

THE PALESTINE DAILY HERALD.

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W. M. AND H. V. HAMILTON, JR., - - - EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS
TELEPHONE 444,
"The Hamilton Boys, You Know."

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there should be no
masters but justice
and duty and love of
right and fellowman.

PALESTINE, TEXAS, JANUARY 18, 1907.

THIS DATE IN HISTORY.

- 1772—Queen Matilda of Denmark condemned to imprisonment for life.
- 1816—General thanksgiving in England for peace, following end of Napoleonic wars.
- 1865—Emperor Maximilian instituted the order of the Mexican Eagle.
- 1874—Eng and Chang, the famous Siamese twins, died. Born 1811.
- 1897—Spanish gunboat Relampago destroyed by Cuban torpedoes.
- 1905—Great Fall River strike ended.

Again we say, pay your poll tax before the first of February.

Only a few more days remain in which to pay your poll tax. Get busy.

Things are growing around here just like it was the good old summer time.

The prediction is freely made now that the fruit crop in Texas is going to suffer very extensively as a result of this warm weather.

Governor Campbell is the twenty-third governor of Texas, and his administration is going to prove "23" for many evils that now threaten the State.

Some of the progressive people of the county are going into the tobacco business. This is a crop that is sold at a profitable price before it is planted.

Palestine is waiting to be investigated by the promoters of the new railroad. Don't think for a moment that she is not willing for an investigation. She invites it.

Palestine is not enjoying a building boom, but building here is more active than it is at this time of the year, as a rule. Several business houses and many residences are now building.

Palestine is coming. The working people are all busy, and the merchants are enjoying good January business. New buildings are going up, and are being occupied, and everything looks promising for a good year.

And Senator Bailey's name is in the Waters Pierce code book. He is known as Republish to the oil company. Bailey says this, too, is all right. Maybe so. About as near all right as several other things connected with his record.

The letter written by George Clark of Waco, the local attorney of the Waters Pierce company in Texas, to Johnson, the company's head attorney in St. Louis, looked very much like somebody was looking for influence. Read that letter carefully and see what you make out of it.

It passes the understanding of a modest man how Bailey could muster the nerve and gall to push in at the inaugural ceremonies as he did. Under the circumstances he should have been at the most only a silent observer. But to be modest would not be Bailey.

The Herald is still waiting to see the white man's primary ordered for the city election. If such a primary is held, and all of the candidates agree to abide by such a primary, we see no reason why a bitter campaign should follow. Every fair man should be willing to leave the choice to an intelligent vote of the people.

The Anderson County Canners will be in session in this city tomorrow afternoon, meeting in the city hall at 1 o'clock. The object of the meeting is to get the local canners in closer touch with the organization in Eastern Texas, and put the business on a better basis. If you are interested in the canning business it will be worth your while to be at this meeting.

The legislature should make some disposition of the Bailey controversy and get rid of it. If there is to be no investigation, then let's dispose of the whole question, send Bailey back to the senate, and take the consequences. Whether an investigation

Investigates or not, there are thousands of good Democrats in Texas who will never be convinced but that Bailey has been keeping bad company. The public opinion can not be changed from this decision.

The skating waltz is a brand new craze, and it is said to have society in some of the Northern States in its warm embrace and going with them. We don't know anything about a skating waltz, but if it combines the intoxicating pleasure of skating and the dreamy pleasure of waltzing all into one it must be something. However, we are willing to accept the evidence of some one else for it, as we are doing all of our waltzing in our own family these days, and took off the skates some years ago.

If Captain Bill McDonald should decide to go to Washington he would be a lion of the day worth reading about. From the publicity given him up there people generally think Captain Bill is a wonder and some of them stand ready to bet that he can shoot a hole as big as a Texas afternoon in a cat two miles away. However, Texas appreciates the man for his genuine worth, and congratulates him on his new position tendered by Governor Campbell.

The weekly edition of the Herald is a hummer this week. It is a ten-page paper, containing forty-six columns of reading matter, including local and general news, editorial, the governor's message, etc., and fourteen columns of advertising, in which the leading business concerns are represented. The Weekly Herald is growing in popularity every day, because in it the subscriber gets several times his money's worth.

In Williamson county the past year were grown approximately 125,000 bales of cotton; and already the plows are going all over that county, preparing for another crop. The last year's cotton crop, averaged at \$50 a bale, which is a low average considering the prevailing prices, means that the farmers of that county received \$6,250,000 for their cotton crop. And Williamson county is in the heart of the boll weevil district.

The Herald hopes the people of the city are fully awake to the Baptist university proposition, and that no effort will be spared to get this institution for the city. The Baptists are going to locate a big school in Eastern Texas. As the Herald understands it this is a settled fact, and some town in Eastern Texas is going to get it. Now Palestine should be that town. The institution will be made a big school for both young men and ladies and will take rank among the first schools of the State. It is an enterprise that Palestine can well afford to go after and stay after until it is secured. Let us get busy.

THIS IS MY 37th BIRTHDAY.

Olga Nethersole.

Olga Nethersole, the famous emotional actress who has played on this side of the Atlantic so much as to have almost become an American, was born in Kensington, January 18, 1870, the daughter of a London solicitor. Some years of her childhood were spent in Germany. She made her first appearance on the stage at the age of eighteen in the Theatre Royal, Brighton, as a member of one of Charles Hawtrey's companies. Her next engagement was in a provincial company. Her first "hit" in London was made in a common-place melodrama at the Adelphi theatre. Then she accepted the second woman's part in Mr. Pinero's first "problem" play, "The Profligate." A short time afterward she went to Australia at the head of her own company, and returned to London in time to take a leading part in a revival of "Diplomacy," at the Garrick theatre. In 1894 Miss Nethersole was lessee and manager of the Court theatre, London. In the fall of the same year she paid her first professional visit to America. Since that time she has made several starring tours of the United States, also acting as manager of her own company. The chief characteristic of Miss Nethersole's acting is its thrilling intensity, which has won for her marked success in emotional roles.

HER BURIED VANITY

"Why have I left off wearing rings and curling my hair?" repeated Margaret. "Well, I'll tell you why. My vanity has received such heavy blows that it is completely crushed."

"The first blow was about a year ago when Mrs. Black and I were standing at the window watching Alice and my mother coming up the street. Mrs. Black said: 'What a handsome woman your mother is!' I was glowing with pleasure, but before I had a chance to say a word she added: 'You must look like your father.'"

"Well, for Alice's mother that wasn't so bad," remarked one of the others. "You ought to hear what she said to me."

"Oh, never mind now what she said to you," exclaimed Jane. "We want to hear about Margaret's rings and hair."

"For a while I hardly dared look into the glass," went on Margaret. "However, when my bruised vanity was getting strong enough to be about I invited some of the girls to dinner. They had never seen my mother, and when she appeared at the table you never saw such a surprised lot. 'Why, you don't look at all as I thought you would, Mrs. Carter!'"

"Just as if anybody ever did!" said Elizabeth. "Why, do you know?"

"Let Margaret go on," said Jane, impatiently.

"Wishing to say something they could dispute, I remarked jocosely, 'You thought she was thin and homely like me.' But they didn't dispute it; they agreed unanimously, so I knew that I had expressed their inmost thoughts."

"Your mother ought to be suppressed," said Elizabeth. "She's altogether too good looking for everyday use."

"Well," began one of the listeners, "some girls are simply awful anyway. Why, do you know, one of them told Dora—"

"Oh, let Margaret tell why she doesn't curl her hair," said Jane.

"As you may suppose, my vanity was ground into the earth again; but not until I met John Stewart was it buried, never to be resurrected. John used to admire me very much and I might have been—but let that pass! I hadn't seen him for ten years, and when I did see him, I had on that dress I got for Helen's wedding. I hope none of the rest of you contemplate marrying a rich man; at any rate, not until my pocket book is better filled. Well, every one said I looked stunning in the dress, and I'll frankly admit that I expected to make John regret losing such a clever, well-dressed and generally desirable woman. After shaking hands joyously a reminiscent look came into his eyes and he said, 'What a pretty girl you were ten years ago, Margaret.'"

"John Stewart ought to be drummed out of decent society," began one of the listeners. "He told Edith Sills that her—"

"Oh, bother Edith Sills!" exclaimed Jane. "Go ahead, Margaret. You haven't got to the hair and rings yet."

"Mr. Scoville happened to be standing by—"

"He usually is," interrupted Elizabeth.

Margaret went on as if she hadn't heard. "He said if Helen of Troy had been alive ten years ago, and if I was prettier then than I am now, she would have had to look to her laurels."

"Complicated, but undoubtedly intended to be complimentary. Surely that didn't drive you to a ringless and straight-haired condition," said Elizabeth.

"You're not including that in your blows, are you?" began one of the listeners. "That Mr. Scoville is the nicest man. He told Maud Gregory once that he—"

"Oh, never mind Maud Gregory," exclaimed Jane. "Do go on, Margaret."

"There is no more at present," said Margaret. "I know Mr. Scoville imperiled his immortal soul, but it was in a noble cause. To conclude, all these straws, taken together, convinced me, that the vanities of the world are not for me. What's the use of trying to be beautiful against such fearful odds?"

"What's this I hear about odds?" asked Margaret's sister, coming in. "Surely you're not betting on horses."

"No, we weren't betting," explained one of the listeners. "Margaret was just telling us why she had stopped curling her hair and wearing rings."

"Well, Margaret, I might have known," said her sister, turning to her reproachfully. "You bound me to secrecy just because you wanted the pleasure of telling it first yourself. But he knows a thing or two doesn't he, girls? It's so distinguished to wear straight hair when it's becoming, and Margaret's never looked so well any other way. And her new diamond ring makes her other rings look cheap, so of course she won't wear them."

"What are you talking about?" Eleanor? gasped Elizabeth.

"Why, just what you were talking about: Margaret's engagement to Mr. Scoville."

"Deceiver! Buried vanity indeed!" shouted the chorus.

"I knew it all the time," said Jane with a superior air. "My brother saw Mr. Scoville showing the jeweler that old Norwegian ring of Margaret's, to get the right size for the new ring; and I heard from very good authority that he liked straight hair. I just thought I'd make Margaret tell on herself; but she was interrupted so many times, she went on resentfully, 'that I gave it up.'—Chicago Daily News."



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COPPER WAS THE STAPLE.

Amusing Experience of Paymaster at an Irish Boarding House.

Back in the '70s, when the Kansas division of the Union Pacific was called the Kansas Pacific, Maj. E. D. Reddington, who had served with distinction in the civil war, was paymaster. At that time the paymaster was the biggest man connected with the road, in the estimation of the employees and the people living in the towns along the line, and his arrival in the pay car was usually the occasion for a great outpouring of the people.

One night Maj. Reddington's car pulled into the town of Wallace. The major and his clerks were given a grand welcome by the people. They were escorted to a railroad boarding house and treated as royal guests. It was conducted by a buxom Irish woman who boasted that she set the best table at any town along the road.

At supper that night every regular boarder turned up at the table looking like his best. The Irish "landlady," as they called her, appeared in a neat blue calico dress, all primed up and smiling.

"Tay'r coffee?" she asked with a pretty courtesy, as she passed from one guest or another.

The regular boarders understood it all, and they answered: "Coffee, please, mum." Maj. Reddington, however, was a down east Yankee and not much of a coffee drinker, so when the question was put to him he replied with his usual politeness:

"I will have a cup of tea, if you please."

It almost took her breath away. The look of disgust on her face caused the regular boarders to titter. Then she flared up.

"Say coffee, ye omadahn, f'r we have no tay," she said, as she poured the major's cup full of steaming coffee.—Kansas City Star.

Came Right in the End.

"Molly," said Mr. Gunner, as he came in to supper the other evening "I took a little flyer with the ponies to-day. I put up \$10 on a sure thing and lost."

"What!" exploded Mrs. Gunner, her cheeks blazing. "Do you mean to stand there, George Gunner, and tell me that you were idiot enough to throw away your hard-earned money on the races?"

"Yes, dear, but listen! After I lost the \$10 I thought I would chance a five-spot on a 5-to-1 shot. I won."

"You won? Well, if you really won I suppose—"

"But just then I got a tip from a friend and put the \$25 on a dark horse. I lost."

"You lost? Oh, George, how could you? And I need a hat and shoes. If I had my way I would destroy every track in the country."

"But hold on. Just then I found a lone dollar bill in an inside pocket. I put them on a 100-to-1 shot and won hands down. Here's the \$100, pet."

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