

TO THE DEMOCRATIC  
VOTERS OF LAVACA CO.

By the above address I mean all of you who voted in the Primary Election which was held on the 22nd. day of July and all who were candidates under the direction of the Democratic Executive committee.

I trust that you will not consider me presumptuous or assuming any character of leadership when I shall relate the facts and law as is hereinafter set out and the call for all Patriotic citizens to meet at the Court House in Hallettsville on next Saturday, August 5th. at 1:30 p. m.

I make this call and appeal to you as free-men and citizens in order that you may assist in seeing that there shall be had and made final what was expressed by you in the exercise of your vote on the 22nd. day of July. The right of suffrage or the right to vote is the most sacred right that a citizen of this, a Democratic Government has, and when it has been expressed as it has in the recent Primary Election, no part or parcel of the machinery of the Government has a right by Resolution to defeat the expressed will and desire of a majority of the Free Citizens of any county.

I file this protest at this time and make this call because I was engaged in the trial of a criminal case at Gonzales when the Democratic County Convention was held at Hallettsville on last Saturday. Had I been present I would have opposed both and all of the Resolutions which were adopted for the following reasons;

The first Resolution which attempted to deal with the struggles of labor against capital evades a declaration of whether the Democratic Party stands for the open of closed shops, but by subterfuge in the use of uncertain words "straddles the fence". I am for Union of Labor as is a majority of the citizenship of this county. With hundreds of my fellow citizens in greatest crisis of their Industrial lives were but handed a crumb, because as I shall show in con-

and compel them to work under guns and bayonets and thus become either industrial slaves or Governmental slaves.

I am not a "Bolshevik" but I do believe that the time has come in the history of this nation when the laborer, the farmer and producer must stand together in order that organized capital shall not be permitted to fix the price of either their labor or their products.

The resolution with respect to the right of any individual or association of individuals by "questionnaires" to ask any candidate for public office, any question which they may believe to be a matter of interest to them in determining their qualification for public office is almost too ridiculous to answer. It is the right of any citizen or citizens to ask any question of any candidate who seeks to become the servant of the people, that they may believe qualifies or disqualifies him for public trust. It likewise is the privilege and right of every candidate for public office to decline to answer such questions if he so desires. But it is not within the province of a Democratic convention to declare that this method of ascertaining the views of candidates is 'un-Democratic or un-American.

The very Democratic convention which passed this resolution failed to state whether they were for Union Labor and the closed shop or opposed to them. By subterfuge and without an expressed declaration attempted to indorse the candidacy of Earl Mayfield for U. S. Senator against Jim Ferguson. I am for such methods as will make men declare in the open where they stand upon any question that becomes a public issue.

And I now here challenge any of those who participated in this convention or any one who approves of its adopted resolution to meet me in joint debate when I shall address the citizenship of my county about the matters herein stated and in connection herewith, advocating and urging the election of Jim Ferguson for U. S. Senator; W. T. Davidson for Lieut. Gov.; Marrs for Supt. of Schools, and others; and you can fix the terms of the debate.



# Tom Hickey, Editor and Socialist, Dies; Native of Ireland

Thomas A. Hickey, who used to express the belief to his friends that he would live to the ripe old age of 99, died at 7:15 Saturday morning at St. Joseph's infirmary. Hickey had barely passed the 56-year mark. But into those 56 years he had crowded experiences most of the stay-at-homes seldom reach as centenarians.

At the age of 24, Hickey came from Dublin, Ireland, where he had been well educated. But in coming to America he had been forced to flee Ireland in the steerage of a Transatlantic steamer because of his political tendencies. In New York, Hickey's prolific pen found ready market and he worked on space rates that were productive. He became a Socialist. Later Hickey drifted to the West. He went through the copper mine "wars" of years ago which involved the late Marcus Daly, Senator W. A. Clark and others known in big mine affairs. He even became a worker in the mines and developed a barrel-like chest which stood him in good stead in physical combat.

Hickey had a turbulent career as editor and exponent of Socialistic principles. He was a candidate for Lieutenant Governor in 1912 on the Socialist ticket and rolled up a large vote.

Hickey was Socialist candidate for United States Senator once. He was editor of various papers, notably one at Three Rivers, where his associate, Jay R. Secrest, was killed about a year ago. Hickey left after suspension of the paper.

Hickey had lately been publishing "Tom Hickey's Magazine," a monthly, in Fort Worth.

When Hickey was stricken with illness two months ago he continued to say he would "live to the 99 mark." He retracted far enough, however, to tell his wife, who has a ranch at Stamford, to use a mileage book he possessed on the M.-K.-T. to take his body to San An-



THOMAS A. HICKEY.

tonio for cremation if he failed to survive an operation.

Mrs. Hickey said Saturday that "Tom's" last wish would be carried out and that his two remaining sisters in Ireland, both of them members of a Catholic sisterhood, would be notified of his death.



MAY 8, 1925.

**TOM HICKY, EDITOR  
AND SOCIALIST, DIES;  
NATIVE OF IRELAND**

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The above tells of a man who lived for some time in Stamford. Owing to his extreme views sometimes expressed on the world war question, he seeming to dislike England, he gained some prominence here.

and Hildebrand.

**INDICTED I. W. W.  
ARRESTED AT TYLER**

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TYLER, Texas, Oct. 1.—Stanley J. Clark, charged by Federal authorities with being a member of the Industrial Workers of the World and said to be one of the 166 members of the organization under indictment in Chicago, was arrested at Jacksonville, near here, today. Clark was brought to Tyler, where he was placed in jail. He denies being a member of the I. W. W. and says he has lived in Dallas for seven years. Clark told the police he was an organizer of the Non-Partisan League with state headquarters.

**Socialist Speaker and Preacher.**

DALLAS, Oct. 1.—Stanley J. Clark, who was arrested near Tyler today in connection with the indictments returned against 166 I. W. W.'s, is a Socialist speaker, a Methodist preacher and a lawyer of marked ability. He has campaigned in various parts of Texas and Oklahoma.

Some of the Socialists have been running after ye editor for some representative Democrat to reply to their speaker, Thos. A. Hickey. here sometime during his three days of mud slinging, but after consulting many of our citizens we decided that we could not afford to have a joint discussion with Hickey, who is not a citizen of our State, and who is a foreigner and possibly is not a citizen of the United States. Besides, indiividually we didn't feel disposed to furnish him a crowd to unload his rot upon.

Since the above was printed on another page of The Banner it was decided to have Mr. Grogan of Abilene to reply to Mr. Hickey and a joint discussion will take place tonight.



## HOWLE'S ICONOCLAST

### TARIFF DAMPHOOLS.

(By Oscar Ameringer.)

(From The Rip Saw.)

The paramount issue of the coming campaign will be the tariff. So says Mr. Woodrow Wilson. So says Mr. Taft. So says everybody that is going to save the country along the tariff route from the fellows who want to put the tariff up or down or leave it as it is. Great old game. It has been played ever since this country became a country on its own hook. The first congress of the United States enacted a tariff law for the protection of our "infant industries." The last congress did the same. And if there was one session of congress between the first and last one that didn't tinker with the tariff and change the diet of the "infant industry" then it has escaped my observation. Alexander Hamilton and George Washington used to chew the rag about it when men still wore powdered wigs. Daniel Webster adorned in a blue frock coat and brass buttons delivered flowery orations in favor of protection. John Calhoun thundered for free trade and nullification. It is a hoary, gray-whiskered old game, but it works and it preserved its drawing power long after three-card monte, the shell game and the gold brick stunt had lost their popularity. As a means of fooling the horny-handed son of horny head into casting his vote for something that affects him as much as the patches on the seat of his pantaloons affect the curl in the tail of a pig, it is a wonder.

Ostensibly the tariff was invented for the exclusive benefit of the American working mule. So was free trade for that matter. Anything to please the working man. Our statesmen and those who furnish the long green for their elections are animated by but one long, longing desire, to-wit: To serve the horny-handed son of toil.

Since everybody will talk about this precious subject before long, it may be well for an object of the subject to raise his humble voice and state in terms plain and bland how the tariff question looks to a working man who had the wool amputated from his optics. Let us, therefore, examine the tariff swindle from the viewpoint of the law of wages.

#### The Law of Wages.

Expressed in scientific terms this law says: "In the long run and in the absence of Labor Unions, the workingman of any country shall receive enough grub, clothing and shelter to produce their labor power and to raise a new crop of the same breed of animals who shall labor some more and receive in return sufficient victuals, raiments and shacks to produce the necessary working force and to beget and bring up their posterity who shall do the same thing. As the poet put it so beautifully:

"To go to work  
To earn the bread  
To gain the strength  
To go to work."

The working mule receives his keep in PAY and the four-legged mule gets his pay in KEEP. Observe the difference, kind reader. Don't get the two mixed. I don't want to hurt the feelings of the mule. He gets feed and shelter and a blanket in cold weather. All these things he gets direct. THEREFORE THE MULE DOESN'T WORRY ABOUT THE HIGH COST OF LIVING. He snorts at high taxes and he hee-haws as horse blankets and harness leather soars sky high.

The owner of the mule may kick about these things, but the mule,

corn tariff fastened upon the long suffering American mules by the Republican party that is responsible for 20 cent corn. If we succeed, with your valuable assistance, to remove this outrage, then you can get 20 ears of corn for 10 cents and live." But Woodrow never finished the argument, because the side of the barn, borne upon the hind legs of a mule, started towards his countenance.

No, you couldn't fool the ordinary mule with the tariff question because he gets his pay in KEEP, but with the two-legged working mule it's different. He gets his keep in PAY. And his pay is never big enough to buy all the things he would like to have as the things he would like to have are too high in price for his pay. So when one politician comes to him and says, "You need more pay," he falls for it and shouts "Hurrah for protection and high wages!" But his buddy who works next to him follows another politician who preaches free trade and cheap living. Before long the two call each other damphools, and THEY ARE BOTH RIGHT.

\* Continued from bottom of 1st col.

n-e-v-e-r. He knows that the boss don't feed him because he loves him, but because he's got to if he wants any work out of him. Mule power is produced with hay and corn. Whatever it cost to produce the mule power is the wage of the mule. As a rule little mules get less feed than big mules, because little mules can exist on less than big mules. Just as children get less wages than grown folks for the same reason.

Now, let us suppose Mr. Billy Taft calls on this American mule and says: "Mr. Mule, I am honored to shake your tail. As the standard-bearer of the grand old Republican party I take the opportunity to inform you that I stand squarely for the protection of the American mule. At present, I am informed, you work for 20 ears of corn per day which costs only 10 cents. Now, 10 cents wages per day may do for the pauper mules of Europe, but no self-respecting American mule ought to work for such a meagre sum.

"The Republican Corn Growers' Association at convention assembled at Chicago has declared itself in favor of 100 per cent. tariff on corn for the protection of our beloved mules. We sincerely hope that you will exert your pull in the interest of our organization, inasmuch as 100 per cent tariff would double the price of corn and consequently raise your wages from 10 to 20 cents per day."

Now, what do you think would the mule say to that gab. Well, being a four-legged mule, he would say: "Billy, I don't eat the noise; I eat the corn. It is the corn that counts with me and not the price and to save my gizzard I can't see where 20 cent corn fills a greater cavity than 10 cent corn."

In the course of time the corn tariff is passed and for months and months the owner of the mule would swear every time he fed him 20 cent corn. But he fed him the same amount just the same because he had learned by bitter experience that if he wanted the mule power he had to feed the mule 20 ears of corn per day regardless of cost.

One day a lantern-jawed individual under a silk hat poked his head through the barn door and said: "My dear Mr. Mule, permit me to introduce myself. I am Mr. Woodrow Billson. I came here in the interest of the grand old Democratic party; the party of mules by mules and for mules. I see you are eating 20 cent corn. Are you aware, my friend, that it is the pernicious high protective

\* Continued at Right



## ROMANISM AND POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

**Romanism and the High Cost of Living—New York City an Example of Both—What Would it be if the Roman Catholic Church Should Succeed in Her Design and Hope to "Make America Catholic?"**

New York City police force are Romanist, as they "officially" attended mass a short time ago, as was announced in the Iconoclast. Tammany Hall is a Roman Catholic Organization, and it controls New York politically. O'Gorman, the senator from New York, is a Cracker worshipper, and Romanism has New York City tightly in its grip. That's why we have the spectacle of a police force who are in partnership with and grafting on crime. That's why corruption and crime rule in New York, and in fact the criminal class are the rulers. That's bad enough, but the special staff reporter of the Menace, tells of how Romanism is grafting on the public in the same way that has made all the European countries where they had their own way, rise up and throw them out, and when we have had our noses rubbed in it hard enough, we will do the same. Here is what the reporter says:

"Every day in the week a swarm of Catholic sisters infest the wholesale food district in New York city begging for money and food. I have conservatively estimated that out of this district alone, they beg \$2,000,000 worth of food every year. The wholesale merchants do not personally stand this loss. They add it to the cost of the stock they handle, so that in the end the ultimate consumer in Greater New York—be he Protestant, Turk, Jew or atheist—is compelled to share pro rata in furnishing food free to Roman Catholic institutions in this city.

This statement was made to a Menace reporter by a large commission merchant on Washington street. It explains one of the reasons for the high cost of living, which is a serious problem to hundreds of thousands of persons and which the federal government and various state governments have appointed commissions to investigate.

If, however, a paltry \$2,000,000 a year was the sum total of their public begging in New York, the public would have just cause to congratulate itself. The fact is that \$30,000,000 annually would not cover the amount that the people in Greater New York contribute directly or indirectly, voluntarily or involuntarily, to maintain ten thousand Roman Catholic parasites, called "priests," "brothers," "nuns," "sisters of charity," etcetera, in ease and idleness, in a countless number of untaxed palatial buildings called "nunneries," "convents," parish houses," "monasteries," and so forth.

It is next to impossible to go more than a few blocks in New York city between 8 a. m. and 6 p. m. without meeting one of the wagons which is used to carry the food, clothing and money obtained by the black-gowned beggars. The wagons are painted black, are driven by decrepit old men, and bear such inscriptions on the side-front panel as "The Little Sisters of the Poor;" "The Sisters of the Good Shepherd;" "The Convent of Jesus Mary;" "St. Joseph's Home for the Aged;" "St. Monica's Home for Boys," etc.

Each wagon is manned by two black-robed sisters, usually accompanied by a little boy or girl, seven or eight years of age. The child is used as a begging-stock. It is worthy of note that such children are necessarily deprived of all chance to get an education, (even the kind given in parochial schools) as they are kept with the wagons all day from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. Yet the Cr

has been the deadly enemy to all American ideas, and is a conspiracy

that is actively working to undermine our institutions. Already the tool of the Jesuits, his fatness, Taft, has paid the Pope \$7,000,000 for lands the Church never owned, and had already been deeded in fee simple to the U. S. by treaty. He doubled the ward of the commission for claimed damages to Church property in the Philippines. He had paid in 1907, \$320,000 to the Roman Catholic church for what the people of Porto Rico had said was fraudulent and between Taft and Roosevelt they put over a claim of \$1,500,000 on a Cuban claim and Rome got it when it was so big a fraud that mules would have laughed it out of the corral.

For three years Taft has attended a Jesuit Church on Thanksgiving day, and established papal "military mass" in the White House grounds. He jumped the Jesuit White over Harlan's head as Chief Justice, made General Barry, educated as a Jesuit, Superintendent of West Point Military Academy. Sent a private personal envoy to the Pope, who was righteously drowned in the Titanic, and now the entire Papal Church press endorses Taft's candidacy and the Pope, and all the red-capped cracker magicians and old bone-worshippers endorse Taft. His fatness Taft could only do one more thing to show how he crawls to Rome, and that would be to don a cassock and gown, and walk on his knees to the nearest Catholic shrine, and beat himself before some priest, and make damned idiot of himself. How about it, John Henry to vote for Taft?

JUST ANOTHER  
AROM

Last line on article [society for the]



# Frontier Smashers

May. 16 1934

By TOM HICKEY



**H. L. LARK** is a very young man who is doing his level best to smash the last frontier by developing his beautiful 8,000 acre ranch that begins on the banks of the Frio river and extends over McMullen county into Live Oak until it is within gun shot of Whittsett on the Sausage railroad. There are some aged people whose years number 45 who would object to me calling our smasher young because he is 73 years young or four years younger than that other kid called Tom Edison who is working 18 hours a day at 77. Both of these men are living refutations of Dr. Osler's theory that a man should be chloroformed at 60. I read a truthful story last week about a youngster in California that became a happy father of twins at 87. I know a rancher in McMullen county who has found that our gorgeous climate has so agreed with him that at 92 years young he is afraid to go out at night for fear the Ku Klux would take his interstitial gland away from him. All of which goes to show that this matter of age is a matter of mind and if you live a clean life you will think clean and then Methuselah will have nothing on you as the years go sailing by. I know how H. L. remains young. He has taken the advice of his old personal friend, Mark Twain, who when banqueted in the Waldorff on his 70th birthday said: "I stand at the top of seven terraces each containing ten steps and from that lofty height I gaze down upon you and will confide to you how I reached this eminence. I did it by obeying every rule laid down by materia Medica and the copy books. They told me early to bed and early to rise, I went to bed with the milk man; they told me abjure the soothing weed and I smoked more than a Pittsburgh steel chimney; they told me not to look on the wine when it was red, I drank more than it would take to float the British navy; they told me to exercise regularly, I wrote my best

books in bed where I stayed five months at a time and that is how I climbed the heights. If poor Mark had done as Brother Lark did and come down here to the Garden of the Gods and rested on the peaceful bosom of the Lark ranch, that is more beautiful than the hanging gardens of Babylon, then we would still have him with us and our lives would have been happier as we basked in the rays of his resplendent genius. As H. L. had the wisdom to acquire his ranch in this vale of flowers and sunshine he will trip around like a gladsome child when he crosses the hundred mark and gleefully tell the angel of death to march on.

**C. M. WEDDING** is a frontier smasher who escaped from Isard county, Arkansas, where he was born 45 years ago. He says that he might have been back there yet instead of in this land of fragrant flowers if it were not for an accident that happened. He was plowing one day and fell out of his farm into the public road. A stranger picked him up and asked him how he felt. He told him that he was busy plowing rocks and had fallen out of the farm three times since sun up. The good Samaritan told him about Three Rivers so he bought a ticket and has been healthy and prosperous every since and now owns what is probably the handsomest restaurant between San Antonio and Brownsville. He styled it the Ideal and it lives up to its name. He owns the Wedding ranch on which a big gasser came in recently. He says that between his land, his gasser, and his restaurant his guitar and his climate he would not swap places with King Solomon and his seven hundred wives. There is subtle propaganda because when the other denizens of Isard county read this story they will hitch up their oxen and hike for this Garden of the Gods. Come to southwest Texas.



which the meeting broke up with cheers for Josephine:

Plainview, Tex., Oct. 17, 1922.  
Dear Daddy:

I have a question to ask you. In geography we had about mining. I told my teacher about the rocks grinding in the mines at 12 o'clock at night. I want to know the reason why they grind at 12 every night.

I sure do thank you for the persimmons and cane you sent us. They were both good. Be sure to answer my question as soon as you get my letter, for I have got to know.

JOSEPHINE MCGHEE.

October 31, 1922.

Miss Josephine McGhee,  
Plainview, Texas.

My Dear Little Lady:—Your daddy tells me that you are an awfully good 10-year-old tot and he wishes me to answer your question because when I was a very young man I used to work in these deep, dark, damp mines where the rocks grind at midnight. It was in Butte, Mont., where the mines are 4000 feet deep and I used to work from 11 p. m. until 7 in the morning on what was called the graveyard shift. Sure enough, at 12 midnight the rocks would grind and seemingly stretch until the timbers that supported the roof would creak and sometimes move a quarter of an inch. It was as if nature was stretching herself and when you get to be a big girl and read your Shakespeare you will see that he knew about this because he speaks of: *"The witching hour of midnight when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead."*

Now I am not just sure why slabs of rock drop off the walls of the deep mines and timbers stretch to the breaking point and particles of dust fall to the ground, but I do know that the miners have noticed these occurrences for years, and some of them say that it is because mother nature is protesting against the way that mankind is delving, blasting and digging and boring into her bosom.

I am rather inclined to doubt this very much, because the mother in many respects is a kindly old soul and she knows that men risk life and limb to produce the copper that makes civilization possible are engaged in a noble but arduous task. I am inclined to think that the reason why the rocks grind at midnight is because for more than 20 hours before the miners have shot off so much dynamite that the quiet hour of midnight gives echoes in the form of falling rocks that have been misplaced during the big day's work.

I hope that this answers your question, and if it does not, let me know and I will see Dr. Bosworth, the great geologist, and that mighty man of science who delights to answer questions of little girls like you will send you a personal letter that may explain this wonderful secret, which your daddy and I are joined in sending you my love.

TOM HICKEY.

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J. C. Baker, M. D.



## A MISSIVE TO A MAID

*By Tom Hickey*

The regular weekly meeting of the oil men, brokers and lease hounds was held at the usual hour in the Birdwell Drug Store last Wednesday night. Colonel O'Guinn, the famous scout, was in the chair. He delivered an impassioned address on the necessity for farmers diversifying and pointed out in livid and lurid language that on his ranch in Maverick county by attending carefully to soil culture he was able to raise 95 gallons to the acre. After the cheers subsided the lone newspaper man presented the following very interesting correspondence, after

that men risk life and limb to produce the copper that makes civilization possible are engaged in a noble but arduous task. I am inclined to think that the reason why the rocks grind at midnight is because for more than 20 hours before the miners have shot off so much dynamite that the quiet hour of midnight gives echoes in the form of falling rocks that have been misplaced during the big day's work.

I hope that this answers your question, and if it does not, let me know and I will see Dr. Bosworth, the great geologist, and that mighty man of science who delights to answer questions of little girls like you will send you a personal letter that may explain this wonderful secret, which your daddy and I are joined in sending you my love.  
TOM HICKEY.

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## J. C. Baker, M. D.

Office With

Dr. A. T. EZELL

Calls Promptly Answered

Phone No. 68



## SOME FACTS ABOUT THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

The Standard Oil company has a capital stock of \$110,000,000, of which \$100,000,000 is preferred. It is supposed to have a surplus of about \$500,000,000.

The cash assets of the company, according to the last annual report, were about \$388 a share. These assets do not include the value of the company's oil above ground, which is figured at \$300,000,000 or about \$300 a share; so that in actual liquidation the value of the Standard Oil stock would be about \$688 a share.

The company has 8,000 miles of trunk pipe line, 75,000 miles of feeders and controls 70 per cent of the refining business of the country, having twenty-two refineries each with a daily capacity of from 15,000 to 30,000 barrels.

It has erected and maintains its oil supplies in nearly 4,000 stations throughout the United States, holds 80,000,000 barrels of oil continually in reserve, and requires 9,000 tank cars and 5,000 tank wagons to handle initial domestic distribution.

More than one-half of the company's refined products is consumed abroad, 200 vessels, including sixty ocean tank steamers, being engaged in transporting its products and this foreign business has brought to this country more than \$1,000,000,000 of foreign gold.

The company employs 70,000 men, has a payroll of \$150,000 a day, and in forty years of corporate existence has had no labor troubles.



## SOCIALISTS GATHERING AT WHITE CITY PARK

The committee having charge of the Socialist meeting and basket picnic at White City Park Sunday hopes to be able to present Rev. Reddin Andrews of Tyler, Socialist nominee for governor, as the principal speaker. Another orator will be Tom Hickey, known as the Butte Miner and state organizer for the Socialist party. The picnic will be under the auspices of the Eleventh and Twelfth Ward Socialist Clubs.

The Socialists have announced their ticket and platform for the coming elections. Reddin Andrews of Tyler is the nominee for governor; P. G. Zimmerman of Anson for lieutenant governor; E. R. Meltzen of Hallettsville, controller; Alf Mueller of San Antonio, commissioner of the general land office; W. J. Bell of Tyler, state treasurer; M. A. Smith of Commerce, attorney general; Mrs. H. A. Fee of San Angelo, superintendent of public instruction, and M. S. Graham of Lueders, commissioner of agriculture.

The platform includes eighteen planks. Among other things it stands for the full right of franchise to women; the abolition of the poll tax as a qualification to the right of ballot; a graduated land tax on all farm land held for exploitation or speculation; that the tools, teams and implements of landless farmers to the amount of \$800 be exempt from taxation; state ownership of cotton gins, cotton seed oil mills, cotton compresses, warehouses and other public utilities; and free school books for pupils in the public schools.

A district meeting of Socialists was held at Stephenville Saturday to elect a congressional nominee from this district.



nection with this, that Jas. E. Ferguson would have been indorsed in his position if they had not hidden themselves behind language, and it was their desire to indorse the candidacy of one "Early Bird Mayfield" against Jim Ferguson for U. S. Senator in the coming Run-Off Election on Saturday, August 26th. Gov. Jim Ferguson was and is the only candidate for U. S. Senator that has squarely declared himself for Union Labor and the closed shop.

2nd. the rest of the resolution using the doctrine of the State Rights as a camouflage declares "Early Bird Mayfield" proposition upon the right of the State Railway Commission to control the Railways of Texas with what is said "They view with alarm the bureaucratic exhibition of the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission". This was done to give force to Mayfield's candidacy. Mayfield never was a State Rights Democrat. He advocated the adoption by the Federal Congress of the 18th amendment to the Constitution of the United States of the National Prohibition Law, thereby defeating and destroying the right of each State to determine for itself this question which is alone one of Police power. He advocated the adoption of the National Suffrage Act which took from the States the right for each to determine who should be qualified to vote and thereby became a party to and approved of the Constitutional amendment which was passed when the South was suffering under the heel of oppression. Why this Committee upon Resolutions did not exhibit the courage to declare themselves in unmistakable language for Earl B. Mayfield I cannot understand.

I desire to openly declare that I am for Jas. E. Ferguson for U. S. Senator, that I am for State Rights, that he opposed the Federal Suffrage Act, upon the principle that they were always and are now in contravention of the doctrine of State Rights; that he has always opposed the centralization of Federal Power in the control of any of the affairs of the States which is peculiar to them. He is opposed to the Interstate Commission and is opposed to the power of the Federal Government to draft striking railroad men or miners

As to the action of the convention in striking the name of E. O. Meitzen, the Democratic nominee for county surveyor off the list of delegates to the State convention I shall say nothing until some superwise politician shall have answered his pregnant inquiry in Tuesday's New Era, which is "Who is a Democrat" and to which I might add in the language of the Hon. Clarence Ousley, "Who is a Democrat and When".

It is now reported that no second primary election is to be held.

I want all men who intend to protect their rights, who desire that liberty shall be preserved, that the voice of the people as expressed at the ballot box shall be the voice of God, that labor shall not be stricken down when it fights for justice, that the farmer shall not be made the slave of organized wealth, that those who love their freedom, the right of their children and their childrens children shall meet with us at the courthouse on next Saturday, August 5th, at 1:30 o'clock p. m.

I am, most respectfully,  
Will T. Bagby.

After an absence of sometime will try to send in a few items to The New Era.  
Mr. and Mrs. Roy Pettit and little son and Mrs. R. W. Bremer son and son of Victoria, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Spears.  
Mr. and Mrs. T. Frazer and Mr. Andrew Frazer spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Frazer below Ezzell.  
Miss Katie McCord spent a few days last week with friends at Yokum.  
Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Frazer and family of Salem, spent Sunday here with Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Hermes.  
Mrs. G. W. Spears spent awhile last Saturday with Mrs. Frank Frazer.  
Mr. and Mrs. Jim Raska and Louis Raska attended church here Sunday.  
Misses Lizzie and Estelle Hermes were callers in Sweet Home last Friday.

Hallettsville Route 4.



### **MRS. HICKEY HERE.**

Mrs. T. A. Hickey and her brother, Fred Boer, came in Thursday night to spend several days packing and shipping household goods. They had started from Brandenburg, Stonewall county, Monday, January 1, in a Ford auto, and after stopping at Fort Worth, Waco and other points en route, arrived in Houston Saturday, January 6, Mr. Hickey coming with them that far. From there Mrs. Hickey and Mr. Boer went to El Campo for a several days visit, coming on here by way of Weimar Thursday.

The speedometer of the automobile showed that they had come just 840 miles since January 1. The trip was made over all kinds of roads, some of them especially rocky and mountainous as those in Shackelford and Pale Pinto counties, but the only mishap was a flat tire just once. They will make the return trip by easy stages.

Mr. Hickey is now in Austin, in his capacity as editor of The Rebel where he will remain until the adjournment of the legislature. After this he will go to Dallas to remain several months to continue his work soliciting advertising and "digging up" feature stories for his paper, which, of course, will continue to be printed here. Mrs. Hickey will join him later. They expect to return here later in the year.



## "Why Did Hickey Whip a Cop?"

To the Editor of The Record:

SWEETWATER, July 15.—It is with feelings of deep regret that I dip my pen into ink as black as a politician's heart for the purpose of asking you, even at the eleventh hour, to refrain from injecting a new issue into this sad and solemn campaign.

Up to date the Democrats have concluded their canvass on a more or less lofty plane. The principal issues that have confronted us up to date were such ennobling ones as "could Mrs. Morris make the best kind of soap in her back yard or could Mrs. Ferguson answer the telephone calls without the aid of a social secretary." Then again were we thrilled over the question of whether Governor Ferguson had bought "nine gallons of gasoline for the mansion," or was the hyphenated when he ordered sauer kraut with some other groceries at the public expense. Before this patriotic issue even punch and salad were pushed into the back ground. Our feelings were triturated as we pondered over the profound question of whether Tom Campbell or Dr. Brooks first climbed on the water wagon and why should a man with a record run against a man like Brooks without a record. Echo stentorously answers—why? Was Charlie Culberson sick. And, would he allow his skull to be examined in the lobby of the Oriental hotel by the state board of health?

So are we proceeding on the even tenor of our way, discussing great questions of state like the above, when you with your pernicious poisoned pen disturbed our equanimity by raising the frightful issue of "Why Did Hickey Whip a Cop?" You little knew how deep this question enters the vitals of Democracy. Whipping a cop is one of our prerogatives and so deeply seated is this felt by all true Jeffersonians that to raise the issue is to cause turmoil and violence in our state. What do lye and soapsuds and telephone calls and sickness compare with the priceless privilege of beating up a man in blue for the priceless privilege of free speech? You but little know how serious is this issue you have raised and I fear that in the closing days of the campaign it will rise to haunt you. Already the question has been asked due doubtless to the wide circulation of your paper and that of Brother Robinson, in a thousand Democratic gatherings: "Who was the cop and where was the feat performed?" "Was he the chief or the night chief or a pavement pounder?" Thus you can see what an interest is taken in this portentous question.

As for myself and Judge Davis we must confess we are not able to rise to the heights that our opponents have climbed. We are only discussing such trifling questions as landlordism and tenantry, how can the people get the land, usury and its consequences, preparedness, penury, poverty and pellagra. As we travel through the state we console ourselves with the fact that at the smallest attended debate we have a larger crowd than sit at the feet of our five opponents. So I would ask you and Brother Robinson to say no more about the cop. Let me warn you to pursue your soap suds and punch and salad way. Hoping to meet you in Washington in the Ides of next March.

T. A. HICKEY.  
Editor of the Rebel.



# ional Oil Jour

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, FRIDAY APRIL 6, 1923

## roven In

### THE PROMOTER

By TOM HICKEY

King Ferdinand was a mighty man who ruled the Seven Seas.  
His Armada was a lallapala whose sails kissed every breeze;  
At least so he thought, until one day a sailor bold and grim  
Broke into his palace and said, "To a new county I can swim.  
can swim.

"But I need a boat for to promote a trip to the far off West.  
'Tis hell and death and I am bereft although I'll do my best—  
To reach a continent young and fair that lies by the setting  
sun."

Said the King, "You are wrong, away—begone, you low down  
son-of-a-gun."

Gloom settled on Columbus like a fog on Biscay Bay.  
Then on his knees the sailor fell and slow began to pray:  
"Oh, Madre Mio, tell me where I can find a boat  
To take me to the promised land that I will soon promote."

Then a spirit said in a voice of dread, "Since with a man you  
fail;

Go to his nearest kin and see that it is a female."

With courage strong he went along to the fair Isabella.

With instant sight she saw the light that moved this mighty  
fellow.

So her jewels she took from her bosom fair and told him to  
build a ship;

And go to the west without any rest 'til he found land where  
the sun would dip.

And then come back the greatest man that ever lived in Spain.  
He kissed her hand and started west upon the raging main.

To the western ocean far away Columbus soon set sail.

He fought the mutineers on board and an equinoctial gale.

For months he trod the slippery deck until he could hardly  
stand;

'Till one fine day he received his pay when he gazed on our  
own fair land.

And so it is with the wildcatter and his poor small promotion.  
That often is as difficult as sailing an unknown ocean.

For nature's secrets down below are as hard to unlock

As Columbus' was in old Madrid when his ship lay in the  
dock.

So hats off to the hardy men who promote with imagination.  
One gave a continent to the world, the other develops a  
nation;

By bringing the oil to the surface soil from the hidden depths  
below.

We'll sing their praise to the end of our days for they make  
this old world go.



## ORDER OF THE POSTMASTER GENERAL.

OFFICE OF THE POSTMASTER GENERAL,  
WASHINGTON, June 16, 1917.

ORDER No. 431.

The Postal Laws and Regulations of 1913 is hereby amended by the addition of the following as Section 481½.

1. Every letter, writing, circular, postal card, picture, print, engraving, photograph, newspaper, pamphlet, book, or other publication, matter, or thing, of any kind, in violation of any of the provisions of this act (Act of June 15, 1917, Espionage Bill), is hereby declared to be nonmailable matter and shall not be conveyed in the mails or delivered from any post office or by any letter carrier: *Provided*, That nothing in this act shall be so construed as to authorize any person other than an employee of the Dead Letter Office, duly authorized thereto, or other person upon a search warrant authorized by law, to open any letter not addressed to himself. (Act of June 15, 1917, Sec. 1, Title XII.)

2. Every letter, writing, circular, postal card, picture, print, engraving, photograph, newspaper, pamphlet, book, or other publication, matter, or thing, of any kind, containing any matter advocating or urging treason, insurrection, or forcible resistance to any law of the United States, is hereby declared to be nonmailable. (Act of June 15, 1917, Sec. 2, Title XII.)

3. Paragraph 1 above relates to mail matter of any class which is in violation of any of the provisions of the Act of June 15, 1917, known as the Espionage Bill, and applies specifically to all matter which is intended to interfere with the operation or success of the military or naval forces of the United States or to promote the success of its enemies, or which is intended to cause insubordination, disloyalty, mutiny, or refusal of duty, in the military or naval forces of the United States, or which is intended to obstruct the recruiting or enlistment service of the United States. (Act of June 15, 1917, Sec. 3, Title I.)

4. Whoever shall use or attempt to use the mails or Postal Service of the United States for the transmission of any matter declared by this title (Title XII, Act of June 15, 1917, Espionage Bill) to be nonmailable, shall be fined not more than \$5,000 or imprisoned not more than five years, or both. Any person violating any provision of this title may be tried and punished either in the district in which the unlawful matter or publication was mailed, or to which it was carried by mail for delivery according to the direction thereon, or in which it was caused to be delivered by mail to the person to whom it was addressed. (Act of June 15, 1917, Sec. 3, Title XII.)

5. The postmaster shall not give opinions to the public, and when in doubt as to the mailability of any matter under the above statute he shall withhold the same from dispatch or delivery, as the case may be, and submit the question with samples of the matter to the Solicitor for the Post Office Department for instructions.

A. S. BURLESON,  
Postmaster General.



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### SWENSON THE SEER

#### AN OIL STORY

By Tom Hickey

I am particular about a good head for my stories. I would as soon have a dirty collar over my new dress suit as to have a sloppy head over my story, and so it happens that I dug into the midnight ink over the midnight oil and wrestled with the above head and produced Swenson the Silent; Swenson of Swensondale; Swenson the Spiritualist; Swenson the Swede, and about fourteen other alliterative S's, all of which were appropriate to the story of the richest and most scholarly oil farmer in all the funny South.

The first thing to learn about Swenson is, that he is no relation to the other Swenson of Stamford, Texas, and Wall St., New York. The two great Swenson families do not even know one another. Each of them are millionaires. The Stamford Swenson owns a little tract of land consisting of eleven hundred sections, running from Shackelford county to the foot of the plains, while Swenson the Seer owns 3500 acres of the finest oil land in West Texas, if not in the entire South. However, it isn't the wealthy Swenson that intrigues me, but it is the fact that he is the only sheep man I ever met that studies Spencer. He is the only farmer that I ever met who quits the hay field to wrestle with Huxley. He is the only farmer I ever met who, after slopping his hogs, digs into the intricacies of Marx. Sir Oliver Lodge is to him an open book, and Tyndall, Darwin and the other masters are his constant companions. While Shoberhauer and Swedenborg are always within reach.

Now let us take a close look at this scholar from Scandinavia. He is 84 years old and looks 50. Like the other oil king, Rockefeller, he is as bald as an egg, and this goes for eyebrows, mustache, etc. He is about five feet nine in height, erect as an Indian, and as lean as a viking. His cheek bones are burned by the western sun until they take on a dullish red which adds to his youthful appearance. His walk is a quick swinging stride,

where now stands the mighty First National bank with its great gothic pillars and millions of deposits. There was a medicine show in town and a political convention, and worst of all, or best of all, it depends on the point of view, thirty cases of bottle and bond came in overland from Ranger. In the middle of all this at eleven in the morning, I had delivered an oration on frenzied finance, a story of which I had just written from an angle different to Tom Lawson's. So between the district court, medicine show, convention and the booze, and frenzied finance, poor Breckenridge couldn't stand the shock and a mob was organized and the sheriff stood beside me with a drawn gun and knives were pulled in all directions. Tom Blanton issued a reward for my arrest and Senator Sebastian pleaded for order, and that great cartoonist, Big Ben Laurendale, forgot his pacifism and hunted for his gun. I mention this to show two things: one is that disorder does not necessarily come from an oil town boom, but can take place in a hamlet as peaceful as Goldsmiths' Sweet Auburn, and also I will point out the one serene character in all that mob was Peter Swenson, the pioneer, the scholar, the sheep man, the spiritualist, the man who one decade later refused \$15,000,000 from the Prairie Oil & Gas Co. for his possessions.

After the mob was quelled, and the convention was held and the booze was finished, and Tom Blanton was consigned to perdition by the writer, to which place he refused to go, but went instead to Congress, I went out to Swenson's home. It was a marvelous change to the dugout and the sod hut of the '70's. It was two stories high, long and rambling, finely furnished, and with the finest library I was ever in in a private home in the South. It was then that I learned of Swenson's devotion to the religion of spiritualism, for it is a real active, burning spiritual fact with him. He told me that life was everlasting; that quicker than the flash of an eye, the soul left the temple of clay to live again in that "bourne to which no traveler ever returns." With withering sarcasm he



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much as a healthy man in his  
early forties. His eyes are that  
nordic blue that reflects the  
light of his northern waters, and  
to see them sparkle when he  
talks of Conan Doyle and the  
life to come is worth the muddy  
trip over the long trail to the  
thousand derricks of Brecken-  
ridge.

Pete Swenson's life has been  
one of unremitting toil. Oil  
kings are not made in a day.  
Sixty-five years did Swenson  
work for sixteen hours a day be-  
fore he first looked at the sun  
through the golden sheen of pe-  
troleum going over his crown  
block. He came from Sweden  
when a man, and landed in Min-  
nesota, the state of ten thousand  
lakes, in a blizzard that carried  
forty below temperature and  
swept from his soul the nostal-  
gia of an emigrant.

This was in 1874. Two years  
later, with his brother and young  
bride, he set out overland in a  
wagon for Texas. The trip last-  
ed about eight months. He rais-  
ed one crop in Central Texas and  
then moved to Stephens county  
and settled down on his present  
homestead and the next neigh-  
bor was a mile away. He went  
through all the hardships and  
dangers of a pioneer. He lived  
in a dugout, raised a few sheep  
and with his bachelor brother  
and loving wife he wrung with  
bleeding fingers a meager living  
from reluctant nature.

It was at this time out on the  
sand swept prairies that he lay  
at night and communed with the  
stars while watching the flocks.  
Every dollar Peter made he put  
into more land; he raised the  
best cattle in Stephens county  
and drove the many weary miles  
to market, for he it remembered  
that it was not until the recent  
oil boom that Stephens county  
had a railroad, and even today  
the adjoining county of Tock-  
morton is waiting for oil in the  
hope of getting the iron horse.

When I first met Peter Swen-  
son Breckenridge had grown to  
a population of three thousand.  
It was the county seat of Ste-  
phens county. It was a first  
Monday or trades day; district  
court was in session and Tom  
Blanton was on the bench. Breck  
Walker was running a little  
bank in a small brick building

with a winking sarcasm he re-  
pudiated the Schopenhaur dic-  
tum, that "Life is an unpleasant  
interruption of an unconscious  
existence." And then, wonder  
of wonders, we commenced to  
talk of oil. It is simply amazing  
what a number of men foretold  
the coming of oil long before the  
derricks blurred the sky line.  
Swenson was sure there was oil  
on this land as he was that he  
was living. And time told the  
tale and now Peter Swenson is  
an oil king, and an associate of  
John H. Kirby of Houston; the  
builder of a home for orphan  
boys near Texarkana, that has  
run into the six figures several  
times, and this shows the heart  
of the man.

Swenson's ambition now is to  
visit his old home at Redwood  
Falls, Minn., and then go to  
Frisco, and then from there to  
Honolulu, to Pekin, Tokio, and  
so around the world until he  
visits every capital, and then  
report back to the oil gang at  
Breckenridge of what he learn-  
ed about King Petroleum in his  
worldwide trip.

Before I bid good-bye to the  
farmer, scholar, oil magnate, I  
must say that of all the men I  
have met, his life is the happi-  
est. I wish I could believe in  
spiritualism; I wish I could  
know this life does not end at  
all, but some how or other I can-  
not; but this does not prevent  
me from recognizing the quiet,  
calm and peace and happiness  
that this philosophy brings to  
those who are clean and believe  
in it. I would sooner have the  
Swenson ease of mind than to  
have all the oil that ever came  
out of the ground—where Swen-  
son lives, out where the West  
begins.

## FOR SALE OR TRADE

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DR. E. A. COX  
Teague, Texas.



# The Kosse Cyclone

VOL 39 NO 13

KOSSE, LIMESTONE COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7 1922

BY ROBISON BROS

## DR. BOSWORTH INTERVIEWED FOUR WELLS NEARING PAY

Kosse Field Has Magnificent Structure, Such as Would Thompson, Hobbs, Richard Rader and Revere Wells Indicate a Great Oil Field---Has Not Set Date To Start Drilling. Now the Center of Interest---Revere to go Four Thousand Feet.

### DR. BOSWORTH INTERVIEWED

By Tom Hickey

Dr. O. T. Bosworth, probably America's greatest geologist and author of standard text-books, such as the geology of the Mid-Continent oil field, and the oil fields of Peru, visited the home office of his company in Kosse yesterday for the first time after a prolonged siege of dengue. Inasmuch as he had given me the interview of the year, I was anxious to renew the acquaintance of the man who, among dozens of other great achievements, first brought in oil below the Arctic circle and shot the amber fluid towards where the white gulls flew.

Without any preliminaries, I plunged into the burning subject of the outlook for the Kosse field by asking him to tell me in as frank and scholarly way, his candid opinion of Kosse.

"I have not not and never have had any doubt about Kosse having a magnificent structure, such as would indicate a great oil field. Any one who stood and watched the great stream of oil that poured out of the Jones well, would be readily convinced of that fact; however, I must

pressed with the potentialities of this vast oil region."

"What about this talk I hear from curbstome intelligence about crevic wells and freak wells and that the Jones well is either one or the other?"

The Doctor smiled grimly and said: "I do not know what they mean by a crevice well; I cannot imagine any such term applied to a well that has shown a tremendous volume of oil as the Jones showed. That such should be in a crevice or pocket is unthinkable. As to freak wells I do not know what they mean, because any freak wells I have seen were those that had an extraordinary gasoline content, or because of extraordinary conditions produces an oil practically fit for lubricating purposes. These are the only freak wells I know of and there is nothing remotely resembling them in the Jones well."

We then discussed some trivial matters for a moment and I then brought the subject around to the question of the long wait before the bringing in of the second well. The scholar's brow clouded as I spoke of the weary waiting and mentioned the many heart-breaking incidents that occur where poor people are waiting for the second blessing.

I was either afraid that it was not going to rain enough to cause a rainbow, or that it would rain so much that I would get my feet wet in the attempt to arrive at the proper place at the proper time, or was there when the rain started and began to get ready to get away before it got so muddy I could not get about—if you get my meaning.

One Hundred Days Since

This is Sunday in Kosse. I don't know what day it is out in the wise old world, where those who have come and gone away, carrying their hammers, and are now using them at every opportunity in hammering down the future possibilities of the Kosse field, and making monkeys out of those who have little enough sense to stick it out.

As I said before, this is Sunday, a bright Sunday in November, and a finer day I have never seen. This November Day would make September Morn blush with shame. In the front yard of my two-quart shack blooms a cluster of the most beautiful American roses one would wish to see, even in the

### KOSSE NOTES

By Tom Hickey

The drills are pounding away steadily in the Kosse field. The Thompson, Hobbs, Richard Rader and Revere wells are now the center of interest. The Hobbs, on the Ouzts tract, is going down the last fifty feet with cable tools in the hardest formation found in the field, so far. Yesterday they only drilled six feet in two hours.

The Thompson No. 1, on the King tract, has taken a core and expects to complete the well with 6 5/8 casing that has just arrived. Richard Rader arrived Tuesday to take personal charge of his well. An interview with Mr. Rader about his well appears in another column.

The Revere well, Bratton No. 1, on the highway in the townsite, is rigged up all complete with the valve control. They are drilling out the cement and bailing at 3650. The orders are to go to 4000 unless oil is discovered earlier. This well is in charge of Walter E. Seeley, who brought in the first gusher for Snowden and McSweeney, in Emmittland in the Vera Cruz district.

city, and watch the world go by. at 3842.

The Humphreys Bassett No. 1 is getting ready to set 4 3/4 casing at 4280.

Dr. T. O. Bosworth is in town looking over the field and expects to remain here until the holidays. In another column there is an interesting interview your correspondent has just had with the great geologist who has purchased over \$600,000 worth of leases in this field.

### THANKSGIVING JUBILEE

One of the royal entertainments that is sometimes given by big-souled oil men occurred at Kosse on Thanksgiving night. The hosts were A. L. (Bert) Albin, general superintendent of the Danciger Company, and Clinton Stephens of the Kosse Power & Fuel Company. The affair was arranged in the big offices of the company, and turkey and fixings in abundance was served to the hungry host of happy humans that thronged the festive board. A piano and victrola supplied the music, and Tom Hickey was toastmaster.

The affair was a riot of good humor, mirth, wit and jollity. One of the screams was when

Stephens—third run, eh? All right, bring up a gallon." And sure enough, amid tremendous laughter, the B. L. arrived in a few minutes and deposited a gallon in the center of the table, and this was only one of the several that had gone before.

Another scream was the toastmaster's plaintive appeal to the citizens of Mexia and Groesbeck, in which he begged them not to be jealous of Kosse, because, said he: "Just as San Francisco has her Oakland, Philadelphia has her Camden, and New York has her Brooklyn, so will Kosse have her Groesbeck and Mexia." The comparison of Kosse to New York swept the crowd in a gale of laughter.

The affair broke up at midnight with many hearty congratulations to Messrs. Albin and Stephens, the big-hearted hosts, and was pronounced such a thorough success that arrangements were made the next day for another banquet to take place on December 14, when the press of the state will be invited to visit Kosse, where they will be taken over the field and sumptuously entertained in the evening. Mr. Garfield Vraw-



say that it is extremely difficult to account for the manner in which the well has acted after the initial flow. Many theories might be advanced why there has not been more production from the Humphreys' Jones. Imagine, for instance, that 3000 or 3500 feet from the surface, the rotary drill is going down constantly; the hole is being filled with mud which would have a tendency to choke the sand, particularly when the rotary drillers go pounding down at the rate of over 200 feet a day. In this way it is easily possible to pass through the oil bearing sands and then having gone to a lower depth, the oil might break loose from above and thus we would have production, not from where the bits rested on the solid ground, but from a point higher up and then with broken casing and rocks and mud, the well could be choked up. That is one possibility.

Another is, to imagine an oil bearing sand at a certain depth that is on the edge of the structure with water adjacent. The drill goes through, strikes the sand, brings in the production, but after a while the water enters and the hole is ruined."

"How would you remedy the first condition?" I asked.

"I would like to see a well drilled with cable tools, handled by the best drillers, who would painstakingly test the formation all the way down. Such a test will be of inestimable value, and such a test the Kosse field has not yet had. True enough, they put on cable tools, after they have gone down 3400 or 3500, during which time it is possible that the pay was missed."

"When are you going to start drilling in the Kosse field?" I asked the man who had such profound faith in it that he bought \$600,000 worth of leases in it.

"We have not set any date as yet; we are just watching and waiting developments."

Without any further questioning along this line, the Doctor proceeded to say: "It is indeed worth while watching the whole country along here, beginning with Corsicana you come on to a number of fine oil fields like Mexia, Curry, Richland and then on to Kosse with its great Jones well, and so on down to the fields below San Antonio and you must be profoundly im-

of the oil game?" said the Doctor. "We have it in all the fields, both great and small. It was so at Curry where they drilled nine dry holes after bringing in the first gusher, then they brought the second gusher in and the long delayed prosperity appeared. It was so in Mexia, in Desdemonia, Ranger and Eastland, and in the nature of things it must continue to be so."

"What is your opinion of the possibilities of a great oil field being found east of the tracks, say seven or eight miles away?" was my next question.

"I have not gone over that field carefully but it is quite likely that there is a good structure there. I may probably look more thoroughly into that portion of the Kosse district later."

The entrance of a number of the Doctor's subordinates with maps and brought the interview to an end.

#### WHY I AM STAYING WITH THE KOSSE FIELD

By H. C. Whitworth

Many people wonder why any one would stay with the Kosse field, when the outcome has been so slow coming. And when there has already been so many disappointments. The funny thing about an oil field, and especially a new one, is the way people run after or from rumors. The reason most people never succeed in the oil business is that they pay too much attention to what the other fellow says and do not use any common sense judgment of their own. I have been in and out of the game for the past fourteen years, and during that fourteen years I have been mostly down rather than up. I credit my inability to make a success to the fact that I have listened to the other fellow instead of using my own judgment. In other words, it was a lack of confidence on my part in my ability to work the thing out for myself.

Another reason why I have not reached the "rainbow's end" and found the much sought pot of gold, is the fact that I always got there too late or reached there too soon and got cold feet and got out before the thing really happened. In other words,

my bedroom window stand two big cars of eight-inch pipe shipped here by someone who does believe that Kosse will make a tremendous oil field. Two or three roughnecks and a pair of mules are unloading this pipe from the cars and the continual bang-banging of the pipe as it hits its mate on the ground below, is the cause of my being up at this hour of 9 a. m., cursing those fellows who have no more sense than to work for a living, for waking me up at this unearthly hour. This yard, which has been leased by one of the big supply houses who have had enough vision to get into the fields while the getting is good, and thereby enabling themselves to build up one of the largest supply businesses in the Texas oil field trade, is literally being covered with all kinds of supplies, running into many thousands of dollars. These fellows have not told me that they believe there is any future possibility to this field, but I would judge from their actions that they must think so, or they would not be shipping this material in here. There are too many other places in Texas where it could be used at possibly less expense to them.

At this same hour twelve wells are drilling at below the three thousand foot mark, by men who do believe in the future of the Kosse field. The men who are drilling these have not told me that they believe they have any chance to make an oil well. But I believe that they think so, or they would not be spending from thirty to forty thousand dollars each in the attempt.

Just out the other window of my rural domicile, where the owls hoot and the bullfrogs toot and a Ford car is heard to crank up and rush away after some wild rumor of a well coming in, or some bootlegger arriving in the outskirts of town with a load of hooch, I can see a large brick building going up which when finished will mount up into the six-figure mark. I have not discussed the future possibilities of this territory with the owner of this enterprise, but from his actions I would conclude that he must think there is going to be something doing in the sweet by-and-by.

The Jones No. 1, discovery well is cementing casing to clear water.

The Humphreys-Allen has a fishing job for the last two days

#### Fourteen Months—And Still Here

In the other corner of this elaborately furnished rabbit's den of mine sleeps (sometimes) a man who has been at this station 158 miles north of Houston and 145 miles south of Dallas for the past fourteen months. This was long before Col. Humphreys started the now famous Jones well. I DID ask him what he thought about the future of this place, that a few short months ago was so far back in the country that they used coons for watch-dogs, and the owls play with the chickens. He did not say just what he thought, but his answer to me was, "Keep your mouth shut and your ears open and saw wood—and use your own judgment; don't pay any attention to what the other fellow says." This man has made a success of the oil business, and I believe that he has done so by pursuing these very methods.

#### My Case

The stage in this field was set, it seems, for my special benefit. I was familiar with the field and the surrounding territory long before the Humphreys Jones well came roaring in with its twenty or thirty thousand barrels of golden fluid. I was here shortly after this well came in. I stood and gazed at this well for the biggest part of 36 hours before it was put under control either by its owners or by the works of Mother Nature, and no one is going to make me believe that there is not an oil field here of tremendous proportions. That is, no one except old man Drill himself.

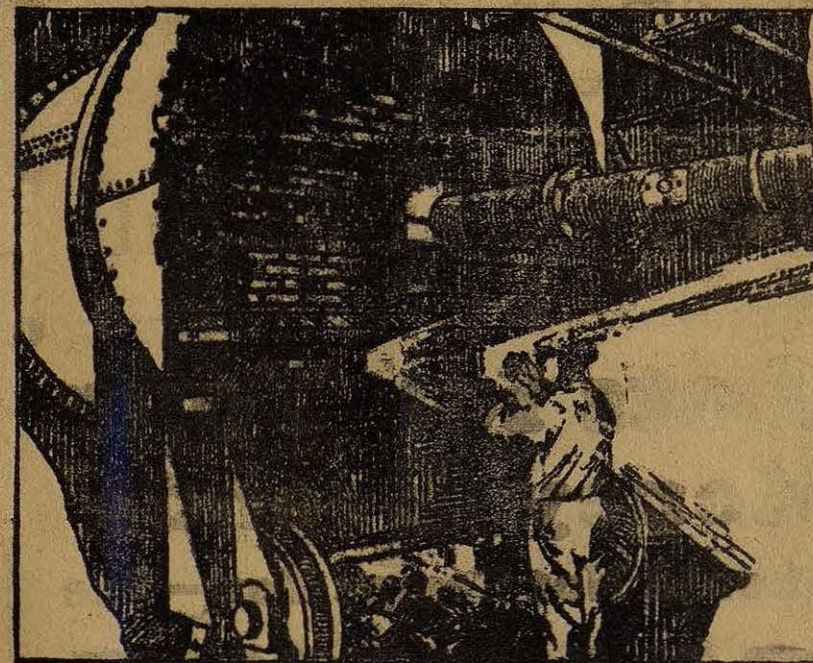
Regardless of all the rumors about salt water, freak wells, lime formation, deep holes, etc., etc., I am here to stay until that day when every inch of the yet unproven territory surrounding this well has been tested out and pronounced unproductive, or until that day when I can take my sack and fill it from the "rainbow's end." And then I can hie myself back to civilization and get a warm bath, plant my feet on the pavement of some wicked

and the phone rang beside Stephens' plate; Tom stopped and everybody listened intently to the following: "Yes, this is

Oil Journal, will be asked to head the press delegation, because of his splendid work in telling the truth about Kosse.

### CEMENT IS PRODUCT OF FIERY FURNACE

#### Fierce Heat Required to Fuse Raw Materials



**TREMENDOUS** forward strides in American industry have developed in each branch some particular spectacular phase that illustrates graphically this development.

In steel manufacture it is the operation of the open hearth and blast furnace. In the manufacture of glass it is the glass blower who holds the interest. Shipbuilding finds its focal point in the launching of some ocean greyhound. In the manufacture of portland cement it is the super-heating of finely ground material in gigantic kilns.

Kilns Tall as Twenty-Story Building. The accompanying illustration shows one end of a kiln used in modern cement plants. In many cases its weight will exceed 275,000 pounds, empty. The foundations that support it are heavy enough to hold a ten-story building. One of the largest kilns, if set on end, would be as tall as a twenty-story office building and a touring car could run through it with room to spare.

Not only in massive proportions is

the kiln of interest. A greater degree of heat is required in the operation of these kilns than in most any other industrial process.

#### "Like Looking at Sun."

Where the materials enter the kiln the temperature is approximately 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit. By the time the powdered material has completed its three-hour journey through the 125 feet or more of brick-lined "furnace," the heat has reached anywhere from 2,500 to 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

The workman watching through his peephole in the end of the kiln must wear smoked glasses. It is like looking at the sun. In a large plant a dozen or more of these kilns roar and revolve side by side in one great room. Estimating a single kiln's output at 25 barrels an hour, it would mean that nearly 5,000 pounds of pulverized coal had been blown into it to provide the tremendous heat necessary. It requires 200 pounds of this specially prepared coal to manufacture a single barrel of cement weighing 376 pounds.

## Merchants - Matinee

EVREY WEDNESDAY AT THE DREAMLAND



## THE CAPTAIN OF THE PROMOTION GUARD

By Tom Hickey

When a foreigner visits our shores and puzzles his brain to find out what makes America great, he is told that this is due to our form of government, our laws, our climate, our natural resources, our inventors, etc. To my mind these things all help, but they are as hollow brass and tinkling cymbals without one great factor, and that is the daring, dazzling, energy squandering, never-say-die American promoter. He is the man of vision, who, in fancy, places a city on a hill, where before the foot of man never trod. His faith does not move mountains, but it tunnels them and lets the mountain stand. He finds gold in inaccessible places. He sprays the snow of the Arctic with oil. He welds continents together. He annihilates space. He ignores obstacles of all descriptions. Pessimism is not in his vocabulary. He radiates optimism, is never so happy as when he is down to his last dollar, and takes it and upon it erects a monument of gold.

Cyclone readers, let me introduce to you one of America's most typical promotion captains, the Hon. Jas. K. Hughes of Mexia. J. K. landed in Mexia when the big rush broke two years ago, and fractured his last ten-dollar bill to pay for the ride. Although approaching the sixty mark, with hair silvered from the stress of many battles, his long lean plunged into the surging throng of oil mad and money mad humanity, and when he emerged he still held the price of a night's lodging, but better still, he had an option on a small piece of cheap acreage. A man of the Hughes type always has friends. Several of them were in Mexia. They staked him. He strained his credit to the breaking point. He drilled, and won. And then drilled again and won some more. He when the golden fluid hits the got in the Golden Lane and won again. Then he waded into the Fish Pond and while some other men were hesitating about putting down one well, he ordered twelve started, all at once, out of which he got several producers. Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold. He never forgets his friends, and his stockholders are always on his mind. So great long streams of dividend checks commenced to flow up from his office, and glory be, that stream has never stopped, nor even slowed up, while the 60-year-old young hustler has been stepping with seven-league boots over the state, into proven territory and wildcat territory, and semi-wildcat territory, and still the Hughes luck follows on. But it is not luck; it is good judgment, gained by a generation of dearly

bought experiences in many fields where Dame Fortune has to be savagely fought for her smiles.

And so this long man who takes long chances has got into Currie, and Richland, and Laredo, and Luling, and Marlin, and Kosse, and Hunt County on a tremendous wildcatting campaign. That busted ten-dollar bill has now become whole once more with more than a half a million brothers, and on that sidewalk where he felt his last dollar two years ago, there is now a handsome brick building on one of the best corners of the main street, with the word HUGHES carved in granite on top of it.

Hughes is in the Kosse field. He is playing it strong. He believes in it. He believes in it so that he has put his money, his power, his talent, and his genius. Other promoters are drilling one well. He had no sooner spudded in his No. 1, on the Hammond tract, than he gave an order to start No. 2. That's the Hughes style. Its the Fish Pond district over again. The first thing you will notice will be two streams of oil kissing the crown block with their golden spray right here in the Kosse field. And when you look at the sun through the golden sheen of the amber fluid, which, to my mind, as an old oil man, is the prettiest sight in the world, you may say to yourself, this is the Hughes way.

Hats off to the American promoter, the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and makes two oil wells gush where once was bust desert and sandy plain. Along this path lies civilization. The J. K. Hughes's will make it possible.

## THE SECOND LOS ANGELES

Our readers' attention is called to the big double page advertisement of the F. Z. Bishop Land Company in this issue of the Cyclone. Since the last advertisement appeared the land has been selling very rapidly to the most solid and substantial farmers that can be found in Texas. These men who are putting their money in realize several things. First, no man in America has sold more land to more satisfied purchasers, covering a long term of years, than has F. Z. Bishop. To deal with him is to deal with a man whose word is his bond, as he has demonstrated in Corpus Christi, Bishop, Harlingen, Godley, and wherever his promoting genius has functioned. Mr. Bishop is a million miles from being a fly-by-night promoter. He is a Texan of Texans. He does not blow in from the north and blow out again, but his home, family, possessions and himself are here. And several thousand satisfied home owners are blessing his name today. Any banker in Texas will testify to the soundness of Bishop and his projects. And that's that. Secondly, we would like to call the attention of our readers to the fact that you escape drouths on the Bishop land. You get an irrigated farm at \$75 per acre. You can put up rent houses and he will guarantee renters who will pay \$5 an acre. Thus the investment is sound from a weather and financial standpoint. Third, besides an ideal climate away from harsh winds and snow, the big fact stands out that every known kind of vegetable can be raised around Los Angeles, and semi-tropical fruits, delicious grapes, grapefruit and oranges can be raised, as well as staple crops. Fourth, don't overlook the personnel of those who are buying of Bishop. The hard-headed, hard-working, thrifty farmer of German descent is flocking in to purchase. Over fifty German families have al-

ready bought from South Texas and from Taylor and Williamson counties. A delegation from Haskell, Jones, Stonewall and Fisher counties in West Texas, will soon leave for the purpose of looking into purchase of this land. Raw land that is now selling from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars an acre will certainly go at from one hundred to two hundred dollars an acre within the next five years. The editor of the Cyclone, after looking into the immense amount of data that Mr. Bishop has presented to him, can positively assure his readers that if they want a home at a low price, abundant opportunity, Mr. Bishop has it prepared for them down near the Old Mexican border, and not far from where the Rio Grande flows.

Waco, Texas, Oct. 2, 1922.

Mr. A. H. Chamberland,  
Kosse, Texas.

Dear Sir and Friend: In reply to yours of recent date, in which you requested that I give you some facts relative to Mr. F. Z. Bishop, allow me to say I am glad to reply to your request, first, because of my satisfactory knowledge of Mr. Bishop.

First, I consider Mr. F. Z. Bishop one of the most satisfactory development promoters I have ever known.

Second, I consider him one of the best judges of Texas land values in that he knows the quality and productive ability of Texas lands.

Third, I have found him to be thoroughly honest.

Fourth, I have found him to be a man who sincerely desires to see those succeed who purchase from him. I know a number of men who are now independent because they purchased South Texas lands through the advice of F. Z. Bishop.

The fourth thing I say is, I observe very carefully the faithfulness of Mr. Bishop to carry out the pledges he made to those who purchased land from him. I consider him a natural promoter. And he follows this line not so much to make money for himself, but because he really enjoys the doing of such worthy tasks.

Trusting the above answers in a satisfactory way your questions, I am,

Very respectfully,

B. T. GOODWIN,  
823 Speight Ave., Waco,  
Texas.

## WILSON IN CONNECTICUT

The most gratifying thing at the democratic convention was the reception accorded the mention of Woodrow Wilson's name. The applause was not merely the perfunctory sort which delegates to a political convention always feel duty bound to give when the party leader's name is spoken, but a spontaneous outburst which obviously came from the heart and indicated a thorough-going belief in the quality of Mr. Wilson's leadership and idealistic attitude toward public life.

The manner in which Mr. Wilson, broken in health and in retirement, retains his grip upon the American people is remarkable. The same spirit which causes pilgrimages to his Washington home and causes crowds to collect and cheer every time the ex-president appears in public was reflected in the attitude of the Connecticut convention at the mere mention of his name. Homer Cummings' tribute to him caused the delegates not merely to applaud, but brought the mto their feet in a thundering cheer, which could mean only that the Connecticut democracy believes in Woodrow Wilson and welcomes the opportunity to pay honor to him.—Hartford Times.



# HICKEY TELLS OF ARREST; SAYS LODGE PLANNED NO DRAFT FIGHT

Declaring that his arrest in connection with an alleged conspiracy to resist conscription by force of arms was absolutely unjustified, T. A. Hickey, editor of the Rebel and former Socialist candidate for the United States senate, gave out a signed statement here Friday upon his arrival from West Texas.

Hickey declared that the organization known as the American Farmers & Laborers Protective Association has no such purpose as attributed to it, and that furthermore he has no connection with the organization.

In his statement Hickey described his arrest and declared he was held incommunicado for two days. In his statement he says:

"On Thursday, May 17, at the unincorporated town of Brandenburg, Stonewall county, West Texas, I was surrounded by four men and told to climb into an automobile that was standing at the depot. The leader of the four men, a one-armed man named Montgomery, who said that he was a Texas ranger, said to me, when I asked him for a warrant, that no warrant was necessary, that I had to 'climb in.' He and the other three men searched me and took sixty pages of copy from me that I was about to mail, as was my usual habit, to my paper, The Rebel, published at Hallettsville, Texas. Under the persuasion of the guns I got in the automobile and was conveyed at the rate of thirty-two miles an hour to Anson, county seat of Jones county. I was detained there for one hour and a half and was then taken by Sheriff Register to Abilene. There I met the Federal Commissioner, Mr. Gerand, who told me that I could not get my copy back and that I would be held over for examination by the Federal authorities. I asked if I could telegraph my wife and friends. He said yes, but that he would have to read the documents first. Accordingly, I telegraphed seven newspaper men that were acquaintances of mine. My first telegram was to my wife. I later learned that none of these telegrams were sent and when I tried to get in touch with some lawyers of my acquaintance I found that the incommunicado system was on. I could not write, telegraph or telephone, and was placed in a cell six feet wide, thirty feet long, with five other men, who were detained under Federal, county, state and city complaints. Fortunately, one boy at Brandenburg witnessed my arrest. He told his mother, who in turn told my wife, and then the telephones kept ringing, spurred by the only woman in the world, with the result that she learned where I was. On Saturday afternoon my wife had secured a lawyer and I was taken by a United States marshal for an examination. The proceedings were perfunctory and I was released under \$1,000 bail to appear before the grand jury at Abilene on October 1.

"In this case the authorities have made a bad mistake. I was the last man in Texas that should have been arrested for conspiracy against the government along organization lines, for the reason that the government already has investigated me, as the records will show, if that is the proper term to use. To be exact, C. W. Holman, formerly associate editor of Farm & Ranch, came to my office under the direct instructions of Frank P. Walsh of Kansas City, Mo., chairman of the Industrial Relations Commission, in 1915. He was a guest at my home for five days and during that time he examined the books of the Renters' Union and made an ample report to the Commission of Industrial Relations as to what he found in the Renters' Union office. Further, my partner, Mr. Meitzen, was subpoenaed before the hearing of the Industrial Relations Committee at Dallas, with Governor Ferguson and others, and his testimony as to this organization is now a part of the record of the United States government.

"To boil it all along, while the drag-net was thrown out on the orders of United States District Attorney Odell, or whoever was responsible, they made the mistake of not understanding the situation, and of that I want to say that I have not seen a particle of evidence that the newspaper men, or those who have spoken to them, understand anything about the situation.

"The stories already published convey the idea that this American Farmers & Laborers' Protective Association was organized for the purpose of fighting conscription. As a cold matter of fact, easily ascertained, such an organization was formed in West Texas in 1913, did not grow and was then revived in 1915, and at neither of these times was there, in the nature of things, anything known about conscription or said about it.

"It may be that in the next ten weeks following June 5 (conscription date) that similar mare's nests will be found in every state in the union."

## "KNOW THYSELF!"

A stout, baggage-laden, old English gentleman was trying to make a hurried exit from a railway carriage. At the door he stumbled on the foot of a brawny Scot.

"Hoots, toots, mon!" groaned the Highlander. "Canna ye look whaur y're going? Hoot, mon, hoot!"

The burdened traveler slammed the door behind him and shouted through the window:

"Hoot yourself! I am a traveler, not an automobile."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## HE WON.

An Irishman, passing a shop where a notice was displayed saying that everything was sold by the yard, thought he would play a joke on the shopman, so he entered the shop and asked for a yard of milk. The shopman, not in the least taken aback, dipped his fingers in a bowl of milk and drew a line a yard long on the counter. Pat, not wishing to be caught in his own trap, asked the price.

"Sixpence," said the shopman.

"All right, sorr," said Pat, "roll it up; I'll take it."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## THE APERTURE.

"Come 'ome ter me 'e did an' said 'e'd lorst 'is money, slipt through a 'ole in 'is pocket. 'Yus,' I sez, 'but by the way ye're wavin' a 'ole in yer face.'"

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



LETTSVILLE, TEXAS, TUESDAY,

### GOES TO NORTH DAKOTA.

In response to an invitation from the officers of the National Non-Partisan league, E. R. Meitzen, as a representative of the Land League of Texas, will leave on March 12 for Fargo, North Dakota, and will be gone two months.

The purpose of his stay in the Northwest is to fully look into the plans of the Non-Partisan League and at the same time under its auspices he will make speeches throughout North Dakota and Minnesota on the Land Question.

The Non-Partisan League will shortly extend its organization work to the South, and the officials of the Land League thought it best to get in touch with the new organization with a view of co-operating with it if found practicable.

It may be briefly explained that the Non-Partisan League was first started among the farmers of North Dakota in 1914 and in 1916 by an overwhelming vote it elected a governor and a legislature pledged to the League's program of state-owned wheat mills and elevators, a tax to the limit on speculative land values, state hail and other insurance, state rural credits, and like reforms. As its name implies it is composed of clean men of all political parties, who forget their party labels and stand behind candidates who stand on the league's platform. The membership is almost entirely composed of working farmers who co-operate with town and city workers.

According to the great daily papers, as well as reports reaching this office, the Non-Partisan League is now spreading like wild-fire over South Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa and adjoining states. The Minnesota work alone is furthered by organizers in 150 automobiles. From all accounts the league is destined to sweep out of power the political rings of at least a dozen states before next November, and put these state governments in the hands of the producers themselves.



# LETTERS - AND - ART

## POSTERING THE THIRD LIBERTY LOAN

**P**ICTORIAL PATRIOTISM is on the mend as the war increases. Afterthoughts are obviously better than forethoughts, as is shown by the new issue of posters urging the forthcoming war-loan. No one will probably say that our poster efforts dedicated to the prosecution of the war as yet compare with England's or come within a measurable distance of those of France, but as the nation is more and more fired with the will to conquer we shall expect to see this spirit reflected in the art of the bill-boards. The avalanche of 9,000,000 posters urging the Third Liberty Loan is going into the hands of committees throughout the United States, Hawaii, Alaska, Porto Rico, Cuba, the Philippines, and "Somewhere in France." The drawings are contributions of artists of many schools and sections ranging, we are told by the Bureau of Publicity of the Treasury Department, "from a night-school student to the most widely known illustrators." Work on the posters was begun early in January, when most of us were feeling the coal restrictions; but the Government happily let us shiver to give the "paper, coal, and other necessary agencies in their production," requiring special effort at this time. We read:

"With the enthusiasm artists necessarily bring to their work, these contributors to the Liberty Loan have expressed in almost every conceivable form the ideals of the patriot. Three of the designs, by Raleigh, Pennell, and Paus, were donated through the Subcommittee on Pictorial Publicity of the Committee on Public Information, of which Charles Dana Gibson is chairman. All the designs used were furnished without charge to the Treasury Department.

"One of the most powerful posters is by Joseph Pennell, the renowned Philadelphia artist. Executed with the strength of line characteristic of an etching, a great battle-ship in dock is the imposing subject of the picture. Airplanes circle overhead and the scene about the dock is one of great activity. The whole constitutes a pictorial recognition of the nation's aerial and naval forces. Pennell's own caption for the poster, 'Provide the Sinews of War,' is particularly fitting. In order that there might be no mistake made in the reproduction of the drawing, Pennell went to New York and personally executed the work.

"'Over the Top,' one of the most popular slogans of the day, is well conceived in Sydney Rosenberg's spirited painting, 'Over the Top for You.' It promises to be one of the most popular posters of the campaign. In addition to imbuing the fier figure with unusual virility, Rosenberg has succeeded in putting much action into inanimate parts of the painting,

particularly the flag which the soldier carries. The flag, filled with a brisk wind, is silhouetted against the intense blackness that immediately precedes the dawn.

"'Halt the Hun' is the powerful exhortation standing forth in red lettering on a poster drawn by Henry Raleigh. The poster shows an American soldier forcing back a brutal figure wearing an iron cross, at whose feet cowers a woman clutching a child. All the figures are in black crayon set against a buff background streaked with flames of lurid red."

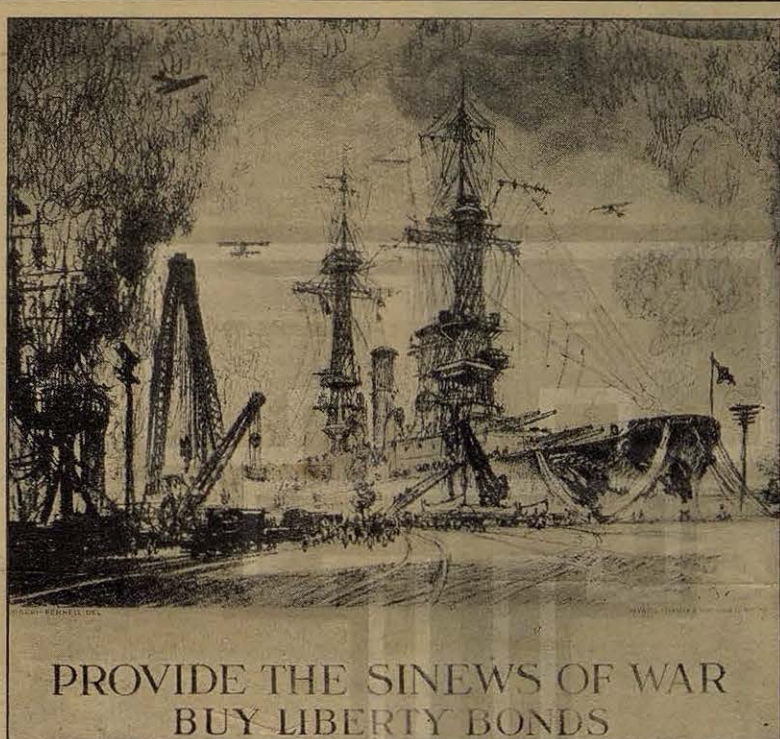
Mr. Christy's "Fight or Buy Bonds" shows one of his engaging maidens who is marching abreast an eager column of helmeted soldiers; and his popular appeal is evidenced in the fact that one million copies of his design in eight colors and two sizes have been lithographed for general distribution. Further:

"An attractively executed design and a clever caption are combined in a poster, 'Are You 100 per Cent. American?' by Sydney S. Stern. The artist is a young man who writes that he attended various evening schools of art, including the New York Evening School of Industrial Art.

"Exact reproductions of the famous Liberty Bell and Independence Hall in Philadelphia are shown in the 'Ring It Again' poster. It is lithographed in eight colors and depicts an enthusiastic throng surrounding Independence Hall while the Liberty Bell rings out its message of freedom of democracy. The Liberty Bell has proved such a strong emblem in previous campaigns that it is being used more extensively in publicity work for the coming campaign than ever before.

"The soldier, asleep behind the lines and dreaming of victory with his comrades, is depicted in a twenty-four-sheet poster. The figure of a sleeping soldier is in khaki color and occupies the lower part of the poster, forming a vivid contrast to the cold, greenish representation of No Man's Land in the background. He dreams of victory, and high above him he and his comrades are vignettted as marching home, joyously bearing the laurels that they have won in the trenches. The entire poster is full of life and action and well represents the fitting realization of a soldier's desire. This poster will be displayed on 8,500 billboards throughout the country. In the other soldier-poster, entitled 'To Make the World a Decent Place to Live In,' by Herbert Paus, the dark figures of the soldiers in the act of going over the top are silhouetted against a lurid sky, giving the composition striking contrast and action.

"In recognition of the sale of more than \$100,000,000 worth of Liberty bonds last October by the Boy Scouts of America and their intention to cooperate in the Third Liberty Loan campaign, a special poster has been produced for them by the Treasury Department through the courtesy of J. C. Leyendecker and *The Saturday Evening Post*. A million of the posters, in eight



PROVIDE THE SINEWS OF WAR  
BUY LIBERTY BONDS

PENNELL'S BID FOR LIBERTY.

With its caption, telling us why to buy, Joseph Pennell sends this design for a Liberty-Bond poster, which he specially made at the New York docks.



Mr. Wm. Munger  
30  
Wells Posing

colors, showing a Scout kneeling before a heroic figure of Liberty, will be distributed by Scouts throughout the country.

"One of the best posters with the figure of a child that has been produced in any of the governmental publicity campaigns is that of a little blond girl who proudly proclaims that her 'Daddy' has bought her a government security, which she clutches to her breast.

"A poster which will appeal particularly to the residents of agricultural districts depicts a sturdy farmer bidding farewell

New York *Globe* some samples of James's "subtle word combinations" to prove his point:

"The air was like a clap of hands—' There was a household quietness in her step and gestures.' 'There was something in his quick, brown eye that showed you he was not economizing consciousness.' New York 'the youngest, and easiest, and most good-humored of capitals.' 'A countenance almost chemically clean and dry.' A graveyard where 'the very headstones themselves seemed to sleep, as they slanted into the grass.' 'Everything in France is a picture—even things that are ugly.' 'Her high-held, much-rubbed hands seemed always assenting exuberantly to something unsaid.' The villa 'stood on the summit of an olive-muffled hill.' 'A large, bright, dull, murmurous, mild-eyed, middle-aged dinner.' 'Across the level of a meadow a foot-path wandered like a streak drawn by a finger over the surface of a stuff.' 'Her spell sprang not from her beauty.' 'She exercised the magnificent power of making her lover forget her face.' 'Having hustled all sensibility out of their lives, they invented the fiction that they felt too much to utter.'"

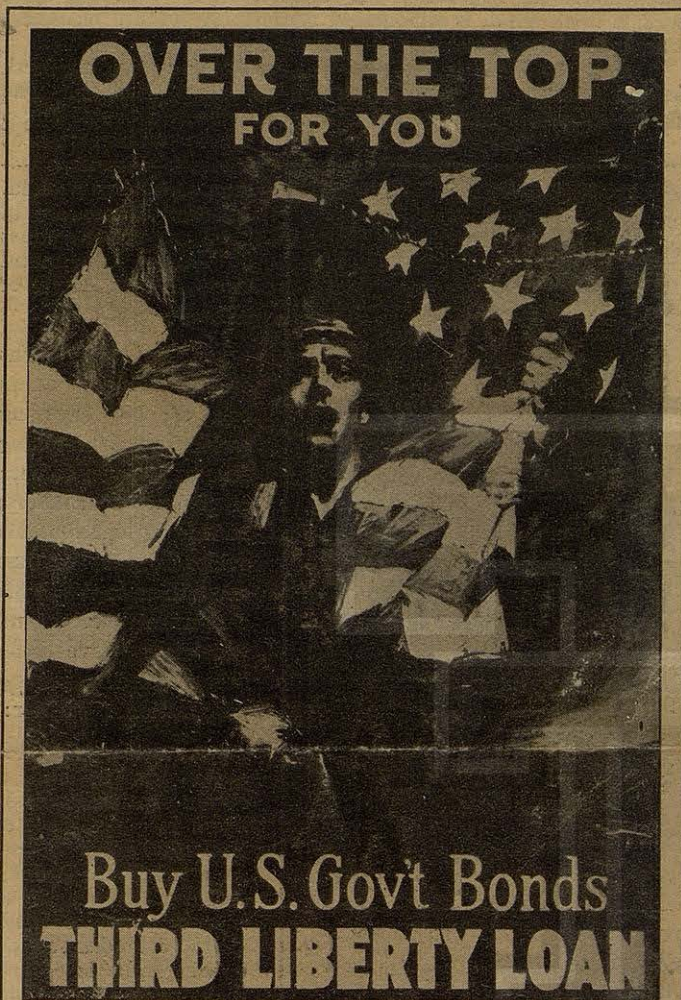
### THE FIRST SOLDIER PIPINGS

SOME ONE MUST DO for the American soldier-poet what E. B. Osborn has done for the English—see that his verse is collected and preserved to reveal the American soul in the midst of the fray. The first fruits are ready for garnering, as the New York *Evening Sun's* correspondent, Thomas M. Johnson, shows us in a recent letter from France. He is convinced that there will be many soldier-poets in the American Army. "Old-time officers, experienced in reading the thoughts of their men, are convinced of it." Mr. Johnson is sure that the base-censors, who read the letters the boys send home, "can hear the first faint notes of their song," and, backed up by what they doubtless say, is convinced that the song "will swell to greater volume in the spring season of song-birds—and offensives—when the rumble of the guns will not be so distant and there will come the first great soul-trial of the American soldier." How the verse of our soldier boys will stand comparison with those of other lands does not concern Mr. Johnson. He does see that other poets, such as Mr. Osborn has called the "comfortable easy chair" ones, will better polish foot and meter, "but none will write closer to the great question of life and death than our soldier-poets, certainly none will have an audience so sympathetic." He writes:

"Thus far all too few of their verses have come to light, tho who knows how many homes 'back there' already treasure a few lines some husband, brother, son—a son, probably, this army is so young—has sent from 'over here'? If one may guess, however, the boy in the Army, who sits down at night on the side of his cot with a candle stuck to a packing-case and scratches his head for rimes, is not writing humorous jingles. Not now; that will come later, when he has been tried in the fire and knows he has not been found wanting.

"Since he has not yet been through the trial of heavy fighting, the average soldier must guess, but some there are who have seen it. One such is a New York boy who has been three months in an engineering regiment behind the British front. His second day there he was knocked down by a shell explosion; all the time he was under fire. He has put down how it struck him, in verse written the first week of it, when it was all fresh and new and fascinatingly terrible to him. Here is his poem:

I can stand and look around me o'er these desecrated plains;  
There is naught but tracks of ruin where once grew golden grain;  
There's miles of tangled wire and steel, there's graves and graves galore;  
And white pine crosses show me where men fought and died by scores;  
Men who gave up all they had: Home, Kindred, Health, and Life  
To fight because kings willed it so, and not for love of strife.  
There's miles and miles of trenches, there's dugouts cold and grim,  
There's hills and valleys, roads and swamps that have echoed battle's din.  
There are houses wrecked and crumbled, there are churches, too, defiled,  
And 'round them all, with graves between, the poppies growing wild  
Poppies red as human blood that once ran 'neath their roots,  
As tho their bloom had ne'er been seared by hordes of tramping boots.  
There's poppies by the roadside, there's poppies everywhere,  
On hill, in dale, in trenches grim their fragrance fills the air.  
It almost looks to me as if Dame Nature, in her love,



"OVER THE TOP FOR YOU" FOR LIBERTY.

One million of these posters after Sydney Rosenberg's design will go out for distribution, making their urge for the Third Liberty Loan.

to his son as he leaves for the front. 'Good-by, Dad, I'm off to Fight for Old Glory; you buy United States Government Bonds,' is its caption.

"One striking poster design of particular appeal shows the arrival of an immigrant and his family at an American port and bears the caption, 'Remember the Flag of Liberty, Support It!' The faces of all the members of the family are filled with an expression of hope and trust. This poster will be distributed particularly in the foreign-language sections of the larger cities."

THE MALIGNED "H. J."—The shade of Henry James must feel a sense of gratitude when any one arises to praise his literary style. That feature of his output usually incites to whatever humor or sarcasm the critic of this master is capable. Dr. Frank Crane admits that Henry James is "very hard to read, very obscure, and very highbrow"; but "it all depends on what you want." "If it's a story, read Conan Doyle. If it's fun, read Mark Twain. If it's preaching, read F. W. Robertson." But—and here the Jacobean himself may gasp—"if you would be a wordsmith and aspire to excellence, give your days and nights to Henry James." And Dr. Crane quotes in the

girl made for her



# The Cyclone

TEXAS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12 1922

BY ROBISON BROS

## Y.---SALT WATER CASED OFF.

rigging.

Dr. Bosworth, who has been seriously ill with dengue fever in Waco, is now convalescing and will make two locations next week. It is believed that the first one will be on the drilling site that he purchased from the Kosse Oil & Gas Co. on the Bratton tract, about three-fourths of a mile northeast of the Jones well.

The Deny-Mexia Knapp No. 1, and the Atlantic Gunter No. 1 are expected to hit the sand at most any moment, and the race for second place is between the Humphreys Allen No. 1, the Hobbs Bros. Outz No. 1, and the Revere Oil Co. Bratten No. 1. The latter three will take about three weeks to complete.

### THE CAPTAIN OF THE PROMOTION GUARD

By Tom Hickey

When a foreigner visits our shores and puzzles his brain to find out what makes America great, he is told that this is due to our form of government, our laws, our climate, our natural resources, our inventors, etc. To my mind these things all help, but they are as hollow brass and tinkling cymbals without one great factor, and that is the daring, dazzling, energy squandering, never-say-die American promoter. He is the man of vision, who, in fancy, places a city on a hill, where before the foot of man never trod. His faith does not move mountains, but it tunnels them and lets the mountain stand. He finds gold in inaccessible places. He sprays the snow of the Arctic with oil. He welds continents together. He annihilates space. He ignores obstacles of all descriptions. Pessimism is not in his vocabulary. He radiates optimism, is never so happy as when he is down to his last dollar, and takes it and upon it erects a monument of gold.

Cyclone readers, let me introduce to you one of America's most typical promotion captains, the Hon. Jas. K. Hughes of Mexia. J. K. landed in Mexia when the big rush broke two years ago, and fractured his last ten-dollar bill to pay for the ride. Although approaching the sixty mark, with hair silvered from the stress of many battles, his long lean plunged into the surging throng of oil mad and money mad humanity, and when he emerged he still held the price of a night's lodging, but better still, he had an option on a small piece of cheap acreage. A man of the Hughes type always has friends. Several of them were in Mexia. They staked him. He strained his credit to the breaking point. He drilled, and won. And then drilled again and won some more. He when the golden fluid hits the got in the Golden Lane and won again. Then he waded into the Fish Pond and while some other men were hesitating about putting down one well, he ordered twelve started, all at once, out of which he got several producers. Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold. He never forgets his friends, and his stockholders are always on his mind. So great long streams of dividend checks commenced to flow up from his office, and glory be, that stream has never stopped, nor even slowed up, while the 60-year-old young hustler has been stepping with seven-league boots over the state, into proven territory and wildcat territory, and still the Hughes luck follows on. But it is not luck; it is good judgment, gained by a generation of dearly

bought experiences in many fields where Dame Fortune has to be savagely fought for her smiles.

And so this long man who takes long chances has got into Currie, and Richland, and Laredo, and Luling, and Marlin, and Kosse, and Hunt County on a tremendous wildcatting campaign. That busted ten-dollar bill has now become whole once more with more than a half a million brothers, and on that sidewalk where he felt his last dollar two years ago, there is now a handsome brick building on one of the best corners of the main street, with the word HUGHES carved in granite on top of it.

Hughes is in the Kosse field. He is playing it strong. He believes in it. He believes in it so that he has put his money, his power, his talent, and his genius. Other promoters are drilling one well. He had no sooner spudded in his No. 1, on the Hammond tract, than he gave an order to start No. 2. That's the Hughes style. Its the Fish Pond district over again. The first thing you will notice will be two streams of oil kissing the crown block with their golden spray right here in the Kosse field. And when you look at the sun through the golden sheen of the amber fluid, which, to my mind, as an old oil man, is the prettiest sight in the world, you may say to yourself, this is the Hughes way.

Hats off to the American promoter, the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and makes two oil wells gush where once was bust desert and sandy plain. Along this path lies civilization. The J. K. Hughes's will make it possible.

### THE SECOND LOS ANGELES

Our readers' attention is called to the big double page advertisement of the F. Z. Bishop Land Company in this issue of the Cyclone. Since the last advertisement appeared the land has been selling very rapidly to the most solid and substantial farmers that can be found in Texas. These men who are putting their money in realize several things. First, no man in America has sold more land to more satisfied purchasers, covering a long term of years, than has F. Z. Bishop. To deal with him is to deal with a man whose word is his bond, as he has demonstrated in Corpus Christi, Bishop, Harlingen, Godley, and wherever his promoting genius has functioned. Mr. Bishop is a million miles from being a fly-by-night promoter. He is a Texan of Texans. He does not blow in from the north and blow out again, but his home, family, possessions and himself are here. And several thousand satisfied home owners are blessing his name today. Any banker in Texas will testify to the soundness of Bishop and his projects. And that's that. Secondly, we would like to call the attention of our readers to the fact that you escape drouths on the Bishop land. You get an irrigated farm at \$75 per acre. You can put up rent houses and he will guarantee renters who will pay \$5 an acre. Thus the investment is sound from a weather and financial standpoint. Third, besides an ideal climate away from harsh winds and snow, the big fact stands out that every known kind of vegetable can be raised around Los Angeles, and semi-tropical fruits, delicious grapes, grapefruit and oranges can be raised, as well as staple crops. Fourth, don't overlook the personnel of those who are buying of Bishop. The hard-headed, hard-working, thrifty farmer of German descent is flocking in to purchase. Over fifty German families have al-

ready bought from South Texas and from Taylor and Williamson counties. A delegation from Haskell, Jones, Stonewall and Fisher counties in West Texas, will soon leave for the purpose of looking into purchase of this land. Raw land that is now selling from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars an acre will certainly go at from one hundred to two hundred dollars an acre within the next five years. The editor of the Cyclone, after looking into the immense amount of data that Mr. Bishop has presented to him, can positively assure his readers that if they want a home at a low price, abundant opportunity, Mr. Bishop has it prepared for them down near the Old Mexican border, and not far from where the Rio Grande flows.

Waco, Texas, Oct. 2, 1922.

Mr. A. H. Chamberland, Kosse, Texas.

Dear Sir and Friend: In reply to yours of recent date, in which you requested that I give you some facts relative to Mr. F. Z. Bishop, allow me to say I am glad to reply to your request, first, because of my satisfactory knowledge of Mr. Bishop.

First, I consider Mr. F. Z. Bishop one of the most satisfactory development promoters I have ever known.

Second, I consider him one of the best judges of Texas land values in that he knows the quality and productive ability of Texas lands.

Third, I have found him to be thoroughly honest.

Fourth, I have found him to be a man who sincerely desires to see those succeed who purchase from him. I know a number of men who are now independent because they purchased South Texas lands through the advice of F. Z. Bishop.

The fourth thing I say is, I observe very carefully the faithfulness of Mr. Bishop to carry out the pledges he made to those who purchased land from him. I consider him a natural promoter. And he follows this line not so much to make money for himself, but because he really enjoys the doing of such worthy tasks.

Trusting the above answers in a satisfactory way your questions, I am,

Very respectfully,

B. T. GOODWIN,  
823 Speight Ave., Waco,  
Texas.

### WILSON IN CONNECTICUT

The most gratifying thing at the democratic convention was the reception accorded the mention of Woodrow Wilson's name. The applause was not merely the perfunctory sort which delegates to a political convention always feel duty bound to give when the party leader's name is spoken, but a spontaneous outburst which obviously came from the heart and indicated a thorough-going belief in the quality of Mr. Wilson's leadership and idealistic attitude toward public life.

The manner in which Mr. Wilson, broken in health and in retirement, retains his grip upon the American people is remarkable. The same spirit which causes pilgrimages to his Washington home and causes crowds to collect and cheer every time the ex-president appears in public was reflected in the attitude of the Connecticut convention at the mere mention of his name. Homer Cummings' tribute to him caused the delegates not merely to applaud, but brought them to their feet in a thundering cheer, which could mean only that the Connecticut democracy believes in Woodrow Wilson and welcomes the opportunity to pay honor to him.—Hartford Times.



part, have faith enough in the underlying motives of the pro-war Socialists, and the anti war Socialists, to believe they will most of them be working together along the main highway of industrial liberation as soon as this present extreme turmoil of passions and opinions is past.

## Wiped Out?

UPTON SINCLAIR'S prediction that the Socialist party will be wiped out of existence because it has braced itself to fight something, is not in accord either with probability or with fact. Having dwindled to 67,000 in April, the membership of the Socialist party increased in May and June to 81,000, and bids fair to reach 100,000 again in July.

The "majority platform," which was confiscated as "treasonable" by certain agents of the Department of Justice, and which caused the resignations of Sinclair and J. G. Stokes and Rose Pastor Stokes and John Spargo and English Walling and one or two others who favor the foreign war, was adopted in referendum by the party membership with a vote of approximately ten to one.

## Belgium's Conquests

GENERAL LE CLERCQ, of the Belgian Commission, informs us that Belgium has won from Germany in Africa "a territory of incalculable value, with a population of 8,000,000, and an area twice as large as Belgium itself. General Le Clercq was illustrating the valor of the Belgian arms, in whose praise we heartily join our voice. But

cannot help it if, to our inconvenient and "unpatriotic" sense of justice, this makes the Belgian indemnity problem look very simple to solve.

## Logic

DR. IYENAGA is at great pains to explain to us that Japan is a democracy, in spite of her Mikado, and her junkers, and her "centralized government," and the efficiency of her army and navy. To us this seems obvious without any explanation. Japan is one of our allies, and we are fighting a war for democracy, therefore Japan is a democracy. What is the use of complex reasoning when the thing is so easily and simply proved?

## Democracy Begins at Home

A PROGRESSIVE HOUSEWORKERS LEAGUE has been organized in Vancouver, and its members refuse to work more than eight hours a day and forty-eight hours a week. They also demand that their employers shall address them as equals, and not use their first names unless they expect the same familiarity in return. This is more interesting and promising than anything that has happened in the direction of democracy for a long time. The last stronghold of snobbery and the caste-system is the servant class. And when they demand recognition, when they learn to think of themselves "as ends and never as means withal," then the spirit of individual right and liberty is flourishing toward a great fruition.



TOM HICKEY

## Tom Hickey

WHAT the rebellious writers in Russia fought for, Tom Hickey has been fighting for in Texas—the socialization of land.

Hickey says his paper was not exactly suppressed by Mr. Burleson of Texas—it was more like an assassination.

The *Rebel*, published at Hallertsville, Texas, through years of struggle had gained a 25,000 circulation, mostly among farmers. It was barred from the mails June 7th under the Espionage act that was passed one week later, and Mr. Hickey was notified on June 21st that it was held up.

The *Rebel* has voiced the opposition of the farmers of the Southwest to the war and conscription.

Thomas Aloysius Hickey is an Irishman. He was a reporter on *The People*, N. Y. He is a short, energetic man, with plump cheeks and bright eyes. He has been an interested and interesting figure at recent free-press conferences in New York City.

Hickey says he doesn't care so much for his own fate and that of his paper as he does for a score of men, most of them his friends, who were arrested with himself for "conspiring against the government."

Hickey will be tried in October. Frank Walsh is his attorney. The others will be tried in September.

ART YOUNG.



## Henry Ford's Dream.

Austin American:

Henry Ford, visiting Boston, makes this startling prediction: "Within a few years—I wouldn't be surprised if it were within five or six years—we won't be mining coal any more. Coal will be burned underground, right where it is found, and the byproducts utilized.

"Probably we'll utilize all the gas, too, for heat, light and power. Some of the heat can be utilized, too, where it is generally under the ground. What heat is wasted by this method won't be nearly as important as the waste of human energy which results from our present method of mining coal, and the waste involved in transporting any distributing it."

Just how Ford would work this dream out in a practical way, he doesn't say. But it is possible.

Then, too, Ford has become an enthusiast about "white coal"—water power.

He sees the day when even drops of rain will be transformed into electricity.

He says the power going to waste in rain can be estimated by a locality's inches of annual rainfall and the distance the rain drops in making its eventual way back to sea-level. Part of this power unquestionably could be chained up.

Ford proposes: "Collect the water on flat lands during the winter. Drain it off as water power during the spring. And in the summer you'll have wonderfully fertile land for your crops. In the autumn, after the harvest, let the water collect again."

His latest dream of Ford's results from a trip he made the other day into a coal mine. He went about three miles underground and found it "a terrible place to be in, no fit place for a human being to work."

More than half a million Americans toil underground to get coal. In other words, to get power.

Meantime, tremendous power is going to waste in falling water, in the ocean tides, in the wind, in the sun's heat. All these will be harnessed some day. Nature has placed unlimited power at our disposal. Human drudgery will end when he learns how to harness these natural forces.

Harnessing them is a long, slow job. But it'll come. Nature gives us what we need. All we need is constant toil and patience. End of the road is far off, but it'll be worth the journey, for humanity.



## Post Script.

Since the letter was written things have moved swiftly. The American Socialist, the International Socialist Review, St. Louis Labor and other Socialist papers have been suppressed, a reign of terror is on, and every Socialist paper in America may be destroyed at any moment. The masters of bread are mad and seem to desire mob law as the following facts will prove:

R. H. Lamar, Solicitor to the postoffice department, informs me that The Rebel of June 2nd and 9th is suppressed under an act passed on June 15, 1917. This retroactive measure, making a law work backwards, has never been allowed in this or any other civilized nation on earth.

The measure is made to prevent my exposure of the conspiracy of the Texas landlords and bankers to railroad to the penitentiary fifty-five innocent men whose only crime was to belong to a farmers labor union—The Farmers and Laborers Protective Association.

There are 610 weekly, 13 semi-weekly and 48 daily papers in Texas and although 71 men are held under heavy bonds and have been indicted on several counts, these papers are all as silent as the grave, all to the end that these comrades and brothers can be quietly railroaded to a living death behind prison walls and at least two are headed for the scaffold for "treason."

### CONSPIRACY MUST BE EXPOSED.

To smash this conspiracy, publicity is needed. Accordingly I leave today for Kansas City to interest Frank Walsh in the case. From there, I go to Chicago, Milwaukee, Washington and New York. I will give out interviews, write articles, make speeches and thus arouse the comrades and public to their danger.

I am reliably informed that there is a special frame-up fixed for me. When I go to trial at Abilene on Oct. 1, a determined effort to "frame up" a conspiracy charge that will land me in Leavenworth penitentiary, because the claim I am father of the land movement in the South, will be made.

Now then with the suppression of The Rebel, my income stopped, I am utterly unable to secure the funds necessary to help in this fight unless you all come to my financial assistance.

As I mentioned before, I never asked you for one copper cent prior to this, but now must ask you to send my wife at Rule, R3, Tex., whatever you, your local and your sympathizers can afford.

In any event, you will find this Irishman standing as he has for the past 25 years, as solid as a rock for the destruction of capitalism with all its horrors of war, wage slavery, tenantry, usury and a thousand other attendant crimes.

Hoping the Tom Mooney frame-up in San Francisco will not be followed by a Tom Hickey frame-up in Texas, I am

Yours for the Revolution,

T. A. HICKEY.

P. S.—Send all money to Mrs. T. A. Hickey, Rule, R3, Haskell Co. Texas.







# clone

EMBER 28 1922

RY ROBISON BROS

## THE MODERN MESSAGE TO GARCIA

Before the McCloskey well blew in at Ranger and started the wildest stampede that was ever known in the oil fields, there were by actual count 21 geologists in the state of Texas, while the latest count reveals 1,946,387, all of whom believe in geology and an equal amount who scorn the profession.

These 21 geologists usually wore horn glasses, corduroy suits, blue flannel shirts and wore their shoes outside their pants, and the natives swore that they could not see an inch further into the ground than the weakest-eyed sod-buster in the state. They were not very popular because they were close-lipped, and the Texan is the most inquisitive man in the world. Besides their silence, they had divers eccentric ways; one scoured the country for a chess player, another added to his silence by playing solitaire, another was a lover of rare types of colliers, and so on.

This story is about one of the original 21 who recently came to Kosse; he is an Englishman, and his trousers were cut in the real Bond Street fashion, which means they were extremely baggy; he wore a derby hat that noorly fitted his well shaped head, and he sat grim and taciturn on a nail keg alone and unobserved for one whole evening in the back of an office crowded with bustling lease hounds. Thereupon he determined to attract attention, so he procured a piece of cardboard six inches square, placed it in the front of his derby so that all might read the words printed on it in black ink, "I WANT LEASES."

He was a long time getting business; the lease hounds and farmers with land to sell or lease passed him up as a nut, but when he talked to one old farmer for five minutes and then wrote a check for twenty-five thousand dollars that was immediately accepted at the bank subject to the farmer being able to provide a good abstract, he was almost mobbed, and for a week he did a land office business, as may be gathered from the fact that the First National Bank president, W. L. Forbers, informed me that he had done over a half million dollars worth of business in that time.

Now you understand the manner of man I was going to interview. My friends got hold of me and said: "It cant' be done, because he only talks with a strong fountain pen accent, that produces ten to fifty thousand dollars every time he speaks," and another friend broke in and handed me a letterhead he had secured surreptitiously, and it read thus:

DR. T. O. BOSWORTH

D. Sc. (London), M.A. (Cambridge), F.G.S., F.R.G.S., M.I.P.T.,

Member of the Inst. of Petroleum Technologists;

Member of the American Assoc. of Petroleum Geologists;

Member of the Canadian Inst. of Mining and Metallurgy;

Member of the American Inst. of Mining Engineers;

Fellow of the Geological Society;

Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

*Petroleum Geologist and Mining Engineer*

Formerly

Geologist to H. M. Geological Survey of Great Britain;

Chief Geologist to the Imperial Oil Co., Etc., Etc.

*Cable Code: Bentleys*

Office 12 St. Giles St. Northampton, England

I figured like Bob Fitzsimons, that the higher they are, the further they fall, so I approached the Doctor, and to my delight, found him a most companionable gentleman. I immediately identified him as one of these extraordinarily rare men who so thoroughly concentrate

upon their specialty they make their life's work that they are hopelessly ignorant of all the frills and flounces and fold-erols that common hodcarriers and bank presidents respect and kow-tow to.

The first question I shot at the doctor was: "Doctor, please tell me whom you represent; according to the Kosse intelligenzia, you represent the Dutch Shell; the White Star Line; Lloyd George; the Corey Brothers; Doctor Bosworth; Standard Oil Company, and the fourth richest man in England."

He said, with a quaint, scholarly English drawl: "Oh, don't you know, I would rather not say anything at the moment, but I will tell you later."

Having gained this toe-hold, I plunged on: "Well, you will at least tell me how much money you have spent in this town; I have been told all the way from two hundred thousand dollars to eight hundred thousand dollars." Much to my surprise, he said: "In Kosse, slightly over one-half a million dollars," and when he said that I believed him so much that I would pay the difference out of my own pocket, if possible.

Fearing that he would close up after making this statement, I plunged further into the gathering of a good story by asking him, "what is the biggest single achievement in your life, outside of your literary work, of which I have heard a lot? Something about the dangers and difficulties, trials and troubles of a geologist."

The scholar hesitated for a moment and then said, in that slow, pull each word out of the air manner that Balfour used in the Washington conference, "Well, don't you know, that I think it was possibly when the Standard sent me to a point beyond the Arctic Circle." And then he told me a tale fit to raise Jack London from his grave and drive every scenario writer distracted; a tale of the quiet carpeted, mahogany dressed office on the twelfth floor of the Standard building at 26 Broadway, where the Emperors of oil sat in conclave and looked out for other worlds to conquer, and where the ice kings of the north would tremble and pass away before the power of Human Endeavor and the White Man Genius, when backed by unlimited gold. His swift trip to northern Canada, the outfitting at Edmonton, and then the packing of the tens of tons of boilers and drills and bits and other paraphernalia that had to be transported to the Mackenzie river, fifteen hundred miles away from the railroad, then the search for the structure, the finding of it, the making of the location, the orders to spud in at a certain spot, and then the miracle of the golden gusher shooting its stream towards where the white gulls flew. Believe me, man, when I heard that tale it made a Christian out of me so far as the science of geology is concerned, and now I know that man is the master of the earth, and potentially of all its secrets, and I say it with reverence, he may know the secrets of the universe and become a god himself.

Twenty years ago Elbert Hubbard wrote his famous story of the Celt who carried the message to Garcia. To my mind Col. Rowan's extraordinary feat has been paralleled by Doctor Bosworth. When I say this I have no desire to pluck a leaf from the laurel on Col. Rowan's brow. They are mighty men, this breed of the Norseman and the Celt; it is they who make civilization possible.

(In next week's issue Mr. Hickey will describe the Kosse field as Dr. Bosworth sees it).



## FAMOUS GEOLOGIST SPENDS HALF MILLION AT KOSSE

By TOM HICKEY

Before the McCloskey well blew in at Ranger and started the wild-est stampede that was ever known in the oil fields there were by actual count twenty-one geologists in the state of Texas; the latest count reveals 1,946,387, all of whom believe in geology and an equal amount who scorn the profession.

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Member of the American Inst. of Mining Engineers  
Fellow of the Geological Society  
Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society  
Petroleum Mining Geologist and Engineer  
Formerly Geologist to H. M. Geological Survey of Great Britain, Chief Geologist to the Imperial Oil Co., etc., etc.  
Cable Code: Bentleys  
Office, 12 St. Giles Street  
Northampton, England.

I figured like Bob Fitzsimmons that the higher they are, the further they fall, so I approached the Doctor, and to my delight, found him a most companionable gentleman. I immediately identified him as one of these extraordinarily rare men who, so thoroughly concentrates upon the specialty they make their life's work, that they are hopelessly ignorant of all the frills and flouncers and fol de rols that common hodgecarriers and bank presidents respect and kow tow to.

The first question I shot at the Doctor was: "Doctor, please tell me whom you represent? According to the Kosse intelligenzia you represent the Dutch Shell, the White Star Line, Lloyd George, The Corey Brothers, Doctor Bosworth, The Standard Oil Company, and the fourth richest man in England."

He said, with a quaint scholarly English drawl, "Oh, don't you know, I would rather not say anything at the moment, but I will tell you later."

Having gained this toehold, I plunged on, "Well, you will at least tell me how much money you have spent in this town; I have been told all the way from two hundred thousand dollars to eight hundred thousand dollars." Much to my surprise, he said: "In Kosse, slightly over one-half a million dollars," and when he said that I believed in him so much that I would pay the difference out of my own pocket if necessary or possible.

Fearing that he would close up after making this statement, I plunged further into the gathering of a good story by asking, "What is the biggest single achievement of your life, outside of your literary work, which I have heard a lot? Something about the dangers and difficulties, trials and troubles of a geologist?"

The scholar hesitated for a moment and then said, in that slow, pull each word out of the air manner that Balfour used in the Washington conference, "Well, don't you know that I think it was possibly when the Standard sent me to a point beyond the Arctic Circle." And then he told me a tale fit to raise Jack London from his grave and drive every scenario writer distracted. A tale of the quiet, carpeted, mahogany dressed office on the twelfth floor of the Standard building at 26 Broadway, N. Y., where the emperors of oil sat in conclave and looked out for other worlds to conquer, and where the ice kings of the north would tremble and pass away before the power of Human Endeavor and the White Man's genius, when backed up by Unlimited Gold. His swift trip to Northern Canada, the outfitting at Edmonton and then the packing of the tens of tons of

boilers and drills and bits and other paraphernalia that had to be transported to the Mackenzie river, fifteen hundred miles away. Then the search for the structure, the finding of it, the making of the location, the orders to spud in at a certain spot, and then the miracle, of the golden gusher shooting its amber stream towards where the white gulls flew. Believe me, man, when I heard that tale it made a Christian out of me so far as the science of geology is concerned, and now I know that man is the master of the earth, and potentially of all its secrets, and they say it with reverence—He may know the secrets of the universe and become a God himself.

Twenty-two years ago, Elbert Hubbard wrote his famous story of the Celt, who carried the message to Garcia. To my mind, Colonel Rowan's extraordinary feat has been paralleled by Doctor Bosworth. When I say this I have no desire to pluck a leaf from the laurels on Col. Rowan's brow. They are mighty men, this breed of the Norman and the Celt; it is they who make civilization possible.

(In next week's issue Mr. Hickey will describe the Kosse field as Dr. Bosworth sees it.)

### TESTS NEAR GROESBECK MAY COMPLETE SOON

Groesbeck, Texas, Sept. 28.—The distinct movement to locate production in the Groesbeck structure is emphasized by the number of tests being drilled in this territory and a number of locations for immediate development is manifested to the northwest, and southwest of Groesbeck.

The Yoder-Priddy No. 1 is down 2,900 feet and taking a core every few feet and is nearing the point of setting casing. This well is six and a half miles farther to the northwest and is down 2,200 feet. A shallow gas well is being put down for the drilling of these wells.

Two tests were begun by Frank Smith and associates this week, one on the Belle Arnett tract, four miles northwest of town, and the second on the E. R. Smith, four miles west. Smith developed the old gas field west of town and is testing for oil.

The Big Williams-Mrs. B. C. Lewis is drilling cautiously below the casing at around 3,050 feet, following a delay of some weeks on a fishing job. A line of inside casing may be set before completion.

The T-P-Browder No. 1 at 3,000 feet, is being delayed for water, for which a line is being held. The Texas Company's Stroud No. 2 is preparing to set casing at around 3,200 feet. This well is three miles northwest of town.

### DRILLERS NEAR BATESVILLE FIND OIL INDICATION

Batesville, Ark., Sept. 28.—The Grigsby oil well being drilled by the Walbert Oil Company in 3-12-6, five miles south of Batesville, has reached a depth of 2,191 feet, and the bit is now working in a dark limestone formation. The gas pressure which was encountered several days ago still continues strong and the driller in charge of the well is taking every precaution to prevent its becoming ignited. The formations encountered show frequent changes which the superintendent in charge of the well say is a good indication. Officers of the company say that they expect to make a thorough test of the well and are prepared to drill 3,000 feet if necessary.

### DRILLING PROGRESS IN BROWN COUNTY OIL FIELD

Brownwood, Texas, Sept. 28.—The following data indicates what is now in progress in the matter of drilling in the North Brown county oil field: Infield Petroleum Windham No. 2 struck a strong flow of gas today at a depth of 130 feet.

Brownwood Producing & Refining Company, Williams No. 1, which is an offset to the Infield Petroleum Company No. 1, struck a flow of gas today which is mud in vast quantities forty feet above the derrick. This well is expected to be one of the best in the field.

Williamson Oil & Gas Company No. 2, is drilling at 2,100 feet and will probably come in this present week.

In addition to these there are several other wells with and several engaged in. The daily production of the field now about 650 barrels. The Pipe Line Company owns a line from the field to the market at Brownwood.

### SOO LINE TO TAP KEVIN-SUO

Shelby, Mont., Sept. 28.—It was reported that Soo engineers are making a survey for a railroad line from Sweetgrass to Whitetail. Such a line would be about 200 miles in length and tap the new oil fields in northern Montana.

### SURVEY COMPLETED FOR BOLTON CREEK

Casper, Wyo., Sept. 28.—The surveys have been completed for different routes for an oil pipeline from the Bolton Creek field to the market. One of these runs north from Bolton Creek until it intersects the right-of-way of the producers & Refiners Corporation gas line from Carbon county, where it follows into Casper.

The shorter route is twenty-nine miles in length and the longer thirty-five miles. It is said that the Kinney-Coastal Oil Company is financing the line.

### UTAH COMPANY TO DRILL IN WYOMING

Salt Lake City, Utah, Sept. 28.—Lyon Oil Company has secured 400 acres in the Lost Soldier district and it is reported will start a test immediately. The land is sub-leased from the Wyute Oil Company.

## Problems of Industry A Serious at

St. Louis, Sept. 28.—The petroleum industry in America is faced with any serious problem there are minor matters which require correction in order that the industry may develop according to W. R. New York, counsel of the American Petroleum Institute, sided at a general meeting of the institute, yesterday.

"We do not have any definite reference," he said, "to any definite transportation equipment. American sim- mir, considering the general movement in the industry."

It was pointed out that the road situation is capped with the efforts of the industry with the disadvantage of the situation.

No effort is being made, he said, to look for petroleum.

About 100 superintendents of the departments are attending the conference to continue the work.

### SECOND CRUDE

Laredo, Texas, Sept. 28.—The second trial of the oil rolled out when two wells went on. Great Northern Petroleum Company (Antonia) is being drilled by the fuel.

& is reported to be in the process of being drilled.

G. A. Smith is the engineer in charge.

E. A. Smith is the engineer in charge of the gas test. Big Pritikin is the mile port here that the fuel report feet force hole, prepared are.

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## NYE WILSON HAS PAID IN PAST NINETEEN MONTHS NINETEEN CONSECUTIVE CASH DIVIDENDS

Wilson Was on Ground When Busey Discovery Well Came In—Has Operated There Ever Since

By TOM HICKEY

This is a boiled-down story that is good for the simple reason that it contains some facts that are not stereotyped.

The man I write about is Nye Wilson, no relation to the ex-president, or America's greatest humorist. Born in Saint Joe, Mo., in 1894, student at the Missouri university, sole trustee of the Nye Wilson undivided interests, paid nineteen dividends during the past nineteenth months on Arkansas oil properties, married one year, learned the oil game in Kansas, and is known as the "Silent Smith" of the oil fields.

It may be remembered that Silent Smith was a unique character in Wall street, who had no friends, never addressed a passer-by, but when he died had sixty million dollars actual cash. A sum that was only exceeded by Russell Sage, who had eighty millions to use in puts and calls.

Nye Wilson is of a loving disposition, and does speak to strangers, and exchanges greetings, but he gets his title because of his silence in closing up profitable leases in the oil fields in Kansas and Arkansas, where he has operated for several years.

Show me a man who is trusted by the home folks in the home town, and I will show you a man whom you can tie to. This is true of Nye Wilson for the profound reason that ninety-five per cent of the money that his investors have poured in for the past two years to develop his Arkansas properties came from Saint Joe, the town of his birth; still better his mother, wife, sister, father-in-law and "buddy" have all paid cash for interests in the Nye Wilson properties.

To have paid nineteen consecutive dividends in the last nineteen months is a record that any man might be proud of. However, Nye Wilson believes he will continue to duplicate this, and for nineteen months more, and then some. This is the reason why: On a sixty-acre tract in the old El Dorado

field in the past nineteenth months he has paid out dividends amounting to almost one thousand per cent cash. The most renowned geologists have estimated that the old El Dorado field in which he was operating was producing 20,000 barrels to the acre. In the Smackover field in which Wilson is also interested it is also estimated that the field will produce 75,000 barrels to the acre. This property will produce for many years to come because it is in the deep sand with heavy oil production. One well has produced steadily for six months without change of tubing or rods. In the El Dorado district Wilson has 4,000 acres. If they should prove, as is extremely likely to be, like the other acreage, then the almost 1,000 per cent cash dividend on the sixty-acre tract will be multiplied almost indefinitely.

Wilson says that there will be the most amazing development in the Arkansas fields within the next ten years. He expects that it will cover at least twenty counties in Arkansas, and in the next two years the terms Arkansas and Tampico will be synonymous.

Now let me shoot a few rapid-fire facts about Nye Wilson. His headquarters are in the Empire building at El Dorado. He was in the field when the Busey well, the discovery, came in, and he personally watched the next twenty-nine gushers. He has a derrick on the northeast quarter of section 4-15-15 within one-half mile of where the Roxana Oil Company brought in its ten thousand barrel gusher. His 4,000 acres are surrounded by leases of the Standard, Gulf and Sinclair companies upon which 10,000 and 15,000-barrel gushers have come in in recent weeks.

It is perfectly proper to say that Nye Wilson will maintain his dividend paying powers because he has the experience, has been in the game from the first; knows the lay of the land; has exceptional acreage and the youth and imagination that goes with the successful handling of big independent companies in the oil fields.



# NATIONAL OIL JOURNAL

## MENT IN RRITORY RAPIDLY

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## DR. BOSWORTH PREDICTS GREATER GUSHERS AT KOSSE AND BIGGEST TEXAS FIELD

Famous Author and Geologist Has Spent  
Half Million—Trusted Agent of  
Standard for Years

By TOM HICKEY.

Kosse, Texas, Oct. 5.—When a man has spent a half million dollars in hard cash in an oil field, to go and ask him if he thinks its prospects are good, is like asking a Dutchman if he likes lager beer. And so when I entered the office of Dr. T. O. Bosworth in his bungalow home on the Kosse highway, I asked him simply to tell me what, in his opinion, was the future in store for those who had risked millions in a field that possessed but one flowing well.

The author of the geology of the Mid-Continent oil field, the oil fields of Peru (a 500-page book with charts and maps, issued by the MacMillan press of New York and London, last week), stood with his back against the large geologic map on the wall, in an office that was notable for its sparse furnishings, and in a quiet, slow drawl that revealed the most pronounced scholarly English accent, said:

"So far as you know, sir, there is but one well, but still from it we have been able to learn enough to satisfy ourselves that there is a marvelous oil field in the vicinity of Kosse. The structure is an elongate one, and I should not be inclined to say that it will be very extensive. It is, I should judge, about two and one-half miles, roughly running parallel with a regional fault. The topography indicates that while this narrow structure has a probable length of two and a half miles, it may be several miles long. In generality, it approximates a similarity of the Mexia field, but there is no connection between the two, as they differ widely in structure and other points. The oil-bearing zone runs in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction. It is impossible to say anything definite as to the formation, we cannot tell yet whether the discovery well had production in lime that is a capping over a sand. It may be the Edwards limestone. The horizon is

a new thing in this part of Texas. If it is the Edwards lime it is new, and the depth is unusual in this part of Texas. I am inclined to believe it is the Edwards limestone or some phase of it. I am confident that other wells will be drilled far more productive than the discovery well. And I shall be very much surprised if the Kosse field does not turn out to be the largest producing field in the state."

When the doctor ceased speaking he had well answered my question and he complained of feeling unwell, and as he moved towards the door he said, possibly with a recollection of his Arctic experience, "My God, sir, how I wish you could send me a snowstorm." As I shook hands with him I noticed they were hot and feverish, his cheeks were flushed and his eyes were unnaturally bright, and I was not at all surprised to learn the following day that he had been stricken that night with dengue fever and was removed to Waco in a state of collapse, and was delirious. I am glad to be able to report that he is now convalescent.

In a previous interview I had with the doctor, I had asked him if the persistent rumor that he represented the Dutch Shell was true or not. He was very positive in his statement that he did not represent the Dutch Shell and went on to say that he could not in honor represent them as they were serious competitors of the Standard, and as he has been a trusted agent for the Standard for many years he could not, with propriety, take employment with an active competitor of the Standard, such as the Dutch Shell. This statement makes it clear that his most recent purchase of a portion of the Kosse Oil and Gas Company's lease was not for the Roxana Company, as originally reported, but is for private interests that he represents, and what these interests are that are spending so much money in this field is a closely kept secret that the doctor nor his associates will divulge.

## LEGAL NOT

### CITATION BY PUBL

The State of Texas, in Court of Tarrant County, ber term, A. D. 1922.

To the Sheriff or any Corant County, Greeting:

You are hereby commar making publication of th some newspaper published ty of Tarrant four consecuti vious to the return day her men Margeret Hanks, whos unknown, to be and apper District Court, to be holde the County of Tarrant, at thereof, in the city of Fort first Monday in November the same being the 6th da then and there to answer W. L. Hanks, as plainti court, on the 29th day of 1922, against Margeret H ant, said suit being nun nature of which demand wit:

Plaintiff sues defendan



7 my old  
Stomach

12

BY ROBISON BROS

#### A GREAT LANDMARK

An oil man from the gasser field of Amarillo visited Kosse last week. While the train was passing Thornton he inquired of the conductor, who was at one time a Kosse citizen, as to how he should go from the depot to find the Cyclone office. The conductor replied: "When you leave the train go west up by the post office to Birdwell's corner, cross the street from Birdwell's, and then go south a block and a half, and there you are."

A north Texas oil man subscribed for this great religious weekly, and then, after securing all the information he desired, on general matters he asked the best way to get to the Kosse's chief well. Quoth the editor: "Go right down the street a block and a half to Birdwell's drug store and then go three blocks north of there and you will find Contractor Clifton and his men digging away, back of the Foy residence, just about a thousand feet from the Birdwell drug store. The oil man followed instructions, finished his business, and inquired his way to Markham's lumber yard, where he had been told he could secure a certain kind of lumber he needed, whereupon President Ablon said, "Go right straight up to the highway here until you come to Birdwell's drug store, then you turn east a block and cross the railroad track and there you are."

On inquiring of Mr. Markham how to get to the Ford Motor Company he said: "Just go right up here to Birdwell's drug store, turn south on the main street about two blocks on the east side, and there you are."

His business transacted with the courteous officials of the Ford Motor Company, he complained of having a touch of the dengue fever. He was immediately instructed to go north on the main street until he hit Birdwell's drug store and there Dr. Malone would attend to his case.

Fifteen minutes later he appeared again at the Cyclone office, backing the red bearded Irish associate editor in the corner, he demanded some information as to how he could secure some corn.

"My God, man," yelled the Hibernian, "don't you know this is the most moraled oil town in the world?"

"Sure I do," said the oil man; "that's the reason I'm asking you where do I get this aforesaid corn?"

"Well, since you can't get your prescription filled, you go right down to Birdwell's drug store and then go a half a mile in a certain direction and there you will meet the politest bootlegger in Texas."

An hour later we found him coming back inquiring for Birdwell's drug store, from which point of departure he was headed in search of Mayor Jennings, and the First National Bank. And so for twelve long hours our friend from Amarillo kept heading around the famous drug store. About 11 p. m. he was in the vicinity of the Jones well, where a watchman was informing him how he could get a room.

Said he: "Walk one mile due east to Main street then walk one block north to Birdwell's drug store, go one block east from there and you will find yourself in the Armada hotel, a model of all that a hotel should be, kept by Mrs. Martin, and there you will be taken care of." And so the traveler wended his way and, filled with the spirit of corn, he lined up before the desk at midnight and proudly registerel "Col. B. X. Joens."

The polite clerk swung back the register remarking, "Colonel, you did not put your address down."

"Address, nothing," shouted the tired oil man; "just put me down 356 miles from the Birdwell drug store."



## How It Started

Editorial in the Public.

We are indebted to Howard H. Gross, a salaried propagandist for universal military service as a permanent institution, for a frank account of the genesis of this movement and the motive back of it.

In a Sunday feature story in the New York Times he tells of meeting the late James J. Hill shortly before his death. (Mr. Gross had been employed by Mr. Hill and other great monopolists to conduct an agitation for a tariff commission, which was thought to be the best means of saving the protective tariff).

"I asked Jim how long he thought democracy would last," said Mr. Gross. "He said that unless steps were taken a crisis would be reached in twenty years. 'Our citizenship is becoming stratified,' he said. 'Lines of cleavage are forming, and unless we counteract them we will have another French revolution on our hands.' And when I asked him what would do most toward integrating this nation into a genuine democracy, he replied that universal military training would prove the salvation of the country. 'This campaign began at that moment, so far as I am concerned.'"

Mr. Gross' use of the word "democracy" here is delightful. To him and Jim Hill and their kind it means the maintenance of the established law and order, which means unearned incomes and enormous power for the few, economic serfdom and poverty for the many. Its maintenance depends, as they realize, upon the possibility of breeding a servile race, trained from childhood to discipline and authority and reverence for things as they are, including institutions that are destroying the freedom and happiness of the race.

Mr. Gross goes on to tell how 4,000 leading business institutions, such as banks, insurance companies and manufacturers, are co-operating in the propaganda for militarism after the war. Wherever possible the women's clubs are being reached. Naturally, the campaign was indorsed by the women's committee of the Illinois State Council of Defense, which is a reactionary organization. Thirty-two railroad systems co-operated. Employers placed circulars in pay envelopes. Petitions were scattered broadcast. Two of the directors of Mr. Gross' Universal Military Training league are also directors of the National Security league. Multi-millionaires are generously financing the propaganda.

What Danger Can Do.



## THE LAW IS THE "LAW."

AN OIL STORY  
By Tom Hickey

The regular weekly meeting of the oil men, lease hounds, brokers and scouts was held at the Buttermilk Bar at the usual hour last Wednesday night. Col. George Lorence of Tulse and London was elected chairman due to the fact that he is the only educated Englishman in captivity who has a sense of American humor. He was ordered to deliver the usual weekly speech or tell a tale of an oil town. After screwing his monocle in his eye he told the tale of an oil town as follows:

Don't you know that our great writer, Dickens, was right when he made Betsey Gamp say: "The Law is a Griss." It was even so in that blooming town that the natives spelled Hogb town and we Shakespearans called Desdemona. Just fancy there was no railroad service. We were 10 miles from Gorman, 25 miles from Stephenville, 12 miles from London and 26 miles from Ranger. In the middle of the street we had a blawsted pump where the cattle used to drink out of

before the oil was discovered. The Yeomanry numbered 400 before our advent, and one constable was the visible evidence of the law; a nominal position don't you see because the people were agriculturists and the whiskey came from Ft. Worth.

It was not a paying position by any means rather an honorable sit for an ancient man. But oh, chappies, when the Duke well came in and went on fire, its blaze must have been reflected in Boston because I heard English such as you could only hear in Oxford before the well was two weeks old. Twenty thousand maniacs were offering suggestions as to how to quench the oil flames!

I suggested in the interest of law and order that it might be advisable to petition his excellency the governor, or the president or who ever had charge of police regulations, to send a big force to handle this multitude. Much to my astonishment, and aged driller from West Virginia told me that there was 47 laws on the ground, and that I could expect hell to breake lose at any moment. I protested that the legislature shouldn't pass such laws and then he laughed and went away and a friend said to me, "Cherrio old chap the 'laws' he speaks of were pants and guns and broad brimmed hats and that's where the trouble is coming."

Most amusing don't you know, was what followed. An aviator landed back of the Desdemona Bank and Trust company with a ship full of three star Hennessy. One afternoon a fortnight later, and the laws confiscated the liquor and the aviator was not even arrested, 200 doughters of joy plyed their centuries old trade and the laws were acting as pullers in with a rare exception; gambling was in full blast and the 'laws' were steering the suckers; drilling materials were stolen nightly and the law guided the thieves on the right road to Ranger; a gambler visited the Desdemona oil news and advertised the little Monte Carlo, the biggest gambling house in the town and then I observed that my friend was right "hel was sure enough to pay when the law came in."

The most interesting incident next door back of the First State bank one night, when I was engaged in a crap game. Two bandits with out masks entered and held the 150 people up with the point of drawn gun. After we were all properly terrorized one of the bandits scooped the money in sight into a flour sack, and then they withdrew with \$3,600, walked across the street and ordered porterhouse stake with mush-rooms in the Mecca cafe. The gambler who was held up, walked into the restaurant a moment later, hit one of the hold-up men over the head with a gun, and cussed him out. He kicked the sack under the table and cussed the gambler out while he staunched the floor blood from his forehead. The bambler left and the bandits eat their supper calmly and the next mornig walked around town with the flour sack still in the wounded man's hand. Then they paid \$50 for a car to Ranger and there was never a "law" in sight. Not even when they landed in the big town!

I afterwards found that the gambler who was held up had played the same game on the bandit he struck with the gun in short he had just paid him a return visit. The first hold-up had occurred in Drumright, Okla., and this is why I say Dickens is right—"The law is a hass."

"Would prohibition make it any better," asked Judge Seay. from the end of the bar."

I don't know old chap, don't you see like Christianity in an oil town it has never been tried.



## Kosse Motor Company

*By Tom Hickey*

Yesterday morning after visiting the Bassett well, and taking a good look at the Allen and Jones, and betting \$10.00 that one of the three of them would be in in less than a week, I felt so good that I visited Mr. H. A. Mansfield, the manager of the Kosse Motor company, in his new building adjoinin the Cyclone office, with a brilliant ide in my mind that I could tap my small bank roll and get a car for the wife for X-mas.

There was method in my madness because manager Mansfield is one of the most accomodating gentleman you have ever met if you get up on the right side of him and slip him a cold check good at the First National Bank for less than \$200 you can drive away in a brand new car, fresh from the factory, one that has all up-to-date improvements, electric starter and everything else, and with ten gallons of gas and a gallon of oil in it, and insured against fire and theft for a year, and what more in the name of common sense do you want for your money, says I to myself said I, when you want to make a nice present to your wife or mother or girl for a present?

Even if you do not buy a car it is worth your while to go and visit the Kosse Motor Company's new building and moralize on the fact that no town in the south of the population of Kosse has as large a building or as modern one for its size.

You will note that the building is 50 x 115, that it is solid brick with a concrete floor in shop and store room with master builders cement layed in office and stock room. There is floor space for forty cars, the office and stock room 25 x 35 feet. The investment on the building is \$9,000.00, and then there is a \$6,500.00 shop equipment complete, with magnets, coil test stands, generator, and starter test stand, burning in machine, electric drills, 20 ton press, etc.

As for ord parts, Mr. Mansfield is ready to supply you with everything from a cotter key to a body. There is bargains there, for instance, like a siberling cord tire 30 x 3½ for \$12.50.

If you have half an hour to spare, or more, whether you want to buy or not, and figuring that the X-mas season is coming, it will be worth your while to go down to the Kosse Motor Co., and bring along that little check and I am sure you will drive sway contented.

ORITHADY



ed fice.

## RUNNING A NEWSPAPER

Anybody can run a newspaper. All you have to do is to buy the plant, know how to operate it, from the front door to the back door. Then hustle around and get the copy. First you must get all the local and general news. You will find the local news spread about town most anywhere; and you are expected to be most everywhere to get it. You have to buy the general news which comes slicking to you over the telephone and telegraph. Then you must collect the money, pay the bills, keep everybody in a good humor. And the thing most important is never to leave out of the paper the names of the important ones and never to put them in when they should be left out. And you will learn this trick after you have been bawled out a few times. Of course getting the money to pay bills is the easiest job of all, almost as easy as pleasing everybody. Most of the people who know exactly how to run a newspaper and make it pay are those who have failed in the business. They are very wise. Try it. It's great fun.—Pales-  
tine Herald.



# Her ♦ Health



# Hea

## Married—But Happy

By Virginia Lynch Maxwell.

MOTHER LAWRENCE had been at Charlotte's home for a little over a week. And during that time she had decided her son-in-law was not the ideal husband she had imagined him to be.

With emphatic little bobs of her white head she had given her opinion from time to time. Charlotte had been secretly amused, for Billy always wanted to be at his best when a stranger was about. And because Mother Lawrence had come to visit them so infrequently Billy regarded her as a distant relative. He had been on his good behavior for many days, solicitous of Charlotte's comfort, kind and attentive to both women in his every move.

Mother Lawrence regarded him over her glasses one evening as he sat back reading.

Charlotte felt she could read Mother Lawrence's thoughts. An hour later, when they were alone in mother's room, Charlotte approached the subject.

"Isn't Billy a perfect dear, Mumsy?" she asked casually. "He is so attentive to me always. And so many husbands lack that virtue to-day."

Charlotte's mother considered a moment before replying. Then she looked up with a sharp little gleam in her eyes.

"I dislike to say what I'm thinking, Lottie," she announced, "but it's a good plan to keep your ears open when a man begins to shower his wife with attention at home. Of course, far be it from me to put any suspicions in your childish little head, but I wouldn't sit back and let my dear husband think he was amusing himself outside while I sat home alone every evening."

"Mother," said Charlotte, abruptly, "Billy doesn't do any such thing. He's been a perfect dear to me always."

"Then why did you write to tell me he'd been spending every evening at his club and leaving you alone?"

"Oh—oh, that time," exclaimed Charlotte in surprise. "That was only once, Mumsy, dear. I fixed that, all right. I simply trotted off to Sally's house and left him alone. He missed me, too. And when I realized it I came back."

"I see," she said, rising from the rocker in which she had been sitting and walking over toward the dressing table. "He is your hus-

band, my dear. And your future lies in the way you train him."

"Oh, mother, women don't attempt to train their husbands any more. That's passe. You marry him for better or worse, and if it turns out worse, then it's up to a wife to help mend matters. Don't you see how much more sensible that is than all that old-fashioned worrying and fretting about a husband when he wasn't in sight? The standards are so different to-day, Mumsy, dear. A woman belittles herself when she convinces herself that marriage is a case of owning each other. We simply loan each other our personalities until death do us part."

Charlotte's mother stood regarding her daughter as if she were some strange creature. She looked at her with horrified eyes, then turned toward the narrow bed Charlotte had been disrobing of its lace coverlet for the night.

"Lending each other," she repeated; "that's a disgraceful idea. I should think women would be afraid to talk of marriage as loaning personalities. Suppose one of you decided to pay up the loan and close the debt. How terrible that would be."

"Not nearly so tragic as staying on when one or the other was ready to pay up, mumsy, dear. It's knowing you must that destroys the romance of marriage. Women have learned that, because they have been the victims. Now they are willing to accept the new idea of marrying and remaining married because there is love to weld the bond."

Mother Lawrence sniffed with distress.

"We'll never agree on that, my dear daughter. So there's no use our arguing over it. I shall always cling to the code I was raised under. The husband is the master. But the wife must train him to do as she wishes without his knowing it."

"Shocking," laughed Charlotte, "absolutely shocking! I simply can't imagine my 'making' Billy do anything he did not care to do. I wouldn't care two pins for him if I could. So you see that theory would never work."

Mother Lawrence turned low her night lamp and crept silently into bed. Charlotte kissed her affectionately and tip-toed from the room.

As she neared the turn to the hall where a dark alcove swung outward she heard someone snicker. Without a moment's hesitation



AMERICAN BEAUTIES—Mrs. Florence Schirmer, Who Is Taking an Active Part in the Social and Philanthropic Programme Now Being Mapped Out by New York's Younger Set for the 1922-'23 Season.

Photo by Brandenburg.

she snapped on the light and confronted Billy, standing in bath robe and slippers, grinning broadly.

"Forgive me, Lottie, but I confess I've been eavesdropping. I was on my way down the hall when I

heard the interesting part. And I couldn't help listening."

"Billy, you didn't, did you?"

"I did," said Billy, "and I'm glad of it. Now I know I've got the most wonderful little wife in the

world. But I hope you'll never decide to collect on that personality loan."

"Never," breathed Charlotte as she lifted her face for Billy's kiss. (To Be Continued)



## MAJOR MILES RECANTS ON HENRY AND JAWN-HENRY HAS NOT THE GHOST OF A CHANCE

By TOM HICKEY

The Major was seated in the lobby of the Texas Hotel in an attitude of abject gloom when I met him last week. I slapped him on the back and said: "What is the matter with my Hibernian friend this wonderful spring day? Why are you not taking in the Fat Stock Show and allowing your Irish eyes to feast on the lovely forms of the young lady riders in the rodeo?"



TOM HICKEY

"Do you hold anything?" said the major. "A little third run or something that would warm the cockles of the heart of a man that is nearly in despair?"

I motioned to my hip pocket and then as we walked to the elevator the Major told me of the trouble he was in. A couple minutes later, after the second drink, he elaborated his tale of woe something like this:

"I hate to have to take anything back. It is contrary to my religion and Irish pride. I went on record as saying that Henry Ford, the lad from Michigan, who is going to put a coupe in front of every washer-woman's door, would whip the lad from Cleveland, John D., Sr., in the battle for the presidency in 1924. You remember that I said Henry Ford wanted gasoline at a nickel a gallon if possible so as to raise the production of his cars to 10,000 a day, while John D. will add another billion to his two billions if he can sell gas at a dollar a gallon. Consequently in this age of democracy Henry and the washer-woman and day laborers were going to win, but now I find that I was entirely wrong and Ford has no more chance for the presidency than De Valera has of being elected to the British House of Lords, and that is the reason why I am sore and sad, and have to take back what I said last week."

After a moment's pause to allow the Major to gargle his tonsils he continued:

Henry has got a shrewd bunch of young lads advising him. He is a great mechanic but a bum politician and one of his heavyweight lads has spilled the beans on Henry forever by causing, or permitting him to issue an infamous order recently that out-kaisers the kaiser, out-tzars the czar, and would make the late Sr. Diaz look like Tom Jefferson in comparison. He has committed the unpardonable crime of entering the private life of 100,000 men who unfortunately happen to be his employees."

Here the Major arose from his chair, and waving his arms in Donnybrook style, he nervously paced up and down the carpeted floor and proceeded to shout forth his denunciation of the Michigan manufacturer.

"The ukase I speake of proclaimed that no employee of the Ford company should enter the gate of the plant with the smell of liquor on his breath, which is all right so far as it goes, because gas and whiskey doesn't mix either in a big industrial plant, a crowded city street, or even on a quiet country road. The railway managers years before Volstead and the other lawyers made America wet for the first time, ordered that no employee on the railway systems should drink while on duty and there was good sense in this order and no infringement on a man's personal liberty. But Henry's order goes on to say that after the day's work is done and the man leaves the factory he shall not take a drink on the way home with friend or foe, and he goes further and says that when he has reached his home and is within the walls of the castle across the threshold of which no human foot can step without his invitation, Henry follows in after him with his orders and says that he shall not have one solitary drop of the prohibited stuff in his possession.

"Of course, he is strictly within the law in issuing this order, but does he realize what the carrying out of this program would mean? A means B, and B means C, and so on, and thus if he gets by with this, so will the United Steel Trust act and so will Standard Oil, the Beef Trust and the other great employers of labor with the result that ultimately they will be told what sort of girls they shall wed, what clothes they shall wear and a despotism would be set up that would make a kaiser look like a Tammany Hall chieftain.

"This is the reason I believe somebody has spilled the beans in Dearborn and Henry has no more chance for the presidency than I have of becoming the Omar of Swat.

"Now you know why I am sad. Intolerance has overleaped itself and Henry Ford is in the political discard."

## TEXAS!

By TOM HICKEY

Her area greater than Germany,  
And larger far than France;  
Her climate soft as a Mother's smile,  
When children play and dance.  
Her cotton fields—great flags of white,  
Kissed by our southern sun;  
Texas the greatest of all the states  
As we reckon them one by one.

Her timber famed the world o'er,  
Cypress and larch and pine,  
Fir and cedar and oak galore,  
Grow midst the Jasmine  
Cattle and coal and growing grains  
That we ship to the ends of the earth—  
These are the things we boast of  
As we tell of the state of our birth

The oil man builds his derricks  
On a thousand hills and plains,  
And Burk's and Breck's and Bungers  
Tell of his glorious gains.  
But we have hardly started to get the stuff  
That makes civilization win;  
We have "Spindletops" on every hand  
And will soon be bringing them in.

So come to Texas—sun-kissed land—  
The state of the Alamo,  
Goliad and Austin Grand,  
And down to San Jacinto.  
Come to where the oil is found,  
Where gentle gulf breezes beguile  
The heart of man and woman true—  
Then life will be worth while.



distinguishes the superior from  
inferior man."

## RADICALS DIFFER IN PARTY BELIEF

### INDEPENDENCE DAY MEETING IN LABOR TEMPLE HEARS MUCH DISCUSSION.

"I'm going to vote for convict No. 2235 for President." And "forty-crooks from Texas—not a single one a working man—are attending a national political party convention in San Francisco," were two of the remarks of T. A. Hickey of Waco, organizer in Texas of the Nonpartisan League and one of six speakers at the meeting of the Committee of Forty-Eight held in the Labor Temple at 10 a. m. Sunday.

In general, the meeting, though radical, was peaceable, and a clash in opinions was often expressed by the speakers who represented five different political organizations, Socialists, Labor, Nonpartisan, American party and Committee of Forty-Eight. Richard Potts, state secretary of the Committee of Forty-Eight, presided. The Declaration of Independence was the topic of discussion.

#### Declaration Needs Revision.

C. L. Breckon of the Nonpartisan committee in Dallas, declared that the Declaration should be rewritten and brought down to date; that it should declare a separation from "Wall street, the king of today," and that it should be made a living document by the process of evolution. "We can be industrially, politically and religiously free in rewriting the Declaration and Constitution," he said, adding, "it will be the working man who will do it."

The League of Nations was denounced by the Rev. M. A. Smith, Socialist speaker, who, in reading the Declaration, inserted the words "League of Nations" in place of "people" and "governed" in an effort to show what the much-discussed covenant, empowered, would mean.

#### Hickey Expresses Views.

"I want to see Eugene V. Debbs in the White house and Wilson in the penitentiary," said Mr. Hickey in his address. "I don't know what form of a Government we will have—a Soviet or what—but it's understood that industrial control is coming." He declared that out of ninety-six United States Senators, ninety were lawyers; that the majority of Congressmen were of the same profession and that a "lawyer is a man who knows nothing about law—loves Blackstone and hates Thomas Edison."

L. L. Albright of the American party rose to argue with Mr. Hickey and Mr. Breckon, declaring that the Declaration of Independence was all right, and there were exceptions to all rules. He assailed the voter who "was too busy to go to the polls on election day." "There is one remedy to all," he said, "and that is a general interest by the masses. There is one sentence which sticks for me—'Give me liberty or give me death.'"

The problem of property and poverty was the theme for an address by George Clifton Edwards, Socialist, who asserted that "the land must come back to the people." The Declaration of Independence is not law," he said, "but the Constitution is. It was written to protect private property—and does so better than any other printed document in the world today." He talked long on the alleged oppression of the poor by the courts of justice in the United States and asserted that property owning would be the solution to the problem.

#### Eyes of America on Chicago.

Home ownership was discussed by E. M. Edwards of the Committee of Forty-Eight. Mr. Potts, presiding officer at the meeting, declared that the Declaration of Independence under present laws is seditious, and that it is dangerous, under existing laws, to own a copy of it.

"We will capture the Government



is which the meeting broke up  
to with cheers for Josephine:

Plainview, Tex., Oct. 17, 1922.

Dear Daddy:

I have a question to ask you. In geography we had about mining. I told my teacher about the rocks grinding in the mines at 12 o'clock at night. I want to know the reason why they grind at 12 every night.

I sure do thank you for the persimmons and cane you sent us. They were both good. Be sure to answer my question as soon as you get my letter, for I have got to know.

JOSEPHINE MCGHEE.

October 31, 1922.

Miss Josephine McGhee,  
Plainview, Texas.

My Dear Little Lady:—Your daddy tells me that you are an awfully good 10-year-old tot and he wishes me to answer your question because when I was a very young man I used to work in these deep, dark, damp mines where the rocks grind at midnight. It was in Butte, Mont., where the mines are 4000 feet deep and I used to work from 11 p. m. until 7 in the morning on what was called the graveyard shift. Sure enough, at 12 midnight the rocks would grind and seemingly stretch until the timbers that supported the roof would creak and sometimes move a quarter of an inch. It was as if nature was stretching herself and when you get to be a big girl and read your Shakespeare you will see that he knew about this because he speaks of: "*The witching hour of midnight when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead.*"

Now I am not just sure why slabs of rock drop off the walls of the deep mines and timbers stretch to the breaking point and particles of dust fall to the ground, but I do know that the miners have noticed these occurrences for years, and some of them say that it is because mother nature is protesting against the way that mankind is delving, blasting and digging and boring into her bosom.

I am rather inclined to doubt this very much, because the mother in many respects is a kindly old soul and she knows that men risk life and limb to produce the copper that makes civilization possible are engaged in a noble but arduous task. I am inclined to think that the reason why the rocks grind at midnight is because for more than 20 hours before the miners have shot off so much dynamite that the quiet hour of midnight gives echoes in the form of falling rocks that have been misplaced during the big day's work.

I hope that this answers your question, and if it does not, let me know and I will see Dr. Bosworth, the great geologist, and that mighty man of science who delights to answer questions of little girls like you will send you a personal letter that may explain this wonderful secret, which your daddy and I are joined in sending you my love.  
TOM HICKEY.

#### A MISSIVE TO A MAID

By Tom Hickey

The regular weekly meeting of the oil men, brokers and lease hounds was held at the usual hour in the Birdwell Drug Store last Wednesday night. Colonel O'Guinn, the famous scout, was in the chair. He delivered an impassioned address on the necessity for farmers diversifying and pointed out in livid and lurid language that on his ranch in Maverick county by attending carefully to soil culture he was able to raise 95 gallons to the acre. After the cheers subsided the lone newspaper man presented the following very interesting correspondence, after

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## THE DALLAS MORNING

### GORE REPLIES TO LETTER FROM HUGO

EXPECTS TO GO TO OKLAHOMA AND  
DISCUSS POSITION ON WAR.

Would Not Have Voted in Favor of  
War if Every Man, Woman and  
Child Had Asked Him To.

Staff Special to The News.

Washington, Aug. 22.—Senator Gore expects to go to Oklahoma late in September and admitted today it was possible he would discuss on the stump his attitude on the war and opposition to certain bills advocated by the administration. The Senator today received a telegram from Hugo calling for his immediate resignation for "falsely representing the war sentiment of the people of Oklahoma." The telegram was signed by 124 names, and added, "and many others."

He is preparing a letter in reply to the Hugo telegram which he will say that he realizes how uncertain it is to determine the actual sentiment of a State in the absence of a direct vote of the people, but that his poll on the issue of war resulted four to one against it that his position against the selective draft was sustained twenty-five to one in the letters received, and that his position on the food legislation was sustained in his letters fifteen to one.

"As a matter of course that may not reflect the sentiment as others see it," said Senator Gore. "I will maintain that President Wilson was elected upon the principle that he kept us out of war, and having actively campaigned for the President, I feel a responsibility in seeing the issue maintained in good faith. Added to this I will maintain that the President has stated since that we were in the war with no special grievance of our own.

"If the people now calling upon me to resign will use their influence to have the President resign and go to the country on the issue and use their influence to have the members of the Senate and House who supported war resign I will resign and we will all go to the people for vindication or condemnation.

"I am standing on the last verdict of the people, expressed last fall; of course, they have a right to change their opinion.

"I would not have voted for war if every man, woman and child in Oklahoma had asked me to do so, but would have tendered my resignation. I would not have my conscience saturated with the blood of boys and the tears of mothers for all the honors in Christendom.

"There is no telling what might happen three years hence," added Senator Gore, referring to the time he comes up for re-election, "but there is no doubt what would happen now were the vote taken in Oklahoma. I will continue in my judgment to support measures for a short and successful war and a lasting honorable peace."



# IF—

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting, too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat these two impostors just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

—Kipling.



Se

VOLUME XXXIII.

DR. KAHN KILLED

Dr. M. S. Kahn, aged 39 years, 10 months and one day, was killed in Houston last Thursday night. The corpse arrived in Hallettsville on the early morning train Sunday and was taken to the home of Bruno Cohn from where the funeral took place Sunday at 10 a. m. with burial in the Jewish cemetery. Pallbearers here were: D. A. Paulus, H. L. Stulken, Louis Sammsch, J. H. Simpson, Joe Stanzel and I. Rheinstrom.

Dr. Kahn was born in Hallettsville where he grew to manhood and for a number of years was proprietor of the Kahn's drug store here. He also practiced medicine in Hallettsville and was favorably known all over Lavaca county as a physician of ability. He enjoyed a large practice. Dr. Kahn went to Houston last year where he continued to practice his profession.

He is survived by his mother, Mrs. Rosa Kahn, of Houston, two sisters, Mrs. Bruno Cohn of this city and Miss Henrietta Kahn of Houston, and one brother, Dr. Sylvan Kahn of Nordheim.

We clip the following accounts of Dr. Kahn from Houston papers.

Filing of Murder Charge Sequel to Heights Shooting.

Thomas A. Goodlad, 28 years old, was in the county jail Friday under a charge of murder, filed in Justice Ray's court, and the body of Dr. Max S. Kahn, 39 years old, a practicing physician, was in a local morgue as the result of an encounter shortly before midnight Thursday in the 900 block, Heights Boulevard.

Goodlad, who came to Houston recently from Port Arthur, gave a statement to the authorities in which he said that he and the doctor scuffled in his (Goodlad's) home and that the doctor broke away and ran. Outside the house the doctor turned and the shot was then fired, he said, the bullet entering Kahn's breast and killing him instantly.

The arrested man asserted that he only desired to hold the doctor for the police and that he fired accidentally.

Goodlad's wife was questioned for a short time by Investigator George Andrew Friday. Another woman was also questioned.

Goodlad was a native of England, coming to this country from London several years ago.

Doctor Kahn was unmarried and came to Houston 11 months ago from Hallettsville. His body will be sent by the Westheimer Undertaking Co. to Hallettsville where the funeral will be held Sunday morning, Rabbi H. Willner of Houston officiating.

Doctor Kahn had his office in the First National Bank building and resided with his mother and sister in an apartment on Brazos street.

Justice Ray, who held the inquest, held that Dr. Kahn met his death by a gunshot wound inflicted by Goodlad.

Goodlad, in his statement, said Dr. Kahn had no right in his home.

Dr. Kahn was considered among the wealthy. He was a graduate of the Agricultural and Mechanical College and Tulane University. He was for four years interne at the Charity hospital in New Orleans. He was

a member of the Woodmen of the World, Independent Order of B'nai B'rith and the Concordia Club. He was said to own considerable property in Texas cities.

The active pallbearers will be Sam Schwartz, I. M. Epstein, M. Forbes, J. K. Sullivan, Gold Levy and A. C. Bay. The honorary pallbearers will be A. M. Levy, Joe Basl, James Shelton, George Hill, Louie Cohn, Ike L. Freed, Lyons, J. A. Herring, Sig and A. Meyerhoff.

From a distance the following attended the funeral of Dr. S. Kahn here Sunday: Mr. Halfin of Victoria; Mr. and Louis Cohn, Miss Flora Mrs. Rosa Kahn and Miss rietta Kahn of Houston; J. N. an and Sam Cohn of Eagle La. Dr. and Mrs. S. D. Kahn of Nordheim.



## Woman Tells H Husband to L for Irish Cause

*By United Press.*

LONDON, Aug. 22.—After concurring in his self-imposed sentence of death, the young wife of Terence Macsweeney, Lord Mayor of Cork, maintained a sleepless vigil Saturday night, awaiting consummation of his sentence or a miracle.

Macsweeney, slowly dying from the results of a hunger strike, was given up to live but a few hours. Edward Shortt, Secretary of State for Home Affairs, speaking for the British Government, had decreed that in keeping with a recent general order, Macsweeney should not be released.

In a narrow cell at Brixton prison, where Macsweeney began serving a two-year sentence for sedition this week, an unprecedented human drama was enacted Saturday afternoon. After she and the Lord Mayor's sister had vainly interviewed many Government officials in an effort to win a temporary reprieve for him, Mrs. Macsweeney sought out her husband and sobbingly advised him to continue his hunger strike until released by death.

"It is better to die than to yield to your country's enemy," she declared, and her pale-faced, emaciated husband nodded in affirmation.

As he left the prison, she turned to a United Press correspondent, and, bravely trying to speak calmly, said:

"The doctors tell me that Terence is dying, but I know he will die with an unbroken spirit. I told him that his decision was my decision. Irish women are no less brave than Irish men."

### Police Won't Be Needed.

TEMPLE, Aug. 22.—Postmaster B. N. Farrell has made no arrangements for police reserves to handle crowds at a civil service examination called for Sept. 7. Applicants for the position of charwoman will be examined. The job pays \$25 per month.



# A Word to Scolding Husbands

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BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Not long ago a tired little woman committed suicide because her husband scolded her.

He came home late at night and found her employed in labor which seemed to him suitable for the morning hours, and he spoke angrily about her tardy habits. She flung herself from the window and died in the hospital soon afterward.

There seems to be a mixture of the pathetic, the tragic and the absurd in all this.

It was a small thing to cause a wife to sacrifice her life—just a man's irritable criticism. But we must take into consideration all that preceded this occasion.

There had been scolding after scolding, without doubt. She had been found fault with for so many derelictions, for so many deeds done and undone, that this final criticism was merely the last straw on the camel's back.

A cross, fault-finding wife is a terrible being. But a man can take his hat and go to the club, to the corner grocery, or to the saloon when her tongue becomes too aggressive.

When the husband comes home and scolds the air of the house blue, there is nothing for a wife to do but to submit or jump out of the window.

The wife who died in the hospital had submitted for many years, undoubtedly; and then finding that submission did not better matters, she tried the window act.

It would have been wiser to walk out at the door. It is more discreet to go into the highways of earth uninvited than to force an entrance into the mysterious realm of death.

The man or woman who commits suicide is a spiritual pauper. He who has spiritual strength knows he will be aided to the end, and waits his call. But the spiritual pauper declares himself a bankrupt, when he ends his own earth existence.

We know there are homes for paupers in this world. We do not know what provision is made for them in the next.

It is always well to go into a new land with a full purse, and it is well to enter the next world with a good supply of spiritual wealth, and not as a bankrupt.

Meanwhile, there is the scolding husband to carry his remorseful heart through life. It is good enough for him, and yet we cannot help pitying him.

He is so sorry he said what he did. He never dreamed she would take it so to heart. He would give all he possesses to go back and live that night over; and do, oh, so differently! He would understand her so much better

and be so much better if she were alive today.

Sometimes the only way a wife can make her husband understand her is to die. Then he sees and admires all her sweet, tender qualities.

I like to think the world is peopled with happy wives and husbands. I know many. Many more exist unknown to me. Happiness is oftentimes secretive and quiet; misery is noisy and communicative. Happiness seeks no confidant; unhappiness wants to be sympathized with.

Happiness thanks God in the silence. Misery cries aloud to the world! And so we grow to think that unhappiness is the rule and happiness the exception. But I do not believe it.

Still, in this overful world, and "over-civilized" state of society there are hundreds of unhappy wives to be found; wives who feel often on the verge of acts as desperate as that of the poor little woman who forms the subject of this sketch, and husbands who are as blindly thoughtless and as unkind as the one whose irritable words drove her to her death.

If you who read these lines are a man and a husband, ask yourself just what you are doing toward making your home the peaceful place a home should be. What are you doing to render your wife happy at the thought of seeing you each evening? Are you praising her for every good quality she possesses and thanking her for all her efforts to please you?

Are you telling her she is a good wife and a good mother, or are you finding fault with every small failure of hers and ignoring her great virtues?

Do not imagine a good woman is satisfied with virtue's own reward. The consciousness of her own worth is not sufficient to keep her happy if you are silent and never seek to impress upon her mind the fact that you realize her good qualities. And this is especially true if you take every opportunity to assure her that you see her faults.

Why not study your wife as you study your partner? Why not be as tactful and as patient with her as you are with him? Why not entertain and amuse her as you do your customers and patrons?

If you called at your neighbor's house and found anything amiss, how suave and amiable you would be about it. Are you equally so when things go amiss at your own home?

If not, why not?

I can never understand how a wife or husband can be more thoughtful of outsiders than they are of each other. I cannot understand how they can be ill-tempered and faultfinding with each other and courteous and conciliatory to strangers.

And remember always—the real business of life is the making of a happy home. Everything else is secondary to that; for, when you come to sift the whole chaff of existence everything goes to the winds but the happiness we have had at home.



# Single Standard of Morality

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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**J**UST what a woman may overlook in a man's allegiance to her and retain her self-respect, just what a man may overlook in a woman's allegiance to him without losing his dignity, are questions which cause much heartburn and sorrow in the world.

No one is a greater advocate of one standard of conduct for married men and women than the writer of these words. I believe in setting standards and striving toward them; but I believe, too, in using common sense and looking facts fully in the face as we journey upward.

We cannot expect men, who have only in the last century begun to be ashamed of the license which the world and society have always given them, to walk as wise and prudent a pathway as woman has been taught to walk.

## NEW AND NOVEL IDEA.

It is still a new and novel idea to man that he possesses a will equal to his passions and appetites, and that an exercise of this will is expected of him if he would take his place among the better order of human beings in the march of progress.

One hundred years ago men considered occasional drunkenness no disgrace.

One hundred years ago the favorites of kings ruled the courts of the world. Cardinals and prime ministers bowed to them and queens were obliged to cater to them.

Today kings hide their amours and men of all stations are ashamed of drunkenness.

That shows progress in the masculine race. We must not expect the progress to be too rapid. All evolution is slow.

Man is still evolving from the animal to the higher human order. For a long period of time he believed woman to be an inferior creature, without temperament and without mentality. She was simply the mother of the species, and she was made to do his will.

He laughed at her idea of mutual loyalty.

Alty, for he believed woman had nothing to resist or control, and any weakness on her part was an indication of utter depravity, while continual digressions on his part were only evidences of his larger needs and rights. All men believed this a century or two ago.

## THE RACE HAS ADVANCED.

Many men argue in the same manner today. But slowly and surely a different ideal of noble manhood, a different understanding of complete womanhood, is gaining ground.

Education and science are working to make a higher creature of man than he has ever been. In place of theories or sentiment facts are forced upon him. Solomon learned by sad experience that it was not wise for a man to give his strength to woman.

Not long ago I saw a man scarcely forty years of age, who had been a paralytic for more than ten years. Wine and women, absolute indulgence in every dissipated impulse, had laid him low in the morning of life.

He had believed in man's inborn rights to "privileges" of action not allowed by nature to woman. He had believed in the necessity of self-indulgence which is taught by so many physicians.

But woman has entered the medical arena, and she is teaching a different philosophy. Correct science is teaching the effect of excesses on men's brain, blood and nerves.

Men who openly maintain the right to excesses of all kinds, used to argue that women need only look to the animal kingdom to be convinced of man's greater needs and privileges.

## INFLUENCE OF THE PAST.

It is occurring to some of the better class of men today that man should regard himself as something higher than a beast or a bird. Since he has more brain, greater reasoning powers and a larger outlook in the universe, he ought to realize that he is expected to take a higher stand morally, and set a loftier standard for himself. He respects the animal he is, but knows the angel in him should control.

In time he will come to a full knowledge of the wonderful place he can occupy in the universe if he holds to his

ideals. But we must not expect all this unfoldment to come to him at once, and we must not condemn him for not living up to the standards set by the enlightened few.

The influence of the past is still upon him.

The license he has so long termed "masculine privileges" he cannot all at once abandon.

Today we have the weakly man only, perhaps, living the absolutely orderly life. But we have the strong man struggling toward it.

If he trips and errs and is sorry and makes a new effort, we should not be too bitter in our denunciation. He is like the baby who is taking his first tottering steps, and woman—who for centuries has been taught the necessity and the possibility of self-control—is his nurse and mother.

There is a certain foundation for the idea that the woman who is unfaithful is more desperate than the unfaithful man. She violates more laws of society and defies more conventions of the world than man does by the same act.

Therefore it indicates a more reckless condition of mind, or a more explosive and anarchistic nature. The sin is no greater, but the offense against established rules is greater. There is no sex in sin.

Yet no one of us, however liberal, and however universal our standard, could truthfully say we would not feel greater anguish and despair over the misstep of a daughter of 20 than over the misstep of a son of the same age.

We feel that a man who takes back an erring wife is a nobler being than the wife who takes back an erring husband. Not because God makes a distinction between the two, but because one has defied more customs than the other.

It really indicates a higher development of liberality and broad-mindedness in a man to take such a stand than it requires in a woman.

She has centuries of inherited ideas and an understanding of the world's complacent attitude toward erring man to sustain her, while the man is going against all established customs and cutting a pathway through a tangled forest of prejudice.

We are all groping in the dark, but we are all coming slowly out into the light.

Let us help one another by tolerance, charity and patience.

THE MORE A MAN CAN LIE TO A WOMAN ABOUT HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE IS THE MORE SHE WILL BELIEVE A LOT OF HIS OTHER LIES.—So Says The Bachelor.



## My Creed

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Though chaos and confusion  
Upon the earth I see,  
Yet still they seem illusion  
Unto the soul of me,  
Though creed with creed is striving  
And conflicts do not cease,  
I feel that right is thriving—  
I hear the voice of peace.

I know the wrongs existing,  
And growing hour by hour;  
And yet, my faith persisting,  
Sees justice high in power.  
I hear the voice of Reason  
Enumerating ills;  
But doubt of good seems treason,  
And trust my bosom thrills.

Though nation wars with nation,  
And men in darkness grope,  
A curious exaltation  
Gives promise to my hope.  
Though sorrows and disasters  
Descend upon our sphere,  
My faith in Wisdom masters  
All sentiments of fear.

Along this world benighted  
Where clouds and shadows roll  
One narrow path is lighted  
For each immortal soul.  
The path of love's endeavor  
To share the God within,  
He who walks there will never  
Be slave of fear and sin.

Mine is the mind of woman—  
No Logic in its store;  
But ah! my heart is human  
And love is at its core;  
The earth is God's expression,  
And love is all it needs,  
And this is faith's confession  
Of what it lacks in creeds.

An interested reader wants to know my creed.

I fear it has no name. Its basic principle is a belief in the Great Creative Power; the Omnipotent Intelligence which formed our wonderful universe.

Mortal mind cannot conceive of a beginning for this Intelligence.

So I do not waste vital forces in trying to imagine such a time.

In that Supreme Creative Mind, all that ever was, or is, has always existed.

We have all been living a life without beginning or end, sometimes for certain periods we rent in That Mind—spirits of light. Again we go forth in various forms; and each form and each impression is divine; and each one of us is just as divine as another and as important to the Universal Purpose. The saint, the sinner, the fool, the sage. When one of these expressions of the cause thinks itself better than another; when it begins to want what is another's, and to wrong another by a selfish thought, then sin is born.

And just as we sin, by selfishness, we "fall" from our original divine state.

Just as we realize the fact of our own divinity we are "redeemed."

There is nothing the matter with the world but selfishness; and selfishness is the child of ignorance.

However educated a man may be, however cultured, however great in mentality, yet he is ignorant of the great truths of existence if he tries to find happiness or satisfaction in selfishness.

And so he is sent back to earth over and over again, and is given the opportunity to learn the lesson of unselfishness.

Between these incarnations are many spiritual realms; heavens and hells and purgatories and paradises which we make for ourselves by our thoughts and aims and acts while here. In these heavens and hells we find those who lived, thought and acted as we do. To sum up by belief, then, perhaps, the following statement may serve to satisfy the curiosity of my "interested reader:"

I believe in progressive immortality and in a succession of lives here or on other planets; that the spirit lives forever and cannot decay or die; that after the death of the body those who have wandered from the laws of the Creator will be obliged to occupy a lower sphere in the next world, and separated from those who lived true to principle; that they must begin again the dreary labor of reformation alone with their awakened consciences.

I believe that whatever is, is best, and the sufferings we are compelled to endure here are but the result of wrong methods of living and thinking in this or former lives, and are ripening experiences intended to force the soul into truer conditions.

I believe space is peopled with advanced spirits, who have passed through former incarnations and who sympathize with us and strengthen us when we cry for help, not in spiritual manifestations or materialization, but in more subtle and mysterious ways beyond the power of mere reason to fathom or explain.

I believe that Christ had passed through many reincarnations, and that He was, therefore, enabled to be infinite in His sympathies and power. He was "one with God."

I believe that each soul is its own savior; that proper to the unseen forces about us widens our spiritual knowledge and brings us closer to divine truths.

I believe that we have passed through innumerable phases of life during millions of centuries, and that humanity is the highest type yet evolved; that the world grows better and humanity more spiritual and intelligent constantly, and that we are all progressing back, yet toward divinity, and that in time the earth will be inhabited by godlike beings, who will analyze and discuss the remnants of humanity as we now discuss the chimpanzee.

I believe that love is the universal law, that to live upon the earth is an inestimable blessing and privilege, and that death is but the gateway to a more advanced existence. If we have made good use of this one room of the many in our Father's mansions.

If we have not—if we have been mentally indolent, and refuse to be grateful for our blessings, and used our forces in gloom, envy, jealousy, hatred and discontent, death ushers us into a sphere filled with similar souls—where we must dwell until we change our thoughts and seek for light to climb higher.

I believe Thought is a part of Omnipotence, and with proper direction and the aid of prayer, we can have—do—and be whatsoever we will. Amen.

### POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A stitch today may save a patch tomorrow.

Some politicians are too modest to face the nude truth.

A woman hates her enemies longer than she loves her friends.

When the patient man is once aroused he makes up for lost time.

When it comes to giving uppercuts pugilists are not in it with barbers.

When it comes to facing an enemy, some men show their retiring dispositions.

And the ratio is about sixteen million opportunities to spend money to one to make it.



# Today

Confucius and Bryan.  
Also the Bible, and—  
Conan Doyle and Ghosts.  
Fit Sunday Subjects.

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

The Gentlemen at Genoa, threatening each other, suggesting another "wading trip in a sea of blood" could learn from Confucius, who taught his corner of the earth five hundred years before Christ was born.

"Only a Chinaman," some moderns will say, but Europe's troubles might be settled by the exercise of his "five particular qualities—self respect, magnanimity, sincerity, earnestness and benevolence."

Elaborating his thoughts in reply to questions, Confucius said: "Show self-respect, and others will respect you. Be magnanimous, and you will win all hearts. Be sincere, and men will trust you. Be earnest, and you will achieve great things. Be benevolent, and you will be fit to impose your will on others."

W. J. Bryan, demolishing Darwin's evolution theory, and proving that all the science you need is to be found in the Bible, has overwhelmed a doubting professor with two questions:

Number 1. "Are you willing to put in writing a statement that you believe that you are the descendent of an ape?"

Number 2. "Do you believe in the miracles as reported in the Old and New Testaments?"

Darwin never said or wrote that men were descended from monkeys. Concerning miracles, what would be Mr. Bryan's explanation of the interesting events that followed Joshua's command:

"Sun, stand thou still upon Gideon, and thou, Moon, in the Valley of Avalon." We know what happened, for it is written in Mr. Bryan's textbook of science:

"So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day."

Not to be outdone by the Sun, "the Moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies—for the Lord fought for Israel."

The moon goes around the earth, the earth goes around the sun at least, that is the modern theory, which Mr. Bryan probably considers ungodly. Why not let religion and science go their separate ways and avoid unnecessary ridicule?

When Mr. Bryan was still unborn, six weeks after his prenatal life began, only a trained scientific eye could have distinguished his tiny body from that of a dog or other animal at a certain stage of embryological development. The rest of the magnificent change, from a single cell to a great orator, was the result of unseen, but pre-ordained, evolution. The proof can be seen in alcohol in little jars in museums. Whatever is, the Lord made. Why quarrel?

See also in Joshua, chapter ten, verse eleven, how, Adoni-Heede, King of Jerusalem, and the wicked kings from the mountains were running away from Joshua and his mighty men of valour—"The Lord casts down great stones from heaven upon them unto Azekah, and they died." Those stones may have been meteorites, more probably, as the text indicates, enormous hailstones.

All that is far more interesting reading than anything in Darwin, except perhaps his book on the expression of the emotions. Let's hope Mr. Bryan never reads that, it might give him apoplexy, for it pretends to show that babies learned to say Mama, reaching out with their lips for the first meal.

"Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," is sound biblical advice. Let Mr. Bryan read Joshua. Let another read Spencer all in brotherly love remembering that:

"Who so ever shall say unto his brother, Raca, Shall be in danger of the council:

But who so ever shall say Thou fool, shall be in danger of Hell Fire." If Mr. Bryan keeps on saying "Raca" to the Darwinians, let him beware.

Wandering from Bryan, Darwin, science and the Bible to spirits of modern make, you learn from a Canadian interesting, prosaic solid facts that, of course, will not shake the belief of any good spiritualist, just as no science could possibly shake the innocent beliefs of Mr. Bryan.

Conan Doyle specializes in ghosts and shows photographs of spirits, one with a bullet hole in the temple. He guarantees them genuine. And although it is outside his specialty, he tells of "two little girls" that took photographs of fairies. Neither of the "little" girls, says he, knew anything about photography.

The Canadian reveals the fact that of the two "little girl" photographers, one seventeen years old, is the expert assistant of a professional photographer. The photographs of fairies were not doctored in any way, and did not need doctoring. They were pictures of life-like toys, photographed among the pretty wild flowers.

What a wonderful lecturing team would be "Bryan and Doyle." Mr. Bryan lecturing on old fashioned belief, Conan Doyle following with a convincing talk — with spook photographs — on up-to-the-minute ghosts, both winding up with "Down with Darwin, and science."

BOSTON, May 4.—The Boston Central Labor union scored a victory when the overseers of the poor, after repeated ferusals, finally yielded and granted a permit for a tag day in behalf of the striking textile operatives. Girl strikers from Manchester, N. H., are doing the collecting.



## The Bughaus Idea

By Dr. Frank Crane.

Once upon a time there was a planet as thickly populated as our own. They had nations and governments, as we have.

But the most of the people were insane. There



were a few sane persons, who were kept locked up in asylums.

One day two nations decided to go to war. They had a long series of disputes, extending over many years; they thoroughly hated one another; each had a large army spoiling for a fight, and war was about due.

Just as they were ready to come to grips, Prime Minister Wildhead, who had the reputation of being the craziest man in the world, called a meeting of the two governmental cabinets; they met at Bughaus, and Wildhead laid a proposition before them as follows:

"We two nations," he said, winking slyly at M. Batzin Belfry, the other premier, "are about to go to war. That means that we will butcher some hundred thousand men, ruin our commerce, give business a setback that will be felt for fifty years, destroy property, make myriads of widows and orphans, and so on. It will be hard on us both, as war is usually as disastrous to the victor as to the vanquished.

"After we get done, we will call a number of diplomats together and arrange a treaty of peace.

"I suggest, therefore, that we draw up a treaty of peace now, and save all the war waste."

"Fine!" said M. Batzin Belfry.

"Why hasn't anybody thought of that before?" shouted King Jinks.

"Of course," continued Wildhead, "we can not hope to get along without killing somebody. We all feel the need of adventure, of tearing loose once in awhile and smashing things. That is human nature. We must not be Utopian dreamers.

"Patriotism can not subsist on a vegetarian diet. The people must have blood. Our cannibalistic instincts must be sated.

"Hence I propose that each country select, say, 10,000 persons. And instead of the strong, healthy and fit men of the nation, let us pick out the feeble, diseased, beggared and deficient, the tramps and prisoners, the harlots and crooks, as being the least useful members of the state. We will collect all these in a great field and let our soldiers shoot them down with their guns and hack them to death with their swords.

"We will make a regular exhibition of it, erect a grandstand and charge a dollar a seat. The money can go to our treasuries."

All applauded. The motion was put. But one diplomat arose and remarked:

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but I would like to inquire what our quarrel is about?"

King Jinks arose in wrath. "That man is sane!" he shouted. "Let him be arrested and confined in a sane asylum!" This was done.

The two nations then proceeded to their grand international Killfest, to the delight and entertainment of the whole populace.

The experiment was so successful that it was decided to have a Killfest regularly every ten years, to relieve the congested population, to give the soldier boys something to look forward to, and to feed properly the noble sentiment of patriotism.



Texas districts. The transfer, in which Harry V. Booth was the agent, was for a consideration of approximately \$200,000, according to a statement issued by the company. The new owners of the property have nearly 200,000 acres of leases in Texas, Oklahoma and Louisiana, it is said, and a large amount of production in Texas. W. G. Maher, formerly a construction engineer of New York City is president, and John F. DeNiff of Jersey City, N. J., is secretary. E. E. Sullivan, treasurer representing the company in the purchase, said that the organization has planned for immediate development of the best of the holdings under way.

#### **GOOD WELL BROUGHT IN 8 MILES SOUTHWEST OF GRAHAM.**

Graham, Texas, July 5.—The Panhandle Oil and Refining Company's well on the E. N. McCleskey tract, eight miles southwest of Graham, came in today at 2,475 feet. The drill is only six inches in the sand and the well is estimated anywhere from 500 to 1,000 barrels.

#### **EASTLAND FIELD GOOD FOR YEARS, SAYS GEOLOGIST**

Eastland, Texas, July 6.—"That the oil fields of Eastland County are less than 25 per cent developed, and that many years will have passed before the field will have ceased producing oil is the opinion of John R. Roberts, geologist, who has been in this field almost since its inception and has made a close study of this territory.

#### **BIG GASSER IS REPORTED IN PANOLA COUNTY.**

Marshall, Texas, July 6.—A big gasser has been brought in on the Womack headright, north of the big Geter gasser, in Panola County at 1,080 feet, according to reports from Elysian Fields.

The Bethany Company estimates that there is a showing of 10,000,000 feet of gas in the Mrs. Gibson No. 1, five and one-half miles north of Elysian Fields and one mile north of the discovery well, Palmetto Taylor No. 1. It is reported that the well came in unexpectedly and is now running wild. It is on the road between Waskom and Bethany.

The Clarksdale well at DeBerry is also showing gas.

#### **AJAX GETS 300-BARREL PRODUCER NEAR LEERAY.**

Leeray, Texas, July 6.—The Ajax Oil Company's Mattie Baggett well No. 1, one and one-half miles southeast of Leeray, was brought in with a shot of 650 quarts of nitroglycerin Monday at a depth of 3,240 feet after passing through 100 feet of black lime and ten feet of slate. The well is making heads every two hours estimated at least 300 barrels daily. This well is 500 feet north of Pensland Oil Co. No. 1, of which it is an offset.

#### **Operations in Tulsa Field.**

Tulsa, Ok., July 5.—The Exchange Oil Company has completed a test on the Austin farm in the Garber district and it is making 300 barrels. The same company's initial completion on the Kesner farm, same district, is doing 160 barrels.

The Memphis-Osage Oil Company and others have a well in the sand in Osage County which looks good for 1,000 barrels. The Bartlesville pay was topped at 1,976 feet.

The White Oil Corporation's first completion on the McWilliams farm in the Beggs district is making 700 barrels.

The Cosden Oil and Gas Company has a 60-barrel well on its first completion on the Vaughn farm in the Kelleyville district in Creek County.

In the Jennings district, the Roxana Petroleum Company's No. 11 on the Prentice farm is on top of the Bartlesville sand and is said to be showing for a good producer. The Phillips Petroleum Company's second completion on the Roofner farm in the same district is making 100 barrels. Spangler and others have a 200-barrel well in a first completion on the Coombs farm, same district.

#### **To Begin Test Near Crowell.**

Crowell, Texas, July 6.—After long delay in transit, the drilling machinery for the Beverly oil well has been received and hauled out to the location. Work will commence in a few days.



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### BUSTED AND DISGUSTED.

One of our readers sends us the following mournful letter, which we publish with the hope that it will make you smile, and not give you the blues:

Dallas, Tex., March 20, 1920.  
Semi-Weekly New Era,  
Hallettsville, Tex.

Gentlemen:—

For the following reason I am unable to send you the check requested: I have been held up, held down, sand-bagged, walked on, sat on, flattened out and squeezed. First by the United States Government for Federal Tax, Income Tax, Excess Taxes, Capital Stock Tax, Sur Tax, Merchants License and Auto Tax, and by every society and organization that the inventive mind can invent, to extract what I may or may not possess.

From the Society of John the Baptist, the G. A. E., the Women's Relief, the Navy League, the Red Cross, the Purple Cross, the Double Cross, the Childrens and Old Ladies Home, the Dorcas Society, the Y. M. C. A., the Boy Scouts, the Jewish Relief, the Belgian Relief and every Hospital in the Country.

The Government has so governed my business that I'm at loss to know just who owns it. I am inspected, suspected, examined and reexamined, informed, required and commanded, so I don't know who I am, where I am, or why I am here. All I know is that I am supposed to have an inexhaustable supply of money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race; and because I will not sell all I have and go out and beg, borrow or steal money to give away, I have been cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, robbed and nearly ruined, and the only reason I am clinging to life now is to see just what in the hell is coming next.

Yours,

OAKLAND RIPPLES



## Major Miles O'Reilly Sees "Tampico" of Texas Near Future

BY TOM HICKEY

I went to the Union Depot last week to see some old time friends off to Mexico City. The depot was as crowded as the week before when the young lady who had won the beauty contest was starting for Atlantic City. Much to my surprise, because I had heard he was out at one of his wells, I saw the tall, powerful form of Major Miles O'Reilly, hero of Gallipoli, Irish philosopher and poet and now the uncrowned king of the wildcatters.

"How come you here, Major? I thought you were up in Archer county, over 200 miles away; in fact, I read a telegram from you that you sent this morning saying you were on the job and had just brought in a 500-barrel well."

"That's true," said the Major, as he stood with his arms around the neck of two of his wildcatter friends who were about to start for Mexico City. I brought her in at 11 a. m., hopped in a plane and had a late lunch here, three hours later. After I see these laddibucks off the land of Montezuma and joy-waters, I'll hop back tonight. I want a good night's sleep before I hit the ball tomorrow morning. I brought down a dozen bottles of Four Roses. I want to see that my friends don't go thirsty before they reach the promised land at Nuevo Laredo, where they can help themselves. Excuse me for a few moments and then we will go up to my apartments and drink to their unlimited success, because they are fine boys, d'ye mind?"

The tumult and the shouting died out in a few minutes as the big train headed south. Five minutes later the Major opened his grip, the lemons were squeezed, the ice clinked in the glass, the Major violated the law twice in three minutes, wiped his stubby mustach, stretched himself out in the easy chair and then I knew he was in the right mood to indulge in one of his famous soliloquies. Then said the Major:

"The scene you have just witnessed is happening all over the United States tonight. A new era is opening. Mexico, whose gates have been closed to us to all practical purposes since the gallant Madero took the field against the inhuman beast, Diaz, is now opened since the treaty was signed last week and tens of thousands of the adventurous sons and daughters of Columbia are now hitting the trail into Mexico as full of courage as their grandfathers were when they went in the covered wagon over the Oregon trail. Mexico is the land of opportunity in which multitudes see the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. As in the biblical days, many are called, but few are chosen. Many will lay down and die by the wayside and their bones will mark the trail to a bigger and greater civilization."

## ON THE LAZY BENCH

By TOM THE SEER

ADJUTANT GENERAL BARTON, who is in command of the Ranger forces of Texas, was a visitor in Fort Worth for a few hours this week. He told me that he had just arrived from Amarillo, and that the people of Cotter, Carson, Hutchins and other Panhandle counties were extremely enthusiastic over the prospects for oil development. The General told me that the Panhandle contains the largest gas fields in the world. The gas pressure is so strong in a great many cases they are unable to get down to the oil below. However, several good wells have been brought in in Carson and Hutchins counties. The Guggenheim Smelting Company has erected a great refinery outside of Amarillo adjacent to the Fort Worth and Denver tracks. This plant was formerly near Tulsa, Oklahoma, but was brought over to Amarillo about two months ago because of the gigantic gas supply and because Amarillo is so much nearer to the big Guggenheim smelters at various northwestern points. Major Barton is a genial gentleman, and is as modest as he is brave. I learned from one of his friends that he is the only major in Texas who received the distinguished service cross during the World War. He was cited for conspicuous gallantry at the battle of St. Etienne. It was at this battle that he established a line under German gun and shell fire that was impregnable. The French Government honored him by calling the hill where he held his line, Barton's Hill. A host of friends throughout the state are anxious for this distinguished soldier to enter the race for Governor next year. This would be a wise move, as there is nobody in authority in Texas today who knows any more about military affairs than my grandmother knew about jazz. By all means elect the hero of Barton's Hill.

HUBB DIGGS is back from a month's vacation which he spent in various California points. He tells me that if the election took place tomorrow Henry Ford would carry California by a majority as big as the Ford cars are in a majority over other makes. He predicts that the same thing will happen in Texas and that before

mer that he missed his vacation. However, he intends to make up for it now by taking a week off down by the Rio Grande where it meanders by the city of Laredo. He will go from there to Three Rivers and inspect the glass factory that is now running a double shift in a town of 1,000 population. Mr. Massey told me that the discovery of oil in Texas will result in making the Lone Star a great industrial state as big capitalists are always desirous of establishing their plants where abundance of fuel can be secured cheaply.

He believes that if coal is found in large quantities in the Laredo district, that with their enormous gas supply in Live Oak county alone, which amounts to 2,000,000,000 feet a day, another Pittsburgh could be established in that district. The Stock Exchange of Texas, Inc., is to be congratulated on possessing such an up-to-date young executive as C. C. Massey.

M. McCLUER of Scott and McCluer, who has been seriously ill with appendicitis, has now thoroughly recovered and has spent the past week on the company's properties at Brazos where they have made remarkable developments within recent weeks. Full particulars of work in the Brazos field will be told in our next issue.

A. FISHER, Pittsburgh, Pa., is president of the H. A. Fisher Company, consulting engineers. Mr. Fisher has opened Fort Worth and Breckenridge offices and is now very busy with a new process for extracting gasoline from natural gas. He is building gas plants in Breckenridge and expects to establish some more in other fields. Mr. Fisher was formerly editor of the Gas Department of the National Petroleum News published at Cleveland, Ohio. He was a lecturer in the University of Pennsylvania on the production of gasoline from natural gas. He is also a member of the American Institution of Mining and Metallurgical engineers. Mr. Fisher's training is such that we have no doubt but what his new process will revolutionize all methods of extracting gasoline from natural gas.

W. S. STEELE of Steele and Co.,



The Major paused and motioned towards the beautiful bouquet of roses and after he had gargled his tonsils, he continued:

"So far as I am concerned, I am not going to Mexico, because I have too many irons in the fire on this side of the line. I happen to know that right here in Texas, on this side of the Mexican border, there is an oil pool that will be brought in inside of the next year that will be greater than the mighty Tampico. It is in the Laredo district, its area is so large that it takes in six counties—there are over two hundred producing wells there already—and in one county there are 2,000,000,000 feet of gas daily which is piped as far as Houston, three hundred miles away, and taking in San Antonio on the way, beside twenty smaller towns."

"Don't you think, Major, that with all this development, the Tampico should be discovered by this time?" The Major looked at me scornfully and then roared:

"You poor omadhaun, don't you know that they have nothing but oil down in the Laredo district? Outside of the city of Laredo there is very little population and most of it is Mexicans who are always singing the songs of Manana. Don't you know that the big companies are taking up tens of thousands of acres and when the wild-catter forces their hand, as he will do within the next year, then the Tampico will come in on this side of the line?"

As the Major said this I looked at him closely and noticed the steely glint in his blue Irish eye and the firm setting of his jaw muscles. Then I knew that the Major was the man who was going to display his independent Americanism by forcing the Standard to drill in the Laredo district.

"So that is the reason why you are not going to Mexico?" I said.

"Yes, sir; down in the Laredo district the independent has as much chance for securing oil as on the other side of the line. He has all the glamour of Mexico down on the Rio Grande. He has only to cross the bridge at Laredo and be in a spot that was never cursed by the puritanical hypocrisy that has fallen on our own fair land. Every vintage that was ever brewed and that has made strong men and strong nations, since Christ made the wine at the feast of Caanan, can be secured at a reasonable price. So its day all day, down Laredo way, and there is no such thing as night."

"Don't worry," said the Major; "hop in my ship tonight and after I have attended to a few details at my new well we will fly over in a few hours and put our foot on the old brass rail, take a roll in the sawdust like we used to do when we were building America, for even the hands of science are proclaiming the death knell of the infamous eighteenth amendment. So now you can see why I am going to stay on this side of the Rio Grande and will only cross the line for social and recuperative purposes."

The Major and I then destroyed the rest of the bouquet and half an hour later we were mingling with the stars on our way to the Archer field, with the silvery Rio Grande glistening in the moonlight beyond.

next spring so many people will be jumping on the Ford band wagon that the authorities will have to adopt new parking methods to relieve the congestion of the aforesaid band wagons. He also tells me that Ford will get Muscle Shoals and thereby will enormously help in the industrial development of the South and at the same time will do a vast deal of good for the farmer who needs Guano and other fertilizers at the cheapest possible price. Hubb Diggs thinks there will be only one man in the race next year, the man who put the lube in lubricant, and I believe he is right at that.

**L**AURENCE R. MELTON, the hustling business manager of the National Oil Journal, has only one hobby, if so it may be called, and that is when his day's work is done to go and mix with his buddies who took part in the great World War. It is not surprising therefore, to find him budding out with a new paper for his buddies, the first issue of which appeared on September 1st. It is called THE VETERANS VOICE, appears weekly, and the subscription price is \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Mr. Melton has already had a run-in with President Barnes of the United States Chamber of Commerce on the question of adjusted compensation for veterans, and stoppage of immigration. A dog tackled a buzz saw one time, and the newspaper said the next morning that the poor canine only lasted one round; just about as long as Mr. Barnes lasted with Mr. Melton. The Veterans Voice now circulates in every state in the Union, and every veteran who reads these lines ought to send one dollar for a trial subscription.

**V**AN McPHAIL came in from Arkansas last week and reported that everything was very quiet in oil circles due to the continued low price of crude. He says that the lucky men will be those who are able to hold on for a couple of months at which time it is expected that crude will take a big jump. He emphasizes the fact that the big companies are in the market for millions of cash to buy out crude at its present low rate and double their investment before spring. Mr. McPhail will leave in a few days for the border where he expects to make some heavy investments. Like many wise wild-catters he is sold on the Laredo district.

**C.** C. MASSEY of the Stock Exchange of Texas, Inc., has been so busy at his desk all sum-

returned from Mayo Brothers' Hospital at Rochester, Minn., where he has been undergoing treatment for arthritis. He tells me that there are several old time oil men from the south in this famous hospital. We have the pleasure of telling Mr. Steele that if all humans were like the Seer, the doctors of America would starve to death. We keep healthy by going on a fast every time we feel mean, and good old nature swiftly adjusts the trouble. Personally, we believe that the pill bag should be as extinct as the dodo. Shakespeare was right when he said: "Throw physic to the dogs." But the bard of Avon overlooked the fact that the dog is too wise to take the darn stuff.

**H**ERBERT WALES of Wales & Company, reports that for the past month business has been increasing from day to day. He looks forward to a very active winter, because of the housecleaning that the oil business has been through. He believes that when the price of crude and gasoline has reached proper levels then the merry work of investing will be resumed on a bigger and better scale than ever.

**J.** D. McDERMITT of Tilden county seat of McMullen county, was at The Texas this week. He says that scouts for the big companies are running over every acre of the county. More development is going on now than ever in history, and the old time cattlemen expect to see a great oil pool in McMullen.

## Two Mitchell County Tests Given Shots

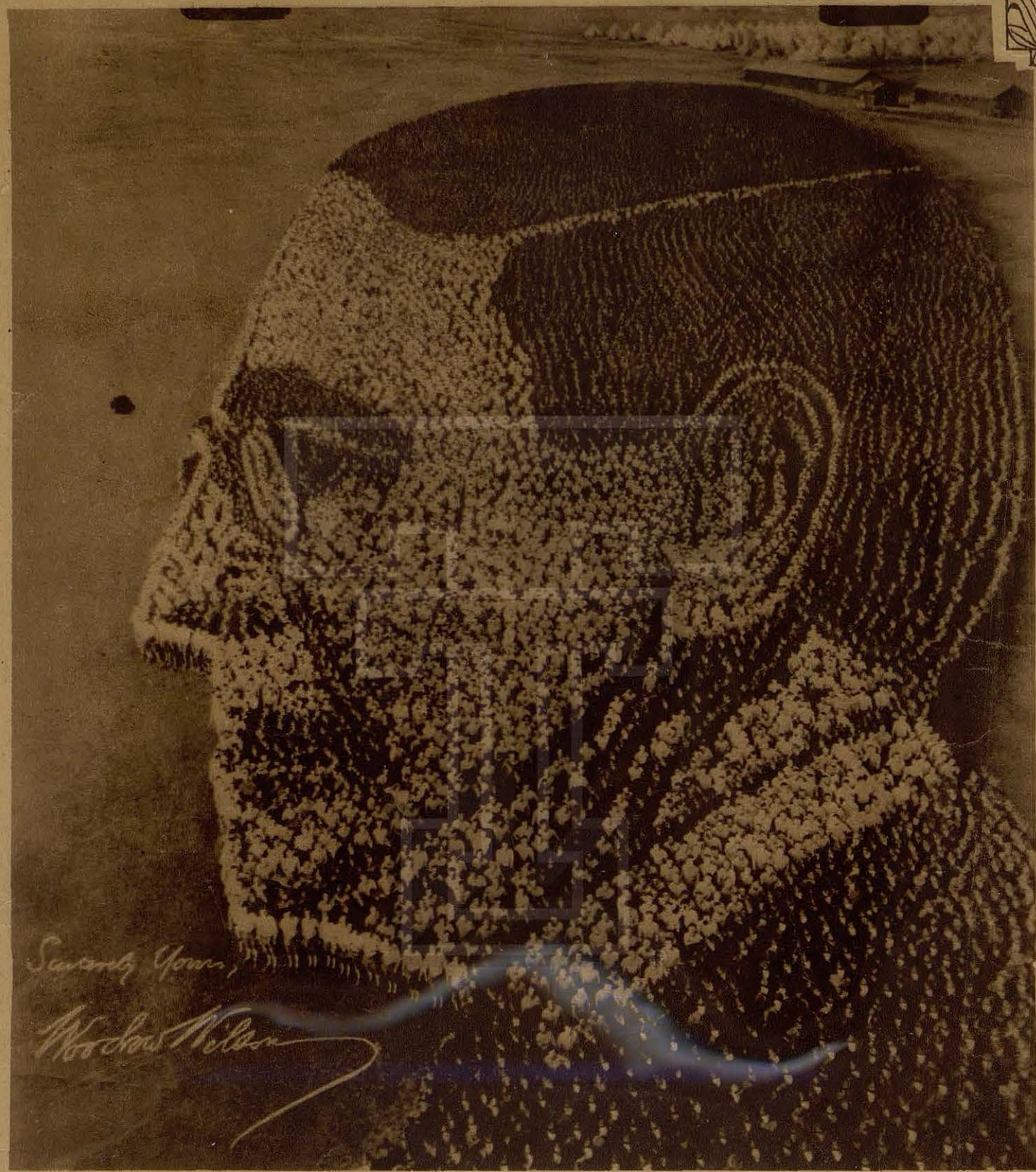
Colorado, Texas, Sept. 13.—The Texas and Pacific No. 3 of the Underwriters Producing and Refining Company and Smartt No. 1 of the Sloan Oil Company, both in the defined producing territory twelve miles west of Colorado, were given nitro shots Saturday afternoon and the crews are cleaning out.

The Underwriters' well was shot with 180 quarts at from 2,970 to 3,080 feet and the Smartt well at from 2,968 to 3,010 feet with 120 quarts.

The Smartt well has just been drilled forty-two feet deeper and shot after producing 200 barrels daily during a period of eight months. Both of the wells were shot in the Morrison sand.

London.—Dr. Millsbaugh, American financial adviser of the Persian government, has gone to Beirut and is believed to be negotiating with American oil representatives about the northern Persian concession.





Twenty-one thousand men at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, O., helped to form this living portrait of the President—Photographed from a balloon.

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