

It's A Pipe Dream



to get up in the middle of the night and hear the water spouting from a broken faucet or burst pipe. It is not pleasant, but it is generally the result of imperfect plumbing. See to it that your plumbing is all right for the Winter, for that is the time that tries weak pipes and weak plumbing work.

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The Daily Light

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W. A. OWNBY - City Editor
(Residence Phone, Bell No. 289.)

ARE WEARY OF EXPLOITATION AND MISUSE.

Many of the public evils complained of are chargeable to the indifference of voters, to a failure to vote right or to even vote at all. The News has no excuse to offer for those who fail to do their duty at the polls, but an unwillingness to seek for excuses for such delinquents does not deprive one of the privilege of considering the reasons that seem to have caused many people to forego one of their best privileges.

The man in politics has been engaged in much-ado-about-nothing campaigns for the offices until he has made weary and sick at heart thousands of citizens who know his purpose and the old, old tricks by which he seeks to serve himself. Says the Dallas News: The result is that many of the best citizens have grown indifferent and even when duty calls them to the polls to settle in the right way questions of importance they are all too prone to regard it as the eloquence of the man who rails, rattle or hogs, and to go about their business and thus lose the opportunity to do good.

There is a limit to the number of elections a busy people are willing to attend, albeit they may be decidedly patriotic. There is a limit to the desperate game of working on the people year in advance, so as to make sure that some wary candidate or gang may be assured the offices and jobs they seek. When the limit is reached the people remain at home even when an amendment proposing a home law despoiling windows of Confederate soldiers is to be voted on.

The men in politics who have exploited the people until they have made them weary are at least partly to blame when a desirable and timely opportunity is lost because of popular impatience and disgust.

The official count of the vote on the proposed amendments in the constitution of Texas shows the following results:

For amendment to establish home

for Confederate widows, 41,079.

Against, 43,722.
For amendment creating a department of agriculture, with a bureau of labor, 19,726.

Against, 60,733.
For amendment relating to compensation of members of legislature, 9,517.

Against, 71,970.
For amendment providing for creation of improvement districts in cities of more than 5,000 inhabitants, 18,909.

Against, 67,208.
For amendment relating to printing, publishing, etc., 16,043.

Against, 63,780.
For amendment increasing the amount of tax that may be voted for improving public roads, 24,539.

Against, 57,493.

There were thirty counties in which no election was held, and three counties failed to certify to the department of state that an election was or was not held. Of course this vote indicates a strong popular opposition to the proposed changes, but when we reflect that there are in the state something more than half a million voters such fact enables us to derive from these returns a more important lesson than the one learned at the first reading. About 80,000 voters were moved to go to the polls albeit the importance of these amendments is generally conceded. Why were so few disposed to take part in this election, one way or the other?

There may be more than one reason; but surely, this and other similar evidences must mean that the people are tired of a continuous round of changes, of experimental legislation, of useless elections, and of heedless clamor that have been going on. The tall talk about the numerous blessings that are sure to fall to them, in case they will multiply the power and places and give all the campaign orators a chance to save them, goes in at one ear and out at the other. They are sick and tired of it. They have heard the old call of the patriot with blood in his eye until it has in it the ring of the hungry hog-caller, or the cow-caller, or the sheep-caller, or the doodle-bug caller, and they are now moved to disregard it even in instances in which they should vote and work to good purpose.

OUR PAPER ARMY.

The amazing statement is made that in spite of all efforts to fill up the ranks the army at present is 20,000 men short of the authorized strength. There are supposed to be over 60,000 rank and file in the army, including the new authorized additions to the coast artillery corps, but there is no branch of the service which has the requisite number of officers or men. In a few months an infantry regiment is to go on its tour of duty to the Philippines, where it is to remain two years. Only those who have two to serve can be taken. This leaves exactly 136 enlisted men who are ready to go or less than the size of a full company on a war footing. And only nineteen of these are privates.

The men who have tried the service do not like it when they see so many opportunities in civil life. The desertions are alarmingly frequent, nor is it easy to detect them and much more difficult to fill up the ranks. One artillery company contains so few men that if they were given the requisite number of non-commissioned places there would not be a single private, and there are some companies in various branches of the service which actually have no privates at all, in fact, we have only a skeleton army.

Nor would it be so bad if the officers were sufficient for the service. Then we could at least preserve organizations which in time of war or danger could be filled up and be ready for service. It is stated that there is not a single company in the service where the full number of officers is present. Most companies are commanded by lieutenants, many have only a single officer and some none at all. The number of second lieutenants is far less than that of first lieutenants, while the figures should be reversed. West Point furnishes annually only a few officers, civil life and pleasure are uncommissioned officers a few more, but not enough can be secured in any way.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

Diplomacy.

Thomas—Of course the scheme is a good one, but do you think your wife will approve of it? Brown—Yes, if it results in my getting her to forgive me for having told her she was fat. —Patron's Weekly.

Gravitation.

Question—What do you know about the power of the earth's attraction? Candidate—It is the strongest of about 7 o'clock in the morning.—Elle's Weekly.

Confession.

Jack—How do you like my new suit? Brown—It is a fine suit, but I don't like the color. Jack—What color? Brown—The color of your face. —London Telegraph.

What It Proved.

Miss Youngling—Good-bye! Charles—Good-bye! Miss Youngling—What do you think of my new hat? Charles—It is a very nice hat, but I don't like the color. Miss Youngling—What color? Charles—The color of your face. —London Telegraph.

Italian Proverb.

The talker says; the listener repeats. —Italian Proverb.

Her Ready Wit.

Though he had long adored her in secret, worshipped, in fact, the ground she trod beneath the soles of her dainty little No. 3's—he had never yet been able to screw up sufficient courage to put his fate to the test. Poor fellow! He was one of those shy, modest, self-deprecating sort of chaps that are growing rapidly scarcer or he would have tumbled months ago to the fact that he had only to go in and win. Gertrude Alicia knew the state of his feelings right enough, but it had pleased her hitherto to keep him dangling in attendance. At last, however, she made up her mind to hand her fish as soon as a favorable chance presented itself.

And the opportunity came at the Smythingtons' little soiree, when the bashful swain, entering the conservatory, discovered his innamorata looking her loveliest amid the palms and flowers. "Are—are you alone?" he questioned timidly. "In a moment the fair and ready witted girl saw her chance and took it then and there. "A loon, then—er—Mr. Finnikin," she said, with lowered eyelids, "a loon? Certainly not—I'm a gift."

And fifteen minutes later, when they emerged from their retreat, Henry was asking himself how he could have been such a Juggins as to postpone his happiness so long.

Neander's "One Work."

Doctors, when they send away a busy man for several weeks of rest, do not consider that to one accustomed to work an enforced rest is both irritating and depressing.

Neander, the famous church historian, had promised his physician on being ordered to Carlsbad to drink its famous waters that he would take no books with him except one work, which the doctor with reluctance allowed. On the morning of the historian's departure the doctor, wishing to say good-bye to his patient, called at his door and saw a cart laden with heavy folios.

"But, dear professor," said the physician, with the emphasis of displeasure, "you promised me to take no books with you."

"Yes, doctor," replied the childlike professor, "but you allowed me one work, so I thought I might take the fathers with me to Carlsbad."

The "one work" included three or four score volumes.

When Marriage is the Topic.

The wedded state is a favorite subject with the epigram makers. From a very old ballad we take this:

There was a criminal in a cart
A-goin' to be hanged;
Respite to him was granted,
And cart and crowd did stand
To know if he would marry a wife
Or rather choose to die.
"O'other's the worst-drive on the cart!"
The criminal did reply.

More modern is this verse:

I would advise a man to pause
Before he takes a wife—
In fact, I see no earthly cause
He should not pause for life.

The Lord and the Burglar.

Lord Iverdale had just finished his after dinner speech and the guests had applauded when the butler rushed forward and announced to his lordship that there was a burglar in the house.

"A burglar! Confound his impudence! Where is he?"

"We don't exactly know, your lordship. One of the maids, hearing a noise in the library, looked in and saw a man at the safe. If your lordship will allow me, I'll put Jarvis in my place here and take charge of the search."

"Very good, Haskins. Go by all means. Wait a moment—here is the key of my desk. Take the revolver you will find in the right hand top drawer; you may need it. As soon as I can get away without alarming the ladies I'll join you." Munsey's.

Fun in Space.

I dreamed last night that I was present at a committee meeting of the sun, earth, moon and stars.

"Ere we proceed," said the earth, "No, but you have two great fears," said the sun boldly. "And these are?" "The hemlock and the gallows," said the moon. "And the counsel, who had no business to be there, wagged his tail with joy."

Tennyson's Cynicism.

Sir Vere de Vere was the eldest son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, the squire and friend of Wordsworth. His brother, Aubrey de Vere, was a more than well known, a famous poet, and to him in his youth Walter Savage Landor addressed the exhortation: Make thy proud name still prouder, for thy sons.

He had no sons, however, never having married. Neither had his brothers, Vere and Stephen. Thus the name, as a family name, disappears.

The De Veres were early friends of Tennyson's, and it was from them that the poet took the name, which he made proverbial and symbolical of a class—"the caste of Vere de Vere." Lady de Vere, the only Lady de Vere of fact then living, was inclined to complain that her name should be bestowed upon the black-hearted Lady Clara of fiction.

Tennyson wrote dainty verses, but was not master of dainty manners. He growled: "Why should you care? But of course you don't. I didn't make your namesake ugly, and I didn't make her stupid. I only made her wicked."

They Needed the Medicine.

Some years ago a railway was being made in the west of Scotland, and it was arranged that each of the numerous laborers employed should pay a penny per week to a medical practitioner, so that they might have his services in the event of accident or medicine in case of illness.

During the summer and autumn not their illness nor accident occurred. But when a severe winter followed all at once the "navigators" began to call on the doctor for castor oil.

Each brought his bottle, into which an ounce was poured, until the oil was exhausted, and the doctor was forced to send to town for a further supply.

When that, too, was getting low the doctor one day quietly asked a healthy looking fellow what was wrong with the men that they required so much castor oil.

"Nothing wrong at all, doctor," he replied, "but we grease our boots with it."—London Chronicle.

Applying the Test.

There was a barber in an Indiana city who, having been out late the night before, had a shaky hand the next morning and cut a patron's cheek four times," said the man who insisted he saw the incident. "After each accident the barber said as he sponged away the blood, 'Oh, dear me, how careless!' and laughed and let it go at that."

"The patron took all those gashes in grave silence, but when the shave was over he filled a glass at the water cooler, took a mouthful of water and, with compressed lips, proceeded to shake his head from side to side and to toss it up and down.

"What is the matter?" the barber asked. "You ain't got the toothache have you?"

"No!" said the customer. "I only just wanted to see if my mouth would still hold water without leaking, that was all."—Philadelphia Record.

Another Reason.

An English clergyman visiting in this country told of a jilting that had happened in his parish. He said that he had an appointment to marry a couple at 4 on a certain afternoon. He appeared duly, and the bride appeared, but not the bridegroom. The clergyman and the lady, silent and embarrassed, waited in the quiet church from 4 till 6. Then they sadly departed.

A week later the same couple wrote to the clergyman again, appointing another afternoon at 4 for the ceremony. And again the clergyman and the bride were on hand duly, and again the groom failed to turn up. As the two waited time passed slowly in the still and empty church. It grew darker. Five o'clock sounded, then 6. And then the bride broke the silence with a fierce ejaculation.

"Dread him!" she cried. "Tain't his trousers this time, 'cause I bought him a pair."

Willis is Barking.

Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, the youngest son of the novelist, emigrated to Australia and died in Sydney at the age of fifty-one. He represented a constituency in the parliament of New South Wales for six years. Once when he was addressing the house in Sydney he was again and again snappishly interrupted by a member named Willis.

At last Mr. Dickens stopped to remark: "Mr. Speaker, my father coined a famous phrase, 'Barkis is willin'." Under present circumstances I am strongly tempted to reverse it and say, 'Willis is barking.'" The house laughed and the interruptions ceased.

The Nurse's Part.

"Why do so many people insist on having nurses for their children?" asked the motherly woman.

"That is easily explained," answered the impatient man. "A nurse is a woman in a long dress who sits out of her own hearing and let it stir up the children to annoy the neighbors."—Washington Star.

An Improvement.

"Jumping over!" yelled the victim in the chair. "You've cut off part of my ear!"

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