

Farmer's Champion

J. S. BOULE, Publisher

ELGIN,

OKLAHOMA

OKLAHOMA NEWS NOTES

The young ladies of Tarkenton organized a baseball team and played the local boys at a recent game.

Lawton will entertain two conventions this week, the market makers and the druggists being in session.

A Lamont man awakened at the usual hour one morning last week to find his wife dead at his side.

The Brumfield Herald apologizes for last week's issue of the paper, saying one of the force got married.

Durant citizens are circulating a petition calling for an election to vote heads for the erection of a courthouse and jail building.

Goodwill citizens celebrated with a bonfire news that the legislature had appropriated \$10,000 in aid of the Panhandle Agricultural school.

A Wetumka fisherman tells a new kind of fish story. He confesses that he set out 100 hooks in the Canadian river and did not get a line.

Crackmen blew the safe of the Wheatland postoffice, 12 miles south of Oklahoma City, and got away with \$100 in money and \$50 in stamps.

According to the Tulsa Advocate, nearly every house in the town is occupied by patients who have come to the town to receive treatment from local physicians.

A fire-fighting baseball game between a girls' team and a boys' team was played at Tulsa, the boys being required to handle the ball entirely with the left hand.

The Hawthorn Herald frankly acknowledges that the devil edited last week's issue of the paper in the absence of the angel, who was in Bartlesville attending a convention of angels.

At Roby a carload of pine lumber caught fire and an engine was attached to the burning car and a quick run made to Hugo, where the local fire department was called out to extinguish the flames.

The Anadarko Democrat wants the "marriage license and good health bill" amended to provide that the "applicant be able to stand flat-footed, jump his length, pay his grocery bill and whip his weight in willcats."

Times-Democrat of Muskogee says it is perfectly right for congressmen to conduct a mail course of instructions on how to obtain a federal office, if he wants to, but in the mean time the pie knife is getting rusty.

That those who marry in haste can repent at leisure is exemplified in the Lawton man who within a few weeks after being granted a divorce married a second time and is now serving a one-year sentence in jail for his haste.

An Oklahoma judge has decided from the bench that each man in Oklahoma is entitled to one jag per year, and that such would not constitute grounds for divorce. If some other judge will now provide the peruna life will be worth living.

Promoters of an electric light system in Quinton have deposited \$100 with the city treasurer as a guaranty of good faith, and say that in the event work is not commenced within sixty days from the date of the franchise the city may keep the entire amount.

The Logan County News has a plan for the state to recover all, and more, too, of the money spent by the legislature. The plan is to put the legislature on exhibition, charge a dollar admission and run excursions from all over the country. It says the people are wild to watch the legislature perform.

To ascertain the most ancient game indulged in by the human race, the Bartlesville Examiner recently conducted a lengthy research, and found that playing hands was known before Hoyle was ever thought of.

General headquarters for the third district of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad company, including the system south of Caldwell, Kan., in the states of Oklahoma, Texas, Arkansas, Louisiana and Tennessee, will be moved on June 15 from Fort Worth, Texas, to El Reno, Okla.

J. L. Burke of Hobart, was appointed by Governor Cramer to succeed George H. Bloom on the state board of embalmers. Bloom's term having expired April 1. Burke's term extends for three years. The other members of the board are L. T. Walters of Ada and John M. Draper of Oklahoma City.

The county commissioners of Garfield county have refused to call an election for the purpose of voting on the free fair proposition, holding that the 1,472 names on the petition were not 30 per cent of the qualified voters of the county.

IN A RAW DISTRICT

Things Happened When Attempt Was Made to Move County Seat.

By WALTER JAMES DELANEY.

"You did us a good turn once, Doc. We intend to return the compliment." Young Dr. Hector Fairbanks smiled pleasantly but hesitatingly—in fact, almost suspiciously. The speaker was Dan Babbitt. As he stood garbed in his ruffe Tennessee mountaineer's costume, two holsters at his belt, strength, independence and grit showing in every strong lineament of his face, the doctor did not marvel that he had been made the leader of the famous "Midnight Riders."

It was a raw district, that of which the young physician had been a resident for almost a year. There were two principal points in the county—Ridgeford and Princeville. It was at the former town that Dr. Fairbanks had taken up his abode. The two places were only five miles apart, and the "safety zone," as it was called, encircled them for an area of about twenty miles. Thence to the south of Princeville was a mountainous stretch infested by rough moonshiners known as the Breckitt clan. The same condition prevailed south of Ridgeford, where Dan Babbitt and his "Midnight Riders" held full sway. A broken ridge divided the two districts, the respective rights and privileges of which were jealously guarded by either community.

For years a small but solidly built structure located just on the township line at a little settlement called Bryan had been the registrar's office of the county. All the official business of the district was carried on there, and there the county records were kept. One night the Breckitt raiders, wiping out a fancied insult from the main residents of the place, "shot up" the settlement, set fire to what little there was of it, and every structure in Bryan was consumed except the registrar's office.

The state authorities were advised of this outrage and ordered a special election. The votes of the county



"That Ought to Please You."

were to decide upon a new site for the registrar's office, with a view to locating it in a less isolated locality where its records could be protected. A central point was necessary, and the choice designated was between Ridgeford and Princeville.

It was an uproarious occasion. The election was held at Bryan. The Breckitts appeared en masse, mounted and armed. So did the "Midnight Riders." Their leaders grouped their men near the office to "protect" it and prevent fraud. About noon the indications were that the votes were favoring Princeville. At the close of the polls, however, it was announced that Ridgeford had carried the day by just three votes. Then pandemonium broke loose.

Jed Breckitt declared that the ballot box had been stuffed. Dan Babbitt proceeded to seal it and hand it over to the sheriff for safekeeping. Some one started a row. There was a shot, a general melee, and one of the old-time clan battles ensued.

Now, three days later, Dan walked into the office of Dr. Fairbanks with the words that begin our story.

The favor which the young physician had done to which Dan alluded was an exigency call for attendance on a wounded friend for whom the officers were looking. He rode twenty miles amidst all the perils of a dark, stormy night, saved the life of the refugee, braved a stray shot from the watching Breckitts and won the undying gratitude of Dan.

"I thought I would come and tell you how things stood about the registry office," continued the young outlaw leader.

"Why, the election has settled that matter," observed Dr. Fairbanks. "Not by a long shot!" dissented Dan vigorously. "An election isn't much in this country. Jed Breckitt realizes that and we have accidentally learned, has sent for a house moving outfit to bag the registrar's office, records and all, over to Princeville."

"You amaze me!" exclaimed the young physician. "Just let them get that building over to Princeville," continued Dan, "and we'll never get it back. The Breckitts count on claim; fraudulent votes. They'll throw the case into the courts and grab the records. I've come to get your help. I want you to quietly get about fifty of the residents here who can be depended on, ready to act with my crowd tomorrow night."

"In what way?" inquired the doctor. "You'll know when the time comes, Doc. If your crowd will stand by us Ridgeford will get the records. That ought to please you. It gives us the county seat, it brings people here, it builds up the town and your business, doesn't it? Besides that, you'll have an interest in knowing that once the Breckitts get the registrar's office, new people will be put in control."

"I see," nodded the doctor, seeing the light indeed, and looking a trifle embarrassed.

"There's old Dolliver and his gal—especially the gal, bless her pretty eyes! Miss Dora—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the doctor, blushing furiously. "I feel it a duty to help you."

Old Jonathan Dolliver had been the registrar of the county from time immemorial. His daughter Dora was his chief clerk. It meant a good deal to them, this county seat imbroglio. Besides that, Dr. Fairbanks, in the vernacular of the district, was "courting" Dora.

"You people make a stand here," ordered Dan to the doctor and his party the next night. "If we need you we'll signal."

Dan and his men had eight horses hitched to an enormous flat drag, made of strong timbers and chained solidly. They ascended the hill laboriously. As they reached its summit nearly every man broke out into a yell.

Lanterns were flashing, men moving about. They had been anticipated. Moved about fifty feet from its original site, there was the registry office being slowly and cautiously dragged along the top of the ridge. A moving apparatus with a windless operated by horses was evading a dipping slant to get the building to the flat, level road leading to Princeville. An immense rope cable, taut and straining, held the great drag on which the structure tilted dangerously.

"Change 'em!" ordered Dan at once. "Leave the rest to me," and then, as his men drove into the unprepared Breckitts, Dan sprang to the cable, his bowie knife in hand, and began hacking at it.

"Look out—she's coming!" his strenuous voice thundered out.

The startled and amazed contingent led by Dr. Fairbanks witnessed a fearful spectacle, as down the steep hill-side the heavy, clumsy structure came hurtling. It toppled from grade to grade, then three hundred feet below at the edge of the road it landed with a crash, a mere kindling wood wreck. There were shots overhead, then they ceased, and then the voice of Dan Babbitt was heard distinctly:

"We are two to one, you fellows. If it's a fight, come on—but no scrimmage. The registry office is over on our side of the township line now, and we're ready to defend our rights."

The Breckitts made off sullenly. Dan came down with horses and drag. "Pick up the splinters, boys," he ordered. "Take special care of those iron record boxes. 'Doc,' and he lowered his tone to a chuckling whisper, "I reckon that sweet Dolliver gal will keep her position a little longer, eh?—until you give her a life-long one in that new home of yours."

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Spice Bags of Egypt.

One of the most satisfactory methods of scenting the clothes closet, is a spice bag. These bags are imported from Egypt and are as pretty as they are fragrant. The spices are arranged on a cushion of cotton batting and covered with white gauze. The sheerness of this bag permits the various colors of the spices to glimmer through, giving a very pretty effect. The bags are tied with narrow satin ribbon and can be hung anywhere, though the best results are obtained in the narrow confines of a closet or drawer. The color is so unusual and so very refreshing and appealing that many women hang them beside the dressing table, thus perfuming the entire room.

For the Debtors.

A rural manufacturer duns his customers in the following novel manner: "All persons knowing themselves indebted to this concern are requested to call and settle. All those indebted to this concern and not knowing it are requested to call and find out. Those knowing themselves to be indebted and not wishing to call are requested to stay at one place long enough for us to reach them."

TO BE WHITE SUMMER

THAT MEANS FRESH, COOL AND BECOMING TOILETTES.

Also Practical Tub Frocks That Are Exceedingly Chic—Vivid Colors Are Offered, However, for Those Who Prefer

It is a long time since summer frocks were so alluring as those that are being shown for the coming season. This is to be a white summer, so fashion authorities say, and a white summer means fresh, cool and becoming toilettes. Even white wool has a way of looking cool, and the average woman on a hot day will look cooler



Pompador Marquisette.

In white serge than in colored gauze, however she may feel.

Naturally, colors will not be taboo. All who want them may wear them, not only in soft, summery tints, but in vivid hues, startling to the eye, for never has this generation seen color combinations and designs more brilliantly audacious than are shown in many of the new fabrics, particularly among the silks.

There are Oriental bordure stuffs that are beautiful and not too bizarre; and some of the Oriental designs translated by way of the old Jany prints are really delightful if discreetly used.

PARASOLS IN VARIED STYLES

May Be Practical or Made of the Finest of Fabrics, Just as the Owner May Prefer.

Although practical parasols will still be made of taffeta, filmy fabrics like chiffon lace and tulle will be preferred for decorative effects. Those of gay fabrics and colorings will be made without lace or net covering, but veiled, printed satins and silks which harmonize with so many frocks will be popular. Stripes will be very much used, black and white framed with a wide, black border, as well as pin stripes with tiny bouquets of prim flowers flung in between.

A white silk parasol veiled with black chiffon has a ruching of white and black chiffon on the edge. Another model of this kind is made of embroidered taffeta applied in points over a deep border of white chiffon. A model of emerald-green silk turns up abruptly all around the edge. A garden party parasol has a center of ecru crepe figured with fruit and flowers, terminating with a wide ruffle of lace. The gayly ruffled empire parasol acts out like the skirts of a belle of 1860.

A palm-shaped parasol of white silk is shirred so that the fullness spreads out between the ribs like a palm leaf. It is edged with black silk. A sunshade shaped exactly like a lampshade is made of white chiffon, lace-trimmed, and edged with crocheted balls and black velvet. Also on the lampshade order is a parasol of gray chiffon, ruffled and shirred on its flat top, encircled around the edge with three bands of black chiffon.

Even where the Oriental idea is lost, brilliant color is frequently used, and odd and daring color-schemes are exploited. Parisian dressmakers and milliners revel in this sort of thing, but such revels are dangerous for the designer who has not the French color-sense, who is not truly an artist. And so one comes back to the original proposition, that a white summer is a kindly thing and that the wise woman will take advantage of the fact that white is exceedingly chic as well as becoming. Moreover, it is practical. Of course, it means cleansing and tubbing, but it will cleanse and it will tub, and that is more than can be said for a large per centage of the colored fabrics, if they are dainty enough to be pretty.

The woman who yields to the lure of the delicate pinks and blues and lilacs and greens, or of the delightful, flowered cottons, which are so tempting in the first spring showing after a winter of dark skies and dark frocks, may have an attractive summer wardrobe, but it will be neither practical nor so economical as that of the woman's who turns her back upon the flowery spring lines and buys the white that is not so bewitching in the hand, but is so eminently satisfactory on the back.

FLOWERS FASTENED TO FAN

Distinctly New Place Found for the Bunch of "Futurist" Blossoms Just Now in Such Favor.

A new place has been found for the distinctive bunch of futurist flowers. They have been used at the corsage, on the hat, at the belt and on the neck ruff. Behold them now fastened pertly to net, lace or ivory fan. They are effective, too, the gaudy, stiff flowers, against the dainty white fan. They are generally caught about the stems to the outside stick of the fan, and one of the flowers is fastened securely in place farther along the stick. Arranged in this manner they do not interfere with the opening and shutting of the fan.

The woman who can use a paint brush can make a futurist fan of a different sort by decorating a net or lace fan with spots and blotches of brilliant color, cerise, orange, purple and bright green, in oil paints.

Shaded Effects.

At a college dance recently given in the college theater every one marveled at the pretty girls, the fine-looking men and the general air of happiness and enjoyment that prevailed. Other dances given in the same room had been successful, but there had always been a sort of barnlike atmosphere which no amount of gaiety could dispel. One of the members of the committee explained the change. The girls on the committee, six of them, had bought several rolls of deep pink crepe paper, a ball of twine and some pins. On the tops of step-ladders and chairs they had made and fastened on ruffled paper shades over every electric bulb in the room. The result, for which the dancers could find no reason, was an air of festivity which every one noted. It was all due to the soft yellow pink light.

Bar Pins Worn.

The three-inch bar pins continue in favor. Those with the sterling or aluminum setting holding clusters of rhinestones and oriental pearls make a charming clasp for the delicate laces that trim so lavishly the present day blouses.

STRAW AND VELVET



Black straw is used for this oblong-shaped hat, which is trimmed with a band and bow of cherry ribbon velvet and a small bunch of flowers.

Novelties in Bracelets.

If your forearm is white and rounded, it deserves the decoration of a bracelet. Depending upon the size of your income or of your earnings, you may have a pretty and dainty bracelet of filigree silver, of silver links and crystals or in silver bands joined by tiny chains in coral. Just a wee bit more expensive are the beautifully engraved bangles in sterling silver and gold and a trifle beyond the income of the well-to-do wage earner (who is thrifty) are the snake bracelets in gold, set with amethysts.