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THE FOURTH OF JULY.

A Fine Parade and a Good Time. Interrupted by a Heavy Rain at 4 O'clock.

Yesterday morning the weather was pleasant and the clouds protected the people from the hot rays of the sun. The crowds gathered in the city quite early and long before the hour of the parade the streets were lined with people.

The parade was formed at about eleven o'clock, and was in charge of Captain Jere Shaw, assisted by Capt. D. L. Sweeney and Capt. Frank Chapman. The line of march was followed as indicated in the program.

The Dodge City band, in charge of C. M. Beeson, was in the lead. W. B. Rhodes had a finely arranged wagon, in which the band was comfortably seated. The splendid music aroused the patriotic ire.

A group of bicycle riders followed the band wagon, the bicycles having been handsomely decorated with the National colors.

The Fire company had turned out in goodly numbers, and the hose-cart was beautifully trimmed in red, white and blue.

The Zimmermann Hardware Company had a large wagon, on which was placed some of the fine carriages sold by this firm. A miniature draft in the rear was an amusing feature of the float. Miss Alice Watson was in charge of the wagon and was assisted by other young ladies.

Adam & Hulpieu's furniture wagon was finely covered with household furnishing goods. It represented their furniture store. Aunt Stansfield and another heavy colored lady occupied seats and gave some good music. Mrs. Stansfield was cheered as the wagon passed in view.

H. W. Clough had one of his best pianos placed on a wagon and Miss Clough touched the keys in artistic manner.

Leroy Martin's delivery wagon was neatly adorned with the American colors. Sheaths of wheat lined the sides of the wagon bed. Miss Carrie Martin was kneading dough, and a gasoline stove would indicate that she was preparing to bake bread. This was a capital advertisement of Mr. Martin's business.

York-Key Mercantile Company had a handsome carriage in line of parade, Miss Tarbox in charge.

The Bargain Store was finely represented, and Master Locke did the honors.

J. F. O'Neal's milk wagon was elegantly fitted up, and some young ladies were churning milk. The milk bell toned several times, a warning of the approach of the milk wagon.

The Novelty and Racket Store had a fine equipage, fully illustrating Mr. Grobety's business. Like a body of voracious tourists, the Phenix band took possession of this wagon and gave the proprietor the wink for his pay.

Now the Phoenix band was as fine a lot of sports as ever devastated an ice cream saloon or played havoc at a lunch counter. The young men were dressed in burlesque style, and their disguise was complete. The music, while sometimes charming, had a funeral strain, thus mixing comedy and pathos in happy blend. The band was a great hit.

A six-legged calf, the property of R. F. Garner, followed next. The calf has well developed legs, and the calf and extra legs are in thrifty growth. The calf is quite a curiosity. See all the parade!

Following close on the heels of the calf was Ben Hodges. Whether the calf and Ben were one in the display we could not determine, but a large man was leading the calf and the crowd joined in the belief that Mr. Hodges was also one of the attractions of the day. He walked in a quick step and kept in line with the procession. As a Fourth of July parader Ben Hodges was equal to the six-legged calf.

Captain Clad Hamilton, the speaker of the day, lead the procession.

In the rear, and dressed in the conventional garb of Uncle Sam and Brother Jonathan were two boys, one Master Roy Northrup and the other, Master John Teeter. This was an interesting feature of the parade and attracted much attention.

Many buggies and carriages followed in the line of march, and upon the whole it was believed that the parade was one of the finest things of the kind ever gotten up in this city.

The line of march was broken at the Park grounds, where a large number of people had congregated and partook of basket dinners. The shade of the park was a fine retreat from the heat and dust of the streets.

Before the hour of the speaking arrived the park grounds were filled with teams, buggies and people. Beeson's band gave the crowd some fine music before the meeting was called to order.

Rev. D. McCormick opened the afternoon services with a prayer. He was followed by Capt. Clad Hamilton, of Topeka, who was introduced by Mayor Summersby.

Captain Hamilton delivered an excellent address, but owing to the breeze, he was not heard by the entire crowd. He is a pleasant speaker and indulged in no rant. It was a patriotic address, and treated of the events before the American people. Those who heard Captain Hamilton, speak of him in the highest manner for the able and patriotic speech which he delivered.

A rain at 4 o'clock interrupted many of the sports, and a large portion of the crowd had left the grounds previous to the rain. Many people remained and for lack of shelter were "dripping wet."

The sports and games part of the celebration took place on the new park track, and were viewed by a large and appreciative crowd. The track was rather heavy for best work, but it is rapidly improving.

The result of the bicycle races was rather a surprise. Tobe Anthony winning the quarter mile dash very handsily. Rob Rath won the half mile race, and Hartley Goodrich won the mile handicap. H. Beattie second, and Tobe Anthony almost tying for the position. Goodrich received 25 yards handicap, Beattie 200 yards and Anthony 25.

The broncho race was a spirited contest and was won by Will Gardner; John Madden second. Several impromptu races were matched and run, which added greatly to the amusement of the day.

The broncho busting contest was the star attraction. A good exhibition of this dangerous but attractive sport being furnished by nearly half a dozen expert "busters." Elmer Scott was declared winner, James Crawford getting second money. Matt Inel also gave a fine exhibition of riding.

A sudden down pour of rain interfered with the closing games, several being cancelled.

The prizes in the games were as follows:

Wheelbarrow race—Jess Gibson, \$1.00; Tom Murphy, 50c.
Obstacle race—Jess Gibson, \$1.50; Geo. Bartlett, \$1.00; Tom Murphy, 50c.
Boys' Foot-race—H. Beattie, \$1.00; Geo. Anderson, 50c.
One-quarter mile Bicycle race—Tobe Anthony, \$3.50; R. M. Rath, \$1.50.
One-half mile Bicycle race—R. M. Rath, \$3.50; Tobe Anthony, \$1.50.
One mile Bicycle race—H. Goodrich, \$5.00; H. Beattie, \$3.50; T. Anthony, \$1.75.
Broncho race—Will Gardner, \$9.00; John Madden, Jr., \$6.40.
Broncho Busting—Elmer Scott, \$11.40; James Crawford, \$7.00.

There is a large army of escaped criminals and fugitives from justice wandering about the country. Sheriff Shawver has received from Texas a 162 page book containing the names of more than four thousand fugitives from that state alone. The report is compiled by the sheriff's association from the reports of sheriffs for the past four years. It is arranged by counties and besides naming the crime gives a brief description of the man wanted. If other states are equal to Texas there must be near fifty thousand fugitives from justice every year to keep the sheriffs and police officers of the United States busy.—Wellington Mail.

Elmer Scott was injured severely by the horse falling and rolling over on him. Owing to the rain the base ball game was not played.

Henry Carey had charge of much of the arrangements and to him great credit is due. All the committees unite in expressing a wish that Mr. Carey be especially praised for the work which he did. Wm. Wilkinson is also deserving of many thanks for the work he did on the race track.

The Fourth of July closed with fireworks and a dance in the rink.

A good many people were in attendance and it is believed everybody enjoyed the day's festivities.

The base ball game was postponed until today at 2:30 p. m.

The throwing of eggs at a "coon" was a side show for the boys fun. Some of the eggs had an unpleasant odor.

The day was well spent, and there was no drunkenness observed.

Recruits from Populism.

Ex-State Treasurer Atherton's statement that he "can call the names of fifty-two men in our county (Russell) who voted for Bryan in 1896, who will vote for McKinley and the straight Republican ticket from top to bottom this year," is interesting but not surprising to men who have kept in touch with the "plain" common people. The most of the fifty-two men he has in mind, says Mr. Atherton, says are farmers.

We doubt if there are fifty-two men in Kansas who voted for McKinley four years ago who will vote for Bryan this year.

No such anomaly is known of anywhere as a Kansas man who voted for the gold standard in 1896 and intends to vote for it in 1900. On the other hand, the number of veteran Populists who have been converted by the "infallible proofs" of their own experience from the error of their way, who have been convinced by the persistent failure of all Mr. Bryan's now exploded prophecies of disaster to follow the gold standard, who approve the conduct of William McKinley as a peace President as well as a war President, is legion. The Abilene Reflector tells the following story as a sample of changes that have been silently going on for four years in every part of Kansas:

The best thing in the Republican county convention of Marion county this week was the splendid speech made by Mr. Tom Reed, a delegate from Clear Creek township. Mr. Reed is an ex-confederate soldier and an old time Democrat and Populist. But with impassioned eloquence he thrilled the convention in announcing the cause of his conversion to Republicanism. He described his own desire to don the blue and follow the old flag in the Spanish war, to show that though an ex-confederate, he was as loyal as any one. But he has but one arm and couldn't go. But he sent a son. He described the glorious achievements of the last two years, and then he compared the fault-finder with the copperheads of the civil war. "We would have been licked two years sooner," he exclaimed, "and thousands of lives would have been saved but for these copperheads, and when these later copperheads set up their howl the scales fell from my eyes, and I asked myself if it were possible that I had been training with that sort of a gang all this time." Then the roof went off the old court house. The convention adjourned with singing "America."

Here is not only a Populist, but a Populist of Democratic antecedents and not only of Democratic but of Confederate antecedents, who glories in his conversion to sound Republican principles. The vote in November will tell the story of how many thousands of Populists have gone through the same personal experience in the last four epoch-making years.

A dispatch from Louisville says that "Kentucky farmers are storing their wheat and expect \$1.50 a bushel for it," and the same dispatch tells us that "W. S. Snelton, the wheat expert, who has been over Kentucky and Indiana, says that if he owned a quantity of wheat he would hold it until the price reached \$1.25 and perhaps \$1.50." Mr. Snelton adds that the farmers have a chance to get 50 cents more per bushel than they expected. This information is published, of course, for what it is worth. For the sake of the farmers it is to be hoped that Expert Snelton may turn out to be a good prophet. But the farmers of the great Northwest will be a little curious to learn why a wheat expert should base his opinion of the prospects for crops and prices on the result of his observation through Kentucky and Indiana. In other words, they will wonder why the wheat expert didn't take the trouble to visit the wheat states.

"They had an eating contest the other night at Pin Hook school house."
"Who won?"
"Ben Splutters—he ate nine head of cabbage."
"Didn't it make him sick?"
"No. He just took a spoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. That prevents Stomach Trouble of any kind, they say."
At W. F. Pice's.

A HOBO ON A TRAIN.

"I spent several hours in a small country town not far from here a few days ago," said a young professional man of this city, "and, to kill time, I joined the usual group in the corner grocery store. One of the crowd was a freight brakeman and after the South African war, the imperialistic policy, the Westminister creed, and other trifling matters had been discussed and settled, he told a story about a tramp who was stealing a ride on the bumpers during his last run. The conductor seen him first," he said, "and when he came back to the caboose he said, says he: 'Bill, there's a blamed ugly-lookin' hobo on the trucks behind the first car. Suppose you go up and fire him off.' All right, cap," says I, and starts front. When I gets to the first car I looks down, and, sure enough, there was a big greasy hobo squatting on the ledge, holdin' on to the brake iron. 'Hi, there!' says I, 'what d'y mean by trying to beat the road? We're going slow now and you hop right off!' The hobo reached round into his pocket and pulled out a gun about a yard long. When he pointed it at me, it looked like a piece of stove pipe. 'You freckle-nosed baboon,' says he, 'if you don't go about your business real sudden I'll cave your face in! Skip!' says he. I skipped.

"When I got back to the caboose the con says, 'Well, Bill, did y' fire the hobo?' 'No,' says I, 'I didn't. In chat-tin' with him,' I says, 'I found out we was kin, and I didn't really have the heart to bounce the poor feller!' 'Well I'll do it myself, then!' says the con, getting hot, and away he goes over the tops. Pretty soon I could hear him comin' back lickety-split, on a dead run. He slid down the brake iron like a streak of greased lightning and dropped into the caboose seat all out of breath. 'Did y' fire him?' says I. 'No,' says he, sort of faint. 'Why, how was that?' says I, pretendin' to be surprised. 'Well, I'll tell you,' says he, confidential, 'it's funny, but, d'y' know, when we got to talkin' I found out he was some kin to me, too.'"

To Exterminate Prairie Dogs.

"It has been discovered," says John C. Peery, of Texas, in Chicago Record, "that prairie dogs can be exterminated by suffocation, the method being to saturate a piece of cotton with bisulphate of carbon. This should be dropped in the prairie dog's mound and covered over. It rapidly generates a gas which has a tendency to penetrate downward into every corner of the underground chambers occupied by the parent dogs and their young, giving them a quick and easy death. Millions of prairie dogs have been killed in this manner during the past few months. A number of men have taken hold of the work as a regular business and they take contracts to rid farms and ranches of the pests at the extremely low rate of four cents per acre or \$25 per section. Inasmuch as the animals destroy fully 50 per cent of the grass and wheat in the vicinity in which they are found the land owners can well afford to pay the low price demanded for getting rid of the little pests. The only difficulty about making the riddance permanent is that the railroad companies and the state own vast tracts of land and there is no effort being made to exterminate the prairie dogs on these lands."

How much a man is like his shoes! For instance, both have a sole to lose; both have been tanned; both are made tight—by the cobbler; both get left and right; both need a mate to be complete, and both are made to go on feet. They both need heeling, off or sold, and both in time will turn to mold. With shoes the last is first, with men the first shall be last; when shoes wear but they are mended, too. They are both trod upon, and both will tread upon others, nothing loath; both have their ties, and when polished, both incline to shine in the world; and both peg out.—Ex.

Compressed air, which is brought forward as a rival to electricity, has, in turn, a rival to contend with. An inventor claims that liquid steam will be an important economical motive power. He heats water by pressure to a temperature of at least 600 degrees Fahrenheit. The water remains a liquid, but when turned into a cylinder expands with greater force and swiftness than steam vapor. This use of superheated water is not new in theory, but has not hitherto been practically successful. A plant to apply it to railway cars is under construction in New York. It is claimed that a car can be run forty miles by liquid steam without recharging. The apparatus is so small that it is hardly noticeable when attached to the truck.

Bumps and Bruises.

Sprains of sores, burns or scalds, wounds or cuts, tetter or eczema, all quickly cured by Banner Salve, the most healing medicine in the world. Nothing else "just as good."

Royal Baking Powder

Makes
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More
Healthful

Royal Baking Powder possesses peculiar qualities not found in other leavening agents, which arise from the superior fitness, purity and healthfulness of its ingredients.

Royal Baking Powder leavens the food perfectly by its own inherent power without changing or impairing any of the elements of the flour.

Thus the hot-breads, hot-rolls and muffins, and the delicious hot griddle-cakes raised by the Royal Baking Powder are wholesome and digestible, and may be eaten without distress, even by persons of delicate digestion.

Alum baking powders are low priced, as alum costs but two cents a pound; but alum is a corrosive poison and it renders the baking powder dangerous to use in food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Globe Sights.

From the Atchison Globe.
If it's good butter, we don't care whether it is Jersey or Holstein.

It isn't fair to measure other people in your half bushel, but you probably do it.

Be careful about quarreling with friends over a trifle. Some people never make up a quarrel. Friends are rare enough to be worth preserving.

An Atchison young man who started out to be president, is now a private soldier, at \$13 a month.

Lots of women call themselves worms in their prayers whose honest opinion is that they are birds.

You know how ready and recklessly you talk about other people? Well that's the way they talk about you.

There is always a good deal of sympathy for a horse that is tied in front of a joint, and that wants to get away.

A boy can't understand why his mother is so pleasant when a guest breaks a dish, and spansks him for even cracking one.

When a woman sees a handsome park in a city, she thinks what a pity it is to waste the grass when it would support a cow.

A gentleman once said to a reporter, I never took a paper that didn't pay more than I did for it. One time an old friend of mine started a paper way down south and sent it to me and I subscribed just to encourage him, and after a while it published a notice of an order to sell a lot at public auction. So I inquired about the lot and told my friend to run it up to \$50. He bid me off the lot for \$37 and I sold it in a month for \$100 so I made \$62 clear by taking that paper. My father told me that when he was a young man he saw a notice in a paper that a school teacher was wanted away off in a distant country, and he went there and got the situation, and a little girl was sent to him, and after a while she grew up sweet and beautiful and he married her. Now if he hadn't taken that paper what do you suppose would have become of me? I would of been some other fellow, or maybe I wouldn't have been at all.—The Milford Herald.

We have a good sale on Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin because we guarantee it and refund your money if it does not do just as we represent it. Call for a booklet that tells you all about it, at W. F. Pice's.

Denver News: What do you think of a man wearing gold coin for buttons on his clothes? was the question of B. L. Hewitt, the cattle man, at the Brown the other night. "Benson McKee of Albuquerque has set the tongues of the eastern nabobs wagging by a little fad he has. I saw him last week on a Burlington train looking after a lot of bronchos he was taking to Chicago. And every button on that man's clothes was a gold coin, soldered to a ring on the back. Word seemed to have gone ahead by wire that Barnum's show was coming. At every station there was a crowd to see the man with the gold buttons. Why, the twenties on his overcoat looked like sunflowers. When we reached Chicago there was an ovation. Every employee of the stock yards turned out to bid McKee welcome. And the way some of those fellows touched the yellow buttons was enough to make one laugh. McKee's overcoat was fastened with double eagles. His sack coat had tens for buttons, while his vest was fastened with a long row of fives. What he had on his trousers could only be guessed. Above the tails of his overcoat in the back, of course, were two 1899 twenties, and for a scarf pin a gold three-piece, that commands a premium on account of its rarity, was dangling from a pin with a diamond as big as a snow ball for a head."

The marriage license now issued in the probate courts of the state have, by the board of health's order, to be accompanied by a special form to be filled out by the probate judges in which form is fully stated the nativity of the candidates for matrimony, their age, the parentage of each and a score of other answers to questions submitted by the state board of health.

Talk about Sherlock Holmes! A colored man of Arkansas City had stolen from him three bales of hay. A local detective got down and looked at the ground. They had been carried away in a wagon, the left wheel of which wobbled. Swiftly then detective began to hunt for three bales of hay with a left rear wobbly wheel in close proximity; found them, arrested the culprit and restored the hay.

In Junction City last week a boy was struck by lightning and upon his breast when he recovered was the picture of a cedar tree under which he was standing. The papers of the state have been locating this little story of art at Clay Center, notwithstanding the only cedar tree in that town belongs to an old woman who takes it in the house every night or during a storm.