

TALES OF THE TEXAS SHERIFF

By Irving G. Norwood

NEWSPAPERS AND THEIR USES REMIND HON. BILL SANGER OF JOURNALISTIC VENTURES IN ARNIM AND THE RESULTS



THE Hon. Bill Sanger, Sheriff of Arnim, replaced his glass on the bar and rolled a cigarette. "Newspapers," he remarked gravely, "is plumb valuable. But sometimes they print things which can't be used in a newspaper, and I'll be right glad and jubilant when I hear there's one a-coming."

"We've got the outfit for a hang-up paper, all right, which is some rusty and battered, but otherwise good, but we ain't had nobody to run it since New York Smith, which could sling ink swift and frivolous, but which was slow otherwise, went out in Sam's place a couple of years ago. If the man before Smith—his name being Randall—had only held on long enough, folks would have called him a 'journalist' and knowning by this time. His style was some high class and dignified, for these parts, but he knew politics like he did his private book, and he could fan his guns speedily and efficiently. And the paper he got out kept things woke up fine."

"One day me and the Mayor and a lunker named Norton, which had come to Arnim just previous, was standing in Sam's place, when the Mayor he got to talking about what a trouble it was to keep a newspaper in this here town. 'Randall ain't so bad,' said the Mayor, 'but he ain't general enough. He's got his views, and there ain't nobody telling him nothin'. What we want is somebody which can write loose and easy, so as to suit most everybody. Of course, there's some of the boys which wouldn't be suited away, but the law-abiding citizens of this town wouldn't stand for no decided expression of their views.'

"The lunker he looks pleased and anticipat'ing after the Mayor said that, and he says, anxious-like: 'I ain't never wrote for a newspaper, but I believe I could do it. I'm pretty well formed on political and other subjects, and it would kill time at any rate.'

"Then the Mayor he looks solemn and allows it would kill time swift and all, and then there comes a couple of shots, aimless and disconnected, and then about a dozen more, mostly continuous. The lunker—the same as the Mayor's—jumped about a foot, hasty and undignified, and when he comes down he says, swearing previous and sincere: 'For God's sake, what was that?'

"The Mayor he gazes regretful and pathetic at the floor, where the lunker had spilled his liquor when he jumped, and he says, cold and reproving: 'There ain't no call for strong language or excitement. The Arnim Weekly Conservative has just about come out, and I judge by the signs that the personal column is some pointed and entertaining.'

"The lunker didn't say nothing, only reached sort of aimless and wandering for the Mayor's glass of red-eye, which was removed sudden and pointed, and when the boys brought in Jim Hicks, of the bar-circle ratch—him and the personal had been about—the lunker fainter clean away, and there was a lot of good red liquor sluiced around external and careless before he came to. And he didn't say anything after that about writing loose and easy for the boys, even when Randall went out sudden and unexpected in



TALKING TOO MUCH MAKES SOME PEOPLE BILIOUS.

ain't standing for no regular bar. That paper says this man Roosevelt got the drop on about a thousand delegates to this here Republican convention round-up—all of them being dead set against him—and made them step to music, break and enjoying. That's sure plumb foolsome, ain't it? You remind you all about Red Thompson, which tried to keep 21 of the boys covered while he backed out of Sam's place one night. Why, when they come to plant Red it then, which he indicated by your remark. Rogers was sure unpopular with the boys, and even his friends was some cautious and observing when they was in his vicinity. He wasn't a bad man according to his lights, but he sure was frisky and impulsive, and when he cut loose with his hardware he always got something. Sometimes it was the man he went after, but like as not it was a cayuse or a friend of



PRESENTING A SOMEWHAT POINTED AND ENTERTAINING PERSONAL.

an innocent spectator—he was that general and comprehensive when he got settled down to his work. Anyway, the boys didn't lops around after him, and one day when he got them all in Sam's place and said he thought the town needed a Mayor and that he'd be it, they just naturally was rude and scornful. "Rogers he didn't say nothing, nor argue none, but the next day he met one of the boys a-slinging alone, and he says, handling his armament casual and flippant: 'Bill, I want to talk to you, cause I'm sure you've changed your mind since last night. The span of your mind is some going out sudden and unexpected,' he says, prodding Bill in the ribs, facetious like, with his forty-four. 'But I thought I'd just talk to you and see if you hadn't reconsidered. I'd like to be Mayor, Bill,' he says, prodding him superfluous and familiar. 'And I'd mighty like to have your vote. Of course, I ain't a-goin' to urge you none, but I'd sure like to see you come around.'

Jackson, tucking Jim under the chin with a nine-inch barrel, 'you wouldn't ever say anything different from what you believe, would you, Jim?' "Not me," says Jim, impressive and solemn. "You know me better than that."

"Well, Jim he lopes off and old man Jackson he catches up with the rest of the boys and talks to them all that way. There wasn't anybody working for him that spread news around general and promiscuous after that, and everybody got along fine. "Meaning," replies the Mayor, slow and pointed, "that this here Roosevelt person may have met up with Rogers or some other man, which would be a method. I allow he performed according to schedule."

"Then Hicks he says he don't believe that Rogers, Roosevelt and Jackson ever formed a committee, and that the Mayor is a liar. When Hicks gets out he says he's going to investigate the subject and report. Which is fine. In the meantime, Hicks says again that I'd be some glad and joyous if a newspaper would settle in these parts. It's plumb difficult to keep culture in this here town. Copyright, 1905, by Irving G. Norwood."

SIX YEARS IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE

and filed his answer. This was an elaborate document. Each article of impeachment was specifically answered. The answer did not deny the removal of Secretary Stanton and the appointment of General Lorenzo Thomas as his successor, but justified these acts by stating in detail the circumstances under which they were made and affirmed, the constitutional right of the President to perform those acts, and alleged further that they were in accordance with the established usages of the Government. The question as to the validity of the removal of Stanton was also raised. The managers for the House filed a formal replication to the answer. Mr. Evans then moved that the President have ten days to prepare for trial. This was resisted by the managers, and after considerable debate it was ordered that the trial proceed on the 26th of March, 1868.

General Butler's Opening Speech.

On that day the managers and counsel for the defendant appeared, and the opening speech for the prosecution was made by General Butler. He occupied three hours in his delivery of his speech. First that the Senate sitting to try the President upon articles of impeachment was still a Senate, and not a court, and referred to the precedents in the House. He then discussed the constitutional right of the President as to appointments and removals from office. He then discussed the removal of Stanton and its violation by the President, going into a history of the act and the conduct of the President with reference thereto. He then discussed the removal of Stanton and its violation by the President, going into a history of the act and the conduct of the President with reference thereto. He then discussed the removal of Stanton and its violation by the President, going into a history of the act and the conduct of the President with reference thereto.

But a couple of days after he'd

SECRET OF CONTENT. It isn't what a fellow has that clothes him with content. That puts him in that frame of mind where he can't care for anything. And makes him feel that recompensed are his. That he's in truth, well satisfied, and glad that he's alive. It isn't money in his pocket, there placed to his account. It isn't the hold of a fabulous amount. Nay, none of these things worry's those as down in a 'b'.

What is a New Yorker? CHILLD—Papa, what is a New Yorker? Papa—My child, a New Yorker is one who lives in New York—or has his residence there. A New Yorker may be a Chinaman from Pell street, or a Polish Jew from Rivington street, or a Syrian from Washington street, or an Italian from the Italian quarter, or a Greek or Jew or Swede or any nationality at all, provided he lives in New York City.

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A Prescription for the Blues. Life ain't nothin' but a job. If you take it right, No matter if you're boss or brook. Papa—That's nearly. Some were born in Great Britain and Ireland and some in the British possessions, but they all speak English and they live in New York and are New Yorkers. Child—Then if I understand you right, my dear father, a man who

I'VE BEEN THINKING

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

lives in New York and who speaks English must have been born either in Great Britain, Ireland, or somewhere in the British possessions. Papa—Not at all. There are native Americans who speak English and who live in New York.

Child—And where are they from? Papa—Some were born in New England, some on the Pacific Coast, some in the Middle West, and some in the South.

Child—Then they are the real New Yorkers. Papa—Not necessarily. Any man who lives in New York for any length of time becomes a New Yorker, no matter where he may have been born. When he travels he registers from New York.

Child—Is it in the air? Papa—It is in the air. The West-Indian despises New York until he has made a fortune, and then he comes to New York to spend it, and after that he is a New Yorker. The Southerner despises New York until he has made a fortune, and then he comes to New York to spend it, and after that he is a New Yorker.

Child—How about the Jerseyman, Papa? Papa—The Jerseyman is an altogether different proposition. Six Jerseymen out of ten do business in New York, and of those six five were born in Brooklyn or New York City.

Child—Then they are the real New Yorkers, aren't they? Papa—Well, I believe that they are considered to be the most patriotic New Yorkers because their New York is so new; but my child, in this city of nearly four million inhabitants, there is a little class, without much chance to be sure, of still self-respecting and respected by others, a more perfect kind of New Yorker than any of these—one who was born in New York and who speaks English.

Child—Why, yes, my child, there are thousands born in New York who speak English. They are hard and fast New Yorkers. They are German and Italian and Frenchmen and Jews and Greeks, but they were born in New York and they speak English.

Child—Then, papa, you are the real New Yorkers, aren't they? Papa—Well, I believe that they are considered to be the most patriotic New Yorkers because their New York is so new; but my child, in this city of nearly four million inhabitants, there is a little class, without much chance to be sure, of still self-respecting and respected by others, a more perfect kind of New Yorker than any of these—one who was born in New York and who speaks English.

Child—And who always speaks English? Papa—Well, no. They spoke English originally, but they have spoken in other languages than the majority of the rest. Those are the real New Yorkers.

Child—I never heard of them. Where do they live? Papa—One of them is the President of the United States.

Child—Oh, yes, of course. So he is a New Yorker, is he? Papa—Well, no, come to think of it, he isn't, because I believe his mother was a Southerner.

Child—Do the Simon-pure New Yorkers sign their names as from New York? Papa—Yes, my boy, they do, and they do it as a matter of fact in a special colored ink to make it more emphatic.

Child—Well, papa, I suppose that if they could have kept out the foreigners they would have spoken in English. The Yankees and the Southerners and the Westerners, and just left New York for the real home and bred New Yorkers, New York was never there, but the way the New Yorkers sign their names as from New York.

Child—And what will become of the real New York New Yorkers? Papa—They will disappear after a while. Child—Why, papa, they are the best of us. Papa—Because it is getting to be the fashion to be born in the country.

Child—Oh! Will the Time Ever Come? NOW is the time of year when, as Chaucer said, "longen folk to gon on pilgrimages," and these good Americans go abroad and visit strange lands.

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