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TWENTIETH YEAR, VOL. XIX, NO. 8.

OLD SANTA CLAUS' HEADQUARTERS

HOLIDAYS, 1895-6.

At Gwinner's City Bakery.

The largest Exhibit ever given by Old Santa in Dodge City.



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At Gwinner's City Bakery.

Bring the Little Folks and let Them See the Show.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Iron Wagons, Tin Wagons, Hobby Horses, Shoo-fly Horses, Iron Troins, Wooden Trains, The best Drums and Horns, Fiddles and Oriental Harps, Music Fluted Balls, Bugles. Guns for the little boys, Musical Toys of every kind. Building and A. B. C. Blocks, All other kinds Toy Blocks, Foot Balls, Rubber Balls, Tool Chests, Toy Hatchets,

HOLIDAY GOODS.

LARGE LINE DOLL CABS, Fine Line Kid Body Dolls, Fine Line Dressed Dolls, Large Line Britanica Tea Sets, Large line China Toy Tea Sets, GENTS' CUPS AND SAUCERS. Ladies' Cups and Saucers, Fine Assortment Iron Banks, Large Assotment of Games, Ladies' Handsome Work Boxes, Ladies' Parlor Writing Desks,

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Steam Engines, Musical Tops, Fire Engines that whistle, Self Running Locomotives, Boys' Nice Christmas Books, Girls' Nice Christmas Books, Solid four wheel Iron Wagons, Boys' solid Iron Wheelbarrows, Two-wheel Wooden Carts, FOR THE BABIES. Fine Line Rubber Goods, Large Line of Tin Rattles, Squeaking Rubber Dolls, Double-Headed dressed Dolls.

CANDY DEPT.

Our Confectionery Department is complete in every way. We have added the latest improved machinery, and our Candy Factory is the best in the west. Our Candies are all home-made and are fresh, pure and healthful. Will make several barrels for Holiday trade, and will give School Teachers and Sunday Schools the benefit of Special Prices. Come see our

SWEETS.

We always have on hand a Full line Fresh Taffies, Full line Buttercup mixed, Full line Boston Chip, Full line Fruit Candies, Full line Peanut Candy, Full line Butter Scotch, Full line Hoarhound stick, Full line Hoarhound Drop, Full line mixed Candies, Finest Bon Bons market affords

FRUITS & NUTS.

We keep in stock the largest and freshest line of Nuts and Tropical Fruits ever carried in the west, at prices lower than ever heard of before.

THE CONTEST

Of the Soldiers' Home Vote.

The contest of the votes cast by the inmates of the State Soldiers' Home, has been formally entered in the Probate Court. Judge Burson has appointed as associate judges, E. D. Swan and D. P. Raglin; and has set the 19th of December as the day on which the contest shall begin. The contest in this court will last a hundred days or more, as it will be necessary to make witnesses of the 160 voters of Grandview township. This means an expense of several hundred dollars.

In the contest by G. H. Lawrence against J. H. Leidigh, for the office of County Clerk, the bond for costs filed contains the names of W. F. Pettillon, S. Galland, John Kelsey and G. H. Lawrence. The bond is fixed at \$1,500—Pettillon qualifies for \$500. He swears that he is worth this sum above all just claims and liabilities. Bro. Pettillon's friends congratulate him on his sudden acquisition to wealth, but trust it will not be eaten up by expense in a fruitless contest. S. Galland swears that he is worth \$1000 above all legal claims. Doc's name is the only responsible name on the bond. Kelsey and Lawrence do not qualify as to any amount.

In the contest by L. P. Horton vs. Nic Mayrath, for the office of County Commissioner, the bond for costs is fixed at \$1,500; G. Doolittle, L. P. Horton qualify to the amount of the bond.

The petition contains the names of ninety-eight soldiers at the Home who are alleged to be "guilty of mal conduct," in voting at Grandview precinct. These men voted without a challenge, and their ballots were accepted and deposited as legal votes. They have committed no crime and are not amenable to any law for the alleged offense of voting.

In the taking of evidence before the Probate Court it will be necessary to summon each voter, who will be put on oath as to his right to vote and for whom he voted. The expense of attendance at the Probate court must be borne by the parties who are making the contest. The person sum-

moned to testify how he voted and as to his qualifications as a voter, will be paid as witnesses are paid in other cases or courts; but when served with a notice by the Sheriff to appear as a witness in the Probate court, the old soldier must demand his fees in advance for each day's attendance and mileage. He can refuse to attend the court unless these expenses are paid in advance. Unless the witness does this he may be under the necessity of waiting for his fees until the court can realize on Pettillon's bond. Whatever cash is raised by subscription to prosecute this contest will not be sufficient to pay lawyers' fees, let alone other fees; and the lawyers have the first whack at the cash.

This contest is a harder thing than the promoters imagined when they started out with it; and they will find expense and vexatious delay all along the line; and they will be glad to drop it before the violets bloom in the spring.

The Ford County Leader says—referring to the soldiers at the Home—"No one wants to deprive them of the right to vote, but we want them to go the voting precincts where they voted prior to becoming inmates of the Home."

This would be a hardship as well as an injustice. Through want of means and on account of infirmities, many of these old soldiers would be prevented from going to a former place of residence. Many of them, perhaps all, abandoned their former homes when they entered the Soldiers' Home. They have, too, actually lost their residence at their former homes, where they sold everything, not expecting to return. Should they go to a former home to vote they would be met with the legal requirements and be obliged to swear that they have been a resident of the county or precinct for 30 days preceding the election. They are thus practically disfranchised, having no established legal residence, unless they are permitted to vote in the precinct where the Home is situated. We have some cases in point, where at the last election, an old soldier, an inmate of the Home, was obliged to swear in his vote, that he was a legal voter in the precinct in which he offered to vote.

Of course, the Leader's learned is

gal light and gentleman of profound legal acumen, will say these conditions establish nothing and involve no legal phase, but it does certainly fix an embarrassing state of affairs as to the old soldier's legal home.

The profundity of our Democratic contemporary is also brought into requisition on the legal character of the Soldiers' Home vote. Having eaten 17 pounds of Thanksgiving turkey in connection with copious draughts of bug juice, the compeer of Hill and Glick sallies forth in the domain of spectacular legal decisions and practical political tactics. The sage of Duck creek says—

"Every election for the past four or five years have been decided by this Home vote." And its disinterestedness in the affairs of the Home is shown in this extremely partisan view: "These men have no interest whatever in the affairs of this county, and the tricky Republican politicians who can secure these votes is assured of his election."

A quoted paragraph is the Democrat reads as follows: "The participation of an unconcerned body of men in the control, through the ballot box, of municipal affairs in whose conduct they have no further interest, and from the management of which by the officers their ballots might elect they sustain no injury."

The above sentence is not intelligible—"about as clear as mud," as the expression goes—and if it was not written by the editor with a congested stomach, "full of bug juice and turkey," some lawyer may have clipped it from a brief on an election fraud; or the paragraph may have become tangled in the dizziness of the compositor or the confusion of the proof reader. It will take something worse than that to scare the old soldier.

But the Democrat says—"This is the strongest argument that can be made against their vote."

The Democrat further states—"It is not the purpose of the contest to disfranchise the old soldier, but to have them vote at their legal residence, which is the place and county they came from, where they are still legal residents and voters under the constitution, and not in Ford county, where they have no interest whatsoever, and where they come within the mischief against which that proviso of the constitution is aimed."

Of course the old soldier plays the "mischief" with the Democrats, not excepting the time when they "aimed" the "constitution" at the old soldier when he had his gun pointed at the enemy of the constitution.

It is the same old story. We have

been hearing it for years; and we presume we shall always hear it so long as the Democratic party lives and there is an old soldier for the party to fight.

SCRAPS OF EARLY HISTORY.

BY THE EDITOR.

A temperance lecture, in the 70s, was a novel proceeding, and we have lately read some newspaper accounts of a lecture on temperance, about the time Bat Masterson was sheriff. Of course, the description of this lecture was as much sensational as the lurid fiction of the writer could well portray; and yet the imagination could do justice to the reality. At the time in question, Dodge City had sixteen saloons and a few dance halls; but every saloon was not a dance hall, yet every dance hall had a saloon. We desire to say that there was no more drinking by the inhabitants than there was in other towns of an equal population with a less number of saloons. Drunkenness was no more common among the actual residents than one would find in other saloon towns the size of Dodge City. We have commented on this condition in times past; and yet there was a woful lack of temperance sentiment.

With its accustomed liberality the gang element allowed a free expression of sentiment, though it may not have agreed with their opinions. The courtesy extended to strangers was cordial though it may have been extremely rude. The incident we refer to would have shared different treatment had it been under different auspices. Rev. Amos McGosh, from a Missouri town, strolled in the city, one day, on his way to the mountains for the benefit of his health. He thought he saw a chance to do a little missionary work and at the same time squish his disappearing reserve fund. The character of Dodge was such as to invite a reform and an esthetic taste could hardly refrain from laying hold and throttling the monster of such frightful men as the demon of sin in this city, way back.

McGosh confided his purpose to a seemingly clerical appearing person, D. M. Frost, whom he met on a street corner. The sage individual infor-

med the temperance advocate that the town oracle was the proper one to see in regard to matters of this kind; and directed his attention to a neat appearing sign over a humble doorway, which read, "M. W. Sutton, attorney at law." Mike scraped up an acquaintance with his Missouri visitor, and was glad to accommodate him, but his friend Bat Masterson would get up a meeting for him. The preliminaries were arranged and the entire sheriff's posse was guaranteed to preserve order at the meeting and to protect the speaker. Flaming hand bills announced a temperance lecture in Odd Fellows' hall, a rickety concern with a back stairway. The hall was crowded long before the lecturer arrived. The meeting was organized with Bat Masterson in the chair; and Bat warned the audience against making a disturbance under pain of death. He was prepared for any emergency having equipped himself with two guns. The lecturer was introduced, and was soon dwelling on the folly and sin of intemperance. Bobby Gill, a disreputable character and "back capper," sitting in the back part of the hall, interrupted the lecturer by calling him some name not chaste or polite. The chairman resented the insinuation, when a shot from a pistol came close to his ears, and the lecturer ducked his head behind the stand. Bat, in returning the fire, shot a few holes through the speaker's plug hat; and called out to take the dead man away and authorized the speaker to proceed, that he would have quiet if he had to kill every man in the hall. A dead calm spread over the room, and while the fumes of powder yet permeated the room and the speaker was still suffering from the shock, the limp form of Bobby McGill, as it was being dragged head first down the stairway, the feet making a flip-flap on the steps, conveyed an intelligence louder than words that temperance was a dead issue in Dodge City, and that the boys loved sport as well as they did liquor. McGosh was too much overcome to proceed, and requested the chairman to escort him to his room in the Great Western hotel.

McGosh told Mike the next morning, as he escorted him to the train, that the promulgation of the temper-

ance doctrine was premature for this city, and it was attended with disastrous results; but if Mike desired he would stay and preach a funeral sermon over Bobby McGill's grave. No, Mike replied, they had a man on a regular salary who attended to that business.

A temperance lecturer edified a street crowd one night in front of a saloon and was given a peaceable hearing for a short time, when the mischievous propensity found expression in a display of corrupt nitrogenous substances and other harmless misdeeds, not so much as tokens of disrespect to the speaker but the gang knew no other way of assent or dissent. Similar tricks were played on their best friends. Showers of eggs, potatoes, or whatever came handy, were frequently hurled at one and another sometimes with harmful effects.

The many stories of Dodge's characteristics many times had foundations of fact, but they were highly embellished in turgid rhetoric and fanciful hyperbole, and looked really heartrending in print. But the mind gloats in exaggeration and the public appetite must be appeased; like the carnivorous appetite of the blood thirsty villain, who "killed a man for breakfast every morning," and had a passion for more. Some of these vivid stories are once in a while revived, and they lose nothing of their lurid brightness in the ravages of time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our readers who are farmers need, in addition to their best county paper, a practical Western agricultural journal, the Kansas Farmer, of Topeka, Kansas. Send a postal asking for free sample copy and supplement of benefits. We supply the Kansas Farmer—regular subscription \$1.00, and the GLOBE-REPUBLICAN, both papers one year for only \$1.50.

The Kansas City Weekly Journal and Agriculturist, published Thursdays, is an 8-page 7-column paper. It contains all the news of the world and is but 50 cents a year. Send in your name to the Journal, Kansas City Mo.

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Children cry for Pitchers' Castoria.