

# The New State of Oklahoma

Bigger than Missouri; as big as Ohio and Indiana combined, with a soil teeming with all the crops that any State raises, OKLAHOMA—the new State—is destined to occupy first rank in a few short years. Here at the present time over a million people are duplicating the life which is going on in Illinois and Indiana. Their houses; their towns and their schools are newer but in nothing else do their surroundings differ from those in other States. Their cities and towns are growing and expanding with the impetus of a fertile soil, and a pushing, wide-awake citizenship. Her settlers, mainly from the older States, see the virtue of encouraging enterprises of every kind and the needfulness of getting more and better facilities of getting more hands to develop the country.

In brief, conditions to-day are simply these: OKLAHOMA is in need of nothing save people. More men are needed in the cities and towns; more farmers for the vast acres of unimproved land not now yielding crops of which it is capable. The are openings of all sorts, for farmers and artisans, for mills and manufacturing plants, for small stores of all kinds.

On The First and Third Tuesdays of each month you can make a trip to OKLAHOMA exceptionally cheap. Round trip tickets good thirty days will be sold by all lines in connection with the M. K. & T. Ry. at very low rates. From Chicago to Oklahoma the rate is \$21.55; from St. Paul, \$20.25; from St. Louis, \$18.90; from Kansas City, \$12.25. The tickets permit of stop-overs in both directions via M. K. & T. Ry. If your nearest railroad agent cannot give you the rates, write me for particulars.

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Wainwright Building, St. Louis, Mo.

Or A. C. Miner,

T. P. A., M. K. & T. Ry., Sedalia, Mo.



## Where Women Are Bald.

From the Detroit Tribune.

"The women, not the men, go bald in Brittany," said a barber. "They go bald where it shows most—above the ears. Women, quite bald above the ears, are as common in Brittany as bald-headed men are with us.

"Brittany is a granite-strewn, hilly, well-wooded country in northwestern France, overlooking the sea. It is New Hampshire, with the sea added. The Breton peasants speak a language which resembles Welsh; they hate strangers, and they wear a peculiar costume.

"This costume is what causes the baldheaded woman. One part of it, the colf or headdress, a cap of white linen, requires that the hair be drawn back very taut from the temples. Drawn back thus, as taut as it will go, it begins to disappear at the age of 25, and by the time she is 35 or 40, the Breton peasant woman looks as if she were the victim of some terrible disease; for, from her temples to well behind her ears, she is as bald as an egg.

"The men, on the contrary, are never bald. For one reason, they work bareheaded. For another, they belong to the low, animal type of man that preserves a head of thick, coarse hair to the end. They are a nasty lot, the men of Brittany—drunk every day or two, putting all the work on their wives, shouting ribald insults in the Breton tongue at tourists."

Misses Olivia and Ruth Brown were with Gem City friends, Thursday.

## "Songs of the Soil"

BY FRANK L. STANTON

### "GOODNIGHT AND GOODBY."

Sunlight on valley, and meadow and stream.

And wedwell in the bright world, with Love and a dream!

But sunlight will die In a shadowy sky:

Life is only "Goodmorning," "Goodnight" and "Goodbye."

In a day that is dead, but whose glories still gleam,

We stood in the sunlight, with Love and a dream!

There was never a sigh Neath the shadowless sky,

We knew but "Good morning," and never "Goodbye!"

But the years have grown old, and your tresses of gold

Are white as the snow of the Winters so cold!

Flowers bloom but to die: All the world is a sigh:

Life is only "Good morning," "Good night" and "Goodbye!"

♦♦♦♦

The mockingbird sings because the song is in him; but lots of folks sing because they think they have voices.

The humble things of life are the sweetest after all; the trees of the woodlands catch the dew of heaven and drip 'em down to you

Even in sorrow light enough comes to us to glimmer through the tears of all the years.

♦♦♦♦

"Now, Molly," said the Billville lover, "since you've promised to be mine, we might's well have a plain understandin', 'fore it's too late. Air you a-goin' to wear the breeches, or me?"

"Well, John, that depends. You kin try 'em a while, an' ef they fit you,—why, it'll be all right; but ef they don't—God help you."

♦♦♦♦

"Sal, will you dance this dance with me?"

"No, Bill; I done promised Jim."

"That's all right, Sal, Jim's busy jest now;—somebody stole his razor an' spiked his shotgun!"

♦♦♦♦

It's mighty easy ter git a reputation fer wisdom, but mighty hard ter exercise what wisdom we wuz bo'r with.

Ef money don't fetch happiness it sho' do make you feel lak' shoutin' halleluia w'en dey ain't no meetin' gwine on.

♦♦♦♦

We walk in the light, but sweeter to a weary world is the darkness that brings rest.

Even if they should take hell out of the Bible some of us would get lonesome, and start one of our own.

We'll need so much rest when we say goodnight to life that when the best tramp blows we'll growl at Gabriel for waking us too soon.

The devil doesn't go abroad in sheep's clothing these days: When he tackles the sheep there's never enough fleece left to stuff a pincushion.

♦♦♦♦

Here is a Georgia youngster's definition of thunder and lightning:

"The Thunder is Maw, readin' a lecture to Paw, an' the Lightning' is Paw—runnin' to git away from it. But I doubt if Lightning' kin beat him when he jumps the garden fence an' hits the grit!"

## Yester Year

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

The world is gold and pink and white, The blue of sky is flecked with foam,

The birds are chorusing delight About the hanging eaves of home;

And yester year you laughed—and, oh,

You loved it, dear, you loved it so.

The sun shines through the lilac trees

That stands beside the garden gate,

Again the quest of thrifty bee As when you stood there—

glad to wait; And yester year you smiled

—for, oh, You loved it, dear, you loved it so.

The little bridge across the brook

Is shaded by the chestnut plumes,

The wind is silent now that shook

The petals of a hundred blooms;

And yester year you watched—

—for, oh, You loved it all, you loved it so.

The swallow throws a thin swift shade

Across the lawn sun kissed and green,

The petal snows in drift are laid,

The rosebuds peep their leaves between;

And yester year you hoped—and, oh,

I watch because you loved it so.

The road winds through the green hedge rows

To where upon a hill is set The garden where the cypress grows,

And hours the chiselled records fret:

And yester year you saw—

—but, oh, You left it though you loved it so.

The flowers stoop the graves to kiss

Which round the grey church cluster near;

Within God's garden fair there is One white cross more than

yester year, And yester year you loved

—and, oh, The gladness of a year ago!

## Ways of the Gotham Preacher.

From the New York Sun.

Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati, who has asked his congregation for leave of absence to advocate an initiative and referendum law on the stump in Ohio, takes his political responsibilities too seriously.

A valedictory on leaving for Europe in the spring and a survey of the field of political effort in returning in the fall, or two leaps into the ring with a somersault over the elephant, a mad gallop on the donkey and a few quips and grimaces, are the proper and sufficient thing here in New York.

## Morgan—Rowland

Sunday W. Mark Rowland, of Hannibal slipped away from friends and came to this city, where his dulcea Miss Alma Frances Morgan, of Bevier, met him and at 8 o'clock p. m. at the home of the grooms aunt, Mrs. J. K. Ely, were married by Rev. H. R. Trickett.

The next morning they took the train for Hannibal, their future home.

## Makes Last Trip.

Oct. 11.—Dean S. Goldberg, a traveling salesman died at his home, 129 South 8-venth street yesterday evening at 8:15 o'clock. He had been sick for the last six weeks and his death was due to a complication of diseases. Mr. Goldberg was 51 years old and had been a resident of this city only three years. He traveled for the Krey Packing company, of St. Louis, and made Quincy his headquarters. His wife and five children survived. The children are Eugene, Josephine, Helen, Sadie and Frank, a lot of whom reside at the family home here. He also leaves his parents and a sister, Mrs. E. D. Farley, of Galesburg. The latter accompanied by her husband arrived in the city last night to attend the funeral.—Quincy Herald.

—Mr. Goldberg was well known in this city. His second wife was a daughter of Patrick Cochlin, of east of this city.

## 15

Friday was Miss Marion Reid's natal day and some ten of her young lady friends decided to make merry with her, by spending the evening and taking supper with her.

Ed Mounce, of Macon came down Saturday to visit relatives.

WANTED:—Gentleman or lady with good reference, to travel by rail or with a rig, for a firm of \$250,000 capital. Salary \$1,072 per year and expenses; salary paid weekly and expenses advanced. Address with stamp, Jos. A. Alexander, Monroe City, Mo.

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## RAILROAD TIME TABLES

MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS.		
TRAINS SOUTH.		
No 53 Passenger	8:14 a. m.	
51 Passenger	11:15 a. m.	
9 Wabash	4:45 p. m.	
507 Local Freight	8:15 a. m.	
TRAINS NORTH.		
23 Passenger	1:42 a. m.	
5 Passenger	2:57 p. m.	
9 Wabash	10:47 p. m.	
507 Local Freight	2:57 p. m.	

WABASH, at Moberly, Mo.		
EAST BOUND.		
3 Atlantic Express	1:30 a. m.	
11 Atlantic Express	3:10 a. m.	
10 St. Louis Accommodation	5:58 a. m.	
23 St. Paul Limited	10:05 a. m.	
1 St. Louis Express	2:15 p. m.	
4 Eastern Express	2:50 p. m.	
2 St. Louis Mail	9:30 p. m.	
2 Buffalo Express via Hannibal	9:30 p. m.	
WEST BOUND.		
4 Pacific Express	9:00 a. m.	
1 Kansas City Accommodation	9:24 a. m.	
3 K. C. Fast Mail	1:20 p. m.	
11 Pacific Express	2:10 p. m.	
3 K. C. Fast Mail	6:20 p. m.	
1 Omaha Express	11:30 p. m.	
GOING NORTH.		
No 3 Pacific Express	1:40 a. m.	
15 Omaha Accommodation	6:40 a. m.	
3 Western Mail & Express	2:15 p. m.	
19 St. Paul Limited	6:20 p. m.	
GOING SOUTH.		
4 Atlantic Express	8:10 a. m.	
20 St. Paul Limited	10:05 a. m.	
2 Eastern Mail and Express	2:30 p. m.	
6 Moberly Accommodation	9:30 a. m.	

## BURLINGTON ROUTE

WEST BOUND		
No 15 Passenger	1:02 a. m.	
No 55 Passenger	1:54 a. m.	
No 3 Passenger	8:52 a. m.	
No 41 Passenger	1:08 p. m.	
No 5 Passenger	6:21 p. m.	
No 91 Local Freight	9:22 a. m.	
EAST BOUND		
No 56 Passenger	12:09 a. m.	
No 14 Passenger dont stop	2:29 p. m.	
No 4 Passenger	2:25 p. m.	
No 6 Passenger	9:22 a. m.	
No 16 Passenger	3:13 a. m.	

\* Daily except Sunday.  
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Leo Yates and wife were with Bluff City friends, Monday.