

BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME XIV.

GREAT BEND, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1897.

NUMBER 13.

KANSAS PECULIARITIES.

A Few Samples of What Kansas Liars, and Liars About Kansas Can Do.



OCASIONALLY Kansas is more sinned against than sinning," says the Kansa City Journal of a recent date; "likewise more lied against than lying." The Journal, true to its practice as above outlined

makes an exception of Kansas politics, and says: "No story has ever yet been told depicting the frightful state of Kansas politics that exaggerates it." From a republican standpoint this may be partly so, but in a general sense it is a whooper from Whopptertown.

But, for instance: If one of the gentle zephyrs of Kansas become aggravated and get an extraordinary move on itself for a brief period, "Kansas has had a cyclone, destroying life and property galore;" if a hot wind strikes a corner of a township in a county in one corner of the state "the crops of the entire state have been destroyed by hot winds." If the rivers are the least bit swollen, "Western Kansas is inundated;" if the western part of the state lacks some moisture, "it is so dry all over the state that you have to run your well through a wringer to get water enough to cook with;" if the state is favored with an average crop or better, "we have raised enough to feed the world;" if the crops fall below the average, "the people are on the verge of starvation."

And so it goes; Kansans are always having trouble.

No one more fully appreciates that such stories are accepted by many strangers as virtually truthful incidents of life in the Sunflower state than Mr. F. D. Coburn, secretary of her department of agriculture, who has for years been making a collection of such as seemed to best illustrate the type of joke always in order when Kansas is mentioned. It requires two large envelopes to hold them, and as samples of truly artistic in-he-making he rates the following among the highest:

Here is an example of what a Kansas tornado can do, or what a Kansas liar can do when forced to it: A farmer had a large crib filled with ear corn and there was a knot hole in the south end of the crib. It was struck by a tornado, and it is claimed that the suction was so great that cob after cob was drawn through the knot hole and the farmer was left with a crib of shelled corn.

Several stories which the reader can or cannot believe, just as he sees fit, were stated after the Seneca tornado, two years ago, had violated the state law in reference to the malicious destruction of property and departed for parts unknown. Probably the best one was this: A man was riding along on horseback with a jug of whisky tied with a strap to the saddle-horn. After the blow had ceased, the jug handle was found inside the jug and the strap was sticking out of the nozzle, the jug having been blown inside out without spilling a drop of the liquor.

During this same blow a goat happened to get in the road and had his hair blown off, leaving his hide as clean as a skinned banana. The animal looked so much like a Mexican dog with horns that he was placed on exhibition.

Another caper which this tornado cut was to blow the side whiskers off a traveling man and plant them on the side of a woman's face, where they continue to grow.

Here is another pretty fair one: A farmer was plowing around an oblong patch of ground one day and at night the tract of unplowed land still contained about five acres. When he quit for the day he left the plow sticking in the furrow, as farmers often do. The tornado came along and caught the plow, taking it around and around the "land" until it was all plowed.

A Kansan abroad recently found a crowd that did not seem to appreciate his conversation concerning the conspiracy of the foreign capitalists to compel the populist farmers of Kansas to pay their honest debts, so he pulled out his stock of tornado stories, hoping to attract attention.

"I saw a cyclone once," said he, "that picked up a straw stack and moved it a mile and put it back straw upon straw as it was."

Two or three of the auditors yawned and the Kansas man tried it again.

"Another time," said he, "I saw a twister suck sixty gallons of molasses out of a barrel in front of a grocery store and distribute to every family in town who had a bucket out on the back porch for the milk man."

He cleared his throat and began again: "Back in the '70's we had a terrible cyclone in western Kansas. It blew the cracks out of the fences, pulled a cistern out of the ground, moved a township line and changed the day of the week."

This last fusillade induced one of the listeners to speak up. He said: "I do not know much about cyclones, but once when I was at sea I saw a water spout pick up tons and tons of water and carry it a mile and—"

"Hold on!" cried the Kansan. "If you are going to degrade this conversation to the level of a common lying contest, I will retire." And he got up and walked away pompously.

Another man with an unblushing face told this story and expected people to believe it:

"I was out in Kansas last summer and the first cyclone, of course, I went down in the cellar, like other folks. The house was soon blown away. The next thing I knew the cellar went, too, rolling over and over like a silk hat. I was soon spilled out. With infinite labor I crawled back in the teeth of the wind, intending to take refuge in the hole the cellar came out of. To my consternation I found that that had blown away also."

A prominent Kansan is credited with telling this.

"Tell you what's a fact, I have known it to blow twelve days and nights on a stretch and hold a sheep up against the side of the barn until he starved to death."

Probably the story which better illustrates the position of the populist farmer in Kansas than any told in recent years is this:

Kansas man—visiting in the east—: Yes, sir; Kansas is the country for the farmers. Look at her vast prairies covered with crops so heavy that they make whole counties sink down in the middle. Look at her corn crops, so vast that it crowded township lines into the river.

Some Kansas man—at the populist meeting in his own neighborhood—: Fellow-sufferers—Dry weather, Hessian flies and goldbugs prey like vampires on our state. Our once fair state is plastered over with mortgages so heavy that we have to bore a hole through them with an augur in order to plant corn. Rouse, ye slaves!

A country editor not far from Sumnerfield, just after receiving a cord of wood and a big supply of vegetables on subscription, dipped his pen in the ink and flashed this off: "When you talk about a state better than Kansas, every potato winks its eye, every beet gets red in the face, every onion get stronger, every oat field is shocked, the rye strokes its beard, the corn pricks up its ears, and every foot of ground kicks."

There has been a premium offered for the capture of the man who started this clever lie: "A Kansas farmer planted his farm in popcorn, and gathered it into his barn. The barn took fire, the corn popped and filled a ten-acre field. His old mare, thinking it a snow storm, lay down and froze to death."

In discussing the question in western Kansas, not long ago, a citizen from the short grass country said: "I think that Kansas is in need of a great deal of irrigation. There are times when it is so dry in the western part of the state that you have to soak a hog over night to make him hold swill. There are places where water is wet only on one side. I know a place where the owner of a ferryboat hauls water eleven months in the year to keep his ferry running. Why, water is so scarce there that the men won't drink it. The cause of this drouth is that the railroads of Kansas have cornered the water supply of the state to put into their stock."

Here is another drouth story told by a traveling man. I was driving across the country to a little town in western Kansas the other day, when I met a farmer hauling a wagon load of water.

"Where do you get water?" said I.

"Up the road about seven miles," he replied.

"And you haul water seven miles for your family and stock?"

"Yep."

"Why in the name of sense don't

you dig a well?"

"Because it is just as far one way as the other, stranger."

Another story started in the east is this: Why, the air is so dry in Kansas that the moon raises a dust as it goes through the sky and the moisture is evaporated out of the milky way until it looks like a trail of pulverized chalk. We used to run the well through a clothes ringer every morning to get water for cooking.

A Kansas farmer took exception to this slander on the Sunflower state and called the editor of the paper publishing it to account. "You poor, benighted heathen in the east don't know anything about Kansas weather," he wrote "Dry in Kansas! Well, I guess not. Why it was only last week that I happened to leave an old headless barrel outdoors with the bung hole up, when a shower came up, and begged, sir, it rained in that bung hole faster than it could come out of both ends, and burst the barrel. And that was only a right smart sprinkle for Kansas, either."

WHO FOR JUDGE.

The first political nominating convention in this part of the state for 1897 will be held at Ellinwood on Saturday of this week, when the populists will nominate a candidate for judge of this judicial district, to succeed Judge Ansel R. Clarke, now on the bench.

It being the first convention since the recent great fight for the free coinage of silver, which was so nobly made by those who believed with Wm. J. Bryan, or more properly, the principles he represented as the leader, should be very careful, and start out right. No one who is in earnest in the cause of silver should do anything that will tend to divide the forces, and inasmuch as the populists have taken the initial steps by calling their judicial convention thus early the responsibility of the future rests largely with that party in this district.

Not only are the populist voters needed in this district to elect a judge whose political views are anti-republican on the leading and practically the ONLY vital question; but to succeed, such candidate must have the votes and support of democrats and free silver republicans. In Barton county there are more democrat than populist voters, in Stafford and Rice counties the populists outnumber the democrats, while in all three of the counties there are hundreds of republicans who will vote with the element and for the candidate who represents the principles outlined in the Chicago national convention of 1896.

While we do not assume to instruct our populist friends as to what they should do at their convention on the 19th, we do desire to ask them to consider well the situation, and to not consider partisan supremacy more important in the nomination and election of a district judge than fitness and qualification and a unity and holding together the voters of the country who advocate like principles but who yet elect to claim allegiance to different party names.

Nominate a man acceptable to ALL free silver elements, and those elements can then be united for the general good.

The DEMOCRAT is proud of its corps of country correspondents. It realizes that a local paper should, as near as possible, give ALL the news. From a heavy editorial comment in the Beacon of last week one would infer that the deacon is ashamed of some of the country boys and girls who write items for his paper. He would apparently go to the ready-print combinations and get plate matter, ready set and stereotyped, and contract for patent medicine advertisements at a price at least one half less than the Great Bend merchants pay for the same space, than to hustle up real live home news and hire home printers to put it in type. That seems to be his idea, and he is growing leery and all dabbergested because the people generally do not see it his way. (He does not "have time" to read the other papers, you know, so he will miss this comment we fear.)

Jake Trester says he only has about 600 acres of wheat in, this season, but it is all good. Wouldn't this amount of wheat to harvest rattle some of the dinky farmers of the east and south.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Our city council has troubles of its own.

One assessment in the A. O. U. W. for June

New potatoes—home product—are on the market.

Is it warm (don't say hot) enough for your whiskers?

Cool nights and hot days bring the corn along a poppin'.

Populist judicial convention at Ellinwood next Saturday.

Allison Bros. are having their uptown coal office repainted.

Curtis Potter was up from Stafford county the first of the week.

Not much attention will be paid to politics until after the wheat is gathered in.

Eddie Grover went to Kansas City Wednesday morning on a short business trip.

Miss Bessie Connett will go this week to Kansas City on a visit to Grant Fordyce.

Jesse James made another large shipment of stock to Kansas City the first of the week.

Mrs. Lizzie Brown, sister of Will Honnen, returned last week from the State Normal at Emporia.

A little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brooker, of Hutchinson, aged about one year, died last week.

E. E. Swenson, of the Lindsborg college, was in the city several days last week in the interests of the college.

Smatter with having the weeds cut along the most prominent trees? It would make our city look prosperous, anyhow.

Some of the condemned sidewalks have been repaired, but there are many places yet which are dangerous to pedestrians.

C. C. Christanson, of Comanche township, was in the city Monday. He says harvest will commence down there next week.

Mrs. D. J. Coughlin, who went to Colorado last week, was taken sick while out there. Dan went after her, returning Wednesday.

Ed. Buess is developing into quite an electrician. He has been putting electric bells into a number of the residences of this city.

A complete report of the raising and reducing of assessed valuations by the board of equalization will be found elsewhere in this paper.

June has certainly been a "month of roses" this year. Never before have the beautiful flowers been so plentiful as for the past two weeks.

Miss Lillian Caro, who has been attending college at St. Louis, is spending the summer vacation with her sister Etka, at Minneapolis, Minn.

WANTED—Wolf skins, tanned or cured; will pay the highest market price—cash.

C. L. ZUTAVERN, Great Bend.

The man whose income is but one dollar a day, but who spends \$1.25 a day has no right to complain about hard times—providing he has health.

Sewing Machines, warranted for five years, \$19. Drop head Machine at \$25. Come and see them—no pot metal.

THE GREAT BEND IMPLEMENT CO.

Nick Smith, of the Walnut Creek Mills, left on Saturday for a visit of a couple of weeks at Port Washington, Wis. Mr. Smith's father, who lives at Port Washington, is very dangerously ill.

Mr. Merritt has recently put in a large, improved cylindrical churn, at the Great Bend Creamery. How would the farmer's boy like to work the dasher in it—it only holds about 300 gallons of cream.

Little Nellie West, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. West, of south Main street, gave a party to a number of her little friends on Wednesday afternoon, the 16th, to celebrate her fourth birthday anniversary.

District court adjourned last Thursday. It was the shortest regular term of court held in this county for many a year. Judge Clark thinks it will be a year at least before there is much business in the courts again.

A correspondent wants to know the origin of the phrase, "He isn't in it." It was first used by an editor who died and went to heaven and looked around for the man who took his paper and read it three years and refused to pay for it.—Larned Optic.

Miss Eva Lightbody, daughter of J. W. Lightbody, an early day Great Bend business man, but now of Salina, left last week on a visit to her grandmother at County Down, Ireland.

Inasmuch as Great Bend citizens have concluded not get up a 4th of July celebration this year, the citizens of Ellinwood have made preparations to do so. So, any of our people who are not engaged in the harvest, fields can go to Ellinwood on the 3rd and celebrate the 4th.

Mrs. Cyrus J. Frye, a sister of the Brining boys, and a former resident of this county, accompanied by her children came in last week on a visit here. Her home is at present in Vermillion South Dakota. She will, while here, ship the remains of an infant son who was buried here about 20 years ago, to her Dakota home.

A number of prominent republicans of the state are talking up Judge E. C. Cole of this city for the republican nomination for associate justice of the supreme court. Judge Cole would make a strong canvas for that position, and would ably fill it if elected, and we all take pride in the state reputation as a jurist which Elrick has won.

Postmaster C. S. Mace and Attorney T. W. Moseley were up from St. John Saturday. Mr. Mace used to drive up to Great Bend from his part of the county 20 years ago with an ox team and an unlimited amount of western "sand." He still has the sand, but the ox team has long since joined the innumerable throng that went to make up the bone-yard.

And poor Deacon Beacon is "too busy to count." Why, of course; he has the best of reasons for not counting up or comparing the news-giving ability of the Beacon with that of the DEMOCRAT. And if we were in his deplorable condition we would not "count" either. And we would advise him to continue in his efforts to induce the public not to draw comparisons—when "comparisons are odious."

Some people were disposed to think, last fall when Mr. Eikmeier was nominated for trustee of Liberty township that he would not be able to do the work required in that office, but they tell us in the county clerk's office that Mr. Eikmeier's books are the most accurate brought in by the county assessors. He has omitted no particulars, and his figures are correct. He even enumerates in his township "91 dogs what do the barking."

Thomas H. Bain, a prominent republican politician of Kansas, and at one time superintendent of the Great Bend city schools, has been found guilty of using the mails for fraudulent purposes, in the Federal Court at Leavenworth. He was at the head of "The American Coupon Investment Co.," a concern which promised to pay its investors \$500 for an investment of \$1.25 a month for 10 years—or you paid in \$150 and took out \$500—nit.

The Tri-County S. S. picnic at Dazzel's grove last Wednesday is said to have been the best and most enjoyable gathering ever held in that popular grove. That being the day we go to press on the DEMOCRAT we have to regret that we were unable to attend. Those who were there—and between 2000 and 3000 people from Rice, Barton and Ellsworth counties were present—are loud in praise of the program and the all around good time.

J. B. Fenno came down from Lake City, Colo., last week to look after business and help his son through harvest. Mr. Fenno says he has done reasonably well out there, and his son who is there with him is also prospering, being lucky enough to hold a job—which is more than can be said of thousands of other honest people in that state. Mr. Fenno is hotter than ever for the free coinage of silver, and says that the silver forces have got to combine—no financial relief is possible through any other source.

Deacon Armstrong seems to be hot after Uncle Dick's job as town marshal. He does not fear an insanity jury if he can just get his nose into the city crib. It may be that, as a charitable act to keep the deacon with us, and at the same time protect the public from the running off at the mouth which so sorely afflicts him, Uncle Dick will kindly resign and let the council appoint Armstrong as marshal. Now Deacon, don't read this, and we may be able to bring about the fruition of your ambition "unbeknownst" to you, as it were.

W. C. Turner, of Stirling, made his usual Sunday visit to Great Bend, the guest of Miss Allie Honnen.

Some Barton County Wheat Fields.

[To give our readers some idea of the amount of wheat that will be harvested in Barton county this fall we reproduce the following enterprising report from the Cladin Banner of last week. The Banner gives only a few of the acres to be harvested in that immediate vicinity, covering an area of but a few miles about Cladin.—Ed. Dem.]

G. A. Dusenbury, who always is in the front of the procession, is a little off on a general good crop, owing probably to late sowing and the freezing out of a small per cent. of the crop. As it is, he has 1,250 acres of good wheat. He is also planting several hundred acres of Kaffir corn, besides quite an acreage in other grains.

Soke Soken has 350 acres of fine wheat equal to, if not better than in '92. Will probably average 30 bushels to the acre.

Will Giles and Rufe Flemming will cut 600 acres of the finest wheat in Barton county, which is estimated at 35 bushels per acre.

Ben Giles who is always to the front has a fine 500 acre field of which any Kansan might be proud.

Weltmer and Dotter, city farmers, will cut 340 acres of average wheat, and when we say average we mean from 25 to 30 bushels per acre.

S. Giles has over one section (640 acres) of wheat somewhat above the average.

Garwood Bros. have considerably over 600 acres of splendid wheat, besides quite an acreage in spring crops.

H. A. C. Hartman, an all around farmer has 225 acres of wheat which is considerably better than his wheat was in '92. Corn 125 acres, potatoes 2 acres.

John Strothman devotes most of his time to creamery interests, but has for a side line, 100 acres of wheat and considerable corn, Kaffir corn etc.

Jake Hege besides raising fine chickens and cattle has managed to get 120 acres of wheat in the ground which his neighbors envy. Corn 30 acres, chickens innumerable.

Joseph Liable about 200 acres all good.

D. L. Roahan another city farmer is proud of his 210 acre field and well he might be.

Frank Roesler about 300 acres of genuine good wheat.

August Boartz of Cheyenne Bottoms has 400 acres of wheat that will average 45 bushels per acre. Mr. Boartz is a very conservative man and an old wheat raiser, so we will not for a minute question his figures or ability in judging a wheat crop.

W. L. Stewart has 200 acres of fine wheat, about 60 acres of corn and other grains.

W. H. Travis comes in with an acreage of over 200, with the finest of prospects.

Many other farmers of this locality have fields ranging from 100 to 500 acres, all of which is fine to good. The general crop is not quite equal to the big crop of '92; some wheat being thin on the ground, but the per cent is high.

We found one republican farmer who refused to tell how much wheat he had or its condition, for fear the board of trade might speculate on the report.

Sunday School Picnic.

There will be a Sunday School picnic at Leach's grove near Dundee, Kans., on Thursday, July 22d, 1897. All Sunday Schools in Barton, Stafford and Pawnee counties are cordially invited. Each S. S. is requested to send me their programs not later than July 15. Exercises to commence at 10 a. m.

J. W. RATCLIFFE.

Johnnie Cossman returned last Thursday from a visit of two or three months to the old home at Harper, Iowa. He says they have had lots of rain in Keokuk county this spring, and everything in the crop line is doing nicely; but he is glad to get back to Kansas.

A. W. Hornbeck has given Forest avenue a touch of high life—high toned at least. He has got a patent, double, back-action, spring elliptic, red painted peanut roaster with a steam whistle with a voice like a crossgrained mother-in-law.

Miss Nannie Legg, who has been down in Texas for the past eight months, teaching school, came back to Great Bend Saturday, and will remain here for the summer.

Smith, the photographer, will be in Great Bend on Saturday, the 26th. See him for first class work.

Attorney Finney, of Larned, was doing business in Great Bend Saturday.

Justice Lytle, of Hoisington, was over to the county seat last Saturday.