

ACCIDENTS OF FORTUNE.

Incidents That Led to the Rise of Two Famous Dramatic Stars.
 More than 200 years ago a dramatist, sitting in the bar of a London tavern, overheard a girl in the next room reading aloud from a play book, and he was so much pleased by the sound of her voice and the fluency and sprightliness of her delivery that he sought acquaintance with her, obtained her confidence and opened for her the way to a successful dramatic career. That girl, a dramatic genius thus accidentally discovered, was Anne Oldfield, who adorned the English stage for twenty-five years, whose ashes rest in the cloister of Westminster abbey and whose name is one of historic renown.
 A theatrical manager in Cincinnati in the seventies, having planned to produce a popular comic opera with a chorus composed of pupils from the public schools, selected Sarah Frost, then a girl about twelve, perceived her theatrical aptitude and provided the opportunity for its development. The manager was Robert E. J. Miles, and under his direction she made her first appearance on the stage and passed her juvenile novitiate.
 Her stage name at first was Fanny Brough. Later she adopted that of Julia Marlowe.—William Winter in Century Magazine.

BENEFITS FROM BOOKS.

Traveling Along the Roads That Lead Us Into Other Worlds.
 The benefit of literature can hardly be overestimated. Books enlarge a man's horizon. They raise a mirage of water brooks and date palm to travelers in the desert. They are "the sick man's health, the prisoner's release." Shut within a narrow routine of dull necessity, sad at heart in a world where wrong triumphs, where beauty has no assurance of respect, where humanity toils terribly merely for its daily bread or the satisfaction of trivial appetites, the earthly pilgrim need do no more than pick up a book and, lo, he steps into another world.
 Here he is free from sorrow and care, free from the burden of his body, from envy, jealousy, contempt, self-satisfaction, from vain regrets, from wishes that can never wear the livery of hope, from narrowness of soul and hardness of heart.
 He may mingle in the society of the good and great; he may listen to the wise man and the prophet; he may see all the conditions of human happiness and misery; he may watch the human spirit in its strife with circumstances nobly conquer or basely succumb; he may go down through the "gate of a hundred sorrows" or accompany Dante and Beatrice through the spheres of paradise.—Atlantic Monthly.

Tobacco Production.

India, second only to this country in the production of tobacco, consumes most of its own product and imports very little. Russia is third and raises practically all her supply, importing and exporting only a small quantity. Austria-Hungary is the fourth producing country, importing more than a fourth as much as it raises and exports one-eighth of its own crop. Germany is an extensive grower of tobacco, but imports two and a half times as much as it cultivates and does not export any. France raises considerable tobacco under government supervision and imports great quantities of the milder Virginia tobaccos to keep up the quality of the cigarettes and other products made under the state monopoly. Both France and Spain keep buyers in this market.

Not For Strangers.

"What in the world does that mean?" asked the traveler through a sparsely settled region on the Cape. "There's no such place on my road map."
 The man whom he addressed first took a leisurely survey of the traveler and his horse and then turned his eyes toward the weatherbeaten sign, which bore the single word "Tolpomp."
 "That ain't a name," he said, with dignity; "it's jest an indication. It means 'To Long pond one mile.' It's plain enough to folks from nearby that's hunting for the pond, and we don't reckon on strangers taking much interest."—Youth's Companion.

A Master of One Art.

"Have you ever loved any other girls?" breathed the maiden tremulously.
 "Well, I have attempted a few kindergarten, prep school and college courses in affection," responded the man in the case, "but this represents a real purpose to get rid of my bachelor's degree."
 Whereupon he took a little firmer hold.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Professional Reticence.

"Did that man quote you correctly in that interview?"
 "I can't tell," replied Senator Sorghum.
 "Don't you know?"
 "Yes, I know, but I can't tell until I have learned how my constituents like the article."—Washington Star.

Hard Water.

The streams of water used in hydraulic mining are said to be so swift that if one tried to hack into them with a sword the weapon would fly to pieces. The water is moving so rapidly that it has no time to yield beneath the stroke and in consequence is like a bar of iron.

A small bag can be made to contain what is large. A short rope cannot be used to draw water from a deep well.—Chinese Proverb.

MAN AND HIS LAUGH.

Self Restraint and Its Effects Upon Human Emotions.
 Laughter is a sign of high development. The nearer one is to the animal the less one laughs. The more highly developed we become the more do we perceive humor. For laughter, it must be remembered, is a sign that an emotion has suddenly been set free. It is like a touch on the trigger of a gun, the gun being self-restraint.
 No one ever tells an animal (in the wild state) that there are certain things that he must not do. There is no direct prevention of an act that the animal wants to perform. Consequently the animal has no self-restraint.
 Man, on the other hand, is surrounded by commandments from babyhood onward. He is always being told by some one, first by his parents, then by the laws of society, that there are things that he must not do. The desire to do these things, coupled to the knowledge that he dare not do them, causes a tense emotion. The animal lives as the occasion rises. Man is kept up by the continuous conflict of occasions.
 It is the relief from this keying up that gives rise to laughter. The greater the tension caused by the delay between impulse and act the funnier does the thing seem which releases it. Something which would seem only moderately funny if it happened in the street becomes screamingly ludicrous in church because of the tension of feeling that one must be solemn. When a snowball hits a silk hat the sight makes one laugh because of the feeling that, whatever else a silk hat might be intended for, it was not as a target for snowballs. Exaggerations are often funny, because they twist our emotion from a usual to an unexpected channel.
 A story teller who laughs at his own jokes always spoils his stories. It is the man with the mournful face whose quips seem the merriest. It is an old saying that one must "laugh and grow fat," but modern science has learned that we must "laugh and grow wise."—New York American.

OLD MAN HARE.

The Actor's Meeting With Gladstone Outside the Theater.

John Hare, the eminent English actor-manager, said that the most delightful compliment he ever received was from Mr. Gladstone. It was a double ended compliment. Whichever way you took it it was satisfactory.
 Mr. Hare earned fame playing old men's parts, his character as Mr. Goldby in "A Pair of Spectacles" being a good example. Added to this was a horror of having his picture taken.
 Mr. Gladstone had never seen a picture of the actor, but he knew him well behind the scenes as well as before the footlights. The premier's favorite play was "A Pair of Spectacles," and he always went behind the scenes to chat awhile with the actor. The really old man and the made up old man would sit there and talk in the most delightful way for an hour after the show.
 One day the Earl of Rosebery had Mr. Gladstone to dinner, and he also invited his friend John Hare. The actor came in smooth shaven, looking about thirty-five. He was presented to Mr. Gladstone, and the prime minister shook his hand most cordially and said:
 "My dear sir, I am very, very glad to meet you. I know your father very well. Splendid actor! Fine old man!"
 It took the whole evening for the earl and Mr. Hare to convince him that this son was really the father.—London Tatler.

Taxicabs in 1711.

Something over a couple of centuries ago the principle of the taxicab was known, remarks an exchange. An advertisement in the London Daily Courant of Jan. 13, 1711, announces that at the Sign of the Seven Stars, under the piazza of Covent Garden, a chariot was on view that would travel without horses and measure the miles as it goes. It was capable of turning and reversing and could go uphill as easily as on level ground.

A Subdued Vocalist.

"Pa, you sing bass in the choir, don't you?" asked Bobby Smithers.
 "Yes, my son," replied Mr. Smithers.
 "And ma sings soprano?"
 "That's right."
 "Well, there's one thing I don't understand."
 "What is it?"
 "Mrs. Tompkins says you sing mighty big in public and mighty small at home."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Portugal.

Portugal obtained its name from port, the haven or port where the Gauls landed their stores. This is Oporto, called by the Portuguese O Porto (the port). The town was given as a dowry to Teresa when she married Henry de Lorraine, who styled himself Earl of Portugal because the place was known as the portus Gallorum (the port of the Gauls). The name finally extended to the whole country.

Sons in China.

In China one can always borrow money on the strength of having a son, but nobody would advance a penny to the man if he had a dozen daughters. The sons are responsible for the debts of their fathers for three generations, while daughters are responsible only for the debts of their own husbands.

An Artist.

"Your son, sir, has a very effective touch."
 "No, he's been borrowing from you too?"—Baltimore American.

WRECKED THE THEATER.

When London Playgoers Rose Against an Increase in Prices.
 There occurred in London something over a hundred years ago a series of riots called the "O. P. riots," which grew out of an increase in theater prices.
 In 1808, after Covent Garden theater had been burned to the ground and rebuilt, it was reopened under the management of John Kemble, one of the Kemble family of great actors, with an increased scale of admission prices. The new theater was all right, and Kemble was popular, but the theater going public resented the increase of prices.
 On the opening night when Kemble, who was to play Macbeth, attempted to make an explanatory speech he was hooted down by demands for "old prices," and night after night people crowded the house, danced on the seats and interrupted the players with cries of "O. P.," old prices.
 The disturbance continued for several weeks, the people wearing "O. P." badges and displaying big "O. P." placards. The theater was closed for several days, but when it was opened the trouble began again. Seats were destroyed and windows broken.
 Legal proceedings were taken and failed. The municipal authorities, assisted by a governor of the Bank of England, finally brought about a compromise.—Philadelphia Press.

ART OF BAIT CASTING.

Landing the Lure That Coaxes the Battering Black Bass.

The bait caster! What memories of lily-padded lakes, shimmering in the burnished gold of the setting sun, of a roseate twilight peace, when the lake is one vast mirror; of furious battles with that bulldog of the sweet waters, the black bass, are his!
 A most difficult art, one that requires more than a modicum of practice to acquire—to place that lure precisely in a given spot, forty or fifty feet away, where a bass may lurk—not near the spot but right in it, mind you—to land that lure so as to simulate a frog or minnow naturally leaping or jumping to escape possible attack by a bass; to do all this with a short rod and high speed reel—casting the lure as a small boy throws an apple from the end of a stick—to do this with accuracy and deftness is no unworthy ambition.
 And after the strike comes a battle between a five pound fish and a 150 pound man, equalized by fair tackle, that will put the exhilaration of eternal youth into any man—especially if he proves himself worthy to beat the fish at his own game—to take him with all the handicaps imposed by the necessary tackle and win out against all the snags, tactics, leaps and plunges, rushes and felts employed by the battling bass.—Warren H. Miller in American Forestry.

The Kind of a Friend to Have.

I have a friend who calls on me every now and then and always gives me a new lease on life. He makes me think more of myself; makes me more ambitious, more determined to see my opportunities and to make the most of them. His calls are like the coming of spring after a long, cold winter, which awakens the sleeping buds and calls out the flowers. The sunshine of his cheerful mind, the alchemy of his optimism, awakens me to renewed effort and encourages me to outdo myself. I am never too busy to see him, and I always urge him to stay, because his presence makes me a larger man, makes life seem more worth while than ever. He helps me to get a new grip upon myself. He arouses me, so that I feel equal to any task when he leaves.—Christian Herald.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Stern Father—It was after 11 o'clock when that young man left last night. I want you to understand—
 Pretty Daughter (interrupting)—But, papa, I was so deeply interested in the news of his uncle's death that I didn't notice how late it was. You see, his uncle died in Africa last week and left him \$100,000, and, of course—
 Stern Father—As I was saying when you interrupted me, I want you to understand that he can stay just as late as he wants to. I don't mind if the gas meter does have to work overtime occasionally.—Indianapolis Star.

How Purple Dye Was Discovered.

It is often said that the old Phoenicians discovered the purple dye in the murex shell by observing a dog which had eaten one of the mollusks and thus colored his chops with a rich purple stain. The ancients were accustomed to hunt the murex by the assistance of pointer dogs. Some of the myths say that Hercules by the aid of his dog first discovered the purple murex.

Her Vague Views.

"I asked for alimony of \$50 a week. I see women are getting that right along."
 "But, madam," expostulated the lawyer, "your husband is earning only \$12."
 "What's that got to do with it? I thought the government provided the alimony."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Standing Order.

"Before we were married he had a standing order with a florist to send me a bunch of roses every morning."
 "And since marriage?"
 "He has a standing order with an employment agency to send me a cook."—Judge.

Age asks with timidity to be spared intolerable pain. Youth, taking fortune by the beard, demands joy like a right.—Stevenson.

THE CITY IN BRIEF.

Chopping and Rolling at Derry warehouse Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. 30-5t.
 So often it is said of a sick man that one time he was the strongest man in the town.
 I still continue to do business at the same old stand. Ralph W. Bennett, watchmaker and jeweler. 33-tf.
 For Fire and automobile insurance see Chas. Gregory, city hall 33-tf.
 See Van Orsdel and Manston for old line fire insurance—the Queen, Liverpool, London & Globe, company 13. The oldest and best on the coast.
 Who repairs storage batteries right here in Dallas? Catherwood. 25-tf.
 Screen doors and window screens, Dallas Warehouse & Manufacturing company, Barham & Son, proprietors. There is more to hair cutting than merely cutting off the hair. Try us for an up-to-date stylish hair cut.—C. W. Shultz. 15-tf.
 Dr. Rempel, Chiropractor, 513 Church Dr. Stone's Heave Drops cures headaches. Price \$1, for sale by all druggists.—Adv. 79-tf.
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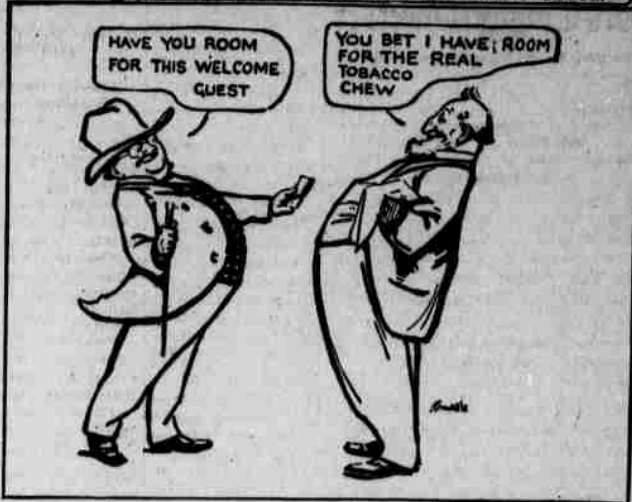
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Take less than one-quarter the old size chew. It will be more satisfying than a mouthful of ordinary tobacco. Just take a nibble of it until you find the strength chew that suits you, then see how easily and evenly the real tobacco taste comes, how it satisfies, how much less you have to spit, how few chews you take to be tobacco satisfied. That's why it is the Real Tobacco Chew. That's why it costs less in the end. An excess of licorice and sweetening makes you spit too much. One small chew takes the place of two big chews of the old kind.

Notice how the salt brings out the rich tobacco taste.

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