

THE JOSHER.

Volume 1.

Abilene, Texas, August, 1902.

Number 7.

A Weakly Paper Issued Monthly; Devoted to Trouble. Motto:—Be Sure You're Wrong, Then Write It.

The Smith Gang is Now Having an Awful Sight of Troubles of Its Own.

THREE CONVENTIONS, SEVERAL CONSEQUENCES, AND CAR LOADS OF FUN.

The Mitchell County "Mess" Meeting.

The same being Convention No. 1.

There was a real hot time in Mitchell county when they had their "dimmycratic county convent-shing" in Colorado on the 21st of June. The noble old gang up there had one of their Brotherly Love Political Bunco Association reunions. It was one of those private, spontaneous affairs for which Mitchell county is famous, and but few people outside of the order were invited or given an opportunity to participate.

For sometime I have known how the Mitchell county convent-shing was going, and begosh, she went.

Sometime ago I made charges against the lease law tactics of the Smith gang, and they proclaimed, of course, that the said charges were "wholly false."

The Mitchell county convent-shing has faithfully performed its role in verifying the Josher's charges. The Baldheaded Bob-smith contingent from the west verified the Josher's charges in the senatorial nominating convention, and when the convention meets to nominate a candidate for the legislature they will make a Herculean effort to verify the whole Josher supplement, and I am afraid they will succeed entirely too well for the general good of the country.

But they had a convent-shing in Mitchell county. There are nearly seven hundred voters in Mitchell county. The dimmycratic convent-shing of Mitchell county was a massmeeting, or more properly speaking, a messmeeting, a horrible mess it was, too, and it was held in the courthouse. Of the nearly seven hundred voters in Mitchell county there were about fifty people and one hundred Mitchell county mule ancestors in the dimmy-

cratic convent-shing. The people got kicked out, but I "knowed it all the time."

The night before the convent-shing there was a meeting of the Coleman-Hooper, et al Smith circular signing gang and they fixed things to suit an emergency. They prepared the resolutions, whereas, wherefores, we, the people in mass-meeting assembled, etc., made the platform and named all the committees, and when the convent-shing met they poked it through all same big rush.

It was strictly a town crowd, not over fifty country people participating.

The anti-lease law people nominated Judge C. H. Earnest for chairman, and the Smith machine ran over him in a ratio of two to one.

The chairman of the "we, the people," country saving, liberty loving, whereas, wherefore and be it resolved aggregation, appointed a committee on platform and resolutions, and the patriotic squad retired as per custom on such grave, momentous occasions, and during their absence L. H. McCrea, Edgar W. Bounds and W. J., or Warbling Jassack, Miller addressed the convent-shing.

In solemn, silent dignity the committee on platform and resolutions returned and in humble obeisance poked the following mournful tragedy under the proboscis of his royal nibs, the chairman:

After getting off that beautiful old mildewed chestnut, "we, the dimmocracy," the platform says: "We favor further the maintenance of the valid leases according to contract, and that all valid leases remain in force and effect until their expiration, when these lands shall be placed on the market to actual settlers-only."

"We, the dimmocracy of Mitchell county," are full of prunes

and erroneous assertions. Seven people out of every ten in Mitchell county, as well as throughout Western Texas, demand that the lease law be abolished, and that all public school lands be immediately placed on the market subject to actual settlement. Will Beautiful Baldheaded Bobsmith have another circular issued declaring that this statement is "wholly false?" Maybe he can get an affidavit from Kernul C. C. Slaughter or the Espuela Land and Cattle Company.

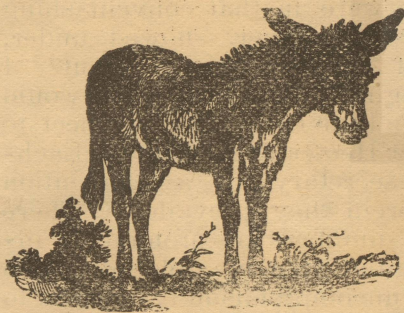
That charming liar and highly accomplished all around degenerate, Hecterror McEach-in, was one of the all important factors in this "we, the dimmocracy" messmeeting. "We, the dimmocracy," made Hecterror seckretary, then they played a joke on Lorenzo Dow and made him assistant secretary. Hecterror, the official liar for the aggregation, gets off this gob of vomit in his rotten rag or bad cold adjunct, the Bull Journal, alias West Texas Stockman. "For the first time in the history of the country, the cowmen and nestors have stood together in a political contest." Oh, tobacker juice. For the several dozenth time the Colorado Brotherly Love Political Bunco Association sereptitiously ran another bunco game over the people. The few country people who were in that convent-shing were ran over, snowed under, spat upon and throwed out. I imagine a lot of farmers would have little enough self-respect to elect Hecterror Allguts McEach-in secretary of a convention wherein they prevailed. There are numbers of prominent, influential men in Colorado who are uncompromisingly opposed to the lease law, and who were at least worthy of a little courteous, gentlemanly treatment, but not one of them appointed on any of the committees, not one of them a delegate to any of the conven-

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itons. This was a blamed nice old harmo y dimmycratic mess-meeting from a Baldheaded Bob-smith gang standpoint.

There were a few minor accidents. Anxious-to-be-a Judge Coe poked the noble old dimmycratic "we, the dimmocracy of Mitchell county" tiger with a whereas loaded resolution, and a court house janitor is still busy scrubbing splotches of a battered up human off of the walls, floor and ceiling.

M. Carter then seized the "we the dimmocracy of Mitchell county" tiger by the fly fighting appendage. He poked the old varmint in the digestive organs with a resolution favoring the cancellation of all leases and putting the land on the market immediately, and the ferocious brute screamed a squall or two and made for Moses; but Moses was not in a running humor, so he basted "we the Jeffersonian dimmocracy of Mitchell county," over the head with a thirty minutes' speech, loaded with facts, figures, personalities and mob-law violence, and then there was screaming, screeching, howling, blood, hair, bones and human in the atmosphere. Moses broke two of the critter's ribs, knocked out an eye, fractured a tibia, shivered two tushes, broke its back and both forelegs, soiled its countenance and ruined its reputation, but the beast was too long winded for Moses. It finally got him on the bottom and before assistance could arrive Moses was beyond the resuscitating power of political science. The janitor tenderly gathered Moses up with a broom and put him in a little waste basket; Judge Jerusalem Euchered Hooper, and Warbling Jassack Miller hugged each other and wept for joy and the convent-shing adjourned.



The flag still waves and the noble Emblem of Mitchell County Dimmocracy be Glorified, for great is the Emblem.

The Senatorial Convention.

The same being convention No. 2, whereupon there was a warm time.

As per call of Hon. John L. Stephenson, district chairman, the senatorial convention for this district convened in Abilene at 10:30 a. m., on the 26th of June, 1902.

Most of the delegates reached Abilene the evening before the convention, and the first thing was a caucus.

The next thing was a caucus.

The next thing was another caucus.

Caucus No. 4, followed by two more caucuses.

Then came the grand street parade closely pursued by the chief of police and two night watchmen.

I hope that none of the delegates will consider this as being personal.

I only write from memory, and as well as I can remember I came down the street about three hours before sun up, in company with 297 sociable delegates from one of the unorganized counties. The delegate referred to says he remembers coming down the street at sometime previous to the convention in company with 279 editors of the Jasher. In this particular somebody is mistaken, but otherwise our statements harmonize.

The convention was called to order at 10:32 1-2, (there is nothing like being exact in important matters of this kind) and temporary organization was perfected by electing H. P. Brelsford temporary chairman and John L. Stephenson secretary. On motion the chairman appointed the following committees:

Committee on Credentials.—Fred Cockrell, A. L. McDonald, P. C. O'Laughlin, J. B. Littler, B. S. Davidson.

Committee on Permanent Organization.—S. P. Hardwicke, A. S. Hawkins, F. S. Bell, Ben Randall, Henry VanGeen.

Committee on Platform and Resolutions.—J. F. Cunningham, H. M. Rainbolt, Judge Cliett, H. E. Crowley, Eugene Mayfield.

The committees retired to meditate and formulate and the convention unanimously adjourned to "irrigate." (This is an original joke.—Ed.)

As per adjournment the convention reconvened at 2 o'clock.

The committee on credentials

and on permanent organization reported, and their reports were unanimously adopted. Judge J. R. Warren was elected permanent chairman and J. L. Stephenson was elected permanent secretary.

The next thing was the nomination of a candidate for senator. Here is where the introduction ends and the story begins. This is the chapter wherein the hero and the villain get all tangled up. Here is where the sunshine of political serenity develops into a sandstorm of drastic oratory. Here is where the baldheaded eagle of brotherly love gets his tail feathers yanked out by the carload. Up to this time everything had been as blissfully serene as the slumbers of a bull-frog on the banks of Cowlick Holler.

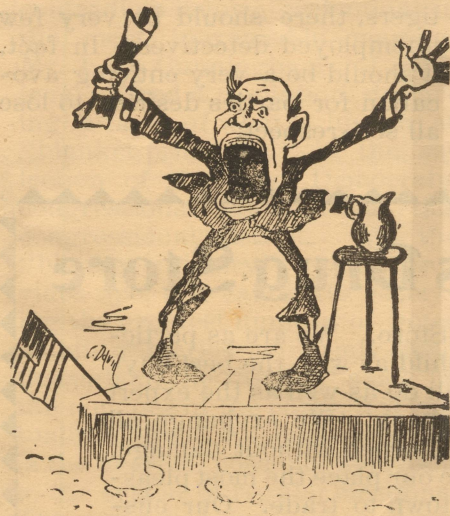
The call of counties proceeded and everybody "passed up" until Mitchell county was reached when Judge W. K. Homan, of Colorado arose to make the nominating speech, placing the name of W. P. Sebastain before the convention. The Judge is one of the most polished, able and interesting speakers in the state, and the word picture he painted on this occasion should live forever in the annals of linguistic art. First on the landscape of imagination there bloomed a vale of flowers, mostly daisies; then in majestic splendor the rich, alluvial prairies of Western Texas burst, like a glittering dew drop bedecked morning glory, kissed by the tender peep of dawning day, into a picture of agricultural grandeur; then the gentle zephyrs of prosperity fanned the sweat stained brows of the toiling masses, and the guardian hand of political wisdom and statecraft protected them from the blistering sunbeams of oppression with the canopy of universal love; and still the picture grew more gorgeous in its symbolical magnitude and splendor gilded perfection; each stroke of the tongue adding another charm, until finally there appeared upon the pedestal of his own magnificence a bunch of Whiskers from Breckinridge.

Senator Sebastain's opponent, Mr. W. L. Grogan, of Sweetwater, then arose. It was conceded that Mr. Grogan had no chance of securing the nomination, and it was the supposition that he had arose to withdraw his name as a candidate. Not on your Whiskers from the pearl of the Gun-

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saulus—the metropolis of Stephens—or anywhere else. Grogan acknowledged that he was a defeated candidate and said that he mournfully joined with his many friends in sincerely regretting this fact as he thought the district ought to be represented by a man who could at least tell the difference between a prairie dog hole and the Mammoth Cave. (Grogan and Sebastain had a quarrel and harsh words ensued over a prairie dog exterminating bill with a buffalo gnat amendment, some years ago.) He further stated that in this hour of political distress and public antipathy he would name a man worthy of the senatorial Prince Albert—Hon. H. E. Crowley.

Railroad wrecks and cyclones! The dancing but ever deceptive mirage of cheerful harmony that so often tempts to ruin the unwary on the Llano Estacado of political uncertainty, now assumed the murky hue of a Cape Horn tornado cloud, and in soul quaking fury thundered defiance to the world including several unorganized counties. The untamed lions from the jungles of Politic-aldum roared in frenzied wrath, the little English sparrow with her home beneath the court house eaves, in songless terror hugged her helpless young to her quivering bosom and awaited the gust of impending fate, and the boss cockroach skeedadled from the clock tower to the basement.



Judge Hawkins, of Winkler county, came to the rescue.

Judge Hawkins, of Winkler county, was the first life saver to the rescue of the storm tossed, canoe wrecked navigator from Breckinridge, and through whose hirsute adornment the tempest of

direful prospects were whistling a pathetic refrain. The Judge quoted Pope, Shake, Milton, Dan Webster, the statute of limitation and the law of trespass, and referred in glowing terms to the statute of liberty enlightening cowcamp conventions and had just disappeared around the northeast corner of Mars in rhetorical pursuit of the dark horse armada when Judge S. P. Hardwick drove up. The Judge unloaded two kegs of sledge hammers, two barrels of lignite, and a ton of ignited indignation, and owing to his recklessness in unloading several spectators were bunged up for life. The Judge interpreted the wild waves as saying it was "a diabolical outrage to so attempt to drown the will of the people, including the gentleman from Breckinridge." Brelsford of Eastland county then came purring along like a run-away engine on a sixty degree down grade, and proceeded to dance a jig with the dark horse disturbance to the tune of "Come Here Quick, Somebody." Mr. Grogan responded in that happy, felicitous strain so natural in one that has been defeated for office and thrown out of the grandstand at a baseball game of personalities for herawing the umpire.

The following is a stenographic report of the most enthusiastic addresses.

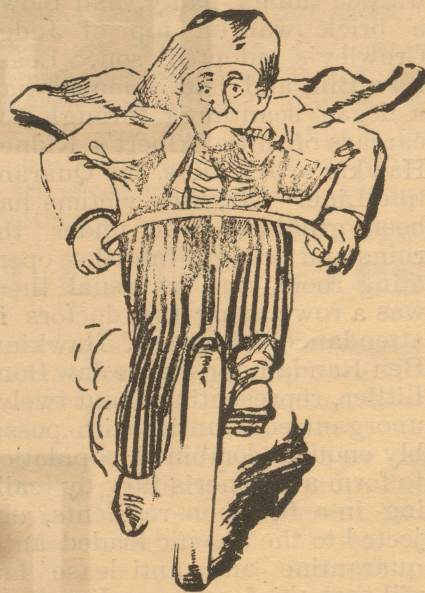
I say ———!!!; —! —!! **
†† †† ≡ ———!!! ———? fool
(— \$—! ———!! ———!!!, ")
devil! **** ¶, .,;: galoot? —!
——!! Bloody villian!!, [?]
Snakes (———! ———! Whoop!

Now came to pass one Dr. Roebuck, of Sweetwater, a regular souvenir mail order edition of Sears, Roebuck & Co. The Doctor said that he was not a politician, that he had not been raised that way, that he was just a plain, unassuming citizen who knew nothing of political tricks and was scarcely familiar with parliamentary procedure, that he had an unbounded love for the common people, and a desire to see justice triumph and Crowley elected. Notwithstanding the fact that the Doctor was a modest man, untutored in the wiles of politics, according to his own confession, he made a powerful speech, and after the convention Judge Homan made a statement to the effect that he had known

the Doctor forty years, had never been able to find him anywhere except in the middle of a political muddle, and that he was about the smoothest article in that line that had ever coasted down the pike.



Portrait of Dr. Roebuck, according to his own statement.



But Judge Homan said the Doctor was one of the swiftest propositions that ever came down the pike.

The victims of the squall having been conveyed on rafts of eloquence to a temporary shelter of reason on the Island of Tranquility the balloting by counties was resumed and was progressing serenely until a revolt, revolution, uprising and outbreak was reported from the province of Rising Star, the population of that bailiwick having decided to cast off the yoke of instructions, unit rule and all, and to cast 31-2 votes for Crowley. There was a strong sentiment in favor of hang-

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ing the Rising Star revolutionists in effigy for political treason, but Father Calhoun, a noted missionary, was despatched to the camp of the belligerents, had a secret audience with the chiefs, and after a fervent prayer, an eloquent exhortation and a series of fearful predictions, induced the War Whoop county brigade to capitulate, on condition, however, that they should be allowed to sleep within the city limits that night and not be thrown off the train the next day while intransit to their reservation. While these conditions were agreed to by the peace commissioner they were never ratified by the convention.

The seven votes of Eastland county nominated Mr. Sebastain by a large majority.

The committee on platform and resolutions now came in with a chunk of typewritten grievances, and again the flag waved and the eagle screamed and the ram-forhincuses howled.

The dark horse hurricane had warped things badly, had blown a brick wall on top of Judge Crowley's adopted son, Lease Law Bill, and had rammed half a dozen scantlings through the carcass of little Albert's Kidney Hawkin's, Jr., alias, the Quarantine Line. The little victims had been grabbed from under the ruins and brought into the operating room, and as usual there was a row among the doctors in attendance. Crowley, Hawkins, Ben Randall and Judge Jaw Bone Littler, representing about twelve unorganized counties with possibly enough combined population to form a coroner's jury by calling in a few non-residents, objected to the arsenic loaded anti-quarantine and anti-lease law pill that chief surgeon Jim Cunningham had compounded and prescribed as a single dose; and as the little subjects lay on the dissecting table of grief, banded in a sheet of sighs and bathed in the ointment of despair Crowley arose and spake something like unto this, except that he didn't: "Gentlemen; you see here in this bundle of mud covered, gore besmeared woe the pride of our past, the joy of our hopes and the glory of our country; their little heartbeats almost stilled and their pulse about three hundred yards below normal; and though they are battered and mashed and skinned and scarred until they look like a spring

colt that has been tobogganing on a barbed wire fence around a forty section pasture, we love them still and want to get you to help us patch them up with these plasters, sometimes called substitutes." But consulting physicians S. P. Hardwick and A. H. Kirby insisted that the patients must take the original dose, even though it produced death in all of its agony, and if it wasn't taken as a result of persuasion it would have to be poked down. Persuasion wouldn't work, so the convention seized the Democracy of the unorganized counties by the smelling apparatus and down went the whole dose.



Judge Crowley said such treatment was enough to make a man see bandits in day time and burglars after dark.

A few minutes later as the janitor carried the corpses down stairs and interred them where the doodlebugs warble and the grass burrs bloom, Judge Crowley made a postmortem statement to the effect that if such treatment

was not murder it was highway larceny, ghastly enough to make a man see bandits in day time and burglars after dark.

Out of respect to the Rising Star delegation the convention buried one of its resolutions and adjourned.



The Representative Convention,

The same being convention No. 3.

The representative convention which met in Baird June 30th, was a harmonious, one-sided affair. Taylor county was represented by one delegate and a massmeeting of excursionists who were added to the list of delegates in order to make a quorum and nominate Bryan by acclamation. The leading features of the senatorial platform were adopted, (see page 11,) W. W. Kirk was elected chairman for two years, and the convention adjourned.



Read the Josher's history of Abilene, also "The Real Conditions in the Woolly West," in the September issue.



The prohibition party has nominated a state ticket and greatly increased its force of detectives and secret spies. With the government after illicit distilleries and the prohibitionists after blind tigers, there should be very few unemployed detectives. In fact, it should be a very enticing avocation for parties desiring to lose all self-respect.

Everybody's Drug Store

Our Store is Everybody's Store. We are as particular with the ten year old child as with the best buyer in town, and the child will do as well as the expert buyer, and both will come back. We exchange all goods bought from us and returned without damage. Our constant aim is to make our place the most pleasant and profitable place in town to trade. Our customers never lose, because they are our customers, and we have more than any other drug store in Texas.

Bass Brothers Drug Co.,

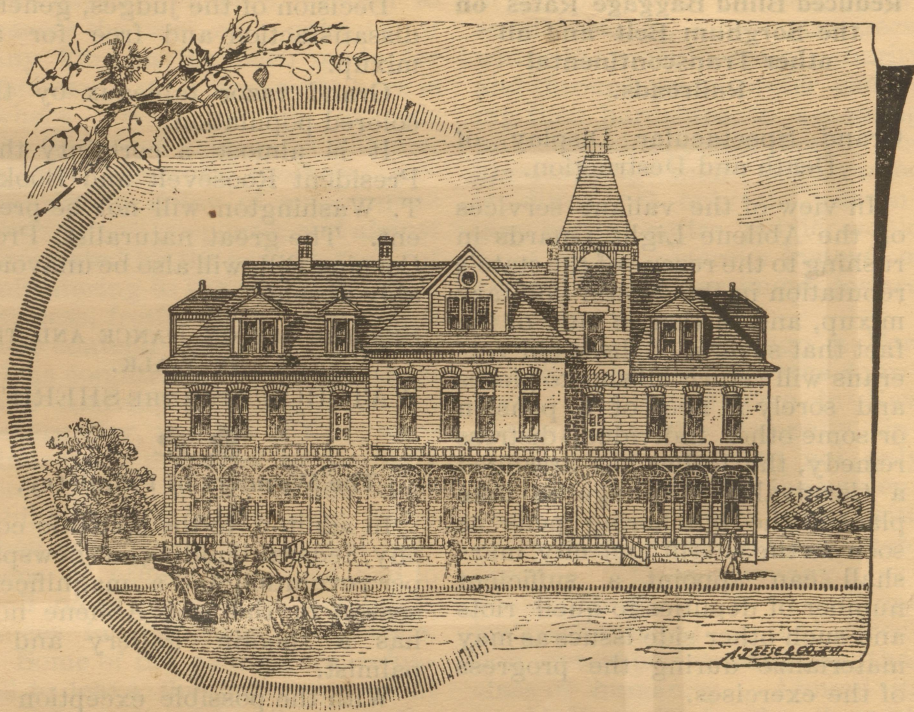
Abilene, Texas.

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An Elegant Burlesque.

A political convention rarely presents a more ridiculous and inconsistent spectacle than that recently enacted at the congressional convention in Mineral Wells. After rehashing the usual number of stereotyped phrases, and reaffirming allegiance to a party machine that it was powerless to repudiate and that it would have been suicidal to criticise, it adopted a platform, one clause of which declares that "we favor the election of United States senators by direct vote." This was really nothing more than a piece of flippant tomfoolery, for no such issue had in the remotest degree entered into the campaign just closed, and in this matter the people had in no wise expressed sentiments to be acted upon by the convention. There was simply a well advertised rumor to the effect that such sandwiched nonsense would be popular, and the popularity seeking assembly acted accordingly. The nominee of the Mineral Wells convention being a new man and one of even less than ordinary ability, will hardly be sufficiently influential with a Republican administration to secure the appointment of a country store postmaster, and it would be ungenerous to expect him to wield a particle of power in accomplishing a reformation of a national method of electing U. S. senators. But the same convention adopting this declaration contradicts its own pretensions in the most inexcusable manner. Mr. J. F. Cunningham, of Abilene, offered a resolution declaring in favor of what is known as "blanket primaries," in the selection of the next Democratic congressional candidate in this congressional district. As the "blanket primary" system provides that the candidate receiving the greatest number of votes in all primaries uniformly held throughout the district, shall be the nominee of the party, it is virtually a direct or popular vote and is the nearest possible approach to the system of regular elections. This resolution was voted down by a vote of 54 to 28. Why not be consistent, gentlemen, especially when by so doing it is possible to accomplish necessary election reforms? The defeaters of this resolution cannot offer a single meritorious or consistent excuse for so doing. At every

Simmons College, Abilene, Texas.



The next session will open WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1902, and continue forty weeks. Courses are Academic, Collegiate, Music, Painting, Elocution and Commercial Science. Board and Tuition in Literary studies will cost \$200 per annum. Courses in other departments—Music, Painting, etc., cost \$50 per annum for each course. All charges are payable semi annually in advance. Military drill and Physical Culture are given without extra charge. Write for catalogue or other information to

O. H. Cooper, LL. D., Pres.

utterance their own pusillanimous perfidity stares them in the face. For political reasons of the most infamous species the unorganized and sparsely settled counties in the central west must be given representation equal to fifty times the voting strength of the counties in the more densely populated portions of the district, and for the same reasons the more densely populated counties must be left under a primary system which subjects them to the curse of the most deplorable political tactics.

The contention that El Paso, being a border town, having a large Mexican population and the facilities for importing voters, would become a predominating factor, is too chimerical for consideration. If El Paso can import a sufficient number of voters to determine a congressional election it would be at least a similar factor in electing a United States senator; besides it is difficult to see where either side in a politic-

al contest would have any special advantage in the importation of voters, but in unorganized counties where two or three men constitute the party, machine and voting population the proposition is in all respects different, and these unorganized counties are the ones in whose interest the "blanket primaries" resolution was voted down.

And right here be it said to El Paso's credit that it was one of the few counties not guilty of vote buying corruption during the congressional contest just closed.

It matters not whether the defeat of the "blanket primary" resolution was or was not due to the dictations of the successful candidate, it was exclusively defeated by his delegations, solely in his future interest, must have at least been according to his desires, and inevitably leaves the burden of odious blame upon his shoulders, and explanations are in order.

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MAGNIFICENT! MISERIFIED!

Multiplied Misery Provoking Entanglement in Twelve Acts.

Reduced Blind Baggage Rates on the Sorghum Belt and all other Transcontinental Railroads.

Grand Spectacular Display of Death and Destruction.

In view of the valiant services of the Abilene Light Guards in rushing to the rescue of the state's reputation in the Austin military mixup, and further in view of the fact that several of these old veterans will return all shot to pieces and sorely in need of a pension or some other individual distress remedy, the Josher has arranged a Carnival of Carnage to take place at the butchering pens as soon as the sheriff and city marshal can appoint a sufficient number of deputies to quell riots and such other side issues as may materialize during the progress of the exercises.

In case the cashier can be captured within six months from the time the show is over two per cent of the proceeds will be donated to the military company for its general and special relief, then thirty per cent to defraying the funeral incidentals and hospital expenses of those attending the show and participating in the exercises; and the remainder to be appropriated in erecting tombstones in memory of the heroes of the Branch Water massacre, which occurred near Abilene, July 4th, 1902.

The general public should certainly appreciate this liberal display of gall on the part of the Josher.

Read the date, remember the program and come well armed.

The grand street parade will start from the South Side Intoxication Factory at 9 a. m., if not several hours sooner.

On reaching the butchering pens the exercises will be opened with an invocation by Dr. Taylor Avant.

Address of welcome by Professor Bruce, the famous smallpox expert.

Grand exhibition drill by a well boring machine.

Oration on the magnificence of my political achievements, by Gen. R. B. Isom.

Grand crap shooting tournament.

Two or three more shooting

events of another character.

Magnificent poultry exhibit. (Fowls borrowed for the occasion.)

Decision of the judges, general dissatisfaction and free for all mixup.

Grand razor tableaux by the colored population.

It is almost a certainty that President Roosevelt and Booker T. Washington will not be present. The great naturalist, Prof. Cocaine Bill, will also be unavoidably absent.

SEE THE MELON DANCE AND THE CAKE WALK.

WATCHOUT FOR THE SHERIFF.



The Wonders of Palmistry.

In addition to the epileptic colony, federal building, a newspaper revolution and a magnificent season in the soil Abilene now has a shootin' gallery and a palmist.

With the possible exception of chiropody, or corn doctoring, palmistry is one of the greatest sciences. A well regulated palmist can look into the palm of a man's hand and tell whether the first watermelon he ever stole was a cantaloupe or a green citron, and what effect it produced on his anatomy to go to Sunday school via a swimming hole and a neighbor's peach orchard if his mother ever found it out.

Several years ago I called on a noted palmist in order to obtain a faint clue of my past life and secure a map of my future. The first thing the palmist did was to extract a dollar from my howdy-

do apparatus, and this painful surgical operation having terminated successfully, myself and the palmist were soon engaged in a vital communion with the past and a kind of wireless telegraph conversation with the future. As the palmist had been drinking beer, eating onions, smoking cheroots and chewing navy tobacco I suggested that it would probably be a good idea to open a few windows, skylights and transoms and thus allow a few gentle breezes to come in and witness the performance and assist in reviving me in case I should be overcome by sudden revelations of the past, but the palmist said he thought a bunch of evil spirits were then hovering about the premises ready to swipe a chunk of my biography and take it to my enemies as a testimonial of his wonderful and accurate powers of discernment.

"I see," sagely remarked the palmist, "that when about fourteen you fell desperately in love with your school teacher, a lady about thirty years old and whom you thought very beautiful, but as she was engaged to teach the balance of the term, also to a grass-widower, you met with a dismalness which suggested self extermination as the only possible relief. You have had a great deal of trouble; in addition to the measles, mumps, grip and whooping cough.

"You have had a great deal of sorrow and you will have a great deal more unless you quit fumbling with the contents of my watch pocket.

"The length and nimbleness of

**Abilene's Leading
Dry Goods Store,**

Morgan Weaver & Co.,

**Dry Goods, Clothing and Shoes,
Hats and Gent's Furnishing Goods,**

Big Stock, New Goods, Low Prices.

**All Goods marked in Plain Figures
and Money back if not as represented.**

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your fingers indicate that you would be very sociable and familiar with well dressed strangers in case of a jam at a public gathering.

"You seem to fully appreciate the fact that you are handsome, cute and cunning, but you would readily fall a victim to the charming ways of an amateur bunco steerer. Now, if you will kindly return my smoking tobacco to its proper orbit we will proceed with the investigation.

"Being of a very generous confiding temperament I would advise you to adopt dish washing as a profession. It would relieve you of the distress, disappointments, etc., etc., incident to all other commercial spheres.

"Your life line indicates that you have a very tenacious grasp on your physical existence, but should you attempt to make a living for yourself the experiment would doubtless prove fatal.

"Your life line also indicates that unless you remove my watch from your person and immediately place it in the hands of the rightful owner you will get disgorged from the premises via the south window; otherwise you may live to meet your final dissolution in a railroad wreck or by some other violent means. That's all. Good day. Many thanks. Call again."

Verily, I say, great is the wonderful science of palmistry.



Another T. & P. Trick.

As a result of the heavy rains, several miles of the T. & P's. track was washed away or made impassable for some days between Abilene and El Paso. On the morning of July 23rd the westbound passenger train reached Abilene several hours late, and owing to the impassable condition of the track and a wreck or two west of here the train was sidetracked to await further orders. The train was pretty well loaded, among the passengers being several women and children. Two or three of these women were well advanced in years and very few of the mothers had any one to assist them in taking care of their little ones, or providing any kind of comforts. All day the train stood on that sidetrack, no one knowing what hour it might depart or what action would be taken in regard to the

passengers. About dark the conductor received telegraphic orders to turn his train back and run east as the regular at 12:22. The passengers were ordered to vacate the cars, no provisions of any kind having been made for their welfare. And right here is where virtuous wrath exceeds the bounds of expression with me.

Poor, careworn mothers, exhausted by a day of monotonous waiting and suspense, and almost prostrated by the arduous task of ministering to the wants of their restless, fretful little ones, must now contend with a still more serious condition. None of them had contemplated any such an emergency, and few of them were financially prepared to properly provide for themselves and their children, and there were many men passengers, substantial citizens of other towns, who had to call on their Abilene acquaintances for temporary assistance.

Some of the passengers refused to leave the cars, and went east to meet and return on the westbound, those who were able stayed in the sleeper or went to hotels, but many of them stayed in the depot where the rigid rules of the company forbade them the one pitiful little comfort of sleeping on the floor.

No one expects the T. & P. to run its trains over an impassable track in order to deliver passengers at their destination, but these passengers who had paid their money for such transportation were entitled to civil protection and proper care until the railroad company had discharged its obligation. At the time most of these tickets were sold the railroad company was fully cognizant of the condition of its track and of the uncertainty of its ability to convey people to any particular destination, but the general public had no means of acquiring such information. If, instead of taking refuge behind the "Providential interference" tale of cool consolation,

this public abusing cormorant, with its devil-fish tentacles and vampire appetite, had taken proper care of its passengers instead of dumping them like useless, insensible waste, among strangers, where they would spurn charity and through pride prefer enduring their hardships to accepting proffered kindnesses, thereby acknowledging their embarrassed condition, not only the passengers but the entire public would have had a generous instead of an embittered sentiment toward the railway company.

Not many years ago a Fort Worth & Denver train was snow-bound at a small town in New Mexico and the company instructed its agent to not only feed and take care of the passengers but to provide them with every comfort and entertainment possible, at the company's expense, but the T. & P. railroad isn't constructed in that direction nor superintended by that class of humanity. Around its torpid liver floats the sluggish bile of selfishness, from its whiskers dangles the icicles of penuriousness, and two drops of its blood would be equal to ten tons of liquified air for refrigerating purposes.

No wonder the owners of old burros get Kentucky pedigreed jack judgments against the T. & P. railroad and dirt dealing system.



Colorado Tourist.

Special rates on Pecos System, and Southern Kansas of Texas lines. Greatly reduced rates for round trip to Boulder, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo and Trinidad, Colo. Tickets on sale daily until Sept. 30, final limit Oct. 31, 1902. Stopovers allowed in Colorado at and north of Trinidad. Side trips to all points of interest in Colorado and Utah.

For particulars see local agent or address, DON A. SWEET, Traffic Manager, Amarillo, Tex.,

Prescriptions Our Specialty.

We have the Newest, Largest, and in every respect Completest Stock of Drugs and Proprietary Medicines; and in our Prescription Department are especially prepared to give unequalled services.

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GEORGE C. HARRIS, Abilene, Texas.

THE JOSHER.

Kaleidoscopic Chronology of Two Western Towns.

Just after getting out an issue of the Josher nothing gives me greater pleasure than to visit a neighboring town, where the people, not suspecting that uncrowned greatness is in their midst, permit me to go hither and yan without a body guard. In order to avoid identification, thereby producing a spontaneous outburst of local enthusiasm, I generally go around and introduce myself, and in this way allay suspicion and seldom meet any one that had ever heard of me before.

I paid Cisco and Baird one of these recreation visits not long ago. These are both noted, historic towns and it is to be regretted that this fact has not been given greater publicity. It is not good policy for people to try to make their town too prominent under certain conditions, but because the editor of the Josher goes about over the country incognito is no reason why towns should strive to excel each other in becoming wholly unknown. So far as Cisco and Baird are concerned there is no appalling emergency for this advice, and I am merely giving it for future reference.

Cisco is situated in the north-western corner of Eastland county, U. S. A., Texas, but owing to the attitude of certain outlying precincts it hasn't any particular corner on the county as a whole. If it wasn't for Cisco there would be nothing in Eastland county where the T. & P. railroad track collides with the Texas Central right-of-way, and if that spot was a vacuum there wouldn't be anything of special importance in the county except an inland court house, a prohibition clause and a disturbance at Rising Star.

I took my first academic degree in the public schools of Cisco which accounts for the town's fame as an educational center.

When I removed my residence from Cisco many people predicted that the town would never amount to anything. But they were badly mistaken, and this fact shows that the migrations of nobility doesn't necessarily effect the destiny of a town.

Cisco came into prominence several years ago by getting blown out of existence. The entire country came to the stricken town's aid, and soon it was build-

ed better than ever. Not long ago they adopted prohibition, and a few days later an animal with an orange yellow color, transverse stripes and no organs of sight was born unto them. The outside world hasn't responded very liberally to Cisco's relief in this last misfortune; merely expressing a few chunks of cold regret. While in Cisco I visited the hospital where this varmint is confined and learned much of its mysterious history. When you first visit this menagerie you see only the keeper, but if you will visit it sufficiently often and frequent you will soon be able to see a whole zoological collection. A detective recently came all the way from prohibition headquarters to see this wonderful beast. I don't know what this investigator's name was when he reached town, but when he left it was Beef Livered Dennis, or the Man with the Battered Mug and Personal Information.

Cisco is progressing nicely and is otherwise prosperous, but I don't know that I have any particular business there soon. I make this statement to show the world that I ain't scared but know better.

Baird is in Callahan county, and is also in conflict with Rising Star over the creation of a new county. This last geographical situation is not down on the map. It seems to be down on everything else, however.

I had some early experiences in the present vicinity of Baird, which historians seem to have entirely overlooked. When the T. & P. railroad was being constructed I was part of the water supply system, with headquar-

ters just over the hill. By my system water was conveyed from a hole in the creek to the patrons by means of a three gallon bucket. One day after laboring hours as I was wending my way to my domicile I spied a stray mule filching the contents of a chuck box in a poor working man's camp. I approached the mule and gently touched him on the hip with my hat to let him know that he was being observed and should desist. The doctor said my jaw was broken in two places, and the man who owned the chuck box said I was a fool to monkey with a mule's heels.

The railroad company celebrated the occasion by laying off the town, and afterwards Callahan county very generously honored my memory by erecting a court house about a mile from the historic spot. This is the first time these facts have ever been made public.

Baird has one of the largest cemeteries in the country. They recently buried the whole prohibition party there and had enough space left to accomodate the population of the three adjoining counties.

I used to work for Billy Gilliland, of the Baird Star, but he voluntarily gave me an indefinite leave of absence one day and I quit. This is the only serious misfortune that has ever befallen Baird so far as I know. While Baird is a healthy town it is by no means a health resort for Populist newspapers.

Baird is surrounded by a large scope of country. It will also be carefully surrounded by the editor of the Josher hereafter.

"KATY FLYER"







TO THE COOL SUMMER RESORTS.
MICHIGAN, WISCONSIN, NEW YORK.
OHIO, MINNESOTA, COLORADO.
ROUND TRIP TICKETS ON SALE DAILY
— AT RATE OF —
ONE FARE PLUS \$2.00
GOOD FOR RETURN UNTIL OCTOBER 31ST 1902
FOR FULL PARTICULARS "KATY" DALLAS, TEXAS.
WRITE "KATY"

THE JOSHER.

The Senatorial Platform.

Here is the platform adopted by the senatorial convention, and forced down the throats of the wild and woolly Democracy of Winkler, Gaines, Yoakum and a lot more unorganized, lease law afflicted western commonwealths. Cunningham was opposed to one Baldheaded Bobsmith, and fought him all the way through. J. B. Littler, of Big Springs and other unincorporated prairie dog towns, was Baldheaded Bobsmith's campaign manipulator; Braggadocio Randall, sometimes called Ben, was one of his chief lieutenants, and H. E. Crowley was very high in his counsels, being a member of his executive committee; and Judge Hawkins, of the county of Winkler, was a furious edition of the Bobsmith burlesque. These four patriots had the proxies for about fourteen unorganized counties, every one of which were cast against the anti-quarantine and anti-lease law planks in the following platform. Baldheaded Bobsmith is the guy who went hyperbolizing over the country telling what a friend he was to the common people, especially the actual settlers. Observe how some of the men who absolutely bossed Bobsmith and wholly directed his campaign voted against the only platform ever adopted in Western Texas, and giving satisfaction to seven-tenths of the people:

PLATFORM.

To the Hon. J. R. Warren, Chairman of the convention:

We, your committee on platform and resolutions, beg leave to make the following report, to-wit:

That the nominee of this convention be instructed to use his best endeavor to obtain the passage of laws embodying substantially the following:

1. An amendment of section 1, page 214, of the Acts of 1899, so as to permit suit to be brought against non-resident railway companies having agents in this state in any county through which freight may be shipped.

2. That what is known as the absolute lease line be abolished and public lands be immediately put upon the market for sale to actual settlers only and that the present lessee be given a reasonable time in which to remove improvements after sale is made.

3. That hereafter all leases of public lands be made subject to sale.

4. That stringent laws be passed to suppress collusive purchases of public lands.

5. That no general validating law be passed the effect of which would validate collusive purchases or other unlawful acquisitions of public lands except where innocent purchasers for

value and without notice have acquired said land.

6. That we condemn in strong and unmeasured terms the recent action of the commissioner of the general land office in raising the price of public lands in the West to three dollars per acre. Most of said lands lie in the far West and beyond the agricultural belt, and can be used only for stockfarming; and we consider the action of said commissioner in raising said land to said enormous price to be an unjustifiable abuse of discretion and recommend that suitable laws be passed to prohibit a recurrence of such abuses by said officer. This is not intended to apply to improved lands or mineral lands.

7. That if it be the policy of the state to further maintain a quarantine line, then we recommend that the livestock sanitary commission laws be amended in the following particulars, viz: (a) That said quarantine line be fixed by the legislature (and not by the quarantine commission) and be made to conform in location as near as practicable to the federal quarantine line. (b) That cattle be allowed to cross said line at all times of the year on proper inspection. (c) That cattle be allowed to cross said line without inspection for a period of 60 days beginning Nov. 15th of each year. (d) That it be made an offense punishable by imprisonment in the county jail for any one except the sheriff, constable or other peace officer in the execution of proper legal process to stop and detain cattle that have crossed said line after having been duly inspected as required by law, or that have crossed said line at a time when inspection is not required by law. (e) That a sufficient appropriation be made to enable the quarantine commission to enforce the quarantine law and make needed experiments in the way of spraying cattle with a view to finding out the best means of killing the tick without damaging the cattle. (f) That all rules and regulations intended to be made penal be defined by law and be made a penal offense by statute.

8. That we endorse the course of Hon. J. E. Cockrell of Dallas in so far as he favors the holding of all primaries and conventions as the several counties may determine on the same day throughout the entire state, and we would be glad to see him elected chairman of the state Democratic state convention.

9. That we favor the passage of penal laws prohibiting the sale and purchase of votes at primary conventions. We favor penal laws requiring saloons to close on primary election days.

10. That we endorse the course of J. L. Stephenson as state executive committeeman and recommend him for re-election.

11. On the question of the new county proposed to be formed out of parts of Callahan, Eastland, Brown, Comanche and Coleman counties, we respectfully suggest that said issue is a local one, and Eastland and Callahan counties are the only counties in this senatorial district to be effected thereby, therefore we submit that issue to the people of the counties interested.

12. That in the event our nominee

should draw a four years term then that he be instructed to vote for Charley Culberson for U. S. Senator.

J. F. CUNNINGHAM,
W. H. CLIETT,
H. M. RAINBOLT.



Hill, Morgan & Co's. Goldbug Extract Remedy Testimonial.

Mr. Gallsoaked Cleveland, a retired political disturbance, of Rhode Island, has for several years suffered great agony owing to an inclination to swell up and bust because the general public would not forsake all other creeds and accept him as the latest Divine Revelation. Mr. Cleveland's ailment became so aggravated that he almost lost the power of speech, also his political power, and beyond the doleful fact that he would occasionally murmur: "I'm It," not a word would he utter for publication or political purposes. He was finally induced to take two hogsheads of Goldbug Chicanery Political Reorganization Extract, and he is now able to attend to everybody's business except his own, talks with the profundity of a phonograph and the abundance of a sandstorm. His memory is still in a horrible state of inaccuracy and his disposition to do right is hopelessly paralyzed, and while about 97 per cent of the Democratic party refuses to petition the government for a national holiday in honor of Mr. Cleveland's partial recovery, his present condition gives himself and about half a dozen other boon friend political skeletons great hopes for their future.



Judge Cliett, of Baird, was elected presiding elder of this congressional diocese at the Mineral Wells conference. This is a living testimonial of the adage that persistency finally wins. The Judge became a standing candidate for any kind of an old office about thirty years ago, and since that time if there has been a single election when the Judge didn't buckle on his belly-band and come snorting down the track about ten to one in the rear of the tail end of the ticket that fact is not of record. Heretofore the trouble with the Judge has been his inability to convince an overwhelming majority of his home people that he was competent to fill anything but a pair of bagging trousers.

THE JOSHER.

A Phrase that Needs a Rest.

This "conscientious scruples" phrase is pesterin' a mighty sight of people now-a-days. It is almost as common in this country as appendicitis is in a small town where there are seventeen doctors and no malarial troubles. I was feeling bad the other day and the awful thought dawned upon me that I might be taking "appendicitis" or "conscientious scruples," so I hastened me to a doctor's anatomy repair foundry and asked that I be immediately inspected. The doctor said I had enlargement of the appetite and inflammation of the imagination but that otherwise I seemed to be alright. I asked the doctor if he could detect an incipency of "appendicitis" or "conscientious scruples." He said he couldn't, but that he observed strong indications of insanity, and if I wanted to be treated for "conscientious scruples" and other political bacteria I had better go to some lawyer.

Pure, unadulterated, practical conscientious scruples is not a disease, poisonous substance or deadly germ; but the purest extract in the essence of human character. The trouble is that a great many men think they have conscientious scruples, when they really have a nightmare of public policy or torpidness of intellect. I think any man should partake liberally of conscientious scruples, for it is the finest tonic in the world for toning up the moral system and purifying the body religious, social, politic and commercial, but I don't think any man should gormandize on imaginary conscientious scruples until he converts his thought-works into a fanatic factory.

I have been dissecting, analyzing and analogizing this phrase or commonly used term, "conscientious scruples," and I have discovered something which is hereby revealed to the general public. Mr. Noah Webster and the editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica have previously made the same discovery, but owing to the limited circulation of their publications the fact is not generally known.

Whewell says: "Conscience is the power of reason employed about questions of right and wrong, and accompanied with the sentiments of approbation and condemnation."

Conscience is, therefore, self-knowledge, a matter of education and moral training; a creature of the mind gauging man's degree of civilization. Governed by his national standard of intelligence and primary teachings man's conscience is the barometer of his good or evil conduct as it may effect himself and his fellowman. The untutored savage may consider as a moral duty that which the civilized man would consider a heinous crime—a difference of conscience on an educational basis. And so it goes through the different stages of man's elevation from barbarism.

Webster defines scruples thus: "Hesitation as to action from the difficulty of determining what is right or expedient; doubt or hesitation proceeding from motives of conscience; backwardness to decide or act." And right there is where the "conscientious scruples" brigade runs a-muck of reason, self assertiveness and common sense.

"Conscientious scruples" literally means hesitancy to act because of a lingering doubt.

Let us adopt a new and more appropriate phrase. Let us be governed by conscience, supported by reason, and act without fear.

There are so many different kinds of "conscientious scruples" that a man doesn't know when a spurious brand is being palmed off on him. Use only the best; beware of imitations; none genuine without the trade mark of reason.



A Foreign Mail Order Episode.

I have a friend that isn't patronizing foreign mail order institutions any more. He sends me a batch of refrigerated woe and asks me to give "the foreign fakes a roasting."

With me this is a rather complex proposition; whether 'tis better to "roast" the foreign fake who catches the local sucker, or the local sucker who sports in the muddy waters of Selfish Creek, which empties into Ignorance Bayou, seizes a bait labeled "five cents below cost" and gets landed high and dry on the blistering sandunes of financial sorrow; that is, sends a thousand miles from home for a bill of dry goods, groceries, hardware, wagons, buggies, plows, cooking

utensils, mesquito bars, threshing machines, sewing machine needles, windmills, horse shoe nails, house furnishings, spectacles and general merchandise, remits the spondulix in advance, and a few weeks later receives a consignment of miscellaneous mixtures, and a paralytic stroke on taking an invoice and ascertaining that he has lost four dollars and six bits actual cash as between the local and foreign price of the goods, and thirteen dollars and fifty cents in quality, when he had enthusiastically expected to save at least thirty-five cents.

It is a loss of time and a waste of space to moralize with the general public on this particular subject in any of its numerous phases, however. When I was younger than I am now, I had a vast assortment of ideas concerning the duties of citizenship and the commercial welfare of our town and surrounding country, but those ideas are now locked up in the dark, damp, dismal and mouldy odored vaults of humiliation and disappointment, and the moths of time and the cockroaches of indifference come forth and feast upon the corpse of my early enthusiasm.

In the watermelon season of my youthful hallucinations I would often go forth into the wilds of intellectual savagery and commercial cannibalism, and while the bright plumed warblers of hope and the ponderous melody of my own importance filled the forest of possibilities with a cheerfulness beyond compare, I would rise up and say many wise things to the heathens, and the heathens would seize the torches of criticism and the spears of ridicule and the battle-axes of animosity and 'mid the frenzied yells of ferocity they would chase me over a large scope of bramble briar and catclaw covered rattle-snake range. A week or two later the chief of the tribe would come around and tell me that he had been badly buncoed by a mail order concern; and behold it came to pass that I told the chief to go soak his head in the balm of experience and maybe he would never be so afflicted any more. This prescription proved effectual and I have been prescribing it in all similar cases coming to me for treatment.

One dose produces painful relief.