

THE CHIEF

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TELEPHONE, SEVEN - TWO

The defeated candidates are beginning to recover from the shock.

Senator Gorman's appeal to race prejudice will make him popular with the negro baiters throughout the Union.

Governor Mickey has issued his proclamation setting aside Thursday, November 26, as a day of Thanksgiving and rejoicing.

The extra session of Congress will be a short one and it is to be hoped Senator Morgan will not attempt to discuss the canal question.

The new republic of Panama is now doing business on its own hook. The Colombians threaten to send an invading army of 7,000 men to reconquer the lost territory.

The election of Judge Barnes to the supreme bench should be a lesson to those who are continually howling "railroad attorney" at every candidate of the republican party who happens to be a lawyer.

A glance at our exchanges from over the state indicate that Webster was not the only county wherein the independent voter got in his work. In nearly every county the same tendency to "scratch" is seen.

The prosperity of the farmer is in no way better shown than by the high prices which are paid for stock and farm machinery at public sales. This is the season of the year when the farmer who wishes to retire, or who has a surplus of stock and implements, resorts to the public sale method of getting rid of his property. This fall all sales of this character have been attended by eager buyers and prices have ranged much higher than at private sales. The record-breaking crops and the generous prices obtained under our faultless protective tariff system have put the farmer far above the reach of the gaunt wolf of poverty.

Now that the election is over, the promoters of the good roads movement should wake up. The condition of our roads since the recent rains is sufficient argument in favor of better roads. Merchants and farmers should get together on this important matter and start the work before the snow is on the ground and freezing weather comes to hinder them. The cost of good roads is a small item in comparison to the ultimate benefits to both merchants and farmers. E. J. Overing, Jr., president of the Good Roads Association, is recovering from his recent severe illness and will soon be ready to again push the work, and everyone at all interested in the welfare and progress of our town and county should aid him in his laudable work.

Gold Bricks from the Farms.

The investigation being made of adulterants by Prof. Wiley, chief chemist of the department of agriculture and custodian of the "poison squad," is developing a startling array of proofs that "things are not what they seem."

The universality of adulteration is amazing. Nothing, it would seem, that enters into the bill of fare of the great American public is "strictly pure" after it passes through the most insignificant processes of manufacture.

The evidence shows that the time has come when the countryman has

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become the seller instead of the buyer of the gold brick.

"You're one of the chaps to whom the city sharpers sell gold bricks, aren't you?" was asked a farmer.

"Well, I guess not," emphatically returned the farmer. "Instead of me buyin' gold bricks, I guess I'm sellin' 'em now. I'm sellin' the city fellers watered milk, process butter, incubator eggs, and feedin' city boarders on canned fresh vegetables."

Our butters and canned goods and jams and jellies and beers and whiskies and wines, according to Prof. Wiley, are all alumed and boraxed and glucosed until we don't really know whether we are eating sealskin saques smothered in moth balls, or drinking sea water seasoned with tobacco juice.

Of course the housewife is helpless. Who can be expected to contrive raspberry tarts "like mother used to make" from aniline dyes and clover seed?

Where is the individual who can rejoice in the verdancy of the tinned pea when he knows its emerald hue is due to copper—and the mines in Montana shut down at that?

Admitting that many of these adulterants are harmless, there is another side to the matter. That is the one of false pretense. Prof. Wiley hit the nail on the head. "It is not," he said, "a question of effect. It is simply a matter of honesty."

But if this universal adulteration is to go on, as it undoubtedly is, isn't it more comfortable for us who have steadily recurring appetites not to know too much about it?

Possibly it was a hash or a mess of coppered peas inspired the poet to utter his immortal truth: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

If Prof. Wiley can only tell us of these unpleasant facts while helpless to better the condition, he ought to be called off without delay. It is better to be a nation of dyspeptics than a nation of appetiteless grouches.

Atchison Globe Sights.

It never makes you feel any better to give up.

In Holton, a man can't be prominent unless he is a preacher.

We suppose that that which the devil gives, is also classed as hot air.

Very few things that are really remarkable happen in the average life.

Of course you know that very few people can make a suggestion to you.

What has become of the old fashioned man who greased his boots every fall?

Some people just naturally hate you; above all things, don't try to act smart in their presence.

Look around and stop kicking. There is always somebody in sight worse off than you are.

We don't know what it means to "bow to the inevitable" unless it means to take off one's hat to one's wife.

Ever notice how thoroughly a dog appreciates a kind word? A man appreciates a kind word just a much.

Sometimes, when a woman gets her husband's life insurance, we can't help thinking that she has doubly and trebly earned it.

When you speak of you friends, you are perhaps too enthusiastic. And of course you abuse your enemies more than they deserve; everybody does that.

Atchison has a very unusual woman. She admits she gossips, and that she does so because she hasn't anything else to do. Fortunately her husband can't be corrupted.

We notice that while girl children are given old fashioned names like Dorcas, no mother becomes so old fashioned as to rake Joshua out of the dust pile for her son.

When we read the obituaries published in the country newspapers, we are filled with regret that such good and charming people live and pass away, and it was never our lot to know them.

Another Smith County Crime.

Monday evening another tragedy was enacted in Smith county, Kansas, in the neighborhood where occurred those crimes that have kept that county in a state of turmoil for the past few months. John Anshutz, a farmer and a veteran of the civil war, was the victim of the latest tragedy.

Mr. Anshutz drove to Lebanon Monday from his home, eight miles north and a mile and a half west from that town, for the purpose of drawing some money from the bank and transacting other business there. He left Lebanon for home late in the evening, and at the time of starting out he noticed a party with a rig just ahead of him. On the drive home in the dusk of the evening he lost sight of the team which had preceded him on the road. At a lonely spot eight miles north of Lebanon and about a mile and a half east of his home, a man stepped into the road and accosted Mr. Anshutz. It was so dark Mr. Anshutz could not distinguish the man's features, but he could see that he was large and broad-shouldered. He first inquired the distance to Red Cloud and then the distance to Lebanon. Mr. Anshutz gave the information asked for and was about to continue his journey home, when the stranger covered him with a revolver and demanded his money. Mr. Anshutz, thinking the man was joking, laughingly agreed to divide with him. The highwayman was in earnest, however, and made another demand for the money. Mr. Anshutz then handed over his pocketbook. The highwayman inquired how much money the pocketbook contained, and Mr. Anshutz told him there was about \$25 in it. The highwayman told Mr. Anshutz he knew he had more money than that, and demanded the balance. Mr. Anshutz had \$99.15 in another pocket and, hoping to save it, reached for his whip, intending to drive over the highwayman. The robber placed his revolver close against Mr. Anshutz's body and fired, the bullet penetrating the abdomen and inflicting a wound which may prove fatal.

When the shot was fired the team started on a run toward home, but Mr. Anshutz stopped them at a neighbor's, and from there he was taken home and medical aid summoned. The authorities at Smith Center and Lebanon were notified of the hold-up, but Mr. Anshutz's description of his assailant was so meager that it afforded no clue to his identity. Two or three strangers have been hanging around Lebanon for several days past, but it seems to be the general opinion that the crime was committed by someone who knew Mr. Anshutz and was familiar with the country surrounding Lebanon.

Mr. Anshutz's assailant probably returned to Lebanon, as the empty pocketbook and some papers were found on the road to Lebanon about two miles south from the scene of the hold-up, near the White Rock bridge.

Tuesday evening Dr. Morrison of Womer, Dr. Schiegel and the Dis Dyke of Lebanon performed an operation upon Mr. Anshutz in effort to locate the bullet. The result of the operation has not been learned here, although the doctors gave no hope of Mr. Anshutz's recovery.

LOCALETTES

Light harness at Joe Fogel's. Cream white Henrietta, 85c per yard. F. Newhouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Rife have returned from Western, Neb.

Miss Rachel Lewis will leave for California next week.

If you want the best and cheapest harness, go to Fogel's.

Book agents are as plentiful as flies around a molasses jug. See Joe Fogel for anything in the harness or saddlery line.

Don't forget the parlor play at Mrs. Van Camp's this evening.

Don't forget the lecture at the M. E. church next Monday night.

Bring us a load of cobs on your subscription—we need 'em now.

Considerable repair work is being done on the streets just now.

The A. O. U. W. lodge gave a big dance at their hall Tuesday evening.

Ray Reed has closed his Guide Rock barber shop and is working for Ollie Schaffit.

L. H. Bust has purchased the Cozid property on Webster street. The purchase price was \$400.

E. M. Farland has been very ill for the past few days, being in a comatose condition almost constantly.

W. H. Thomas was in St. Joseph the first of the week buying some stockers and feeders to put on feed this winter.

Stone has arrived for the new crosswalks at Firemen's hall and across Webster street from the high school building.

Rev. Putnam, former pastor of the Christian church in this city, will preach in that church next Wednesday night.

Miss Flora B. Quick, who was elected county superintendent of Red Willow county on the fusion ticket, is a niece of Wm. Parkes of this city.

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