THE GASTONIA GAZETTE.

Devoted to the Protection of Home and the Interests of the County.

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OIL FIELDS IN TEXAS.

Greatest Oil Field in the World—Already Furnishing 5,000 Barrels a Day.

Baltimore Special, May 31, to News & Courier.

In editorial correspondence in this week's Manufacturers' Record Mr. Richard H. Edmonds summarizes the results of his observations in the Beaumont oil field. He traces the events which in four months have given what was known to a few people as an important lumber and rice centre a national and world-wide name. He shows the marked difference between the circumstances surrounding the search for gold in California and the Klondike and the discovery of oil in Pennsylvania and those connected with the Beaumont developments. He describes the leading features of the speculation in the new field, and he gives a warning of the dangers involved, although for the time speculation has halted. Regarding the present situation and the prospects of the field Mr. Edmonds says:

"The gushers which have been struck so far are all within a small area, probably hardly half mile in diameter. The smallest is said to have a capacity of 35,000 barrels a day, and it is claimed that the largest can produce 50,000 barrels a day. But suppose that all were turned on at the same time and their aggregate output was 100,000 to 200,000 barrels a day, that would be greater than the total product of the 70,000 or 80,000 wells now in operation in the United States. In other words, these Texas wells may be able to produce more oil than the entire output of the United States at present. But nobody expects them to continue to have such an enormous flow.

"When the tremendous pressure which forces the oil 150 feet or more into the air in a great stream has been relieved, pumping will doubtless be necessary as in other places; but admitting this, we still have a condition that is of world wide importance and influence. The new wells now being bored will soon prove the extent of the field. If it be confined to the narrow area where all the gushers have been found, then we have a remarkable discovery of immense value, but if the field is broad and over a great area the only final test, viz: the drill proves that oil exists in anything like the quantity to be reasonably expected from the conditions already known, then we have a proposition which, as has been well said must stagger the world's oil trade.

"If it is found that as much as 200,000 barrels a day can be safely depended upon from this field, the possibly $100,000,000 or more will need to be invested to order to provide ample pipe lines, storage facilities and tank steamers, of which more would be needed than the whole tank steamer fleet of the Standard Oil Company. Unless the Standard Oil Company should decide to take hold of this vast proposition with all of its accumulated wealth and marketing facilities—and even that company would have a task requiring its utmost power and wealth to promptly meet—the work of development must proceed more slowly. But American genius has been equal to meeting every emergency and in some way this tremendous undertaking will be handled. Already a market has been found for about 5,000 barrels a day, and this quantity is going out every day by water and in tank cars. There is an increased demand for it at all the neighboring cities and in all Gulf ports for use as fuel by manufacturers and on tugs and steamers. Even the boilers used in boring the wells are run by oil from other wells. The advantages of this fuel in cheapness, ease of use, cleanliness and freedom from smoke are so great that its use will increase as rapidly as facilities for furnishing a regular supply upon which users can safely rely can be provided. There are now about two hundred rigs up in the Beaumont territory, but owing to the inability to make boring contracts except at exorbitant prices or to purchase boring machinery, probably not over twenty wells are actually under way. The demand for borers is so great that the cost is now three or four times what it would be under normal conditions, and the well-borers as well as the land owners are reaping a great harvest.

"For the time being, speculation has halted and prices everywhere outside of the limited, proved territory have declined, or at least buyers will not pay as much as they would have given two weeks ago. A number of wells are down to about the level at which oil was struck in the others, and everyone is holding his breath waiting for the first news of a new strike or a 'duster' the latter being the name for a dry well. The 'coming in' of a new gusher in outside territory would quicken the embers into a more lively boom fire than ever, and every new strike broadening the territory in which oil can be found, means the enormous and immediate enhancement in land values. At the same time new strikes outside would tend to lower the price in the present "gusher" field.

One thing is definitely settled, that is that all Texas will be bored full of holes. Hundreds, yes, thousands of wells will be put down, and while looking for oil many other discoveries will be made. The real development of Texas has just commenced. This oil excitement will turn the attention of local and outside people to the great developed minerals of the state, to its copper, its iron, its granites, its marbles and to all of the wealth-creating resources of that imperial state. And from Texas this will spread, as it is already doing to Louisiana, to Alabama, and to other states where the search for oil and gas is already being vigorously prosecuted. We have entered upon the South's real development at last.

"It seems entirely reasonable to look for an early confirmation of the belief that this is probably the most oil field known to the world. If so, it must become the central point for vast business interests, which, by furnishing the cheapest fuel to the world, will mark a revolutionizing period in industrial affairs throughout this section and in all the Gulf coast, and wherever oil can be shipped in tank steamers or barges. It is possible that Texas is to hold a very commanding position in the world's commercial and industrial affairs, and in a short time we shall know for the new wells will tell their story. Until the field is fully tested it would be unwise to attempt to forecast the possibilities of a region which may revolutionize the world's fuel supply."

NEXT REUNION IN DALLAS.

Smile of Woman Beguiles Them.

Special Atlanta News.

Memphis, Tenn., May 30.—Dallas gets the next reunion.

A woman's smile, a dazzling smile it was, beguiled the honor from the veterans yesterday afternoon.

When in the course of the meeting, the matter of selecting the place for next year's gathering was reached. Mrs. Kate Cabell Curry, of Dallas, a beautiful, dark-haired young woman, with flashing black eyes, mantling cheeks and teeth like pearls, stepped to the front of the rostrum and stretched her arms for silence.

There was a burst of cheers from the grizzled hundreds before her as she came forward thus, and then a hush fell upon the great assembly.

She waited, poised in the attitude of supplication, a radiant picture against the gray background of bearded, uniformed old soldiers, till perfect quiet ensued.

Then in a clear bell like tones that carried to the furtherest corners of the great auditorium, she cried.

"Come, sweethearts, to Dallas, won't you?"

"We will, we will," shouted the old soldiers quickly, cheering her wildly.

"Gentlemen," "gentlemen," shouted General Gordon, rapping vigorously for order. "I cannot allow you to vote on a city until all the candidates are announced."

Colonel Bennett, Young, of Louisville, whose city has been making a tremendous fight for the reunion of 1903, seized this opportunity, arose in his chair on the floor, and with a courtly bow and trumpet voice, shouted: "This is a very charming surprise from Dallas, and surely such loveliness is not to be denied what it would have.

"But comrades, if Dallas sends beauty as its messenger, Louisville sends duty and the spirit of love for our comrades of the battle days.

"We are trying to build in Kentucky a Confederate soldiers' home, and asylum for the boys who were crippled by those bullets which we faced and escaped.

"Your presence there is needed to help this movement. To help the poor old boys, I beg, therefore, that you steel your hearts against that bewitching smile and come to the aid of your fortune pressed brothers now as you never failed to come when bayonets were at their breasts and sabers above their heads."

This speech was widely cheered, and orators sprang up on every hand to champion the one side or the other.

The woman smiled again, however, and the smile proved more potent than Kentucky's eloquence, and Dallas won the day by the narrow margin of two hundred and seventy votes.

Negroes as Church Workers.

Statesville Landmark.

The colored people have recently completed a church in Raleigh which cost $30,000 and the Rockingham Rocket, in noting the fact, says:

The negro is not more faithful to his coon dog than he is in paying his church dues. We have often thought they were more sacrificing in proportion to their means than the whites. No matter what they may do after the shouting is all over and the benediction is pronounced, their little five and ten cents are chipped in with commendable regularity. We are reminded of this by the dedication of the St. Paul African Methodist church in Raleigh last Sunday, which cost over $30,000. Just think of the colored race undertaking and completing such a structure. It probably represents more of sacrifice and hard work than any other institution in the State. They have been 17 years in building it. Of course they have received aid from their white friends, and probably some from the North, but the work and sacrifices have been theirs.

It is true that the colored people, at least a great many of them, give very liberally to church causes when their means are considered. Their method of taking up collection is quite unique. Instead of passing around the hat they allow each person who will contribute to walk up to the front to pass in his contribution. This undoubtedly helps the collection because many of them will cheerfully pay 5 or 10 cents purely for the privilege of walking up in front of the whole congregation and passing it over. It makes them feel important.

Another reason for this manner of taking collection is that it prevents any evil-disposed person from manipulating the collection basket.

A Fireman's Close Call.

"I stuck to my engine, although every joint ached and every nerve was racked with pain," writes C. W. Bellamy, a locomotive fireman, of Burlington, Iowa. "I was weak and pale, without any appetite and all run down. As I was about to give up, I got a bottle of Electric Bitters and, after taking it, I felt as well as I ever did in my life." Weak, sickly, run down people always gain new life, strength and vigor from their use. Try them. Satisfaction guaranteed by J. E. Curry & Co. Price 50 cents.

The Lincoln Journal says: Mr. Gaston Burgin, who recently entered the Daniel Mill to learn the business, met with a painful accident. His hand was caught under a shaft weighing a thousand pounds and crushed against a hot box. He was held thus for several minutes until assistance could be obtained.

SACRIFICE SILK SALE.

Last Friday we began a week's sacrifice of Silks, with 250 yards of

All Silk Foulards and Fancy Waist Silks

in the latest spring and summer shades and designs.

This sale will continue

To-day and To-morrow

during which these exquiste silk fabrics, exactly same as you have been buying for $1.00 and $1.25 per yard, will go at 50 and 75cts per yard.

All brand-new stock, fresh and beautiful. Don't miss this sacrifice sale of seasonable silks.

IMPERFECT STRAIGHT FRONT

P. N. CORSETS

GIVE THE MILITARY FIGURE

Price from $1.00 up

The PROTECTED CORK CLASPS An exclusive feature save annoyance from rust-stains and relieve pressure and pinching of any kind on the chest

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

P. N. CORSETS

BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Don't Forget The Baby.

While the season is advancing and the other members of the family are making ready their spring and summer wear, don't forget the baby. We have a full line of beautiful infants' caps to suit all sizes and ranging in prices from 15 cents to $2.50.

J. F. YEAGER,

LADIES' FURNISHINGS A SPECIALTY.

The Oil Boom in Texas.

Washington Times.

Stories of excitement in Texas over the discovery of oil are being told in Washington and are interesting as illustrating the reckless spirit of speculation which is at fever heat in the Lone Star State just now.

Every old teapot and stocking is being emptied down in Texas," said a Houston man at the Ebbit House last night. "The spectacle to be seen daily is one of the most distinctively American imaginable. I spent several days in Beaumont recently, and hardly knew the place, so great is the excitement over the oil discoveries. Previous to the discoveries of the oil spouts, Beaumont was a commonplace American town of about 10,000 inhabitants. The people living there were fairly prosperous and happy and were contented with their lot. Now that is all over and every man who owns a piece of land has gone money-mad. In his own mind he sees the valuation of his property going up almost double every hour. There are, however, grounds for this, for there are offers of purchase made almost hourly, characterized by an increase in price with each offer.

"Beaumont was growing in the regular way and everybody knew everybody else. Now it is different. There are 30,000 strangers in town and more coming on each train. There is not room for the people to eat, sleep, and move about. Two special trains run every night to Port Arthur and Sabine Pass to carry the drifting population to points where they can eat and sleep and return next morning.

"Stores and other business places are given $100 a month for enough space to put up little real estate booths or tents and people who do not manage to get out of town tramp about all day and sleep at night on or under the canvas they have brought with them for the purpose of putting up tents.

"It is a scene of feverish activity. Every man who owns valueless property is trying to sell for high prices and every man with a stake is trying to make a fortune out of it. Legitimate business, in the main, has been suspended, and half the people appear to have gone mad. It will be a long time before normal conditions are restored, and the present indications are that Beaumont will become one of the important business centres of Texas.

"Now, here is just one instance of many that shows to what height the excitement has reached. I was walking down the main street of the town one day last week, with a man I knew. We had not gone far when a stranger rushed up to my friend and said:

"'Is this Mr. Clark?"

"'Yes sir," was the reply

"'I'll give you $1,200 an acre for your twenty acre lot."

"The price is $1,500 an acre,, said Mr. Clark.

"'All right. I'll be around at noon with a certified check. Does this deal hold good until then?'

"'I'll tell you better at noon.'

"Anxious to see the outcome I remained with my friend until noon; and sure enough, the prospective buyer was on hand with a certified check for $30,000.

"'I don't want your money,' said my friend 'I have been offered $1,750 an acre for it since you were here, and it will be higher before night."

"'Great Scott man. I must have it, the buyer yelled. "Wait here for me a minute,'

"Back he came with authority from his principal to close the deal. only to be told that the price had jumped to $2,000 an acre.

"It's almost like robbery, but I can't help it. Here take this check on account to bind the deal before you jump the price again.

Mr. Robert Stallings, son of Rev. J. N. Stallings, of Salisbury, will go to the Philippine islands on July 10th to teach in the public schools. He has a place in the government schools.

The Killing of Grass

Albany Herald.

During the present month, and the next more agricultural wealth will be destroyed in Decatur county than the value of the whole cotton crop within its bounds. This may to some seem an extravagant statement, but it is the whole truth. The killing of grass is not only a loss in itself, but the process entails an enormous expense on the farmers engaged in the work. Suppose all the grass that is destroyed in these two months by the farmers in this county in the cultivation of cotton were economically cured, harvested, put into merchantable bales and immediately converted into money as its value demands on the markets every day of the year, or converted into beef or butter—the equivalent of cash always and everywhere—what would be the result as compared with what we now see?

Some might answer that there is no market for these products and that cotton is the only thing that commands money at home.

In the experience of many of our most progressive and successful farmers, those who are making money by farming, this is not true. There is more money paid for western hay shipped to this county every year than the value of the cotton crop, and the demand for more hay grows every year. A load of good hay baled can be sold any day as readily as a load of baled cotton. As for beef and butter, the genuine articles, not such stuff as we often see offered on the market, are always staples and will make a market for themselves anywhere.

It is more profitable to cultivate grass than to kill it.

Hotel at the Cliffs to be Rebuilt.

Yorkville, S. C. Enquirer.

The new hotel at Cliffs, which was washed away last week, will be rebuilt within the next few week. So said Col. L. T. Nichols to the reporter last Saturday afternoon. The building was washed from its foundation and carried down the river. There was a report to the effect that it was the cause of the break in the Southern trestle at Belmont, but this was a mistake. The building separated before it had gone a great distance down the stream, and the various sections of it lodged against trees, in eddy water. Much of the timber, of course, continued on down the river Col. Nichols says no time will be lost in replacing the building on a somewhat safer foundation, and it is his expectation to be able to entertain many summer visitors before the hot season reaches its height.

The South's Advancement.

Manufacturer's Record.

The Texas oil discoveries will prove probably the greatest advertisement the South has ever had. Everywhere this oil field will be accepted as simply another proof of the vast undeveloped resources of the whole South, and every fortune made in Texas will be an incentive to the business men of the world to search the South for other hidden riches. At last the real broad world-influencing development of the South is getting under way, and Texas is giving it a mighty impulse.

Night Was Her Terror.

"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind., "and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but, when all other medicines failed, three $1 00 bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 38 pounds." It's absolutely guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, La Grippe, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 50c and $1 00. Trial bottles free at J. E. Curry & Co.'s drug store.

Fashionable Churches.

Charity and Children.

We hear a good deal said about fashionable churches now a-days. It has a strange sound. We hope none of our Baptist churches are fashionable, for of course, a fashionable church must have a fashionable religion, which means a religion that changes with the four seasons. This was not the kind that originated in a Bethlehem stable. Somebody called these high-toned churches religious club-houses; somebody also dubbed them as pious refrigerators. Whatever they are called, they do not seem to be of a kind with those of Antioch, Jerusalem, and Corinth. We are not saying there should not be grades in social life. There should be. But we are saying that there must not be lines drawn between the members of a church, nor should a church ever turn a stuner aside who seeks its help, because his social standing is not as that of the dominant element in the church. Some speaker said not long ago that a church is in a bad way that paid $36,000 for the conversion of the heathen and $2,500 for a good soprano in the choir. When a church falls so low as that, it is time to change its name, and give its allegiance to its real owner.

Our Illiteracy.

Charity and Children.

Some man writing in one of our exchanges, said, not long ago, that he did not believe all this hue and cry about ignorance of our North Carolina people; that it was a false alarm, and was intended to subserve a selfish end. We have no doubt the writer was sincere, but we think he is mistaken. If we had him in this glorious Piedmont region, where nature has done so much to make life bright and happy, we are sure we could give him a sad surprise in the course of half a day's ride. And everywhere you go, east as well as west, if the eyes are kept half open, the unpleasant truth is forced upon you that the statistics that have been given are not "doctored." We had as well face the facts. There is vast ignorance in North Carolina, and it can not be removed by ignoring it. But if every man in the State who has had the light will throw his soul into the great work so vigorously prosecuted by the Governor of North Carolina, and many others, the stigma will not rest upon our State of standing at the foot of the ladder in education. That is what we must do. Go to work. Lend a hand. Cry aloud and spare not. Do not niggle, but help!

There is Too Much Slang.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

While admitting that certain slang phrases may enrich the language and that the difference between a living and a dead language is the presence in one and the absence from the other of new words, a protest must be entered against a too liberal use of unauthorized creation. There are slang words that fill a distinct void—express an idea better than any recognized phrase. They are good. They will make their way into polite speech. But there is a type of slang as meaningless as it is vulgar that has no function except to defile. It ought not to be difficult to distinguish between the two—encouraging one, rejecting the other.

Postage Rates to Cuba.

Statesville Landmark.

For any distance not exceeding 30 miles	Cents.
Over 30 and not exceeding 60 miles	10
Over 60 and not exceeding 300 miles	12½
Over 300 and not exceeding 600 miles	15
Over 600 miles	20

A letter composed of two pieces of paper was charged with double these rates; with three pieces, with triple, and of four pieces with quadruple. One or more pieces mailed as a letter and weighed one ounce were charged with quadruple postage and at the same rate should the weight be greater.

THE PORTO RICAN DECISIONS.

The Law in the Case has Been Handed Down and "Imperialism" is Officially Ushered In.

Charlotte Observer, May 28.

Naturally there is a good deal of discussion in the newspapers of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Porto Rican cases. The reasoning by which the conclusions are arrived at is too much involved for comprehension by the ordinary mind, but the conclusions themselves are clear enough. They were set forth with great lucidity by the Associated Press dispatches in Tuesday morning's papers. In a word, Porto Rico is a part of the United States to some intents but not to all, and not to the same intents now as when we first acquired possession of it. We had no taxing power over its imports into this country between the time of the ratification of the treaty of Paris and the passage of the Foraker act, but as soon as Congress, by the act in question, assumed this power and levied duties, then we had it. That is to say, the constitution followed the flag from the time of the ratification of the peace treaty until congressional action, but has not followed it since. It is no wonder that the reasoning by which these conclusions are arrived at is a little confusing and a little beyond the average grasp, nor is it surprising that the court was nearly balanced in these cases. But, as was remarked Tuesday, in the first comment on these decisions, think of them as we may, they are now the law. Was it Mr. Bumble, or somebody else, who declared, "the law is an ass, sir?" We don't remember.

The Philippine Islands are as much a part of the United States as Porto Rico; indeed, we've got both of them for keeps; and the reasonable assumption is that Congress will deal with both possessions upon practically the same basis. If so, the law as to the one will apply to the other. The ultimate outcome as to Cuba will, we apprehend, be different. We will, notwithstanding that we levied war upon Spain purely in "the interest of humanity," and notwithstanding our fine promises to give Cuba over to the Cubans for their own separate and independent purposes as soon as "a stable government" is established on the island—notwithstanding all these things the upshot will be that the United States will annex Cuba, in which case, of course, its sugar, tobacco and other products will enter this country duty free.

These Porto Rican decisions are highly important. They mark out a new line of policy for the American government in its dealing with outlying possessions. They usher in the "imperialism" of which so much was heard in last year's campaign—and of which so little has been heard since—and yet we are disposed to make the best of it and to advise others to do so also. Somehow or other, people seem to be sleeping as well this week as they did last. Perhaps they have recovered from the fight about the "emperor," which was given them last year. Perhaps they have about reached the conclusion that there isn't to be any emperor after all—at least not until they say so. Perhaps they still cherish a hope, tending toward a conviction, that, the worst coming to the worst, the republic is still to endure it pretty much the same form in which Washington and Madison and Jefferson and those old gods left it, only a little larger than it was then and a little freer.

Killing Themselves Killing Grass.

Atlanta News.

It is literally true, as the editor of the Southern Cultivator said, that thousands of farmers in this State are killing themselves killing grass to make cotton that won't pay as much as the grass would if cured and baled.

It is far from the purpose of this paper to print a creed against cotton growing. Cotton is our largest product and the basis on an immense industry now in process of development. It is also the means of subsistence for millions of people who would find it hard to make a living any other way. If the cotton crops were abolished suddenly trade in southern towns would be paralyzed and the country districts would be in a state of pillage or anarchy.

Therefore the man who wants to do away with the cotton crop is not to be listened to. Nevertheless we are doing ourselves about as much harm by neglecting grass as we would by abolishing the cotton crop. Every resource wasted is so much loss to the individual, the country and the state. It is the extreme of extravagance for a country rich in grass to buy the millions tons from a country less rich a thousand miles away.

The watermelon crop, the peach crop and the truckers' vegetables have added immensely to the resources of this state. The dairy industry, only begun, is capable of immense products and it depends largely on grasses. The more cattle the better market for grasses. The better grass crops and the more attention paid to the food value of hay, the greater will be the opportunity for profitable dairying.

More grass and more cattle will add to the fertility of the farms while they increase immensely the products and profit of agriculture.

The man who raises cotton on commercial fertilizers gets less help from nature than the man with cattle and grasses.

Farming is hard work at best and the farmer needs all the help that nature will give him.

Our Classic Roads.

Atlanta Constitution.

Some of the classic cities of our songs, "Mammy's Baby Coon;" "Oh, You Li'l 'Possum!;" "My Shiny Face Malindy;" and "My Gal wid de Big Web-foot." After awhile they will be varying Byron, to read:

"Maid of Athens fo' we part,
Sing dat coon song, next my heart;
Or, of dat done fell yo' breast,
Sing 'De 'Possum's in His Nest!'
Hear dis word befo' I go,—
'I does love dem coon songs so!'"

HOPE INDIAN RELICS.

Spears, Pipes, and Pottery Unearthed Near Rangeration by The Catawba—Others Near Statesville.

Morganton Cor. May 29, Charlotte Observer.

The recent floods have unearthed many Indian relics along the Catawba in this vicinity. On the Quaker Meadows Farm some flint tomahawks, spears and arrow heads, pipes and stone pestles have been picked up. The last home of an Indian, with well preserved teeth, was found near the McDowell ford bridge, imbedded in a sandbank. A broken stone pipe and some fragments of Indian pottery was found at the same spot. On the Kincaid farm, on the opposite bank of the river, a great quantity of broken Indian pottery, skillfully fashioned and decorated, was unearthed by the flood, and in the same locality where the river has cut a channel through the fields four feet deep, a bed of charcoal and ashes was uncovered, around which were strewn many bones and fragments of Indian pottery. There was part of the skull of a deer, the skull of a turtle and quantities of muscle shells. It was probably the scene of a function of the "red men" ages ago.

Statesville, Cor. May 31, Charlotte Observer.

It having been learned that the recent floods in the Catawba river unearthed a number of skeletons, a number of Statesville people went out yesterday to see what they might be able to find as relics. The point at which the skeletons were found was about three-quarters of a mile above the point so familiarly known to picnic parties—Cooper's-on-the-Catawba. Here was found evidence of a number of graves, perhaps as many as thirty, numerous human bones which crumbled easily on exposure. Dr. H. F. Long brought back a good pipe, which he may some time use as did our Indian ancestors. Others of the party secured broken pieces of pottery, arrow points, beads and tomahawks. There was found in one grave an unbroken vase with ornamental work which is highly prized by Mr. Kenley, the finder.

Mother Would Fur-nish Children.

Washington Post.

It is encouraging to hear from such high authority as Mr. Cooper, lately United States Minister to China that "wealth awaits us in the Orient." Wealth is a good thing to have in a young and growing country like this. We need it for many purposes. It costs money to reform the Cubans and Filipinos. It costs money to spread the propaganda of our high civilization and our pure and enlightened governmental methods among the darkened peoples whom we have recently taken under our yearning wing. As a matter of fact, it costs more that it should. So far as our information goes we have been at needless expense both in Cuba and the Philippines. We rather think that what we have taught these lands of ours in the way of economical administration and another official integrity might have been taught much more cheaply and quite as well. Not to put too fine a point upon it, we seem to have been financially extravagant in the matter of illustrating our moral worth for the benefit of less favored peoples.

But Cooper reassures us. Wealth awaits, he says, and certainly he ought to know. Just how we are to get it he does not definitely explain, but he says it's there, and unquestionably we need it. We fancy this wealth is distributed about, somewhere in the hitherto unexplored interior. All the territory thus far touched by the allies seems to have been picked as clean as a Christmas turkey. It is questionable whether a Shantytown goat could make a living on any ground over which the European invaders have celebrated Christian civilization. This "wealth" therefore must be hidden in the recondite bowels of the kingdom, and we shall need Mr. Cooper's guidance if we would segregate it—on high moral grounds, of course, and surely for the welfare and exaltation of the heathen. Perhaps he will take half an hour off between banquets and speech-makings, and give us a tip as to the exact location of the treasure, together with his ideas touching the best way of lifting it and getting away with it.

We need hardly say that The Post is unalterably opposed to violence. We have always regarded the so-called "punitive expeditions" as crude, if not actually barbarous. Anybody, provided he be big and strong enough, can knock an elderly person on the head and appropriate his bundle. That device comes down to us from the days of Ali Baba and Barabbas. It lacks subtlety. Upon the whole, it seems to us that is the matter we might profitably take a leaf out of England's book and reach for that boodle after the fashion of the late lamented Chadband. This is an era of affectionate approachment between the two governments—why not pay the sincerest tribute of admiration and imitate her? It is manifest that China can never be lifted up out of the stupor of senility and rid of the curse of ingrained vice so long as we permit her to retain the wicked heathen upon which she feeds her heathen vanity. Let us skin China therefore, for her moral elevation!

Six Per Street Duty!

Fairmore Record.

The town authorities have decided to call out the male citizens of the town between 21 and 45 years of age to work the streets Friday and Saturday or Monday and Tuesday.

Working 50 Hours a Day.

There's no rest for them tireless little workers—Dr. King's New Life Pills. Millions are always busy, curing Torpid Liver, Jaundice, Biliousness, Fever and Ague. They banish Sick Headache, drive out Malaria. Never gripe or weaken. Small, taste nice, work wonders. Try them. 25c at J. E. Curry & Co.'s drug store.