

# THE ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 11, NO. 47.

BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, SEPT. 3, 1909.

\$1.50 A YEAR

## West Texas National Bank

Big Springs, Texas

### County Depository Howard County

Deposit Your Money in This Bank

as it will be SAFEGUARDED BY THE BANKING LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. We are prepared to care for the needs of our customers.

Our policy is liberal yet conservative.

#### Installation of O. E. S. Officers.

Big Springs Chapter No. 67, Order of the Eastern Star, met at the masonic hall Tuesday night, Aug. 31, for the purpose of installing its officers for the ensuing year.

A goodly number of the friends to whom the officers and members of the chapter had extended invitations, were present to witness the installation—about 120 persons, including officers, members and visitors.

Worthy Patron Wm. Fisher and the Worthy Matron, Mrs. Flora Penix, after appointing Mrs. Fannie V. Ward, Grand Matron of state of Texas, installing officer, stated the purpose for which the meeting had been called.

At the close of the installation ceremonies, Mr. J. E. Morris presented retiring Worthy Matron, Mrs. Flora Penix, with a past matron's jewel and in a few well chosen words expressed the love and esteem in which she is held by officers and members of the chapter, to which Mrs. Penix, in her charming and impressive manner, responded.

The various officers acquitted themselves becomingly in the installation, and visiting friends seemed to enjoy, and we think did enjoy, the installation. After installation a short program was rendered as follows:

Instrumental solo—Miss Nellie Tamatt.

Recitation—Miss Mary Johnson.

Instrumental solo—Miss Ada Wallace.

Vocal solo—Miss Lizzie Tamatt.

At the conclusion of program, Mr. B. Roagan being called upon for a talk, responded in appropriate and well chosen words,

expressive of his appreciation of the Order and which were encouraging to the members.

Mr. Wm. Fisher favored the Order and visitors with one of his characteristic speeches. He is enthusiastic and the officers and members of the Order do not fail, at any time, to appreciate his presence and do not allow him to escape without giving the Order the benefit of some of his valuable suggestions and the impartation of the enthusiasm he carries with him at all times.

Then Mr. J. E. Morris, in the pleasing way characteristic of him, summoned the members and their guests to the dining room where they partook of light refreshments, and all present enjoyed the little repast and the association with each other incident to their being thus brought together.

The year just closed has been a remarkable one for the prosperity it has brought to the Order. One of the Members.

#### The Revival Meeting.

Services at tabernacle are moving on with increasing interest. Grand and pointed sermons by Bro. J. T. Mason. Splendid music by Bro. Billy Hall and his choir made up of the local churches. All of the congregations well represented; the pastors with deep interest bearing their parts. All working together for the salvation of immortal souls. Everybody invited and welcome. Week day services at 3:30 and 8:15 p. m. First Sunday three services at 11 a. m. and 3:30 and 8:15 p. m. Our prayer to Almighty God is give us Big Springs for Christ.

A. W. Baldrige.

\$1,000.00 accident policy for 31c. Ask Jones & McGowan.

#### VALUABLE DOCUMENT.

Grand Father of Edwin Waller Selects Site for the State Capitol.

Edwin Waller, an ex-student of the University of Texas, for many years, a clerk in the Comptroller's office, and a candidate for Comptroller in 1910, has given to the State Librarian at Austin, a copy of an old bond for \$100,000.00 that his grandfather executed in 1839, when he was appointed as government agent by President Lamar, to select a site for the State Capitol, to lay off and plan the city of Austin, to sell the first lots, and conduct the erection of all public buildings.

#### Get Ready.

Get your tickets now at J. L. Ward's drug store, if you wish choice seats.

Commodious rainproof auditorium in one block of depot, provided with electric lights and fans.

Excursions rates over the T. & P. from all points between Abilene and Midland.

Reserved seats go with season tickets.

Season tickets \$3.00, children under 17 years of age \$1.50.

Big Springs Chautauqua Sept. 16-20. Six big numbers.

Grandest entertainment ever given in Western Texas. Apply to Fox Striplin, secretary, for further information.

#### Card of Thanks

We take this method of extending our thanks to our neighbors and friends and the Order of Railway Conductors for their kindly assistance in the burial of our brother, W. A. McCamant, as well as for their sympathy since his death.

R. L. McCamant,  
Mrs. J. H. French,  
Mrs. W. H. James.

C. D. Ambrose, editor of the Graphic at Deming, New Mexico, who was on his way home from a visit to his parents at Fayetteville, Ark., stopped off here Monday and spent the day looking over the town. Mr. Ambrose owns some valuable property here and was delighted with the improvement the town has made since he was here last.

Eyes examined free. A. H. Mahon, Oph. D., permanently located. Office over McCamant's drug store.

#### An India Tea.

There will be an India tea pouring Tuesday afternoon in behalf of the C. W. B. M., at the home of Mrs. Fred Poffenbach corner of Gregg and west 5th streets. The tea will be from 4 p. m. to 7 p. m. A silver free-will offering will be given. The following program will be rendered between 5 and 6 o'clock:

Instrumental solo—Miss Mae Allison.

Reading—Eula Brown.

Instrumental solo—Miss Anabel Birdwell.

Vocal solo—Mrs. Chas. Morris.

Instrumental duett—Misses Read.

Reading, "The Serenade"—Mrs. E. S. Bledsoe.

Instrumental solo—Miss Ethel Read.

Vocal solo—Miss Anabel Birdwell.

"India"—Mrs. Bledsoe.

Vocal duett, "Song of Heaven."

Solo, piano—Miss Amelia Rix.

Come out and have a good time for a short while in India. Everybody invited.

For Sale—One spring wagon, will be sold cheap. Also one 22-caliber rifle good as new. Apply at this office.

#### Land for Sale.

320 acres 9 miles north-west of town, 100 acres in cultivation, 140 acres grubbed ready for plow; 2 sets of improvements, price \$20 per acre bonus, \$1.00 due state, one-fourth cash, balance in five annual payments.

4-room house in Fairview Heights, lot 75x140, good storm house, underground cistern, out-houses, nice fruit and shade trees. Will be sold at bargain if taken at once.

10 sections 17 miles from Big Springs, will sell or trade for good unencumbered black land farm. This ranch is well improved and well watered. The owner is anxious to sell.

320 acres 10 miles south of town, 40 acres grubbed and broke, price \$11.00 per acre, \$1,500 cash, balance easy payments. For further particulars, see W. V. Ervin.

#### Junior C. E. Program.

Sept. 5th.

Leader—Alene Parks.

Lord's prayer in concert.

Song.

Lesson story, real obedience—Lucy Fisk.

Mission study—Leland Stone.

Song.

How Ailsie saved the Bible—W. H. Bainbridge.

Circle of sentence prayers.

Motion song by little folks.

Bible question—Verna Mauldin.

Sketch of the life of author of our national hymn—Carmen Barclay.

Canyon City Gets Normal.

The locating committee for the West Texas Normal school made their decision yesterday and located the school at Canyon City. They could hardly have found a place that is more out of the way or less accessible to the remainder of the district. It appears to be a compromise as there was a division of the committee, two of them headed by Gov. Campbell favored Abilene, while one of them, Lieut-Gov. Davidson, held out for San Angelo. Canyon City is a nice little town, has a pretty location, but there are lots of other towns in west Texas that would be a much more suitable location for the school.

Let us write your cotton insurance. The cost is small and the protection is great. Hartzog & Coffee.

## First State Bank

OF BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS

CAPITAL \$35,000.

Our Stockholders have voted unanimously to accept the Depositors Guarantee Fund of the State of Texas to secure its depositors. Open an account with us. Our patrons receive every courtesy and accommodation within the range of conservative banking.

#### OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

C. D. READ, President, T. S. CURRIE, Cashier,  
A. B. JONES, Vice-Prest. L. V. READ, Ass't Cash'r  
C. E. BELL, BERNARD FISHER.

## Texas & Pacific Telephone Co.

The only line that connects with all local telephone exchanges from

Big Springs to Abilene

Reaches all points east with copper wires

Office at Ward's Drug Store

For the benefit of the traveling public we have pay stations at Ostermore and Palace Hotels

#### Big Springs Chautauqua, Sept. 16-20.

Don't fail to be with us on Bryan day, Sept. 16, at 2 and 8 p. m., subject of lectures "Prince of Peace" and "The Price of a Soul."

On Friday night, Sept. 17, at 8 p. m., Dr. J. W. Stewart will deliver his famous lecture "The Bliss of Singleness," and you cannot but be delighted with this humorous and instructive lecture in which the character of our greatest men are portrayed. This will be one of the most interesting numbers of the Chautauqua course and you should plan to be present. Old bachelors are especially urged to have a full representation.

The Royal Hungarian Orchestra will also be an attraction on Sept. 17, and all lovers of high-class music will find this occasion a rare treat. A musical program superior to any ever presented in this city will be in force, and if you love good music you will miss much if you remain away from this delightful entertainment.

Nicola, the magician, will delight the audience Sept. 18 at 8

p. m., with his many wonderful tricks of magic. Old and young alike are intensely interested in performances of this character, and as Nicola has earned a great reputation in this line, you are sure of seeing the finest magician in the U. S. if you are present.

Sunday, Sept. 19, will be Y. M. C. A. day, an attractive speaker will be secured for this occasion.

Monday night, Sept. 20, at 8 p. m., Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, congressman from Alabama, will deliver his most noted lecture "America's Mission to the World." Capt. Hobson is conceded to be one of the finest lecturers on the American stage. His daring act in the harbor of Santiago proved him to be one of the greatest American heroes. Don't fail to hear him, for to miss such a rare treat will be an irreparable loss.

Miss Martha House, of Dallas, an experienced milliner and trimmer, is here and will spend the season with Mrs. Dreeben. Miss House accompanied Mrs. Dreeben to the northern markets and assisted in selecting their fall and winter stock which is now being received.

## A Most Hearty Welcome

to each of you who visit our store, and we are anxious that you become a customer if not already one. Our groceries are fresh, you know we are styled

### The Pure Food Grocers

If its to eat, we have it. We carry feed stuff of all kinds, such as oats, chops, bran, hay, etc. Remember that you don't have to pay long time prices when you buy from us.

## POOL BROTHERS

THE PRICE MAKERS

## NEW FALL STYLES

IN LADIES SHOES

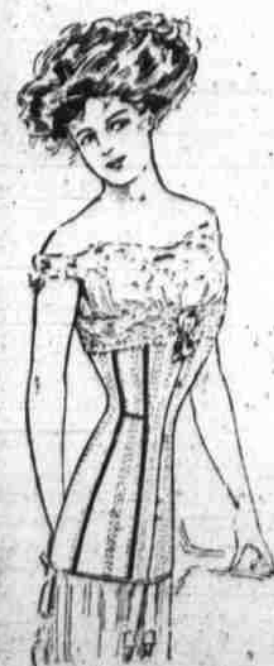
and

CORSETS

Have Arrived.

J. & W. FISHER

The Store that Sells Everything  
Established in 1882



## EVENTS 'BOILED DOWN'

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN HAPPENINGS SERVED UP IN ATTRACTIVE STYLE.

## NOTHING GOOD GOT AWAY

Everything Important That Could Be Confined to a Small Space is Here Found.

Weatherford, Okla., has voted \$100,000 water and sewer extension and city hall bonds.

A negro house near Bryan burned late Sunday and a 6-month-old negro baby burned to death.

The Isthmus of Panama experienced an earth shock Monday morning, extending over a large extent of territory. No damage was done, however.

Fire was discovered Wednesday in the Biggestaff-Morris building in Childress, and a general alarm was sounded. Damage is estimated at \$25,000.

A. J. Whitfield's sawmill was destroyed by fire Wednesday near Valiant, Okla. A half million feet of lumber was also consumed. The loss was \$10,000.

The temperature at Norfolk, Neb., dropped 58 degrees from Friday to Monday. It is said to have brought light frosts on the lowlands, though no damaging ones.

The 5-year-old son of Allen Bennett of Panhandle City was almost instantly killed Friday afternoon in a runaway accident, and the father of the child is critically injured.

There was a big fish fry at the Lunn Lake, ten miles east of Denton, Wednesday, when fishermen caught 500 pounds of fish from the lake, enough to feed the 600 persons present.

According to members of the Arbitration board of the Texas Grain Dealers' association, in Fort Worth, the corn crop of the state will be less than 50 per cent of a normal yield.

President Taft indicated in talks with callers Wednesday that in his message to Congress next December he will strongly urge the early establishment of a postal savings bank system.

The Texas Association of Retail Merchants has located its permanent headquarters in Austin and will at the next Legislature attempt to have passed a law providing for the garnishment of wages for debt.

Shippers of carloads of melons, vegetables and fruits may accompany them to market, beginning Sept. 15, according to an order issued by the Texas Railroad Commission Wednesday.

"Mother" Jones, who is holding a series of meetings in San Antonio in the interest of the Socialist party, made the statement Tuesday that she would go to El Paso and do everything in her power to prevent the meeting of President Taft with President Diaz.

Disguised as a laborer, Tax Assessor at Bayonne, N. J., worked in the Standard Oil plant and in such way secured data whereby the figures of the company were increased on the tax rolls, and the increase shows a total of \$6,000,000 more taxable property than last year.

Another "peace" fleet is to be sent across the Pacific by Uncle Sam. It will comprise eight of the strongest and fastest cruisers in the navy and will leave San Francisco a week from next Sunday. It will be occupied with its mission, which is declared to be friendly, more than five months.

A fund has been started by Telegrapher Robert B. Carey, of Shaw, Miss., for the erection of a monument for the wireless operator, George E. Eccles, who lost his life in saving the passengers on the boat Ohio, which was sunk by striking a rock on the coast of Alaska, the fund being collected by operators throughout the United States and Canada.

The Attorney General's department held that the brewers at Galveston and foreign brewery agents doing business there could not enter into an agreement not to sell beer to saloonkeepers charged with violating the Sunday closing law, as an agreement of that kind is prohibited by the anti-trust law.

The owners of the new Indianapolis motor speedway are held responsible for the several deaths that occurred during the automobile races Aug. 19, 20 and 21 in the coroner's decision made public Friday evening. He reports the matter for the Grand Jury.

Chicago has slipped into the two-and-a-half-million class, according to the new city directory, which will be issued in a few days.

The Farmers' Union of Titus County has purchased the old gin property in Mt. Pleasant, known as the Davis gin, and consolidated it with the Hutchings gin just west of town. The Farmers' Union will have charge of the gin this season. It is understood that if the union makes a success of the gin from a business standpoint they will install gin plants in every precinct in the county.

The people of Mineral Wells and Weatherford want the portion of the proposed railroad between Oran and Jacksboro built, in order to get an outlet to Northwest Texas, over the railroad now under construction from Jacksboro to Olney, where connection will be made with the railroad to Wichita Falls, on the Fort Worth and Denver. The movement for a railroad from Gainesville to Mineral Wells will materialize this fall and the road will be continued to Palo Pinto, where it will connect with the proposed road to Strawn and the south.

## BIG DEAL IN ORE LAND

C. M. SCHWAB BELIEVED TO BE INTERESTED IN MARION COUNTY PURCHASE.

## 36,000 ACRES IN TRACT

Stated that Development Expected in Cass, Upshur, Cherokee, Rusk and Harrison.

New York, Sept. 1.—It is reported here that Charles M. Schwab and his associates have closed an option on 36,000 acres of iron ore fields near Hughes Springs, in Marion County, Texas, and that he also holds options on other tracts in Cass and Upshur counties.

It is also said that on the promised development of these ore lands about 2,000 acres of mineral land in Cherokee, Rusk and Harrison Counties will be taken over by another syndicate, composed largely of Texas capital, but in which some of the independent steel concerns will have an interest.

Another report states that a steel mill will be erected at Port Arthur, with John W. Gates interested. Also that a Duluth syndicate will build a steel mill and ore docks at Texas City.

Another report is that Port Bolivar is to be made the concentrating point for the ores. It seems that there are two or three different syndicates at work, and the whole scheme seems to have been brought to a head by Mr. Schwab's recent visit to Texas.

Lone Highwayman Robs Train, Lewistown, Pa.: One of the most audacious and startling hold-ups of a railroad train in the East for years occurred in the eastern slope of the Alleghany Mountains early Tuesday when a lone highwayman stopped a Pennsylvania Railroad express train with a dynamite cartridge and at the point of a revolver compelled the crew to carry thousands of dollars in coin and bullion from an express car to a spot in the wilderness.

Masons to Build Temple, Dallas: The two blue lodges of the Masonic fraternity in Dallas, Tannehill Lodge and Dallas Lodge, have architects at work on plans for a five-story temple, to cover a space of 100x100 feet on the southwest corner of Main and Pearl streets and cost \$100,000. Work on the structure is to be begun within three months.

Big Sugar Mill For Texas, Mercedes, Hidalgo Co.: One of the largest sugar mills in the South, having a capacity of 2,000 tons of cane sugar daily, and costing \$2,500,000, is to be erected here in time to handle the cane crop of 1911. The company putting in the mill will plant 6,000 acres in cane.

Cloudburst in Mining Camp, Reno, Nev.: The mining camp of Rawhide, 100 miles from here, was swept by a cloudburst Tuesday, a wall of water said to have been 12 feet in height rushing through the streets. Six women and children are reported missing, 500 homeless and 165 buildings destroyed.

Census Machines Are Bought, Washington: The contracts for the purchase of 100 tabulating machines and 300 counting machines for the Census Bureau, which are expected to result in a saving of nearly \$1,000,000 to the Government, were signed Tuesday by the Acting Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

Build Two More Bridges, San Angelo: Two more bridges are to be erected across the North Concho River immediately—one to be on Chadbourne street and the other on Irving street.

Loss Life in Fire, Fort Worth: In a fire Monday night at Jackson and Taylor streets, Arthur Griggs lost his life by suffocation. Griggs was found in a closet, into which he had gone, evidently thinking he was going through an outside door.

Panhandle Has Fine Rain, Roswell, N. M.: The entire Panhandle had a fine rain Sunday and all day Monday, amounting at Roswell to only 61-100 of an inch, but falling slowly and every drop sinking into the ground.

Offers Prize to Aeronauts, Paris: The Matin offers a prize of 100,000 francs (\$20,000) to be awarded to the heavier-than-air machine which makes the fastest time in a circuit from Paris to Donjon, Nancy, Lille and Paris, before Aug. 31, 1910.

Laredo Railway Situation, Laredo: Tuesday for the first time since the big washout last Friday night trains ran through from Laredo to Corpus Christi over the Texas and Mexican Road and over the Mexican National to Monterey.

Rain Comes Too Late, McKinney: A good rain fell here Tuesday afternoon, but it comes too late to be of any benefit to crops, except late cotton. Not enough has fallen to give a supply of stock water and a great many farmers are hauling water.

Windstorm Near Georgetown, Georgetown: A severe wind and rainstorm raged north and northeast of here Tuesday. The residence of Otto Rawn near Weir was nearly destroyed and much damage done.

## NEWS FROM OVER TEXAS

Five thousand visitors spent Sunday in Galveston.

## NEWS FROM OVER TEXAS

The Marl Oil Company's cotton gin at Highland burned Saturday. Property loss estimated at \$5,000.

Walter Lee Thornton, eight-year-old son of Stephen Thornton, was run over and killed by a street car in Dallas Sunday.

The total taxable values of the city of Haskell for 1909 is \$1,307,060, showing an increase of \$221,000 over last year.

The Texas State Stenographers' Association met in Fort Worth Friday, in annual convention.

Mayor Sweeney of El Paso, left Friday for the City of Mexico to officially invite President Diaz to be the guest of El Paso Oct. 16.

Seven new rooms have been added to the school buildings of Amarillo during vacation, and these will give accommodations to approximately 500.

An interesting feature of the report of Immigration Commissioner in Washington is his figures on the enormous increase of immigration from Mexico.

A slow rain fell over Texas Tuesday. The precipitation was slight, amounting to about thirty-six hundredths of an inch, but is expected to be beneficial.

The Central Compress Company of Sulphur Springs is making its first run and will compress 100 bales of the new crop to be shipped direct to Bremen, Germany.

Fire broke out Tuesday in the mercantile house of W. E. Skeen, in Wichita Falls. The building was in flames before the alarm was given. Damage was \$12,000.

Preparations already under way show there will be a big increase in the wheat acreage in Denton County the coming year, and planting will be begun in a few days now.

The boll-weevil is doing great work in different parts of Texas. The cotton has had the dry weather to contend with and now the fruit is being ruined as fast as it forms.

The Abilene and Southern Railway Company began excavations for the new depot and freight house Tuesday in Abilene, with a gang of several teams and eighteen workmen.

The badly decomposed body of an unidentified woman, presumably a stranger in the city, was found in a clump of bushes near the old pump house, in Brackenridge Park, San Antonio, Sunday.

The secretary of the Bartlett Commercial Club states plans have been formulated and the material purchased for the construction of the Bartlett-Florence Railroad. The right of way has been surveyed and work will begin soon.

Carpenters, painters and decorators who are preparing the Juarez, Mex., public buildings for the meeting of the Presidents of the two Republics, are hard at work and many of the citizens are busy putting their grounds and sidewalks in order.

Y. Y. Beasley, engineer on the Marshall and East Texas Railway, had his left foot cut off at Willsboro, Saturday. He was walking beside his engine, which was being moved slowly backward by the fireman, and stepped on a pole, from which his foot rolled under the wheels.

The State of Texas Monday filed a motion in the Twenty-Sixth District Court praying that Judge Wilcox issue the necessary orders to sell the property of the Waters-Pierce Oil Company and to make such other orders as will put into full force and effect the judgment cancelling the Texas permit of the oil company and perpetually enjoining it from doing business in Texas.

The Mexicans who entered the United States during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909, numbered 15,591, against 5,532 for the previous year.

It is claimed by the Hill County authorities that the ad valorem tax rate on property in that county for this year is, as far as can be learned, lower than exists in any other county in this portion of the State. The county levy is, altogether, 20c on the \$100 valuation, which, with the State school tax 18 2-3c and the State tax for general purposes of 5c, makes an aggregate of only \$1 2-3c on the \$100 value of property in this county.

Shortly before noon Thursday on the Coffman ranch, near Abilene, Mat Thomas, a Deputy Sheriff of the community, was shot and perhaps fatally wounded, while attempting to make an arrest.

The two-year-old baby of George Light, who lives six miles west of Snyder, died Wednesday as the result of burns received from pouring oil on her. The child got hold of a can of oil and in the absence of the other members of the family poured the contents on a fire that was burning around the wash kettle.

The first Oklahoma hogs to bring \$8 per hundred on the Ft. Worth market were received Wednesday. These hogs were shipped from Weatherford, Okla. They averaged 250 pounds, netting the owner \$20.45 each, or a total for the car load of \$3,293.32.

While Ben Wright was at work in his field in the Chambers community, near McKinney, Thursday, and his wife had gone to the field to take him water, their house caught fire and burned to death their 18-month-old baby boy, who had been left asleep in a cradle.

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## It May Be Your Fate

To have your house burned down tonight. One can never tell what minute such a thing may happen. The question naturally arises, "ARE YOU INSURED?" If not, do you think it would be wise to have us issue a policy at once? It is most decidedly penny wise and pound foolish to be without insurance when the danger of fire is always present, when ruin may come at any time. Call on us at our

Office in West Texas National Bank

Hartzog & Coffee.

## JOB PRINTING

THE BEST AT THE ENTERPRISE

The Best Is None too Good for Our Customers.

## H. C. WALLACE LUMBER CO.

Dealers in Building Material of all Kinds For Good Lumber at Moderate Prices, Give us a call before buying elsewhere The H. C. Wallace Lumber Co.

## The Home Steam Laundry

Is a home institution and should have the patronage of the people of Big Springs. All work called for and delivered free of charge. Satisfaction Guaranteed Give us your business

## A. J. PRICHARD,

Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public Will Practice in All Courts Rooms and 2 Ward Bldg. Come and See Us. Big Springs, Tex

## DR. E. H. HAPPEL,

DENTIST Office Over Post National Bank, Big Springs, Tex

## DR. E. A. LANG,

DENTIST. Crowns and Bridges work a Specialty. Office over Fisher Bros. Store. Office phone 206 Residence 261

## The Good Herefords

Bulls in Service. Division 1104, son of Conductor 45708 Marathon 1104, son of (Imp.) Marathon 7008. My cows are of the best strains. FRANK GOOD Seabrook, Texas

## CITY CHILI PARLOR

Chili, Hamburg, Omelet and Soup and also Pan-fried every day. M. GONZALES Proprietor

## Your Stationery

In your silent representative. If you sell fine goods that are up-to-date in style and of superior quality it ought to be reflected in your printing. We produce the kind that you need and will not feel ashamed to have represent you. That is the way. Kindly write to us. Send your orders to this office.

## FAME..

Is not achieved by doing things as well as others. We have for years the old order of things and devised a photographic system so high that the rest of our kind must look up. It's power to infuse into a photograph a vigorous, definite style and character that brings success to the maker. That's why we guarantee our work to please you.

M. D. WILLIS, Photographer

## FACTS

The news items of the home community. The things in which you are most interested. The births, weddings, deaths of the people you know. The social affairs of our own and surrounding towns.

## FACTS

The news items of the home community. The things in which you are most interested. The births, weddings, deaths of the people you know. The social affairs of our own and surrounding towns.

These are the kind of facts this paper offers you in every issue. They are certainly worth the subscription price.

# WE ARE

Located in the new Ambrose building, next to McCamant's drug store, where we will be pleased to have you call and inspect our line of fresh staple and fancy groceries.

**JONES & McGOWEN**

The People That Want Your Business

## NOTICE!

### The Big Stall Wagon Yard

Just east of Burton-Lingo. Come in and put your team up with me and you will be treated in a way that you will be sure to come back. I also handle flour and meal, buy and sell all kinds of feed stuff.

**E. E. WILLIAMSON** Phone 368

WHEN YOU WANT TO BUILD  
LET ME FIGURE WITH YOU

**J. M. MORGAN**  
CONTRACTOR

P.O. Box 615

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**\$100**

will make you a bookkeeper or stenographer. It pays board, tuition and stationery. Positions Secured.

**20—Life Scholarships—20**  
AT HALF PRICE

A \$100 scholarship to be given away. Greatest offer ever made by a Business College. Saves you from \$50 to \$100 on a complete course. Fall term opens Sept. 14.

**Walden's Business Colleges**

Lake Charles, La. Austin, Texas. New Iberia, La.

### School Opens Sept. 13.

School will open on Monday, Sept. 13, and it is very important for every pupil to be present on the first day in order to save time and trouble in organization and classification. It is no less important for him to be present on every succeeding day throughout the session in order to do satisfactory and successful work. Furthermore, irregularity in punctuality and attendance not only results in failure in school, but also in the formation of habits destructive to success in life.

To avoid confusion, all pupils, whether promoted or not, are requested to pass into the respective rooms occupied by them at the close of last session. From these rooms they will be conducted to the ones that they are to occupy. Pupils should not in any case pass directly to the rooms to which they have been promoted.

The first day will be devoted to

the organization of classes, and to the examination of pupils who do not hold the proper passports to the grades in which they desire to be enrolled. These examinations are for three classes of pupils, namely, for old pupils who did not have the privilege of taking the examinations at the close of school; for old pupils who failed on the examination at that time, but who have done special work through the summer, and for new pupils who do not hold promotion cards from accredited schools.

No books should be purchased by pupils until they are instructed to do so by their respective teachers.

There will be a teachers' meeting in the school building on Saturday, the 11th at 10 a. m., for the purpose of making assignments to teachers, and arranging for the opening and continuance of school. All teachers are expected to be present at this meeting. Superintendent.

## Local and Personal

### School Books

School Books must be sold for CASH. The small margin of profit would not pay the interest on the money to say nothing of the expense of handling them. Therefore it is necessary to make your arrangements to pay cash for them. There is no exchange of books this year. See section 4 of the Text Book law.

**B. REAGAN.**

R. L. McCamant & Co., the Rexall store.

All stores will be closed Monday on account of Labor day.

Rexall's the up to date patent medicine. McCamant's.

FIRE INSURANCE. Let me write your policy.

**J. C. Baird.**

Jack Alley and wife, of Tahoka, boarded the east bound train here last night on their way to St. Louis.

All the new shapes in John B. Stearn hats at A. P. McDonald & Co's.

Frank Cooksey and family, of Dawson county, were here today on their way home from a visit to Ellis county.

A full line of the unequalled Rexall perfumes and toilet waters. McCamant.

A. G. Bolton, wife and son left this morning for San Antonio and Ft. Davis on a two weeks visit to relatives and friends.

See H. B. Arnold for anything in sheet metal work, will please you if I can. Am no amateur workman.

Dr. T. M. Griffin, of Gomez, was here Wednesday morning. He came down to bring a sick man who was on his way to San Angelo.

Rexall's famous remedies of which there is one for each ailment. At McCamant's.

Our new serial story "Whispering Smith," begins with this issue. If you are fond of reading wild west stories begin with the first chapter. It is thrilling.

See Richardson & Everts, Tailors, for all kinds cleaning and pressing, alterations or a new suit. In basement under First State Bank. 46-21

See J. D. McDonald in the VanGeison building for new and second-hand goods. We sell, buy and exchange any way, any time, any place to suit the customers. Phone 414.

Rev. Wilson C. Rogers and wife have returned from their trip to Vineyard and Fort Worth. They report a good revival meeting at Vineyard, conducted by Bro. Rogers.

Try Rexall's 93 hair tonic. If it does not do what we claim your money refunded.

**R. L. McCamant & Co.**

G. C. Black, living out on the Gail road, was in town Tuesday. He returned Monday from a trip to the panhandle and says crops are very little better there than here.

Come in and let us make you acquainted with the famous Rexall's remedies. Only at McCamant's.

### Notice.

Services will be held at 11 a. m., and 8:15 p. m., Sunday, Sept. 5th, at the First Presbyterian church corner of Main and 4th streets. Everybody invited; strangers welcome.

**Jno. S. Thomas, Pastor.**

A \$1,000 accident insurance policy only 31 cents. Ask how to obtain one at Ward's.

# The Place to Buy

Hardware, Glass and Queensware, Wagons, Buggies, Plows, Windmills and water supply materials of all kinds is at our store. We can fit you up with any kind of galvanized sheet iron work from our own shop. :-: :-: :-:

# The Western Windmill Co.

## Buy the best--Buy Eupion

Eupion Oil has stood the test and has been considered the highest standard grade of oil in Texas for over fifty-two years and still holds the lead in the oil field. It is the only non-explosive oil that is sold--barring none. .. .. .

Ask your grocer for Eupion and take no other

Beneditto Allegretti's delicious candies for sale at McCamant's.

Hon. Cone Johnson, of Tyler, spent Friday night here on his way east from the upper plains county where he delivered several speeches.

L. S. McDowell, wife and son returned Tuesday from an auto trip to Amarillo and other points on the north plains and report a very pleasant visit. They had the pleasure of hearing Senator Bailey and Cone Johnson speak.

Judge A. J. Prichard received the sad intelligence Monday that his brother, Elder C. E. Prichard, had died at his home at Mangum, Oklahoma. We extend sympathy to the relatives in their bereavement.

Everything has been arranged for the Labor day celebration Monday and a large crowd is expected. The place selected for the barbecue and picnic grounds is in the H. C. Read grove in the southwest part of town.

The scholastic population of Texas, as given by the census of this year, is 948,990. Howard county has 2,016 children within the scholastic age which embraces all children over 7 years and under 17 year of age. The apportionment for the scholastic year 1909-10 is \$8.25 for each child.

### Baptist Church.

Sunday at 9:45 a. m., preaching at 11 a. m. Subject for the morning theme, "Heroism of a hero." No services at night on account of the tabernacle meeting. Junior B. Y. P. U. at 3 p. m. Sunbeams at Mrs. S. H. Morrison at 3 p. m. Senior B. Y. P. U. at 4:30 p. m. Let all the members be present and take part in the program. It is also time for the election of officers. Everybody is invited to attend our services, and if you are a stranger in our city, come and receive a hearty welcome. Wilson C. Rogers, Pastor.

## AN AFRICAN FUNERAL IS KIN TO AN AMERICAN STREET CARNIVAL, AND IS A LOT NOISIER

That seems a cruel disposition of the burial rites of savage Africa, but you'll see the humor of the thing if you read

### Weird Funerals of Africa's Kings

By GERALD A. RODERICK

Correspondent Roderick of Naples, Italy, has forwarded this story from Africa.

IT IS INTENSELY INTERESTING

NEXT ISSUE READ IT

Phone 180  
New Market

Try the the New Market. We can and will furnish you the best and fanciest meat out, pork, veal, beef and sausage. We also carry a small line of groceries; nearly anything we have it. We strive to please our trade. Try us.

Pure Lard Home Made, 10lbs \$1.50

Read Market and Store

# Putting One Past the Post

By JOHN IRVING DAY

Garnering the Gold by a Special Process Originated Within the Confines of the High Rollers' Club

**D**OCK FLOYD, Jack Cleland and Col. Powley of the High Rollers' club set out from Reno, Nev., for San Francisco. They became acquainted with a George Hopkins, interested in Raw Hide mining properties.

Doc Floyd sat in the marble-finished rotunda of San Francisco's best hotel the morning after his arrival. He had finished with his newspaper and was gazing out upon the little park across the street filled with palms and beds of bright-hued flowers. Neither Col. Powley nor Jack Cleland had appeared, and he was rather glad when the young mining man he had met on the train came upon him, and he was cheered from his self-absorption by a cheery greeting. Looking up, he saw that young Hopkins no longer wore corduroys and heavy hunting boots, but was blue-serged, green-hatted and patent-leathered, and altogether sporty looking enough to belong to his own set.

"All alone, I see," remarked Hopkins as he touched Floyd upon the shoulder. "If you've not been to breakfast, I'd like to have you join me."

"I'd be pleased to," assented Floyd, who had grown hungry waiting for his friends. Those fellows who came with me must be taking an extra portion of sleep this morning. I'll not wait any longer for them."

Down in the grillroom a breakfast was served, the equal of which is not to be had in any other city in the United States, excepting, perhaps, New Orleans. By the time Floyd and Hopkins had lit their cigarettes they were conversing as old friends.

"Oh, look who's arrived!" burst out Tony the Tout, upon catching sight of Floyd and his party. "It isn't the Big Doctor, and I haven't seen him since Hamburg was a two-year-old."

"And say," whispered Tony, in confidential tones, "find out to-night what business that young man who was with you this afternoon has with old Tom Camp. They were off in a corner for a long time and if your friend ain't some wise fish he's apt to be bit."

That night after dinner Floyd, in conversation with young Hopkins, cautiously led the talk up to Tom Camp, and then asked the flat-footed question as to whether Hopkins had entered or was about to enter into any deal.

"Well, I'm rather ashamed of it, because it does look like a crooked deal," returned Hopkins; "but I'm a lot looser on the game, first and last, and it looks like a chance to get even, so I was going to take it. If you know anything about Camp, you know he has some of the best horses on the track. He says he's been in hard luck this winter and lost several thousand dollars bucking the faro bank. His proposition is for me to put in \$5,000 to help back a book. He will put in \$5,000 of his own money, making a good strong bank roll. The books are all making money now, and besides the even break we would get in on the regular play; Camp says he can fix a race or two so we can win some sure money. He is certain that we can pull out \$25,000 each in a week."

"That all listens well," broke in Floyd.

"What's the matter with it?" questioned Hopkins. "I don't know why I'm telling you all this, anyway. You might queer my game for all I know."

"No, I'll do nothing of the kind," answered Floyd. "But I'll bet you five hundred now that if I don't save you, Camp will trim you for whatever you put in. If it's such a sure thing, what does he want with a partner to share the profits? Any time a man offers you something for nothing, look up your bank roll and keep your hand on your jewelry. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, it does look that way," assented Hopkins; "but you see he needs \$10,000 to make the book safe, and he only has about \$5,000 in ready money that he can lay his hands on. That's why he wants some one to come in with the other \$5,000."

"That's just what they all say, and now I'm convinced that you are scheduled to be the guest," announced Floyd. "Did he explain to you just how he was going to pull off one of those alleged 'sure things'?"

"Yes, there's a race on the card tomorrow in which he has a horse entered that can win. He also controls the only other contender in the race. He can throw the race to whichever horse he wants to. You know that's possible, don't you?"

"Yes, I've seen such things done, and then again I've seen them fail most awfully hard. I can see now how easy it will be for him to break the book and get your \$5,000 on one race. Come on up to my rooms and I'll initiate you into the art of beating the double cross, if there's any chance to do it; and if there isn't then you'd better keep your \$5,000 in the bank, or have a trustee appointed to look after it for you. You may be all right on a mining proposition, but there are a lot of other things you've got to learn."

Within 15 minutes Floyd, with the aid of the telephone, had located Tony the Tout, and in another half hour that wise bug of the turf had arrived at Floyd's rooms, wondering for what he was wanted, and pleased all over to be summoned into the presence of so august a personage.

To Tony Floyd told the proposition of Camp as Hopkins had told it to him, and upon hearing the proposition Tony let out a long laugh.

"Why, it's just a plain game of double cross," asserted Tony. "He'll break the book and get your \$5,000 in one race and then tell you it was all a mistake and make you believe it, and then he'll ask you to dig up another \$5,000 to get even with. Why, my kid brother wouldn't bite on that old hook."

"Yes, do you suppose I didn't know all that?" broke in Floyd with a motion for the talkative Tony to shut up. "What I want you for is to see if we can turn the tables and get Camp's end of the bank roll."

"I'm afraid not," answered Tony. "He's worked that game four or five times this season and always gets away with it. He's got a regular crew to go on and make the book and they

spart during the afternoon, having agreed to meet in a secluded spot on the grounds just before the race in which Camp had announced that a trick was to be turned.

"Are you sure of that tout?" was the anxious inquiry of Hopkins when he and Floyd finally met in consultation.

"Yes, he'd lose both legs sooner than throw me down," was the reply. "Now, what does Camp say?"

"He says he has instructed the book to take in all the bets they can get on Applejack. He has arranged with the owner of that one to lose and he will win with his own horse, Lemon Squeezer. He explains that it might be suspicious to the judges if he didn't win this race."

"That means," explained Floyd, "that he intends that Applejack is to win and his horse will be beaten out. How much money have you got in your pocket?"

"Oh, about \$500."

"Well, go in the ring and make five \$100 bets on Lemon Squeezer, but don't bet it in our book. Camp has given instructions to his bookmakers to give a shade the best price on the other fellow's horse. He will have commission men there to get his own money down quick and bet enough to win out the bank roll on that one race. That's the way he's got it fixed to win our \$5,000."

The two separated and entered the betting ring from different ends of that inclosure. Floyd noticed that true to

front, while next in order and close behind came Lemon Squeezer, both horses running easily. Before they had gone a quarter of the distance it could be seen that the race was between the first two horses, and the others were strung out in single file. In the stretch came Applejack, running without effort, with Lemon Squeezer within safe call. A smile of contentment rested upon the face of Tom Camp, down at the end of the grandstand, while Floyd's countenance wore a worried look and young Hopkins was shivering in the excitement of lost hope.

"There, and I listened to you and your tout," he said to Floyd as he saw Applejack winning easily.

"Why, it's nothing more than a procession," muttered Floyd. "And I would have staked my right eye on Tony. Why, that boy on Applejack is racing him to death to win and the other fellow don't seem to be trying." "Applejack wins!" shouted the crowd as the blue and white stripes passed under the wire a good length in front of Lemon Squeezer.

"That's one time that I'm the goat," muttered Doc Floyd to Hopkins. "I'm sorry I steered you wrong, and will get you even. Although I guess I'm in a few thousand deeper than you are, I know I gave you the wrong steer and am sorrier for that than losing my own money. We are whipsawed for fair. Camp wins out the bank roll in the book and we lose our outside bets



"AIN'T YOU WISE TO WHAT'S HAPPENED?"

all stand in with the play. I suppose he's told Mr. Hopkins that he can put a man in the box to look out for his interests."

"Yes, he said I could do that," assented the young mining man.

"Let's look over that race he said he could fix for to-morrow," was the sudden suggestion of Tony as he produced a paper in which was a list of the entries for the next day's races. "Oh, I've got the old badger!" was the sudden, gleeful outburst. "He was right about there being just two horses in the race with a chance to win. Go on and put in the \$5,000 with him and I'll attend to the rest when I see you at the track to-morrow. Just put a wise one in the box to see that no one runs away with the bank roll, and after that race we'll have old Camp ready to take the high dive from the top of the ferry boat."

"What is it you're going to do?" was the suspicious inquiry of Hopkins.

"Never mind what I'm going to do; the Big Doctor will stand for what I say, won't you, Doc?"

"Yes, I don't know what it is, but if you are sure you can put it through I'll take all, or half, of Hopkins' end of the \$5,000. I'll give Hopkins \$2,500 in the morning for a half of his interest and he needn't let Camp know there is any one else in on the deal. Jack Cleland can be the man in the box as lookout."

When Floyd arrived at the race track on the day following his talk with Hopkins and Tony he saw a new bookmaker's stand in the line under the shed of the betting ring. In this stand was seated Jack Cleland, who was supposed to be there as an assistant to the cashier, but no glance of recognition passed between the two. Floyd and Hopkins also kept

his prediction, the new partnership book had put up 2 to 1 on Applejack while the other books were laying a shade less than that price. A moment afterwards he noticed that the partnership bookmaker rubbed out the price against Applejack, announcing that he had all he wanted of it. Floyd knew, by this sign that Camp had bet enough of his own money to win out the money that was in the book. Walking quietly through the ring, he stopped long enough before a number of books to make several good-sized wagers on Lemon Squeezer. He already had given Tony \$1,000 to wager on the same horse.

Thomas Camp, besides getting all the money to be had in his own book, also had wagered hundreds on Applejack in other books on the ring, and was surprised to note when he returned from the paddock, where he had just saddled his horse and given final instructions to the jockey, that the price against Lemon Squeezer, his own horse, had not gone up in the betting. He was unaware that a large amount of money bet by Floyd had forced the price down. He had no time to investigate, however, as the horses already were at the post, and he hurried to a point of vantage from which he could view the race.

Across the track in the infield Tony the Tout and Hank Harlin, owner of Applejack, stood talking together. Doc Floyd, watching the pair through his sunglasses from the grandstand, saw Tony pass a small package of bookmaker's tickets to Harlin.

"They're off!" came the hurrying cry of the crowd in chorus as the barrier over at the three-quarter pole whizzed up and a field of eight horses leaped forward. The blue and white striped jacket and cap of Applejack shined in

Come on and let's get a bottle of wine No use crying over spilt milk now."

The two men, drinking large glasses of wine at the bar, paid slight attention to a sudden cheering and commotion on the outside.

"I guess we put over a good one that time, didn't we?" Floyd looked around upon the smiling face of Tony.

"Why, you young bound, I ought to break your head with this bottle," he said in low but dangerously threatening tones.

"What's the matter, pal? Ain't you wise to what's happened?"

"No, what is it?" broke in young Hopkins, anxiously.

"Why, Applejack was disqualified for not having up enough weight. Somehow or other Hank Harlin was careless in putting his lead pads to make the extra weight along with the saddle, and the jockey lost ten pounds of lead while he was at the post. Careless of Hank, wasn't it? He's been looking for a chance to double cross Camp and fell for my little scheme when I told him how much money we would bet for him on the other horse."

"And then we've won in the book besides the outside bet!" exclaimed young Hopkins, suddenly realizing that Tony the Tout had made good.

"You should have told us how you were going to pull it off," drawled Floyd. "We nearly had heart failure, and you can't blame us for doubting you can you?"

"Well, I've showed you that I could get one over, anyway," returned Tony. "And now, so far as I'm concerned, they can turn all the race tracks in the country into gold fields. I'm going into a decent respectable saloon business back home."

(Copyright, 1924, by W. S. Channing)

## 1,200 LIVES ARE LOST IN MONTEREY FLOOD

CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE ON PROPERTY LOSSES PLACE TOTAL AT \$20,000,000.

### RAINFALL SEVENTEEN INCHES

Survivors Are Being Fed By Authorities—Hundreds of Bodies Have Been Recovered.

Monterey, Mexico, Aug. 30.—At noon Sunday it stopped raining for the first time since last Thursday afternoon, and some idea of the horrors of the flood Friday night and Saturday could be obtained.

It was at first reported that 200 lives were lost in the disaster, but Sunday shows the number of dead will reach 1,200, and perhaps more.

Monterey, Mexico, Aug. 30.—Eight hundred drowned, 15,000 homeless and property damage to the extent of \$12,000,000 is the result of a flood which struck this city between 1 and 3 o'clock Saturday morning. For seventy-two hours it has rained in this section of the country and the Santa Catarina River rose gradually all day Friday, the crest of the flood reaching here early Saturday morning.

It was at first thought that there would be no lives lost in this flood, but the water rose to a height never before reached in this city. All during the early morning the water remained stationary and did not commence to fall until about noon Saturday, when a drop of four feet began. By four o'clock this afternoon the river was back in its banks, only to go out of them again at six o'clock on account of the continued downpour of rain.

The scene is one of the utmost horror, four whole city blocks on the south side having completely disappeared and the place looks as though nothing had ever been built there. The water reached the electric light plant Friday night and the complete darkness which reigned added to the terror of the scene.

Cries of the drowning people were heard and the onlookers were powerless to aid. When daylight came the scene was indelible. All through the flooded district groups of from ten to eighty people could be seen huddled on the tops of two-story buildings, entirely surrounded by tumbling, seething masses of water. One by one these houses disappeared with their human freight. Nothing could live in the wild current of Santa Catarina River, which was rushing down at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

The great steel plant suffered a loss of nearly a million dollars in the flood and the smelter of the Mexican Lead Company is cut off from the city and submerged. It is estimated that the loss at this plant will be over three million dollars.

Laredo, Tex., Aug. 30.—From a reliable source, but which can not be quoted, the information is gleaned that in Monterey the loss of life as a result of the overflow of the Santa Catarina River is paced at 100 to 200 persons.

The flood, one of the most disastrous ever known in Northern Mexico, was caused by the overflow of the Santa Catarina River. The damage is estimated to be \$12,000,000.

In the city of Monterey telephone communication is prostrated, the electric light plant is half under water and out of commission, the entire street car service of the city, which depends upon the electric plant for its power, is paralyzed, and the waterworks has been damaged to such an extent that the water supply of the city is crippled.

For the past forty-eight hours a veritable deluge of rain has been falling which, together with the flow of water from the adjacent mountains into the Santa Catarina River, so swelled that stream that it reached a width of a mile and a half and completely overflowed certain portions of the city of Monterey, wrecking houses and causing loss of life as it rampaged on its mad course. Reports state that the current in the river was so swift that it appeared to the stricken families who lived in the vicinity to be a miniature Niagara.

Not a train has reached this city thus far and telegraphic communication is prostrated to such an extent that the exact location of some of the trains is unknown.

#### Storm Warnings Issued.

New Orleans: Two storm warnings were issued by the local United States Weather Bureau, Thursday, the first shortly before 9 a. m. and the second late Friday afternoon. These warnings follow the announcement Thursday night that a West Indian hurricane was sweeping northward through the Yucatan channel.

#### Thompson Denies Report.

City of Mexico: Ambassador David S. Thompson emphatically denies the report that he had purchased the Pan-American Railroad for \$10,000,000, acting as the agent for E. H. Harriman.

#### Castro Justice of Peace Dead.

Castro: Justice of the Peace W. D. Heston is dead and his wife is probably fatally injured as the result of a shooting in the Day Hotel, which she owned, Monday night.

# THE BEST REMEDY

### For Women—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Weak, Ky.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from headaches, nervous prostration, and hemorrhages."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong, so that I can do all my household work, and attend to the store and post-office, and feel much younger than I really am."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most successful remedy for all kinds of female troubles, and I feel that I can never praise it enough."—Mrs. LIZZIE HOLLAND, Noah, Ky.

The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain.

Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

For 30 years it has been curing women from the worst forms of female ailments—inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and nervous prostration.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

### AGENTS WANTED

To handle the best selling...

WRECK AN OFFICE MAN.

Men who are actively engaged at hard work can sometimes eat food that would wreck a man who is more closely confined.

This is illustrated in the following story:

"I was for 12 years clerk in a store working actively and drank coffee all the time without much trouble until after I entered the telegraph service. There I got very little exercise and drinking strong coffee, my nerves were unsteady and my stomach got weak and I was soon a very sick man. I quit meat and tobacco and in fact I stopped eating everything which I thought might affect me except coffee, but still my condition grew worse, and I was all but a wreck."

"I finally quit coffee and commenced to use Postum a few years ago, and I am speaking the truth when I say, my condition commenced to improve immediately and today I am well and can eat anything I want without any bad effects, all due to shifting from coffee to Postum."

"I told my wife today I believed I could digest a brick if I had a cup of Postum to go with it."

"We make it according to directions, boiling it half an hour and use good rich cream and it is certainly delicious."

Look in shops for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"There's a Reason."

Even read the above story! A new and improved drink that does what they say it does.

Look in shops for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

"There's a Reason."

Even read the above story! A new and improved drink that does what they say it does.

Look in shops for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

# WHISPERING SMITH

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY ANDRE BOWLES

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## CHAPTER I.

### The Wrecking Boss.

News of the wreck at Smoky Creek reached Medicine Bend from Point of Rocks at five o'clock. Sinclair, in person, was overseeing the making up of his wrecking train, and the yard, usually quiet at that hour of the morning, was alive with the hurly of men and engines. In the trainmaster's room of the weather-beaten headquarters building nicknamed by railroad men "The Wickup," early comers—sleepy-faced, keen-eyed trainmen—lounged on the tables and in chairs discussing the reports from Point of Rocks, and among them crew-callers and messengers moved in and out. Two minutes after they had their orders and were pulling out of the upper yard, with right of way over everything to Point of Rocks.

The wreck had occurred just west of the creek. A fast east-bound freight train, double-headed, had left the track on the long curve around the hill, and when the wrecking train backed through Ten Shed cut the sun streamed over the heaps of jammed and twisted cars strung all the way from the point of the curve to the foot of Smoky hill. The crew of the train that lay in the ditch walked slowly up the track to where the wreckers had pulled up, and the freight conductor asked for Sinclair. Men rigging the derrick pointed to the hind car. The conductor, swinging up the caboose steps, made his way inside among the men that were passing out tools. The air within was bluish-thick with tobacco smoke, but through the haze the freightman saw facing him, in the far corner of the den-like interior, a man seated behind an old dining-car table, finishing his breakfast; one glimpse was enough to identify the dark-bearded of Sinclair, foreman of the bridges and boss of the wrecking gang.

Beside him stood a steaming coffee tank, and in his right hand he held an enormous tin cup that he was about to raise to his mouth when he saw the freight conductor. With a laugh, Sinclair threw up his left hand and beckoned him over. Then he shook his hair just a little, tossed back his head, opened an unusual mouth, drained the cup at a gulp, and cursing the freightman fraternally, exclaimed: "How many cars have you ditched this time?"

The trainman, a sober-faced fellow, answered, dryly: "All I had."

"Running too fast, eh?" glared Sinclair.

With the box cars piled 40 feet high on the track, the conductor was too old a hand to begin a controversy. "Our time's fast," was all he said.

Sinclair rose and exclaimed: "Come on!" And the two, leaving the car, started up the track. The wrecking boss paid no attention to his companion as they forged ahead, but where the train had hit the curve he scanned the track as he would a blue print. "They'll have your scalp for this," he declared, abruptly.

"I reckon they will."

"What's your name?"

"Stevens."

"Looks like all day for you, doesn't it? No matter; I guess I can help you out."

Where the merchandise cars lay, below the switch, the train crew knew that a tramp had been caught. At intervals they heard groans under the wreckage, which was piled high there. Sinclair stopped at the derrick, and the freight conductor went on to where his brakeman had called two of Sinclair's giants to help get out the tramp. A brake beam had crushed the man's legs, and the pallor of his face showed that he was hurt internally, but he was conscious and moaned softly. The men had started to carry him to the way car when Sinclair came up, asked what they were doing, and ordered them back to the wreck. They hesitated a moment, but he said: "But he wants water," protested a brakeman who was walking behind, carrying his arm in a sling.

"Water!" bawled Sinclair. "Have my men got nothing to do but carry a tramp to water? Get ahead there and help unload those refrigerators. He'll find water fast enough. Let the damned hobo crawl down to the creek after it."

The tramp was too far gone for resentment; he had fainted when they laid him down, and his half-glazed eyes, staring at the sky, gave no evidence that he heard anything.

The sun rose hot, for in the Red desert sky there is rarely a cloud. Sinclair took the little hill nearest the switch to follow his orders from, running down among the men when necessary to help carry them out. Within 30 minutes, though apparently no impression had been made on the great heaps of wreckage and splintered equipment, Sinclair had the job in hand.

The freight conductor, Stevens, of so many men, had come up to speak to Sinclair, and Sinclair, with a smile, laid a cordial hand on his shoulder. "Stevens, it's all right. I'll get you out of this. Come back. He got the conductor down the track

where they had walked in the morning. He pointed to flange-marks on the ties. "See there—there's where the first wheels left the track, and they left on the inside of the curve; a thin flange under the first refrigerator broke. I've got the wheel itself back there for evidence. They can't talk fast running against that. Damn a private car line, anyway! Give me a cigar—haven't got any? Great guns, man, there's a case of Key Wests open up ahead; go fill your pockets and your grip. Don't be bashful; you've got friends on the division, if you are Irish, eh?"

"Sure, only I don't smoke," said Stevens, with diplomacy.

"Well, you drink, don't you? There's a barrel of brandy open at the switch."

The brandy cask stood up-ended near the water butt, and the men dipped out of both with cups. They were working now half naked at the wreck. The sun hung in a cloudless sky, the air was still, and along the right of way huge wrecking fires added to the scorching heat. Ten feet from the water butt lay a flattened mass of rags. Crusted in smoke and blood and dirt, crushed by a vise of beams and wheels out of human semblance, and left now an aimless, twitching thing, the tramp clutched at Stevens' foot as he passed. "Water!"

"Hello, old boy, how the devil did you get here?" exclaimed Stevens, retreating in alarm.

"Water!"

Stevens stepped to the butt and filled a cup. The tramp's eyes were closed. Stevens poured the water over his face; then he lifted the man's head and put a cupful to his lips.

"Is that hobo alive yet?" asked Sinclair, coming back smoking a cigar.

"What does he want now? Water? Don't waste any time on him."

"It's bad luck refusing water," muttered Stevens, holding the cup.

"He'll be dead in a minute," growled Sinclair.

The sound of his voice roused the fainting man to a fury. He opened his bloodshot eyes, and with the droop of an ebbing vitality cursed Sinclair with a frenzy that made Stevens draw back. If Sinclair was startled he gave no sign. "Go to hell!" he exclaimed, harshly.

With a ghastly effort the man made his return. He held up his blood-soaked fingers. "I'm going all right—I know that," he gasped, with a curse, "but I'll come back for you!"

Sinclair, unshaken, stood his ground. He repeated his imprecation more violently; but Stevens, swallowing, staid out of hearing. As he disappeared, a train whistled in the west.

## CHAPTER II.

### At Smoky Creek.

Karg, Sinclair's crew foreman, came running over to him from a pile of merchandise that had been set off the right of way on the wagon road for loot. "That's the superintendent's car coming, ain't it, Murray?" he cried, looking across the creek at the approaching train.

"What of it?" returned Sinclair.

"Why, we're just loading the team."

The incoming train, an engine with a way car, two flats, and the Bear Dance derrick, slowed up at one end of the wreck while Sinclair and his foreman talked. Three men could be seen getting out of the way car—McCloud, the superintendent, and Reed Young, the Scotch roadmaster, and Bill Dancing, a gang of trackmen filed slowly out after them.

The leaders of the party made their way down the curve, and Sinclair, with Karg, met them at the point. McCloud asked questions about the wreck and the chances of getting the track clear, and while they talked Sinclair sent Karg to get the new derrick into action. Sinclair then asked McCloud to walk with him up the track to see where the cars had left the rail. The two men showed in contrast as they stepped along the ties. McCloud was not alone younger and below Sinclair's height; his broad Stetson hat flattened him somewhat. His movement was deliberate beside Sinclair's litheness, and his face, though burned by sun and wind, was boyish, while Sinclair's was strongly lined.

"Just a moment," suggested McCloud, mildly, as Sinclair hastened past the goods piled in the wagon road. "Whose team is that, Sinclair?"

The road followed the right of way where they stood, and a four-horse team of heavy mules was pulling a loaded ranch wagon up the grade when McCloud spoke.

Sinclair answered cordially. "That's my team from over on the Frenchman. I picked them up at Denver. Nice mules, McCloud, ain't they? Give me mules every time for heavy work. If I had just a hundred more of 'em the company could have my job—what?"

"Yes, what's that stuff they are hauling?"

"That's a little stuff washed up in the merchandise car; there's some tobacco there and a little wine, I guess. The cases are all smashed."

"Sinclair raised a finger at the boy,



"Water!" bawled Sinclair, "Have My Men Got Nothing to Do But Carry Tramps to Water?"

"Let's look at it."

"Oh, there's nothing there that's any good, McCloud."

"Let's look at it."

As Bill Dancing and Young walked behind the two men toward the wagon, Dancing made extraordinary efforts to wink at the roadmaster. "That's a good story about the mules coming from Denver, ain't it?" he muttered.

Young, unwilling to commit himself, stopped to light his pipe. When he and Dancing joined Sinclair and McCloud the talk between the superintendent and the wrecking boss had become animated.

"I always do something for my men out of a wreck when I can; that's the way I get the work out of them," Sinclair was saying. "A little stuff like this," he added, nodding toward the wagon, "comes handy for presents, and the company couldn't get any salvage out of it, anyway. I get the value a dozen times over in quick work. Look there!" Sinclair pointed to where the naked men heaved and wrenched in the sup. "Where could you get white men to work like that if you didn't jolly them along once in a while? What? You haven't been here long, McCloud," smiled Sinclair, laying a hand with heavy affection on the young man's shoulder. "Ask any man on the division who gets the work out of his men—who gets the wrecks cleaned up and the track cleared. Ain't that what you want?"

"Certainly, Sinclair; no man that ever saw you handle a wreck would undertake to do it better."

"Then what's all this fuss about?"

"We've been over all this matter before, as you know. The claim department won't stand for this looting; that's the whole story. Here are ten or twelve cases of champagne on your wagon—soiled a little, but worth a lot of money."

"That was a mistake loading that up; I admit it; it was Karg's carelessness."

"Here is one whole case of cigars and part of another," continued McCloud, climbing from one wheel to another of the wagon. "There is a thousand dollars in this load! I know you've got good men, Sinclair. If they are not getting paid as they should be, give them time and a half or double time, but put it in the pay check. The freight loss and damage account increased 200 per cent. last year. No railroad company can keep that rate up and last, Sinclair."

"Hang the company! The claim agents are a pack of thieves," cried Sinclair. "Look here, McCloud, what's a pay check to a man that's sick, compared with a bottle of good wine?"

"When one of your men is sick and needs wine, let me know," returned McCloud; "I'll see that he gets it. Your men don't wear silk dresses, do they?" he asked, pointing to another case of goods under the driver's seat. "Have that stuff all hauled back and loaded into a box car on track."

"Not by a damned sight!" exclaimed Sinclair. He turned to his ranch driver, Barney Rebstock. "You haul that stuff where you were told to haul it, Barney." Then: "You and I may as well have an understanding right here," he said, as McCloud walked to the head of the mules.

"By all means, and I'll begin by countermanding that order right now. Take your load straight back to that car," directed McCloud, pointing up the track. Barney, a ranch hand with a cigarette face, looked surlily at McCloud.

"Sinclair raised a finger at the boy,

"You drive straight ahead where I told you to drive. I don't propose to have my affairs interfered with by you or anybody else, McCloud. You and I can settle this thing ourselves," he added, walking straight toward the superintendent.

"Get away from those mules!" yelled Barney at the same moment, cracking his whip.

McCloud's dull eyes hardly lightened as he looked at the driver. "Don't swing your whip this way, my boy," he said, laying hold quietly of the near bridle.

"Drop that bridle!" roared Sinclair. "I'll drop your mules in their tracks if they move one foot forward. Dancing, unhook those traces," said McCloud, peremptorily. "Dump the wine out of that wagon box, Young." Then he turned to Sinclair and pointed to the wreck. "Get back to your work."

The sun marked the five men rooted for an instant on the hillside. Dancing jumped at the traces, Reed Young clambered over the wheel, and Sinclair, livid, faced McCloud. With a bitter denunciation of interlopers, claim agents, and "fresh" railroad men generally, Sinclair swore he would not go back to work, and a case of wine crashing to the ground infuriated him. He turned on his heel and started for the wreck. "Call off the men!" he yelled to Karg at the derrick. The foreman passed the word. The derrickmen, dropping their hooks and chains in some surprise, moved out of the wreckage. The axmen and laborers gathered around the foreman and followed him toward Sinclair.

"Boys," cried Sinclair, "we've got a new superintendent, a college guy. You know what they are; the company has tried 'em before. They draw the salaries and we do the work. This one down here now is making his little kick about the few pickings we get out of our jobs. You can go back to your work or you can stand right here with me till we get our rights. What?"

Half a dozen men began talking at once. The derrickman from below, a hatchet-faced wiper, with the visor of a greasy cap cocked over his ear, stuck his head between the uprights and called out shrilly: "What's er matter, Murray?" and a few men laughed. Barney had deserted the mules. Dancing and Young, with small regard for loss or damage, were emptying the wagon like deckhands, for in a fight such as now appeared imminent, possession of the goods even on the ground seemed vital to prestige. McCloud waited only long enough to assure the emptying of the wagon, and then followed Sinclair to where he had assembled his men. "Sinclair, put your men back to work."

"Not till we know just how we stand," Sinclair answered, insolently. He continued to speak, but McCloud turned to the men. "Boys, go back to your work. Your boss and I can settle our own differences, I'll see that you lose nothing by working hard."

"And you'll see we make nothing, won't you?" suggested Karg.

"I'll see that every man in the crew gets twice what is coming to him—all except you, Karg. I discharge you now. Sinclair, will you go back to work?"

"No!"

"Then take your time. Any men that want to go back to work may step over to the switch," added McCloud.

Not a man moved. Sinclair and Karg smiled at each other, and with no apparent embarrassment McCloud him-



self smiled. "I like to see men loyal to their bosses," he said, good-naturedly. "I wouldn't give much for a man that wouldn't stick to his boss if he thought him right. But a question has come up here, boys, that must be settled once for all. This wreck-look on the mountain division is going to stop—right here—at this particular wreck. On that point there is no room for discussion. Now, any man that agrees with me on that matter may step over here and I'll discuss with him any other grievance. If what I say about looting is a grievance, it can't be discussed. Is there any man that wants to come over?" No man stirred.

"Sinclair, you've got good men," continued McCloud, unmoved. "You are leading them into pretty deep water. There's a chance yet for you to get them out of serious trouble if you think as much of them as they do of you. Will you advise them to go back to work—all except Karg?"

Sinclair glared in high humor. "Oh, I couldn't do that! I'm discharged!" he protested, bowing low.

"I don't want to be overhasty," returned McCloud. "This is a serious business, as you know better than they do, and there will never be as good a time to fix it up as now. There is a chance for you, I say, Sinclair, to take hold if you want to now."

"Why, I'll take hold if you'll take your nose out of my business and agree to keep it out."

"Is there any man here that wants to go back to work for the company?" continued McCloud, evenly. It was one man against 30; McCloud saw there was not the shadow of a chance to win the strikers over. "This lets all of you out, you understand, boys," he added; "and you can never work again for the company on this division if you don't take hold now."

"Boys," exclaimed Sinclair, better humored every moment, "I'll guarantee you work on this division when all the fresh superintendents are run out of the country, and I'll lay this matter before Bucks himself, and don't you forget it!"

"You will have a chilly job of it," interposed McCloud.

"So will you, my hearty, before you get trains running past here," retorted the wrecking boss. "Come on, boys."

The disaffected men drew off. The emptied wagon, its load scattered on the ground, stood deserted on the hillside, and the mules drooped in the heat. Bill Dancing, a giant and a dangerous one, stood lone guard over the loot, and Young had been called over by McCloud: "How many men have you got with you, Reed?"

"Eleven."

"How long will it take them to clean up this mess with what help we can run in this afternoon?"

Young studied the prospect before replying. "They're green at this sort of thing, of course; they might be fussing here till to-morrow noon, I'm afraid; perhaps till to-morrow night, Mr. McCloud."

"That won't do," the two men stood for a moment in a study. "The merchandise is all unloaded, isn't it?" said McCloud, reflectively. "Get your men here and bring a water bucket with you."

McCloud walked down to the engine of the wrecking train and gave orders to the train and engine crews. The best of the refrigerator cars had been rerailed, and they were pulled to a safe distance from the wreck. Young brought the bucket, and McCloud pointed to the caskful of brandy. "Throw that brandy over the wreckage, Reed."

The roadmaster started. "Burn the whole thing up, eh?"

"Everything on the track."

"Bully! It's a shame to waste the liquor, but it's Sinclair's fault. Here, boys, scatter this stuff where it will catch good, and touch her off. Everything goes—the whole pile. Burn up everything—that's orders. If you can get a few rails here, now, I'll give you a track by sundown, Mr. McCloud, in spite of Sinclair and the devil."

The remains of many cars lay in heaps along the curve, and the trackmen like firebugs ran in and out of them. A tongue of flame leaped from the middle of a pile of stock cars. In five minutes the wreck was burning; in ten minutes the flames were crackling fiercely; then in another instant the wreck burst into a conflagration that rose hissing and seething a hundred feet straight up in the air.

From where they stood, Sinclair's men looked on. They were nonplussed, but their boss had not lost his nerve. He walked back to McCloud. "You're going to send us back to Medicine Bend with the car, I suppose?"

McCloud spoke amiably. "Not on your life. Take your personal stuff out of the car and tell your men to take theirs; then get off the train and off the right of way."

"Going to turn us loose on Red desert, are you?" asked Sinclair, steadily.

"You've turned yourselves loose."

"Wouldn't give a man a tip-pass, would you?"

"Come to my office in Medicine Bend and I'll talk to you about it," returned McCloud, impassively.

"Well, boys," roared Sinclair, going back to his followers, "we can't ride on this road now! But I want to tell you there's something to eat for every one of you over at my place on the Crawling Stone, and a place to sleep—and something to drink," he added, cursing McCloud once more.

## CHAPTER III.

### Dickie.

The wreckers, drifting in the blaze of the sun across the broad alkali valley, saw the smoke of the wreck-fire behind them. No breath of wind stirred it. With the stillness of a signal column it rose, thin and black, and high in the air spread motionless, like a huge umbrella, above Smoky creek. Reed Young had gone with an engine to wire for re-enforcements, and McCloud, active among the trackmen until the conflagration spent itself had retired to the shade of the hill.

Reclining against a rock with his legs crossed, he had clasped his hands behind his head and sat looking at the iron writing in the dying heat of the fire. The sound of hoofs aroused him, and looking below he saw a horsewoman reining up near his men at the wreck. She rode an American horse, thin and rangy, and the experienced way in which she checked him drew him back almost to his haunches. But McCloud's eyes were fixed on the slender figure of the rider. Her boot flashed in the stirrup while she spoke to the nearest man, and her horse stretched his neck and nosed—the brown alkali grass that spread thinly along the road.

To McCloud she was something like an apparition. He sat spellbound until the trackman indiscreetly pointed him out, and the eyes of the visitor, turning his way, caught him with his hands on the rock in an attitude openly curious. She turned immediately away, but McCloud rose and started



She Was Something Like an Apparition.

down the hill. The horse's head was pulled up, and there were signs of departure. He quickened his steps. Once he saw, or thought he saw, the rider's head so turned that her eyes might have commanded one approaching from his quarter; yet he could catch no further glimpse of her face. A second surprise awaited him. Just as she seemed about to ride away, she dropped lightly from the horse to the ground, and he saw how confident in figure she was. As she began to try her saddle-girths, McCloud attempted a greeting. She could not ignore his hat, held rather high above his head as he approached, but she gave him the slightest nod in return—one that made no attempt to explain why she was there or where she had come from.

"Pardon me," ventured McCloud, "have you lost your way?"

He was immediately conscious that he had said the wrong thing. The expression of her eyes implied that it was foolish to suppose she was lost, but she only answered: "I saw the smoke and feared the bridge was on fire."

Something in her voice made him almost sorry he had intervened; if she stood in need of help of any sort it was not apparent, and her gaze was confusing.

"I presume Mr. Sinclair is here?" she said, presently.

"I am sorry to say he is not."

"He usually has charge of the wrecks, I think. What a dreadful fire!" she murmured, looking down the track. "Was it a passenger wreck?" She turned abruptly on McCloud to ask the question. Her eyes were brown, too, he saw, and a doubt assailed him. Was she pretty?

"Only a freight wreck," he answered.

"I thought if there were passengers hurt I could send help from the ranch. Were you the conductor?"

"Fortunately not."

"And no one was hurt?"

"Only a tramp. We are burning the wreck to clear the track."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## When Johnny Goes Marching Back to School

There'll be a lot of things you'll have to get in a hurry and you'll have to get them right or he may go marching back again. School needs are well looked after in our store and every item may be absolutely depended upon. Whatever is wanted we have. If any text books are changed in any grade in any school we are first to know it and you will not get anything here that your scholars can't use. Let Johnny come marching down here with his want list. He will be treated right.

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Big Springs, Texas

## THE ENTERPRISE

W. V. ERVIN, Editor.

Big Springs, Texas

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forgiveness be absolute and kindness all-embracing, in her own heart and consciousness she is ever condemned; however truly repentant and thoroughly redeemed, however comforted and tended even in wifehood and motherhood, for her always is the embarrassment of the downcast eye, the hurt of the bleeding heart and the smothering sense of unworthiness.

And if her case be pitiable, how unspeakably abhorrent and infamous is the man who brought her "woe and loss of Eden."

Wherefore regardful society must ever and anon concern itself about safeguards of prevention and methods of reformation. Always the healthy must heal the sick, both for pity's sake and for self's sake, for the disease which possesses the sick is a monster lurking to spring upon the healthy. And ever must there be preaching and visiting and persuasion and uplifting, the personal touch as well as the spoken word, the sustaining arm as well as the pleading tongue, bread and raiment with prayer and exhortation, and, most needful of all, practical opportunity, as well as awakened purpose, to live righteously, usefully and comfortably.

Good men and better women in Fort Worth have not been lacking, are not lacking now, for the Lord's work, society's work, humanity's work, in Hell's Half Acre. There are doors of hope always open, and they are being swung wider today. The occasion invites and is developing more zealous effort and more generous provision than ever before in this city. The crusade which has lately engaged public attention is a battle for the protection of life and the maintenance of civil order; it is not a persecution of the unwitting instruments of the moral chaos and civic disorder which arouse public protest. It is equally in Fort Worth's heart to, war against a peculiar state of crime and to succor all who will be succored. It would be a dream of millennial impossibility to hope that out of the tragedy and turmoil of the last few days there would be a pentecost of salvation in the Fort Worth Sodom, but it is not too much to hope that faithful and earnest effort may reclaim some who are weary with walking in the mire and are willing to be lifted again to the highway of honest work and wholesome life.

It is not too much to suggest that while the officers and the courts are busy with the criminals of Hell's Half Acre the churches and the benevolent organizations should revive their labors and multiply their instrumentalities for the redemption of its victims.

The harvests of such labors have never been large. No more has been the reaping of any sowing of righteousness, but it were worth any sacrifice of time or money to make one stricken woman whole again. For the most part they are a hard, ribald, shameless and godless lot. It is an anomaly of the sex to furnish at once the best and worst examples of human kind. But they are not all utterly lost. Here and there, beyond question, is one who needs only the touch on the shoulder, the word in the ear, "the kindly light" that leads backward and upward from the downward path, even as she who sat at the Master's feet and was glorified as a miracle of redeeming grace and as an example to every wayward daughter of Eve.

But this does not mean the slightest relaxation in the fight against the hellions of Hell's Half Acre.—Fort Worth Record.

October 20th has been set for Mothers' Congress Day at the Dallas Fair.

The West-Texas Fair opens at Abilene on September 14th and will continue five days.

San Saba raised a bonus of \$60,000 in ten days for a branch of the Santa Fe to build out there from Lometa. It will probably be extended to Brady.

The more money there is in a country the greater value your property has. Keep your money at home and help keep the value of your property up.

Gov. Campbell will not attend the presidential reception ceremonies at El Paso in October, his business at Austin requiring his presence. Nor will he, it is believed, send the rangers.—Dallas News.

If there is a town in this part of Texas that is not expecting one or more railroads within the next year or two, we have not heard of it, we hope none of them will be disappointed and wish that they will all make cities.

We notice the tide of immigration toward the west is increasing, as you see immigrant cars and wagons pass through here almost every day. Come on, while there is plenty of room and land is cheap.

The time to start the children to school is the very first day school begins. Don't let them lay out the first week, thinking they won't miss much, but start them the first day. The ones who enroll the first day are just that much ahead of those who lay out the first week.

Don't become discouraged because of the dry weather and crop shortage. Think how much worse calamities have befallen other communities in the shape of fires, storms, floods, etc. Don't be a self sympathizer, your fellowman whose troubles are greater than yours really needs your sympathy.

The latest fad is "silent dancing" and "silent dancing" according to the red-headed editor of the Greenville, (N. C.) Reflector, is "dancing without music." Not even the patting of "Juba" or the whistling of "Chicken in the Bread Tray" is permissible.

Commenting upon the paragraph in the Times regarding the short men who could sit on a dime, the Texas Coaster remarks: We have still another class. When laid out in a line, feet to head, it takes nine to make an inch. Especially when the question of civic improvement is broached.—Timpson Times.

No matter if he is very indifferent to christianity, there is not a man in this town who would want to rear a family here if there were no churches here. Where have you ever seen a town of any size without churches? They are not to be found. We have several churches here and are proud of it. Come here to visit or to live and you will always be treated royally.

Texas has lower taxes than any other state; more coal than Pennsylvania, more iron than Alabama, more granite than New Hampshire, more lignite and kaolin than all Europe, more timber land than Michigan, more fruit land than California, more corn than Illinois, more cotton than any other state, more miles railroad than any other state, and is building more railroads yearly than other states.

\$10.00 reward for the return of one small white saddle pony, branded 13 on left shoulder, old cinch ears. Strayed from South August 3rd. 45-1m

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BIG SPRINGS TEXAS MIDLAND

### Capitol City Letter.

Austin, Tex., Aug. 30.

The governor is making a special effort to ascertain how many insane people are being held in jails throughout the state until sufficient accommodations are provided at the several asylums. He has requested each sheriff to report to him the number of insane persons he has in charge. He has also requested the head of each asylum for insane to report what additional buildings are needed and the cost of additional room and equipment to care for more patients. The governor is determined to relieve the shameful condition which has existed for so long and place all insane persons where they will not only be restrained from committing any violence, but will also be given medical treatment.

Commissioner of Agriculture Kone is now seeking to obtain from each of the 350 or more ginners in the state a report of the amount of cotton ginned. They have shown so far this year a disposition to report promptly and if they do this it will save the department from delay or error in compiling the report which is by many regarded as more accurate than the government figures.

The state bank department has been advised that six national banks have either liquidated or are preparing to do so with the intention of becoming incorporated under the provisions of the bank guaranty law. It is said that other national banks are preparing to make a similar change.

The governor has named the state mining board consisting of W. C. Sullivan, San Antonio; T. H. Tipps, Bridgeport; W. M. Wells, Rockdale; John Lloyd, Thurber; C. Q. King, Crockett; Alfred Johnson, Strawn. This board is to have duties similar to those imposed upon an inspector and is to report to the governor.

Several of the railroads in the state are proposing to purchase additional equipment, but the International & Great Northern is the first road to contract for five large locomotives at a cost of \$70,000 to be delivered at once.

The past week has been without much political news, but Lieutenant-Governor A. B. Davidson has promised that when he has concluded his work as a

member of the board to locate the West Texas Normal school he will take the stump and reply to Senator Bascom Thomas and others, who have wilfully and wrongfully maligned, he says, many good men in the state.

See H. B. Arnold for anything in sheet metal work, will please you if I can. Am an amateur workman.

Judge G. L. Bogard, of Garden City, was here Monday to meet Mrs. Bogard, who was returning from a visit to Ennis. He informed us that contracts had been let for the construction of a court house and a school building.

### Letter to S. E. Davis.

Big Springs, Texas.

Dear Sir: Here's the sum total of a century and a half's experience: Every job painted Devos takes less gallons than any other paint. And the paint that takes the least gallons wears longest; always. We can't help it.

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Reagan has received a shipment of new wall paper of the latest designs.



ANY NUMBER OF REMEDIES

won't do any good if they are not the right kind and the right quality.

The Drugs or Medicine for the Ache, Pain or Disease

is assured if you procure it from this pharmacy. We shall be glad to advise you as to the best of those simple household remedies every home should have, and also fill any prescriptions your doctor orders in case of more serious trouble.

**R. L. McCamant & Co.**

Big Springs, Texas



## New Fall Goods Continue to Pile In

Last week we told you of the pretty new Gingham and Percal  
This Week We Will Tell You of Other New Goods



"Not a hole!

Another week without darning."

It's an Iron Clad—that's why.

Ask for Cooper Wells & Co.'s No. 99 and get stockings that not only look well and fit perfectly with no seams to annoy, but which give remarkable service. We recommend them.

## Iron Clad, Best Hoe Made

Saves mothers worry and fathers money. Price

15c and 25c

=

SKIRTS

The "New Fobice" the name "Fobice" on the skirt insures the quality, elegantly trimmed with the new jet trimmings so popular this season.

\$5.75 to \$15.00



Silks, the beautiful new Silks. You can't appreciate them unless you see them. Drop in and help us admire them. 50c to \$1.50 per yard.

## BERRY & DEVENPORT

THE ONE PRICE CASH STORE

214 MAIN ST.

### Card of Thanks.

W. M. Sheppard and wife wish to return their sincere thanks to the good people of Big Springs who kindly assisted them during the illness of their son, and for their expressions of sympathy since his death.

Mrs. W. C. Barnett and children have returned from a visit to relatives at Austin and Cherry Springs. They were met at Fort Worth by Dr. Barnett.

For better service, see Jones & McGowan, first door south of McCamant Drug Store.

Mrs. D. C. Everly returned Friday morning an extended visit in California.

We are prepared to fill your doctor's prescriptions with the choicest drugs.

Mrs. S. H. Morrison and Miss Luella Reagan attended the 5th Sunday meeting at Coahoma, going down Friday morning.

Just received a large shipment of Hesse poultry powder, stock food and insect destroyer at Biles & Gentry.

I. H. Park and wife left Saturday morning for Kansas City, Mo., on a visit to relatives.

Fresh Ramers Chocolates at Biles & Gentry.

T. R. Long, E. P. Teele and W. E. Chaney, of Garden City, were here Saturday.

The two children of D. A. Bailey and wife that have been seriously ill for two weeks are improving.

Have small farm in Fannin county want to exchange for real estate in Big Springs, Texas. Address P. O. box 733, Dallas, Texas 47-2t

Mrs. W. J. Ayers and little daughter returned yesterday from a two weeks visit to relatives at Amarillo. She was accompanied home by her sister, Mrs. D. C. Priddy and little son.

"Can be depended upon" is an expression we all like to hear, and when it is used in connection with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, it means that it never fails to cure diarrhoea, dysentery or bowel complaints. It is pleasant to take and equally valuable for children and adults. Sold by all druggists.

Mrs. John Roberts and daughter and R. D. Matthews returned Wednesday from Marlin where they were called last week by the illness of Mr. Roberts. He is much better and returned home with Mrs. Roberts.

Prof. C. E. Thomas was here from Haskell Sunday.

REXALL'S at McCamant's.

Jno. B. Slaughter was here yesterday from Garza county.

Born to R. L. Boswell and wife Monday, a fine boy.

Mrs. Sol Dreeben has returned from a visit to northern markets. \$1,000.00 accident policy for 31c. Ask Jones & McGowan.

E. S. Harrison, T. & P. ticket agent at Sweetwater, was here Monday.

T. E. Phillips and family from Brownwood have located in Big Springs.

Carbon! carbon! carbon!

J. D. Cunningham, of Gaines county, was here several days this week.

C. E. Pounds has sold the uptown restaurant to W. E. Adams, of Mangum, Okla.

\$1,000.00 accident policy for 31c. Ask Jones & McGowan.

Eugene Thompson, with the Southwestern Paper Co., of Dallas, was here Tuesday.

Jones & McGowan first door south of McCamant Drug Store.

Miss Ethel Maxfield, of Colorado, was here the first of the week the guest of Mrs. L. R. Smith.

Just received from mill the another shipment of the Buster Brown guarantee sox for men.

A. P. McDonald & Co.

## JET JET

### The New Jet Goods

Jet Belts, Jet Collars  
Eer Screws, Collar Pins, Belt Pins, Bands and Necklaces.

25c on up to \$1.50

Berry & Devenport

### More Railroad News.

With the Santa Fe building south from Lubbeck through Tahoka to Lamesa and contracts signed for that system to have a railroad in operation in a year from the time the right of way is secured, people of Dawson and Lynn counties are jubilant. Tahoka and Lamesa subscribed a bonus of \$100,000 for the line.

Great interest attaches to the question, "where will the Santa Fe cross the Texas and Pacific?" A line is projected from San Angelo to Sterling City. Towns which might bid for the junction point of the two systems, are Big Springs, Morita and Stanton. No definite information as to the point where the new Santa Fe will cross the Texas and Pacific could be obtained from T. J. O'Connell, who represented the Santa Fe in the arrangement to build the line through Tahoka and Lamesa.

Just what effect the building of this new line of the Santa Fe will have upon the future of the Colorado, Hereford and Gulf remains to be seen. The route of this proposed line (Colorado, Hereford and Gulf) touches Dalhart, Hereford, Dimmitt, Midland, Garden City and San Angelo, and on to San Antonio. The Santa Fe's new line will practically parallel the Hereford, route from Canyon City to San Angelo; but, rather than the Santa Fe being likely to overshadow the Hereford line, the belief is expressed that the rapidity with which that vast territory of the plains country is becoming settled, with the development of a wide section suitable for farming there will be business enough for both and to spare in a comparatively short time.

Wonderful development is expected in the country south of Big Springs and Stanton, even within the next twelve months. Little short of marvelous are the accomplishments already recorded from that section. It is not now a question, as used to be told by land agents, of "great possibilities awaiting the farmer," there, but a glance at Western Texas exhibits last year at the State Fair showed the average man things actually being done in that section—not on paper, but from the soil, which, resting in virginity for ages, has grown fruitful and produced abundantly. Besides the staple crops of cotton, grain and the cereals, the soil is now producing fruits and vegetables that rival in their flavor and nutritive qualities the richest spots in far-famed California. The end is not in sight; agriculture has barely scratched Western Texas' soil.

Dispatches to the press from time to time indicate that active, business-like people are inhabitants of that stretch of country so long classed as semi-arid. The sagacious with which they embrace opportunities for the advancement of their communities is proof positive of this, and no better sign of the times can be submitted than their readiness to give of their substance to business projects, including the building of new railroads.

The Central West Texas spirit has become infective, has spread to far Western Texas, has reached the great plains country and is made known throughout that section as the "Concho country." It is, as a railroad official recently told the writer, "just a sign of the times; simply an omen of a wave of prosperity which will startle the most optimistic of Texans."—Sunday's Dallas News.

Phone 276 or come to 407 Johnson street for pianos, organs, all kinds of musical goods and piano tuning, also Dr. Adam's Quick Relief for rheumatism, neuralgia and many other ills, and the Chain reference Bible, the best now on the market, or see A. J. Adams, special salesman, anywhere you can.

## The Medicine You Take

Whatever medicine you get at this store is exactly right. If you could see how your medicine is prepared here, the care that we give every prescription that comes into our store, if you had the professional training to appreciate the quality in all the drugs used and the skill used in preparing, you would never think of going elsewhere for even your simplest drug store wants.

People who deal here never have any doubts about the medicine they get.

## BILES & GENTRY, Druggists

## The Gem City Furniture COMPANY

See us for anything in the  
FURNITURE line.  
Good service at fair  
prices always. Picture  
frames a SPECIALTY.

The Gem City Furniture Co.  
216 Main Street Big Springs, Texas

Judge Wm. Girdwood, of San Angelo, spent Wednesday here and left that night for Alpine to visit his daughter.

For a complete line of floor paints, varnishes and stains, see Biles & Gentry.

L. S. McDowell left Wednesday night for Fort Worth to attend a meeting of stockmen at that place.

C. L. and A. D. Alderman left Monday night for Ohio in response to a message that their father was very ill.

Chas. Morris and Robert Piner are preparing to open a wholesale and retail grain and feed house here and expect to be ready for business next week. They have several cars of stuff enroute now.

The meeting at the tabernacle is still in progress. Two services are held each day at 3:30 and 8:15 p. m., and the attendance is good and interest is growing. Rev. Mason is a good talker and does not worry his audience with long sermons.

Quite a number from this place attended the fifth Sunday meeting of the Baptists at Coahoma on last Sunday and report a most excellent meeting.

The remains of W. A. McCamant, who died at Silver City, New Mexico, on August 28th, arrived here Tuesday morning and were buried in the Masonic cemetery that afternoon. Funeral was conducted by the Order of Railway Conductors.

## STONE & CARPENTER Dray and Transfer Men

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
WOOD and COAL

AGENTS FOR... The Texas Co.'s Coal Oil

Stove Gasoline and all kinds of Lubricating Oils. Try our Household Coal Oil and our Stove Gasoline, guaranteed to be the best. Ask for our oils and take no other. If your merchant don't handle it, see us. If you want Oil or Gasoline, Wood or Coal, come to see us. If you can't come send for it and you will always be treated fair.

... TWENTY YEARS IN BIG SPRINGS ...

Remember us when you want wood or coal, or hauling of any kind done

Our Reference — ANYBODY