

OIL WELLS OF TEXAS

Is the Magnet that Has Led Many People to Sink

in Search of Petroleum, With Which the Ground

the State is Filled, and Which Draws Capital to

TEXAS

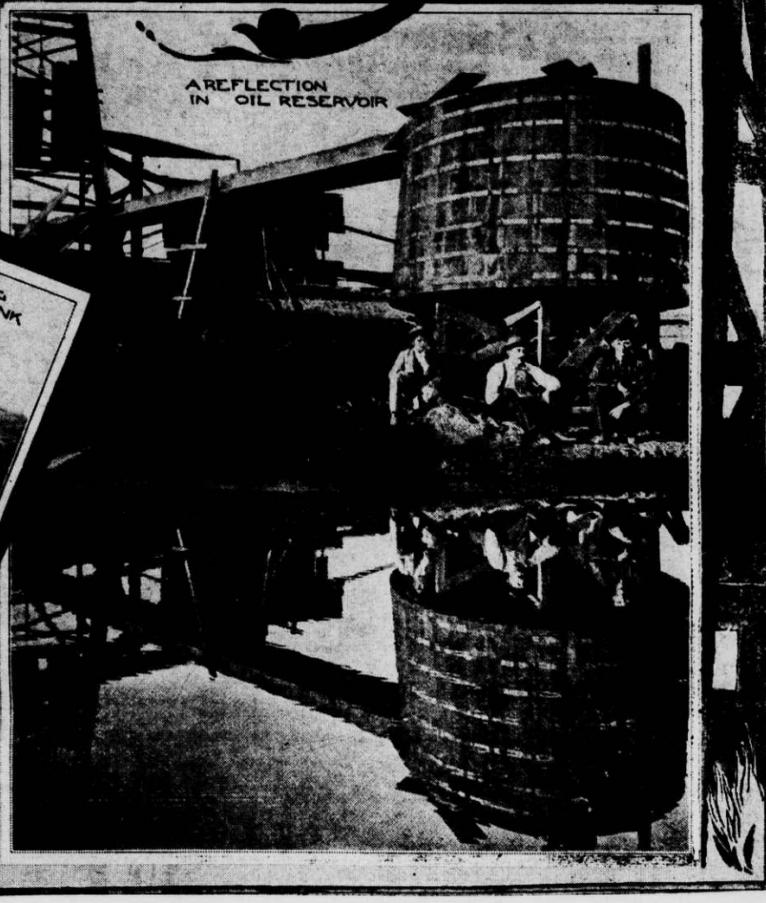
AN EARTHEN OIL RESERVOIR



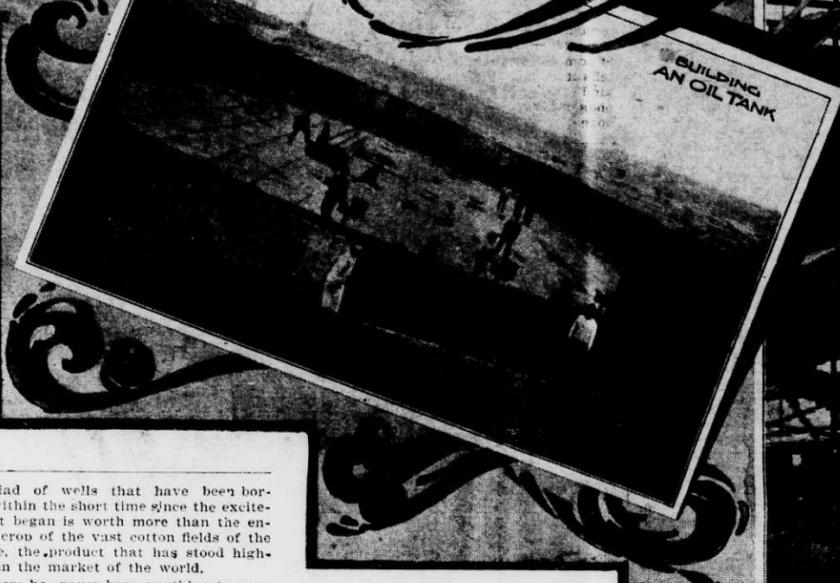
A BOOM TOWN IN AN OIL DISTRICT



A REFLECTION IN OIL RESERVOIR



BUILDING AN OIL TANK



FORTUNES ARE MADE IN ONE SHORT DAY

The Fame of Other Boom Oil Fields Is Cast in the Shade.

There is no more wonderful chapter in the history of the world than that relating to the oil discoveries of Texas.

The state first appears as the land of long horn, the bad man with the gun, the field of the Alamo and the battle ground of the Mexican war.

Later, the long horn was driven out by the inoffensive prosaic beef cattle of the east; the bad man went further west, away from an advancing civilization, and the state settled down to such a humdrum life as falls to the lot of every frontier state, when the first wave of progress sweeps over and leaves the dregs of a motley civilization in its wake.

But five short months have worked wonders. On the 9th day of January this year, prospectors for oil near the city of Beaumont were startled by the heaving of the ground under them, and seven hundred feet of their piping, together with their derrick and all their ponderous tools used in boring a well more than a thousand feet in depth, was flung far skyward, followed by a mighty rush of pure white oil. The mighty flood cut its way through the ground, forming a lake that flooded the whole country. For days the roar of the flood continued.

People went wild. Fortunes were made and lost in a day. The Pennsylvania oil excitement was dwarfed into insignificance by the rush of speculators who flocked in to see the marvelous gusher, and to invest their last dollar in even a fractional interest in the smallest claims or leases.

Other wells were sunk with incredible speed. Night was turned into day by the product from the first spouting well, the flow of which could not be controlled, and had to be burned to prevent it from flooding the whole country. For more than three months the marvelous flow continued, 70,000 barrels a day, before it could be controlled even in a measure.

Now the product of the state from the

myriad of wells that have been bored within the short time since the excitement began is worth more than the entire crop of the vast cotton fields of the state, the product that has stood highest in the market of the world.

There has never been anything to compare with fortunes made in the Beaumont district. Capt. A. F. Lucas, the promoter of the first well in the district, the great gusher, was practically penniless a year ago, his every cent being tied up in his prospecting outfit. Today he is said to be worth \$40,000,000.

D. H. Beatty, who controlled the second of the gushers, was a merchant of Galveston, who lost all his property in the Galveston flood, and had but \$20 when he happened to drop into the office of the Galveston News the night the news came in of the Lucas well. He started for Beaumont, got there with \$10, invested it in an oil lease from neighboring farmers, got a company to work the ground, and is now worth several million dollars. He sold his first well for \$1,350,000 cash. These are but single instances out of the many that the history of the country afford.

The history of petroleum furnishes nothing to compare with the spouting wells of the Beaumont district. The great wells of the Baku district, on the Caspian Sea in Russia, are insignificant

when compared with these wells of Texas, though the Baku wells have heretofore been the greatest in the world. Pennsylvania had nothing in her oil well craze that even approached the product. How long the present rate of production may last, is problematical.

It is not to be supposed that the gushers will continue to flow for any great length of time as freely as at present, as the history of spouting wells has generally been that in a short time they cease to spout and have to be pumped, thus materially reducing their output. But today if all were turned on at once the nine wells would have a capacity considerably greater than the other 70,000 or 80,000 wells now in operation in the United States. In other words, Texas has nine oil wells which can, for a time at least, produce as much oil as the whole country now yields. If the new wells show that the field is a very broad one then even allowing for the inevitable decline of the output from these gushers, the indications would be in favor of Tex-

as as yielding more oil than the balance of the United States.

The first three gushers brought in, based upon one-third the capacity usually accorded them, produce as much oil as 37,000 wells in the east. The daily capacity of these three gushers is three times the capacity of the wells in California, twice as much as the Pennsylvania wells and one-half of the entire production of the United States, and now that there are seven gushers and more constantly coming in, some idea of the immensity of this great addition to the wealth of Texas can be realized.

The fuel production of the world was about 378,000 barrels daily the day before the discovery at Beaumont. In the opinion of many experts the world's produc-

tion will be increased more than 100 per cent, before the close of the present month.

The oil craze is spreading to every part of the country like wildfire. The faintest suspicion of oil is sufficient to create a stampede to any district, however remote. The great dividends paid by Standard oil stocks for years past are enough to excite the cupidity of all. Wyoming, Nevada, Arizona, Washington, Montana and California, and many other states have felt the fever, and unsightly derricks are dotted all over the land. All over the south, particularly through the great coal and iron regions of Alabama and Georgia, it is believed that the Texas discoveries are but the precursor of even more marvelous discoveries.

Gold is a feeble attraction compared with oil in these days, when manufacturers are hunting night and day for a fuel that will be at once cheap, cleanly and abundant. Coal is expensive to transport, and not satisfactory in use compared with crude petroleum. Oil seems to be the coming fuel. The value of the by-products have increased 100 fold within the last few years, there being upwards of fifty commercial products from the residue after the illuminating kerosene is distilled. With the greatly broadening field for consumption, and the myriad of new uses to which the various products are put, it would seem that the industry is only in its infancy and the great new fields are a commercial necessity, coming at a time when they are most needed.

SEEK THE HONESTY PRIZE.

Self-confessed George Washingtons of the most approved modern business type are so numerous that Mrs. Nancy B. Irving, who offers a \$1,000 prize for a perfect specimen, would have no difficulty at all in giving away a Carnegie fortune in a summer, if only all the confessions of honesty would stand the test of investigation.

But the applicants, who number among them shoemakers, tailors, printers, druggists, lawyers, preachers and even insurance and real estate agents from all parts of the country, from Boston to Kansas, have not yet learned the rules of the game. And Mrs. Irving is going to show them.

"Brief, pitiful," she said yesterday afternoon as she put the finishing touches to her set of rules for the contest, after she had hastened through the big box full of letters of application. "These people are ignorant, most of them, as to what an honest business life really is. Just because they make it a point to tell the truth as far as they know it about the goods they sell, they think they are honest. Why, most of them probably live and work under conditions so honeycombed with lies and dishonesty that they will abhor themselves when they really understand it."

The book which Mrs. Irving is to put on the market next week, called "Who Lies?" is intended for just such persons as these, and one of the first conditions in the contest for the \$1,000 prize is that the contestant read the book.

"Will they stick when they have read it?" Mrs. Irving was asked. "I fear not," she answered. "I fear most of them will drop out, but if any come in the contest will be begun."

The other conditions which must be met by those who seek the prize will teach them what running the gamut is like, if they never learned it before. The first of these conditions is Mrs. Irving herself. If any candidate thinks he has found an "easy mark," to whom he can write as a certain Dr. Oschales-

the check; I can prove that not for thirty days, one month, but for thirty months if necessary—he will be very much mistaken.

Mrs. Irving is a keen and shrewd business woman. She is master of the "rules of the game" of business, as she calls them. She uses the rules, loathes them, proposes to quit them if she can, but in the meantime she is nobody's fool, and is making money out of them.

To callers at her office she appears brusque and quick in business, cordial in chatting, animated in her enthusiasm on the social and economic subjects that interest her, and quick as a flash in seeing the main chances to her.

After Mrs. Irving herself come her terms for the contest. Candidates may be "any man in active successful business or professional life who can show that he has refrained from any form of lying for one month." The money is to be awarded at a public meeting held in Chicago next January, and if no one wins, Mrs. Irving promises to donate the sum to some enterprise or movement which she thinks will further economic welfare. The month of the contest will be fixed later.

As a preliminary to entering the candidate must submit a short article of not more than 250 words, showing how "Who Lies?" could be improved and added to. Then he is to select two referees, who will select two, and in each candidacy the four will select another, who must be a woman in active business or professional life. The referees have the right to call at the candidate's place of business at any moment of any business day during the month and make any kind of a business proposal to him—in short to tempt him, if possible, from the lines of right conduct. The candidate must waive all right to damages in case the suit goes against him.

These rules will soon be printed in pamphlet form, and sent to all applicants. Before long the candidates will find out that if they get gain from their business which they don't share equally with their employes; if they sell goods

that have been made by starved, underpaid labor; if they are using land in their business which hungry people need for growing potatoes; if they discharge a clerk unjustly; if they induce a customer to buy what he does not really want; if they refuse credit where it ought to be given or give credit where it ought to be refused; if they pretend to a knowledge which they don't have, or if they do any one of a thousand other things they are sure to do every day, they will be judged liars and dishonest and thrown out of the field.

STORY PLEASES MR. M'KINLEY

"Uncle Joe" Cannon Tells a Friend How He Avoided Giving a History of Himself.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, who was in Seattle last week, told a few friends how he avoided writing the record of himself a short time ago.

One of the opposition newspapers in the district in Illinois sent its brightest reporter to Danville to gather material for a "coast" on the chairman of the committee on appropriations. The newspaper man went about the city for a number of days interviewing every one who was willing to allow his real opinion of Congressman Cannon to go into cold type. After sufficient ammunition had been gathered the representative of the opposition went to the congressman and asked:

"How about this, and this, and this, and this?"

"Uncle Joe" saw that he had no finesse if he did not get himself into the position most desired by his political enemy, so he took time to light a cigar and devise ways and means. At last he opened his mouth and spoke.

"You say you are from the newspaper?" he asked of his visitor.

"Yes, sir," came the answer. "And the owner pays you a salary to get news and edit it?" was the next congressional question.

"Yes, sir." "Well, then, go ahead and edit it. They don't pay me anything for such work."

Mr. Cannon is authority for the statement that President McKinley smiled when he heard this story.—Seattle Standard.

Frequent Pains

in your chest with a hacking cough are the first symptoms of Consumption.

Acker's English Remedy

will check the disease before it is firmly seated. It will cure a cough or cold in a day. Insist on having ACKER'S.

Write to us for testimonials and free illustrated book on Consumption.

Sold at 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle. If you are not satisfied return the bottle to your druggist, and get your money back. W. H. Hooper & Co., Proprs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Blasts From Ram's Horn.

A little balm may hold much blessing. You must always suspect the suspicious man.

When the devil preaches leave your purse at home. Thunder in the pulpit does not lighten the world.

He is poor indeed who cannot live without riches. The roots are refreshed by the rain released by the leaves.

"Bananas and plantains," writes a Honduras correspondent of "The Boston Herald," "are of course grown almost everywhere, and while in camp it was my custom to purchase bananas for our party. And such banana of red or yellow variety, just as we might select, but in every case large bunches, almost as high as a man, and weighing over a hundred pounds each. One of the many purchased was of the red variety, and contained by actual count 262 bananas, and was over five feet in height. Some of the bananas measured 24 inches long and 9 inches round. They were brought from the plantation of an Indian, who travelled with the bunch on his back and held to his head by a leather strap. He crossed the Chiculla river five times, and his price for this bunch was 10 cents in our money. Our custom was to eat raw when ripe, or fry them. Our cook's way was to roll them in flour so as to avoid their sticking to the pan."

Thinking of Baby-Tom—I didn't know he had any children. Dick—Oh, yes, he must have one, and I suppose it's at least a year old. Tom—Ah! you've seen the kid, then? Dick—No, but when I was in his office yesterday I asked if he had any ice water, and he said, absent mindedly: "So 'im 'ants a jinky 'ater, does 'ims?"—Philadelphia Press.

THE FIRST STEP

to baby's health must be taken before baby's birth. The child can have no more health than the mother gives it. A healthy mother, strong of body and cheerful of mind, will endow the child



with her own physical health and cheerful disposition. Many a wife who had dreaded motherhood because of past experiences of prenatal misery of mind and body has found a new era open to her with the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives physical strength, soothes the nerves, and induces refreshing sleep. It gives vigor and elasticity to the organs of maternity, so that the birth hour is practically without pain or suffering. It enables the mother to provide a plentiful supply of healthful nourishment for the healthy child. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription" and it is absolutely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics. Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter free of charge. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. I gladly recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. J. W. Stephens, Mrs. Northumberland Co., Virginia. "I bore my third little boy was born I took six bottles. He is the finest child I have seen from birth, and I suffered very much less than I did before in childbirth. I unhesitatingly advise expectant mothers to use the 'Favorite Prescription.'" Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a pleasant and effective laxative medicine.