

## STATE TOURNAMENT

IOWA FIREMEN'S STATE ASSOCIATION TO MEET.

Four Big Days at Sioux City, Iowa, on June 18, 19, 20, 21, 1907—\$3,500 in Cash Prizes—Large Attendance Expected.

Arrangements are rapidly being completed for the state tournament of the Iowa Firemen's State association, which is to be held at the fair grounds in Sioux City, Ia., on June 18, 19, 20, 21, 1907. It is anticipated that at least 2,500 "smoke eaters" will attend the tournament and some close and exciting contests are looked for.

The principal cities of Iowa will be represented at the tournament by the paid departments, and there will also be a number of volunteer teams present. Races will be provided for each class, making it interesting for all. There will be races between paid departments, showing companies in their stations, horses in their stalls, men in their bunks. Alarm is given, department makes hitch, run one-half mile and lay hose, giving a complete reproduction of a run to a fire.

Another interesting feature of the tournament will be illuminated street runs of the Sioux City fire department, which will be spectacular and exciting.

Program.

Tuesday, the 18th, will be given over to the reception of the firemen, and the meeting of the board of control. There will be no races that day, but plenty of them the next three days, as follows:

Wednesday, June 19.

10:00 a. m.—Grand parade.

Largest department from any one city, local department, barred, first prize, \$100; second prize, \$50.

The best appearing company from any city, with or without apparatus, first prize, \$50; second prize, \$25.

Every company entering any of the contests of this tournament must join in this grand parade.

1:00 p. m.—Straight-away hose race, hub and hub, first prize, \$50; second prize, \$30; third prize, \$20.

2:00 p. m.—Amateur hose race, first prize, \$65; second prize, \$45; third prize, \$25; fourth prize, \$15.

3:00 p. m.—Flag race, first prize, \$35; second prize, \$25; third prize, \$15.

3:30 p. m.—State paid fire department race, first prize, \$200; second prize, \$125; third prize, \$75.

4:30 p. m.—Tug of war, first prize, rope and \$25; second prize, \$15.

7:30 p. m.—Meeting of Iowa State Firemen's association at headquarters.

Thursday, June 20.

2:00 p. m.—Hook and ladder race, first prize, \$100; second prize, \$50.

2:30 p. m.—First state race, first prize, cup and \$100; second prize, \$70; third prize, \$60; fourth prize, \$35; fifth prize, \$25.

3:00 p. m.—Paid fire department free-for-all. Open to the world. First prize, \$400; second prize, \$200; third prize, \$100.

3:30 p. m.—Running coupling contest. Two gold medals; one for coupler and one for pipeman.

3:30 p. m.—Hub and hub race between two teams making slowest time in amateur hose race, first prize, \$35; second prize, \$15.

4:00 p. m.—Fire company drill corps, first prize, \$100; second prize, \$50.

5:00 p. m.—Ladder climbing contest, gold medal.

7:30 p. m.—Meeting of Iowa State Firemen's association at headquarters.

Friday, June 21.

2:00 p. m.—Second state hose race, first prize, cup and \$100; second prize, \$70; third prize, \$60; fourth prize, \$35; fifth prize, \$25.

2:30 p. m.—Paid fire department hub and hub race, first prize, \$100; second prize, \$50.

3:00 p. m.—Novelty hub and hub race, first prize, \$75; second prize, \$50; third prize, \$25; fourth prize, \$15.

3:30 p. m.—Hitching contest, first prize, \$30; second prize, \$20.

4:00 p. m.—Hub and hub race between the two teams making fastest time at tournament, first prize, \$25; second prize, \$15.

5:00 p. m.—Leaders' foot race, medals, first, gold medal, value \$25; second, silver medal, value \$15.

There is perhaps nothing more interesting to the average person than the sight of our brave laddies in their fierce fights with their enemy, fire. Nowhere can one obtain a better chance to see the different phases of the work than at one of these tournaments.

Reduced rates have been secured on all railroads, and there should be a large attendance from the territory surrounding Sioux City.

Music will be furnished by Reed's band, of Sioux City.

Found the Vest.

Little David has always been regarded by his dotting relatives as particularly clever. Still, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger, he rather outdid himself when a rough-looking tramp invaded the yard one afternoon and asked him where his father kept his money.

"It's in his vest in the kitchen," replied David.

A few minutes later the tramp came through the kitchen doorway in a hurry, much battered and torn.

"Smart kid, dat," he muttered.

"Never said a word about de old man's vest."

As Bad as a Bird.

There was once a sporty old Mr. Went to call on another man's Sr. He dyed his mustache.

To make a big mache—

And left his trademark where he Kr.

—New York Globe.

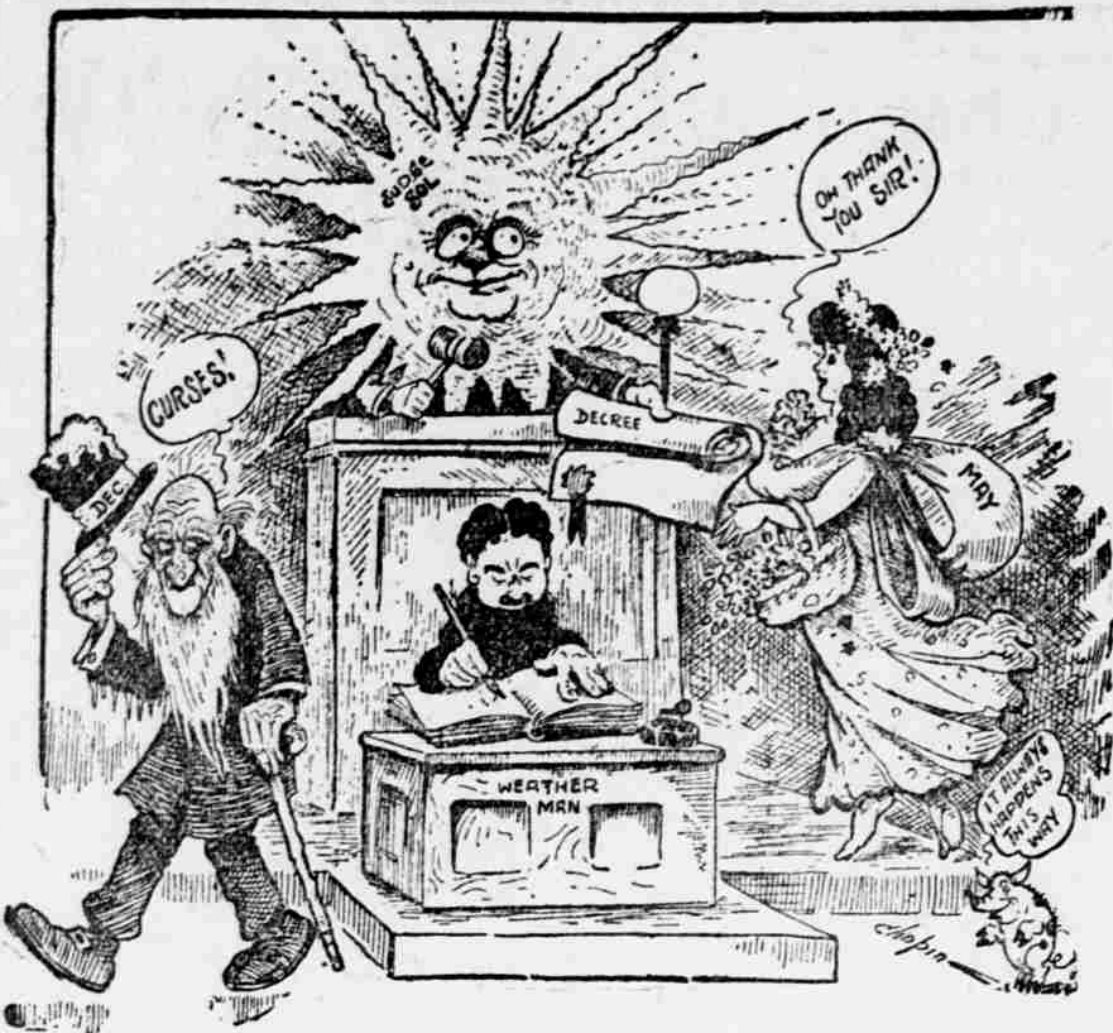
Puzzled.

Johnnie—What does that notice say over there, mother?

Mother—It says, "No dogs admitted."

Johnnie—But the dogs can't read, can they? How are they to know?

## DIVORCED.



### FIENDISH WRECK PLOT.

Coast Line Limited Hurdled from Trestle Near Los Angeles.

A fiendish train-wrecking plot was perpetrated near Los Angeles, Cal., that resulted in the death of one man and the injury of twenty-two persons.

Train No. 20, one of the Southern Pacific's coast line flyers, Tuesday night was hurled from the tracks on a trestle at West Glendale by the deliberate work of murderous train wreckers. Seven cars plunged off the trestle, while the train was making forty miles an hour, falling sixteen feet to the bottom of a gulch.

In accomplishing the wreck of the train, which was the "Coast Line Limited," a devilish ingenuity was exercised. At a point on a trestle over the Arroyo Seco the fishplates and bolts of two connecting rails on the south-bound track had been removed, and in the apertures whence the bolts were taken strands of heavy wire were fastened at the end of each rail. From the appearance of the track after the wreck it was evident that some person hidden on a hillside close to the trestle had pulled the wire as the train approached and spread the rails outward toward the edge of the trestle.

The train, three hours late, was traveling at a rate of between thirty-five and forty miles an hour. The engine wheels were first to leave the rails and the engine took to the ties, traveling nearly 100 yards before it was brought to a standstill.

The tender, the diner, two Pullmans, the buffet, mail and baggage cars plunged over the edge of the trestle, falling a distance of sixteen feet. The buffet car, the express car, and one of the Pullmans were turned upside down and the others landed on their sides. All were badly crushed and splintered.

### INVADING MEXICO.

American Farmers Are Benefiting Themselves and the Greasers.

More than a hundred families from the United States have gone into the republic of Mexico during the last thirty days to develop farming lands along the southern border.

They took their household effects and went to live just like they have been living in the United States. This is something of a departure from the plan heretofore followed with but indifferent success by people from the States who have gone to live on farms in Mexico.

The old plan was to form colonies. The colony proposition was not a great success. It was due more to the failure of the colonists to agree and adapt themselves to their environment than to any other cause that the colonies were not successful.

It has been discovered by the pioneer Americans on farms of Mexico that conditions in the republic are stable and there is no need for colonies. So individual American families are now locating themselves on haciendas in Mexico just as they used to do in the West. They are becoming neighbors to the Mexican families and each is learning something to advantage from the other.

So far as the experiment of individual effort at farming in Mexico by Americans has gone, it has proven successful. The cotton-growing possibilities of the republic have never been appreciated by the people beyond the Rio Grande, and in this one line there promises to be great profit for the American farmers who understand growing the staple. The high price of cotton is an inducement to these farmers to plant cotton.

The Mexicans are learning the American style of agriculture from their neighbors from the States, and the general result of immigration of families of farmers from the United States to occupy the cheap lands of Mexico promises to be very good.

### STORM AND TIDAL WAVE.

Immense Loss of Life from Hurricane that Sweeps Caroline Islands.

A dispatch from Sydney, N. S. W., says a report has reached there that a hurricane and tidal wave swept over the Caroline Islands. Immense damage was done to property and 200 persons are reported killed.

The Caroline Islands belong to Germany and consist of about 500 coral islets, in the Pacific ocean, of which Ponape is the seat of government. The population is chiefly of Malay origin, with some Chinese and Japanese. The chief export is copra.

Francis Emory Warren, who is to represent Wyoming for the fourth time in the Senate, is a native of New England. He was a private at 17 in the Forty-ninth Massachusetts volunteers. He is one of the most extensive stock raisers in his adopted State.

### MOB SLAYS WOMAN AND CHILD.

Lives Lost in Race Conflict in Georgia—Shots on Both Sides.

At Reidsville, Ga., a mob included a colored woman and children among its victims at a "lynching." One white man and four colored persons were killed and seven are on the injured list as a result of an effort to capture a colored man who attempted to attack Mrs. Laura Moore, a widow living near Manassas.

Fifteen persons surrounded the house of Sam Padgett, whom they suspected of harboring the colored man, and demanded to be allowed to search the home. Permission was given, but when within thirty feet of the house those inside the building opened fire on the posse, instantly killing Hare and wounding Pierson, Daniel and Kennedy. The posse then returned the fire, killing Padgett and his 10-year-old daughter and wounding two other girls, aged 6 and 13, and two of Padgett's sons, aged 20 and 22.

The colored man who shot Hare was started for Reidsville jail, together with Padgett's wife and son, who also were caught. On the way the officers were overtaken by about seventy-five men, who took the prisoners from them. The woman was told to run, and as she did so she was riddled with bullets, her son being shot to pieces where he stood. The other prisoner was jailed.

### WAGES ON THE CANAL.

Secretary Taft Affirms Rates of Pay and Hours of Labor.

The decision of Secretary Taft affirming rates of pay, hours of labor, etc., for men employed on the Panama canal work applies especially to steam shovel men, construction train engineers and conductors.

The shovel men wanted higher wages, as follows: Engineers, from \$210 to \$300 a month; crane men, from \$185 to \$250; firemen, from \$83.33 to \$110. The Secretary rules that the present rates are high enough "after comparing the advantages which the isthmian shovel men have over their brothers in the States, with the disadvantages which they have to bear in living on the isthmus." He explains that the present basis is from 25 to 35 per cent higher than the average in this country, while the canal men get steady work twelve months in the year, six weeks' leave with pay, twenty days' sick leave, lodging free, and the married men water, fuel and light at the public expense, free medical attendance and an eight-hour day. He says further that yellow fever has been stamped out and the sick rate greatly reduced. Although denying that the contracts with the men contain any promise of a gradual increase of pay, he has recommended a yearly increase of 3 per cent to skilled men.

The wages of the construction train engineers are advanced to \$210, as requested.

As to dismissals, the Secretary has approved a plan whereby final and summary action will rest with a committee consisting of one representative of the craft concerned, one of the foremen and one of the commission.



A May queen in flannels and fur-bah!

Ellen Terry has become a bride at 59. Terrible!

This year's spring weather was shipped to us by slow freight.

The would-be assassins in Central America need a lot of target practice.

France is going to examine our meats by microscope. Another case of meaty things.

A Hoboken divorce suit hinges on the quality of the wife's doughnuts. They were not like mother used to make.

The Hon. Abe Ruef doesn't believe he can get a fair trial in San Francisco, but hardly anybody will blame San Francisco.

The new San Francisco is reported to be "two-thirds finished." Boss Ruef was caught before he could quite complete it.

Growing a garden should properly be classed as one of the luxuries, rather than one of the economies, of modern civilization.

Suburban gardening is again impressing itself upon the public mind as one of our most ponderous national extravaganzas.

Commander Peary has succeeded in loading his proposed North Pole expedition with everything except the funds necessary to make it go.



They are marching down the street to-day  
With their tattered flags above,  
And beside the column the busy throng  
Pauses a space as they march along  
On their mission of peace and love.

The brows are wrinkled, the forms are bent  
That follow the drum and fife;  
And flowers of springtime fill the hands  
That once held rifles and flashing brands  
In the long-past years of strife.

Though some are feeble and some are hale,  
Time's hand has touched each head;  
But to-day they step with a martial swing,  
For the Stars and Stripes are beckoning,  
As of yore, to a place of dead.

For these are the men of Gettysburg  
And Shiloh's bloody fight;  
The men of a thousand fields of war,  
Who pledged their lives to the flag they bore,  
For Union and the right.

Body and spirit they offered then,  
Free at the Nation's call;  
Now they are weary and few and old,  
Know we the worth of the trust we hold,  
We, who are heirs to all?

## After Many Years

"Now, Miss Jinney, you is a jus a want-in' a story about dem tryin' times in Ole Caroline, an' I's jes don' tole ye all I knowed ober and ober agin."

And our own colored cook, "Tilda Jackson, knocked the ashes out of her pipe on the hearth of the kitchen range, which to us children was a preliminary sign that old Tilda held in reserve one of her reminiscences of her life on the Old Carter plantation, near the city of Charleston, and of the Civil War.

We children, my sister and I, used to love to steal down to her especial domain in the gloaming, and tease for a story of that enchanted land of flowers, and especially of those battles fought near the Carter place, and of which the old negress was an eye witness.

Refilling her pipe, and settling herself in her easy chair, she continued:

"I jes' done recollecter one moah ob dem yarns, but it's erbout how my ole missus kep' Decoration Day all by her lone self, an' how she done put posies on one grave fur fifteen long years afore she found out who de poah young fella was."

Here old Tilda stopped and lighted her pipe, puffed away with a retrospective glance at us two girls, as we crept closer to this oracle in ebony, and, having stimulated our curiosity, she continued:

"Wal, jes' a couple o' days after dat ere big fight at Charleston my ole man, Lige Jackson, he was down back o' de field a cuttin' bresh, an' all at once I seen him drop de ax an' start fur de house on a run. An' I was dat scart I let de soap boil over, case I was makin' soap out in de yard, an' I was bound dat a snake had bit him, or he had got a lick wid de ax—fur Lige was de laziest niggah in de whole kentry, an' I knowed something had happened when I seen him git such a move on to him. An' shore enough, when he came up, all out of breathe, I knowed it was time to git scart, an' says he: 'Tildy, tell de missus dar's a sojier lyn' down dat back ob de fence, by de run, an' I reckon he is powful bad hurt, 'case he's a growin' an' an' done seem to sense notin'."

"Wal, my missus wan't berry ole in dem days, but she was jus' done fading like a putty posy, along ob dat dreadful wah, expecting to heath dat de cannon was killed, an' all de trouble erbout de niggas gittin' free, wid de place half worked an' fust one army takin' rations and den de oder till it 'pears like dat wasent much left. Wal, I jis pulled de stick from under dat soap kittle an' run round to de front porch, whar missus was sittin', an' tole her what Lige seen. She got right up an' made Lige an' ole Minkey, de coachman, go and bring dat pooh fellah to de house. She an' me a fixin' up a bed fur him while dey is gone. "Byenby dey toats him in an' lays him in it. He was outen his hade lake, an' missus send right off fur a doctor, and he foun' he was shot in de side, de ball goin' roun' by de spine, an' he say dat air pooh boy dun got de death blow, and de doctor reckon he was eider shot while on picket duty or had dropped behind when he dun got hurt, while de army marched on an' lef' him. Anyway, dar he was, an' he doant know nobody ner nothing, an' de doctor say he was paralysed, so he couldnt even move his pooh tongue.

"Wal, missus an' me nussed him till we both pretty nigh dun drop in our tracks fur a week. Den at las' he dun went home to glory, as de sun was settin' lake in a sea of fish.

"But jis' afore he breaved his las' he kinda com'd to his senses, an' kep' a lookin' at missus—an' he try'd so mighty hard to speak an' was dat distressed case he couldn't, de big tears roll outen

his handsome black eyes an' roll down his cheeks dat was as white as de sheet, an' de sweat lay so cole an' thick on his hade dat his pretty dark curls looked like dey were don got dipped in de rain water barri.

"De missus take his han' an' say:

"Nebber mine, de lovin' Jesus knows jes' what ye want to say, an' I would help him ter make her en'stan', anyway she would dun find out who his folks war an' write 'em all about how he fit an' died duin' his duty, or what he thought war his duty.

"Den he kept looking at his pooh ragged clothes, dat was a hangin' whar he could see 'em, till missus takes de hint from his appealin' eyes, and goes and hunts through de pockets. She dun found nothin' but a little Bible, an' when she bring it to him his eyes jes shine, lake de stars in de night, an' missus opened it an' a leetle tintype of a putty young thing a holdin' a little baby er about a year old draped out, an' then he looked so glad. Missus axed him if dat war his wife an' baby, an' he nodded yas, an' den missus say: 'I kin find dem 'vertisin' in de newspapers, an' I tink I dun know what ye want me to tell dem, an' den she see dat he was satisfied, an' his poor eyes was loosin' deir light. She dun took his han' in hers, an' sang lake an' angel dat pretty hymn about:

"All my trus' on de is staid."

"Dat was two or three verses, but I disremember 'em. Anyway while she was singin' de gates ob glory opened and tuk dat pooh boy in.

"Ef he war fightin' on de wrong side he dident dun know it. He just did his duty as he had learned it from older hades. So de missus had him laid to rest up in de grove back of de house, an' ebry Decoration Day she dun put posies on dat lone grave, rain or shine, sick or well."

"Did she ever advertise?" asked Jennie, wiping the tears out of her eyes.

"Deed she did! an' fur years she war tryin' to fine dem folks ob hisen, till it went on fur nigh on ter fifteen years. De wah was dun, de niggas all free, Massah Carter loss an arm a fightin' agin it, an' his only chile, young Massa John, war growed up to be a man, an' like his ma, as putty as a plecter, and dat smart dat he run de plantation his own self. He hired de niggas to work dat war good fur anything, an' let de tridin' ones go.

"Wal, der used to be lots of company allus a comin' up from Charleston, an' one day in May dar war Massa John's cousin, Miss Liddy Carter, dun come out to de plantation ter make a visit, an' she bring erlong a young school friend, Nellie Munson, an' she was as putty as a plecter, with eyes as black as de night when de moon don't shine, an' de color ob her cheeks war like de roses in de garden.

"Wal, such time as dem young critters had, Day was boatin' an' fishin', an' hossback ridin' ebry day ob der lives. Wal, one sweet, putty mornin' my ole missus say, dis is Decoration Day; ef you young ladies want to go wid me to put flowers on my grave, I would like yer company. Miss Liddy she jes' dun stretch herself outen de hammock on de veranda, an' she say:

"Scuse me, aunty. I'm awful tired of dat grave; eber since I was a baby I recollecter it."

"But Miss Nellie she dun jump up an' say:

"Please let me go, I've dun hear how good you war to dat poah sojier an' I know some day you will git your reward." So she an' missus walked off in de bright sunshine, de bees war a hummin' and de birds a singin', and dey carried a great basket of posies—de hunney suckle an' roses, an' jasmamine, an' Miss Nellie de prettiest flower of all in her white frock and sky blue sash.

"Miss Liddy she lay dar swingin' in de hammak, and Massa John, after a little, gits up and starts for de grove, too. Den Miss Liddy laffe and sais kinder

scornful lake: 'Is it Miss Nell or de grave dat takes you out dar dis hot mornin'?"

"He jes laugh back at her an' say: "Ob corse it's de grave, dat's my 'ligious duty, ye know, 'specially when dar's a lovely young lady in de bargain."

"De ole missus allus like to habe us all come up dar, too, so I war dar jes' as Mr. John got dar, an', as usual, my missus opened dat sojier's Bible an' began ter cry, an' she sobbed out dat her pa was in de wah, an' disappeared, an' day dun tried ebry way to fine out something erbout him. Missus axer what was her pas and mas name, an' she tole der dere names war 'George an' Lucy.' An' missus opened de Bible, an' dar war writ on de leaf 'From Lucy to George.' Den she took de poah young lady in her arms, an' said: "'How wonderful are dy ways, oh, Lord!' An', my chile, dare under all dem flowers sleeps your father, an' in this peaceful spot. He has not been like a stranger, or neglected, so now in de Providence ob de good Lord, de dearest wish ob his heart is fulfilled. I trus' you will be comforted."

"Massa John walked erway wipin' his eyes, an' ole missus read a comfortin' varse or two outen dat little Bible, an' we uns sang a hymn, and de decoration was ober fur dat day, an' missus said to all ob us:

"Let dis yar teach yer a lesson ob faith. Do your duty, no matter how long de way is, or how dark de clouds." "Wal, chile, it is time ye were in yer beds. It's jes erbout true, dis yarn. Ebry word is as true as de gospel. Yas, Miss Jinney, dat ere grave is decorated ebry year when dis day comes aroun', though de ole massa and missus is lyn' down beside dat young sojier boy, an' it's Miss Nellie's grave now, for she dun gon' an' marr'd Massa John, an' he jus' lubs de ground she walks on. De ole missus lubs her, too, and you ought to a seen what care Miss Nellie dun took ob de ole missus in her las' sickness, fur month afore she dun went to her reward, and she say ober and ober agin:

"No kind act is overlooked by de Master; an', honey, I'm gittin' my pay now for honorin' de dead by a few flowers on a lonely grave upon de day de nation set apart to 'memorate dose dat fell'."

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