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KANSAS.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE AUTHOR.)

There's a place where they do things and grudge not the work,
There's a place where they say things when cowards would shirk,
There's a place where June fields are billowed with grain,
There's a place where heav'n smiles in the dew and rain.

Kansas!

There's a place where men live because living is good,
There's a place that is vacant where penny stood.
There's a place where the sunset's as glorious to see,
As art ever brings from the fair Italy.

Kansas!

There's a place where broad cornfields like plumed warriors stand,
Though warriors like these bring but good in the hand;
Their sword is a dull one with husk for a sheath,
Their plume is a tassel, fit for garlands of peace.

Kansas!

There's a place where heart sympathies ever abide,
And the vision's as broad as the prairies are wide;
There's a place where blue haze on the low lying hill,
Vies with blue of old ocean when her waters are still.

Kansas!

There's a place for whose hearthstones the wanderer yearns,
And back to whose welcome with full heart he turns;
There's a place where the breeze tells of heavens unknown,
And whispers to grasses of roses unknown.

Kansas!

—Mrs. Homer Hoch.

County Institute Closes.

On Thursday the thirtieth annual session of the Teachers' Institute of Ellis County closed. From every view point it was the most successful session ever held. One thing remarkable was this, that every lecturer from abroad appeared on the programme as scheduled. The Teachers' Association organized this week and mapped out the work for the coming year. The conductor was; E. F. Edgerton of Manhattan, who has been with us for eight years; Professors B. E. Ford of Ellis and Louis Christiansen of Hays were instructors. This week E. S. Fairchild, State Superintendent, addressed the teachers and discussed the plans of the year, on Wednesday Co. Sup't Grabbe gave the teachers some very good pointers on what is expected to be done. Earlier in the session men of state and national reputation in educational work have appeared on the platform and given short crisp talks full of suggestions to those whose privilege it is to "wield the birch". Tomorrow begins the examination and it will last all day Saturday. During the entire work an earnestness has been displayed on the part of both faculty and teacher that speaks well for the way our schools will be conducted the coming winter. It seems that this question has been uppermost: "How can I teach better?"

How Do You Like It?

We are somewhat late in getting out the FREE PRESS this week owing to the fact that we have increased its size so that it is nearly double what it has been. We realize that it is going to take more matter to fill it, but we hope, if the local merchants will give us their support and we have the hearty co-operation of our friends in sending in local items, to be able to fill our columns each week. The increase will also just double the amount of press-work, as our press is not large enough to accommodate four pages at once.

A Land Contest.

Yocemento will sure grow. Land contests are already in evidence. This week about a dozen men hailing from Yocemento and vicinity went up to the United States Land Office at Colby to argue a case before the Register and Receiver. Grant Goble was the contestant and the two Replodge brothers the contestee. The case involves 320 acres of grazing land lying on the outskirts of Yocemento and as the town grows the land will increase rapidly in value. The party went up Monday evening and returned Thursday morning. E. A. Rea acted as attorney for Mr. Goble while John Nelson of Wakeeney and Harry Freese defended the Replodes. A decision will probably not be given before November.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS.

Herewith we print a few of the many interesting discoveries which are being made by the United States Forest Service. Lack of time prevented our giving the entire report, which was equally interesting. These observations and measurements were made by Mr. Craft, one of the energetic workers in the service, who visited our city last Friday.

On the Solomon river near Stockton, Kansas, is a huge cottonwood tree, which is still known as the Lone Tree, because when the country was settled it was the one tree along the river at that place. It is said to have been planted by the soldiers on a western trip, and the many younger trees now growing in the vicinity have grown from seed blown and washed down the river from this tree. About midway between Stockton and Hill City the continuous strip of timber along the river abruptly stops. The timber is gradually making its way up the valley, but its progress would be greatly hastened if the farmers would plant and protect a few trees from which seed could be sown.

Measurements taken in Smith county show that cottonwood will grow in twenty years to a size sufficient for a twelve-foot log of twenty inches diameter at the small end, or 210 board feet. At \$8 per thousand board feet on the stump (the price paid by portable sawmills) \$1.68 would be realized

for this log. The rest of the tree would produce enough to swell the returns to \$2, and in many cases one or two smaller logs of saw timber could be secured. By planting six feet apart each way and taking out alternate trees twice as the crowns begin to crowd each other, the trees would stand seventeen feet apart, or a total of 150 trees per acre. An income of \$300 an acre at the end of twenty years will well repay the effort to grow such a crop, and, in addition, the farmer receives the benefits of the grove as an ornament and a protection.

Mankato is essentially the home of the Austrian pine for this region, a large number having been planted there between twenty-five and thirty-five years ago. These trees have grown on an average about one foot in height annually, and a half inch in diameter. Mankato has a high situation between the Solomon and Republican rivers, and the Austrian pines are growing where they do not receive drainage or benefit from underground water. Yet they maintain the same grass-green color throughout the season, even though agricultural crops fail for lack of moisture.

On a ranch 10 miles south of Lincoln, now rented by Oscar Olson, is a hardy catalpa plantation of between two and three acres from which the fence posts to keep up the pasture fences are now being produced.

PRAYED FOR NEWS

SUPPLICATION OF REPORTER ANSWERED.

Remarkable Incident That Started Humble Newspaper Man on Road to Fame—Told of Prince Consort's Death.

Newspaper "scoops" are, usually, of little account in the journalistic world of England. Yet it was a "scoop" and a most remarkable one which gave Thomas Catling, the veteran London editor, his first step up the ladder.

Mr. Catling, after half a century of work on Lloyd's Weekly London News, has resigned and left active journalism on the first of the year. He was succeeded by Robert Donald, managing editor of the Daily Chronicle.

Mr. Catling's memorable "scoop" was no less than the announcement of the death of the prince consort, Queen Victoria's husband. It occurred on a Saturday evening, just 45 years ago.

The prince consort was ill, but his death was not expected. There were no reporters at Windsor castle excepting Catling. Douglas Jerrold was then editing Lloyd's. He wanted a report on the condition of the prince's illness, but there were few news agencies in those days and his staff of reporters were busy. So Jerrold drew on the composing room and because of his smart and active look, selected young Catling, then one of the compositors, to go down to Windsor. Mr. Catling, in telling the story himself, says that when he reached Windsor it was nearly dark and raining. He walked to the castle and, of course, was refused admission.

There was no one at the main gates who would or was authorized to give him information. He wandered about in the rain for a couple of hours, prowling around the outskirts of the castle, hoping something would turn up. Wet, cold, miserable, realizing that he had disastrously failed on his first assignment, Catling determined to walk once more around the castle before going Londonward. He offered up a little prayer, bareheaded in the rain, asking for help in his need.

That prayer was quickly answered. The guard had just been changed and, as Catling passed one of the solitary sentries at a little wicket gate, he observed that the man was in tears. In reply to a question the man said word had just been taken to the guardroom that the prince consort had passed away.

Catling got hurriedly such particulars as the sentry knew and was then off to London. He reached the Lloyd's News office shortly after midnight. The paper published the story and "scooped" every paper in the world. The death was only "unofficially" announced by England some hours later.

The composing room saw Catling no more. He was at once given a position on the editorial staff and five years later was promoted second in command, or chief sub-editor, as it is called in England. Eighteen years later he was appointed to the editorship, which he has held ever since.

A. M. Stacy Dead.

A. M. Stacy died Sunday, August 18th at his home in Plainville. He was an old time resident of Ellis county and one of Hays City's most well known citizens. The remains were brought here for interment Tuesday evening and the funeral took place from the Lutheran church Wednesday afternoon. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Brown of the Presbyterian Church.

OBITUARY

Alonzo M. Stacy was born May 23rd 1832 at Rutland, Vermont. He was married to Jessie Bedford October 15th 1859. They moved to Kansas City in 1877, came to Hays eight years later. Mr. and Mrs. Stacy made their home on a farm a couple miles south of town, moved to Hays and built a residence, continued to live there until a few years ago when he moved to Plainville where death claimed him last Sunday at the ripe old age of seventy-five. The deceased leaves no children.

Braly Quits.

Hugh Braly quit work for the Madden Elevator on Wednesday. He has been buying wheat for the above elevator for about two years and we supposed he had become one of Hays' "fixtures." Mr. Braly will probably go to Kansas City to work soon. His many friends will be sorry to hear that Hugh is to leave us.

C. M. Rand,

is the fellow that bought all the horses here last Fall and Spring, and he will be here again on Friday, August 30th. Bring them in early and Rand will buy them.

ENDED THE CHITLING FEAST.

When the Negroes Saw the Policemen They Fairly Flew.

The other night two policemen were walking along Vine street when they met an old negro "grandma" coming out of a grocery store with her arms full of packages, says the Kansas City Star.

"Must be goin' to have a feast at your house," said one of the officers. "Goin' to have a chitlin' suppah to-morrow night," replied "grandma." "Drap in an' git a bite."

The next night the two officers happened to be passing the house where the old negro "mammy" lived. Sounds of high revelry floated out on the night air.

"Let's go in and see what chitlings are," said one of the officers to the other. "I have heard of such edibles, but don't know what they are like."

"All right, I'll go you."

The officers knocked at the door. Instantly it became silent inside. Then the door was opened a crack. The negroes inside caught sight of the blue clothes and brass buttons.

"Good heavens," some one shouted, "it's the big law."

At once there was a wild scramble to get out. Some went out the back door, but most of them made a dive out the windows, taking sash, glass and all with them. When the officers got inside not a soul was there except the old negro "grandma," and she was laughing until the tears ran down her face.

"What's the matter with all your guests?" asked one of the policemen.

"Why, youalls know them niggahs believes they haint no justice in the law," she answered. "But I see mighty glad you come, cause my ole man haint done a tap o' work foh a yeah. Been tellin' me 'bout his roomatiz an' a limpin' an' a groanin' aroun'—couldn't scarcely move. But he was the fust man out o' that windo'—just flew like a deah. Now he's got to go to work. He haint got no mo' roomatiz 'en a rabbit."

Big Rats of Wheeling.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin could reap a fortune were he to spend a day in this city, says a Wheeling (W. Va.) correspondent. Rats as large as good-sized cats are swarming in the mills of this city, and in several the workmen have threatened to walk out unless the invasion is checked.

Some of the tales are wonderful to relate. In one factory, according to well authenticated reports, a rat was seen to take a tin pail in one of its paws and trot away on the other three feet. Another deftly took the lid off a pail in order to get at the goodies he knew were inside. Another dragged a dinner basket by his tail, but was unable to get the basket down the rat hole, so he got behind a barrel to investigate his plunder.

The workmen declare they cannot frighten the rodents away, for they show fight. The amazing stories of boldness on the part of the rats grow with each repetition, but there is no question that the rats do eat the laborers' dinners and that there is indignation as a result.

Horse Had Manners.

One of St. Johnsbury's best-known characters and one who has had name and fame perpetuated by having a likeness of himself and team printed on a colored post card, is Orville Lawrence, formerly associated with the late Russell Sage on Wall street in the early fifties, but being less fortunate than Mr. Sage he has become reduced in circumstances, and now drives around town in a more or less dilapidated looking outfit, says a writer in the Boston Herald.

Orville's wit is keen and he always has an answer ready for any of his friends who attempted to chaff him. One day Orville appeared driving a horse which interfered badly, and, like its driver, had evidently seen better days.

A prominent business man of the place accosted Orville with the remark: "Say Orville, your horse seems to interfere some!" to which Orville promptly replied: "He ain't interfering with your business, is he?"

Rigors of Alpine Winter.

The situation in Switzerland, owing to snowstorms, is much worse than is revealed by the scant telegrams leaving the country. The state of things has rarely been so bad at this time of year.

The uplands already lie two yards deep under snow, and the mountain villages of Simplon and other villages are absolutely cut off from the rest of the country. An attempt has been made in the legislature to induce the government to keep these passes open all the year, but the cost was declared to be prohibitory.

From Berne in the beginning of the week several diligences were long overdue, and their arrival was awaited with anxiety. A number of peasants who had gone with cattle from the valleys to the uplands had also been caught, and were quite unable to descend, while efforts to reach them involved much danger.

"Take Out My Ads."

YOU may take that 'Barn for Sale' and that 'Hammocks at Cost' ad out of your paper", said J. H. Spratt this week. "I sold the barn to E. R. Cole and I have only one or two of the hammocks left."

Mr. Spratt carried two four-line local ads. in the FREE PRESS for a couple weeks at the cost of five cents a line. Did it pay HIM to advertise? Will it pay YOU to do the same?

THE PROOF'S IN THE PUDDING!

The New "Model District School"

To the Citizens of Hays:

There are many who contend that pupils in district schools gain a power and self reliance that can not come from the city school of but one or two grades to the teacher. This comes from the silent helpful influence of older pupils in the same school and in the same room doing advanced work. Teachers in high schools as a rule testify that their strongest students are those who have learned to work for themselves in the district school.

If these things be true even only in part with our district schools, taught as they now are mostly by young and inexperienced teachers, how much more true would they be in district schools taught by experienced and professionally trained teachers in rooms equipped with a large store of books and all kinds of apparatus that the ordinary district cannot afford.

Such a district school we start the first Tuesday in September at the State Normal School. Miss Julia M. Stone, who will take charge of and do all the teaching, is a regularly elected member of the Normal Faculty, who comes to this place as an expert; paid expert's salary. A high professional training has been supplemented by years of experience in all grades of school work and in the county superintendency of one of the foremost counties in the State of Kansas. Cloud county's exhibit at the World's Fair at St. Louis was prepared under the leadership of Miss Stone and was one of the educational exhibits that attracted most attention from educational leaders from all parts of the world. Miss Stone has long held a high place among the leading teachers of Kansas, for several years being Secretary of the Kansas State Teachers' Association.

Miss Maggie Cave visited friends at McCracken and Rush Center this week. W. E. Saum was up from Kansas City Tuesday to appear in a sheriff's sale.

Peter Frank came back from Lawrence Monday to help his folks run the Windsor Hotel.

This is the only school of its kind to be in operation in Kansas the coming year as well as the first ever established in the state. There are but three or four in the entire country, the most noted being at Cornell University. The Western State Normal School will have the distinction of being the only institution in the entire state where the entire time of a regular member of the faculty will be given to the district school and its problem. Should our enterprise prosper as we expect it will we may reasonably look for visits from educational leaders from all over the west, men and women who will be eager to learn what we are doing along these lines.

We can not and do not plan for a large school. We want merely an enrollment of somewhat near that of the average good district school. To that end we now announce that names of children whose parents wish them to obtain the advantages of the school will now be received and enrolled until we have reached the limit of our capacity. This rule will be observed,—"First come, first served." We counsel early sending in of names. Tuition will be free.

The hours of school will be the same as in the public school. Parents who live on the south side of the track and who have long disliked to have their little ones cross the railroad track on the way to and from school should be most eager to avail themselves of the new privilege. All such are urged to send applications for their children at the earliest date.

Sincerely yours,
WILLIAM S. PICKEN,
Prin. Western State Normal.

Our Job Department.

Along with much new newspaper equipment we have added considerable new job printing material and having a large stock of paper constantly on hand we are now able to execute your order on one or two days notice or even less.

Give us a trial.

U KNOW WHERE