

**TIEFENBACH BROS.**  
 Wall Paper Decorations  
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 Room Mouldings  
 NEW STOCK NEW DESIGNS  
 PHONE 249 CHESTNUT STREET

**The Dodge City Mill and Elevator Co.**

**J. H. HILLYER, Mgr.**

Dealers in

**FEED.  
 FLOUR AND GRAIN**

**... State Bank of Dodge City ...**  
 Oldest and Largest Bank.  
 G. M. HOOVER, President. E. F. KELLOGG, Cashier.  
 DIRECTORS, G. M. Hoover, M. M. Gwinner, C. E. Smith, C. O. Waring, H. R. Brown.  
 CORRESPONDENTS, New York: National City Bank, Kansas City: First National Bank.

**The National Bank of Commerce  
 Dodge City, Kansas.  
 UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY.**  
 Capital \$25,000. Surplus \$11,000.  
 Organized and conducted on the principle of conservative banking.  
 H. A. BURNETT, Pres. P. H. YOUNG, Vice Pres. A. GLUCK, Vice Pres. GEO. B. DUGAN, Cashier. G. E. LAWHEAD, Ass't Cashier.



**Paying for Experience**  
 A severe "belly ache" is the price paid for the fun of eating green apples. Mamma told them not to do it, but it took actual experience to convince them.  
 We say the same thing about green lumber. It may look right, but after it is in the job a while, it will warp out of shape, and a bunch of trouble is what the experience will cost you. If you want to be sure of getting good, thoroughly seasoned lumber, don't take any chances, but come to us for it. It will cost you no more than the other kind will elsewhere.  
**THE McCURDY LB'R CO.**

**PIANOS.....**  
 Knabe, Bush & Gerts, Kimball, Iver & Pond, Price & Teple, Smith & Barnes, and many other Pianos carried in stock. We will guarantee to sell you a Good Piano for less than any out of town dealer. We have a few special bargains in used Pianos. Come in and see.  
**P. H. YOUNG MUSIC HOUSE**

**LIKE "EASY MONEY"**

**AMATEUR BEGGAR'S HARD LUCK STORY WON.**

But Perhaps If He Really Had Been Hungry His Nerve Would Have Failed Him at the Critical Stage.

After turning down an uncouth looking stranger who expressed his desire for the price of a meal, John A. Thompson continued thoughtfully on his way.  
 "Must be embarrassing to ask a man for a dime and get turned down," mused John. "That poor fellow didn't know how to put up a plausible story. 'Tisn't so easy, mebbly. Like as not I couldn't do any better."

These thoughts led to still mere thoughts and the first thing John knew he had determined to find out if he could tell a hard luck story that would get the money.

Slowly and with measured stride, he strolled on down Superior avenue. He had decided to watch and prey, and keep on watching until he sighted his prey.

By and by, a well-dressed man, valise in hand, whom John felt sure was a total stranger to him, came walking briskly along.

John Thompson stopped him. "You doubtless have just finished a hotel dinner," began John. "I am hungry. Were you ever hungry?"

"I don't care to be cross-examined," returned the stranger tartly.  
 John winced slightly. Could the stranger know that he made his living cross-examining people? But he took hold of the man's lapel and renewed his line of talk. "I've got to have a piece of money, I tell you," he said with vehemence. "I'm hungry. You wouldn't stop to argue if you'd ever been real hungry. Possibly you've been reared in the lap of luxury and don't realize how gray the sky lugs looks when you haven't even the price of a sandwich in your pocket."

"You seem like an intelligent fellow," remarked John's victim, sizing him up, curiously. "You shouldn't have to go hungry. There is work for all in this world."  
 "You are complimentary," returned John, "but it does not alleviate my craving for food. My stomach has been almost entirely depleted for 24 hours. Have you no sympathy? Is there no feeling of humanity in your soul?"

"Your clothes are good tailor-made garments, I take it. You shouldn't be without funds. You've seen better days."  
 "You're evading the issue," sighed John, sadly; "the fact remains that I am hungry, almost to the point of starvation. If you are unwilling to aid a poor, needy person like me, say so and—"

"Oh, well, take this," cut in the stranger, dropping a quarter into Thompson's hand. "I didn't say I wouldn't help you. I am simply interested in sociology and wondered why a man, evidently of some intelligence, should—"

John was smiling whimsically as he replaced the quarter in the hand of his benefactor.  
 "I just wanted to see if I could do it," he explained. Then drawing a crisp new five-dollar bill from his vest pocket, he added: "Walk on over across the street with me and have a cigar or something."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Dream of Grouchy Man.**  
 Landlord W. J. Akers is authority for this story, told a few days ago by Congressman Adam Bede during a brief sojourn in the city.  
 It's about a man who got up wrong foot foremost, refusing to respond to his wife's cheerful greeting and working himself up into a sullen fury for no reason at all.  
 "Did you sleep well, dear?" she sweetly asked, all unaware of his huff.  
 "Sleep, nothing!" exclaimed the grouchy. "I did nothing but dream."  
 "How nice," she giggled. "I wonder if you dreamed of me?"  
 "Just that," he affirmed. "All night, too."  
 "And what did you dream, dear?" she ruthlessly pursued her inquiry.  
 "Dream I you ran away with a fellow," he growled.  
 "Yes? And—"  
 "And I was wondering what in thunder he was running for."—Cleveland Leader.

**Police Dogs Useful in Parks.**  
 In the Amsterdam and Haarlem parks and woods the police dog is invaluable and has already saved many a woman and child from molestation. The idea that such dogs are about causes a wholesome dread in the minds of would-be criminals. It is hoped that The Hague will also soon be favored with canine additions to the police force, for the extensive parks and woods are often rendered dangerous by tramps and other undesirable individuals.

**Defends "Art" on Billboards.**  
 Charles M. Bowman, a councilman of Wilkesbarre, has achieved fame by defending theatrical billboards. In a speech which turned the tide in the city council that seemed setting against these prominently pervasive objects, he said: "Where, I say, where can you get finer art than is on some of the billboards? These pictures excel in beauty the paintings of Benjamin West or the sculptures of Michael Angelo and are a delight to the naked eye."

**LESSON BROUGHT HOME TO HIM.**

A Wonderful Child Explains Other People's Viewpoint to Father.

He was a doctor, and not such a young doctor either. That is to say, he had been practicing for nearly ten years. An interesting event happened in his family and he found himself the father of a very fine girl, his first born.

A patient who happened in about three days after the event didn't have a great deal of chance to talk about his particular ailments because the father was very eager to tell all about the child.

"I've helped to bring a lot of children into the world," said the doctor, "and I know a lot about them. But I want to tell you that this is about the finest I've ever seen. Now that may seem to you merely to be the enthusiasm of a father, but really I know it's so." And he went on for some time telling about the merits of his offspring, how she was a finely formed child and embraced all the perfections.

He had turned over the duties of attending to his wife and child to another doctor, as the custom is more or less among physicians. This was the reason for one thing the doctor said.

"One afternoon when the baby was only three days old she sneezed. Some way or another that made me nervous and so I decided to call up the doctor."

"It happened he wasn't at home and nothing would do but I must tell his wife all about it over the telephone. She just laughed at me and that sobered my excitement."

"Afterward I thought how angry I might have been had some one of my patients called me up on a foolish matter like that. It just goes to show that this sort of thing is done right along by folks who ought to know better."

**Franks of Politicians.**  
 Albany is infested with practical jokers who make the telephone the chief instrument of torture. At four o'clock one morning Assemblyman Colne, chairman of the assembly committee on canals, was called out of bed. The conversation was in this order:

"This you, Colne? Were you asleep?"  
 "No, no; I was playing bridge whist on the lawn tennis court."  
 "Well, we dislike to disturb you, but we have an argument down town. One man says you are the best authority in these parts on canals. Is that right?"

"Well, I consider myself pretty good in the daytime, but I don't care to be pulled out of bed and asked to discuss canals at four o'clock in the morning."  
 "You're a little sensitive, is that it?"

"Sensitive nothing; don't you think a man has a right to be a little sensitive over such a trick as this?"  
 "But you're not angry?"  
 "No, I'm delighted."  
 "Well, what we wanted to know is this: Is there any statute prohibiting a member of the legislature from taking a bath in any portion of the Erie canal which is not used for drinking purposes?"

What Mr. Colne said then will never be printed.—New York Herald.

**The Spirit Moved Him.**  
 An old negro preacher approached a southern physician and offered a scrap of paper.  
 "Please, sah, read dat," he said.  
 The physician found it to be an advertisement in which it was asserted that whisky was the only genuine and reliable specific for malaria.  
 "But you haven't any malaria, uncle," he assured the old man; "none of it around here at all."  
 "Whar do dey hab it de wust, Mars' Jeems?" the old man asked, curiously.  
 "It's pretty bad down on the Cypress river," the physician told him, naming a locality some 20 miles away.  
 A few days later the physician was passing the old fellow's cabin and observed him climbing upon a rickety old wagon piled high with household goods.  
 "Moving, Uncle Ned?" he said.  
 "Where are you going?"  
 "Mars' Jeems," the old man said, solemnly. "Ah done had a call; de sperit done move me to go wuck in de Lord's vineyard on de banks ob Cypress ribber!"—Harper's Weekly.

**Tribute to French Wives.**  
 French girls make good wives. The French bride is comparatively less extravagant than her British or American sister. Where the British wife requires \$4 a week, the American wife \$18 or \$20 a week for the housekeeping, the French wife will manage admirably on \$1.90. The Frenchwoman does not regard her husband as a mere money making machine and her house simply as a place to sleep in. As soon as she is married she is her husband's partner in business as well as in private life. She considers it her duty to make herself acquainted with every detail of her husband's business. No French husband will think of taking any important step without first consulting his wife, and her advice is often amazingly shrewd.

**A Gibsonism.**  
 Dave Gibson delivers himself of this epigram, which we grab off before he gets a chance to print it:  
 "The business of a business man is to see that his employes attend to it."—Cleveland Leader.

**Solid as a Rock.**  
 Tom—I ate some of the cake she made just to make myself solid.  
 Dick—Did you succeed?  
 Tom—I couldn't feel any more solid if I had eaten concrete or building stone.

**CASTORIA**

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

**What is CASTORIA**

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS**

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

**PUBLIC SALE**

A public sale of Cattle, Horses, Farm Machinery, Etc., will be held five miles west and five miles south of Jetmore, and 19 miles north of Dodge City, beginning at 10 o'clock a. m. on

**Wednesday, April 28, 1909**

150 head of cattle, 50 cows from 3 to 6 years old, 25 2-year-old heifers, 14 2-year-old steers, 67 yearlings about half steers, 2 registered Short Horn bulls, 1 registered Red Poll bull. 21 head of horses, and a lot of farm machinery. Eight months time on sums over \$10.

**John L. Wyatt**

**The Weather**

For the Last Few Days Could Hardly Be Classed as Summer Weather, But By Referring to the Calendar You Will Note That Summer is Not Far Distant.

With the arrival of summer weather comes the necessity of the use of Refrigerators. None but the best is good enough for the American Home.



We handle the "Alaska." The ice man don't like them because they use less ice than any other make. For this reason, if no other, the "Alaska" should be in every home; but there are other reasons: perfect refrigeration, perfect circulation of cold, dry air, and perfect sanitation. No moisture from the melting ice outside of ice chamber. They are lined throughout with white enamel, making them easy to clean. In short, they are the only perfect Refrigerator. Come in and let us "show you."

The women claim that ironing on a hot summer day is, indeed, a hot proposition. Why not escape as much of the heat as possible by getting a "Jewel" Gasoline Stove and a set of "Asbestos Sad Irons."

**ASBESTOS SAD IRONS**

**J. S. RUSH**

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**Kansas State Bank**  
 Capital Stock \$20,000  
 Undivided Profit \$1,000

Accounts received on terms consistent with good banking  
 SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT