

State Board Society



YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00

"Financial problems are nuts and clover for demagogues."—J. A. GARFIELD.

H. S. GIVLER, Prop.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR.

WA-KEENEY, KAN., FEBRUARY 10, 1900.

NUMBER 49

NOTICE

I have got to raise One Thousand dollars (\$1,000.00) CASH, and in order to do it I will for the next THIRTY DAYS sell all goods on which I am overstocked at

COST.

As this sale is for the sole purpose of raising CASH MONEY the reduced prices will be for SPOT CASH only. Bring in your CASH and supply yourself with goods at Cost from the best stock of Groceries west of Salina. I must have the money and you need the goods and will never get a better chance to supply your pantry with good clean goods at Cost.

This sale will include Canned Goods, Baking Powders, Teas and Coffees, Preserves and Jellies in glass or tin, Soap, Lye, Axle Grease, Yeast, Mince/Meat, Pepper, Extracts, Spices, Pickles, Brooms, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Overshoes, Duck Coats and Overcoats, Pants, Vests, Suspenders, Tinware, Gloves, &c.

Nothing but CASH goes at THESE PRICES, but I will cheerfully carry my old customers, if they so desire, on the old terms.

C. C. BESTOR.

John S. Dawson's Speech.

From the Hill City Republican.

John S. Dawson, of this city, delivered a brilliant address before the Kansas Day club at the Copeland Hotel in Topeka last Monday night. The speech has been widely printed in the metropolitan dailies and we cheerfully give space for its publication. Mr. Dawson responded to the toast, "The White Man's Burden."

Kansas Day is significant because it is the anniversary of the admission of our state into the Union after a struggle so bitterly fought that the annals of this country have no parallel to it. At that time the white man's burden was shouldered by Andrew Reeder and John Brown and Jim Lane and thousands of others who came to have the hardships of pioneer life and to see to it that no slave's footprint should desecrate the free soil of Kansas. They served their day and generation well, and it is for us, Republicans of a younger generation, to gather renewed determination from

their memory to be a positive and aggressive force in the history of our time and country as our fathers were before us.

The new century, on whose threshold we stand, will bring not only new and pressing duties which we could not shirk if we would and should not if we could. There is no such thing as rest in national life. The epitaph of every nation of the past preaches this sermon to posterity, united or die. And over against Bryan's sneer about shooting civilization and christianity into the Philippines with a gatling gun I would set the words of James Russell Lowell:

"Not but what abstract war is horrid I sign to that with all my heart; but civilization does get for—ad sometimes upon a powder cart."

The crust that forms over society in time of peace is broken up and those who are below have an opportunity to come through to the top. War has always been a mighty engine in human progress. It was the forty years of the rough free life of the desert, contending in daily battles with hostile tribes, which qualified the Israelites for citizenship in the land of promise; it was the Punic wars which blossomed and ripened the civilization of ancient Greece; it was the Punic wars which developed the rugged patriotism of the Romans; it was the Saracenic wars which scattered the learning of the Orient throughout Europe and compelled Columbus to seek a new route to India; it was the hundred years' war which established the divine principle that man is responsible to God alone for his religious convictions; it was the Napoleonic wars which overturned the worthless dynasties of Medieval Europe and cleared the way for the civilization of the nineteenth

century, and it was American war for humanity which culminated with the planting of the banner of the stars on the coast of Asia where the wail of slavery and the cry of the oppressed had been ascending for four centuries to the God who delays but never forgets.

History will always be our greatest teacher. What a panorama it presents to the philosopher. Asiatic civilization came to a standstill in the east about the very time that our Anglo-Saxon ancestors were sweeping over the Ural mountains in the west. Those rugged war-like Goths overspread northern Europe, overturned the corrupt and degenerate Roman empire, conquered Great Britain, pausing there to renew their strength for the task of climbing New England's rocky steeps, then over the Alleghanies like an avalanche, thence with their Bible and rifle brigade to the wind swept prairies of Kansas, and on again they sent their best and bravest in the shape of the "Fighting Twentieth" to complete their mission of girdling the globe by thundering at the gates of Asia. Always and ever sending "forth the best," carrying the white man's burden.

"The ports they could not enter, the roads they could not tread; they made them with their living and marked them with their dead."

The white man's burden is to carry the blessings of civilization to the uttermost parts of the earth. It is a heavy burden, but, happily, the divine plan, under which the world moves, is so arranged that the path of duty is the path of least resistance. It is a truism as old as history that those who do and dare reap the greatest part of the good things of life. "Better fifty years of Europe than a decade of Cathay." In all the bright constellation of our own national heroes, by field or blood, in commerce or in the cabinet, no guided puppet of the social swirl may be found; every one of them fought his way up from the ranks, from the log cabin and the tow-path, the yard and the chandler's shop. If the twentieth century is to duplicate the nineteenth, the sturdy virtues of our fathers must not be suffered to decay. Macaulay had a vision of a time when the barrier of the Pacific ocean would stop American enterprise and we would lose the strenuous, manly spirit of a pioneer people, and the title of progress having no other outlet, would roll back upon itself, crushing the republican institutions which gave it birth. It was a dark-some picture, but Macaulay dreamed not that in this larger, better England would evolve a people who would give a million men and ten billions of treasure and oceans of tears and rivers of blood to maintain its national integrity, and would at a later date and in defiance of all Europe despatch its sons across the seas for humanitarian reasons alone and without hope of material reward to stay the lash of the oppressor and to expel the last vestige of medieval tyranny from the American continent.

Talk of the glories of the nineteenth century, I grant them all. We have harnessed the elements of nature to minister to our wants; the steam engine bows us over the land at sixty miles an hour; the balloon wafts us through the air on fairy wings; our iron leviathans plow the mighty deep; our starry flag floats on every sea; the electric ray reveals almost the secrets of life itself; and we draw the very lightning from the clouds to illumine the darkest night with the radiance of the noonday sun. All these triumphs are our reward for shouldering the white man's burden, but these are only the dawn which tells of a glorious noon-tide yet to be. Here we must not, shall not stop.

"If the people rest contented with the good they have accomplished, they will retrograde and slowly sink away; Give a nation an ideal, some grand, noble, central object. It, like adamant, refuses to decay."

And I count it most fortunate for our political welfare that the Spanish war left us a heavy and important burden to carry in the Orient. To what a low plane had our politics fallen in the last presidential campaign. The birds of ill omen croaked about the dark and damning crimes of a generation before, an alliance of the south and the west against the north and the east, one prominent partisan characterized Massachusetts—the cradle of liberty—as the enemies' country, and it was solemnly avowed that the nation was on the verge of moral, political, and material ruin. What a change in three short years. It seems as if the wand of some mighty magician had passed over the land and aroused the nation from its lethargy. Republican policies, which harmonizes with the spirit of our race and time, scattered the blight of democratic paralysis, summoned

the dinner bucket brigade from its long enforced idleness, rekindled our furnaces, set our spindles agoing, filled the land with the hum of industry, put every willing laborer to work at republican wages and clad the continent in the brilliant garb of General Prosperity.

The issues of the coming campaign will open a brand new volume of American history. The chance of war, or more properly, the providential hand of God, has thrust upon us the trusteeship of some millions of half civilized and barbarous people. Those who would shrink from this part of the white man's burden would turn those islands back to Spain, to suffer and groan under her lash for four hundred years more, or abandon them to the greater woes of internal dissension and anarchy, or ask some stronger, manlier nation to relieve us of a burden too great for our valor, our pocket-books, and our timidity. Let us for peace at any sacrifice. There are advocates of all these alternatives in this country, that there is besides a grand army of eight million republican free men, led by the grandest patriot since Lincoln, and the greatest statesman of his age, William McKinley, who says that wherever the banner of the stars has once been planted and the soil benefited or consecrated by the blood of American soldiers, there that flag must fly forever. And that flag with all the countless noble ideas for which will make Philippine Island the Eden of the seas, and millions of Malay people yet unborn will rise and bless the memory of William McKinley, and sing the glory of the Twentieth Kansas and the song will never end.

I think that this toast voices the spirit of the times. The young Republicans who compose this club appreciate the fact that the young men who are to-day winning name and fame are those who have caught its spirit. Richard Kipling tells it in story and song. Beveridge and Curtis champion it in the halls of Congress. Fred Finston displays it on the field of battle, Perry and Dyche manifest it in silence and under the aurora of northern skies, Edison pursues it in the workshop, and Roosevelt prosecutes in statecraft, wisely discriminating between the machine politician on the one hand and the first reformer on the other; and the young Republican who fails to catch its spirit will never get into the band wagon and would better join the Democratic party and be done with it.

There will always be a demand for a party which has the courage to do right, which has the sagacity to build for the future as our father built for us, which will grapple with the constant stream of problems which are ever arising in the path of national progress. The Republican party has been such a party in the past, and over this festive hour we pledge our sacred determination that it shall continue so in the future.

"New occasions teach new duties, time makes ancient good un-outh."

"They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of truth"

We shall earn for our party a wholesome fear by the biggest trust that ever gobbled in the products of human employ; we shall maintain the integrity of our judicial tribunals, and we shall see to it that licentiousness is ever axed as the foundation of our national west. Above all we shall devote ourselves to maintain clean and respectable municipal government within our own borders, and we will train the heads and hearts and hands of every ward of the nation which Providence may place under our care, be they Spaniards, Hawaiians or Filipinos. Nor shall we cease our endeavors until the negro cotton picker of the Bourbon ridden south can cast as free a ballot as he can in Kansas, nor until the torch and fagot and hempen cord shall give place to the procedure of civilized tribunals according to the laws of the land.

America is heir of all the ages and the Republican party is administrator for the estate. We want all the rugged manhood of the Lacedaemonian, all the scholarship of the Athenian, all the respect for law which was the glory of Rome, all the purity of the home which is the crowning virtue of the German, all the commercial and maritime spirit of Great Britain, all the inventive genius of the Yankee, and thus shall we perpetuate a government which shall stand for all time, combining the stability of a monarchy with the freedom and opportunities of a republic.

"Take on the white man's burden—have done with childish days! The lightly proffered laurel, the easy un-ambitious crown, the easy un-ambitious crown—Come now to sootier your manhood, through all the thankless years. Cold edged with dear bought wisdom, the judgment of your peers."

OGALLAH.

Snow, wind and cold, Wheat, corn and rye, All found in Ogallah. In the sweet bye and bye.

Cold wave and storm. Judd Yetter is home again.

Mr. Anderson is hauling wheat to Mr. Frogge.

Everybody is making ready for next week's ice crop. Mr. Bentley moved his family here from Grainfield.

Ogallah was well represented in Ellis last Thursday.

Mattie Mapes entertained the Miss Nelsons last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ripple of Ellis were visiting R. A. Samuels this week.

Basket social last Friday night. Everybody there with their best girl.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Davidson entertained Mr. and Mrs. Gunckel last Saturday.

Our Y. P. C. E. is progressing finely—every Thursday evening at 6:30 prompt.

A. G. Drake of Topeka was transacting business with our merchants this week.

Engineer Hickey, wife and daughter have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Samuels a few days.

The section men were called out this week to make a visit to Ellis to look over the ice crop of 1899.

The meetings held here by Rev. Gunckel will continue a week and perhaps longer. Mr. G. is very interesting and draws a very large audience.

Protracted meetings are still in progress at our school house, the same being in conducted by Rev. Gunckel. The house being filled to its standing capacity, and a great and glorious time is being enjoyed by all lovers of church work, and we hope that all will be benefitted.

Our basket social for the benefit of a school library came off with grand success, there being a dance not far away and a meeting at Mr. Harrison's the same evening, but we came out victorious and had our usual large crowd and a very nice program. The exercises commenced with fine music by Olson, Carlson and Johnson's orchestra. Mr. Yetter made an opening address to the people which was well spoken and well meant in every word, saying the evening was ours to enjoy for a good purpose and enjoy it we did. Fine music and singing was rendered by Misses Edith Buchanan, Robbie Samuels, Caroline Richards, and Bertie Powers. Masters Norman Mapes and Miles Powers favored us with recitations well rendered. Music by the orchestra at intervals, and then we were highly honored by having Supt. Harlan with us; his humorous speeches and good advice to scholars and parents of their books and library, the program closed. While the orchestra played Mr. Swiggett drew the curtain swiftly by and oh! what a beautiful sight met our gaze.

"Baskets" of all sorts, sizes and colors—it was a picture in itself. Then it was decided that Mr. Yetter and Mr. Harlan should sell the baskets; then the fun began; if there were any disappointed we do not know who it was for every one seemed pleased. The lady who forgot to put her name on the basket did not forget which basket was hers as we saw the gentleman who bought it carrying it on his arm, but it did not take him long to find the owner or the contents of the basket. It would be hard to tell who bought the best basket, but we know of one gentleman who knew he had the prettiest one as he was actually seen viewing it on all sides, anyway it was a beautiful basket. So were they all, and each one brought a good price, and a good sum was realized, and it was a very enjoyable evening.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature on every box. 25c.

Union Pacific Time Table.

Table with columns for EAST, WEST, and times for various routes like Eastern Limited, Kansas City Fast Line, etc.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A. B. JONES, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

W. E. SAUM, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

JOHN A. NELSON, ATTORNEY AND REAL ESTATE AGENT.

For choice bargains in lands give me a call. All kinds of business promptly attended to for non-residents.

WILL WOLLNER.

House, Sign and Decorative Painting.

PAPER HANGING A SPECIALTY.

CHARGES REASONABLE.

WA-KEENEY, KAN.

Leave orders with C. J. Ferris.

COUNTY LINE NOTES.

Snow Wednesday. Some lagrippe around.

Jessie Smith is at home sick. Colds the prevailing complaint.

Frank Erbert was in Glencoe Monday.

Will Perry of Ellis was in Glencoe Sunday.

Will Cypher visited on the line Monday.

Chas. Lollin and family are in Glencoe again.

Will Sullivan visited at B. Furbeck's Sunday.

Abram Cross is improving slowly but not able to be up yet.

Mrs. Smith and daughters visited Mr. and Mrs. Clough Sunday.

T. Mahoney is back on the Solomon branch of the U. P. pulling the throttle again.

G. W. Cross' daughter got caught in a picket rope last Saturday and got hurt pretty badly.

Coyote Pete and Tom Bowers of Ellis expect to thresh their sorghum seed one day this week.

J. H. Johnson expects to auction off the property of M. H. Johnson, deceased, in the near future.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Swore to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1899.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The God Will Society will give an entertainment at the court house, St. Valentine's eve, February 14, for the purpose of raising money to buy for the new piano. Everybody come and help us by your good will and your money. Admission: Reserved seats, 35c; not reserved seats, 25c; children under 12 years old, 15c. Tickets on sale at Cortright's store.