kindergarten schools for the poor, the principal aim of which should be to instill into their minds ideas of honesty and refinement and a desire for an education in public schools—to attend Sunday school and church, and to think of something above their environments, the standard of citizenship in this country would be richly raised and the number of paupers and tramps would dwindle into insignificance.

The early mental training of little children should not be neglected and they should not be compelled to go into mills, glass factories and other places where they do manual labor that weakens their bodies; where they come in daily contact with the vices of men, thus corrupting and weakening their minds. If our social system has grown to the point that such conditions are necessary to industrial progress, I advise a change in the system. There is enough surplus wealth in the world to better this condition. And it is our duty to help the children of the poor who cannot help themselves and are not responsible for their conditions.

Of course, paupers have existed throughout the history of the world, and will exist for time to come. But a great deal can be done to better the condition of this class of people, and thus relieve the cities of much expense and worry and materially improve the condition of society in general.

Dirty Pup Stole Stella Says Suicide

Pendleton, Ore., July 21.—Because another man had stolen his wife away, Edward Fawcett of Denver found life not worth living and killed himself here, and left a note in which he stated the motive for his act. The note was addressed to Mrs. George Dyer at Denver, who is the suicide's mother.

"Life is not worth living since the dirty pup stole Stella from me," the note ran in part, "and I shall kill myself."

Fawcett did not name the man whom he accused. He swallowed both carbolic acid and strychnine in his determination to make a thorough job of the suicide.

CEDAR FOR PENCILS.

Tract in Tennessee That Furnishes the Wood for That Purpose.

"Down in my state there is a patch of territory about twenty-five miles square, near the town where the battle of Franklin was fought during the civil war, which is practically the only section of the United States where cedar is grown for no other purpose than to furnish stock for the lead pencil industry," said Thomas Green of Nashville.

"In that section cedar trees seem to spring spontaneously from the soil, and the peculiar thing about it is that they do not grow in any other section of the state to amount to anything. These forests give employment to many wood choppers and planing mill workers, who prepare the cedar for shipment to lead pencil factories in the eastern states and to Europe.

"An immense amount of the wood is cut, planed, sawed and shipped out of the town of Murfreesboro, Tenn., every year. There have been many fortunes made in that section out of cedar. Cedar trees are cultivated there as is any other crop. The groves, conserved as they are now by the wise owners, will last forever and will be furnishing the close grained, fine fibered wood for pencils a century from now."—Washington Post.

Mrs. A. B. Burns went to Goldthwaite Saturday to visit friends and relatives at that place.

We REPAIR

Many things that are not jewelry; But our specialty is Watches, Clocks and jewelry of all kinds.

We are working two men now, so that we can turn it out promptly, and if it's your watch or clock that needs attention brings it to us. If it's anything else bring it also, and we assure you of good work, moderate prices and fair treatment.

HEALD, Jeweler,

The Big Rain

Has swelled our sales, but it has not swelled our prices, and our Lumber is swell-proof.

We Want Your Trade

We want it on a business basis, which means we can save you money on your lumber needs. We have a complete stock of everything needed in the lumber line, including Screen Doors.

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Phone 757
Let Us Figure With You

"Zeke" Bennett was a passenger on the outgoing train Saturday to take in the sights of Galveston.

Miss Eula Day, in company with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Snyder, left Saturday for a month's visit to Mineral Wells.

Miss Mary Pyle, one of San Angelo's society set, left Saturday to visit in Dallas.

A. H. Thomson went to Miles Saturday.

TEXAS PRIDE

The Man From Brodneyn's

By GEORGE BARR M'GUTCHEON

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The sibilant hiss of the scorned Persians as he passed among them on the outskirts of the crowd. He observed the threatening attitude of the men who waited and watched. He saw the white, ugly face of Von Blitz quivering with triumph. He felt the breath of disaster upon his cheek. And yet he walked among them without fear, his head erect, his eyes defiant.

The market place was a large open tract in the extreme west end of the town, some distance removed from the business street and the pier. Through a break in the foothills the chateau was plainly discernible, the sea being obscured from view by the dense forest that crowned the cliffs.

Chase made his way boldly to the nearest platform, exchanging bows with the surprised Von Blitz and the saturnine Rasula, who stood quite near. The men of Japat slowly drew close in as he mounted the platform. From where he stood looking out over those bronze faces he could pick out the scowling husbands who hated him because their wives hated them. A far off stood the group of women who had inspired this hatred and distrust. Behind them, despised and uncountenanced by the oriental elect, were crowded the native women, who down in their hearts loathed the usurper. It was Chase's hope that the husbands of these simple women would ultimately stand at his side in the fight for supremacy, and they were vastly in the majority. If he could convince these men that his dealings with them were honest, Von Blitz could go hang.

He faced the crowd, knowing that all there were against him. "Von Blitz," he called suddenly. The German started and stepped back involuntarily, as if he had been reprimanded.

"I've called this meeting in order to give you a chance to say to my face some of the things you are saying behind my back. Thank God, all of you men understand English. I want you to hear what Von Blitz has to say in public, and then I want you to hear what I say to him. Von Blitz and Rasula and others, I hear, have undertaken to discredit my motives as the agent of your London advisers. Let me say right here that the man who says that I have played you false in the slightest degree is a liar—a liar, if you prefer it that way. You have been told that I am selling you out to the lawyers for the opposition. That is lie No. 1. You have been led to believe that I make false reports to your London solicitors. Lie No. 2. You have been poisoned with the story that I covet certain women in this town, too numerous to mention. I believe. That is lie No. 3. They are all beautiful, my friends, but I wouldn't have one of 'em as a gift.

"For the past few nights my home has been watched. I want to announce to you that if I see anybody hanging around the bungalow after today I'm going to put a bullet through him, just as I would through a dog. Now, to come down to Von Blitz. You can't drive me out of this island, old man. You have lied about me ever since I beat you up that night. You are sacrificing the best interests of these people in order to gratify a personal spite, in order to wreak a personal vengeance. You."

Von Blitz, foaming with rage, broke in: "I suppose you will call out der warships! We are not fools! You can fool some of 'em."

"Now, see here, Von Blitz, I'll show whether I can call out a warship whenever I need one. I have never intended to ask naval help except in case of an attack by our enemies up at the chateau. You can't believe that I seek to turn those big guns against my own clients—the clients I came out here to serve with my life's blood if necessary. But, hear me, you Dutch lobster, I can have a British man-of-war here in ten hours to take you off this island and hang you from a yardarm on the charge of conspiracy against the crown."

Von Blitz and Rasula laughed scornfully and turned to the crowd. The latter began to harangue his fellows.

"This man is a—a—" he began.

"A bluff!" prompted Von Blitz, glaring at his tall accuser.

"A bluff," went on Rasula. "He can do none of these things. Nor can the Americans at the chateau. I know that they are liars. They—"

"I'll make you pay for that, Rasula. Your time is short. Men of Japat, I don't want to serve you unless you trust me!"

A dozen voices cried: "We don't trust you, dog of a Christian, son of a snake!" Von Blitz glowed with satisfaction.

"One moment, please. Rasula knows that I came out here to represent Bir-

John Brodneyn. He knows how I am regarded in London. He is jealous because I have not listened to his chatter. I am not responsible for the probable delay in settling the estate. If you are not very careful you will ruin every hope for success that you may have had in the beginning. The crown will take it out of your hands. You've got to show yourselves worthy of handling the affairs of this company. You can't do it if you listen to such carrion as Von Blitz and Rasula. Oh, I'm not afraid of you! I know that you have written to Sir John, Rasula, asking that I be recalled. He won't recall me, rest assured, unless he throws up the case. I have his own letters to prove that he is satisfied with my work out here. I am satisfied that there are enough fair minded men in this crowd to protect me. They will stand by me in the end. I call upon—"

But a howl of dissent from the throng brought him up sharply. His face went white, and for a moment he feared the malevolence that stared at him from all sides. He looked frequently in the direction of the distant chateau. Knives slipped from many sheaths. Von Blitz was screaming with insane laughter, pointing his finger at the discredited American. While they shouted and cursed, his gaze never left the cleft in the hills. He did not attempt to cry them down. The effort would have been in vain. Suddenly a wild, happy light came into his anxious, searching eyes. He gave a mighty shout and raised his hands, commanding silence.

(To be continued.)

Negro Grabs Wrong Bird is Reformed

There is a young buck negro in Fort Worth who, though in fairly good health, took an oath Thursday morning at the police station to forever forego his inherent taste for chicken and other fowl. A big, bald-headed American eagle which a year or two ago soared in the West Texas altitudes, but which has lately decorated the back yard of a prominent livestock commission man's residence on the south side, is the cause of the negro's rash resolution.

Thursday night the bird of independent roost on the back fence and, tucking its head under one wing, prepared for a night of uninterrupted slumber. But the negro happened to pass through the alley and spied the bird silhouetted against the sky line and mistook it for a half-grown turkey as he smacked his lips in anticipation. To think was to act, and the next moment he had Mr. Bird by the legs—and the next minute the eagle had buried its talons in the negro's arm. A howl of pain from the man and a screech of exultation from the bird brought the householder to the scene of the battle and in vain did he try to dislodge the eagle with a broom, although the negro was fighting in frenzy with his free arm and endeavoring to get away. The bird was attached to a weak chain about ten feet long and when that broke in the melee and allowed the use of its beak it literally cut the negro's free arm into ribbons and tried several times to get his face and eyes. A garden hose was next brought into play, and after both the negro and the eagle had been half-drowned the bird let go its hold, fluttered back to the fence and, spreading its nine feet of wings, gave vent to a prolonged ear-splitting screech.

The negro claimed the bird had made the attack without provocation and he was allowed to go, but voluntarily appeared at police headquarters looking for the city physician to dress the wounds, and while there he took the oath to run hereafter every time he sees a chicken or turkey.

Thursday morning the owner of the eagle appeared at the central fire station and offered to present it to his friend the chief of the department. Mr. Bideker, however, declined with thanks, as the bear cubs, of which there are now three, another being added Wednesday night as a gift from A. W. Shaw, and the crane, the crow and the hawk daily attract hundreds of children and grownups to the small triangular park, and the eagle was considered unsafe, as it might repeat with the children the dose it handed the negro.

A letter from the Kansas City park board asking that the bird be sent to that city for the zoological garden, was exhibited, and if the local park board declines to receive the eagle as a gift it will immediately be forwarded to the city at the mouth of the Kaw.—Fort Worth Record.

Crazed by Desertion.

Aberdeen, Wash., July 24.—When Mrs. Elsie Brunk arrived here after having traveled from Michigan with two small children to join her husband it was only to learn that he had left, declaring his intention to desert her. Leaving one child with some relative near here, the woman started on an aimless tramp into the country, carrying her baby and raving in incoherent phrases. She is believed to be hopelessly insane.

Mrs. Ed Martin went to Hillsboro Saturday to visit friends and relatives.

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Vanilla,
Strawberry,
Pineapple,
Orange Ice

Quart 50c
1-2 Gal. 80c, 75c
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San Angelo Ice
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PHONE 193

KILLED IN AUTO ACCIDENT.

C. W. Chappel, President of the National Casket Co. Has Head Cut Off.

Utica, N. Y., July 24.—C. Will Chappell of Onedia, president of the National Casket Company, the main factory which is located in that city, was instantly killed in an automobile accident near Chittenango tonight. Chappell, who had recently purchased a new touring car, started from Onedia at 6 o'clock this evening for a run of Syracuse. He was accompanied by his wife, two other women and a child. While speeding along the highway a few miles east of Chittenango a team of horses suddenly came into view around a bend in the road. In his excitement Chappell was unable to slacken the speed of the car, and when he saw a collision was unavoidable he chose the latter alternative. It was not a deep ditch and Chappell would have undoubtedly cleared the farmer's rig had not a tree stood in the way, and into this the car plunged. Chappell was pinned between the auto and the tree and instantly killed, his head being cut off.

The women in the machine besides Mrs. Chappell were two sisters, Mrs. William Cochran of Onedia Castle and Miss Florence Wells of Onedia. All were badly injured, but it is believed they will survive their hurts. A seven year old son of Mrs. Cochran was in the party, but was not injured. Chappell was very well known in business and social circles throughout the Eastern States. He had developed the National Casket Company into a powerful corporation and in doing so had amassed a fortune.

His brother R. A. Rushing of this city, returned Saturday to her home in Ballinger.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey D. Broyles and baby went to Brady Saturday to visit relatives.

Wiggins & Gorman
Dentists
Office Over San Angelo Nat. Bank. Telephone No. 108

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Douglas
Masseurs
No. 326, College Avenue

Temples of Ice in the Artic Region

Amid the bleak, icy deserts of Greenland the survivors of the recent ill-fated Ericson expedition discovered a sight of majesty that soled them for months of darkness, tedium and suffering. They found a crystal palace of superhuman architecture, vaster than a dozen cathedrals and Egyptian temples, resplendent with jewels and endless decorations of ice.

Created by nature in a forbidding wilderness, it frightened the eyes of the explorers and awed them with unimaginable magnificence. The dreams of poets and the fancies of epic bards were surpassed by this vision of colossal loveliness, which the painter Achton Friis, a member of the expedition, endeavored to carry away for the benefit of the dwellers in civilization.

More than a mile in length, the lofty nave of this artistic temple of ice was pierced at intervals with windows through which the glancing sunrays sparkled on columns and cubes and immense clusters of stalactites like pendant jewels. An iridescent glow, as if from opals and diamonds, suffused the lighter spaces and shaded into the bluish twilight which reigned in solemn transepts. The painter despaired of comprehending even the elusive colors that emanated from every surface and were infinitely toned by combination and reflection.

Through the center of the ice palace flowed a stream of water, whose occasional ripple and slanting fall broke the majestic silence. The human voice reverberated weirdly against the massive walls and the arched roof. A tone of mystery or of giant power was repeated by invisible spirits of the north. There were echoes like chimes of bells, matching the fairy decorations of the nave. A huge dissonance caused by the cracking of a distant floe rumbled through the cavern as if it were the beginning of a prelude on an organ appropriate for an Arctic temple. What strains of might and of brooding softness would be required in such music.

In habitated latitudes the architecture of frozen water is regarded as a pelting fantasy, something which lasts a few short months and disappears. Far north it is possible that ice palaces and temples should endure without change longer than human structures of stone. The carcasses of prehistoric monsters have remained inviolate in Arctic tomb for thousands of years, while granite pyramids have worn away and Babylonian civilization died.—New York Tribune.

TEXAS LEAGUE STANDING.

	Pi'd.	Won	Lost	Pct.
Houston	95	56	29	.589
San Antonio	89	52	37	.584
Dallas	96	53	43	.552
Oklahoma City	92	49	43	.534
Shreveport	93	47	46	.505
Fort Worth	97	45	52	.464
Galveston	95	38	57	.400
Waco	96	38	58	.396

SATURDAY'S RESULTS.

At Galveston.		R. H. E.
Houston	4	13 2
Galveston	2	4 1
Batteries:	Houston, Hornsby and Gordon; Galveston, Robb and Quisser.	

At Waco.		R. H. E.
San Antonio	3	6 2
Waco	6	5 2
Batteries:	San Antonio, Mitchell and Schan; Waco, Barenkamp and Ott.	

At Oklahoma City.		R. H. E.
Fort Worth	4	9 5
Oklahoma City	9	10 2
Batteries:	Fort Worth, Burke and Brady; Powell and Green; Oklahoma City, Young and Kelsey.	

At Shreveport.		R. H. E.
Dallas	6	8 0
Shreveport	5	7 2
Batteries:	Dallas, Peters and Miller; Shreveport, Beeker and Henninger.	

William Atwater, who has been visiting in San Angelo for several months, returned to his home in Savannah, Ga., Saturday.

Excursions

Galveston, \$7.05, Saturday July 24th. Limit July 26th

Through Tourist Sleeper from San Angelo.

C. L. CARMEAN
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DIRT and Gravel Hauled, Houses Moved, Plowing, etc. Anything in the teaming line.

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Finest Hotel Building in the West
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Best Accommodations
J. C. LANDON, Proprietor

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O. K. STETLER

Proprietor
Phone 16

Solid ice lasts longer than half snow and half ice. Try ours. San Angelo Ice and Power Company.

Remember

We carry the very best of everything in Fancy and Staple Groceries. The Ferndell line a specialty. We would appreciate a call.

Boldt & Wofford

Freeland's Old Stand 33—Phones—435

NOTICE!

We wish to call your attention again to the fact that we carry the most complete line

Bibles and Prayer Books

in this city. Our prices suit everybody.

JANKE'S

206 South Chadbourne St.



FOOLISH TO LISTEN TO WISDOM if it is not heeded. No use to tell you about the economy of good paint if the experience of others has no weight with you. But we don't believe you are that kind of a person. We believe **YOU WANT THE BEST PAINT.** So we invite you to come and get your supply here. Accept it and you will be glad you did when you see how bright and fresh your paint keeps long after the poorer kinds have utterly disappeared.

W. S. Robertson Paint Co.

FALSE PATRIOTISM.

Bishop Williams' Rebuke of American People Commended.

The Right Rev. Charles D. Williams, Protestant Episcopal bishop of Michigan, spoke in the manner of an accusing Hebrew prophet in his sermon at St. Bartholomew's church on Sunday, yet not without light and grace. He rebuked the American people for believing in the inevitableness of national success and progress.

Said the bishop: "It is character that determines the fate of nations, as of individuals. A false patriotism shuts its eyes to that law and trusts, blindly and with stupid obstinacy, to manifest destiny."

The point is that people who suppose themselves to be the favored children of fortune are likely to turn out worse than those who understand that they have got to work for what they get.

Nothing paralyzes the will like the sense of having a sure thing. To suppose that America is fore-ordained to be the greatest and happiest country in the world, whether Americans do anything to make it so or not, is to prepare the way for a stupendous national disaster.

The bishop's preaching should help to clear the mental confusion of those who confound faith with fatalism.

To have faith in America is to be willing to undergo labors, risks and losses for it.

To believe, on the other hand, that the country is fated to prosper is to lose all sense of the need of struggle and sacrifice.

There are Oriental nations that have stagnated for forty centuries, simply because they are fatalist nations and do not understand that great destinies are in store only for those who achieve them against doubts and difficulties.

A wretched woman sank to heart-break and assassination in Maryland the other day because, as her poor paralyzed, sentimental letters showed, she was a fatalist in affairs of the heart, and did not understand that happy and successful love is an act of enterprise and a triumph of the will.

Bishop Williams is right. America is to be saved, not by the golden optimism of fatalists, but by the daring adventures of the faithful. —New York American.

If you have no appetite for your meals something is wrong with your digestion, liver or bowels. Prickly heat, itchy skin and general weakness are signs of indigestion. Central Drug Store, Special Agents.

See cold melons to take home, at the Angelo.

Seeley Bros. buy hides.

New Depot Will be Fine Structure

Superintendent Hull of the Santa Fe railroad was in Ballinger Tuesday and held a conference with Mayor Kirk and other citizens relative to the new depot his railroad will build in Ballinger. Mr. Hull informed our people that the plans for the new depot were all drawn, the bids on the construction work are in and the road is ready to begin work. All he wanted to know was whether the council would give the road the privileges of site asked for.

The mayor informed him that nothing was too rich for a railroad that was willing to build a \$25,000 depot in our town and as soon as he, Mr. Hull, could specify just what was wanted it would soon be granted by the council in extra session. Mr. Hull said that the depot would cost not less than \$25,000 and that he would have his exact desires in the way of site, etc., up to the Ballinger council within four days. The making by the Santa Fe of a beautiful park of its right of way in the city is a part of the proposition.

And so it is practically settled that we are to have a fine new depot as handsome as any town of 10,000 people in Texas. —Ballinger Ledger.

Will Day, a popular and efficient clerk at the postoffice, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. J. R. Day, went to Belton Saturday to spend about a week visiting friends.

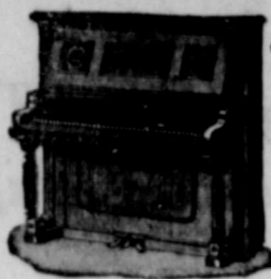
Angelo's Well Known Paint Dealer, W. S. Robertson's Eyes Were Bad.

Had Headaches Considerably. W. S. Robertson, San Angelo's popular paint dealer, certainly had his share of eye trouble, the strain of which gave him a good deal of headache and bad vision. His friends were glad to know that this annoyance has been overcome. He consulted Dr. Baker, the eye specialist, who after carefully diagnosing the case, made a pair of special glasses that completely corrected the trouble. A letter just received by the doctor reads as follows:

San Angelo, Texas, July 22, 1909.—Dr. Fred Baker, San Angelo, Dear Doctor: I wish to inform you that the headaches and other trouble caused by my eyes have entirely disappeared since you fitted them.

I certainly wish you the success which your ability deserves. I am Yours truly, W. S. ROBERTSON.

People having defective vision or other troubles caused by eye strain should not overlook the splendid facilities of Dr. Baker, who, no doubt, has the most up to date eye testing parlors together with the finest instruments in Texas.



With Smith Electric Co.

E. J. POWELL & COMP'Y

WE

Handle the best Pianos made. Sell as cheap as any one. Pay cash for our goods. Can SAVE YOU money.

West Texas Cold Storage & Ice Co.

PURE ICE

Prompt Delivery

Phone 641

WE

Have the most complete line of Advertising novelties on the market today. If you are interested in the Trades Excursion you will need something of this kind and why not buy it at home?

Come in and see them

Holmes Stationery & Office Supply Co.

PHONE 104

GARAGE.

Choctaw George to Have Erected a Two-Story Brick Building.

Choctaw George wants more room. He needs it in his ever-increasing business, and "Choc" is never slow in making necessary improvement.

Scott & Kirby have about completed the plans for a two-story brick building to be erected right beside "Choc's" present garage, where his residence now stands. "Choc" will use the lower floor for a garage and the

upper floor for household purposes. The building will be 40x50 and strictly up to date in every particular.

Bids will be asked for in a few days and work will start right off the reel.

The rain didn't muddy our water. We use our well water for making ice. San Angelo Ice and Power company.

A. M. Howard, a representative of the Western Union Telegraph company, who has been in the city on business for several days, returned to Dallas Saturday.

NATION'S DEBT TO FULTON.

He Convinced the World That Steam Navigation Was Practicable.

By the launching of a duplicate of Robert Fulton's Clermont, Americans are reminded of chapters of history which justify the greatest pride, but which are not without pathos. One element of success in the achievement, which, together with the discovery of the Hudson, is to be celebrated next autumn, lay in the choice of means for utilizing the power of steam in navigation. Other inventors had experimented with jets of water forced from the stern of a boat, but the method was found to be extremely wasteful.

Fulton adopted the paddle-wheel, a much more effective device. Yet there is not the slightest doubt that other men, on both sides of the Atlantic, tried the paddle-wheel before the builder of the Clermont did. Fitch, on the Delaware, and Symmington, on the Forth and Clyde canal, in Scotland, demonstrated its value years in advance of the historic voyage of August 11, 1807. Both, however, abandoned their efforts before Fulton took up the unfinished task.

Symmington ceased to work because steam towage caused a wave which threatened to damage the banks of the canal, and his two successive patrons, Miller and Lord Dundas, apparently did not think it worth while to attempt river navigation. Precisely why Fitch, one of whose boats carried passengers on a stream nearly as large as the Hudson, in 1788, was unable to enlist the necessary capital in a continuance of the business so promisingly begun, it is not easy to say. With adequate financial backing he might have antedated triumph by nearly two decades.

The two men must share the honor of proving the feasibility of propelling boats with paddle-wheels; but as Fitch died just before the close of the Eighteenth century, Fulton alone enjoys the distinction of convincing the world that steam navigation was altogether practicable. But for him evidence might have been delayed for a generation. There is no danger that his courage and inventive talent will be overrated.

The most wonderful development which has followed the success of the Clermont is of course observed on the ocean. At present a new type of engine is receiving a trial there, and side wheels have given place to the screw propeller. Nevertheless, the conquest of the sea is so directly the conquest of the Hudson, a little more than a century ago, that the Mauretania sheds new luster on the name of Fulton.—New York Tribune.

Come down and get a jug of our distilled well water. It's pure. San Angelo Ice and Power Company.

Tal Hunter was headed for Galveston Saturday to see the sights of the Island City.

A. J. Kelley left Saturday for Wichita Falls to accept a position at that place.

DIAMONDS

Are a Safe Investment

The diamond business continues to grow. WHY? Because people realize that they are AN INVESTMENT. The prices of diamonds will absolutely be maintained. You will understand that the mining syndicate controls the world's supply and while it is possible that there will be temporary flurries in different parts of the world, the syndicate goes on doing business in the same old way at the same old prices.

Come in and let us show you our display—at prices you can't duplicate.

H. D. Leffel Jeweler

The Tiffany of San Angelo

Modern Drug Store....

Has a complete line of

Barbers' Supplies

Chewing Gum Mystery.

Chewing gum has been called the mystery of confectionery, for, of all the millions of chewers there are few who have any idea what it is they are really masticating.

Chewing gum is nothing but chicle mixed with sugar and flavoring; and chicle is the gum of a tree that grows plentifully in Mexico and Central America, and that of recent years has been cultivated on a large scale in Yucatan, where the American Chicle company, commonly known as the chewing gum trust, owns several million acres of it.

The chicle tree is not unlike the India rubber tree, and the gum was first shipped to America by men who believed that in it they had a perfect substitute for rubber. In this, however, they were mistaken, as it was found that the chicle gum was insoluble. Not to this day has any medium, acid or alkali, spirit or ether, been found that will dissolve it. It can be melted, yes, but dissolved, no. The consequence was that the first shipments of chicle gum lay unsold and unsalable on the pier of the docks in Brooklyn. It was a reddish, rubbery looking substance, and at first aroused no little curiosity, but nobody was able to use it for any practical purpose, so there it lay for months.

One day a New Yorker happened to notice it. He picked up a piece and put it into his mouth and began chewing it. Its peculiar consistency struck him, and it occurred to him that if the stuff were only flavored it would make a nice chew. Its insolubility being in its favor for that purpose. He experimented with some more of it, refined it, and found that it would be easy to impregnate it with flavoring and sugar. He made some inquiries as to where it came from, and whether a regular supply could be had, and bought the lot. This was the beginning of modern chewing gum.

Practically all of the crude chicle gum is shipped to Canada, where it is refined in Toronto before being sent to the factories in the United States. The reason for this is that there is a high ad valorem duty on chicle, and, as it is worth about 40 cents a pound and loses 25 per cent of its weight in refining, the chicle company saves about \$250,000 a year by refining it before shipment. Louisville Courier-Journal.

I will be at home in San Angelo, and ready to train horses for the fall Fair. BOSE MOTLEY.

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

The Chair That Cheers

HERE'S

The Chairs That Cheers

The Biggest Bargain Ever Offered



A chair that we have been selling for \$7.50 on sale Monday for only \$3.75. It cannot be bought wholesale for that price. We have 36 of them in stock and for Monday only will sell them for

\$3.75

This chair has saddle or cobbler seat, is quartered oak and polished is full size arm rocker. The most comfortable chair ever brought to San Angelo.

Remember For Monday Only While They last This \$7.50 Chair For Half Price

Angelo Furniture & Undertaking Company

24-28 W. Beauregard.

PHONE 11

The Chair That Cheers

The Chair That Cheers

FINDLATER

Hardware Co.

Headquarters for all kinds of seasonable goods, from Refrigerators and Ice Cream Freezers to Lawn Mowers and Garden Tools. No trouble to answer questions.

The Best of Everything

Dr. J. O. Lowry & Wife - Osteopaths
Graduates under Founder of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Missouri.
Rooms 1-2, Conerly Building.
Office Phone 546 Residence Phone 954

TWO BUNS FOR A FAWN.
A Biscuit and a Beer for the Roadworker's Pet's Breakfast.
Newton, N. J., July 24.—The workmen on the Stonehope-Newton road contract have adopted a fawn as a pet to replace the dog which strayed away from the camp near Cranberry Lake. The new pet lives in the mountains through which the road runs and every morning it makes a trip to the camp and is fed by the men.
Not long ago the men gave it for breakfast a biscuit and a bottle of beer, which it feasted on with apparent relish.

C. A. Broome W. B. Hunter C. C. Kirkpatrick
C. A. BROOME & CO.
We represent the best in Fire and Tornado Insurance. Careful and prompt attention is given to all business entrusted to us. We will appreciate your business. Office opposite Landon Hotel. Phone 94.

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WE SELL 'EM OURSELVES
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Capital \$25,000 Surplus \$5,000
Rooms 214-215 Exchange Building NORTH FORT WORTH, TEXAS.
If you have any live stock to ship write us--or ship first and we'll write you.

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SAN ANGELO, TEXAS
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Dr. Sands & Proctor
The Painless Dentists
The Only Ones That Pull Your Teeth Without Pain
Phone 836 Office in Swartz Building

AFTER SIX YEARS REWIFES SPOUSE

STRANGE TALE COMES TO LIGHT
IN COURT PROCEEDINGS IN
LITTLE OLD NEW YORK.

THOUGHT HIM FROZEN

Anyway Charles M. Jenkins Acted as
If His Love for His Wife Had
Grown Quite Cold—Returns
After Six Years Absence.

New York, July 24.—An order was submitted to Supreme Court Justice Erlanger asking that a referee be appointed to take testimony in the proceedings brought by Herbert R. Averill, part owner of the F. A. L. Motor Company of Chicago, for the annulment of his marriage to Mattie B. Averill. It is understood that Mrs. Averill joins with her husband in asking for the annulment.

Prior to her marriage, Mrs. Averill was Miss Mattie B. Antrim of Los Angeles. In 1898 she was married to Charles M. Jenkins, a hotel proprietor of that city. Not long after that Jenkins went to Alaska in search of gold. Nothing was heard from him for six years and his wife came East. In 1905 she read in a Boston paper that her husband had been found frozen to death in the Klondike.

Under these circumstances, she contends, she accepted the proposal of Mr. Averill to become his wife. They were married in this city in 1907. Mr. Averill was employed as an automobile salesman here, and the couple lived happily until December, 1908, when Mr. Averill was sent to York, Pa. Mrs. Averill did not care to go to York and stayed here.

Later she received a letter from her mother, who was still at Los Angeles, informing her that Jenkins had turned up there from a trip around the world. He had been living for some years in the Philippines, where he said he conducted several large hotels in the vicinity of Manila. He told his mother-in-law that he was going East to see his wife, and did so, reaching Boston, where he wrote to Mrs. Averill asking her to meet him in that city.

Mr. Jenkins took her back to the Philippines with him, where they are now said to be living. Mrs. Averill, it is understood, pleads justification for her marriage to Averill as, on account of Jenkins' silence of nearly six years, she fully believed him dead.

C. S. Lorensten is counsel for Mr. Averill, and Francis B. Wood is looking after Mrs. Averill's interests.

Baby Makes a Good Meal On The Rent

Washington, July 24.—The six-months-old son of Mrs. Herman Berger, a charwoman, has already developed the Rockefeller fever. His ambition to absorb all the money in sight nearly caused the mother to lose her little home.

The baby was sitting at a table where Mrs. Berger had left her pocket-book containing \$8, her rent money. While she was engaged elsewhere young master Berger opened the pocket-book and started to make a meal off the \$8. When Mrs. Berger returned he had eaten up two \$1 bills and was sinking his gums into a fiveer. Mrs. Berger could not afford to lose the money. She sent the two mutilated bills to the Treasury Department and got two new crisp ones in their stead.

Men Wade Waist Deep for Booze

Alton, Ill., July 24.—Out in a field of water, 500 feet from the railroad embankment, the saloon of Steve Ruckman at West Alton, did a thriving business all today. Men waded waist deep in water to reach the thirt parlor, the only one within ten miles.

One skiff was used to ferry the patrons from the embankment to the saloon, but the rowers sometimes took several hours to make a return trip, stopping with convivial friends to sip a few drinks.

Ice could not be gotten to the saloon and so the sale of beer stopped early in the morning. Plenty of whiskey was on hand, however. The proprietor says it is the best day's business in the history of his grog shop.

Mrs. Cecilia Schraeder and grandmother, Mrs. J. Shutz, left Saturday for a visit to friends and relatives in Houston.

Fight Us If You Dare To See Our Ships

London, July 24.—One hundred and forty-eight British warships dropped anchor in the Thames, the array extending from the estuary at the south end of the river to Westminster Bridge in the heart of London.

More warships—165 to be exact—were assembled for the naval review at Spithead in 1897, but at least thirty of those could neither steam nor fight, and were there simply for show purposes. The fleet now on the Thames is without a useless or obsolete unit. Every one of the 148 vessels could go into battle at a moment's notice, and give a good account of itself.

The object of this extended and superb display of Britain's fighting power is an anti-panic show. Uneasiness prevails in every quarter of Britain. Anxiety in the higher circles as to the condition has bred apprehension and pessimism throughout the body politic.

Germany is accused of having aggressive designs against the peace and liberty of Britons. The result of all this ferment is that the country is in danger of "going off its head."

The mighty armada on the Thames is the Admiralty's heroic sedative.

Pet Monkey Scares Fans at Ball Game

New Orleans, July 24.—Infuriated by the taunts of players, "Henry," the big monkey mascot of the New Orleans team, broke from his pen behind the home players' bench at Pelican Park, this afternoon, climbed into the grandstand and for several minutes caused a stampede and stopped the game between New Orleans and Mobile in the seventh inning.

Mobile players were teasing Henry. Lunging at one of them, he broke his leash, chased the players from his vicinity and bounded up into the grandstand.

Spectators threw programmes and pop bottles at him. Many became frightened and started for the exits, and in the melee several were knocked down. The monkey jumped out into the field and the umpire called the game. The animal was captured after a few minutes and play was resumed.

The monkey is exceedingly vicious. Last season he clawed the park-keeper so that he was laid up for three weeks.

ESCAPED SIBERIAN CONVICTS? Men Wearing Russian Uniforms Reach Cordova, Alaska, Via Nome.

Cordova, Alaska.—Among a party of 100 Russians who arrived here on the steamer St Croix from Nome are several who are believed to be political convicts who escaped from a penal colony in the interior of Siberia several months ago. The party reached Nome from Siberia on the Russian steamer Vaarg and immediately embarked for this port.

The uniforms worn by the men are believed to have been taken from the guards killed in the battle at Chukotok, near the Arctic circle, last March, when the convicts defeated a company of pursuing Cossacks.

Jealousy Rife.

Boston, July 24.—Jealousy is rife in the President's set at Beverly. The society folk who are clustered around the Taft cottage are bitterly, sadly envious over the successful bid for Mrs. Taft's favor which a charming woman has made.

A book, a two-volume edition de luxe, is the cause of all the heartache, and the Countess Von Bernstorff, wife of the German Ambassador, is the much envied woman.

The close-knit bonds of friendship between Germany and America have been strengthened through the graceful act of the Countess in presenting Mrs. Taft with the memories of the late Count Von Bernstorff, the present Count's father, who was a great friend of Alonzo Taft, the President's father, when the latter was American Minister to Germany.

As a result of the Countess's gift, Mrs. Taft is more than mere friendly to the Count and his charming wife. Indeed, the German Ambassador seems destined to outshine all the other women of the diplomatic set.

Even Mrs. Bryce, a great favorite, is rather palling beside the sudden rise of the Countess Von Bernstorff. This is all the more wonderful as the Von Bernstorffs have not mixed in the social life of Washington any more than their position absolutely demanded.

J. Sid Hudson came in from Dallas Saturday.

Ice cold melons to take home, at the Angelo.

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PHONE US YOUR
needs or call at
our store and we will
treat you right. We
handle everything carried
in a FIRST-CLASS
GROCERY STORE.

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Go to Angelo Auto and Repair Co.

For repair work on your car, also Gasoline and Lubricating Oils. Free storage to customers. Plenty of room for all.

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Always the Best Always the Newest Always the Cheapest Druggist Sundries

Our stock is the largest and most complete embracing all popular lines.
Only Goods of Merit, and always up to date Quality, with prices Satisfactory.

The Pioneer Drug Store

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Forget that the Queen City Realty Co., has some good bargains in real estate.

See them before you buy or sell
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A. W. ARMSTRONG, Manager.
118 Chadbourne Street. "ACCURACY" OUR MOTTO

YES, IT RAINED PROSPERITY

And we are all glad of it. Now is an opportunity to think of

LUMBER

And when you think of Lumber, if you live anywhere in the Concho-Colorado Valley, you think of the friends of the builders, the Originators of Low Lumber Prices in West Texas, the

WEST TEXAS LUMBER COMPANY

San Angelo, Texas

C. J. Latham, the clock inspector of the Western Union Telegraph company, left the city for Seguin, after several days here on business.

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

Widows Are So Dangerous Says Widower

New York, July 24.—Martin Weiss, a widower, proposed marriage to two widows in the Yorkville police court, and in each instance the offer was rejected with considerable scorn.

Weiss is 32 years old and was left a widower with two children a year ago. He lives at 114 Forsyth street. He was a prisoner in the Yorkville court on last Saturday on the complaint of Rosie Zenker, a young widow who lives at 124 East Tenth street. She charged him with the larceny of \$60. Incidentally she told Magistrate Heerman that the man had promised to marry her but had failed to keep the promise.

"I have always loved you, Rosie, and I am willing to marry you. Come down to the city hall now and we'll get married right away," the man said to the complainant when he was brought to the railing.

Rosie blushed when the Court asked her if she had rather get married than to prosecute the larceny. She selected the marriage, the complaint was dismissed and the two went away. But today they were back again with their positions reversed. This time Rosie was a prisoner and Weiss the complainant. He had a knife cut on his forehead and a blackened and bruised right eye. He declared that Rosie was responsible for his disfigurement.

"Is that the way you celebrate the first day of your married life?" the Magistrate asked the young lady.

"We are not married; he fooled me. When we left the court he told me he would not marry me," she responded.

"She came up to me on the street last night and cut me with a knife. But I forgive her," said the widower.

He then told the Magistrate that he had decided to withdraw the complaint and he asked the widow if she would go with him to the rabbi's and get married.

"No, I would not marry you now. You are too lazy to support a wife," was her response.

"I supported a wife and two children for twelve years. That ought to be proof," he returned.

There was a commotion at the gate and in came a good looking young woman dressed in black. She said she was Selma Prager, a widow of 1062 First Avenue. Having heard that Weiss was in court, she decided to go there and tell what she knew about him.

"He promised to marry me, but went back on his promise after he got my gold watch," she told Magistrate Heerman.

"What is there so attractive about him that the widows take to him so?" mused the magistrate, who is a bachelor. The widower fiddled with his mustache and remarked that his promise to the Widow Prager still held good. He suggested that they leave the court forthwith and be married.

"No, sir! If he were the last man on the earth I would not marry him. He is not worth that," she said as she snapped her thumb and finger.

Weiss said he left a silver watch with the Widow Prager for the gold watch she gave him and he didn't see how he could be accused of larceny.

"Leave widows alone, young man. You have had a very narrow escape from prison. The next time you may not be so lucky," so spake the Magistrate as he dismissed the case.

SPARE THE GROUND HOG.

Illinois legislators Err in Making War on Little Animal.

The ground hog of Illinois and the west generally is the woodchuck of the eastern states. It is charged

against him that in digging his home he throws gravel up over the surface of the ground to an extent that injures the farmers' prospects of raising crops. The ground hog also is accused of being a prowler in the vegetable garden, and it is said that the early cabbage that should go to the farmer's table sacrificed to appetite of the unbidden guest in the field.

Out in Kansas a few years ago the Western red-tailed hawk was abundant. About once in every six months the red-tail would pick up a chicken, and the act aroused the owner of the chicken to anger. The law makers of Kansas declared the red tail an outlaw and put a price on his head. There were so many red-tailed hawks killed that the count was lost. Coincident with the killing of the birds, the plague of the prairie dogs increased and menaced the very means of livelihood of the majority of the Kansas dwellers. They called on the biological survey at Washington to help them out of their trouble. The scientists sent this prescription: "Repeal the law placing a bounty on hawks." This was done and since that time nature has kept the balance even.

All this, perhaps, has comparatively little to do with the ground hog of Illinois, but it may be said that the legislators who would pass laws intended to interfere with the workings of Mother Nature are taking great chances. Confessedly it is not known just what place the ground hog or woodchuck, as you will, holds in nature's system of economy, but that it holds a place is well assured.

It is more than possible that the propaganda for the preservation of the natural resources of the country includes the ground hog.—Chicago Evening Post.

The Texas Wonder.

Cures all Kidney, Bladder and Rheumatic troubles; sold by all druggists, or two months treatment by mail, for \$1.00. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials.

Notice.

Miss R. Ramke, representing the French Laboratory of San Antonio, for the treatment of consumption, is now at the Laudon hotel. Call or phone.

Buoys Faith With Big Gun Charmed Life

Lexington, Ky., July 24.—Information has been received here from Jackson to the effect that former Sheriff Ed Callahan, the noted feud leader who was recently fired upon from ambush by assassins, has so far recovered from his wounds to be able to attend to some of his business affairs.

Coincident with his recovery the fearless leader of the Callahan-Smith feud has issued a statement in which he says in view of the fact of his miraculous escape from sudden death and his subsequent recovery, that he does not believe God will suffer assassins to kill him. Callahan is a deacon in the Baptist church at Crockettville and has long been known as Deacon Callahan among his intimate friends.

The feud chieftain is not taking any chances on his enemies believing his way in regard to Divine providence is shown in that he lets no grass grow under his feet in traveling from his residence and store, which are only a short distance apart, as he makes the trip in double quick time with a repeating rifle across his arm. It was while making one of these trips recently that he was shot down by an enemy concealed on a mountain across the road from his store.

EARLY JOKING HIS UNDOING.

Man Who was Branded as a Leper Tells Story of His Sufferings.

John R. Early, held a prisoner for almost a year because Washington physicians thought he had leprosy instead of the mild disease which surgeons at the New York Skin and Cancer hospital found, has told the whole story. He is now in the hospital here. Early had a sense of humor the Washington doctor who first examined his did not have and that, he says, is the cause of all his trouble.

To a Washington doctor who looked at his hands, which were swollen because of his work in a pulp mill in North Carolina. Early remarked laughingly: "Don't you think it might be leprosy?"

The doctor, standing six feet away, looked frightened, though he didn't pretend to know anything about the case, and hurried out. Within a couple of hours the health authorities of Washington had taken control of him and he was held for eleven months.

"I was stopping at the Salvation Army headquarters" he said. "I went to bed. About one o'clock in the morning another doctor came into my room without knocking, lit the gas and ordered me to get up and dress. I did. He stood out in the hall and told me to walk on to an ambulance I would find in the street and get in. Afterwards I learned that this man was a health official.

"I didn't know what it was all about and no one told me, but I did as directed. I slept all night in the ambulance, which was driven to the Eastern Branch reservation, and the next morning two soldiers pitched a tent within a few feet of the tide water mark and told me it was mine for awhile. Their orders were to establish a dead line about me which they themselves were not to overstep. The nearest anyone was to come N me, they said, was ten feet. They didn't know why when I asked them.

"The next day I had come to my senses enough to know that I was in a pretty serious fix, and I made up my mind I'd find out how just how serious before sunset. So when the doctor came I told him I wanted to write a letter to my wife letting her know my predicament, and I asked him to say in the letter what was the matter with me.

"He said, and I can remember every word of it, I don't need to tell you anything more than that the letter you are going to write to your wife will never be handled by anyone but me. Nothing you every touch again will be touched by any human being. Write your letter and say what you please, but let your wife understand that I am to rewrite whatever you write."

"By December it was so cold of nights in my tent that sleep was almost out of question. I was told that I could get warmer quarters by paying my own living expenses out of the pension I had received since I had been pronounced a leper.

"But here is one of the amusing things that happened. For some reason or other the authorities feared I might not be able to make both ends meet on the pension money, so one day after we had been in the house a few weeks the doctor told me that a flock of hens was going to be delivered that morning.

"I don't know how many dozens of eggs I sold through agents this spring. I have often laughed myself to sleep wondering what the good people would say who sat down to a breakfast of those eggs if they knew they were hatched from hens that 'Early the Leper' fed and cared for.

"As for the future I have no plans. Friends my wife has made have given us a little cottage at the seashore. When Dr. Bulkeley is ready to have me leave here I shall go to our new home."—New York Globe.

Finds Skeleton.

Earl Day, the new general proprietor and publisher of the Rowena Review, was in Ballinger on Monday and besides giving us some pretty good ghostly news, made us acquainted with some of the best citizens of the little city of Rowena, and extended a welcome invitation to visit his town, etc. Mr. Day reports a story that reminds us all, of course, of Indian days, and war times, generally speaking. Some parties who were digging a well near Rowena last Saturday, found under the surface about three feet, the skele-

ton of what is supposed to be an American woman. Buttons indicated that it was the skeleton of a woman, and the arms crossed over her breast indicate that she was an American.

This well was being dug near the old San Antonio and Kansas stage line, and from this it would seem that the lady was either killed in an Indian fight or died on the road.—Ballinger Ledger.

Ice cold melons to take home, at the Angelo.

Neely Bros. buy hides.

ALLEN'S MUSIC HOUSE

The oldest and largest in the Southwest. Established 1890. Baldwin, Boardman & Gray; Crown; Ivers & Pond; Geo. A. Myers; Howard and others. The Street Music House of the Southwest. Their books, small instruments, etc. etc. Write for catalogues. GEO. ALLEN, SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

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Potter's 100 Per Cent Pure Ice Cream

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The worry, the torment and trouble you miss will not cost you a penny. As a fuel Gas is cheaper than anything else. It is certainly safer, more convenient and less bothersome than anything else. Phone 76 and let us tell you more about our plans for making extensions

San Angelo Gas Company

L. W. Norcross

Of Fort Worth, Texas

PIANO TUNER

Will be in San Angelo About Aug. 7

Mr. Norcross has been coming to San Angelo since 1882—twenty-seven years. His reputation for intelligent, conscientious work is unapproached.

Orders Left at Allen's Music House

Phone 173, will be placed on his list and given earliest attention.

We are Over-stocked in
Kitchen Cabinets

We have 14 on hand and we need the room they take up for new goods, now arriving. These cabinets include EVERYTHING from the plain cabinet to the cabinet with a place for everything used in the kitchen. These cabinets vary in price from \$6.50 to \$30.00.

We Will Cut the Price
20 Per Cent

On just half of them. First come, first served.

Stevens Furniture Co.

Conerly Building

LEEDALE STOCK FOR EXHIBITION

WARRIOR, THE GRAND CHAMPION BULL, TO BE SHOWN.

MANY WILLING TO MARRY

Everything Being Placed in Readiness for San Angelo's Big Fall Fair and Carnival.

Warrior the Eighteenth, grand champion bull; Prince Wilton, champion steer; Addies Donald, first premium yearling heifer; John Pearl, first Southern heifer calf, and Retta, first Southern two-year-old, are to be shown by the Leedale Stock farm at the coming fair and carnival.

Phil C. Lee states that he will have twenty-one Herefords on exhibition—five steers, seven bulls and nine heifers.

"Who will be the happy couple to be wedded before the grand stand at the fall fair?"

This is an all-absorbing question in San Angelo at present, though the fair is several months off. The cash consideration will be liberal and there will be other inducements. Three couples at least have offered to allow their blushing to become public property, and take all that is coming to start up a small little home, with the wolf howling aimlessly outside.

It is probable that the couples will have to draw straws in order to settle the leading question.

This feature is getting to be more and more an attraction each successive year, and more proffers are expected by the fair management.

A deal has been closed with a big fireworks outfit to put up one of its big productions on the order of "The Last Days of Pompeii." Such exhibitions as this have been popular for many years, but they are still growing in popularity.

In all probability President George Hagelstein of the Fair and Carnival association will close a deal with one of the many big carnival companies now showing at the Yukon-Alaska exposition, and this practically assures San Angelo something high class in every particular.

Improvement is the order of the day out at the fair grounds. With hatchet and hammer the carpenters are at work repairing everything, and a bunch of scrapers is putting the tracks in apple pie order.

San Angelo is going to have a great fair. Of that there is no doubt. Greater interest than ever before in its history is being taken. Crops are coming and the sheep and cattle men will soon begin to open their purse strings and let the fair go on. Unexcelled prosperity and promise for the future counts for a great deal, and the fall fair is going to exceed all expectations.

BUYER.

Swift & Co. Sends Man Here to Ship Two Cars a Day.

Swift & Company has San Angelo on the brain. At least that is the supposition left in the minds of several San Angelo citizens when they talked with C. A. Ruff, a representative of that big packing company Saturday on his regular round on the lookout for fat cattle.

He stated straight out that he did not come here to establish a packery at this place, but he did not say anything about not looking over the ground. He admitted that San Angelo was an excellent location for such

Monday Night
AT

The Yale

Entire Change of Pictures and Vaudeville

an enterprise.

Mr. Ruff says that he came here to live, and will ship two car loads a day from here to Fort Worth or Kansas City.

Mr. Ruff has just come from Fort Worth, where he has been in the fresh meat department.

SALES.

Rain of Thursday Starts Things to Moving Briskly.

J. F. Love of Coleman bought from J. F. Craig Saturday 350 head of high class cattle at \$25 per head, making a grand total of \$7500. The cattle were bought by Mr. Love to replenish his Coleman county ranch.

Felix Mann & Co. sold for O. B. Robertson of Waelder to Fayette Tankersley the lease on 11,000 acres of Gonzales county school land in Iron county and 600 head of one, two and three-year-olds, at \$18 per head.

Felix Mann and George Mapes sold a five-year lease on 30,000 acres of school land to Paul and Roy Willoughby, for Gus Hargroves of Paint Rock; also 1500 head of cattle at \$15 per round.

R. E. Scott of the firm of Scott & Kirby left via automobile Saturday morning for Big Springs and Midland on business.

We Will

SECRETARIES OF STATE TO MEET

INSTITUTE SCHEDULED FOR AUG. 8 IN FORT WORTH.

ROUND TABLE SPEECHES

Prof. Elmer S. Batterson of Chicago Associate Editor of Dry Goods Reporter, to Lead.

Fort Worth, Texas, July 24.—(Special.)—Commercial secretaries from all over the state will be here for the week beginning August 8 to attend the commercial secretaries' institute that will be conducted by Prof. Elmer S. Batterson of Chicago, associate editor of the Dry Goods Reporter. Mr. Batterson will hold daily round table conferences with the men on the various problems of city advancement, while W. C. Connor, general freight agent of the Trinity and Brazos Valley railroad, will deliver a series of addresses on freight rates as they affect cities in competition with each other.

Among the problems of the city that will be given prominence in the discussions are municipal growth, town publicity, expansion and protection of local trade, industrial expansion, securing new industries and commercial club activities. While Mr. Batterson will lead out in the discussions, his talks will not be lectures and will form only the introductions to the discussions proper that will follow. Each secretary will be expected to contribute something to the conference.

Along with the problem of general city promotion there will be a consideration of questions of peculiar concern to particular communities. In view of the many new commercial clubs that are being launched in the state, this feature promises to be very valuable to the secretaries of the new organizations.

After the institute is over Mr. Batterson will be at the service of any town in the state that may need him for a few days in helping it through a particular problem or difficulty.

Prof. Batterson is one of the few men of the country who have made town promotion a science and has studied it in all its phases. He is a graduate of the Northwestern university, where he took his major work in economics. He has later built up a large business at Muscatine, Iowa. His work in connection with the Dry Goods Reporter has led him out into the field of city development, where he has attained marked success in his institutes. They have been held largely in Iowa, Illinois, Michigan and Ohio. No institute of this kind has been held in Texas.

Delegates.

Fort Worth, Texas, July 24.—(Special.)—J. A. Arnold, president of the Commercial Secretaries' association, has appointed ten delegates to the Trans-Mississippi congress that meets at Denver August 15 to 21. The delegation is requested to use its best influence to bring the 1910 congress to San Antonio. It will be headed by E. R. Haines, secretary of the Galveston Chamber of Commerce, who will deliver an address on the commission form of city government. The other delegates are T. W. Larkin of Beaumont, Roy Miller of Corpus Christi, O. Owens of Port Arthur, J. R. Babcock of Dallas, H. E. Kirksey of Waco, N. H. Ragland of Paris, C. W. Coons of Denison, R. N. Magill of Brownsville and Garrett A. Dobbin of Houston.

One Cent Fine Is Imposed By This Jury

One cent and costs! This was the fine assessed against C. F. Sharpe for alleged pugilistic inclinations, by a jury of his peers in City Recorder Wade Henderson's court.

But the costs were summed up to about \$24. This makes a new record for San Angelo and Tom Green county in the line of straight out fines, though the necessary amendment in the shape of costs made the amount fairly presentable.

In passing it might be said that this story illustrates a great moral as well as business principle: Save the cents and the dollars will accumulate with commendable haste. If it had been possible to save the one little copper cent in this affair, the \$24 would not have been forthcoming of a necessity. "Big trees from little acorns grow," and this little saying is too often illustrated in such cases as this.

Capt. and Mrs. T. S. Lawrence and sister, Miss Clara Ferguson, of San Antonio; Mrs. Reagan and daughter, Cordelia of Beaumont, are stopping at Johnson cottage on Fourteenth street for a few weeks.

MONDAY

—IS—

Ladies' Day

At Henderson's and there will be many new and attractive articles on sale, besides big reductions on some necessary household articles and ladies' house dresses. We will be showing new waists with Dutch collars, new jet pins, new jet barrettes and many other new seasonable articles. WE shall be glad to have you in the store Monday to see new and low price merchandise.

Henderson's
THE HOUSE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY.

Plenty of Wall Papers



For any room you wish to re-paper. Rich patterns for the parlor, cozy designs for the dining room, dainty papers for the bed room, enameled papers for bath room or kitchen. THEY ARE ALL HERE in variety enough to suit every taste at prices to suit every purse.

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Ladies Side of Street

HOT WEATHER DON'T'S TO HELP YOU DEEP COOL

"The blazing sun of August and September can work to direct ill upon mankind, and two direct ill only," says a writer in Hampton's Magazine, "sunstroke, which, all things considered, is comparatively rare, and what is popularly known as heat prostration, which though generally avoidable, is common."

"Because they demand rapid diagnosis and prompt relief, the symptoms of this pair of dangers are frequently confused, and not frequently with disastrous results, but the truth is that they are entirely independent of each other."

"Sunstroke is a sudden loss of control by the heat regulating centers of the brain, whereas heat prostration is merely but perhaps more seriously the exhaustion of certain vital organs, due to the patient's continued exposure to the heat."

"Nature, in order to guard the brain against sunstroke has established in it a heat regulating mechanism of a character quite adequate to ordinary circumstances. This is a nerve center which automatically controls the blood vessels. Cold contracts these vessels, but heat expands them, and when expanded they pour out the sweat, which by its evaporation, relieves the superheated body."

Heat Regulator.

"The heat regulator is to the brain what the automatic sprinkler is to the factory or warehouse. When the factory or warehouse acquires a dangerous temperature that very temperature dissolves the plugs in the sprinkler and releases the water. Thus, when the brain grows too warm the heat regulator permits the vessels to expand and they proceed at once to pour out the relieving fluid."

"This is adequate under ordinary circumstances. But civilization has created for man some circumstances which are not in nature's conception of the term 'ordinary.' In such circumstances, when the brain is worn by disease, when it is worried by overwork, when it is fagged by abnormally long heat exposure, or when it is subjected to sudden exposure of excessive violence, the cerebral centers are whipped into a condition which requires more relief than the sprinkler can give, and then the result is that collapse which we call sunstroke."

"It is the action of the heat on several vital organs which causes heat prostration, and this is usually a matter not of one hour but of several days. The heart action weakens, the stomach is upset, bowels, kidneys and liver may suffer, and the prospective patient, 'to keep going' uses up more and more of the energy which he will later need in resisting the final breakdown."

"Consequently prostrations occur as a rule in those who are exposed to intense heat for a long period, or who are in bad health. The ultimate result is likely to be more serious than in cases of sunstroke. Often the patient recovers only to run the same risk again and to encounter ultimate disaster."

"The delicate mechanism of the brain makes the immediate services of a physician imperative in all cases of sunstroke, but in ordinary cases of prostration much may be done before the physician arrives. Stimulation is required, and this, in the form of surface friction, is easily administered. The fatal temperature is generally believed to be 106 degrees, yet I have seen patients brought into hospitals with a temperature of 110—and going up by leaps and bounds—who were cured by ice baths and rubbing."

Your Chances.

"Recent investigations seem to show that the lighter the color of your complexion the greater are your chances of disaster. The medical staff of the United States army has been paying particular attention to this matter and has found that as a rule blondes can not long survive in a tropical climate. 'On the average they die within three years, probably because of the clear skin, being practically without pigment, offers little protection against the sun's rays. In any event, blonde or brunettes should remember that the skin's natural relief from heat lies in the throwing off of that secretion of water, salts or excrementous matter which we know as sweat."

"The cessation of the flow of sweat is the first danger signal. When that happens, get out of the sun and into the shade, stop work, drink plenty of water and do not hesitate to use a fan. It is more satisfactory to be ladylike and alive than masculine and dead. Of course if you can afford it you can al-

ways avoid both sunstroke and prostration by the simple process of keeping out of the heat, but you should at any rate take things easy and drink no stimulants at all."

"Chief among the ill from heat that are less direct but more frequently fatal are diseases of the lower alimentary canal. Two general causes are, roughly, assignable—cold and bacteria. Probably 95 per cent of the diseases which we are now considering have their origin in the eating of contaminated fruit."

"By this I do not mean fruit which is so far rotted that its decomposition is evident to the senses. It is true, I believe, that in many cheap eating places and in some that are not cheap contaminated fruit is frequently served as fruit salad or in some highly seasoned or skillfully prepared form."

Fruit.

"But by far the most frequent source of distress is in fruit which our senses could not at all detect as decayed and which if pointed out to us we should describe as just on the turn. Such decay is due to the presence of bacteria, and its result is most frequently plain, old-fashioned cholera morbus, which may be avoided by avoiding contaminated food."

"Plain, old-fashioned—yes; but a laughing matter—no. Out of my own professional experience, on the contrary, I would say that symptomatically cholera morbus is often quite as deadly as Asiatic cholera. It has certainly been far more deadly in America, and I know of but one general rule against it—when in doubt, cook the fruit."

"It would be best if we Americans could get over the absurdities of our summer fashions in clothes, which are in literal truth frequently suicidal. One summer several years ago I passed several weeks in the pleasant little town of Bristol, N. H., and there I found that the dress of the richest man was pretty much that of the poorest. Moccasins, serge trousers held loosely by a skate strap, a five-cent chip straw hat and a hickory shirt, the collar open and the sleeves rolled up to the elbow—so much and no more."

"But Bristol is the happy exception. Women as a rule fare passably well, because they affect such fabrics as pongees and lawns, which give an adequate evaporating surface, and because the too frivolously mocked peek-a-boo waist has about solved the problem of hot weather attire for femininity; yet, save in such rare communities as that lucky New Hampshire town, we poor men continue to carry four layers of clothes upon our backs and face death at every sunny corner."

"Above all you should be careful during warm weather not to overwork your stomach. It has served you more or less faithfully all winter and its employer should grant it a short vacation. Avoid, therefore, excessive amounts of food, but especially of all heat making foods—all starch and fats, greasy dishes and Irish potatoes. Vegetables.

"Green vegetables are the best features on the menu, and lean meat and eggs are a close second, because they are not fat makers but muscle makers. As for fruit, be sure that it is not contaminated; avoid the dust blown corner fruit stand, and if you drink alcoholic beverages at all drink only light wines and beers. It is better to avoid all such drinks."

"The question of how long at the seaside the summer bather should remain in the surf is a question of individual idiosyncrasy. I frequently remain in the water for two to three hours, while many of my friends can endure no more than thirty minutes. There is, then, but one rule, which is to go in the first day and stay until you feel the first sign of chill, then leave at once, rub down thoroughly, and thereafter always quit the water at least ten minutes sooner than on that first day."

"The secret of escaping the evils of summer lies largely in the regulation of our personal habits. It would be well if in August we canopied our sidewalks as the sidewalks are canopied in Italy, and it would be well for us to adopt the open air cafes of Europe in general, the nearest substitute for which is the still too rare roof garden of New York."

"Safety from the danger of heat prostration may be almost positively secured by observing the following rules:

Some Rules.

1. Make your work as light as possible.
2. Wear only the lightest clothing and as few garments as the law allows.
3. Take a cold bath every morning and a tepid one every afternoon.
4. Eat sparingly, principally fresh vegetables, shunning all fats and starchy foods, avoiding the deadly fruit salad and taking no fruit which has not been either washed or peeled immediately before it is served.
5. Drink no spirituous liquors.
6. Sleep, if it is possible, at midday; always stay abed eight hours every night and always sleep under a mosquito netting.
7. Make your vacation absolutely different from your daily life."

Study of the Eye

IS MOST IMPORTANT OF THE HUMAN FEATURES.

Properly Adjusted Glasses Will Cure Most of Eye Troubles—Baker Has Them.

Eyes make or mar many a face. The other features may be ever so comely, a pair of weak, red, inflamed or twitching eyes will spoil its beauty. Properly adjusted glasses will cure most of these troubles by removing the cause. But don't get the idea that anybody or everybody can do the fitting properly. We have made the eye and its defects a life study, and sixteen years' practical experience has placed us in the front rank. Our own failures in handling difficult cases successfully are almost nil. Your case, although simple and easily corrected today, may be aggravated by waiting. Profit by the mistakes of others; do not put it off. If having eye "trouble" or "glasses wrong" see Dr. Baker.

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First store south of Western National Bank.

THURSDAY'S RESULTS.

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Waco R. H. E. 5 14 1
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Batteries: Waco, Herbert and White; Galveston, Robb and Quisser.

At Oklahoma City.
Fort Worth R. H. E. 1 5 1
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Batteries: Fort Worth, Mitchell and Powell; Oklahoma City, Bandy and Kelsey.

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Dallas R. H. E. 1 5 1
Shreveport 2 4 1
Batteries: Dallas, Shontz and Onslow; Shreveport, Teereau and Henninger.

At Houston.
San Antonio R. H. E. 2-7 2
Houston 4 8 3
Batteries: San Antonio, Winchell and Schan; Houston, Rose and Killifer.

Up to date picture framing at Angelo Paint company. Phone 763.

"His Master's Voice."
O. F. Wilson, referee in bankruptcy, is here from Brownwood attending the meeting of the creditors of the Robert Lee Mercantile company.

Business Growth is Not the Result of Accident

It is no accident that the Concho Lumber Co. does the largest business of any lumber company West of Ft. Worth.

The reason for the large volume of business done by the Concho Lumber Company is no secret.

The Concho Lumber Company keeps the largest stock of lumber and stuff carried by up-to-now lumber yards to be found West of Fort Worth.

The Concho Lumber has never found it necessary to sell half cured lumber to do business. We have two guides: High Quality and Moderate Prices.

We can afford to sell lumber on a small margin. The volume of our business is so great that small profits yield us satisfactory returns.

When we invite you to confer with us before buying lumber we do so with the full knowledge that we can please you. We can give you exactly what you want in a lumber way. And, we can sell you at a price that will be money in your pocket.

Of course there are other reasons why you should trade with us. Come around and we'll gladly enumerate them. Our telephone number is 23.

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Friday and Saturday SPECIALS

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\$27.50 H. S. & M. Suits . \$19.25
\$25.00 H. S. & M. Suits . \$16.50
\$22.50 H. S. & M. Suits . \$13.85

\$5.50 Low Shoes \$4.25
\$5.00 " " \$3.85
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\$3.50 " " \$2.85
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\$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 Cluett Shirts
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Straw Hats 1-3 Off

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AT YOUR SERVICE

Visit the Modern Drug Store and try a cold drink at the only Iceless Fountain in the West. It has the famous L. L. Rowe Glass Washer which makes it impossible to wash a glass in the same water twice. We use no imitation flavors, but only those made from pure and whole crushed fruits.

Modern Drug Store

Phone 43 Conerly Building Phone 49

Searcy Smith left Thursday for Sonora to visit relatives and take in a big ball to be given there Saturday night.

Col. A. J. Baker and Judge G. H. Garland left Tuesday for Fort Worth on business.

Bruce Garland, who had his hand so badly injured some time ago on the ranch near Eldorado, is getting along nicely. He lost his right thumb, half of the right index finger and the end of the right middle finger.

J. C. Steger, who has been visiting Homer Perkins and mother in Park Heights, left Thursday for his home in Hamlin. He stated that he will likely return to San Angelo to reside some day.

Louis E. Kuhns left Thursday for the east on a two weeks' business trip.

James Evans of Biloxi, Miss., arrived in the city Thursday to visit his brother J. H. Evans of the Heald jewelry store for a few weeks.

"His Master's Voice."

Phone 763 to get your rooms papered.

"His Master's Voice."

Neely Bros. buy hides.

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When in need of fine wines, liquors and cigars
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Quality First
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which is to last a life time, and will if you buy the right kind. I sell only those that I know will give you satisfaction. You should see our fall selections. Gold Watches \$8.50 and up.

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The Tiffany of San Angelo


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transferred. will be glad to wait on you. My wagon meets trains.

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\$25 TO CALIFORNIA

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For the Next Thirty Days We Will Sell

Wall Paper
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Call and be Convinced

The Model Paint Store

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Phone 742

The Man From Brodney's

By **GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON**

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Down below she heard voices. She wondered—inconsistently alert—whether he was one of the speakers. Thomas Saunders and Miss Pelham were coming in from the terrace. They were in love with each other. They could be in love with each other. There was no law, no convention that said them nay! They could marry—and still love! "If you continue to love him as you do now" battered at the doors of her conscience.

Her maid came in, and she prepared for bed. Left alone, she perched herself in the window seat to cool her heated face with the breezes that swept on ahead of the storm which was coming up from the sea. Her heart was hot; no breeze could cool it, nothing but the ice of decision could drive out the fever that possessed it.

"It is impossible—incredible!" she was saying to herself. "I could not love him like that. I should hate him. God above me, am I not different from those women whom I have known and pitied and despised? Am I not different from Guelma von Herlick? Am I not different from Prince Henri's wife? Ah, and they loved too! And is he not different from those other men—those weak, unmanly men who came into the lives of those women? Ah, yes, yes! He is different."

She sat and stared out over the black sea, lighted fitfully by the distant lightning. There she pronounced sentence upon him—and herself. There was no place for him in her world. He should feel her disdain; he should suffer for his presumption. Presumption? In what way had he offended? She put her hands to her eyes, but her lips smiled—smiled with the memory of the kiss she had returned.

"What a fool! What a fool I am," she cried aloud, springing up resolutely. "I must forget. I told him I couldn't, but I can—I can." Halfway across the room she stopped, her hands clinched fiercely. "If—if Karl were only such as he!" she moaned.

She went to her dressing table and resolutely unlocked one of the drawers, as one would open a case in which the most precious of treasures was kept.

"It was so silly of me!" she muttered. "I shall not keep them for him." The drawer was partly filled with cigarettes. She took one from among the rest and placed its tip in her red lips, a reckless light in her eyes. A match was struck, and then her hand seemed to be in the clutch of some invisible force. The light flickered and died in her fingers. A blush suffused her face, her eyes, her neck. Then, with a guilty, shamed, tender smile, she dropped the cigarette into the drawer. She turned the key.

"No," she said to herself. "I told him that I was keeping them for him."

CHAPTER XXV.
THE TRIAL OF VON BLITZ.

THE next morning found the weather unsettled. There had been a fierce storm during the night, and a nasty mist was blowing up from the sea. Deppingham kept to his room, although his cold was dissipated.

Chase had been up nearly all of the night, fearful lest the islanders should seize the opportunity to scale the walls under cover of the tempest. All through the night he had been possessed of a spirit of wild bravado, a glorious exaltation. He was keeping watch over her, standing between her and peril, guarding her while she slept. His thoughts, however, did not contemplate the princess fair in a state of wretched insomnia, with himself as the disturbing element.

He looked for her at breakfast time. They usually had their rolls and coffee together. When she did not appear he made more than one pretext to lengthen his own stay in the breakfast room. "She's trying to forget yesterday," he reflected.

Selma came to him in the midst of his reflections, bearing a thick, rain-soaked envelope.

"It was found, excellency, inside the southern gate, and it is meant for you," said Selma. Chase gingerly slashed open the envelope with his fruit knife. He laughed ruefully as he read the simple but laborious message from Jacob von Blitz.

"Where are your warships all this time? They are not coming to you ever. Goodby. You got to die yet too. Your friend, Jacob von Blitz. And my wives too."

Chase stuffed the blurred, sticky letter into his pocket and arose to stretch himself.

"There's something coming to you, Jacob," he said, much to the wonder of Selma. "Selma, unless I miss my guess pretty badly, we'll be having a message not from Garcia, but from

Rasula before long. How are my cigarettes holding out?"

"They run low, sahib. Neenah has given all of hers to me for you, excellency, and I have demanded those of the wives of Von Blitz."

"Selma, you must not forget that you are a gentleman. That was most ungentle. But I suppose you got them?"

"No, sahib. They refused to give them up. They are saving them for Mr. Britt," said Selma dejectedly.

"Ah, the fickety of women!" he sighed. "There's a new word for you, Selma—fickety."

It was far past midday when he heard from Rasula. He had seen the princess but once, and then she was walking briskly, wrapped in a rain coat, followed by her shivering dogs and her two Rapp-Thorberg soldiers. Somehow she failed to see Chase as he sauntered hungrily, almost imploringly, across the upper terrace, in plain view. Perhaps, after all, it was not the weather.

Rasula's messenger came to the gates and announced that he had a letter for Mr. Chase. Rasula had this to say:

"We have reason to suspect that you were right in your suspicions. The golden plate has been found this day in the cave below the chateau, just as you have said. This much of what you have charged against Jacob von Blitz seems to be borne out by the evidence secured. Last night there was an attempt to rob the vaults in the company's bank. Again I followed your advice and laid a trap for the men engaged. They were slain in the struggle which followed. I have to inform you, sir, that your charge against Jacob von Blitz does not hold good in the case of the bank robbery. Therefore I am impelled to believe that you may have unjustly accused him of being implicated in the robbery of the treasure chests. He was not among the bank thieves. There were but three of them—the Boer foremen. Jacob von Blitz came up himself and joined us in the fight against the traitors. He was merciless in his anger against them. You have said that you will testify against him. Sir, I have taken it upon myself to place him under restraint notwithstanding his actions against the Boers. He shall have a fair trial. If it is proved that he is guilty, he shall pay the penalty. We are just people."

Sir, was the people of Japan, will take you at your word. We ask you to appear against the prisoner and give evidence in support of your charge. He shall be brought on trial tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock. On my honor as a man and a believer I assure safety to you while you are among us on that occasion. I, Rasula, will meet you at the gates and will conduct you back to them in safety. If you are a true man, you will not evade the call."

"Well, it looks as though Von Blitz has spiked your guns," said Deppingham. "The dog turns against his confederates and saves his own skin by killing them."

"In any event," said Browne, "you spoiled his little game. He loses the treasure, and he didn't get into the vaults. Rasula should take those points into consideration."

"He won't forget them, rest assured. That's why I'm sure that he'll take my word at the trial as against that of Von Blitz," said Chase.

"You—you don't mean to say, Mr. Chase, that you are going into the town?" cried Lady Agnes, wide eyed.

"Certainly, Lady Deppingham. They are expecting me."

"Don't be foolhardy, Chase. They will kill you like a rat!" exclaimed Deppingham.

"Oh, no, they won't," said the other confidently. "They've given their promise through Rasula. Whatever else they may be, they hold a promise sacred. They know I'll come. If I don't they'll know that I am a coward. You wouldn't have them think I am a coward, would you, Lady Deppingham?"

The next morning he coolly set forth for the gates, scarcely thinking enough of the adventure to warrant the matter of fact goodby that he bestowed upon those who were congregated to see him off. His heart was sore as he strode rapidly down the drive. Geneva had not come down to say farewell.

"By heaven," he muttered, strangely vexed with her, "I fancy she means it. She's bent on showing me my place. But she might have come down and wished me good luck. That was little enough for her to do. Ah, well!" he sighed, putting it away from him.

As he turned into the tree-lined avenue near the gate a slender young woman in a green and white gown arose from a seat in the shade and stepped a pace forward, opening her parasol quite leisurely as he quickened his steps. Her eyes gleamed brightly, and she was breathing as one who has run swiftly.

"You are determined to go down there among those men?" she demanded, the smile suddenly giving way to a look of disapproval. She ignored his hand.

"Certainly," he said after the moment of bewilderment. "Why not? I—I thought you had made up your mind to let me go without a word for good luck." She found great difficulty in meeting the wistful look in his eyes. "You are good to come down here to say goodby. We're almost strangers again."

"I did not come down to say goodby," she said, her lips trembling ever so slightly.

"I don't understand," he said.

"I am going with you into the town—as a witness," she said, and her face went pale at the thought of it.

"Geneva," he cried, "you—you would do that?"

"Why not, Mr. Chase?" She tried to speak calmly, but she was trembling. After all, she was a slender, helpless girl—not an amazon! "I saw and heard everything. They won't believe you unspurred. They won't harm me. If I swear to them that what you say is true they—"

Her hand was on his arm, now, trembling, eager, yet charged with fear at the prospect ahead of her. He clasped

the little hand in his and quickly lifted it to his lips.

"I'm happy again!" he cried. "It's all right with me now." She withdrew her hand on the instant.

"No, no! It isn't that," she said, her eyes narrowing. "Don't misinterpret my coming here to say that I will go. It isn't because—no, it isn't that!"

"I was unhappy because you had forsaken me," he said gently. "You are brave—you are wonderful! But I can't take you down there. I know what will happen if they find him guilty. Goodby, dear one. I'll come back—surely I'll come back. Thank you for sending me away happy."

"Won't you let me go with you?" she asked after a long, penetrating look into his eyes.

"I would not take you among them for all the world. You forget. Neither of us would come back."

"Neither of us?" she said slowly.

"I wouldn't come back without you," he said quietly, earnestly. She understood. "Goodby! Don't worry about me. I am in no danger."

"Goodby," she said, the princess once more. "I shall pray for you with all my soul." She gave him her hand. It was cold and lifeless. He pressed it warmly and went quickly away, leaving her standing there in the still shade of the satinwoods, looking after him with eyes that grew wider and wider with the tears that welled up from behind.

Hours went by—slow, tortuous hours in which the souls of those who watched and waited for his return were tried to the utmost.

Once there came to the ears of the watchers on the mountain side the sound of distant shouts, later the brief rattle of firearms. The blood of every one turned cold with apprehension. Every voice was stifled, every eye wide with dread. Neenah screamed as she fled across the terrace toward the drawbridge, where Selma stood as motionless as a statue.

Luncheon time passed, and again, as if drawn by a magnet, the entire household made its way to the front of the chateau.

At last Selma uttered a shout of joy. He forgot the deference due his betters and unceremoniously dashed off toward the gates, followed by Neenah, who seemed possessed of wings.

Chase was returning!

They saw him coming up the drive, his hat in his hand, his white umbrella raised above his head. The eager, joyous watchers saw him greet Selma and his fluttering wife. They saw Selma fall upon his knees, and they felt the tears rushing to their own eyes.

"Hurray!" shouted little Mr. Saunders in his excitement. Bowles and the three clerks joined him in the exhibition. The princess was conscious of the fact that at least five or six pairs of eyes were watching her face. She closed her lips and compelled her eyelids to obey the dictates of a resolute heart. She lowered them until they gave her the impression of indolent curiosity, even indifference. All the while her incomprehensible heart was thumping with a rapture that knew no allegiance to racial conventions.

(To be continued.)

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