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Communications to receive attention must be newsy, upon important subjects, plainly written only upon one side of the paper; must reach us Tuesdays, if possible, anyway, not later than Wednesdays, and bear the signature of the author. No manuscript returned, unless stamps are sent for postage.

REGISTER! REGISTER! REGISTER!

There is but one day—October 15th—left for the citizens of this city to register for the coming election, November 3d. It is to be hoped that each one who has not registered will do so; let there go forth from this city and state a just rebuke of the present policy of this administration for the closed coal mines, and that resulted in throwing out of employment thousands of workmen with families to support. Let each one consider this fact as he registers and afterwards cast his vote on November 3d, that he is entering a protest against the "free-trade" policy of the present party in power. The only way to do this is to make the next Congress so strongly Republican as to prevent more of such legislation, that has proved to be such a great detriment to the future prosperity of the country. It will announce on the part of the citizens of this state that the President need not hope that he will receive the electoral vote of the state if he should be the candidate of his party for the place he now fills two years hence.

Mr. Wilson feels at this moment that the coming election will repudiate him and his party's acts, and for this reason he is causing the present Congress to remain in session until they pass all the baneful legislation that he has marked upon his program for them to pass.

Colored voters of this city and state have now the chance to show Mr. Wilson their high (?) regard for him in his segregation policy towards members of our race and the general policy of his party towards us in its denial to us of our legal rights.

THE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

The Republican ticket is good enough for The Colorado Statesman. It is good enough for every colored voter in Colorado. It is good enough for every man or woman with the right of franchise, who stands for what is upright, progressive, clean and above-board in state government. To head the ticket with the name of a man who is in his very prime, a magnificent example of perfect physical development, who has always kept in leading touch and practical sympathy with every influence that has made this state great, and with every principle that has sought to make and to keep her and her people clean, progressive and righteous, is to command the respect, admiration and support of all people who love truth and honor and order more than they love political pretension and personal clamor over bombastic party politics. Nothing better could have been done to set the Republican party in this state squarely on its feet and give it at once the inside track in the coming race. George A. Carlson, as a candidate for governor, is an inspiration to every good citizen and an honorable assurance to every honest voter of every class.

But the remainder of the ticket is on a par in character with the head, and altogether it presents a combination which, for merit, cannot be beaten. A more satisfactory and deserving ticket was probably never placed before the voters of the state.

The colored voters of Colorado can always be counted on the side of clean and honest government. Sobriety, order, cleanliness, progressiveness and all the characteristics of decency are of great importance to the welfare of the colored people, and the ticket now before them they have every reason to feel genuine confidence.

TRUTH.

There is no greater or grander word or expression known to men or to angels than this one word—Truth.

In its larger sense it embraces everything that is, known or unknown, for it stands for everything that God has created and called good. But in its more definite meaning it represents that which is right and just as opposed to that which is wrong.

And truth is always just. No matter how it may hurt or injure, nevertheless it is right, for it is but the balance which weighs up against a past wrong, and readjusts and brings to a righteous level a surface that has been thrown out of its natural condition.

The wrongs, the sins which men commit are many, but there is never one that must not at some time, in some way, be redeemed. A lie is not only an abomination, but it is a fictitious creation of human imagination, and therefore an outcast of nature. It must die; because there is no true life in it. Although its fate, its final end is certain, it is best that a lie be nailed to the cross at once. The sooner it is dead the less it will baffle truth. And the lie is the resort of cowards. It springs from minds that know that they are in the wrong and which hope for temporary gain without earning or deserving gain. Men grow in strength and power only as they are willing and able to face and abide by the truth.

Look into the character of the man who flees from or seeks to oppose the truth, and you find one who at heart is a moral coward. He is not capable of great deeds and his life and efforts are worthless to humanity and to himself. The greatest freedom, and therefore the greatest happiness, that a man can enjoy, is to know that he has not attempted to turn his feeble strength against what is true and right, which is the creation and the might of God. Many men follow false standards, imagining that they are in the right, and though, for a time, they may seem to prosper, their final downfall and that of their standard is inevitable, for while falsehood may endure while it is not understood, "truth crushed to earth shall rise again!" Then seek the truth bravely; bow to the truth with unshaken faith; honor, strive for and exalt the truth, for nothing else on earth is worth while.

How Preachers Could Improve Their Sermons
By Rev. W. C. POOLE, Wilmington, Del.

A preacher's congregations have to accept his sermons whether they want to or not, but editors do not have to send back checks for manuscripts their readers do not want. The preacher may claim that a sermon is not to be compared with a magazine manuscript. Certainly he will not deny that he is divinely commissioned to be a "fisher of men." But what wise fisherman would go fishing without first carefully choosing the kind of bait to interest the fish he is trying to catch?

A standard question in opening a business proposition is, "Can I interest you?" Millions of dollars are paid to writers of advertisements so to phrase every sentence as to get the attention and interest of the reader. Merchants know it is absolutely necessary to interest the crowd to sell their goods. Who pays a dollar for anything which does not interest him? How long will people come to church if the church fails to create interest in them?

It is not so much the question of getting the crowd which might go to some other church, but it is the greater question of getting the people who will not go to any church if not interested. I can get the crowds by supplying their needs for this world and the next.

The Master did not do this to get the crowds, for he never stooped to anything unworthy of the Son of God; but, to phrase it differently, the crowd came because he met their immediate and future needs.

What could be more sensational and effective to draw a crowd than working miracles?

The newspapers report how thousands tried to get near Doctor Friedmann when he was reported to have a cure for the white plague. Jesus fed the multitudes, not with ice cream after those big meals, but with food when they were hungry, and the miracle he wrought did not lessen the interest.

Peculiar Ways of the Butterfly Girl
By Martha B. Hastings, Boston, Mass.

She won a chafing dish in a prize contest, and, as an instance of her heedless ways, she fluttered around and invited all her friends to a chafing-dish supper. Her mother, when she heard of the invitations, remarked cynically, "And she can't even make a cup of tea."

She lies in bed in the morning and lets her mother and sister bring her breakfast to her. She has such appealing, butterfly ways about her that her friends run to fulfill her every wish. She thinks life is a bed of roses especially made for her to lie upon.

This may all be pleasant for her, but is she letting herself grow into a woman to be admired? Even though she may be liked because of her charm and her cute ways, ought she herself to be satisfied with this?

Surely it is more worth while to be a sweet, womanly, useful girl than to be a pampered doll. Ought she not to come forth from the slough of indolence and selfishness and be of service as well as being served?

Even flowers yield honey, and no girl, no matter how pretty and popular she may be, should be content always to accept and never to give.

She ought to rise above such a low standard of life. Because she is liked is all the more reason why she should give some real return for this liking. She could give her friends something genuine for what they give her, not the meaningless coin of smiles and thanks and nothing more.

To her mother and sister she should give some real return for all the love and attention they lavish upon her, and not accept these as if they had been born to wait upon her.

Making Scapegoat Out of Family Cat
By E. B. PLUMMER, Detroit, Mich.

And yet they would slaughter the family dog. These people who howl about the family cat always forget the floor mop drying in the back entryway, to say nothing of the dishrag that has been used for a week without being sterilized.

Even the canary bird and his germ-laden cage are overlooked in order that they may make a scapegoat out of the family cat.

But before they kill the cat and his brother, the dog, let them try a little right living and right thinking. Let them be clean inside, be clean outside, ceasing to suppose that talcum powder and perfumes mean cleanliness, because they don't; let them live on wholesome foods, the stuff that makes blood and brawn.

Whole-wheat bread, olive oil and grape juice are more wholesome than milk and butter from an unhealthy cow. Let them live in God's sunlight.

And when they have done all that let them think clean thoughts, from a clean body, sustained with clean, wholesome foods and guarded with a sound morality.

Few Absurdities of Men's Fashions
By J. P. WASHBURN, New York

The women's fashions of late years have been awful, heaven knows. Men have an absolute right to object to them—or would have if they themselves were not vulnerable. For the sake of variety I would, therefore, like to call attention to some male absurdities in the matter of dress.

We complain that the women change their styles too frequently. They do. So do the men. Both sexes seem to have lost understanding of the fact that it is wise to hold fast to that which is good and instead seem to seek only novelty.

Take men's hats. The straw hats of one year are distinguished by low crowns and brims as wide as umbrellas. The next year the crowns rival chimneys in height and the brims need a telescope to see them.

One year the shoulders of men's clothes bulge with pounds of felt padding. The next year they are angular with the outline of shoulder bones.

One year trousers are wide enough to furnish material for three extra pairs. The next year they are tight enough for a harlequin.

But why go on? Can we men consistently throw stones at the women from our own crystal palaces?

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