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Thursday, Friday and Saturday, April 6, 7 and 8

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THE IMPRESSIONS OF A TENDERFOOT

Being Black-and-White Sketches of Real Human Interest.



TOMORROW IS THE BIRTHDAY OF ALL OF US, for we are merely parts of the long procession of fools who have choused around since time began. Adam began the foolishness when he got lonesome in the garden of Eden, and so inspired the idea of woman; since which time there has never been another Eden. To be sure all that is worth living for is centered around a descendant of that same woman, but speaking from a selfish standpoint, Adam cut a fat pig in the neck when he began to look at the moon and wonder where his affinity was. That the more

Immediate descendants of this original fool should have grown more ordinary than dirt was a matter of course; the wonderful part could only have been noticed if they had done anything else, and it served them right when the high waters came and all but Noah were wiped out.

Noah in his turn proceeded to show his weakness; instead of keeping the boys on the old home farm, he let them scatter, and as a result we now have a multitude of races instead of the first breed; of course if we all belonged to the same family the newspapers would be short some fine headlines, and there would be no Irish.

Abraham was a fool as well as an ass when he turned Hagar out, not having even the decency of the present Mormons, but if he hadn't done it, we would never have heard the thunders of Sinai, there would have been no clothing dealers and no one for Russia to persecute at dull times. It was a good job for Hagar when she hit the grit, but it looked bad for the old man, and does yet, considerably over a week since it is all said to have happened.

Solomon was a fool, the fact that he had more than one wife demonstrating the fact without any argument, though some few claimed that it showed his marvelous governing ability to keep them all in a good humor at the same time. We can forgive Sol for his lack of sense on this score, however, for it was in the building of his court house that the first trades union was formed, and which has since developed into an institution as broad as the world and which has been an unspeakable blessing to humanity.

Pontius Pilate was a fool of the first water, blinder than one of the numerous bats that undoubtedly dwelt in his garret. If he had had the sense that he was born with he would have waited until he could have seen the truth of the claims of the Messiah and reported it as a work of the ruling party; then he would have been promoted and sent to the legislature or the like of that.

Mark Antony was a fool and a big one. A soldier tried by time, it was in his hands to give to Rome the valley of the Nile and its wonderful richness and win immortal fame; instead of that he went off after a saddle colored lady with a cast in one eye. No one blames Mark for being fond of the ladies, every man that is worth a cuss has the same distinguishing peculiarity, but when he let Cleopatra tie a knot in his shirt tail as he did, he fell from a mighty high pedestal into the dust.

Since these old roosters passed to the sweet subsequently, all the rest of humanity has taken its turn at being fools. No man ever born has failed to achieve the title at some time in his life, and generally it is more often than seldom. Absolutely no person has an armor proof against himself, and soon or later he takes himself in.

The wrong fellow is always marrying the wrong girl and vice versa, good democrats are trying to be good republicans and the reverse, men are trying to preach the gospel who haven't even the virtue of charity, and to edit a newspaper who fail to grasp the vein of humanness that

makes the whole world kin. Men come to the professions with polished educations, and all of the gifts of training and culture, but the divine spark is not there and in trying to follow something for which they are not fitted they steadily make fools of themselves.

There are many others. The man with a \$60 income who lives at a \$70 rate, the boy who is ashamed to work hard with his hands and imagines that he can get through by working other people, the fellow who expects to make anything at gambling except a hard name, the unfortunate who believes there is such a thing as good whiskey, the partisan who gets excited over politics even to the point of alienation with his best friends, the married man who strays off into other pastures, the party who is never satisfied with his surroundings, the doctor who abuses a competitor of a different school, the woman who pinches her gizzard out with corsets, the girl who thinks it beneath her to know the art of housework, the boy who calls his father "the ol man", the elector who stays away from the primaries and conventions and then kicks about the grade of men named for office, the man who does not like the community and yet stays in it, the merchant who does not advertise and wonders why trade is dull, the genius who tells every body else how to conduct their business, and so on to the end of the chapter.

We are all fools. Some of us have it worse than others—and it takes a mighty wise mighty wise man to tell which is which. Many a good brother will swell up like a poisoned pup if you hint that he is a natural born fool, and yet at the same time, in his own heart, the lesson that he is one at least in spots is forced home every day. And it is good for civilization that it is so, for it is only by the making of mistakes and the acting of fools that we advance. We see others, and while it does not prevent us taking our time at the cap and bells, it teaches that us it is the way of humanity and delivers us from many evils that we would otherwise fall into as easily as a colored person yields to the seductive symmetry of a fat pullet.

AMARILLO THE QUEEN.—Like the flowers of spring, Amarillo seems the more a queen from year to year. It has more chance to be beautiful and ain't than any other town on the line of the Santa Fe. That is a royal trait, if there is any such thing. Some of us, who are

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Twice-a-Week Herald one year.....	0.75	Both one year	\$1.30
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Twice-a-Week Herald one year.....	0.75	Both one year	\$1.50
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Daily Kansas City Star one year.....	5.20		
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We have Club Rates with all leading Magazines and Periodicals, a few of which we will mention herein from time to time. If you should wish for any publication we have not mentioned, on request will advise you our lowest club rate. Will be pleased to have a sample copy of any paper sent you. Magazines will not furnish free samples.

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here to stay and pay the freight, forget about it, but it is a fact all the same, the same as the fact that we will soon have Amarillo creamery butter.

Amarillo, the Queen! She sits on a beautiful mesa, a diadem upon a brow of unspeakable beauty and from her throne of grace sends greeting to an enlightened world and parts of New Mexico.

We are the people. The President don't see it, but we are. Lo, the poor son-burned son of the tackless waste, once had a great deal of fun chasing buffaloes and stabbing pioneers in this neck of the woods, but his occupation is gone and his moccasins, properly disinfected, are used for bric-a-brac in the parlors of our best families. Plenty of white Indians left.

Where the scared antelope once bounded with amazing agility, our temple of justice, the goal of hungry statesmen, will soon rear its majestic dome, and the star-eyed goddess will sit enthroned to swat it to any fellow rash enough to steal calves.

Proud are we of this flyess town. The sun, with kingly grace, flings royal robes upon the budding green as he goes flitting o'er the plains to kiss the skies that from us fade to darkness and to night. Balm is his touch, his breath like zephyrs lurking in the air, exhaling sweet perfume that tells us spring is near.

This is Amarillo. The pioneer and the heavy snows are gone but their memory clings, no matter how shattered the good old theme.

Woe has yomosed; grief has chased herself. The blizzard may toss his raging mane above his shaggy head and bellow like Cleveland in the Pecos Valley, but he does no harm to this section of the west. We bear a charmed life and it will be a cold day

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when we get Talmadged. It takes a man with a very long bean pole and a dark lantern to knock our persimmons. We are generally right there on the trail camping ourselves.

Amarillo, the Queen. Our pioneers paid a string of beads to the Indians for this beautiful site and afterward won the beads back playing seven-up. It shows that our pioneers came not here for their health. They knew their business. They were sturdy Christian gentlemen, even willing to get the worst of it—not.

The Aborigine was their oyster. Our settlers were sterling men, born of that pluck, genius, endurance and faith that can be resisted neither by kings nor cabinets. They were the people, as we are the stuff.

Joyously they went afield to gather the remunerative buffalo hide, and brand a few mavericks on the side, often returning in impious haste, with their skins perforated by rustlers. Now we do the rustling ourselves and there are no such unmannerly occasions.

The years have given us wisdom. In the early days we lived off the buffaloes and the emigrants; now we live off the railroads and each other. Some day we will fill the soil as it should be, and then much richness shall be ours.

Just at present that is where we are short. But when the whirligig of time shall bring us Judgment day, with all its joys enhanced, we will pause between Paradise and here, the semblance is so great, or ought to be.

Night's velvety curtain like a winding sheet, will woo us out to dream-land, which is so near the now and the then that the splendid days of our time shall melt the golden ages through.

It won't even be held against us that we failed to plant trees when we should, and to build sidewalks until we became the laughing stock of the southwest.

Amarillo, the Queen.

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During the Cattlemen's Convention at Amarillo, Texas, April 19 and 20, we will offer at auction fifteen nice young Red Polled Bulls, bred and raised on the Plains. All acclimated. These bulls are from the best herds in the United States and are in perfect condition.

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