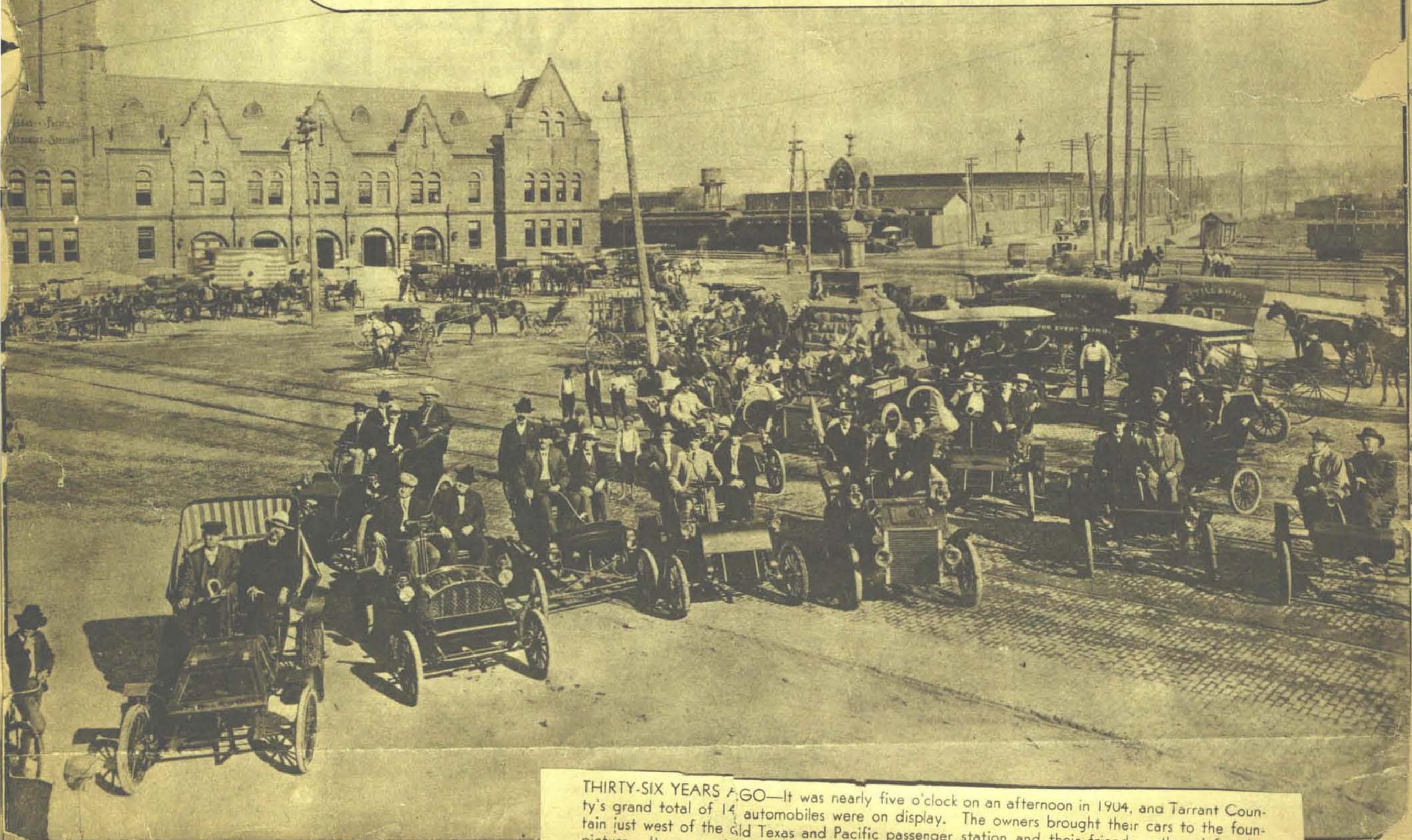


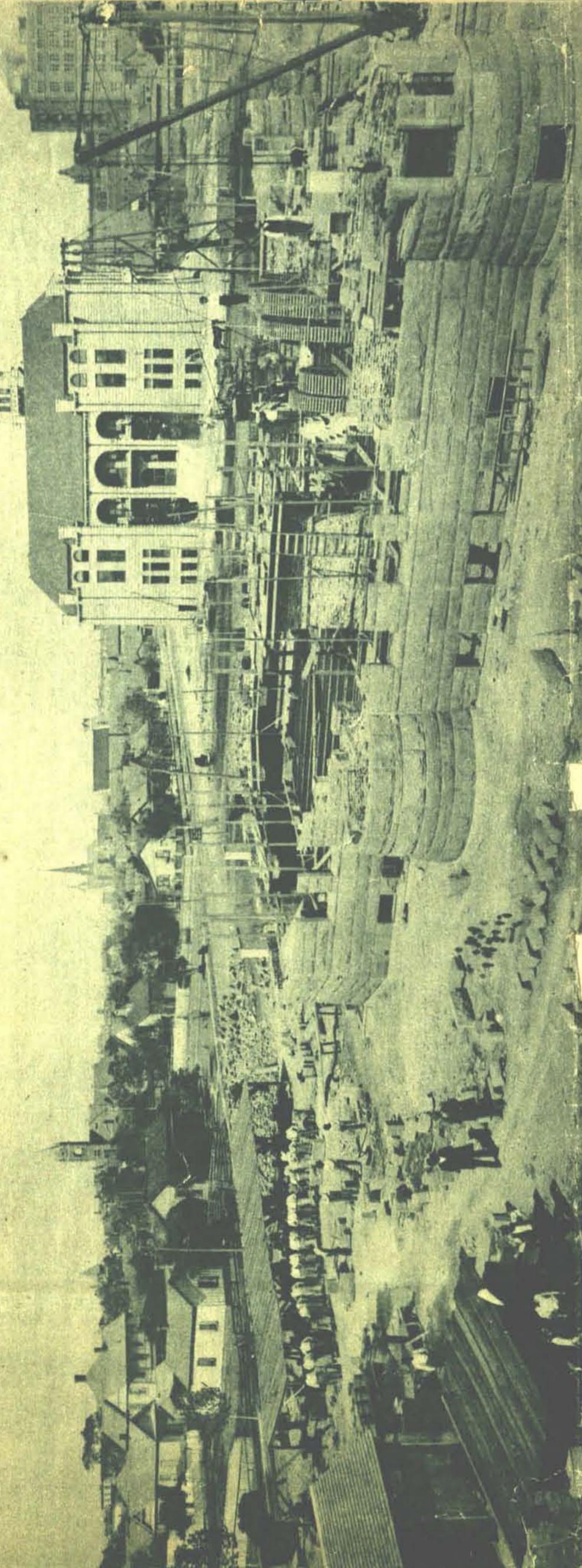


How Time and Progress Have Changed One Business Spot in Fort Worth



THIRTY-SIX YEARS AGO—It was nearly five o'clock on an afternoon in 1904, and Tarrant County's grand total of 14 automobiles were on display. The owners brought their cars to the fountain just west of the Old Texas and Pacific passenger station and their friends gathered for this picture. It was a big event of that day and time.

When the Federal building was started back in 1890 there wasn't a business house in that district, and not so many residences, either. Now it's a thickly settled business district.



BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

IT HAS been said that happiness consists of being able to live in harmony with one's environment. In view of the marvelous changes that have taken place in Tarrant County in the last three-quarters of a century, one can but wonder how the pioneers living here at that time knew what their environment was.

Trying to study the geography and topography of a country from the window of a "mile a minute" express train as it flies through space would be a close parallel. And yet Merida Ellis, Fort Worth's oldest living pioneer citizen, and other early settlers of this county, have had this unique experience.

The Loving family, to which Merida Ellis belonged, came here when this was a vast wilderness. Ruth (Smith) Brown, the maternal grandmother of M. G. Ellis, with her husband, Henry Brown, and others of her family went from Tennessee to Missouri in the late "thirties," when those States still were unsettled and undeveloped.

The members of this family were typical frontiersmen, and, as Mrs. Brown once said, "always lived ahead of civilization." The hardships and struggles of that day were trying indeed to the pioneer wife and mother. The crude dwellings did not afford ample protection from the Indians and wild beasts, who were the custodians of the land and the dread of all newcomers. Because of this it was often necessary for the women and children to accompany the husband and father on his hunting trips and to his daily labors in forest and field.

Ruth (Smith) Brown was born in Tennessee Sept. 22, 1791. She grew to young womanhood there and became the wife of Henry Brown in that State. To them was born the following children: Artimisia, born 1809; Ephriam, born 1810, died, unmarried, 1834; Elizabeth, born 1812; Mary, born 1815, died when a young girl; Belinda, born 1816; Edney, born 1818, died 1840, unmarried; Cyrena Brown, born 1824.

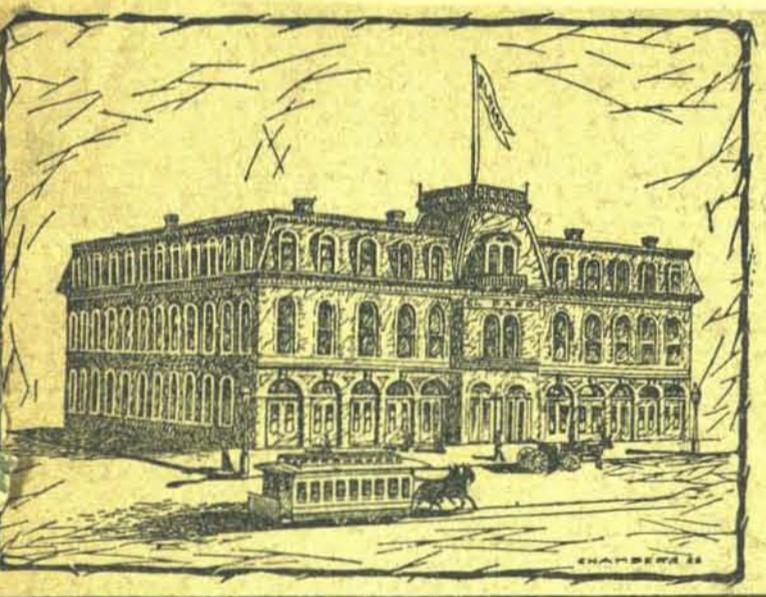
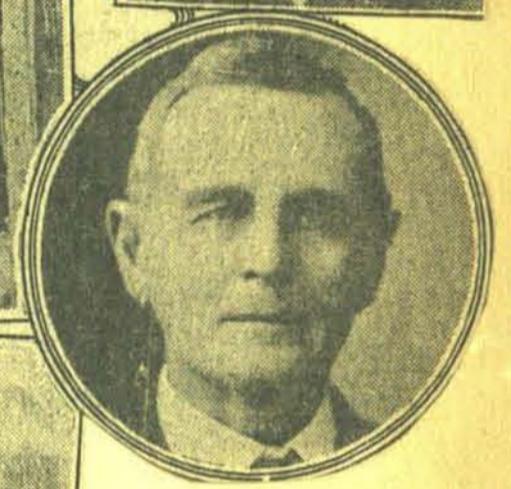
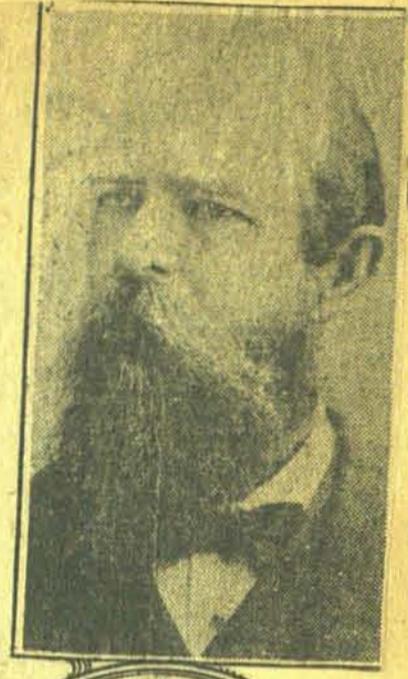
Henry Brown died in Missouri many years ago and is buried there. His wife, Ruth (Smith) Brown, came to Texas with her children and their families in 1846 and made her home with the family of Samuel P. Loving for many years. They first stopped in Denton County and located on Cooper's Creek, where they lived for a time.

ARTIMISIA BROWN, daughter of Henry Brown and wife, Ruth (Smith) Brown, married Joshua Newton Ellis, a native of Tennessee. The Ellis family came from Tennessee to Missouri also, and on to Texas in 1846, when Ruth (Smith) Brown, the Lovings and others of her family came. Joshua Newton Ellis and wife, Artimisia (Brown) Ellis lived only about a year after coming to Texas. They are both buried in a private burying ground a few miles east of Denton. They left a large family of children, all of whom are now deceased except Merida G. Ellis. Their children were: Smith E., James Franklin, several who died in infancy, Hulda Merrill, who died in New Orleans of yellow fever during the Civil War, and Josephine.

Smith E. Ellis, eldest son of Joshua Newton Ellis and wife, Artimisia (Brown) Ellis, married Julia Howard. They went to Menard many years ago and reared a large family there, the descendants of whom are living in West Texas, Montana and other parts of the United States. Smith Ellis and wife are both buried at Menard. They had the following children: John, Mary, William B., Julia, Frank, May, Ruth, Merida and Smith. A granddaughter, Mrs. Webb, lives in Fort Worth.

James Franklin Ellis, son of Joshua Newton Ellis and Artimisia (Brown) Ellis, was born in Mexico, Mo., April 28, 1838. He came to Texas with his parents in 1846. The following year he came to Fort Worth, and he had the honor of being one of the very first citizens of this city. In 1860 he was married to Delilah Jane Asbury, the daughter of Jeremiah Asbury, who had a farm on what is now the southern outskirts of Fort Worth.

To this union five children were born: William Jasper, deceased; Henry Merrill, who died in infancy; Jerry Franklin, who married Anna Tidball, daughter of Thomas A. Tid-

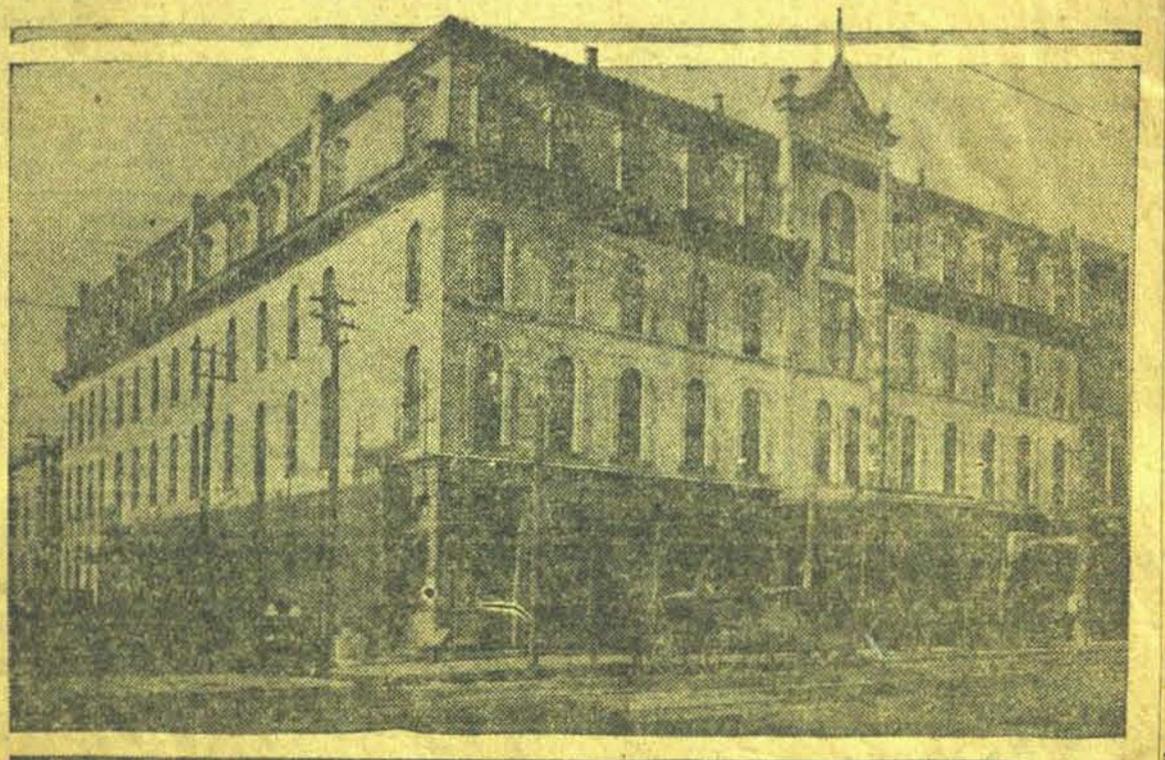


El Paso Hotel, 1877, Main and Fourth Streets

Historical

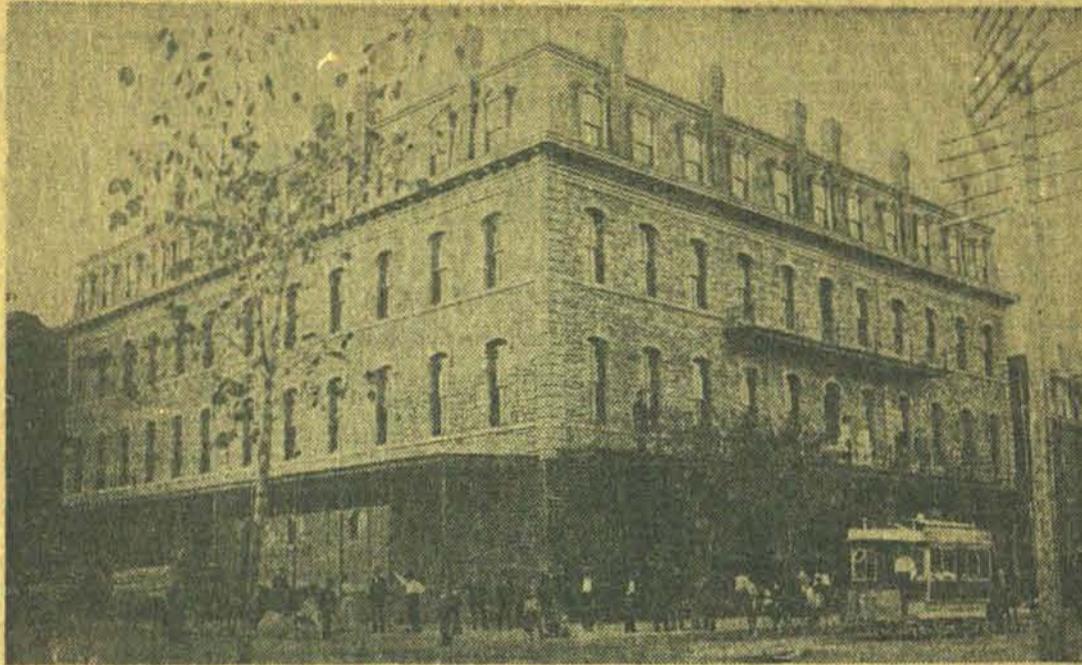
THE El Paso Hotel is one of the finest in the State. It is three stories high, contains eighty rooms and is well furnished with purely new and finest quality furniture. It is under the immediate supervision of that polite, clever, and urbane gentleman, C. K. Fairfax, who is second to none in his profession. Major Fairfax has been running the Trans-Continental Hotel for the past with marked success, and to the entire satisfaction of the public. Judging the Major's future by his past he will make the El Paso what Fort Worth has long needed, a first-class hotel."—Fort Worth City Directory, 1877. Published by Charles [unclear] and W. M. Melton.

The El Paso Hotel was built immediately following the coming of the first railroad to Fort Worth in 1876, and was located on the present site of the Pickwick Hotel, at Main and Fourth Streets. The name was later changed to the Delaware Hotel, and finally was known as the Delaware Hotel. The building was torn down in 1908 to make way for the Westbrook Hotel.

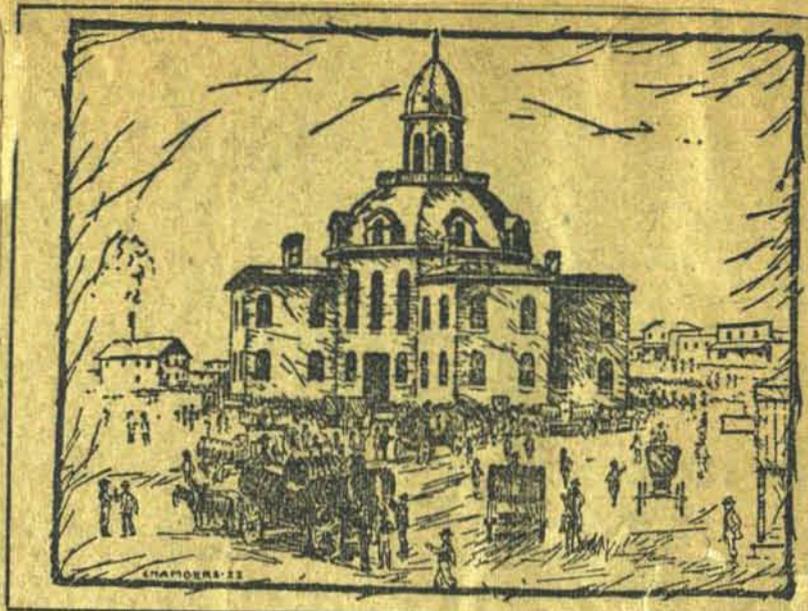


When this hotel was Fort Worth's pride and joy? Preceding it was the Pickwick, following it was the Westbrook. This hotel was equally as prominent in the affairs of early Fort Worth as the Worth. It was torn down to make room for the Westbrook 11 years ago.

Ellis Hotel Destroyed by Fire 39 Years Ago



Among early structures in the downtown section of Fort Worth was the Ellis Hotel, which, until it was destroyed by fire 39 years ago, stood at the northeast corner of Third and Throckmorton Streets. It was erected and owned by James F. Ellis (shown in the picture at the left end of the second story "gallery"), who was a brother of M. G. Ellis, 1616 Worth Street, and father of Mrs. L. H. DuBose, 528 Eighth Avenue, and James M. Ellis, 1352 Glen Garden Drive. James M. Ellis is shown mounted on a horse at the left of the picture. The building was destroyed by fire six or seven years after its erection.



Tarrant County Courthouse, 1882

Historical

THE first courthouse was built and given to Tarrant county by Captain E. M. Daggett. It was destroyed by fire March 29th, 1876, and before the end of the year, the cornerstone of the courthouse, pictured above, was laid. This building was a very imposing structure in its day and time, but the growth of the city demanded more commodious quarters and in 1893 it made way for the magnificent edifice at the head of Main Street.

The bar of Fort Worth early took rank as one of the best in the state and among the more prominent members were: J. J. Jarvis, Hyde Jennings, J. C. Terrill, R. E. Beckham, B. B. Paddock, F. W. Ball, J. P. Smith, W. R. Gause, John Hanna, C. C. Cummings, J. Y. Hoggsett.

First Board of Trade

The first Board of Trade was organized May 31st, 1882, and the first president, W. E. Huffman. Other officers were: Sidney Martin, J. P. Smith, J. H. Brown, vice presidents. P. A. Weaver, secretary and treasurer.



Down Memory Lane

WHAT DO YOU SEE DOWN MEMORY LANE.

How long have you lived in Fort Worth, or are you a former citizen residing elsewhere? Do the reminiscences agree with yours or do they cause you to remember other mind pictures of the Fort Worth of yesterday? Now in 1931, what are your thoughts and impressions of the Fort Worth you knew 10, 20, 30, 40 or more years ago? Set them down and mail to Memory Lane Editor, The Star-Telegram. All letters should be signed.

Memory Lane Editor: I remember once as a newsboy standing on the platform of the old Texas and Pacific station here when my attention was called to two men standing nearby. They were Jay Gould, the famous financier and railroad builder, and his son, George Gould. That was in the days about the time the Court of Civil Appeals was opened in the Powell Building, now a part of the Stripling Building on Main Street. The court was established in 1892, with the following judges: H. O. Head, B. D. Tarlton and L. W. Stephens. W. L. Huff was clerk.

I was running the elevator in the same building, and I could hear the ringing of the bell at the Masonic Lodge No. 148. The bell hung outside the old Stockyards Hotel at the back of Swift's.

Tony Botto, the candy king, had a horse and wagon at Third and Main Streets. The power and light company had offices on the ground floor of the Powell Building. George White then was president. A three-story brick building at Seventh and Houston Streets burned before it was ever occupied.

Will Tackelberry's messenger service was located where the Cotton Exchange Building stands now, and which at that time was a frame building. Martin-Brown, wholesale dry goods company, was in what is now known as the Wheat Building at Eighth and Main Streets, since converted into an office building. John Tibbett's harness shop was at Second and Main Streets, and Dahlman's slaughter house and refrigeration plant was located on Chambers Hill.

The Maddox race horse stables were located on Scott Avenue in Sycamore Heights. Col. R. E. Maddox was owner and had beautiful race horses. The training track was just to the north.



S. BURK BURNETT

der, occupied the basement of the courthouse.

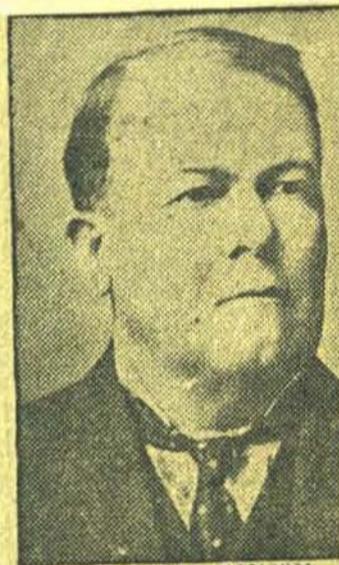
We had to go down the road on the hillside north of the Criminal Court Building to ford the Trinity River in going to the North Side.

Don Adams was chief of the fire department, with Frank Kiser as assistant. Maxey drove Adams' horse and buggy to all fires. He was a fast and fearless driver.

Lem Day's bicycle store was in the 100 block of Main Street, as was Charles H. Fry's jewelry store. Pyron McDaniel rode a bicycle, curious looking these days, with the large wheel in front. I recall seeing a man on horseback going around each night to light the street lamps, which at that time were gas lights.

There formerly was a two-story sheet iron building where the Continental Bank Building stands, and which was once the site of the post-office and later of C. W. Conner's Drug Store.

IKE SILVERSTEIN,
1915 South Jennings Avenue.



MARION SANSOM

Veteran Cattleman and Friends Will Serve Natal Anniversary. Marion Sansom Will Act as Host To Old-Timers

In celebration of the seventieth anniversary of the natal day of Colonel S. Burnett, Marion Sansom will entertain his friends and the friends of the old cowboys with a barbecue dinner and fixings at his home on the Azle W. afternooon. It has been the custom of Marion Sansom for the past few years to entertain in honor of his friend.

Colonel Burk Burnett and Marion Sansom are two of the old trail drivers who drove herds of cattle from Texas to

PROFESSOR WHO GRADUATED IN FORT WORTH TO SURVEY ISLAND

John W. Gilmore, professor of agronomy in the University of California, who has accepted an invitation to make an agricultural survey of the Republic of Dominica, is a graduate of the Fort Worth High School. The invitation was made by the President through the Department at Washington.

Professor Gilmore will stop over in Fort Worth the latter part of this week on his way to Dominica. He will visit his sister, Mrs. Agnes I. Bailey, 309 Lowden Street. In his school days here Gilmore was taught by W. Erskine Williams, attorney, and Lily B. Clayton, who still is teaching at Central High School.

The request of the Dominican president followed successful survey work done by Professor Gilmore in Chile. The Dominican republic is on the Island of Haiti. It is not a large country, but is strategically located as to climate, products and markets. Professor Gilmore will be asked to submit a report including recommendations for organization of agricultural education and research.

Besides the survey made in Chile, Professor Gilmore has done similar work in China, Hawaii and the Philippines.



JOHN W. GILMORE.



WILL BE RAZED — This building at 500 Houston, erected about 1880, is to be razed to make way for a new three-story section of Monnig's, now expanding to include the entire block bounded by Houston, 5th, Throckmorton and 4th. (Staff Photo).

With em- his her ip, M.

ark rot rot ne 1. Washer.

In 1907, the year following the death of Jacob Washer, the business was incorporated as Washer Brothers, with Leon Gross, principal stockholder, as president. Since that date Mr. Gross has been the active head of the business, and associated with him are E. J. White, Max K. Mayer, vice presidents, and Edgar S. Mayer, secretary and treasurer.

The original location of the establishment was at Houston and Fourth streets, between Main and Fourth streets, until its removal to the present quarters at Main and Eighth streets in 1901. The first store was 25x95 feet, giving a total of 2,375 square feet of floor space. The present store is 100x95 feet, two stories and with two additional floors on Houston street, gives a grand total of 24,950 square feet of floor space.



This building stood at Seventh and Main Streets? It was a seven-story skyscraper in its day, was the tallest building. The F. & M. Bank occupied the lower floor. The building was destroyed by fire in 1898. Note the absence of motor cars in the picture, the two-story buildings around and the wooden telephone posts on the sidewalks. The picture was preserved by Bob Cheatham, assistant city auditor.



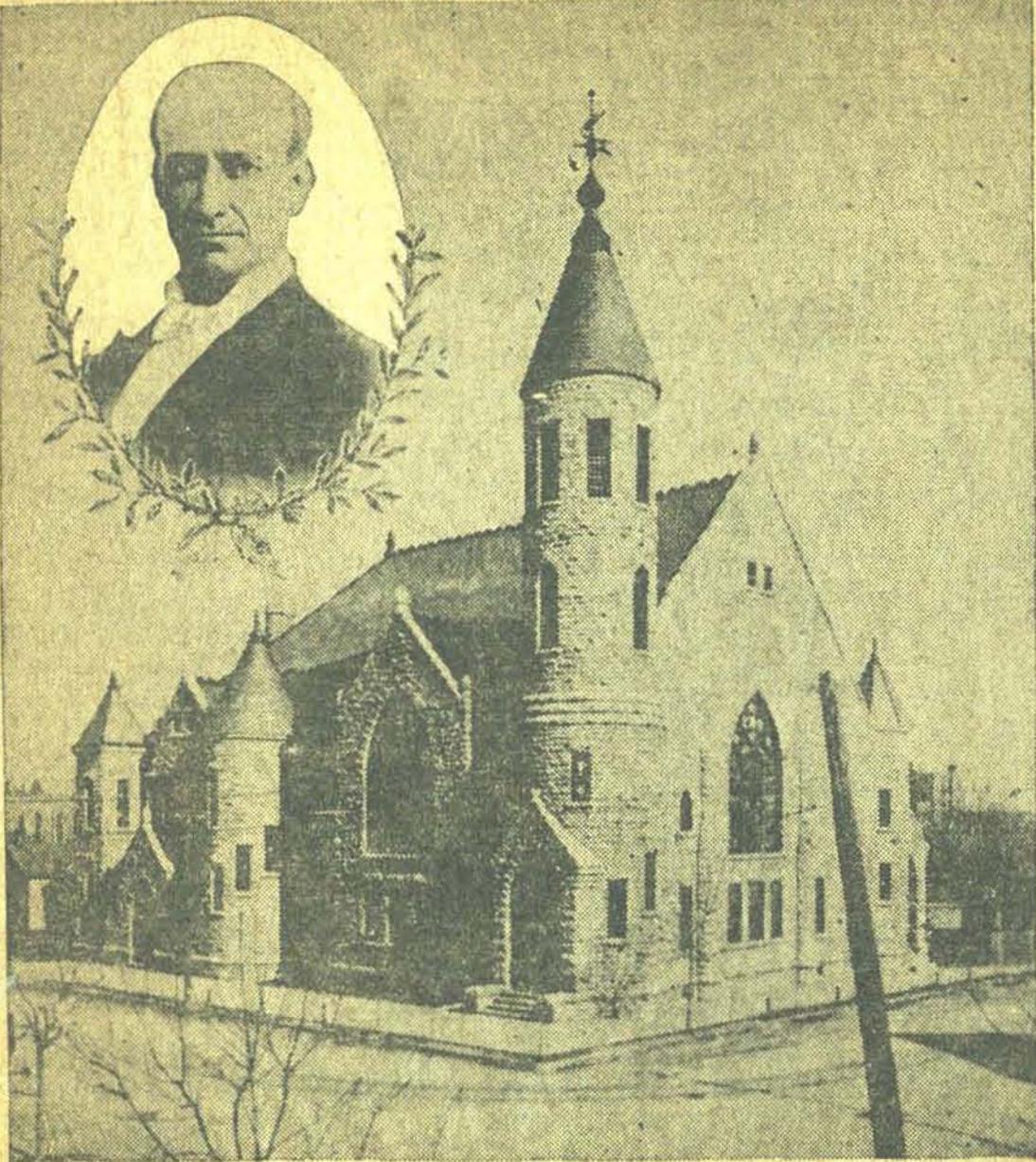
Transcontinental Hotel was "the" hotel in Fort Worth back in the sixties.



The home of Z. E. B. Nash at Tenth and Monroe Streets, erected in 1875. This house is still standing in the rear of the Nash home at the same site, completely surrounded by business houses.

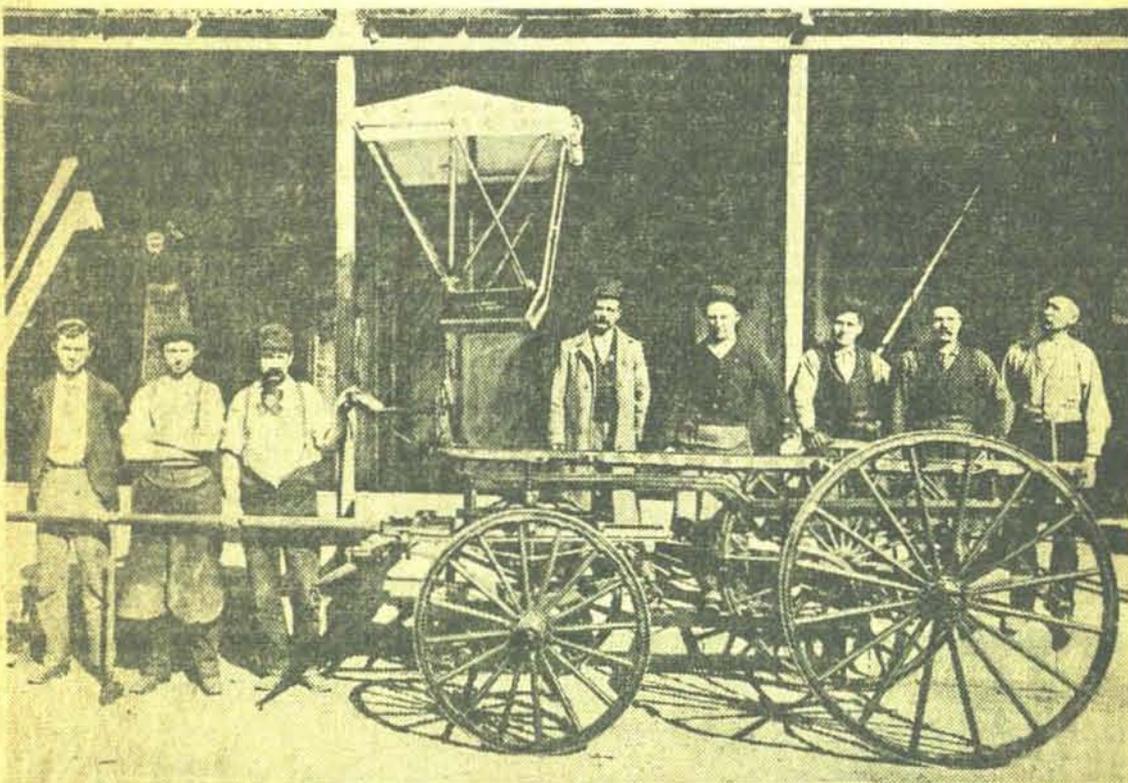


The first time the County Clerks' Association of Texas met in Fort Worth? It was on July 29, 1894, a quarter of a century ago. The second man from the left on the front row is J. P. King Sr., then Tarrant County clerk. To his left is Leo Hughes, then Dallas County clerk. To his right is John W. Hornsby of Tarrant County, now district attorney there. To the right of Hornsby is Lee Blanchard (deceased) of Jefferson County. Just above King is Bob McNatt, district clerk of Tarrant County, who died about five years ago. McDowell, 508 Wheeler Street, who owns the picture, is seen in the third row from the top, between King and Hornsby. McDowell, who moved to Fort Worth recently, was county clerk at Lockhart from 1894 to 1916.



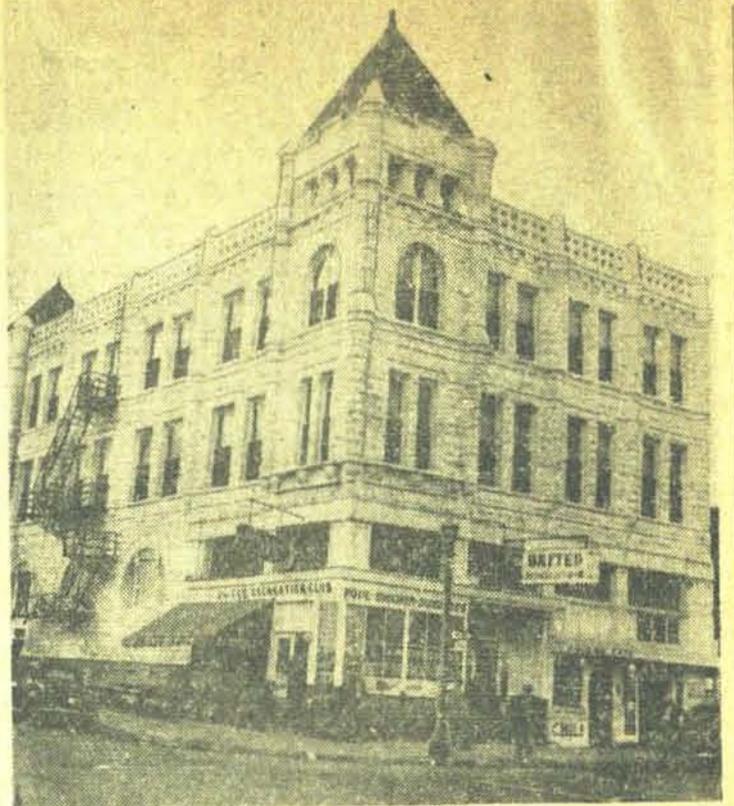
Rev. J. Morgan Wells was the pastor of the First Baptist Church which was then located at Third and Taylor Streets. The photo of the building shows the old church which was completed in 1890 and which was later destroyed by fire. Rev. Mr. Wells died about 25 years ago.

When a Blacksmith Shop Stood at Eighth and Houston



This picture was taken in 1895 in front of an old blacksmith shop which stood for years on the northeast corner of Eighth and Houston Streets, present site of a modern office building. The two-story frame structure contained not only the blacksmith shop, owned by the late J. C. Jahns, but a paint shop on the second floor. Employees of Jahns

are shown standing proudly behind a vehicle of their own construction—a beer wagon owned by the Texas Brewing Company. The picture belongs to Mrs. H. R. Eilenberger of 2300 Pearl Avenue, whose late husband is second from the left. The intervening 43 years have erased the names of the others from her memory.



It was once the city's skyscraper.

Historic Fort Worth Buildings

Old F&M Bank Building Was Skyscraper of 1889

(One in a Series.)
BY MARY HELEN McCLENDON.

The skyscraper of Fort Worth when it was built in 1889, was the old three-story Farmers and Mechanics National Bank Building at 14th and Main. Now the property of Frank Anderson, owner of the Cascade Laundry, it still is in service as a hotel, with a barber shop, recreation club and restaurant adjoining.

When Col. John R. Hoxie, wealthy business man who established the Fort Worth Stockyards Company and the Fort Worth Packing House, came here from Chicago the southern end of Main Street was flourishing. To situate the bank he founded in an up-and-coming section, he bought property on what then was South Main and constructed the most modern building the town had seen. He remained in Fort Worth as the bank's president until 1894, when J. W. Spencer succeeded him.

About 1900 the F&M Bank

moved to Seventh and Main. It remained there until 1918, when it merged with the American National Bank and moved, still as the Farmers and Mechanics National, to the American National temporary headquarters at Fifth and Main. Shortly afterward, the Union Gospel Mission purchased the original F&M building and used it until 1941, when Anderson bought it.

During the years the old building was in use by the mission, all the rescue work of the organization was carried on there. It served as a combination dormitory, soup kitchen, old clothes dispensary and chapel for mission services.

The F&M Bank moved back to Seventh and Main after it had completed construction of the present 24-story building there in 1920. Six years later the F&M and the Fort Worth National were consolidated as the Fort Worth National.

The UGM is now located at 1404 Houston.



A STREET OF THE DOWN-TOWN DISTRICT

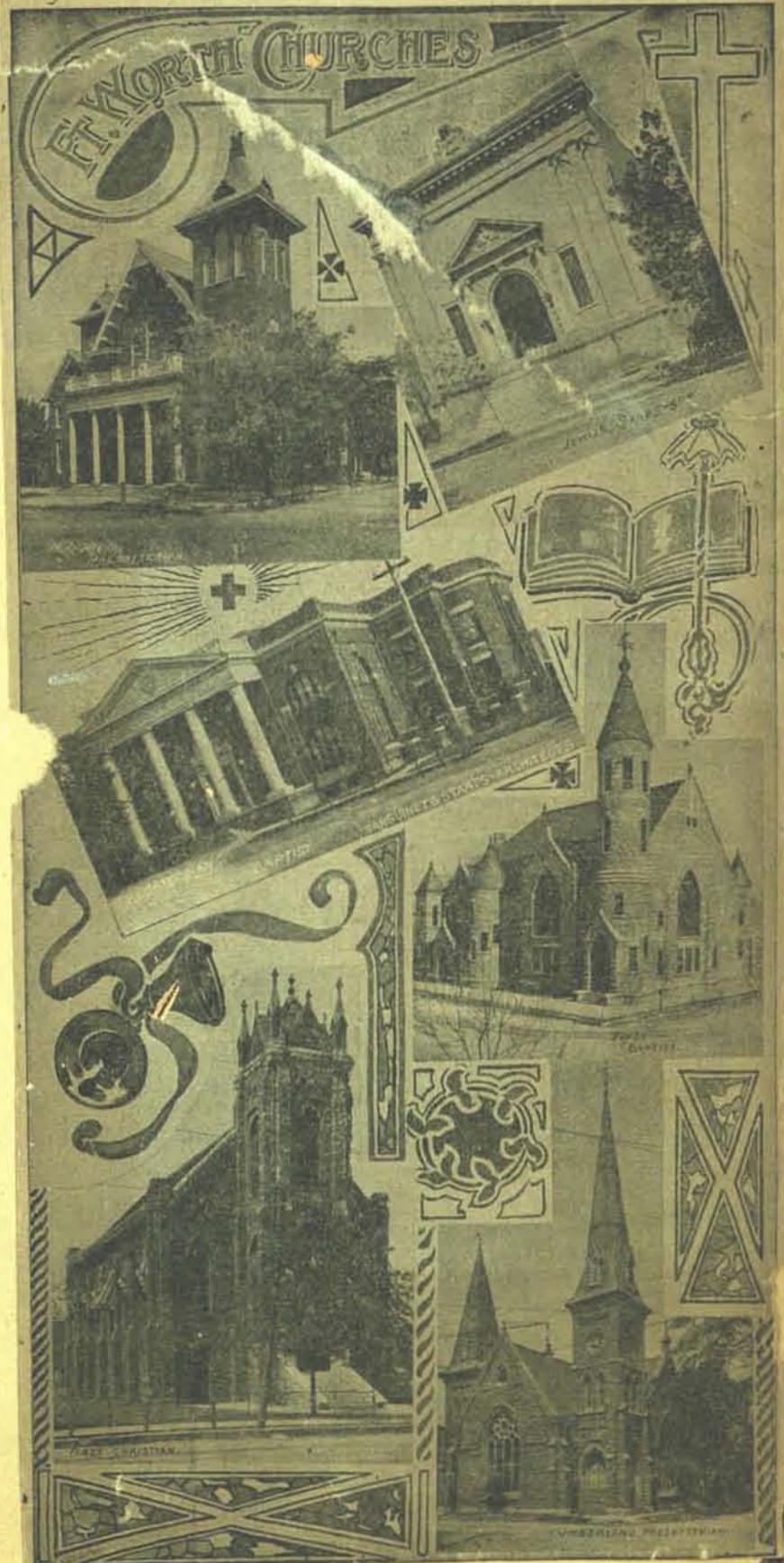


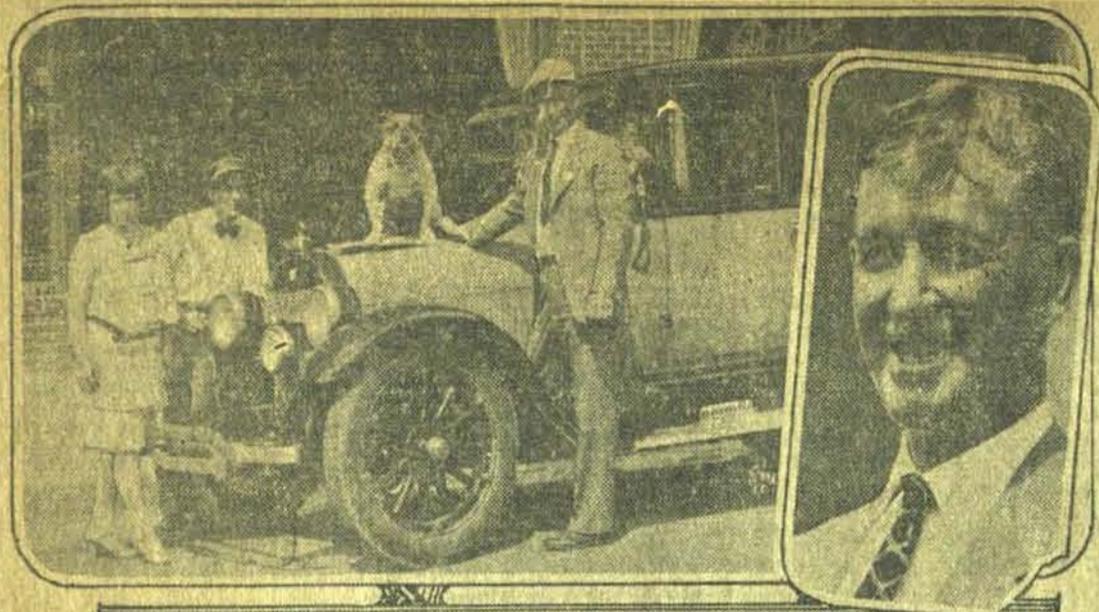
The Al Hayne memorial fountain on the triangle at Lancaster Avenue and Houston Street, as it looked in 1893 (top) and as it looked when the new bronze bust of the Spring Palace hero went up yesterday. The fountain was a watering place for thirsty horses when the Women's Humane Society erected it in 1893. It was a beauty spot and memorial only when renovation of the base and setting of the bronze bust was completed yesterday. The old red T. & P. Station was in the background then.

—Star-Telegram Photos.
The new 13-story T. & P. Station is in the background now. The memorial had fallen into decay a few years ago. The original bust of the English engineer who saved many lives in the Spring Palace fire of 1890 had crumbled away. Last Spring, with CWA labor, a movement was begun to renew the fountain. Miss Evelyn Sellors, local sculptor, carved the new bust of the fire hero. The Fort Worth Art Association sponsored the rebirth of the memorial.



CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AUDITORIUM
The Best Equipped Convention Hall in Texas.





—Photos by Jernigan.

Vic Jossenberger, right, who was stage manager at the old Greenwall's Opera House in Fort Worth for 15 years, has been in the city since Thursday on one of the few visits he has paid here in the past 20 years. Jossenberger is driving from Los Angeles to New York and attempting to set a record for low consumption of gasoline and oil. In the photo to the left are Mrs. Tommie Banner, Banner and Jossenberger. The Banners are going through to New York. Another passenger in the car was Miss Emily Johnson of Fort Worth.



HOW JIM DID IT—It was more than 60 years ago that Vic Jossenberger stood near Jim Courtwright, when Luke Short killed him in the old White Elephant saloon at 2nd and Main. Here, Jossenberger shows Courtwright's famous gun-fanning method that was a fraction of a second too slow before Short's trigger finger.

'TALKIES' TO BRING LEGITIMATE DRAMA BACK, OLD-TIMER SAYS

The "talkies" will bring the actor in legitimate drama back into his own and revive stock and other forms of stage entertainment which have been temporarily eclipsed by motion pictures in the opinion of Vic Jossenberger, master mechanic with the West Coast Theaters of California and for 15 years stage manager of the old Greenwall's Opera House in Fort Worth.

Jossenberger, who has not lived in Fort Worth for 20 years, has been here since Thursday en route from California to New York on an automobile trip during which he hopes to set a record for small consumption of gasoline and oil.

At the time that Jossenberger was connected with Greenwall's Opera House that theater was located at the corner of Third and Rusk Streets. The latter street is now known as Commerce. He was stage manager of that theater until the roof fell in and the new Byars' Opera House, now the Palace Theater, was opened.

Mansfield Gets Hot.

One event connected with Greenwall's, recalled Saturday by Jossenberger, was the time that Richard Mansfield objected to the heat in his stuffy little dressing room and refused to go on the stage.

The manager finally in exasperated despair sent to a neighboring ice house and ordered a huge cake of ice set outside the star's dressing room. The ice was presented to Mansfield with the suggestion that he sit on it until he cooled off.

Shortly after Byars' was opened Jossenberger went on the road with Al H. Wilson, who was known as "the

golden-voiced yodler." He stayed with Wilson, one of the outstanding stars of that period, eight years, and then covered the country with several well known productions. Among the stage hits with which Jossenberger visited Fort Worth were "The Watch on the Rhine," "The German Prince," "The Evil Eye" and "The Twelve Temptations."

Later going to California he became connected with a venture which started out as a skating rink owning 12 pairs of skates and eventually ended up by being turned into the first motion picture house owned by the now extensive West Coast chain.

Drives 1923 Buick.

Jossenberger has been employed by two of the largest studios in Hollywood and directed the construction of miniature sets for "Ben Hur" and several other large productions.

On the present trip from California he is accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Tommie Banner. The mascot for the party is Petie Lou, a registered English bull dog. The party left Los Angeles at 11 p. m. Sunday and arrived in Phoenix at 5:05 p. m. Monday. They left Phoenix at 6:30 a. m. Tuesday and arrived in El Paso at 11 p. m. Tuesday.

Leaving El Paso at 6:30 a. m. Wednesday they arrived in Abilene at 11:15 o'clock that night and arrived in Fort Worth at 7 a. m. Thursday. They are making the trip in a 1923 Buick and during the trip so far have used only 127 gallons of gasoline, the total cost of which has been \$27.88, and seven quarts of oil. They are planning to continue the trip across the continent and next Summer take the same car to Europe for a trip.

OLD LAMPLIGHTER BACK Gas House Worker of Old Days Recalls Some Really Bad Men

BY IRVIN FARMAN.

The old lamplighter was aglow with nostalgia.

"... Shoot, Luke, or give up your gun ..."

"... I've taken my hat off to no man in my life. You can hang me with my hat on ..."

Vic Jossenberger sighed. He ran a large bony hand through the thinning patch of white atop his head. His eyes sparkled, as he rekindled memories.

"What days those were!"

He sprawled in an easy chair in the living room at 2622 5th Ave., a tall, spare man with a square jaw. It was his first visit to Fort Worth in 40 years, and he was put out because he couldn't find Front Street or Rusk Street, where the old gas house had been.

"We used to sleep down at the gas works," Jossenberger said. "When dusk began settling, we would go out with our stick and ladder and light the gas lamps. Then we'd go back to sleep until they called us at the break of day to turn 'em out."

There's something about electric lights that doesn't quite go over with Vic Jossenberger.

"They were picturesque, those old lights were," he said softly. "They didn't throw out near the light those do," and he pointed out the living room window. "But there was some quality about them that kind of got you, like when the wind would blow 'em and they'd throw shadows up and down the street."

THINKS HE LEFT ABOUT TIME HE FORGOT TO TURN 'EM OFF

Vic isn't quite sure of the date, but he was a lamplighter in Fort Worth some 60 or more years ago when he was a kid. He's 76 now.

His cousin, Mrs. R. E. Cooper, at whose home Mr. and Mrs. Jossenberger are visiting this week on a vacation from their farm in West Riverside, Cal., remembers Vic as a lamplighter.

"I used to sit on the sidewalk in front of my house at 3rd and Taylor and watch for Vic to come by," Mrs. Cooper remembered. "He'd get up on his little ladder and turn on the gas with the stick, and then he'd light the wick and apply it to the gas. I thought he was wonderful."

Jossenberger wasn't sure when he gave up lamplighting, but he recalled vaguely it was about the time he forgot to get up one morning and let the lamps burn all day.

Fort Worth in those days was a frontier town of wooden sidewalks, swinging door saloons and quick-triggered gunmen. "We had the worst gunmen in the West right here," Jossenberger said, "fellows like Walker Hargraves, Jim Miller, One-Armed Thompson, Luke Short and Jim Courtwright."

The latter two names tapped a glorious vein of reminiscence.

WIFE MADE MISTAKE AND SENT HIM SINGLE-ACTION PISTOL

"I stood next to Jim Courtwright when he was killed by Luke Short," Jossenberger said. "Jim had sent home for his guns, and his wife had sent him a single-action. He had to fan it, and while he was fanning, Luke got him."

"Jim was on the floor of the White Elephant on 2nd and Main with two bullet holes in him, but he looked up at Luke and said, 'Shoot, Luke, or give up your gun.'"

"Luke had to do it. He said, 'Goodbye, Jim,' and Jim said, 'Goodbye, Luke.' Then he shot him between the eyes."

Vic Jossenberger came back to 5th Avenue and the present. "It's too bad Jim's wife sent him the wrong gun. If he'd have had the double-action, Luke wouldn't've been able to give him a haircut."

Jim Miller, the chap who once shot all the buttons off a man's coat for flirting with his wife, was another character who brought a mist to Vic's eyes.

"Jim was a hired gunman," he recalled with relish. "But he had a knack of making people draw on him first, so when he killed them it was always in self-defense."

Vigilantes caught up with Miller in an Oklahoma barn where he was spending the night. When they got ready to put the noose around Jim's neck underneath a liveoak, they asked him to remove his hat.

"I've taken my hat off to no man in my life," Jim said proudly. "You can hang me with my hat on."

They did.

TOUGH GUYS IN BALCONY USED TO SHOOT KEYS OFF PIANO

Jossenberger drifted into the theater business shortly after he left lamplighting, and for 15 years he was stage manager at the old Greenwall Opera House at 3rd and Rusk. He also painted all the scenery.

He used to let the kids in free to see the shows backstage, heavy dramas like "Old Kentucky," "The Twelve Temptations," "The Devil's Auction," and "In Old Killarney," featuring that old-time stonewall idol, Al H. Wilson.

Were those old days rough? Jossenberger grinned from ear to ear. "We all thought we were tough," he said, "but the toughest guys used to sit in the balcony at the old Theater Comique on 2nd and Main, and for a pastime they used to shoot the keys off the piano."

Jossenberger looked out of the window into a night bathed with the steady, incandescent glare of electric light bulbs atop lampposts out of the reach of a lamplighter even carrying a ladder.

Things were quiet in a city of cement sidewalks, skyscrapers, non-lighted cafes minus the swinging doors and the sawdust. And now the order seemed to weigh heavily in all directions.

"They're gone with the wind, those days," Jossenberger said. "This isn't the town I used to know."

The old lamplighter acted a little sorry that he had come back.



PRIDE OF THE EARLY DAYS—the Wheat Building—only a memory now. Below, the same corner today, with its new streamlined structure—the John L. Ashe Building.

THINKS HE LEFT ABOUT TIME HE FORGOT TO TURN 'EM OFF

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His cousin, Mrs. R. E. Cooper, at whose home Mr. and Mrs. Jossenberger are visiting this week on a vacation from their farm in West Riverside, Cal., remembers Vic as a lamplighter.

"I used to sit on the sidewalk in front of my house at 3rd and Taylor and watch for Vic to come by," Mrs. Cooper remembered. "He'd get up on his little ladder and turn on the gas with the stick, and then he'd light the wick and apply it to the gas. I thought he was wonderful."

Jossenberger wasn't sure when he gave up lamplighting, but he recalled vaguely it was about the time he forgot to get up one morning and let the lamps burn all day.

Fort Worth in those days was a frontier town of wooden sidewalks, swinging door saloons and quick-triggered gunmen. "We had the worst gunmen in the West right here," Jossenberger said, "fellows like Walker Hargraves, Jim Miller, One-Armed Thompson, Luke Short and Jim Courtwright."

The latter two names tapped a glorious vein of reminiscence.

WIFE MADE MISTAKE AND SENT HIM SINGLE-ACTION PISTOL

"I stood next to Jim Courtwright when he was killed by Luke Short," Jossenberger said. "Jim had sent home for his guns, and his wife had sent him a single-action. He had to fan it, and while he was fanning, Luke got him."

"Jim was on the floor of the White Elephant on 2nd and Main with two bullet holes in him, but he looked up at Luke and said, 'Shoot, Luke, or give up your gun.'"

"Luke had to do it. He said, 'Goodbye, Jim,' and Jim said, 'Goodbye, Luke.' Then he shot him between the eyes."

Vic Jossenberger came back to 5th Avenue and the present. "It's too bad Jim's wife sent him the wrong gun. If he'd have had the double-action, Luke wouldn't've been able to give him a haircut."

Jim Miller, the chap who once shot all the buttons off a man's coat for flirting with his wife, was another character who brought a mist to Vic's eyes.

"Jim was a hired gunman," he recalled with relish. "But he had a knack of making people draw on him first, so when he killed them it was always in self-defense."

Vigilantes caught up with Miller in an Oklahoma barn where he was spending the night. When they got ready to put the noose around Jim's neck underneath a liveoak, they asked him to remove his hat.

"I've taken my hat off to no man in my life," Jim said proudly. "You can hang me with my hat on."

They did.

TOUGH GUYS IN BALCONY USED TO SHOOT KEYS OFF PIANO

Jossenberger drifted into the theater business shortly after he left lamplighting, and for 15 years he was stage manager at the old Greenwall Opera House at 3rd and Rusk. He also painted all the scenery.

He used to let the kids in free to see the shows backstage, heavy "draymas" like "Old Kentucky," "The Twelve Temptations," "The Devil's Auction," and "In Old Killarney," featuring that old-time matinee idol, Al H. Wilson.

Were those old days rough? Jossenberger grinned from ear-to-ear. "We all thought we were tough," he said, "but the toughest guys used to sit in the balcony at the old Theater Comique on 2nd and Main, and for a pastime they used to shoot the keys off the piano."

Jossenberger looked out of the window into a night bathed with the steady, incandescent glare of electric light bulbs atop lampposts far out of the reach of a lamplighter even carrying a ladder.

Things were quiet in a city of cement sidewalks, skyscrapers, neon-lighted cafes minus the swinging doors and the sawdust. And law and order seemed to weigh heavily in all directions.

"They're gone with the wind, those days," Jossenberger said. "This isn't the town I used to know."

The old lamplighter acted a little sorry that he had come back.



PRIDE OF THE EARLY DAYS—the Wheat Building—only a memory now. Below, the same corner today, with its new streamlined structure—the John L. Ashe Building.

TOM POWELL'S PLATFORM.

To the Voters of Fort Worth:



"I am a candidate for mayor of the city of Fort Worth, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

"In making this announcement I deem it proper to state my position on what I consider the leading issues of Fort Worth municipal politics.

"I believe that the source of all municipal government lies in the people, and that municipal governments are formed for the public good and not for private gain. I am unalterably opposed to 'ring rule' or 'machine politics,' and no man should be elected mayor of Fort Worth, who is or promises to be, bound to any man or set of men for political favors. 'Municipal rings' and 'machines' never exist for the public good, and are always organized, controlled and perpetuated for private plunder. They represent personal and private ends against the welfare of the citizens, and deny to the people a government in their interest. I oppose any system that permits a few politicians to divide the offices between themselves and their political heelers to the detriment of the public service.

"There should be no partisan politics in the mayor's office, and if I am elected I shall owe allegiance to the whole people and not to the politicians of the city.

"I am opposed to frequent changes in the city charter without the consent of the voters of the city. In other words, any material change in our city charter should be submitted to the citizens for public approval through the ballot box.

"I believe that the mayor of Fort Worth should have a mayor's office and office hours, and devote his entire time to the duties of the office. It should be his business to see that the city gets a dollar's worth for a dollar's expenditure. The charter makes it obligatory upon him and he should see that all ordinances of the city are enforced according to their terms. This includes the special legislation and all ordinances and contracts regulating the various franchises, and public utilities.

"Civil service rules should govern in all departments of the city except as to heads of departments, who should be elected by a direct vote of the people. No change of administration should deprive an honest and efficient employe of his position, and I deplore that system which, upon a change of administration, robs such employe of his position in order that some political and personal favorite may be installed therein.

"The public schools of the city should be separated from politics, and to this

end I favor that the school trustees be elected by the people and the teachers of the various schools come under civil service rules, and not lose their positions for political purposes.

"In my judgment it is impossible for Fort Worth to carry the enormous rate of interest on its public debt, and at the same time do justice to the citizens. The proof of this proposition is evidenced by the last city budget, which failed to comply with the state constitution, the state law and the city charter, in regard to the interest and sinking funds of our public debt; hence, I am in favor of refunding the city debt upon a basis that will permit the city to equitably meet all of its obligations to the citizens, the sinking fund and the bondholders, and I do strongly protest against a policy which yearly violates the constitution and the law by failing to meet the requirements of the law, and which robs the citizen to pay the bondholders by transferring money from the general fund to meet the enormous rate of interest on bonds issued upon an value of the property of citizens; and in my judgment this debt can be refunded upon an equitable basis that will permit the city to meet all of its obligations if the matter be placed in the hands of a committee of three leading, impartial business men of the city, and politics eliminated from the question.

"Believing that the source of all power lies in the citizen, I favor a referendum in city politics upon all matters which impose burdens upon the tax payer.

"All questions of franchise taxes and compensation for the use of the streets of the city by persons or corporations having special privileges thereon should be settled in the original grant or contract between the city and the holder of the franchise; but I am opposed to any war being made on the holders of franchises for private gain. I believe that the public utilities of the city belong to the citizens of the city; and where special privileges are granted by the city council, the city should receive a compensation therefor.

"There are two interests paramount in the destiny of Fort Worth, and these are its railroads and the cattle interests which have made this city their headquarters. These two interests alone will make Fort Worth a great city, if there can be a wise, business-like spirit shown in dealing with them. The railroads should be treated fairly. Their interests are reciprocal with those of the city; but in dealing with them and in making contracts with

them the public good alone should govern the action of the city council. The public interest and the public good are the only objects to be considered in all the legislation and contracts of the city upon any question or measure.

"In order to make Fort Worth the home of the wealthy cattlemen of Texas, it is imperative that the debt question of the city be placed upon an equitable basis whereby it can be carried without a violation of law. Its streets must be improved and an adequate supply of water obtained as early as possible.

"I favor a general system of street improvement in Fort Worth, and every available means should be used to rid the city of the dust nuisance, and improve its sanitary conditions. I believe, if the proper steps are taken, the citizens themselves will pave the main thoroughfares of the city, with such assistance as can and should be given by the city council; and the refunding of the city's debt on an equitable basis will give considerable funds to aid in this work.

"I believe the water situation in Fort Worth has been badly handled. An adequate supply of pure and wholesome water should be obtained at the earliest possible moment, and I believe if the city's debt be refunded upon a reasonable basis, that this can be done without the issuance of any more bonds by the city.

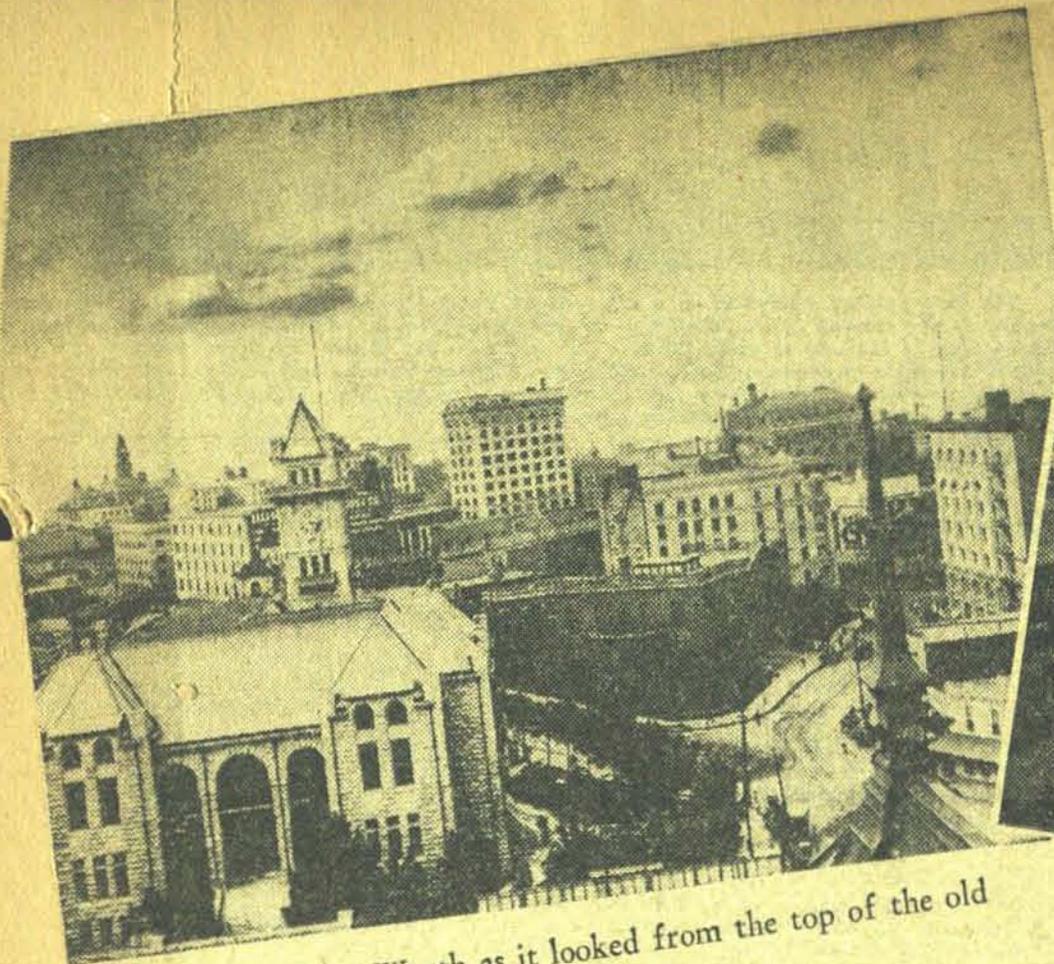
"I am opposed to the issuance of any more bonds by the city council, save and except as a last resort to obtain a water supply, and then only after vote of the people declaring in favor of so doing.

"I would like to see the city of Fort Worth governed as a business man runs his own business, in the interest of the whole people, for the public good; and I favor a radical reform in the purchase of supplies for the city, and am sure that many thousands of dollars can be saved annually by systematizing the purchasing of supplies upon a competitive basis.

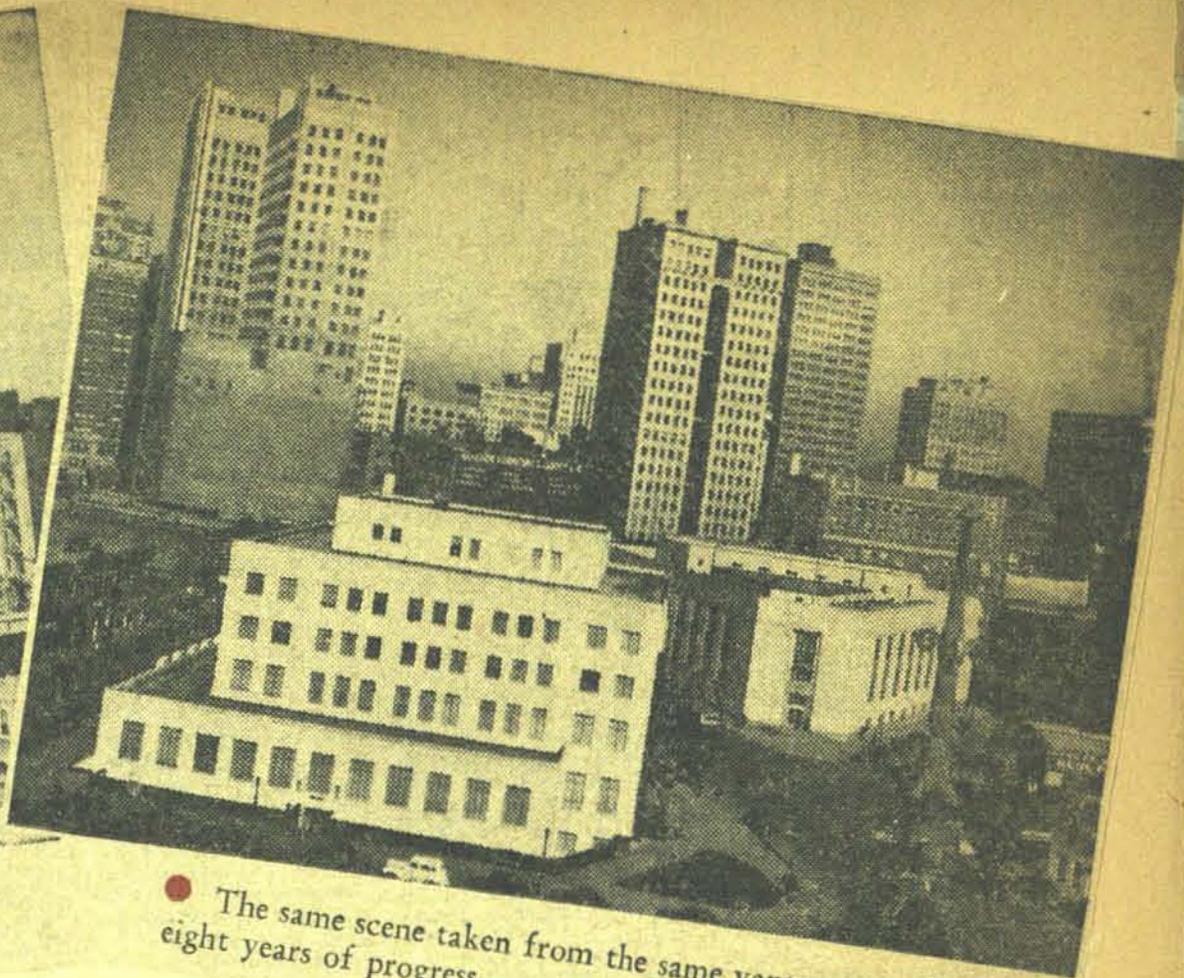
"Fort Worth should protect its home laboring man and I am in favor of all city contract work being done by home labor at a fair remunerative price for the labor, and am opposed to the importation of foreign, cheap labor, in the execution of any city contract.

"I believe that city politics should be kept out of the business affairs of the city, but the city council should aid the business man by all necessary and appropriate legislation."

Respectfully requesting your support, I am, your obedient servant,
T. J. POWELL.



● Downtown Fort Worth as it looked from the top of the old Postoffice about 1912.



● The same scene taken from the same vantage point—twenty-eight years of progress.



Engine Purchased As Town Begins to Take On Real City Aires

By C. L. DOUGLAS

BY the summer of 1876 Fort Worth fast was assuming city airs, and the equipment of the M. T. Johnson Hook & Ladder Company—although it was destined to remain in use until 1893—was beginning to appear rather antiquated, especially to those of the boys who had been as far afield at St. Louis and such places.

To keep abreast of modern times, they argued, Fort Worth

ORIGINATED EMBLEM

The man who designed the Panther head and star insignia of the Fire Department was J. O. Wright, an electrician now living at 320 Rockwood Dr. He made the design during the administration of Chief W. E. Bideker, at the chief's request. Mr. Wright was then a city light and emergency inspector.

should have a steamer. Then the department could handle a fire in the grand manner, and with real efficiency.

The volunteers could fair see themselves dashing down the streets on the smoking apparatus, drawn by a team of snorting horses, and they talked so much about an engine that the city council began regarding the matter seriously.

Citizens Raised \$1000 On Steamer's Price

But two noteworthy events occurred before the council took action. In September of '76 a fire demolished the Prairie House, the Isaacs Grocery and the Ellis Building at Third and Main; and early in October a negro named Jim Parker disrupted a Sabbath morn by trying to burn the city calaboose as a means of escape—and it might have been either of these happenings which prompted the council to promise purchase of a steamer if the citizens would raise \$1000 toward its price.

The citizens lost no time and council immediately let the contract for a Silsby engine. It cost \$6250.

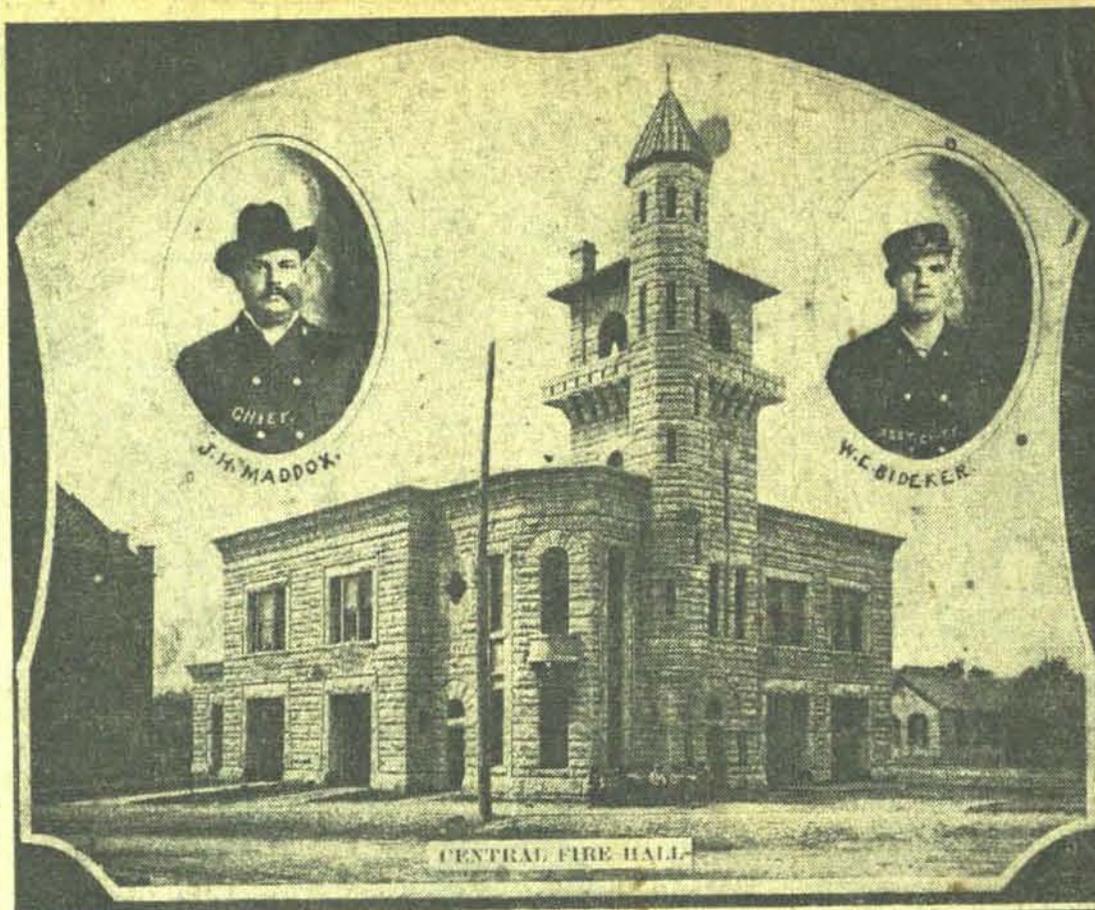
Of course the volunteers could scarcely wait for delivery of the monster, but before this happy event (several weeks later) they enthusiastically organized an engine company, with Capt. M. B. Loyd as president and E. E. Furman secretary. J. W. Monico was made foreman, or chief, and given two assistants, W. H. Catts and G. W. Hollingsworth.

They Christen New Engine the Panther

Then, remembering the joke that started when a Dallas man allegedly went home with a story that he had seen a panther asleep on a Fort Worth street, they decided to name the new steamer "The Panther."

It is doubtless safe to assume that when the equipment did arrive some members of the company secretly hoped for a likely blaze that they might test the machine.

When these actual tests did



Old Central Station on Throckmorton, razed recently, looked like this in 1901. Chief Maddox and Assistant Bideker, in charge at that time, are both dead. The lower photo shows a typical company, the captain in this one being Chief Standifer Ferguson, retired last year. H. C. (Sadie) Glosston died a few weeks ago. Mr. Howell also is dead.

come, with several minor blazes during the next year, it was to discover—according to testimony given by the Democrat—that the smoke-eaters sometimes were a little slow in getting to a fire.

They had some trouble getting the horses into the harness, the good beasts not yet being reconciled to the panting, rumbling thing they were forced to pull.

And fires in those days really must have been colorful. Take, for instance, that one which razed half a block of the downtown area in December of 1878.

Bucket-Toters Did A Good Day's Work

It started in the kitchen of the Delmonico Restaurant and it required heroic effort by not only the engine company and the Johnson Hook & Ladder, but dozens of citizen, bucket-toters, to prevent a major catastrophe.

Luckily the street cisterns were full, and the bucket brigades formed in two lines between these and the blaze, one line returning empties while the other passed along full ones to handlers at the fire. The Panther boys, of course, got the pump going and manned hose.

Maj. K. M. Van Zandt was among those in the bucket line, and the Democrat commented later that it was indeed a sorry thing that many of the idle bystanders did not follow his excellent example.

"Dr. Jackson was everywhere in

a minute," said the newspaper "always putting a bucket of water in the right place at the right time. C. H. Higbee was observed on the roof, as nimble as a cat, handling buckets with grace and effect. Mayor Beckman ran a nail through his hand, and Mr. Leveridge lost the basement of his Sunday pants."

Dallas Force Wires Offer Of Assistance

Long-haired Jim Courtright, the city marshal (later slain by Gambler Luke Short) was there to handle the crowd, and during the height of the blaze Chief Comer of the Dallas department telegraphed Chief Monico:

"Understand your city is on fire. Do you need us?"

But Fort Worth didn't.

When the flames were conquered the charred body of Michael Nephnam, a dishwasher at the Delmonico, was found in the debris, his skull bashed in. Whereupon the Democrat raised a mighty howl, alleging that someone had set the fire to cover up

a murder, but apparently no arrests ever were made.

New Equipment Added As the City Grew

New equipment was added as needed, and as the city grew two-wheeled hand reels which were dragged to the fire by running men, these after the first water mains, supplied by artesian wells, were laid in 1882. Then there were new steamers like the "Stuart Harrison," which tipped over and injured two men at 17th and Rusk while making a run in May, 1890.

But the department remained volunteer, and popular work it was. Most everyone wanted to be a red-shirted fire-fighter, not only for the thrill of the business but because of the parties and entertainments continually being staged for the various units.

"Most of the boys got in for the social features, I did," reminisces Retired Chief Standifer Ferguson, who joined in 1888.

(Next: The Paid Department)

manded.

The guards, taken by surprise, dropped their guns. They were well acquainted with Courtwright's skill as a marksman.

Backing slowly out, Courtwright left by the back door and jumped on a horse, which was waiting. Near the fire station, at First and Commerce, the horse stumbled and fell, throwing the rider. Firemen, caught the horse and held him for Jim to remount.

But once more the horse stumbled, this time near Bluff St., and the fugitive was forced to run on foot. He disappeared in the thickets around the Trinity River.

Courtwright later returned voluntarily to New Mexico for trial and was freed.

His luck failed several years later in a pistol duel with Luke Short. Stories differ as to what brought on the altercation. Some say Courtwright was hired by rival gamblers to kill Short. Others say Courtwright, who was operating a detective bureau, was taking protection money from Short and the latter grew tired of it. They met in the entrance of the White Elephant.

"Hear you're looking for me, Jim," drawled Short.

"Can't say that I was," came the reply.

"Well, I'm not armed," said Short, pulling up his vest to show that he carried no gun in his belt. But in the same motion Short slipped his hand to a back hip pocket and whisked out a pistol.

Courtwright must have sensed danger, for he drew about the same time. Short's gun barked first, clipping off Courtwright's "shooting thumb." Jim tried the "border shift," switching the gun to the left hand, but another shot from Short's pistol stilled the old marshal. He died quickly.

Competition Developed

Idlers, hearing the shots, mused: "Well, old Jim has taken care of Luke." They were surprised to hear the result was just the opposite.

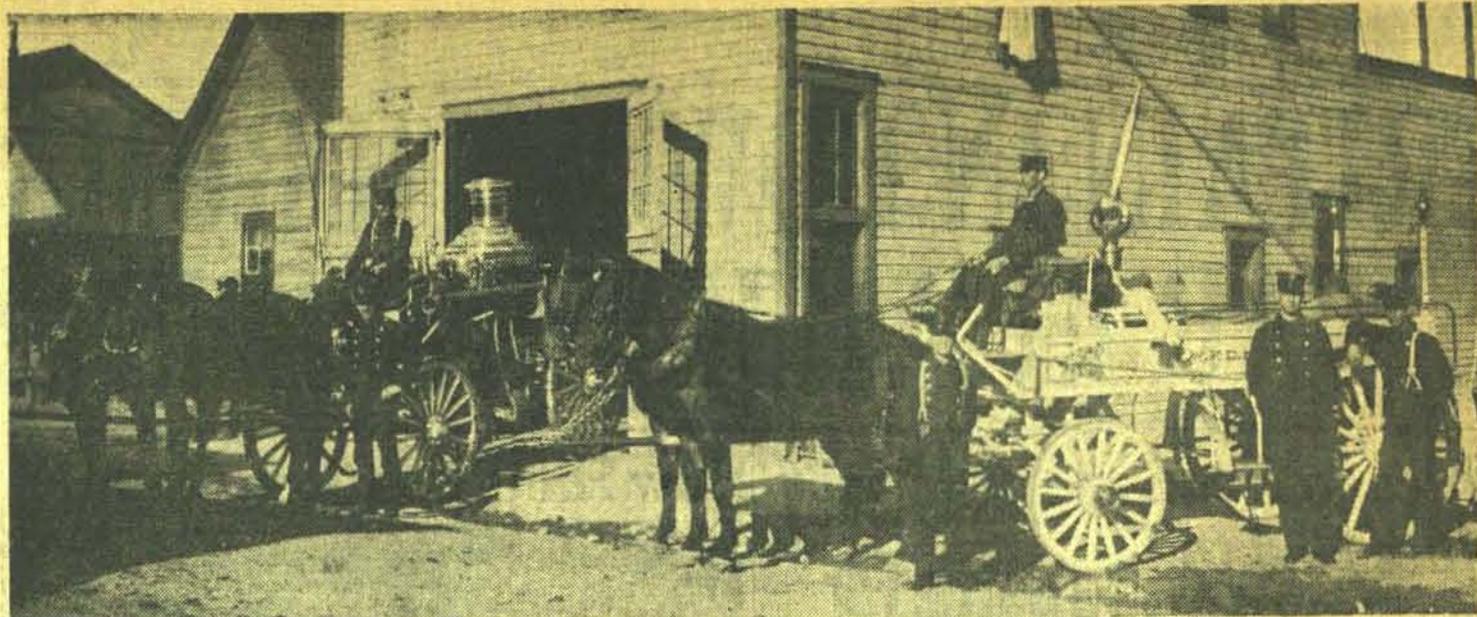
Competition developed now for the marshal's office. The position was taken off a fee basis and placed on salary.

Three men contested for the office from 1879 to 1908. Sam Farmer was the first, serving from '79 to '83, followed by Bill Rea from '83 to '87. Mr. Farmer from '87 to '91. Jim Maddox took office in 1891 and stayed until 1897, when Mr. Rea took over for an eight-year tenure. When Maddox returned in 1905, the office title was changed from city marshal to police chief.

Mr. Rea was a peace officer for 50 years before he retired in 1930. He died three years later.

Mr. Maddox reign was sprinkled with saloon shootings, topped by the assassination of Dist. Atty. Jeff McLean shortly after the turn of the century. Mr. McLean, crusader against gambling, was shot to death by Bill Thompson, a gambler, in front of The Stag at Fourth and Main. The gambler also wounded mortally a pursuing officer, Emil Scott, before he was cornered in Roe's Lumber Yard, located where Fakes & Co. now stands. Critically wounded when arrested, Thompson was taken to City Hall. Chief Maddox protected him from a lynching mob. He died in jail several days later.

L. J. Polk succeeded Mr. Maddox in 1909, serving two years. Next came J. W. Renfro, last of the old-fashioned, moustached chiefs. First of the modern era was O. R. Montgomery who took office in 1913, served two years, then returned in 1917 for six months before he was made city commissioner. Cullen Bailey was chief from 1915 to 1917, R. R. Porter, from 1917 to 1921, Harry Hamilton, from 1921 to 1923, Henry Lee, from 1923 to 1933, Henry Lewis, from 1933 to 1937, and A. E. Dowell has held the office since.



Festivity of 1890 Becomes Tragedy; Al Hayne Killed

By C. L. DOUGLAS

ON the night of June 3, 1890, all Fort Worth's 'beauty and gallantry,' assisted by hundreds of visitors from many sections of Texas, were making merry in a big way.

The Spring Palace, an exposition designed to portray the industrial growth and development of Texas, was in full swing. An enormous building of the "gingerbread" architectural lines so much in vogue during that era, the frame structure was filled with a great profusion of cereals, grasses and farm products, with pampa grass being used generously in the scheme of decoration.

All was gaiety and fun. The halls buzzed with conversation and laughter. A special train was pulling into T. & P. station with a contingent of Dallas folk. They were piling into cabs to go to the Palace, which stood just across the street from the present Recreation building.

Spark From a Match Starts a Major Fire

Then a negro boy stepped on a match which someone had dropped on the floor—

A spark caught in a bundle of pampa grass, and the great Spring Palace burst into flame!

Fire Chief Don B. Adams chanced to be in the first floor hallway, and as the flame leaped through the tinder-like grass and crackled toward the ceiling, he jumped for alarm box No. 222, not more than 20 feet away. Then he jerked open the valves of the standpipes with which the building



Two of the old-time companies of the 1900s . . . The upper photo shows the steamer and hose wagon at the 15th and Commerce station. John Parrish driving the steamer. Paul Krowe is driving the hose cart, and standing in front of him is William Kinkle, now assistant chief. George Florence, now in Dallas, is next man to the right. The lower photo was made at the Chambers and Kennedy Sts. station. The late Capt. Jack Adams is sitting beside Driver J. R. Brian, now of Lubbock. George Mann is standing.

had been equipped and put into and from No. 5 at Tucker and play a hose that had previously been connected to meet possible emergencies.

But the chief's efforts were futile. A dozen lines of hose could not have coped with the situation. The flames spread much too rapidly.

Crowd Was Orderly, With No Hysteria

Meanwhile, a steamer was rolling out of Station No. 1 at Second and Commerce, another out of Station No. 4 at Peter Smith and Fulton. Hose carts were on the way from No. 2 at 11th and Main, from No. 3 on Houston near 16th,

Fortunately the crowd was orderly. There was no hysteria, no panic. Most of them filed out within five minutes, but a few children were thrown from second floor windows, to be caught by Col. John Peter Smith and Zeno Ross.

The full fire department was there as fast as their horses could bring them, and no time was lost in putting the hose into play, but it was already apparent that nothing could save the Palace. It was burning like a pine box, and Fort Worth was witnessing the greatest fire in its history—greater even than early morning blaze at the compress which destroyed 2000 bales of cotton on Dec. 26, 1889.

Dwellings and Stable Cause More Trouble

Four dwellings and a stable to the south of the Palace soon caught and, according to the next morning's Gazette: "It required the utmost of the department to save them. The only way the hose could be taken to the furthest point west was by firemen lying on the ground behind fences and crawling."

Then the second floor fell in and some of the spectators realized, with a sense of horror, that Al S. Hayne, a railroad man, had just gone up there to determine if anyone remained inside. Al Hayne was the only casualty of the fire. A volunteer fireman for one evening, his heroism was later immortalized by a piece of park statuary.

The burning of the Spring Palace gave the volunteer department its greatest baptism of fire and the Gazette commented: "The

First Full-Time Firemen Received \$50 Each Month

whole department did their duty manfully and the citizens appreciate it."

The catastrophe did help in some measure to impress upon Fort Worth the need for a regular salaried, full-time department, but it was not until late in 1893 that City Council passed an ordinance creating such a force.

It provided for 34 paid men to take over the five stations, and, clad in their new blue and brass-buttoned uniforms, they went to work at noon of Nov. 30, 1893, although their pay did not start until the following morning.

"The men received \$50 a month, the captains \$60, the assistant chief \$75 and the chief \$125," recalls Retired Chief Standifer Ferguson, who went to work that day at No. 5, Tucker and Bryan. "The department, at that time, had three steamers and several hose wagons, including an aerial hook and ladder wagon bought by Chief Adams in 1891. We didn't have a fire for the first 29 days, and then only a small one."

Best Horses Were In "Every" Station

Chief Ferguson's old records show that the department cost the city \$30,428.68 for the first year's operation (quite a difference when compared with the \$519,475 budget of today).

"And strange as it may seem," added the chief, "the first year's operation under the paid system cost several hundred dollars less than the last year of the volunteer service."

The smoke-eaters were mighty proud of the new department but if there was any one thing in which early-day firemen, here and elsewhere, took more than ordinary pride it was in their horses.

The best and most famous horses of the Fort Worth department? Well—

"All of 'em," testifies Chief Ferguson. "Every station had the best, fastest and smartest teams, to hear the boys tell it."

Chiefs' Coupes Are Also Pump Engines

When Chief Ferguson took over in 1919 the department boasted 11 pieces of motorized equipment, and with the 1920's—and the city taking on rapid growth under the impetus of oil and manufacturing—the fire department kept moving forward, adding new stations, new pumpers and more men in proportion to that growth.

It was during Chief Ferguson's regime that another innovation, peculiar to this department alone, was added. The city bought four long, sleek coupes for the use of the battalion chiefs, and if you look at those cars today you might size them up to be nice, pretty models ideal for the purpose of getting the bosses to a fire in a hurry—just ordinary coupes, to all appearances.

He Had Trouble Starting Up Hook And Ladder No. 1

By C. L. DOUGLAS

A BLUE norther was howling that March night in 1873 and the editor of the Democrat, as he stood in the facade of the Tarrant County Courthouse, felt a keen sense of disappointment.

He mused a little to himself as he gazed out across the city's frame buildings, and the windows which reflected the pale light of coal-oil lamps.

If one of those lamps should be overturned, if one should suddenly explode—what then? The editor of the Democrat let his imagination go. He could see an entire block, perhaps an entire section of the business district, wiped out by the crackling flames of the Demon Fire, with the citizens helpless to prevent it.

Buckets of Rain Water Were Scant Protection

That's why Capt. B. B. Paddock, in the last edition of his newspaper, had urged the mass meeting on this night. Fort Worth needed . . . MUST have . . . a Hook and Ladder Company. The only fire protection the city could boast was in a few rain-water cisterns sunk in the streets, and from these water could be carried by bucket brigades in event of emergency, but there was absolutely no organization, no leadership of any kind.

That night at the Courthouse Editor Paddock waited, as he later put it, "until patience ceased to be a virtue." Not another person appeared in answer to his call, so the editor mentally elected himself chairman of the "rally," passed several resolutions "unanimously," folded his cloak about him and went home.

In the next issue of the Democrat he made much of the one-man meeting and sarcastically chided the disinterested townspeople with this ironical information:

"A Five-Foot Ladder And a Wet Blanket"

"We have procured all the machinery necessary for a first-class Hook and Ladder, viz: A five-foot step-ladder, a walking stick with a hook on the end, a pint cup and a wet blanket, and are now ready to extinguish fires in any part of the city."

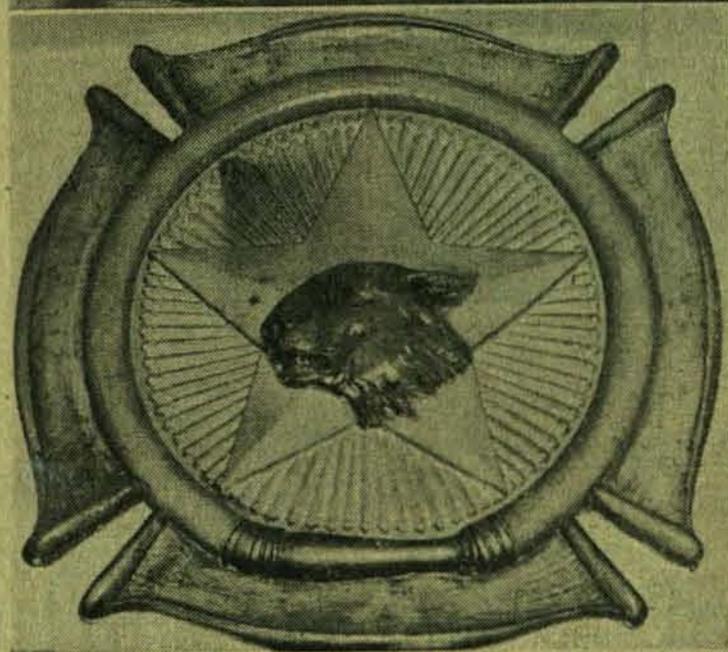
That was the first attempt to organize a volunteer fire department in Fort Worth, and although the effort met with such signal defeat, Editor Paddock kept hammering away, painting terrible word pictures of the havoc Demon Fire might someday cause. The modest sum of \$500 would buy a modern hook-and-ladder with rubber buckets attached, he said—and how about starting a fund by public subscription?

Early in April of 1873 an enterprising young man, whose name the Democrat did not preserve, started solicitation but was unable to raise more than \$68.50. Late that month, however, the Democrat's pleadings were heard and 50 citizens held an organization meeting at the Courthouse.

Gangway! Here Comes Hook & Ladder No. 1

Hook and Ladder No. 1 came into being, with W. J. Feild as foreman, J. W. Monico as assistant foreman, T. N. Boss treasurer, and Sam Furman secretary. A solicitation committee was named and within a few days succeeded in raising \$300.

To make up the deficit it was decided to hold a grand entertainment at the Courthouse on



In the good old days of the rumbling steamers—a picture that shows the boys at No. 1 station, Second and Commerce, showing off their fancy equipment in the first decade of the century. Lower: The emblem of the department, a panther's head on a Texas star, all set on a Maltese cross. In the early days one company had a couple of caged panther cubs, which they displayed with much ceremony in parades here and at Dallas.

May 10, and when the "beauty and gallantry" of the city were assembled \$150 was added to the treasury by the process of a popularity contest for the ladies. Several candidates were entered, to be voted on by the town's swains at 10 cents a vote, the winning young lady to have the Hook and Ladder company named in her honor.

The balloting went on while Brown & De Vere's Silver Cornet Band "discoursed sweet strains of music" and with refreshments being served by "the gentlemanly proprietors of the Ladies' Palace Ice Cream Parlor," and when the votes were counted Miss Sallie Johnson, daughter of a pioneer family, was declared the winner. Miss Johnson, however, modestly requested that the fire department

be named in honor of her father and so the unit became M. T. Johnson Hook and Ladder Company No. 1.

The Brigade Forms—With Rubber Buckets

The company acquired a man-drawn wagon which carried ladders and was strung along each side with rubber buckets. It was kept in a small shed near the Courthouse, the idea being for the members of the brigade—when the popping of pistols gave an alarm—to rush for the shed, drag the conveyance to the fire, and form a bucket line between the blaze and the nearest cistern.

The files of the Democrat reveal that there was some little

trouble caused at times by volunteers going directly to the fire instead of to the wagon house, but luckily there were no fires of great note in the early days of the company's existence.

The paper tells of one merchant, a volunteer firefighter, who was selling a pistol when an alarm was given. Without hesitation, he rushed from his store but forgot to drop the pistol. Seeing him running along the streets with the pistol in hand, some citizens believed he was fleeing from some crime, and half a dozen people tried to down him with rocks before he reached the wagon house.

The Ladies Fall For Those Gay Uniforms

It requires money to operate a fire department—even such a hook and ladder company—and the end of 1873 found the organization with a small deficit. This the citizens tried to eliminate through an entertainment and lottery set for New Year's Day, 1874.

"Some of the ladies," said the Democrat, "were attired in costumes almost royal in magnificence which, with the sparkling eyes and jewels, and the gay uniforms of the gallant firemen, provided a scene which beggars description."

But after the affair, which was followed by supper at the Transcontinental Hotel, the Democrat had to report:

"We regret to say that a balance sheet of the entertainment shows no money left to pay off the indebtedness."

Such were the beginnings of a fire department which now, after 67 years, has a salaried personnel of 269 men and an annual operating budget of more than \$500,000.

NEXT: City Stuff, and the "Panther Steamer."

He Had Trouble Starting Up Hook And Ladder No. 1

By C. L. DOUGLAS

A BLUE norther was howling that March night in 1873 and the editor of the Democrat, as he stood in the facade of the Tarrant County Courthouse, felt a keen sense of disappointment.

He mused a little to himself as he gazed out across the city's frame buildings, and the windows which reflected the pale light of coal-oil lamps.

If one of those lamps should be overturned, if one should suddenly explode—what then? The editor of the Democrat let his imagination go. He could see an entire block, perhaps an entire section of the business district, wiped out by the crackling flames of the Demon Fire, with the citizens helpless to prevent it.

Buckets of Rain Water Were Scant Protection

That's why Capt. B. B. Paddock, in the last edition of his newspaper, had urged the mass meeting on this night. Fort Worth needed . . . MUST have . . . a Hook and Ladder Company. The only fire protection the city could boast was in a few rain-water cisterns sunk in the streets, and from these water could be carried by bucket brigades in event of emergency, but there was absolutely no organization, no leadership of any kind.

That night at the Courthouse Editor Paddock waited, as he later put it, "until patience ceased to be a virtue." Not another person appeared in answer to his call, so the editor mentally elected himself chairman of the "rally," passed several resolutions "unanimously," folded his cloak about him and went home.

In the next issue of the Democrat he made much of the one-man meeting and sarcastically chided the disinterested townspeople with this ironical information:

"A Five-Foot Ladder And a Wet Blanket"

"We have procured all the machinery necessary for a first-class Hook and Ladder, viz: A five-foot step-ladder, a walking stick with a hook on the end, a pint cup and a wet blanket, and are now ready to extinguish fires in any part of the city."

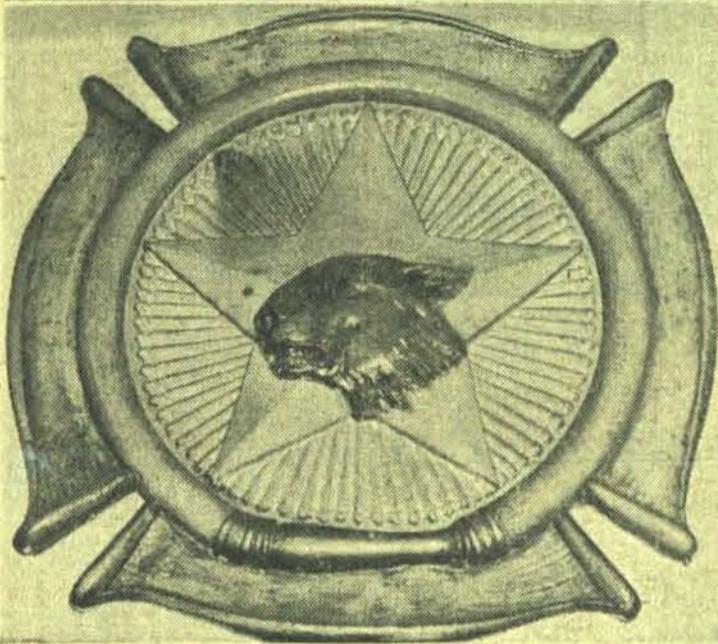
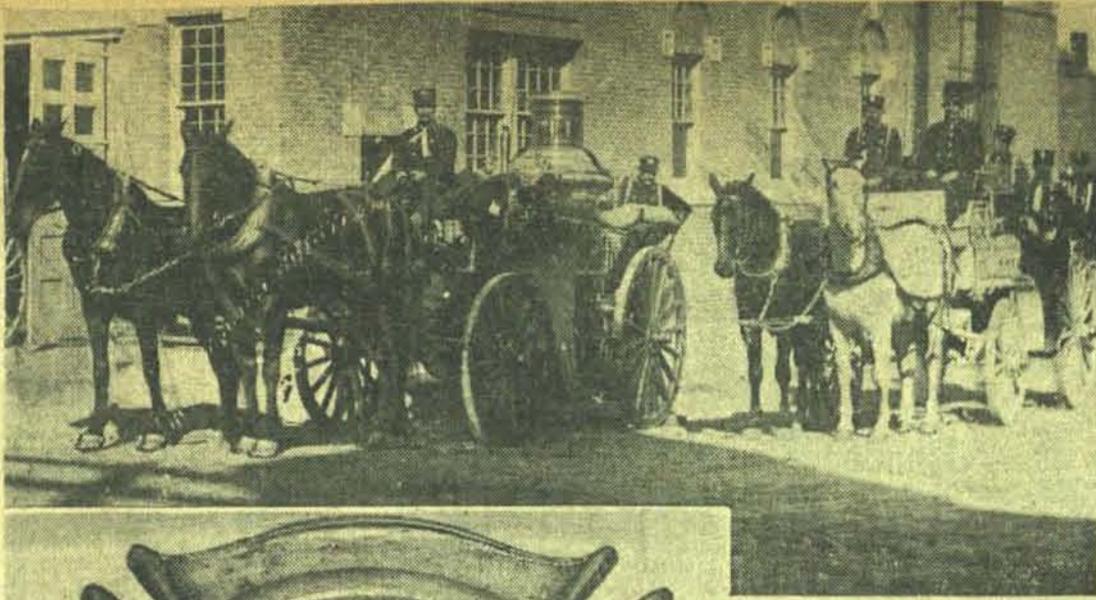
That was the first attempt to organize a volunteer fire department in Fort Worth, and although the effort met with such signal defeat, Editor Paddock kept hammering away, painting terrible word pictures of the havoc Demon Fire might someday cause. The modest sum of \$500 would buy a modern hook-and-ladder with rubber buckets attached, he said—and how about starting a fund by public subscription?

Early in April of 1873 an enterprising young man, whose name the Democrat did not preserve, started solicitation but was unable to raise more than \$68.50. Late that month, however, the Democrat's pleadings were heard and 50 citizens held an organization meeting at the Courthouse.

Gangway! Here Comes Hook & Ladder No. 1

Hook and Ladder No. 1 came into being, with W. J. Feild as foreman, J. W. Monico as assistant foreman, T. N. Boss treasurer, and Sam Furman secretary. A solicitation committee was named and within a few days succeeded in raising \$300.

To make up the deficit it was decided to hold a grand entertainment at the Courthouse on



In the good old days of the rumbling steamers—a picture that shows the boys at No. 1 station, Second and Commerce, showing off their fancy equipment in the first decade of the century. Lower: The emblem of the department, a panther's head on a Texas star, all set on a Maltese cross. In the early days one company had a couple of caged panther cubs, which they displayed with much ceremony in parades here and at Dallas.

May 10, and when the "beauty and gallantry" of the city were assembled \$150 was added to the treasury by the process of a popularity contest for the ladies. Several candidates were entered, to be voted on by the town's swains at 10 cents a vote, the winning young lady to have the Hook and Ladder company named in her honor.

The balloting went on while Brown & De Vere's Silver Cornet Band "discoursed sweet strains of music" and with refreshments being served by "the gentlemanly proprietors of the Ladies' Palace Ice Cream Parlor," and when the votes were counted Miss Sallie Johnson, daughter of a pioneer family, was declared the winner. Miss Johnson, however, modestly requested that the fire department

be named in honor of her father and so the unit became M. T. Johnson Hook and Ladder Company No. 1.

The Brigade Forms—With Rubber Buckets

The company acquired a mandrawn wagon which carried ladders and was strung along each side with rubber buckets. It was kept in a small shed near the Courthouse, the idea being for the members of the brigade—when the popping of pistols gave an alarm—to rush for the shed, drag the conveyance to the fire, and form a bucket line between the blaze and the nearest cistern.

The files of the Democrat reveal that there was some little

trouble caused at times by volunteers going directly to the fire instead of to the wagon house, but luckily there were no fires of great note in the early days of the company's existence.

The paper tells of one merchant, a volunteer firefighter, who was selling a pistol when an alarm was given. Without hesitation, he rushed from his store but forgot to drop the pistol. Seeing him running along the streets with the pistol in hand, some citizens believed he was fleeing from some crime, and half a dozen people tried to down him with rocks before he reached the wagon house.

The Ladies Fell For Those Gay Uniforms

It requires money to operate a fire department—even such a hook and ladder company—and the end of 1873 found the organization with a small deficit. This the citizens tried to eliminate through an entertainment and lottery set for New Year's Day, 1874.

"Some of the ladies," said the Democrat, "were attired in costumes almost royal in magnificence which, with the sparkling eyes and jewels, and the gay uniforms of the gallant firemen, provided a scene which beggars description."

But after the affair, which was followed by supper at the Transcontinental Hotel, the Democrat had to report:

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Such were the beginnings of a fire department which now, after 67 years, has a salaried personnel of 269 men and an annual operating budget of more than \$500,000.

NEXT: City Stuff, and the "Panther Steamer."

years ago—when an all-time poll tax high was set—and the 11,034 total two years ago on Jan. 26. Deputies continued to go to schools and business concerns with poll receipt books. They will make calls at business places when requested to do so.

Tavern Keepers Fined For Sales to 'Drunk'

Two tavern keepers lost almost \$100 by selling beer to a man called "one Franks" in misdemeanor complaints filed in County Court-at-Law No. 1. The tavern men, Bob Caldwell, 110 E. Ninth, and J. B. Harpo, of 119 W. Exchange, pleaded guilty yesterday in court to selling beer to "one Franks" while he showed evidence of being drunk. They were fined \$25 and costs, which amounted to \$49.95 in each case.

By United Press
ROME, Jan. 27.—Regime Fascista, newspaper owned by Roberto Farinacci, former secretary general of the Fascist party, attacked President Roosevelt, American Protestants, American Jews and America in general in an editorial today.

President Roosevelt was accused of being one of the statesmen responsible for the European war. Denouncing the President's choice of Myron C. Taylor, former head of the United States Steel Corp., as his personal representative at the Vatican, the newspaper said that Mr. Roosevelt's choice of a Quaker representative in a nation which had 20,000,000 Catholics showed a lack of desire on the President's part for his "greatly heralded" peace aims. The editorial said the President was of Jewish descent and was surrounded by Jewish advisers.

hold up T. Jerome, 3401 Avenue L, about one hour before the Handley stickup. Jerome was confronted by two masked men as he drove into his garage, but they apparently became alarmed at the approach of a car and fled.

The three masked men all flashed pistols as they entered Mr. Baker's station. They overlooked another \$20 in a cash drawer under the counter. After servicing their car with gasoline and oil, they drove north from Handley.

BUS DRIVER LOSES \$23 TO BOY BANDITS

Police today were looking for three boys, one about 12, who robbed a North Side bus driver of \$23 last night and escaped in a dilapidated truck.

The victim, M. F. Stone, of 3133 Rodeo, said two boys, one about 19, the other "very young," boarded his bus in the 3300 block Azle shortly before midnight. The older youth flourished a gun and demanded money.

cost of warships now built by competitive bidding.

Edison charges the requirement that contracts be given to lowest bidders results in "an unstandard ship" and huge waste through differences in plans and duplications.

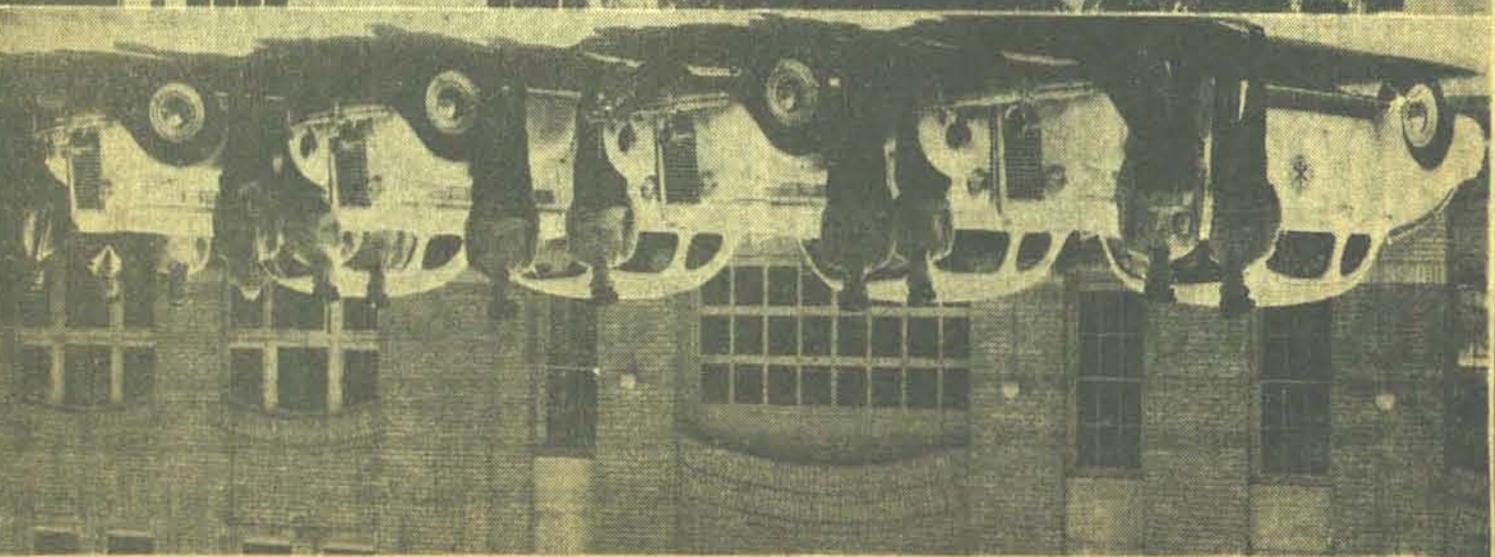
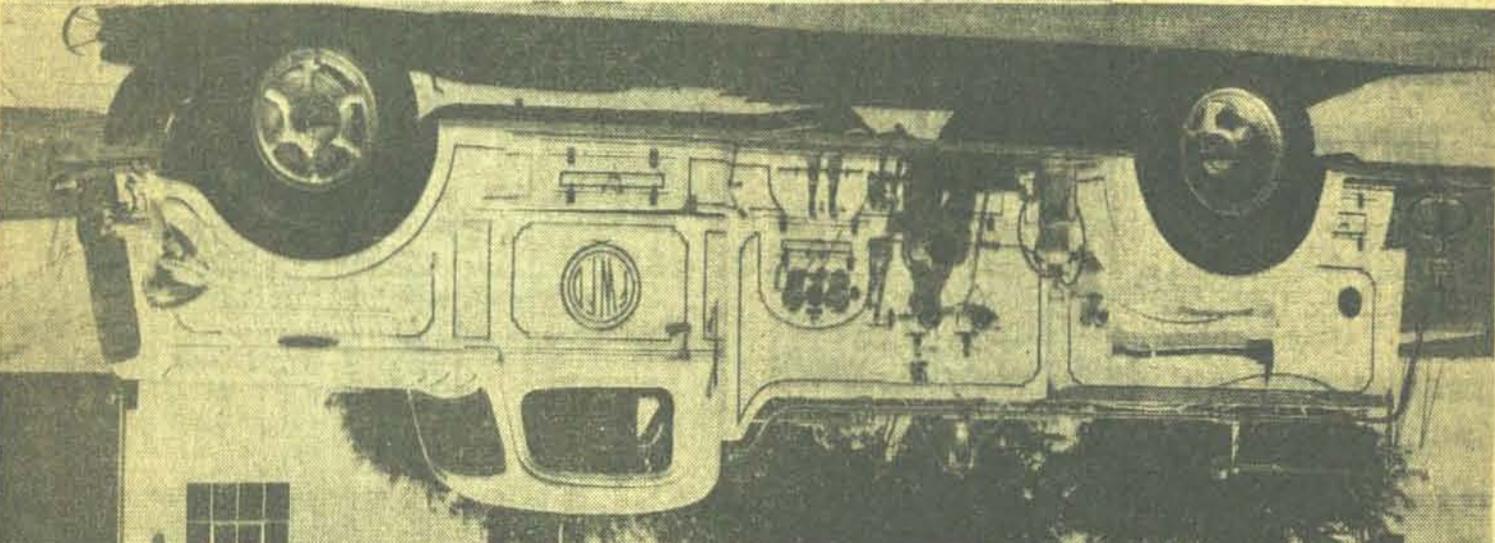
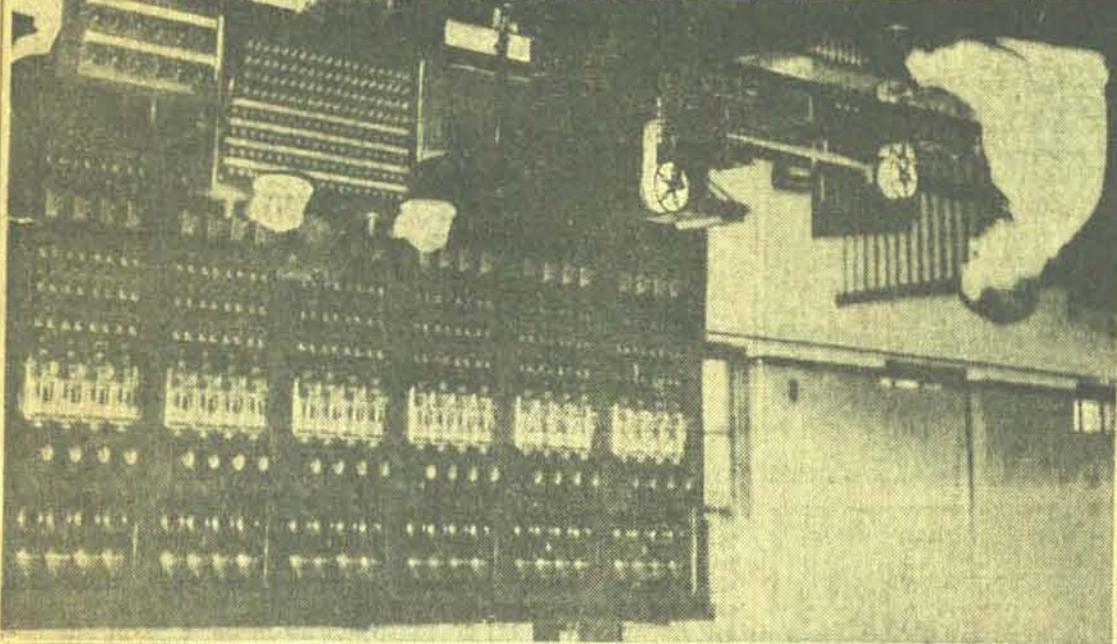
He said that the present law should be revised to allow the Navy to negotiate contracts directly for standard types of ships on an overall basis after considering all proposals. He added, however, that competition is essential and that outside concerns should be encouraged to promote new naval designs and ideas.

20-Acre Oil Well Spacing Begins Feb. 1

By United Press.
AUSTIN, Jan. 27.—Twenty-acre spacing for oil wells will go into effect in Texas Thursday. An order for the spacing rule was signed today by all members of the Railroad Commission.

The state-wide 20 acre spacing rule was subject of long discussion at the last statewide oil production hearing here Jan. 18. At that time the Railroad Commission building just west of Central Station, the alarm system part of more than \$80,000 worth of equipment in the alarm system. On a big electrical signal board, those boxes? When a fire alarm box is tipped, the handle on one of those boxes tips the handle on one of those boxes. Now just what occurs when a fire alarm box is tipped? The fire alarm boxes that send the big fire wagons running down the street. The fire alarm boxes that send the fire wagons running down the street. The fire alarm boxes that send the fire wagons running down the street.

President's Birthday Ball



418 Sentinels Stand Guard As You Sleep



REMEMBER WHEN? — If you were a Fort Worth 45 years ago, you may recall how the old Central Fire Station looked at Throckmorton and Monroe. The truck at left was the city's only motorized fire-fighting equipment. This picture is from the private collection of Bill Shelton.

Wee Willie Kinkle Reminisces About The Good Old Days in Fire Fighting

A man had to have his heart in his work back in 1893 when Wee Willie Kinkle and a number of other volunteers signed on as members of Fort Worth's first paid fire department.

That is, the men didn't get much besides work out of it. The chief drew \$125 a month, the assistant chief \$100, captains got \$60, privates \$50 and the engineers, recruited from the railroads to run the steamers, made \$15 more than their captains.

For those wages the men worked round the clock every day in the year with 35 minutes off for each meal. They bought their own uniforms, furnished their own bed linens and lost their pay when off for sickness.

Retired Battalion Chief.

But, all in all, those were the days, according to the 77-year-old retired battalion chief, who fought Fort Worth's fires from the volunteer days right on up to Jan. 15, 1942, when he retired.

The motorized department of today may be faster and its sirens louder, but riding one of those white trucks doesn't compare, in Kinkle's estimation, with wheeling out of the old Central Station in a gleaming chief's buggy while the big fire bell clanged out the alarm.

And they were a fine lot of lads, those first firemen of the city. There was Frank Massengale, who was killed in service in 1926 when a high voltage line fell on him as he fought a fire; Frank Bishop, who suffered a fatal heart attack as he ran up a flight of stairs at a fire in the 1920s, and those sons of Ireland, Capt. Jerry O'Brien, Pat Noonan and Pete McGrath.

Recalls Comrades.

Also under the first chief, John C. Cella, and assistant chief, Harry Lacey, were Capt. William Bideker



WILLIE KINKLE.

Staff Photo.

and Capt. Standifer Ferguson, both later to head the department; C. Trowbridge, George Kaywood, Charlie Sneed and Larry Herbert, and Capt. Bob McCart and Gordon Goff.

Kinkle was the smallest of the lot.

The chief, assistant chief and the 32 men of the department were selected from the volunteer companies which started fighting Fort Worth's fires in May, 1873. The first piece of equipment of the first company was a hand-drawn hook and ladder with a wagon-box full of buckets. Water was obtained in the buckets at any available source. W. J. Fields was the captain of the company.

Spring Palace Fire.

Three years later a large fire occurred at 3rd and Main and as a result of the destruction of thousands of dollars worth of property, a large horse-drawn steam pumper was purchased. Cisterns were dug at selected locations and kept filled with water. First water mains were laid in 1882.

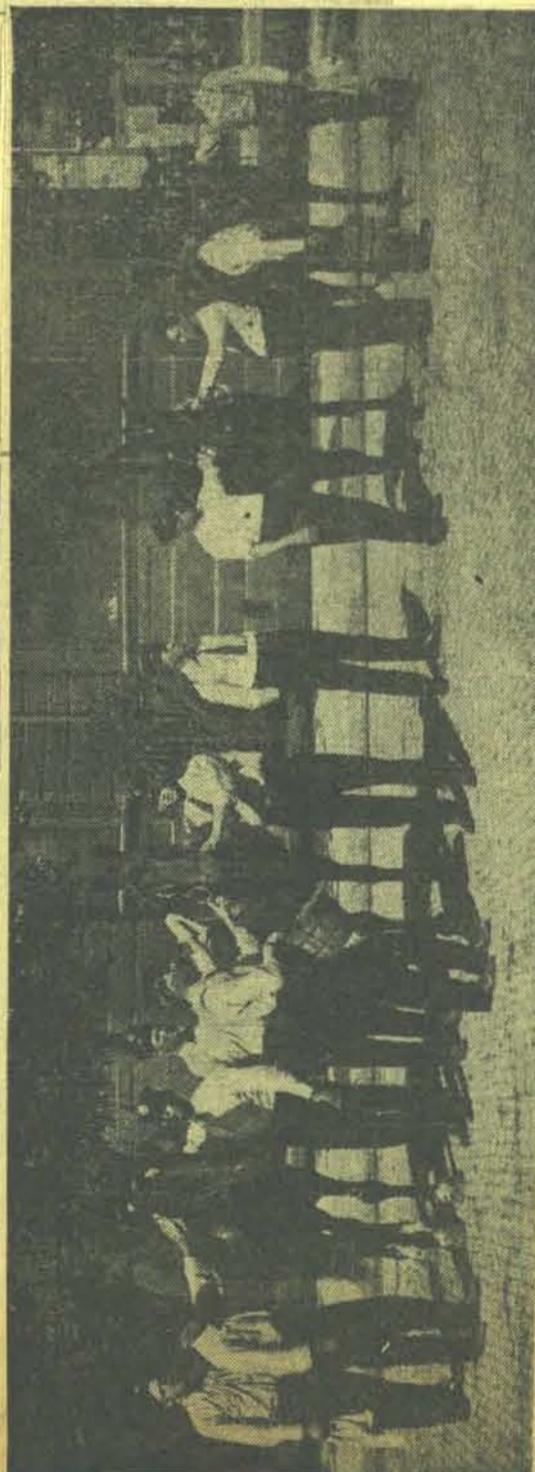
Kinkle was one of the two guards on duty, Larry Herbert was

the other, when the Spring Palace burned in 1890. "The building was decorated with Spanish moss and displays of grain. The whole building was afire in a flash and there wasn't a chance to put it out," Kinkle said.

That fire, coupled with the Ellis Hotel blaze two years later, brought the organization of the paid department Nov. 30, 1893. Seven pieces of equipment were divided between the five stations. The stations and the equipment were valued at \$30,000, and the first year of operation cost \$30,428.68. The present fiscal year budget provided \$796,000 for the fire department.

The South Side fire, which swept 14 square blocks and caused \$2,000,000 damages in 1909, still is vivid in Kinkle's memory. Although the cause was never definitely determined, he believes it was started by some youngsters experimenting with cigars in the loft of a barn just off Broadway.

In 1907 Kinkle suffered severe face and hand burns when an explosion occurred during a fire at the T&P freight house. The injuries didn't keep him off the job long and he was among the interested spectators who watched the first pieces of motorized equipment put into service in 1910.



The boys were proud of their horses, as this picture, taken about 1912 near the old Public Library, shows. The firemen, left to right, are John Bevil, Chuck Dunwoody, Sam Williams, Claude West (now captain at No. 19), J. H. Bigham, with bucket, and Harry Slate, George Farris (now at No. 16), Bob Robinson, Fred Steinfelt, Tom Irby, C. E. Reed, and Harry Slate.

Horses Always Bolted For Wagons as Gong Sounded

They Were Smart But Catastrophe of 1909 Here Proved Necessity For Motor Fire Truck

By C. L. DOUGLAS

IF, as Chief Ferguson says—"every station had the best and fastest horses"—it would require too much space to detail the story of Fort Worth's quadruped fire-fighters.

So, just as an illustration of their high intelligence, we'll let J. W. Holder, former steamer driver and now chief operator of the alarm system, tell you about old "Irish."

Old "Irish," a big dark brown fellow, was the pride of Station No. 3 at 1700 Jones. When the boys would take him out for exercising, along with his team-mate "Dutch," the riders would have to watch themselves lest an alarm should sound during such business—because the pair would bolt suddenly for the engine house at the first tap of the gong.

Like all the veteran fire horses they loved a fire. It broke the monotony of standing idly, sometimes for a week or two, in their stables. Let an alarm sound and they'd dash, without any prompting, from their stalls and get under the suspended harness of the steamer or hose wagon.

Horse Knows Of Fire Before Alarm

"They'd grab the bit like it was something good to eat," recalls Mr. Holder. "Those fellows were hard to hold."

But it was one cold day about 5 a. m. that "Irish" made his greatest bid for fame.

"From No. 3 in those days," said Mr. Holder, "you could look out the windows and get a clear view of the Wells Fargo Express office, and that morning Irish must have looked out and seen the fire that had started at the express company."

"Anyway, that's the way we figured it out later. Irish began pawing and snorting and we didn't know what was the matter with him—because, you see, no alarm had been turned in yet. Old Irish stood it as long as he could, then jumped over the chain in front of his stall, and got in under his set of harness at the steamer, where he continued to paw and show the greatest impatience.

"We were still wondering what he was up to when the alarm came in. A smart horse, that Irish—but most of them were. They'd stand at a fire, often close up in terrific heat, better than most men. They'd keep their eyes closed, and many times I've seen their eyelids swell and blister, but they knew their duty and they did it."

The Old Steamer Is Praised Highly

In the old days Fort Worth and Dallas teams often met in competition, to show speed and efficiency.

Mr. Holder is one who still praises the steamer as a fine piece of fire fighting equipment. It could throw a stream of water as far as some of today's modern equipment and it could pump all night long if need be, says he.

By placing a portable gas torch under the boiler firemen kept the water in the tank almost at the boiling point during times of inaction, with excelsior, kindling and fine coal under the boiler ready to be ignited.

"When an alarm came in," said the former driver, "we could take out the gas torch, light the excelsior and have a good head of steam before we had run six or seven blocks. We would refuel from a coal box on the back of the steamer."

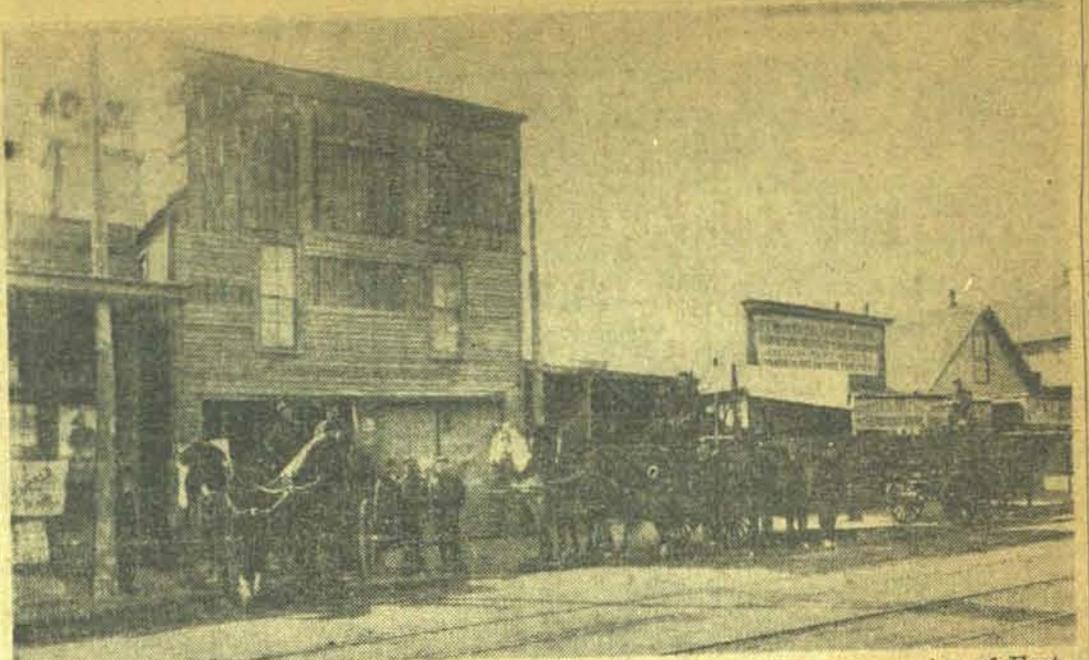
The city grew, and the department kept pace. Ben U. Bell took over as chief from Don Adams, then John Cella held the post for several years. Jim Maddox took over on April 8, 1901, and went out on April 11, 1905, to be supplanted by W. E. Bideker.

Dallas Company Aid City Fighters

More new men, new stations and equipment were added as necessity seemed to demand, and the department took pride in being one of the foremost in the Southwest, but even so there came a day when it had to call for outside help.

At noon on April 3, 1909, Chief Bideker took over the alarm switchboard at Central Station so that Operator Penninger could go to lunch. At 12:50, just before Penninger's return, the telephone rang.

"Two barns on fire at Jennings

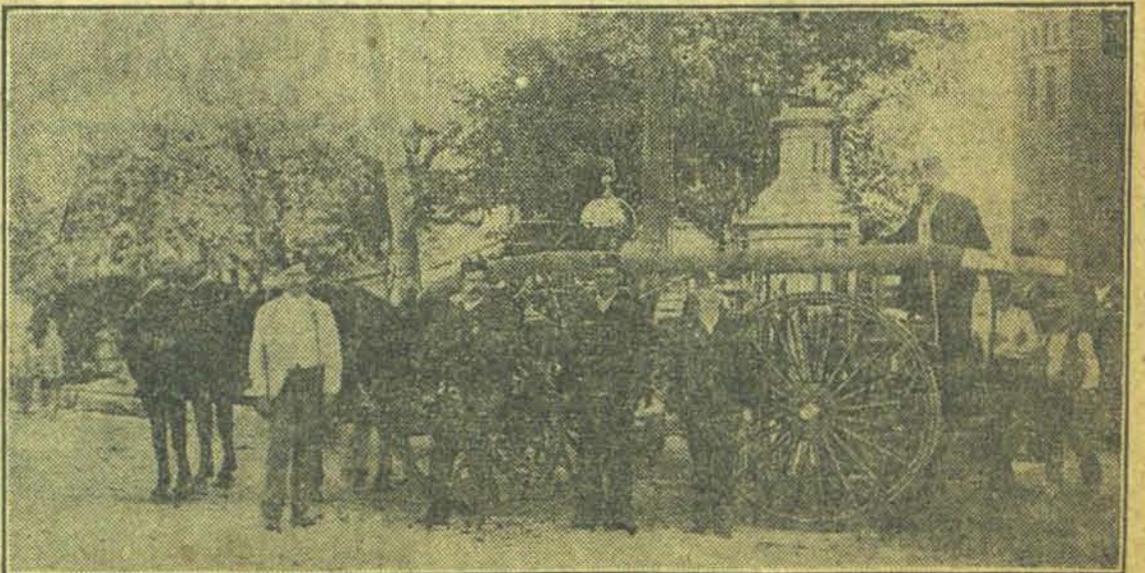


CENTRAL FIRE STATION, 1893 VERSION—Here are the two companies of Fort Worth's first paid fire department which were stationed at the Central Station, on Main between 10th and 11th. They still carried their former volunteer company names, the Peter Smith Hose Company No. 2 and the M. T. Johnson Hook and Ladder Company No. 1. The picture was made in front of the station.

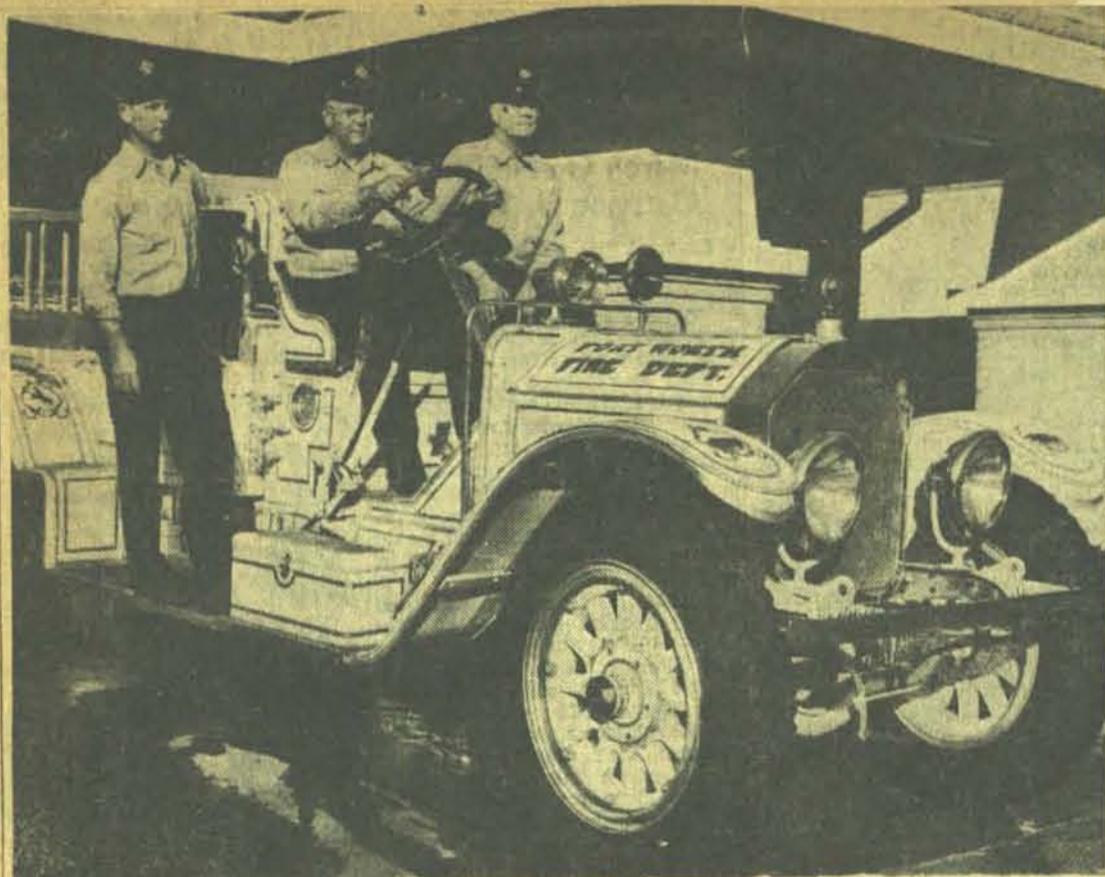


FORT WORTH'S FIRST PAID FIREMEN—The crew at the Central Fire Station when the paid fire department was established in 1893 included these men. Left to right, front row, Charlie Sneed, Pete McGrath, Capt. William Bideker, Frank Bishop, Larry Herbert and Willie Kinkle; back row, C. Trowbridge, Pat Noonan, Capt. Jerry O'Brien, Frank Messengale and George Kaywood.

DO YOU REMEMBER 'WAY BACK WHEN—



When this was Fort Worth's only fire engine? This picture was taken in the eighties. Don Adams, who is distinguished in the picture by his badge, was chief of the fire department in those days. One of the fire fighters of those days is still a resident of Fort Worth, J. H. Maddox.



Old American La France No. 2, still working after 30 years of service. Here she is at Station No. 4, 1401 Kennedy, with J. C. Parker at the wheel and Lieut. E. J. Driscoll beside him. M. A. Rhodes is on the running board.



Department Has State's Most Unusual Fire Wagon

La France Truck No. 2 Is the Veteran Among Powerful Engines of Today

By C. L. DOUGLAS.

WHEN the hose wagon at Station No. 4, out at Chambers and Kennedy, is retired from active service—if, in fact, it ever is—it should be used to start a department hall of fame, and decorated for distinguished service.

Old American La France No. 2 still makes the fires with the best of 'em, although she's the oldest piece of motor fire equipment in Texas, and perhaps the oldest serviceable La France in the nation.

She's been working for Fort Worth 30 years, since 1910!

The Fort Worth fire-eaters had been wanting some motor trucks since the big fire of 1909 and when they heard that American La France at Elmira, N. Y.—now one of the biggest equipment makers in the world—was building two experimental hose trucks the Fort Worthers were highly interested.

Station No. 5 Gets The New Equipment

So the Council took action and contracted for one—and old No. 2, Type 5, was delivered late in that year.

Of course, all the stations hoped to get the new truck, which was built as a chemical engine with hose space in the bed, but No. Fives were the lucky boys. M. A. Jameson, now assistant chief, was captain at No. 5 then, and he remembers how proud the boys were when they took over the truck. They felt, naturally, that they had top outfit in the city.

Old No. 2 was painted white and trimmed in gold, and in that connection—did you know that the Fort Worth department is one very few white ones in the United States?

Standifer Ferguson, the retired chief, is responsible for that. Back about 1905, before the motor was bought, the horse-drawn wagon at No. 5, where Ferguson was captain, was in need of a paint job, and the department budget couldn't cover it. So Chief Jim Maddox laid off the company for a couple of weeks to pay for the work.

Jim Maddox





Walter T. Maddox



Tom Copp

Tom Payne

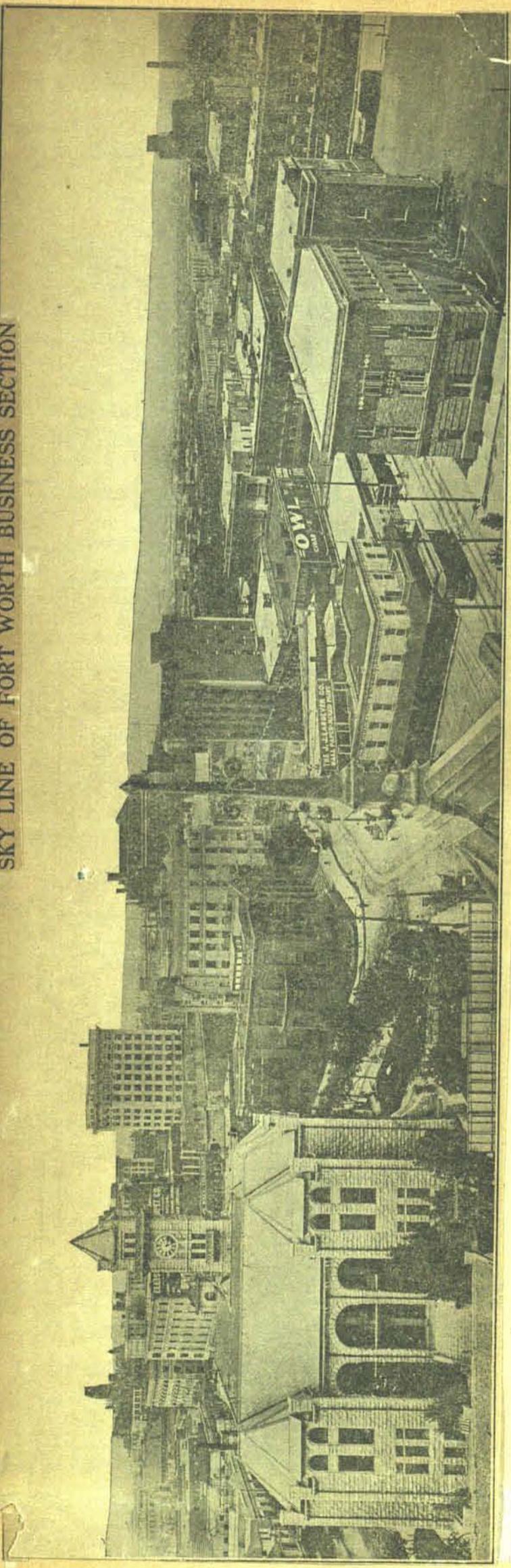
Elijah Holt

T. I. Courtwright

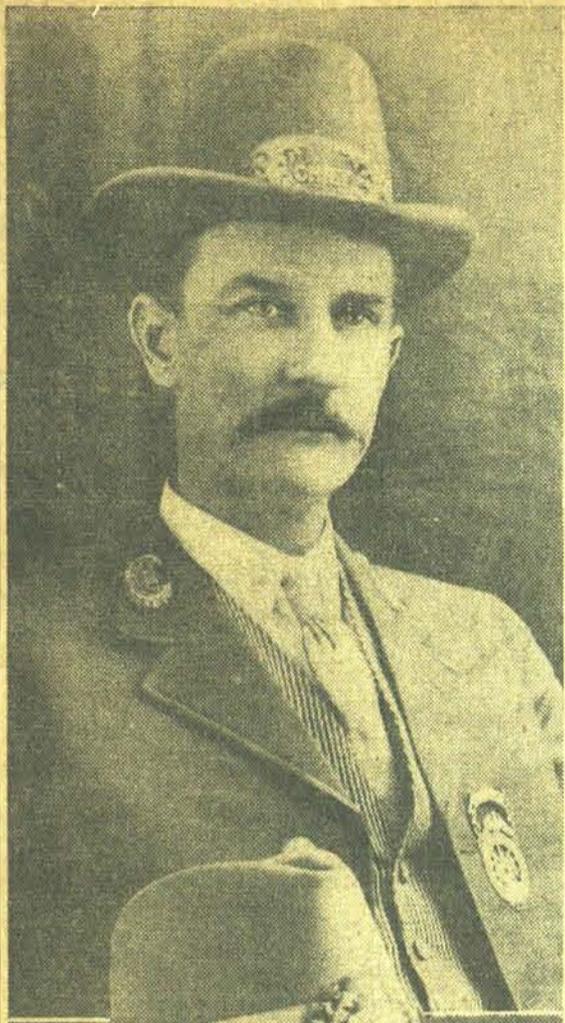
Back in Fort Worth's earlier days, the word of these men was law. However, if their word happened to be insufficient, any one of them could produce a six-shooter quite handily for punctuation. Most of those pictured here were city marshals whose duty it was to quell saloon brawls and take the fight out of drunken cowhands. J. W. Renfro, upper left, was perhaps the last of the series of old-fashioned marshals and chiefs. Others in the top row, left to right, are Jim Maddox, who served from 1891 to 1897; Sam Farmer, 1879 to 1883 and again from 1887 to 1891; and Bill Rea, 1883 to 1887 and from 1897 to 1905. Below Mr. Renfro is O. R. Montgomery, first of the modern era of police chiefs, who took office in 1913. At

the right of the group picture is Walter T. Maddox, whose service as sheriff began in 1880; in the bottom row, left to right, are three early day policemen, Tom Copp, Tom Payne and Elijah Holt, and, at the extreme right, T. I. Courtwright, famed early day marshal and pistol expert. The group picture in the center is one of Bill Rea's early police forces before the turn of the century. In the front row, left to right, are Dick Zimmerman, City Judge W. F. Stewart, Asst. Chief J. A. Allen, Chief Rea, Joe Witcher, and an unknown officer. Detective Chief Charlie Scott is at the left in the second row. S. S. Potts is third from Chief Scott, Ben Bell sixth and Tom George, extreme right. None of the others could be identified.

SKY LINE OF FORT WORTH BUSINESS SECTION

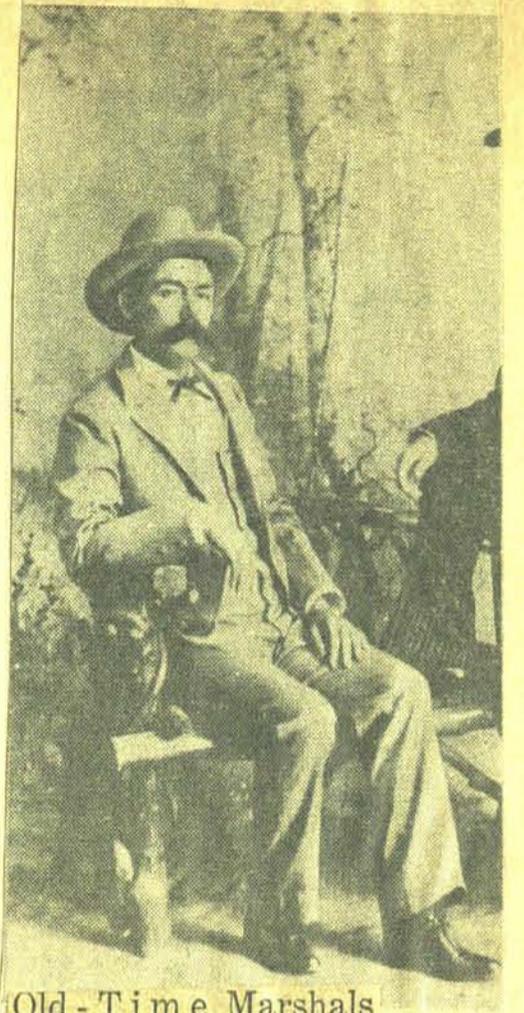


J. W. Renfro



O. R. Montgomery

Sam Farmer



Old-Time Marshals Were 'Quick on the Trigger'

By DELBERT WILLIS

A bushy moustache, a pair of six-shooters, a defiant tongue and a reputation for loving danger, were the requirements for those early-day men of law who carried the awesome title of city marshal.

Almost every man in town qualified.

Of course, one fellow may have been a little tougher than another; he may have shot a little straighter, ridden a little faster, but that made little difference.

With a field so large, selection of a city marshal should have been a hotly contested affair. But on the contrary, it was hard to keep a man in office during the early years.

The title, in fact, changed hands quite often.

During the first three years that Fort Worth had a marshal seven men held the job. Edmund Terrill took office without opposition in 1873, and handed his badge to T. N. Ewing the following year. The latter resigned several months later in favor of C. C. Fitzgerald, who was killed by a crazed negro. H. P. Shiel took over in April, 1875, but resigned six months later. Tom Redding, who was the city's first unofficial marshal about 1870, succeeded Mr. Shiel, but was suspended before he had served five months. John Stoker held office a year, followed by Jim Courtwright, most colorful of them all and the first marshal to wear the badge more than one year.

His Guns Respected

"Long-haired Jim" had a rather peaceful three-year reign as chief arbiter of law and order. Fort Worthers respected his two big 45's. It was not until after Jim left office that he developed the glamour that is now almost legendary.

He was the crack shot artist who followed the volunteer fire corps to fires and shot down electric wires with his pistol.

His most spectacular day came in the early 80's after he was arrested here for allegedly murdering 14 Mexicans. Courtwright reportedly had shot down the Mexicans while serving as a guard for the American Mining Co., Silver City, N. M. Trapped in a local hotel room through a tip, he was surrounded by a dozen detectives, and handcuffs were snapped on his wrists.



ONE OF TEXAS' FINEST HOTELS—Back in the 1880s, the Ellis Hotel, which stood at Throckmorton, 2nd and 3rd, was one of the state's finest with its steam heat,

freight and passenger elevators. Fire destroyed it in 1891. Mrs. Stephen J. Hay Sr. of Dallas found this picture of the stone main-building among her souvenirs.

Signals Brakeman Friend

While still in the room, he held the iron links above his head—just for a second but long enough for a brakeman friend to see. The brakeman was riding by atop a train. The trainman assembled about 50 friends of Courtwright who hurried to the depot, where it was thought the detectives would take the prisoner for a quick dash to New Mexico without awaiting extradition.

The mob held back the officers until the train pulled away, then compelled the officers to take Courtwright to the county jail. The former marshal was not placed behind the bars like other prisoners, but was permitted to remain in the sheriff's private office.

At lunch time, they led the prisoners to a cafe at Third and Main. Courtwright was seated at one table, and six guards made a semi-circle.

During the meal, the prisoner dropped his napkin, asked the head guard to pick it up.

"Pick it up yourself, you——" snapped the guard.

Courtwright, instead of picking up the napkin, grabbed two pistols that his friends had planted under the table.

"Up with your hands," he com-

E. W. Thornton, 67, Resident Here for 38 Years, Is Dead

Eugene W. Thornton, 67, of Thornton, all of Fort Worth, and 3841 Ave. M, a carpenter and resident of Fort Worth for 38 years, died Saturday morning in a hospital.

He was a member of College Heights Methodist Church.

Survivors are his widow; his mother, Mrs. Annie Thornton of San Angelo; five sons, Henry, Charlie, E. W. Jr., and Frank

E. Thornton of Lamesa; two sisters, Mrs. R. D. Freeman and Mrs. Arthur Lloyd, both of San Angelo; six brothers, R. L. of Vernon, W. P. of Marfa, J. E. of Gladewater, J. F. of Houston, and L. D. and F. O. Thornton, both of San Angelo, and six grandchildren.

Rev. A. E. Turney will conduct services at 2 p. m. Monday in the College Heights Methodist Church. Burial will be in Mount Olivet.

MRS. MARY DICKERSON.

Services will be conducted at 11 a. m. Monday in Robertson-Mueller-Harper Temple for Mrs. Mary Dickerson, 83, of 2520 Willing, Fort Worth resident for 45 years who died Friday night in a hospital after a long illness. Burial will be in Greenwood.

WILLIAM D. KERSHNER.

Rosary will be recited at 8:30 p. m. Sunday in Robertson-Mueller-Harper Temple for William D. Kershner, 37, of 1117 Fairmount, resident here for five years who died Friday after a long illness.

Requiem mass will be celebrated at 10 a. m. Monday by Rev. Martin Fischer in St. Mary's Catholic Church. Burial will be in Greenwood.



FUNERAL MONDAY—Services will be conducted at 10 a. m. Monday in Shannon's Chapel for Mrs. Pearl Bounds, 50, former assistant manager of the men's department at W. C. Stripling Company. She died Friday night. Burial will be in Weatherford.



FIRE-FIGHTING IN 1891—Star-Telegram Artist Winston Croslin copied a faded, torn artist's portrayal of the night-time blaze which destroyed the Ellis Hotel in a two-hour period. It and the Spring Palace fire in 1890 were Fort Worth's biggest fires in early-day history of the city.

CITY HAD MULE-DRAWN TROLLEY THEN

Old Picture Brings Back Memories Of Fire That Destroyed Ellis Hotel

Mrs. Stephen J. Hay Sr. of Dallas turned back the leaves of Fort Worth's history to the 1880s when she found a picture of the ill-fated Ellis Hotel, then one of the state's finest, among her souvenirs.

According to Paddock's History of Fort Worth, James F. Ellis came to Fort Worth before a military post (for which the town as named) was located here, but his son believes the camp was established when his father came here to live.

Mr. Ellis set himself up in business as a 9-year-old. He sold eggs and buttermilk to the soldiers. Later he had his own butcher shop. Then he was in partnership with W. J. Boaz in the general mercantile business.

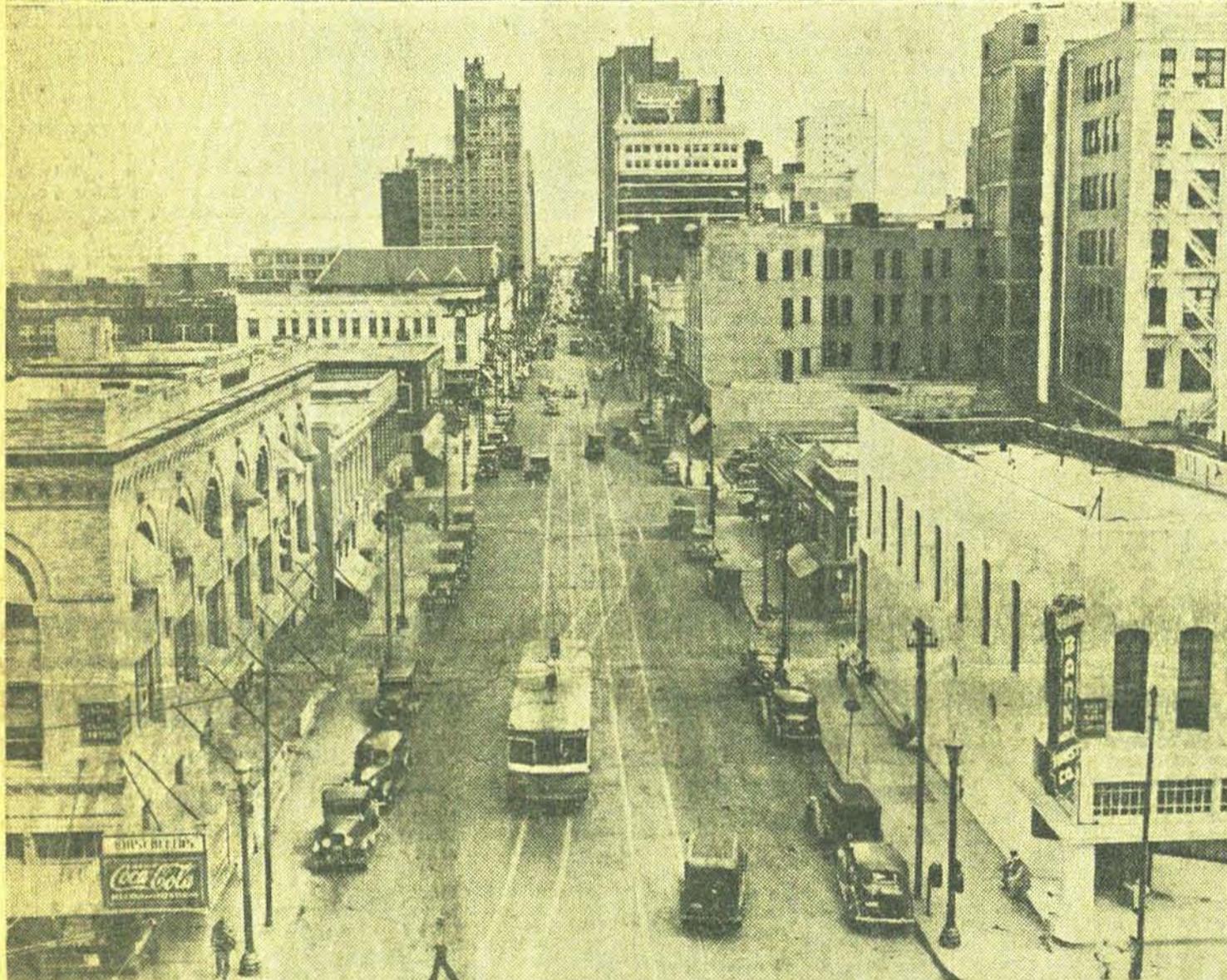
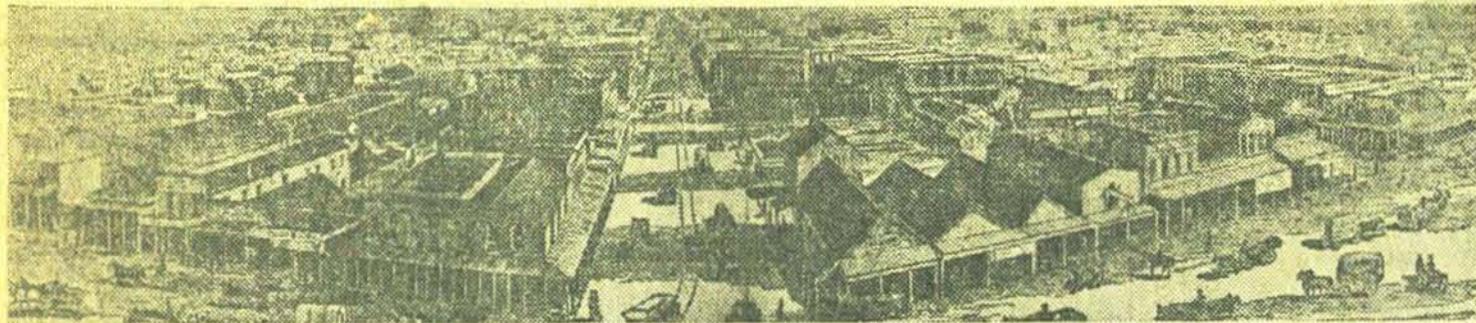
Later Boaz, Ellis and H. C. Edington established the Traders National Bank on 2nd between Houston and Throckmorton.



Sizes 10 to 16

\$68
Sizes 10 to 16

Old-Time Resident of Fort Worth Takes Stroll Down Memory's Lane; Recalls Main Street of Half Century Ago



Lumbering wagons have given way to "horseless carriages." Brick has replaced the shiplap and weatherboarding in building fronts. Electricity is the "team" which now pulls the street cars. Truly, 57 years have wrought great changes in Fort Worth's

Main St., as the artist's sketch above and the camera view of the street today reflect. But the Main St. below is the same street, though in modern dress, down which B. J. Buchanan, one of the "old-timers" now, walked as a boy three score years ago.

1890.
Mayor W. S. Pendleton. Aldermen James Ryan, T. P. Martin, Jackson, G. H. Day, Neis, Clements, Jones, Fraser, Nicks, Smith, Bailey, W. L. Rall.

Mayor Pendleton resigned. J. P. Smith elected Aug. 4, 1890. S. M. Furman replaced Bailey as alderman. George W. Armstrong and Arnold Gertler elected aldermen July 22, 1890, when seventh ward created.

1891.
Mayor Smith. Aldermen Jones, W. A. Darter, John F. White, John T. Montgomery, C. T. Matkin, C. C. Drake, J. H. Tiller, Ryan, Martin, Jackson, Day, Neis, Clements, Armstrong.

Aldermen H. R. Early, J. J. Massie, S. O. Moodie, R. H. Orr elected July 14, 1891, when two new wards created.

1892.
Mayor B. B. Paddock. Aldermen W. H. Ward, J. P. Nicks, N. LaCroix, Day, Neis, W. B. Tucker, M. J. Lewis, M. C. Bowles, J. C. Terrell, W. K. Byrom, Jones, Drake, White, Darter, Montgomery, Tiller, Early, Orr.

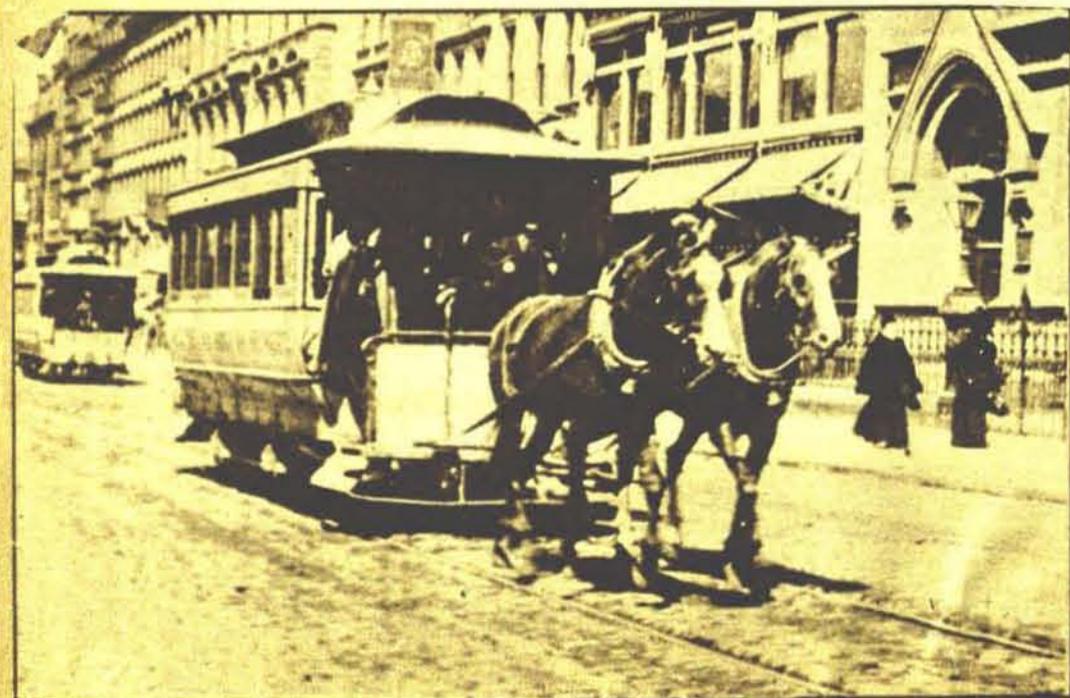
1893.
Mayor Paddock. Aldermen F. W. Chiles, H. Tully, B. F. Wallis, Montgomery, William Barr, Drake, Tiller, M. A. Spoons, Fry, Nicks, Terrell, Byrom, Ward, Lewis, Day, Neis, Bowles, LaCroix.

1894.
Mayor Paddock. Aldermen Ward, K. M. Van Zandt, Martin McGrath, I. N. McCullough, W. S. Essex, Clements, W. E. Williams, J. B. Roberts, W. S. Head, Fry, Tiller, Barr, Spoons, Tully, N. H. Lassiter, B. F. Wallis, C. C. Drake.

1895.
Mayor Paddock. Aldermen W. H. Fisher, C. W. Hudgins, LaCroix, H. Canto, Lassiter, Barr, George Mulkey, Tiller, Spoons, Fry, Ward, Van Zandt, McCullough, Essex, Clements, Williams, Roberts, Head.

1896.
Mayor Paddock. Aldermen Ward, Van Zandt, J. F. Moore, W. W. Trippett, Essex, Clements, J. F. Henderson, R. H. Orr, A. M. Scott, F. S. Boulmare, Mulkey, Spoons, LaCroix, Lassiter, Barr, Tiller, Fisher, Hudgins.

Barr and Van Zandt resigned, succeeded Nov. 5, 1896, by R. H. Tucker and J. P. Nicks. Hudgins resigned, succeeded Nov. 17, 1896, by B. L. Waggoman.



CITY'S MAYORS, COUNCILMEN AND COMMISSIONERS SINCE 1873

Here is a list of mayors, councilmen and commissioners who have directed municipal affairs since incorporation of the city in 1873:

1873.
Mayor Dr. W. P. Burts. Councilmen M. B. Loyd, M. D. McCall, A. Blakeney, W. J. Boaz, J. P. Alexander.

1874.
Mayor Burts. Aldermen R. H. King, A. B. Fraser, W. H. Overton, W. H. Williams, Joseph Kane. Burts resigned and G. H. Day was elected mayor Nov. 9, 1874.

1875.
Mayor Day. Aldermen J. J. Jarvis, P. J. Bowdry, W. T. Maddox, I. Dahlman, D. R. Crawford.

1876.
Mayor Day. Aldermen D. W. C. Pendery, W. A. Huffman, C. B. Daggett Jr., P. J. Bowdry and John Nichols.

1877.
Mayor Day. Aldermen Nichols, Pendery, B. C. Evans, C. M. Peak, J. M. Davis, W. J. Allen.

1878.
Mayor R. E. Beckham. Aldermen George Jackson, S. H. Holmes, Thomas Aston, Evans, Allen and Nichols.

1879.
Mayor Beckham. Aldermen S. Terry, R. M. Hatcher, E. W. Morten, Jackson, Holmes, Aston.

1880.
Mayor John T. Brown. Aldermen Isaac W. House, E. M. Orrick, W. A. Darter, C. L. Pigman, John A. Thornton, S. Terry.

1881.
Mayor Brown. Aldermen Jesse Jones, H. P. Shies, H. B. Pitts, L. A. Trimble, Rouse and Orrick.

1882.
Mayor J. P. Smith. Aldermen Max Elser, H. S. Broiles, Sam Seaton, J. T. Hickey, Jones, N. C. Brooks. Broiles resigned and W. R. Haymaker succeeded him Aug. 30, 1882.

1883.
Mayor Smith. Aldermen T. T. D. Andrews, J. R. Adams, J. B. Askew, J. T. Hickey, Haymaker and Elser. With increase from three to four wards, W. H. Aldridge and Richard Flanigan were elected aldermen Aug. 14, 1883.

1884.
Mayor Smith. Aldermen J. P. Alexander, Julian Feild, Aldridge, John P. Hughes, Flannigan, Askew, Adams, Andrews.

1885.
Mayor Smith. Aldermen George Mulkey, W. A. Darter, John Brownson, C. B. Daggett Jr., Alexander, Feild, Aldridge, Hughes. Feild resigned and W. R. Haymaker was elected Nov. 17, 1885. Aldridge resigned, C. N. Ferguson was elected Dec. 29, 1885.

1886.
Mayor H. S. Broiles. Aldermen George W. Hill, Haymaker, J. L. Cooper, F. J. Tatum, Brownson, Darter, Mulkey, Daggett.

1887.
Mayor Broiles. Aldermen J. L. Ward, Darter, E. B. Daggett, John G. Reilly, Hill, Haymaker, Cooper, Tatum.

1888.
Mayor Broiles. Aldermen S. M. Fry, Haymaker, J. P. Nicks, William Jackson, W. W. Trippett, Tatum, William Barr, George Neis, George Mulkey, Ward, Reilly.

1889.
Mayor Broiles. Aldermen Jesse Jones, Nicks, Daggett, W. J. Bailey, Trippett, T. B. Smith, A. B. Fraser, J. T. Clements, Fry, Jackson, Neis, Haymaker.

1897.
Mayor Paddock. Aldermen W. H. Ward, J. P. Nicks, J. F. Moore, W. W. Trippett, W. S. Essex, J. T. Clements, J. F. Henderson, R. H. Orr, A. M. Scott.

1898-1900.
Mayor Paddock. Aldermen Ward, Nicks, Moore, W. F. Stewart, R. H. Tucker, T. N. Edgell, Henderson, M. A. Spoons, Scott. Nicks died, T. J. Powell elected April 21, 1899.

1900-1902.
Mayor T. J. Powell. Aldermen W. H. Ward, B. L. Waggoman, T. F. Murray, J. F. Lehane, R. H. Tucker, W. G. Newby, J. F. Henderson, E. C. Orrick, H. T. Moreland.

1902-1904.
Mayor Powell. Aldermen Ward, Waggoman, Murray, Lehane, M. M. Lydon, Newby, Henderson, Orrick, Moreland.

1904-1906.
Mayor Powell. Aldermen Ward, Waggoman, W. R. Parker, Lehane, Lydon, Newby, Henderson, J. F. Zurn, Moreland. Newby resigned, E. P. Maddox elected May 17, 1905.

1906-1907.
Mayor W. D. Harris. Aldermen Ward, Waggoman, R. F. Cook, Lehane, Lydon, Maddox, R. L. Armstrong, Zurn, E. G. Harrold.

1907-1909.
Mayor Harris. Commissioners George Mulkey, G. H. Colvin, Sam Davidson, Lee Stephens. John F. Grant became special commissioner March 15, 1909, to represent recently annexed North Fort Worth.

1909-1911.
Mayor W. D. Williams. Commissioners Mulkey, W. J. Gilvin, J. H. Maddox, Thomas J. Powell, Grant. Mayor Williams resigned April 27, 1909, to take a seat on the Railroad Commission and W. D. Davis was elected May 29, 1909.

1911-1913.
Mayor Davis. Commissioners Allen, Gilvin, Maddox, Powell, Grant.

1913-1915.
Mayor R. F. Milam. Commissioners Allen, W. H. Smith, R. M. Davis, L. H. Blanke, Grant.

1915-1917.
Mayor E. T. Tyra. Commissioners M. W. Hurdleston, Smith, R. G. Littlejohn, Blanke, C. F. Crabtree. Blanke resigned, Hugh Jamieson elected Oct. 6, 1915.

1917-1919.
Mayor W. D. Davis. Commissioners Ed Parsley, E. C. Manning, Charles D. Wiggins, J. C. Lord, Selwyn Smith. Police Commissioner Parsley was killed in September 1917 and O. R. Montgomery elected Oct. 12, 1917.

1919-1921.
Mayor Davis. Commissioners Montgomery, Manning, C. D. Wiggins, Lord, Smith.

1921-1923.
Mayor E. R. Cockrell. Commissioners John Alderman, W. B. Townsend, Paul Gilvin, Lord, R. A. Hunter.

1923-1925.
Mayor Cockrell. Commissioners Alderman, Townsend, Gilvin, Lord, Hunter. Townsend died, Chester L. Jones elected Oct. 23, 1923. Mayor Cockrell resigned Oct. 8, 1924, to become president of William Woods College, Fulton, Mo., and Willard Burton was appointed mayor.

1925-1927.
Councilmen H. C. Meacham (mayor), Willard Burton, T. B. Hoffer, A. E. Thomas, William Bryce, E. T. Renfro, William Monnig, W. E. Austin, L. P. Card.

1927-1929.
Councilmen Bryce (mayor), Burton, Hoffer, Thomas, Renfro,

Monnig, Austin, Van Zandt Jarvis, J. N. Sparks.

1929-1931.
Councilmen Bryce (mayor), Burton, Sparks, Dr. W. R. Thompson, Renfro, Thomas, Monnig, J. R. Penn, Jarvis, Sparks resigned, J. B. Davis elected.

1931-1933.
Councilmen Bryce (mayor) Burton, Davis, Thompson, Thomas, Renfro, Monnig, Penn, Jarvis, Thomas resigned, S. J. Callaway elected.

1933-1935.
Councilmen Bryce (mayor), Burton, Davis, Thompson, Callaway, Jerome C. Martin, Monnig, Penn, Jarvis, Bryce resigned Dec. 13, 1933, Jarvis elected mayor and T. J. Harrell elected to council.

1935-1937.
Councilmen Arthur Brown (mayor), Burton, W. J. Hammond, Thompson, Roy C. Murphy, Harrell, Martin, Monnig, Jarvis, Martin resigned, W. T. Ladd appointed June 17, 1936.

1937-1938.
Councilmen Hammond (mayor), J. P. Elder, Herbert L. Hull, E. S. Hooper, Harrell, Jerome C. Martin, D. M. Rumph, George A. Seaman, George B. Eagle.

Harrell resigned Sept. 9, 1937, John W. Oglesby appointed Feb. 17, 1938. Rumph resigned Dec. 15, 1937, Orville E. Tunstill appointed April 13, 1938. Elder resigned, succeeded by R. H. W. Drechsel March 9, 1938. Eagle resigned, succeeded by A. B. Smith March 30, 1938.

Hammond resigned as mayor but remained on council, Drechsel elected mayor May 11, 1938. Hammond resigned from council, Jack Carter appointed July 6, 1938.

1938-1939.
A recall election of July 23, 1938, made these changes: T. J. Harrell (mayor) for Carter; Ward B. Powell for Hull; Ross Trimble for Hooper; Marvin D. Evans for Oglesby; Henry L. Woods for Martin; George B. Eagle for Seaman.

Powell resigned, I. N. McCrary elected Dec. 7, 1938.

1939-1941.
Councilmen Harrell (mayor), Drechsel, McCrary, Trimble, Evans, Woods, Tunstill, Eagle, Smith.

Harrell resigned, Roscoe Carnrike elected July 10, 1940. McCrary elected mayor July 17, 1940.

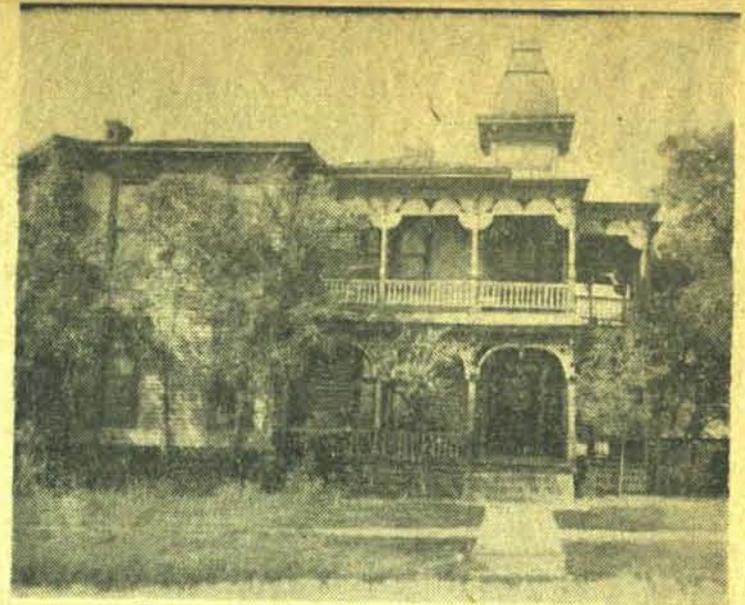
1941-1943.
Councilmen McCrary (mayor), Drechsel, Carnrike, Trimble, Evans, Woods, Tunstill, Eagle, Malvern Marks. Drechsel resigned, Roy C. Murphy appointed. Trimble resigned, Bradley Burks appointed Nov. 19, 1941. Burks resigned, J. R. Edwards appointed July 22, 1942. Woods resigned, Clay Berry appointed Feb. 10, 1943.

1943-1945.
Councilmen McCrary (mayor), Murphy, Carnrike, Edwards, Evans, Berry, Tunstill, Eagle, Marks. Evans resigned Dec. 20, 1944, F. Edgar Deen appointed.

1945-1947.
Carnrike elected mayor, others re-elected.

1947-1949.
Councilmen Deen (mayor), Murphy, McCrary, Carnrike, Edwards, Berry, Tunstill, Eagle, Marks. Carnrike resigned, succeeded by Bob McKinley. McCrary died, succeeded by R. E. Cowan.

1949.
Councilmen Deen (mayor), Edwards, Cowan, McKnight, George Bennett, McKinley, Ed Baker, Ray Crowder, L. T. Martin.



Scene of Gala Events in Other Days.

Historic Fort Worth Buildings

Wynne Home Was Scene Of Many Lavish Parties

(One in a Series.)

BY MARY HELEN McCLENDON.

One of the oldest residences still standing in Fort Worth is a 65-year-old house at 1000 W. Weatherford. The house was built in 1879 by Col. R. M. Wynne soon after he came here. It now is divided into apartments, owned and rented by Colonel Wynne's son, J. Harry Wynne, and the latter's nephew, Lt. Col. David W. Stephens.

The house stands on one corner of a two-acre plot of ground owned originally by Colonel Wynne, a pioneer Fort Worth lawyer, and still retained by the family. A picket fence, built to keep out cattle driven here to market from Weatherford, formerly inclosed the property. The street on which the house faces received its name from the early Weatherford cattle drives.

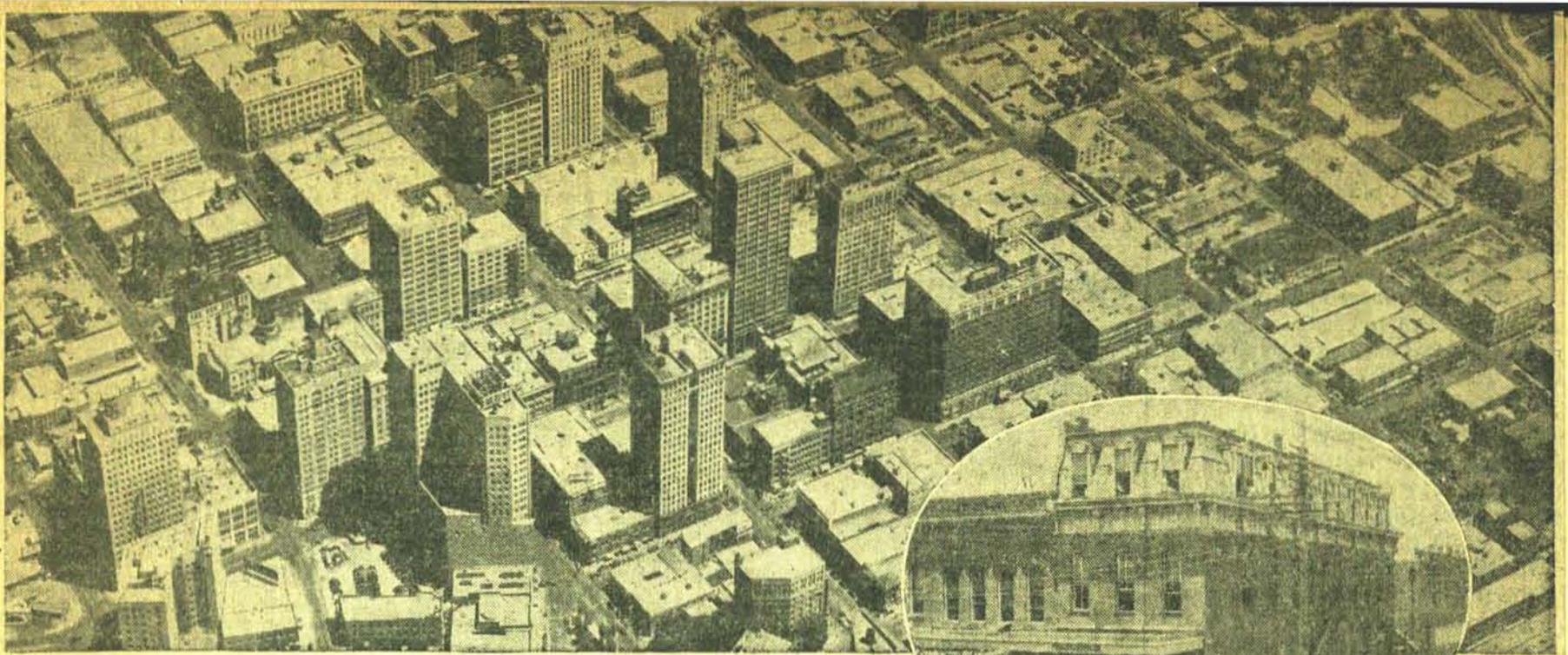
The house, once a city show place, is frame and graced by cupolas and a fancy roof tower. Porches extend the entire length of the south and east sides, both upstairs and down. The 12 high-ceilinged rooms were finished with curly pine, selected and brought here from East Texas by Colonel Wynne. The mantels are of the same wood. The largest room, the

living room, measures 30 by 45 feet.

In its prime, the old house was the scene of countless gala entertainments. The late Pauline Wynne Stephens, the only daughter of the family and the belle of the city in her day, passed her girlhood and young womanhood there, hostess at lavish balls and receptions.

Because of Colonel Wynne's prominence in politics, his home was frequently visited by such notables as William Jennings Bryan and Senator J. W. Bailey. The two were political enemies, but J. Harry Wynne, then a little boy, recalls that one morning his father invited both to breakfast in an attempt to bring about a compromise. "There was no merger," he laughs, "but the meal must have been a success because Mr. Bryan ate 26 biscuits."

After Colonel Wynne's death in 1912, Mrs. Wynne made the home into an apartment house and lived there until her death in 1927. Of the four Wynne children—William P., R. M. Jr., Pauline and J. Harry—J. Harry Wynne, Fort Worth business man, is the only one now living.



Sixty telephones were listed in the first "directory" for the new telephone exchange of 1881 (building to right). Today, metropolitan Fort Worth (above) has more than 49,000 telephones, connected by a network of thousands of miles of wire through five central office buildings.

From the front page of the Fort Worth Daily Democrat (now the Star-Telegram) of September 9, 1881.

SIXTY YEARS AGO TODAY FORT WORTH HAD ONLY 60 TELEPHONES



MAIN STREET IN 1904, looking north with the Courthouse in the background.

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1035-6 St. and E. River Drive; oil tank TF

THE TELEPHONE

And Who Uses It In The City

The Democrat's list of those who use the telephone has proved quite a convenience, and nearly every instrument in the city has one of the lists pasted up in close proximity to it. Now, in order to be still more convenient, we publish below a list alphabetically arranged. This will be found a very ready and convenient reference, and should be preserved by every reader of the Democrat who uses the telephone:

A	
Advance	25
Anderson, Z. J.	17
Adams & Bibb	40
Anderson, A. J.	63
B	
Bondies, W.	2
Brigance, Mr.	19
Britton, Major	14
Brown, Joseph H., Residence	15
Brown, Joseph H., Store	22
Barradall's Drug Store	23
Beall, Dr., Residence	41
Brooks, Dr.	43
Broiles, Dr.	50
Brunswig, L. N.	46
Burt & Field, Drs.	54
Baird, Dr.	68
Barnett & Co.	69
C	
Cotton Compress	3
Capera Bros.	24
City National Bank	30
Cotton Exchange	47
Cameron, William	33
Casey & Swasey	53
City Hall	60
D	
Dashwood's Drug Store	11
Duggett, C. B.	26
DEMOCRAT	28
E	
Eddy, Colonel	4
Evening News	48
El Paso Hotel	49
Evans & Martin	52
F	
Freight Depot and Round House	61
Frost, Col. Chas.	65
First National Bank	67
G	
Gillespie, G. W.	5
Goldwin & Carpenter	59
H	
Harris, Chase & Simmons	6
Hudgins, J. A.	20
Huffman, W. A., Store	21
Hanson's Store	20
Hochstadter & Co.	45
Huffman, W. A., Residence	58
I	
Ice Factory	16
L	
Lomax, S. W., Residence	18
Loyd, M. B., Residence	66
M	
Missouri-Pacific Depot	42
N	
Nichols, John, Residence	8
P	
Paddock, B. B., Residence	5
Powell's Drug Store	19
Planters' House	64
R	
Robinson Bros. & Co.	44
S	
Sturgeon's Ice House	1
Salomon, Mr.	9
Shiel, H. P.	55
T	
Tidball, Van Sandt & Co.	27
T. & P. Ticket Office	62
Tivoli Hall	29
W	
Wilson, W. P.	12
Wells, E. M.	36
Witten's Stable	57

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'World's First Karporama' in Fort Worth 52 Years Ago Was Proclaimed Success

BY MARY DAGGETT LAKE.

The old Fort Worth Gazette, on the morning of May 30, 1889, carried the following announcement: "The World's First Karporama a Great Success."

The day before marked the opening of the Texas Spring Palace in Fort Worth, a highly entertaining state products fair, in a way. The sponsors were determined that this should not be a place where the visitor would "see crazy quilts, lace handkerchiefs, embroidery, threshing machines and the like, but would see the grains of the country represented in a beautiful picture, or rather in a karporama depicting many pictures, a veritable fairyland worked out entirely with grains and the products of the soil."

The first Spring Palace, a sort of forerunner of Casa Manana from the standpoint of entertainment, ended its first year on July 4, 1889. From news items of the day, culled from various state papers, one gets an idea of what happened.

The San Antonio Light, May 15, 1889, reported: "The Spring Palace ran the city of Fort Worth into a debt of \$28,000 last year; but did this gritty little city whimper any? It did not, by any manner of means. She knew what the Spring Palace had meant to her. She knew that nothing that had ever been started in this country had been such a valuable attraction and advertising medium as was the Spring Palace. So the business men of Fort Worth went down in their pockets and paid this \$28,000 without ever saying a word. This is the inside history of Fort Worth. In the words of the traveling men, Fort Worth has more sand to the square inch among her inhabitants than any other city. She takes no stock in anything, unless she can bust the whole market. It's whole hog or none with her."

Other evidences of Fort Worth's struggle are apparent in the newspapers of that time. One of the editorials which was likely written by Fort Worth's biggest booster of that day, Capt. B. B. Paddock (also editor of the newspaper), said: "It may be announced right here that the people of Fort Worth intend to build up this city despite all that demagogues, politicians, mossbacks, Dallas and the devil may do."

The history of the Texas Spring Palace reads like a real romance. Comments of the day make the story. The Fort Worth morning paper of Feb. 1, 1889, gave the following comments: "A group of enterprising Fort Worth citizens met last

night at Huffman's Hall to discuss plans for the Texas Spring Palace. Col. R. M. Wynne called the meeting to order. He then introduced Colonel Blanchard, commissioner from Salisbury, Texas, who told of the Sioux City Corn Palace and of what it had meant to Dakota, Nebraska and Iowa. The first Corn Palace in Sioux City, 1887, cost \$30,000 and was a big success. The one the following year, 1888, was an even greater success. Texas with its great resources would far outshadow these. Texas could in this way show the world what she had."

Mexican Invitation.

A special committee went to Mexico, D. F., and extended a personal invitation to President Diaz to come to the opening of the Spring Palace. This same committee went direct to Washington from Mexico and delivered the same invitation to President Benjamin Harrison and Mrs. Harrison. While in Washington, reports say, the committee was shown every courtesy and was entertained by the famous Gridiron Club; Dr. W. A. Adams, Col. Thomas J. Hurley, Captain Paddock, Col. R. E. Maddox, Mrs. Josephine Ryan, Henry Furman, Sidney Samuels, Walter L. Malone, President McDonald of the M-K-T Railroad and others composed the committee.

The directorate was composed of J. P. Smith, W. F. Somerville, Paddock, Wynne, Wallace Hendricks, A. W. Caswell, Walter Huffman, J. M. Robbins, Malone, Martin Casey, E. M. Turner, E. B. Harrold, Robert McCart, Hurley, W. W. Dunn, Max Elser and James W. Swayne. Women played a large part in the Spring Palace, and the officers of the first committee were: Mrs. A. B. Whitla, president; Mrs. Frank W. Ball, vice president; Mrs. Charles Scheuber, secretary; Mrs. John F. Swayne, assistant secretary; Mrs. B. B. Paddock, treasurer.

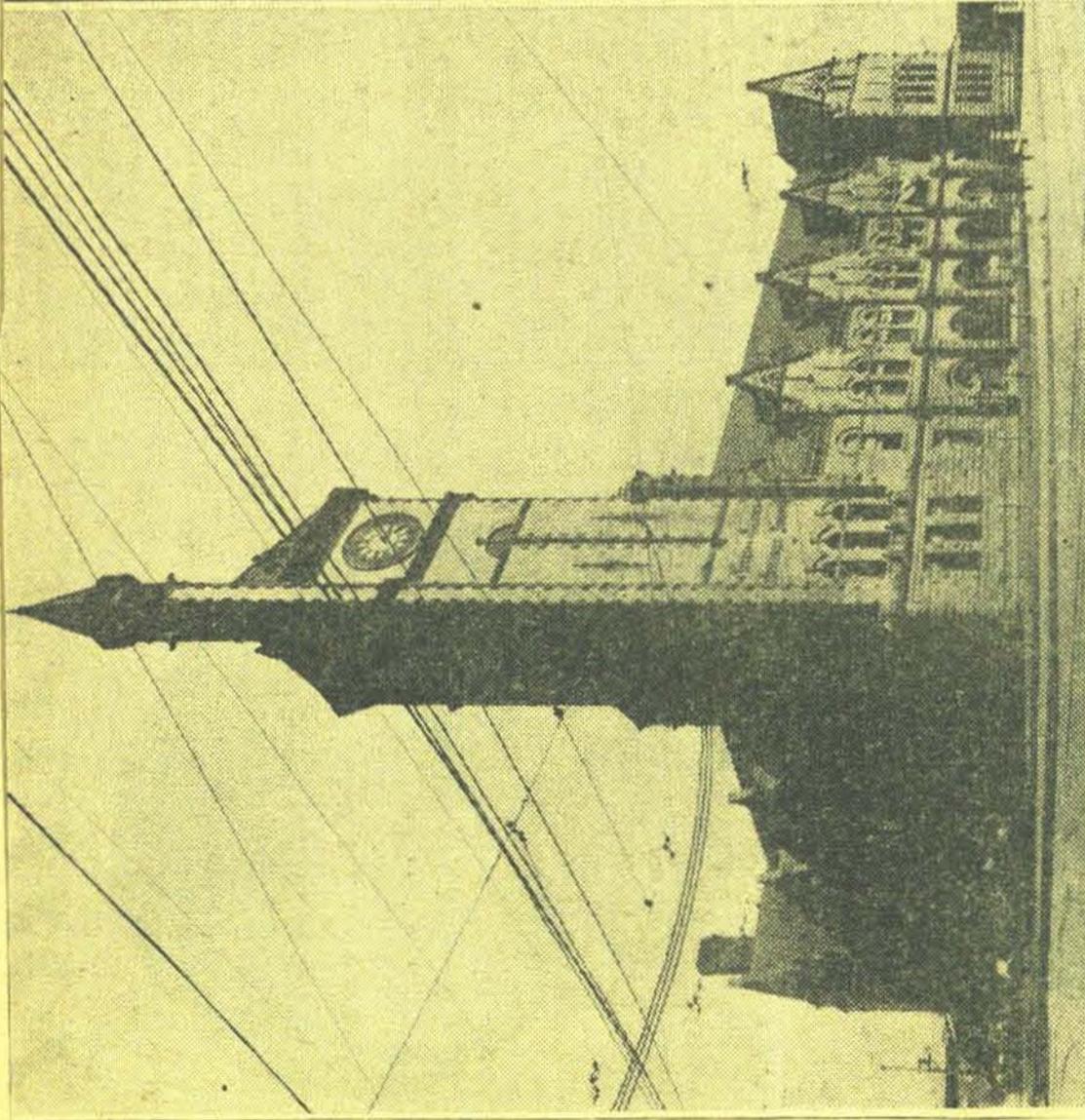
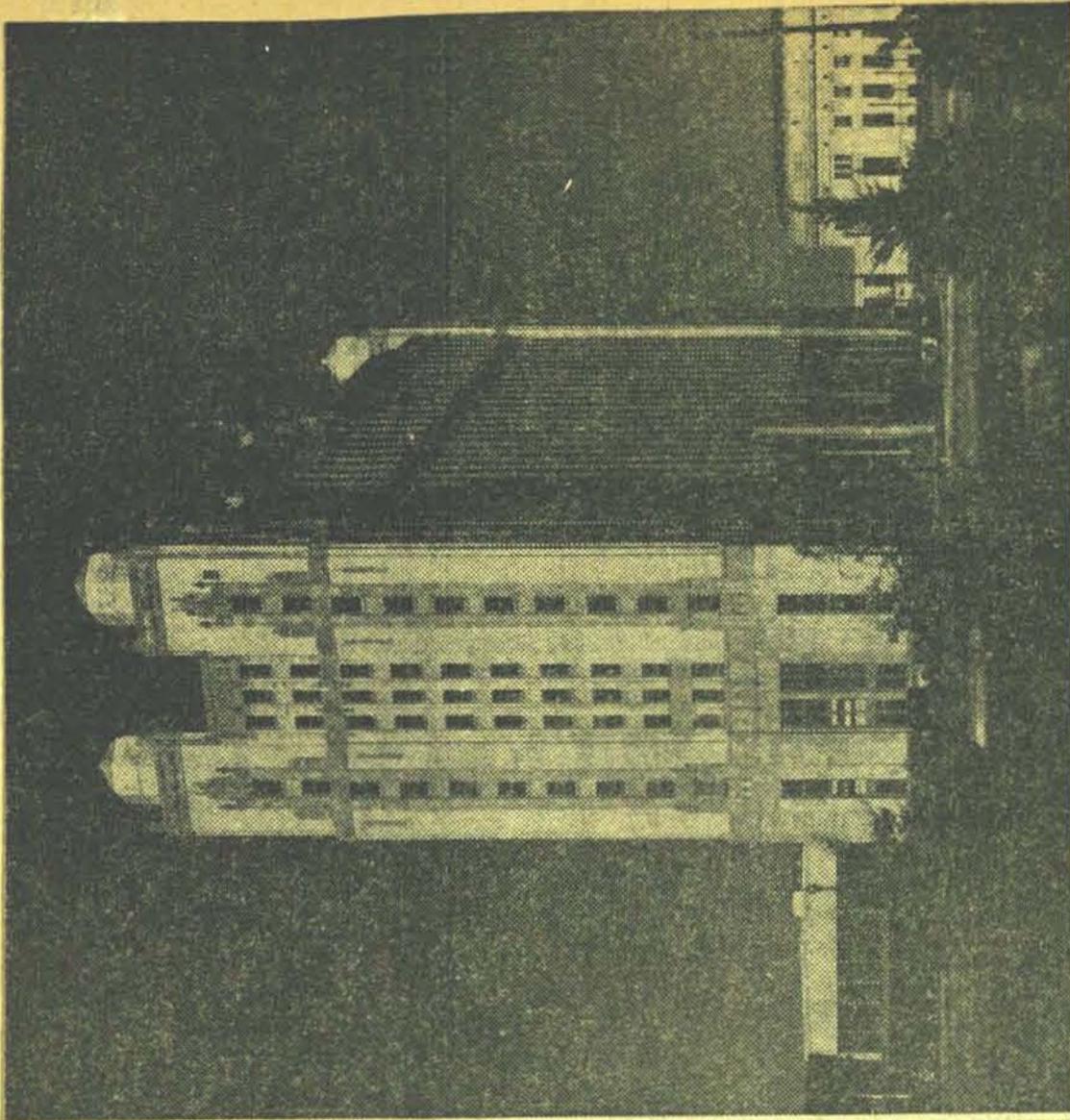
Karporamas of ingenious execution and spectacular effects, all made of grains and seeds, portrayed Galveston harbor, with ships going and coming; Texas stock farms, depicting farm life, cattle, horses and buildings; an East Texas lumber mill created from East Texas products; scenes from coal mines; brilliant floral and horticultural pictures, made from actual flowers, and many other views caused a reporter of the day to say: "Here was nature speaking for herself, with truths told like a fairy tale." Colorado City possessed fine salt deposits and that city furnished a rock salt palace, with turrets, 15 by 25 feet. Houston sent palmetto plants, Spanish moss, leaves and striped grasses for its exhibit, which was artistically executed. Johnson County agreed to show the largest cockleburs and sunflowers in the State, and Wichita Falls offered free of expense to the Palace committee, enough wheat to cover the dome of the Palace. Almost every part of the State sent exhibits of grain and raw products.

The year 1890 saw another Spring Palace, and a grander one. The principal speaker for the opening night, May 14, was Governor Alva Adams of Colorado. Seated upon the platform that night were the following guests and a few of those who had sponsored the second year's Spring Palace: Governor and Mrs. Adams, Hon. John L. McNeil and Mrs. McNeil of Colorado, President Paddock, Directors W. F. Lake, Maddox, Somerville, Robert McCart and Messrs. George H. Hobson and Thomas F. Nelson of Colorado, A. W. Caswell, Prof. Alex. Hogg, K. M. Van Zandt, J. P. Smith and W. T. Maddox of Fort Worth.

Spectacular and unique throughout the two seasons, the close of the Spring Palace was none the less spectacular but much more dra-

Completed in November, 1931, this station is adequately equipped to handle the tremendous mail and passenger traffic of this rapidly growing city for many years to come.

Opened on January 1, 1900, this "depot" became a landmark in Fort Worth and served the needs of several railroads until replaced by the imposing structure at the right.



From 12 Pupils to 31,196— Man of Vision Was Peter Smith, Our First Teacher

By MARY CRUTCHER

TWELVE pupils have grown to 31,196. One room, in the old Camp Worth barracks, has expanded into 83 modern city school buildings, worth \$182,381,255.

In two sentences, that is the history of Fort Worth's school system—the story of its progress and growth in numbers and equipment.

But the story runs deeper than mere figures.

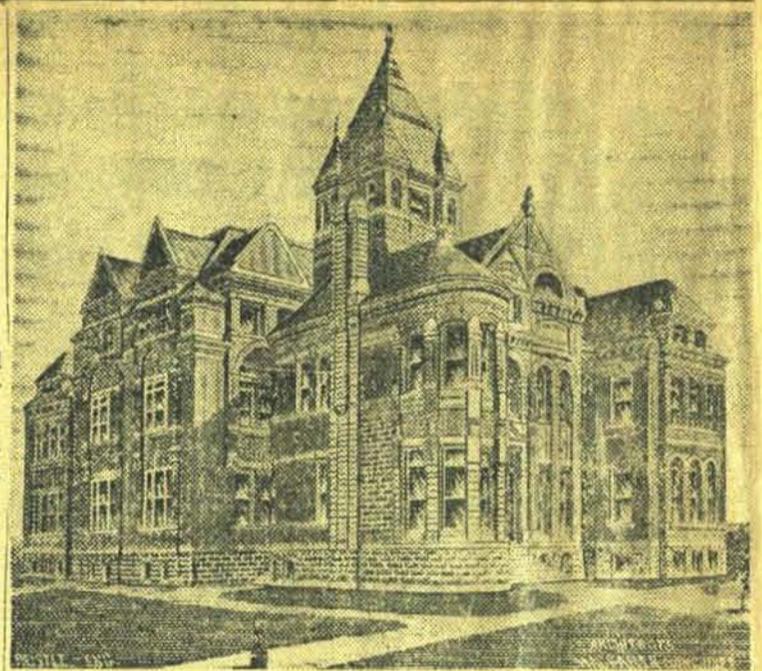
It's a human story. A story of

John Peter Smith and the teachers who followed. It's a story of the hundreds of thousands of pupils who studied and found keys to knowledge. It's a story of hardy pioneers and late citizens who paid

taxes, built, and looked ahead, far-seeing.

JOHAN PETER SMITH, an industrious young Virginian, tramped the dusty road from Dallas to Camp Worth. The year was 1853, and the distance 30 miles—even in those days.

Ambition squared his youthful shoulders. But it wasn't a long way to John Peter Smith. Ahead lay his chosen home in a settlement of hardy pioneers. In a



—Paschal Photo by Reid Studio.

OLD TIMERS WILL REMEMBER—many days they spent in this building learning their three R's. It is Fort Worth's first high school building, which was on S. Jennings, between Jarvis and Daggett. Built in 1891, it burned Dec. 2, 1910. Principal there for the longest period of years was Robert Lee Paschal, retired educator. Mr. Paschal was principal of the high school (the one pictured and later the present Paschal High School) for 28 years.

community of thriving businesses, schools and churches.

The man who was later to become known as "the father of Fort Worth" found things here vastly different from what he had imagined.

There was no school for the children of four score families whose crude log homes clustered around the barracks on the present site of the Criminal Courts Building.

A graduate of a Virginia University, he was educated for a career of law, but John Peter Smith was a scholar, and he envisioned the need for education even in a frontier community.

As lawyer and school master, he went to work.

In January, 1854, he opened the doors of Fort Worth's first school.

12 Pupils, Few Books

It wasn't much of a school by present standards. Some 12 pupils gathered in a hospital building of the barracks.

Few had books. Schoolmaster Smith was the only teacher. The school lasted only a few months, but it was a start.

Contrast this humble beginning with today's methods of instruction by phonograph records, moving pictures and motorized field trips.

Legislature Takes a Hand, Votes Cash

The Legislature, on recommendation of Governor Pease, set aside \$2,000,000 for a permanent public school fund, the income from which was to be used to pay tuition for indigent children. The district had to furnish the school houses.

Our little settlement took ad-

around among the pupils and parents, receiving his board as part for his work.

"He had a chair and a crude, homemade table. There were no seats for the pupils, so each of us brought a chair from home the first year. In later years, there were benches for us."

Mrs. Estes studied the Blue Back Speller and McGuffey's first reader. She wore calico dresses and home-knit stockings.

Students Brought In Water, Wood

AMONG the better known private schools of the early days was Capt. John Hanna's in the old Masonic Hall at 400 E. Weatherford; Mrs. Clara Walden's, first taught in the Christian Church and later in her own building at the west end of Fifth Street, now owned by First Methodist Church; Miss E. S. Scribner's, on Fourth St.; Miss Jennie Alford's, on the corner of Second and Taylor; W. T. Weaver's, in the northwestern part of the city; Miss Mattie Steele's, on Fulton, one block east of Adams; Mrs. Warren's, on Jennings where the old red sandstone post office building now stands, and a Mrs. Burchill's school.

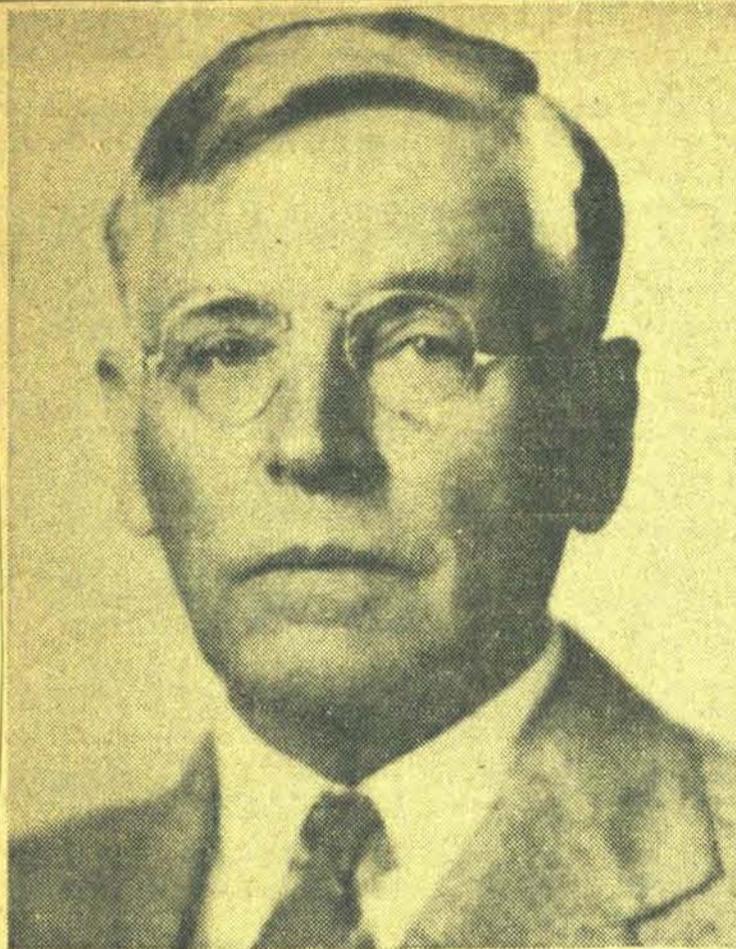
Relatives and acquaintances of the late Howard W. Peak have often heard him tell his recollections of a private school opened here by Capt. Hanna of Missouri, who came to Texas right after the Civil War. His assistant teacher was Prof. Carl Vincent.

"Each morning after 'books' was called the principal named four students to bring in the wood and water for the day," Mr. Peak recalled.

"We had to go down to the



-That's City's Growth



"I came to Fort Worth in 1873 with my father and first attended Mrs. Burchill's school, taught in the Methodist Church at Fourth and Jones.

"Then I went to a combined public and private school taught by Mrs. Henri C. L. Gorman, corner of Weatherford and Harding. The building was a rawhide structure—that is, it was built of cottonwood planks, sawn in some of the neighboring saw mills. There were about 60 pupils. When the money gave out, it was turned into a subscription school."

In 1880, two years before what is generally accepted as the founding of the free public schools of Fort Worth, a school board was formed consisting of Maj. Brown, ex-officio president; Maj. J. M. Van Zandt, Dr. Carrol M. Peak, Col. Smith and A. B. Nicholson. It is believed that Capt. M. B. Loyd was also a member.

We Hire Our First Teachers

IN June, 1880 the State Normal School at Huntsville had graduated its first class of 33 members, and the first school board sent for six members of the class.

Miss Sue Huffman, valedictorian of the class, was made superintendent. A fully-equipped graded school system with 16 teachers and about 650 pupils was organized, according to recollections of the late Miss Beulah Hall in 1930, who was a member of that graduating class and who taught with Miss Huffman.

The high school was in charge of Mrs. Walden, as its first principal, in a building known as the Arnold-Walden Institute, since destroyed off LSU in the Sugar Bowl. Great punting by Baugh, the Progs' compensations. Largely as a result of but later proved to have its compensation. It was a sore disappointment.

It was a sore disappointment. Retributive justice? in starting backfield. rence, Baugh, Manton and Kline at guards; Lester at center; Lawlis at tackles; Kellow and Harrison Walls at ends; Groselove and Kline at the main guys — Rorch and 000 fans at TCU, but few remember the Progs before 40,000 suffered by the Progs before 40,000. Present-day fans are not aware of

der Hogg became superintendent and began a vigorous campaign of modern teaching methods. Principals under his regime were Mrs. Walden, Miss Huffman and Thomas Lacey.

Other teachers included Miss Jennie Oliver, Miss Emma Hildebrand, Miss Pinka Jones (the only one living at the present time); Miss Ida Rich, Mrs. M. L. Pearcy, Misses Bessie Foute, Jennie Howard, R. Madden, Eva Haywood, Clara Burhnam, Maude P. Johnson and Lula Dial and J. M. Lacey.

I. M. Terrell, First Principal of Negroes

I. M. TERRELL was the first principal of the negro department of the public schools, and began his work under the superintendency of Prof. Hogg. He was assisted by James Guinn, a native negro boy who rose from the ranks to a principal. Both have negro schools named after them.

Miss Mary Lullie Hogg, 301 Lamar, daughter of the early-day superintendent, recalls that her father often said:

"There was not a shingle or an ink stand for the schools when I came to Fort Worth."

As modern in those days as the Fowlkes' report is today, Prof. Hogg brought the teaching of music into the public schools in 1885-86 at his own expense. He brought Luther Whiting Mason from Boston to establish the music department.

In 1903, when Prof. Hogg was on a visit to New York, Miss Helen Gould gave him her personal check for \$500 to start sewing in the public schools. Mrs. M. P. Ferguson was the first teacher. On the advice of the superintendent, she took a course in New York University to better equip herself for the position.

The superintendent in those days was paid \$1500 per year. There is no record of what principals were paid, but primary teachers were paid \$50 per month.

There were separate schools for boys and girls. An "item" from the Gazette, published June 2, 1888, regarding the closing exercises of the Girls High School at the old Opera House reads:

"A 8 o'clock last night the sidewalks in the vicinity of the opera house were crowded with ladies and gentlemen hurrying to the building to get good seats. The street cars were crowded and many buggies and carriages rolled up, discharging their occupants to increase the throng already inside. At 8:15 the opera house was crowded by an audience that has never been surpassed in point of intelligence and culture. The occasion was the closing exercises of the Girls High School.

No Fort Worth audience has ever looked at a more beautiful scene than that presented last night when the pupils of the school, to the number of 40 odd, all clad in white dresses, took their seats on the stage."

But the newspaper account above is of the second high school graduating exercise ever held in Fort Worth. The city's first graduates were in 1887.

The seven members of the class were Lucy Britton, Loula Stearns, Bertie Davis, Annie Lane, Mary Vaughn and Ashley Attwell.

New Buildings Added

From 1890 to 1909 was a period of revision in the public schools. Grade school work was re-organized and systematized and the high school curriculum was enlarged and made more democratic. Many new buildings were added.

The control of the schools was in charge of the city government, with the mayor acting as ex-officio chairman of the school board, which was chosen by the City Council and Board of Aldermen.

Citizens took great pride in March, 1891, when their first new high school building—South Jennings, between Jarvis and Daggett, was finished.

In 1892, four new brick buildings were erected—the Texas Street School in the Fourth Ward, Broadway in the Sixth Ward, Magnolia on South Main and Evans in the Ninth Ward.

That gave the city nine ward buildings, the new high school, an orphan's home school for white children and two buildings for negroes.

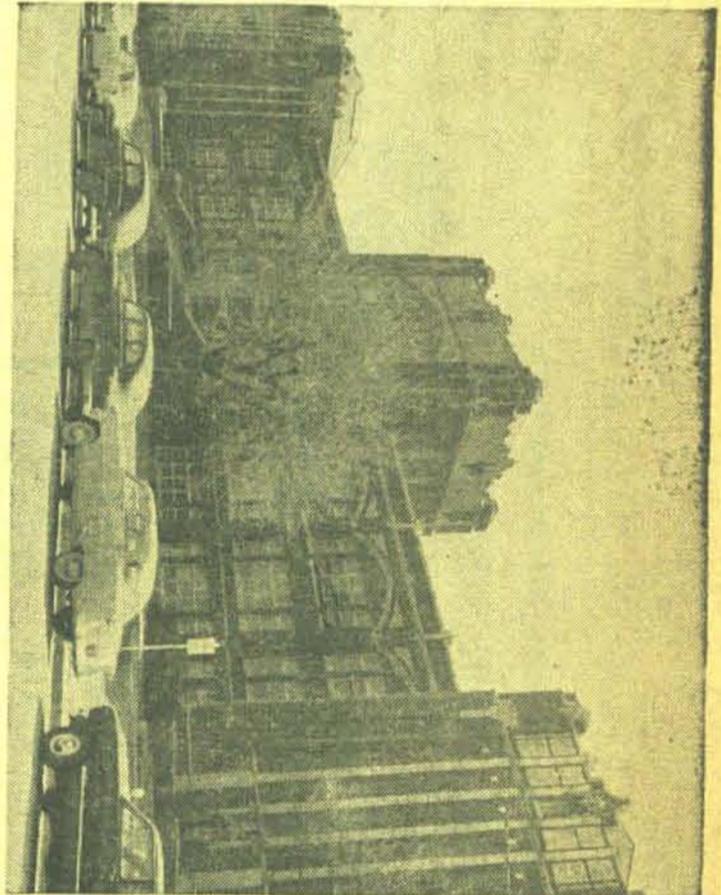
In 1906, the old Van Zandt School in the Fifth Ward burned down, and citizens praised the late Maj. John Hawley, then city engineer, for performing a feat of construction. Within a week, he had built wooden shacks in which to seat 14 rooms of pupils. Later, a brick building of 16 class rooms, equipped with steam heat, was built in the place of the old one. The unit was only half of what

is now the East Van Zandt School.

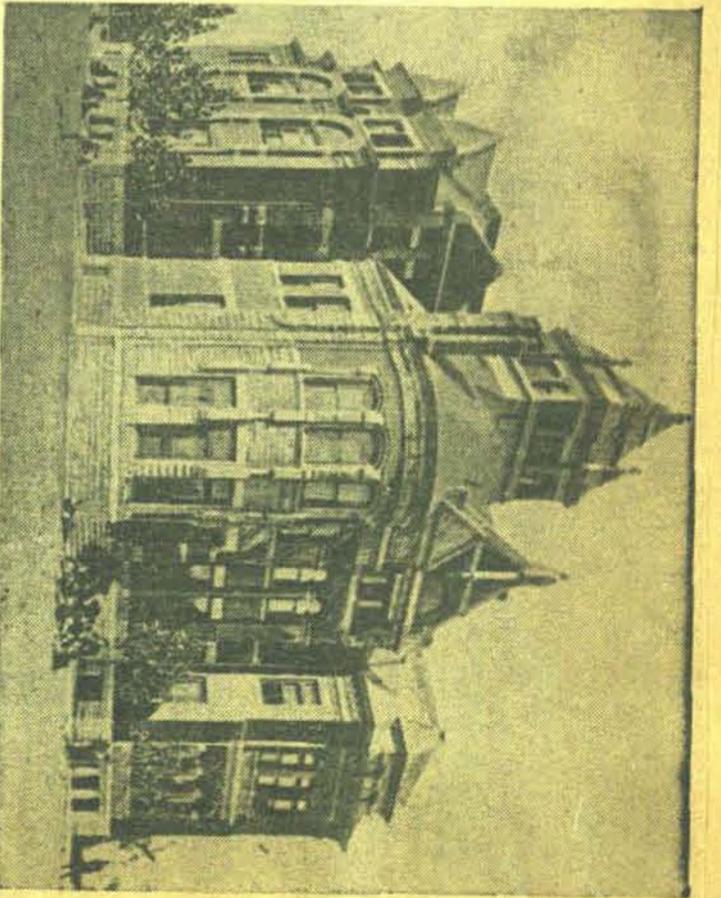
Mr. Paschal Named Principal in 1906

MR. PASCHAL was principal of Central High School in 1906. He had been principal of the Van Zandt School for 12 and one-half years prior to that. He served as principal of Central, later named after him, for 28 years.

Mr. Paschal was one of twin boys, Robert Lee and George Washington Paschal. Graduated in 1887 from Wake Forest College at Wake Forest, N. C., he went to Abilene in 1892 to help organize (Turn to Page 8)



TODAY'S PASCHAL HIGH SCHOOL AND 19th CENTURY CENTRAL HIGH



John Peter Smith

City's First Schoolmaster Would Be Amazed at Growth

Fort Worth was little more than a rough place on the smooth prairie when 22-year-old John Peter Smith took his stance before his new pupils that brisk January day 100 years ago.

Four months earlier the frontier post's troopers had moved to another fort, leaving empty barracks, a few settlers, about 30 in all, and a bleak prospect for Fort Worth's first school.

A short time before Smith had walked over from the little settlement where Dallas now stands. A graduate of Bethany College in Virginia, he saw the need for some sort of learning for the pioneers' children.

There was no school board to direct him and no school bonds to finance his plans. But, there was an empty army barracks and a schoolmaster's desire to be at his profession.

This first school, forerunner of a vast educational system, took its pupils into a one-room building, which not only provided enough space for all the school age youngsters in Fort Worth of

that day but also could accommodate the children of all Tarrant County.

QUITS TEACHING.

Three years Smith presided over his school, then ill health forced him to turn to something that would keep him out in the open.

He turned to surveying first, and later made a lasting mark on the community as a lawyer, business man and developer of the city.

However, he never forgot about the need for schools.

After three elections and numerous objections by a part of the population, Smith and two fellow school-supporters, Dr. Carroll M. Peak Fort Worth's first physician and Smith's landlord while he was teaching school, and Maj. K. M. Van Zandt, banker, won a free school system for Fort Worth.

The City Council named a school board, including Smith and Dr. Peak, and in 1882 Fort Worth's children were offered schooling without cost.

While turning his talents and his time to obtaining a free school system, Smith also devoted himself to giving Fort Worth a shove toward its present place in the nation.

DONATES LAND.

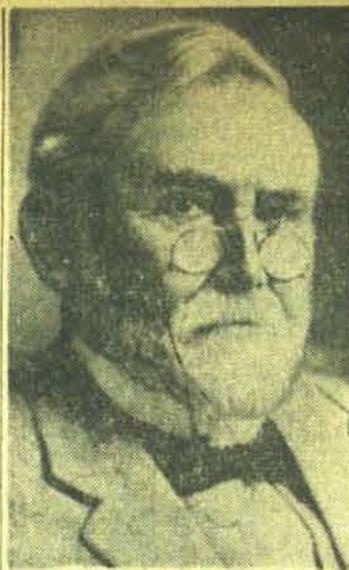
In 1877 he donated the land for a City-County Hospital, an event commemorated by a brass plaque on the present hospital building.

He gave the land for three cemeteries, subscribed \$5,200 to bring the Santa Fe to Fort Worth and helped organize the firm which later became the Fort Worth National Bank.

And, found time to be Fort Worth's mayor six years.

Smith's contributions to the city he helped make ended with his death April 11, 1902, while visiting in St. Louis.

Today, this major architect in the construction of a prosperous, growing city is memorialized by



ALEXANDER HOGG.
... first superintendent.

Auto in Oklahoma Damaged by Buffalo

LAWTON, Okla., Feb. 27 (AP).—E. C. Williams, Lawton banker and retired Army colonel, was driving through the Wildlife Refuge near here, when a frisky yearling buffalo became angry at the car and made a dash for it. The hood and grille were smashed.

Williams quipped:

"In the Philippines, I once had to stop the car to let a crocodile cross, but I'm probably the only man in the nation who is going to collect car insurance after being hit by a buffalo."

a statue near St. Patrick's Catholic Church in downtown Fort Worth.

But, the man's most significant memorial is seen in the school buildings which followed that one-room shack and the children who have trudged through them in the 100 years since Smith first took his stand in front of his pupils.

Alexander Hogg Served as Superintendent Three Terms

Alexander Hogg first came to Fort Worth to see an eclipse of the sun.

That was in July 1878. In the spring of 1882, he returned to Fort Worth on business of more local significance.

At the invitation of Mayor John Peter Smith, Hogg visited Fort Worth to make speeches in favor of local taxation for schools. Smith was leading a movement to establish free schools here.

The mayor was interested in educational questions. He had been the city's first schoolmaster 28 years earlier.

Hogg was a teacher but at that time was working in the land department of the Texas & Pacific Railway. He preferred teaching.

FIRST TERM.

Hogg must have made some good speeches, for later that same year, the school system was founded. The school board promptly elected him superintendent and he served seven years in his first term.

During this period of the system's infancy, politics interrupted Hogg's work. In 1889 a new city administration took office and the councilmen decided they wanted a superintendent of their own choice. P. M. White succeeded Hogg.

Hogg, still at home in the schools, went to Waxahachie and served there as superintendent. In 1891, he came back to Fort Worth as principal of Fort Worth High School. The following year, he was chosen superintendent again and served until 1896, occasion of another political transformation.

ANOTHER TERM.

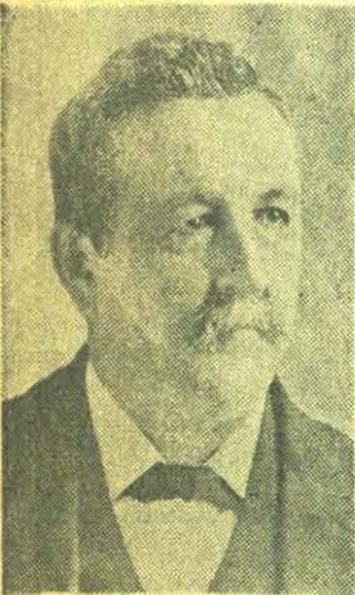
Hogg gave up school work and went to Dallas as head of T&P's literary bureau. There he founded the first railroad house organ, the T&P Quarterly.

But he was not through with Fort Worth.

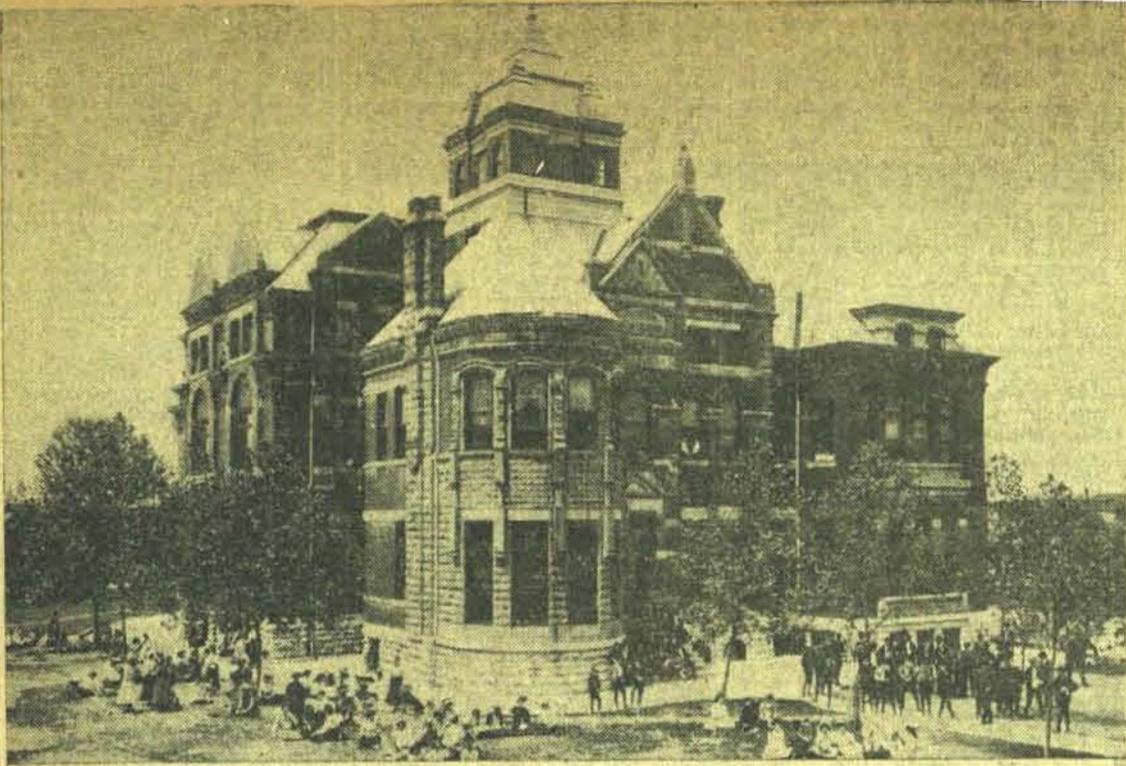
In 1902, Hogg came back here as superintendent. He was then 72. His final and third term lasted four years.

Hogg was born in Yorktown, Va., in 1830. He worked his way through Randolph-Macon College and was teaching when the Civil War interrupted. He joined the Confederate Army as a cavalryman. After the war, he became school superintendent in Montgomery, Ala.

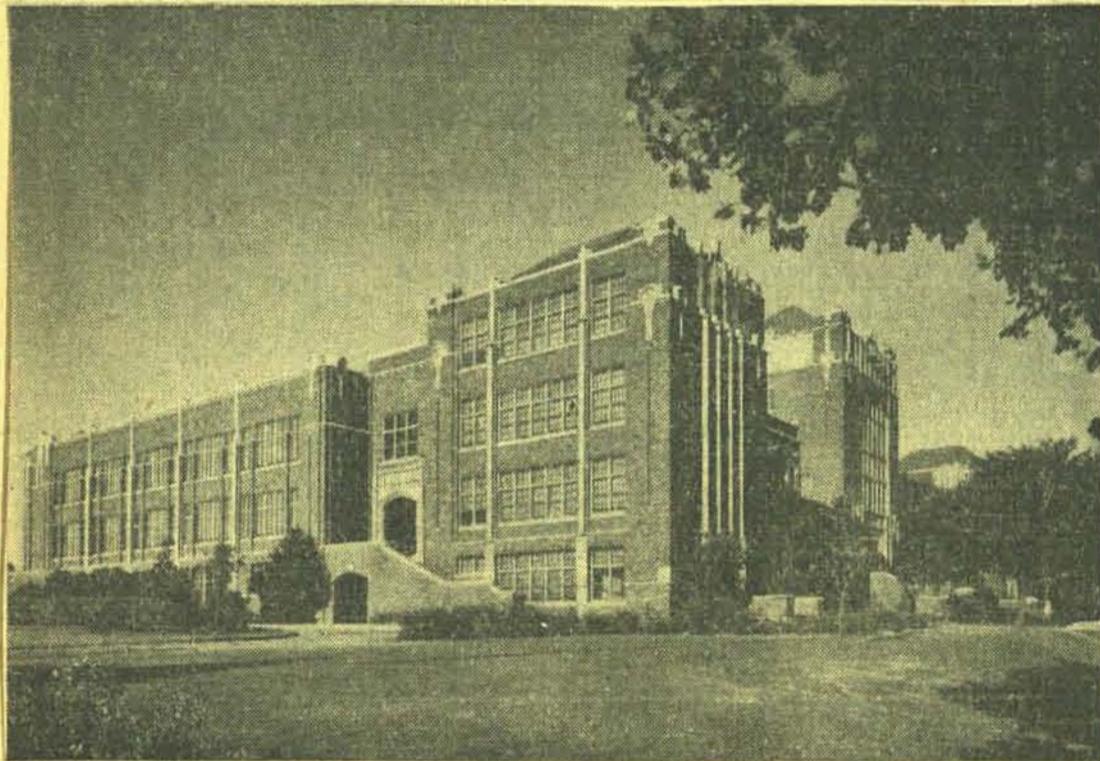
Governor Coke invited Hogg to come to Texas as mathematics professor at Texas A&M College in 1876, when the school was founded. Hogg left A&M in 1879 to become a civil engineer for the Houston & Texas Central Railroad. He had joined the T&P in Marshall when he received John Peter Smith's appeal for help. Hogg died Aug. 10, 1911, in Baltimore.



JOHN PETER SMITH
... schools his memorial.



● THE OLD FORT WORTH HIGH SCHOOL, located at Daggett and Jennings. The cornerstone of this building was laid in 1890 and it served the needs of local high school students until its destruction by fire in 1910.

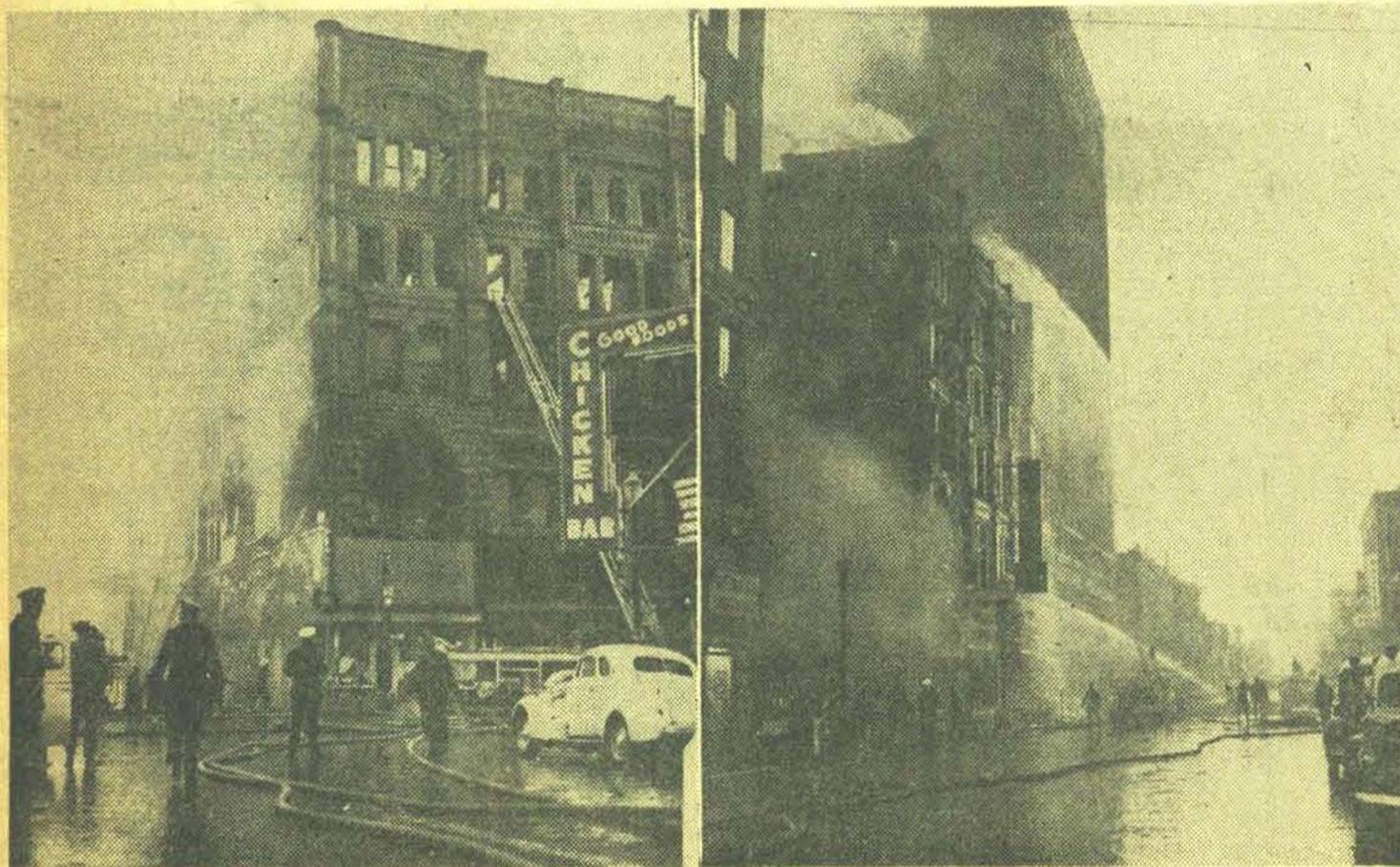


● The first unit of OLD CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL—NOW PASCHAL—was completed in the first year of our participation in the World War—1917. The second unit, including the gymnasium, was added in 1926.



HARD TO PUT OUT—The fire-swept Worth Building at Seventh and Main as it appeared at mid-morning from the 16th floor of the Fort Worth National Bank Building. Smoke still billowed from the ruins. Fire Department

aerial equipment is in action at left, on the Seventh Street side, and at right, on Main. At upper right in picture firemen can be seen turning hose on the ruins from upper floor windows on the north side of Hotel Texas. (Staff Photo by Dub McPhail).



DOWNTOWN FIRE SCENES show firemen early today as they battled the \$400,000 blaze which destroyed the Worth Bldg., Sev-

enth and Main. Five of the firefighters were hurt, none seriously.

—Press Photos By Key Herbert

Worth Building Social Center of the Buggy Era

By FRANK EVANS
pulled up at Seventh and Main. A cattleman
ed street. He was at the cattleman's head-
est.

the spacious lobby of the then Worth Hotel.
without a bath and if he wanted a private
or \$1.50
a day.

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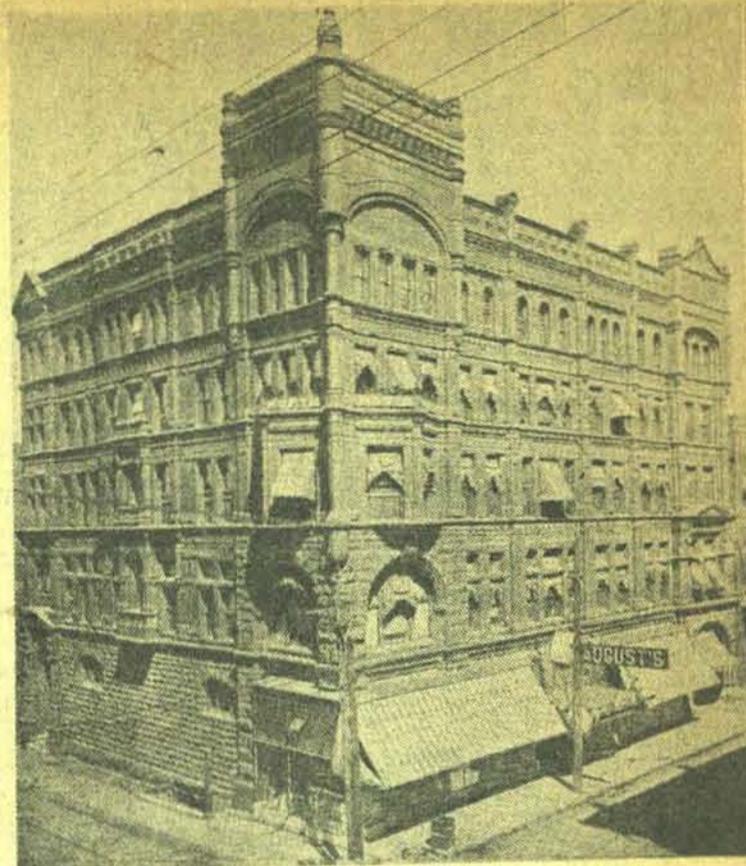
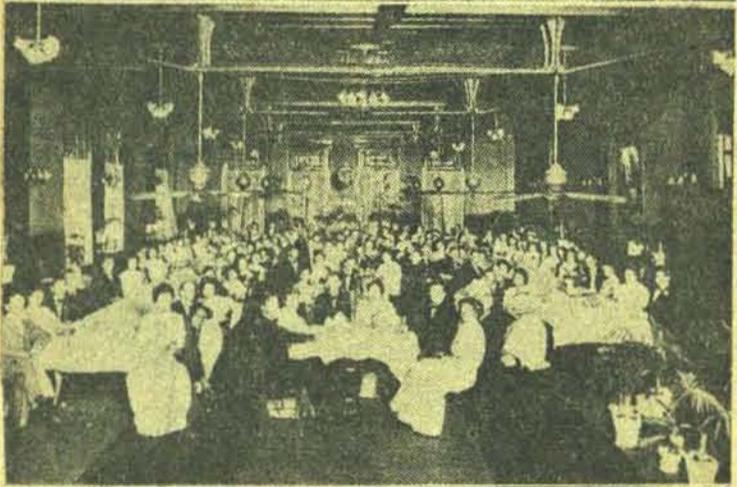
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y building

erected as an office building by
Mrs. Harrison G. Hendricks. Fort
Worth was then the cattle center
of the Southwest, and visitors here
brought a demand for a hotel, so
the building was converted into
a hotel.

Mr. Hendricks operated the hotel
until his death in 1904.

Old stationery of the hotel
states that it was operated on the
European plan only. Rooms with-
out bath are listed at \$1, \$1.50
and \$2 a day. Rooms with pri-
vate bath are listed at \$1.50, \$2
and \$2.50 a day.

"All rooms with running hot
and cold water," proclaims the
stationery.



IN BYGONE DAYS.—The Worth Building, once the popular hotel of the Southwest, which was destroyed by fire Saturday, is shown upper left. On the right, the spacious hotel lobby, top, the dining hall which was the center for social gatherings and, below, the cigar stand where men and derbys are seen.



REMEMBER WHEN it was a common sight to see horse-drawn vehicles go up and down Main Street? Take a look at the picture above—that's Fort Worth when the Wheat Building (second big structure on the left) was the city's skyscraper. Note the contrast in the scene below. It's the same Main Street today. Automobiles have taken the place of the horses. Street cars have given way to buses. And tall buildings line either side of the thoroughfare.

Last Trolley Car Soon to Pass From City Streets -- Let's Turn Back to the Early 90's

DECEMBER 13, 1938

'Uncle Jack' Madden Recalls Some Early Transportation Puzzles

EDITOR'S NOTE: The last of Fort Worth's street cars will pass from the picture this month when the Fort Worth Transit Co. completes the motorization of its city-wide system. Abandonment of the two remaining trolley lines is slated for Christmas Week. Following is the first of three articles on early history and growth of the city's mass transportation operations.

By ALLAN CARNEY

"Giddap!"

A mud-splattered team of mules responded to the shout of a whiskered driver as the crude contraption made its way up Fort Worth's Main St.

Inside the conveyance a group of passengers huddled on wooden benches that extended lengthwise with the car. A generous supply of straw was on the floor to keep their feet warm.

Starting up an incline, the mules lost their footing, slowed to a walk and stopped.

"All out, please, until we get up this hill," the driver called to his passengers. "This mud is pretty slippery and we've got too much load for the mules to make it."

So, Out They Went And Walked Up Hill

Without a protest the 17 men and women filed out and walked the muddy grade while the mules pulled the empty car.

That was in 1890. The driver was A. J. Madden, and the conveyance was a part of the city's street railway system.

"Uncle Jack" Madden, now 72, recalled the incident today as typical of the early street car days in Fort Worth. He and several other old-timers had gathered at the Fort Worth Transit Co. clubroom, for a session of reminiscing.

The gray-haired men, all retired on pension, soon will be joined by other veteran operators whose long years of service will end this month when the Transit Co. abandons its last remaining street car lines.

'Uncle Jack' Has Watched City Grow

Complete motorization of the city transportation system will mark the passing of the electric street car era which began here in 1889. Just as the trolley lines pushed the mule-drawn railway cars off the streets, so have the rubber-tired motor buses replaced the modern street cars.

"Uncle Jack" Madden, who now lives at 3108 Hemphill, has witnessed both transitions, and with them he has seen a city grow from a rowdy county seat to a metropolis that measures 12 miles across.

After working on a farm for \$15 a month, the \$45 paid to street car drivers was "big



Nearly 50 years have passed since the last mule-drawn street car was removed from Fort Worth streets, but old-timers in the business still get together and talk about the good ol' days. Pictured here around a domino table at the Fort Worth Transit Co.'s clubroom on E. Lancaster is a group of retired street car operators who have served the company 30 years or more. All except A. J. (Uncle Jack) Madden, second on the left, began their careers after the coming of the electric trolley cars. Uncle Jack drove a mule over Main St. south to Hattie and back over the same route to E. Bellnap. Left to right, J. R. (Riley) Jones, Uncle Jack Madden, George J. Fry, A. Holt and W. C. (Jesse) James. The scene above is typical of Fort Worth's Main Street in the 1880's.

money" to Uncle Jack, even even though it meant working though it meant working 18 hours a day.

"In those days," he recalls, a lot of people lived in walking distance of town, and we had to drum up business as we drove along. I used to holler at people walking and ask them to ride, so I would be sure to take in enough to at least pay my day's wages."

Wore Out 6 Teams In Eight Hours

The drivers wore out six teams during their 18-hour day. The mule barn was on the corner now occupied by Washer

Bros. at Eighth and Main. After a three-hour stint, the driver would pull up in front of the barn, unhitch and hook up a fresh team.

Three hours on and two hours off was the usual working schedule for the mules.

Uncle Jack's run was out S. Main to Hattie St., east on Hattie to Missouri Ave., and north to Broadway where the line stopped. He would unhitch the team, hitch them to the other end of the car and start back over the same route. The other end of the line extended to a point about two blocks beyond the Santa Fe tracks on E. Bellnap.

The driver stood on a front platform, with no protection

from the cold and rain. Mud and slush from the mules' hoofs covered him from head to foot, despite a small dashboard.

Uncle Jack wore a handlebar mustache and long beard. They helped him keep his face warm.

"But, many a time my breath would form icicles on my mustache when I faced the north wind."

While the driver got no direct benefit from the straw, it had its advantages, he recalls.

"Folks used to drop money in that straw, and when all the passengers were gone, we used to scratch around on the floor and find quite a few nickels and dimes."

NEXT: The Electric Street Car in a Growing City.

Bus Replaced Trolley In Fast Growing City

Motor Coaches Proved Better
For Scattered Districts

EDITOR'S NOTE: The last of Fort Worth's street cars will

Mule-Cars Began Transit System

If the citizens of Dallas in the 1870's ever seriously thought of getting somewhere in a hurry, it was of no concern to a quartet of snorting Mexican mules who furnished the power for the city's first transit system.

Going back to 1871, Dallas had two streetcars, the "Belle Swink" and the "John Neely Bryan," both pulled by pairs of mules, both able, under ideal conditions, to cover a 3-mile downtown route in 45 minutes.

The situation didn't improve as far as speed of travel was concerned for almost a decade. Soon the transit men had eight mules and four cars, and by April 1886 there were 18 mules and nine cars.

Some dignity, but nothing approximating modern efficiency, was injected into the transit situation locally when some Oak Cliff businessmen, with an assist from Eastern interests, established the Dallas-Oak Cliff Steam Railway Company in 1887, with steam-driven street cars chugging along Jefferson Avenue in Oak Cliff, the line shortly thereafter extended across the bottoms into Dallas.

Less than two years elapsed when the electric-powered streetcar made its debut, sending the steam-driven variety into oblivion but failing to dislodge the presence of the mules. In fact, the first electric-powered vehicles were not completely reliable, suffering power shortage, or faltering under heavy passenger loads, the mules frequently catching up with the new-fangled type cars.

It probably was disconcerting to the several companies dabbling in electric-powered transit efforts of the late 1880's to note that passengers frequently had to get out and push a car over a minor elevation, while the mules plodded by with dogged unconcern.

Meanwhile, some now-forgotten entrepreneur conceived a cable-type street car. It was an abortive attempt, leaving only the mule and electricity to fight for dominance.

Of course, electricity won out and in 1910 four separate transit companies were competing for patronage. Out of numerous trusteeships and trades, the Northern Texas Traction Company emerged, in 1902, as the major industry locally in the transit field. It remained in operation until Sept. 30, 1917, when it sold its properties to

Dallas Railway & Terminal Company, incorporated in that year and later to become known (in 1955), as Dallas Transit Company.

The year 1917 thus ended at least 24 instances since 1871 when groups of businessmen organized and, occasionally incorporated, in efforts to become the major transit company in Dallas.

Progress, being an unrelenting factor in the American economy, threatened the existence of streetcars in Dallas in 1926. The first buses made their appearance, a noisy, rattling debut that led many passengers on Dallas' 303 streetcars to shout derisive remarks and cast doubts on the future of any gas-driven vehicle.

But buses cost less; combustible engines improved, and soon one could see that motor cars in transit adeptly turned corners and sped into the distance while the street car, pinned to the straight-lined trolley wire, was woefully inflexible.

When 1945 came, Dallas Transit had 251 street cars, already 52 less than in 1926, and, only five years later, there were only 121. The transit bus, whose monstrous behavior in 1926 had made it the subject of ridicule, was improving so rapidly that Dallas Transit had put 364 into operation in 1950, compared with 256 five years earlier.

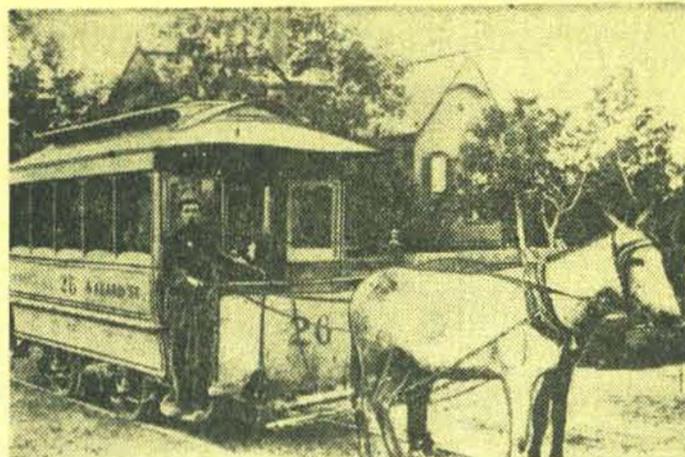
Reactionary transit patrons sentimentally bound to the streetcar era must, indeed, have suffered when they noticed not only the increasing number of buses, but also the appearance of an additional 30 trolley coaches in 1945, climbing to 54 in 1950.

The glorious eras of the Mexican mule, steam-driven and cable-drawn vehicles had passed, and another era was on its way out. In 1954, DTC pledged itself to convert to an all-bus system. In 1955, that era approached as only 49 street cars remained in operation.

By 2:08 Sunday morning, the last streetcar in Dallas will have completed its final run. Now buses—80 trolley-type, 449 motor-coaches represent the new Dallas transit fleet, which includes 55 brand-new luxury buses recently purchased for \$1,250,000.

Free Schedules

Dallas Transit Company is offering four ways in which Dallas citizens can obtain free route maps and transit schedules for DTC's new all-bus system. They can be obtained from any one of 15 DTC booths in the downtown area through Jan. 20; in all transit vehicles; by request in writing to Dallas Transit Company, Int'rurban Building, or by telephoned request to RI-1151.



These two pictures illustrate the earliest and the latest in transit travel. The mule car was the first public transportation provided in Dallas, and the modern bus is one of 55 just purchased by Dallas Transit Company.



Dallas Transit Planning Promotional Campaign

A sharp upward surge in Dallas Transit patronage is expected in 1956.

New information methods which proved so successful in 1955, and remarkable improvement in transit service, assured with the introduction of the new all-bus system operating on faster and more convenient schedules, form the basis for optimism.

Revolutionary advancements in Dallas Transit service will be disclosed to the public in a forceful promotional campaign planned by The McCarty Company of Texas, the transit firm's public relations and advertising counsel.

Within the very near future, DTC hopes to reveal a public-participation type of competition unique in the transit industry.

DTC also plans, through news reports, some factual dramatic revelations regarding safety of driving a passenger car as contrasted with riding in a transit vehicle.

More ideas for improving DTC service are expected from a newly-instituted Employees' Suggestion Plan sponsored by the transit firm. During the current year, the bus company hopes to sponsor a plan

that will introduce attractive "hostesses" aboard DTC vehicles. Free samples of manufacturers' products would be distributed to patrons by the hostesses.

An "Executive Express" bus service is under consideration. Transit patrons would subscribe, at premium rates, to a luxurious transit service which would allow the patron to board the bus at his residence and alight at that point on the return trip.

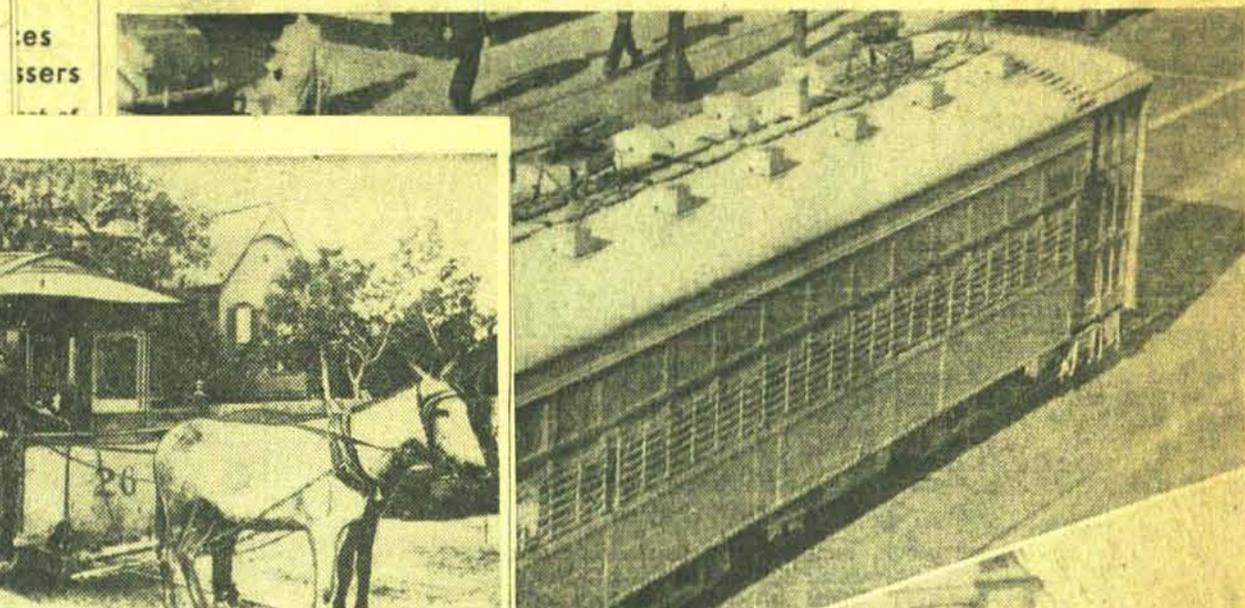
Charter bus service, which has been looked upon with favor for many years by special groups and delegations, will be expanded.

Numerous other innovations are planned by the transit firm for 1956.

Meanwhile, DTC will continue campaigns begun last year which have met with wide response. The "BUSter" award for outstanding service by bus operators; the Park-and-Ride Plan; further cooperation with Dallas' "Welcome Wagon" whereby newcomers to Dallas are advised of the city's transit facilities, and the "Shop Thriftily" series of advertisements in both daily newspapers.

The transit company's new all-bus system now constitutes one of the most flexible, most convenient, fastest bus lines in the nation. Yet, the basic fare remains 15c, among the lowest for any metro-

First Electrical Trolley Appeared Continued Their Slow but Sure Gait



Street transportation are shown here in these downtown street W. Seventh. Street cars, such as the Lakeview line car pictured center of the street, forcing riders to risk life and limb while get-coach, pictured below, picks up and discharges passengers at When the Main St. paving project starts Christmas week, the trolley is out of service and replaced by a motor bus.

business district and outlying communities which later became part of the city.

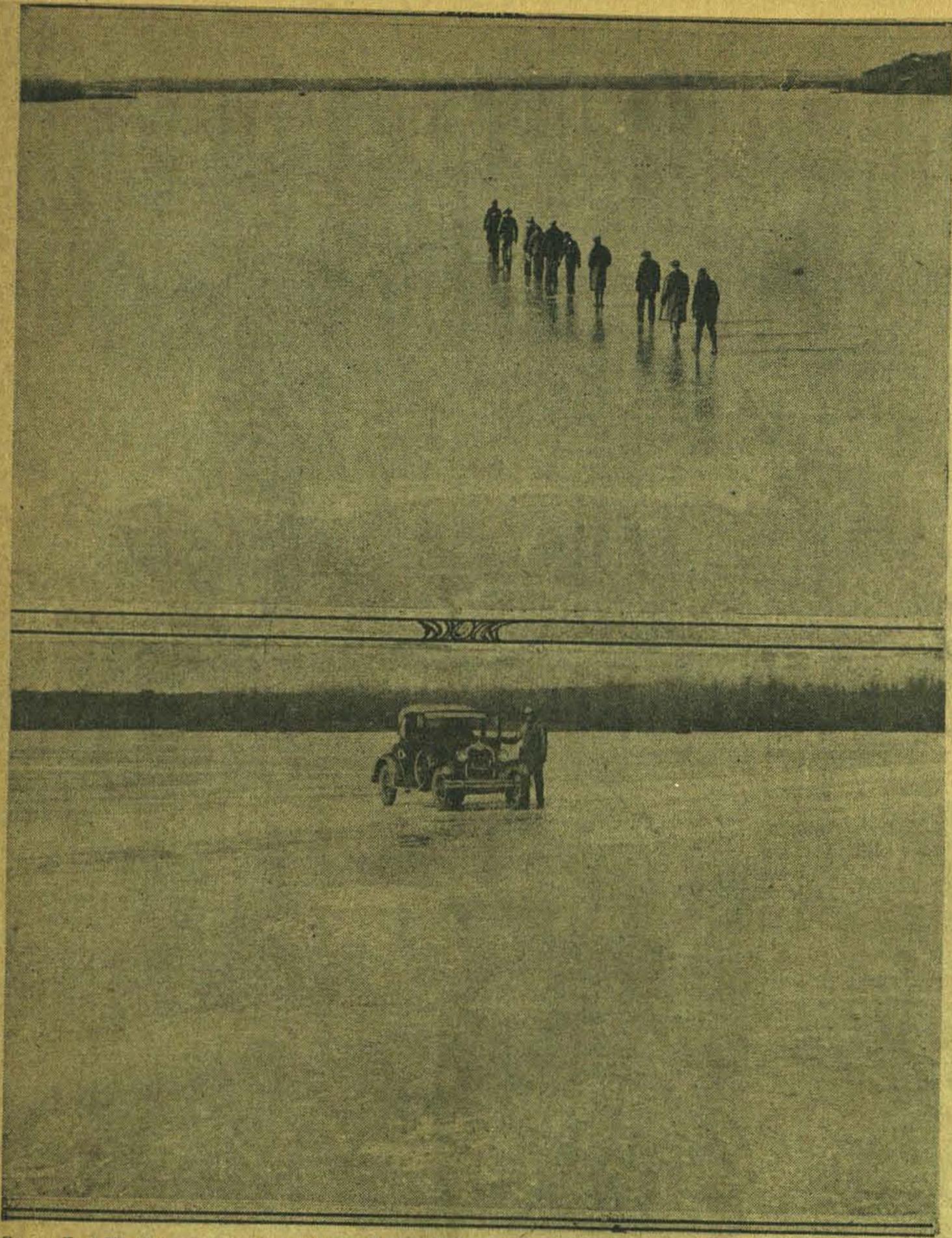
Besides the Fort Worth Street Railway Co., the list of operating companies included the Bosedale Street Railway Co., West Fort Worth Railway Co., City Railway Co., Arlington Heights Street Railway Co., the Tivania Street Car Line, the Greenwood and Polytechnic Street Railway Co., Citizens Railway and Light Co. and the Sam R. Co.

As the city grew and developed, the transportation system as a whole became more com-

plex and these companies began to consolidate. By 1911, all of them had been purchased by the Northern Texas Traction Co., successor to the Fort Worth Street Railway Co.

During the days when several companies were operating individually, numerous duplications in routes and service developed. Many of the routes traversed in those days have long since been abandoned because of the changes of conditions in the city's growth and development.

NEXT: The motor coach era.



Scenes Fort Worth never may see again—Lake Worth frozen with ice thick enough to support scores of skaters and automobiles yesterday. Like a picture from the Byrd Expedition is the upper photo of a group walking on the ice—walking only because there were no ice skates to be had. All that is lacking for an Antarctic atmosphere is the Aurora. Below is one of about 50 automobiles that were speeding and skidding between Goat Island and the mainland shores when police were sent to herd them back to land.

—Photos by D. B. Greene, Staff Photographer.

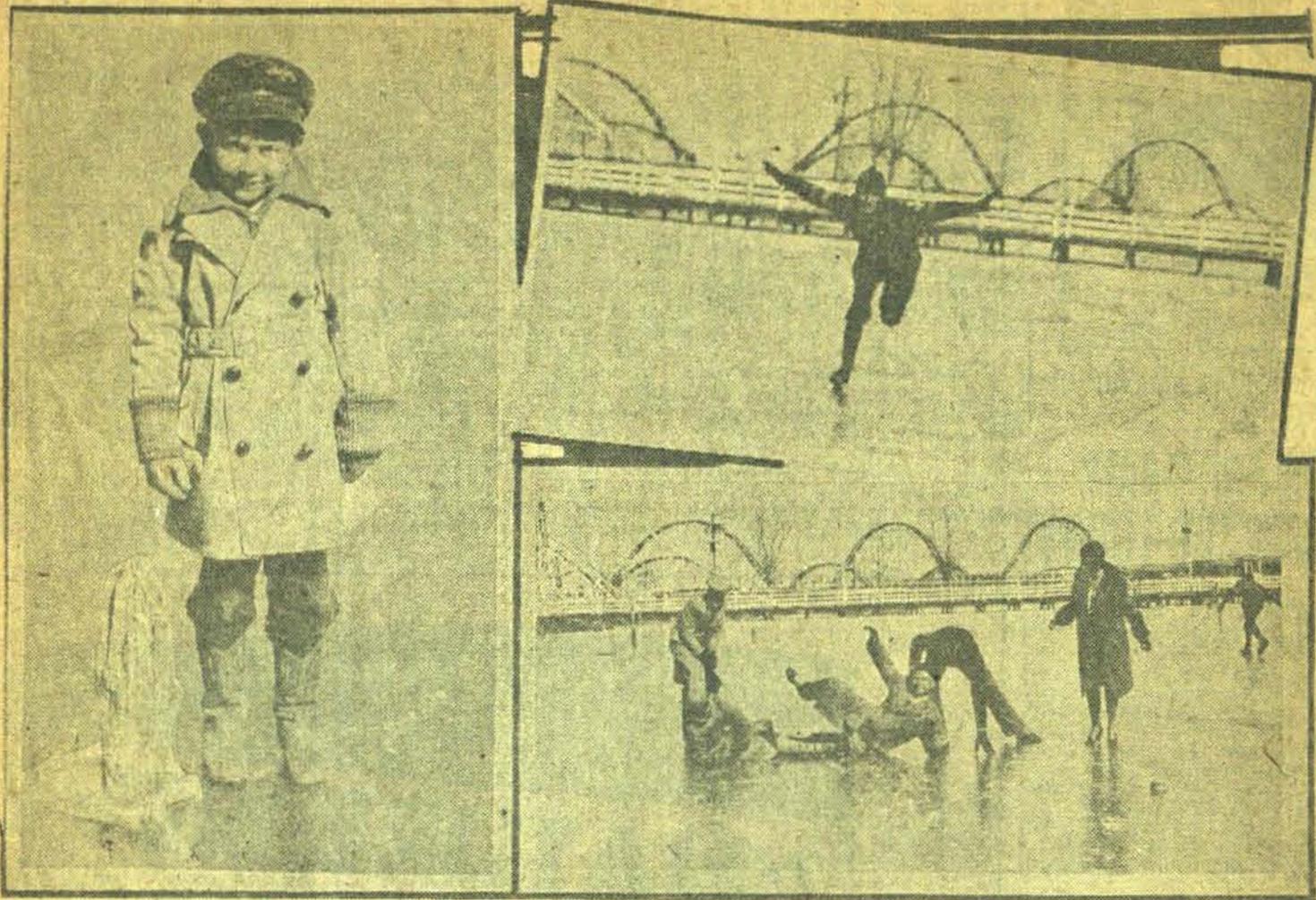
Old and Young Enjoy Winter Sport at Lake



Winter resort features enjoyed by Fort Worth for several days until yesterday's rising temperatures and police orders put an end to pedestrian and skating activities on Lake Worth. Age was no bar to enjoyment at the lake, frozen from end to end with ice more than seven inches thick.

—Photos by D. B. Greene, Staff Photographer.

HERE'S PROOF WINTER VISITED 'SUNNY SOUTH'



—Camera Craft Photos.

Clip these pictures and send 'em to your friend up north who has been crowing about the joys of ice skating denied we poor sun-baked folks down in the Sunny South! No foolin', they were taken at Lake Worth Wednesday. Thousands flocked to the muny reservoir, frozen solid. They cut some neat didoes on the ice, too. At the left is five-year-old Frank Williams Jr., who found the ice grand fun with cowboy boots to keep his "tootsies" warm. A little fancy gliding is demonstrated in the upper right photo. The gay frolicker in the lower photo probably is just resting. A fatiguing sport, this ice skating, if you're not used to it. The fun came to an end at noon Thursday when lake officers ordered all skaters off the ice which was melting rapidly.

Here's More Evidence on How Cold It Was 'Way Back in '30'



—Star-Telegram Photos.

Better save these pictures so that your grandson will believe you when you tell him that Lake Worth froze over solid back in "30." And then he won't laugh at you when you tell him that Harvey Arett (lower left) had to cut through the ice to fish, or that the ice was thick enough around the bridge (upper left) to walk "on the water." Lower right shows Marion Herring, Arett and Henry Boykin engaging in the latest fad of ice skating at Lake Worth. Upper right is Marion's boathouse taken from the ice.

Interurban Main Link With Dallas

(Editor's Note: A lot of Fort Worth people today never saw the Fort Worth of 25 and more years ago. This is one of a series on views of yesterday's city).

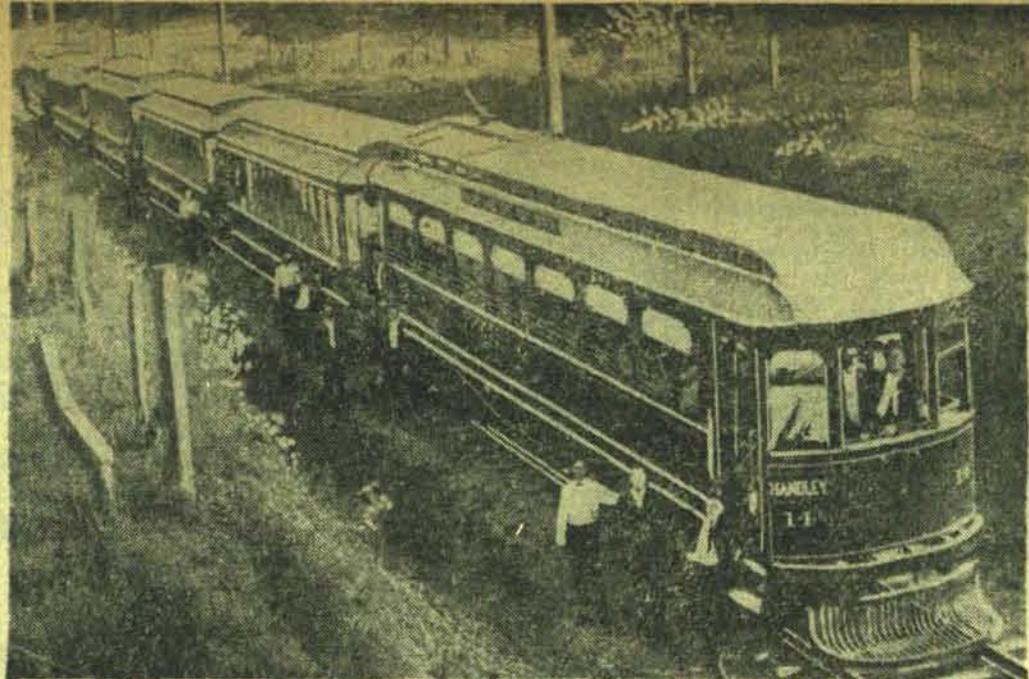
BY JAMES FARBER.

Fifty years ago the most popular means of travel between Fort Worth and Dallas was the interurban.

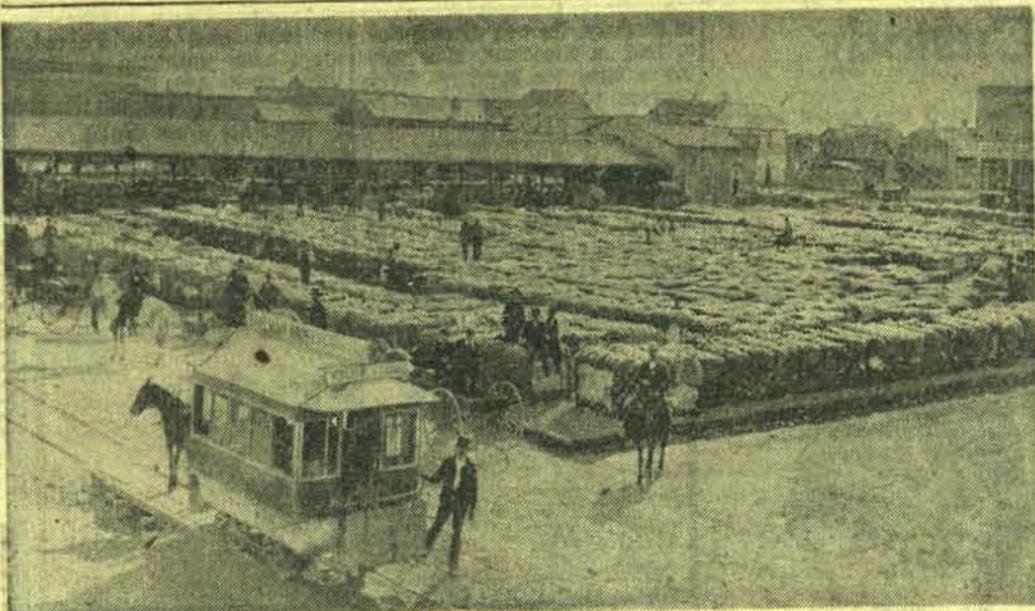
This picture, taken in 1904, shows one of the more unusual interurban combinations—the lead vehicle has five trailers, used on special occasions.

Gradually, the interurbans have dwindled to where only a few are left. One line, Dallas to Waco, was only recently disbanded.

Mostly all you can see nowadays (if you're a good observer) are old road beds snaking through the countryside.



WAY BACK WHEN—You were really going "first class" in 1904 if you caught an interurban that had a lead vehicle with five trailers, such as this one.



WAY BACK WHEN—They had a lot of cotton in Fort Worth back in 1881, as evidenced by this scene. The site is at 13th and Main.

EARLY FORT WORTH

Cotton First, Then Herds Went North

(Editor's Note—A lot of Fort Worth people never saw the Fort Worth of 25 and more years ago. This is one of a series on views of yesterday's city.)

BY JAMES FARBER.

This picture, made in 1881 at the old Boaz & Battle Cotton Yard, Main and 13th, was made when Texas was nearly destitute—a bare 16 years after the Civil War.

Yet, in two years the state was sending the first of the great trail-driven herds northward, and obviously, by the picture, had already established itself as the greatest of all cotton states.

The cotton in the photograph would be no mean collection even today.

The horsecar was only seven feet long, with seats running lengthwise.

Those Pioneer Inns Left Much To Be Desired

From Lowly Start Came a Million Dollar Business

By C. L. DOUGLAS

The West was still wild in those days, the late '50s, but even pesky Comanches and road agents of the Sam Bass ilk had failed to halt the flow of travelers—particularly whisky drummers—through the little village of Fort Worth.

But unless those wayfarers, tired, thirsty, and smelling of horse sweat, were fortunate enough to find hospitality in private homes there was no place for them to rest their saddle weary limbs. There was no inn, no hotel, in the settlement which sprawled on the bluff above the Trinity.

Not Much of a Hotel

In fact, there were few buildings at all other than those of the camp abandoned in '53 by troopers of the Second U. S. Dragoons, but if the records make no error one of these structures became Fort Worth's first hostelry.

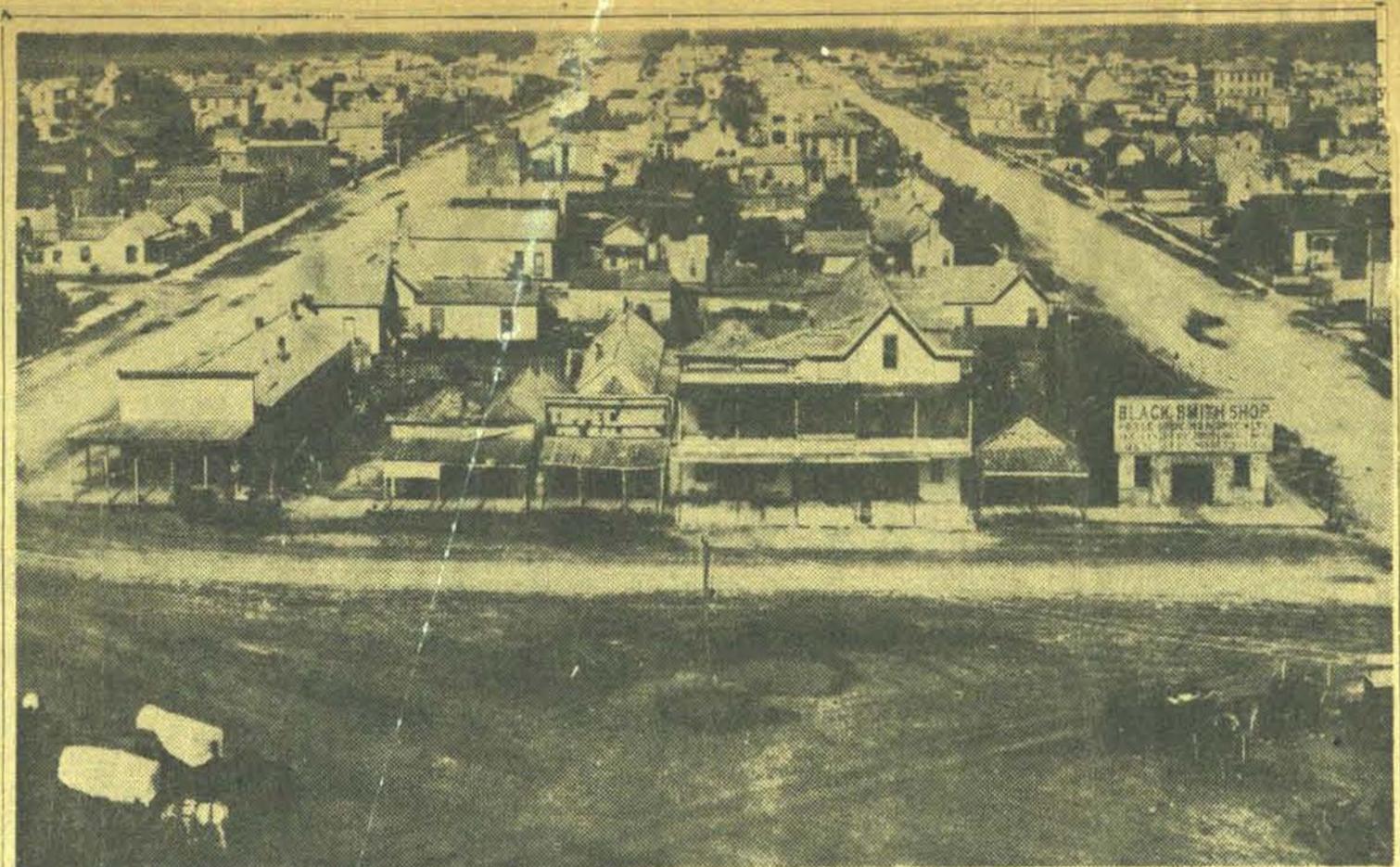
It wasn't much of a hotel, in the proper sense of the word—because it was the former stable of the Dragoons, and it had a dirt floor—but Eph M. Daggett, who bought it for the purpose, evidently thought it good enough to serve as bunk house for cowboys and transients accustomed to the rigors of the frontier.

But Fort Worth, being an ambitious infant, didn't allow this situation to exist for long. One Mr. Lawrence Steele got busy in the late '50s and built a two-story tavern on the bluff, a four-room hostelry which he soon sold to Mr. Albert T. Andrews, a high class Kentuckian only recently arrived in this "Queen City of the West."

The new proprietor began modernizing. He added a two-story L with a 30-foot dining hall, and christened the place the Andrews Tavern. He obtained a large bell which in some manner had found its way here from London, hung it to a post outside the entrance, and used it as a dinner gong, and to summon the stable boy when guests arrived on horseback or by surrey.

Center of Things

The old Andrews Tavern, for several years, was quite the center of things, and its cuisine was something for the most exacting trencherman to remember. There was, nearly always, a joint of buffalo or venison, roast turkey, and often baked bear on the table,



EARLY HOTEL—This photo, taken from the courthouse in the middle 80's shows (big building in foreground) one of Fort Worth's early hostelries, the Nebraska House. It was located on Commerce St., then Rusk, between Belknap (the street on the left) and Weatherford. The camera here was pointed east.

and in the summer diners were cooled by a swinging ceiling fan operated by a small negro boy who sat in a corner and pulled at a cord.

All the city's distinguished visitors put up at the Tavern and legend has it that the register, if it were extant, would show the names of Sam Houston, Gen. Thomas Rusk, Gov. O. M. Roberts and Gov. Throckmorton. Sul Ross, returning from the Northwest Frontier after he and his Rangers had recaptured Cynthia Ann Parker from the Comanches, stopped there—while his men displayed on Weatherford street Indian scalps lifted in the battle of Antelope Hills.

The Tavern kept the Andrews name until the early '70s, when it became the Transcontinental, but by that time, several smaller hostelries had sprung up in the growing community—the Mansion, the Clark House, the Commercial, La Belle, all "the best in town" and "terms reasonable."

It was not until 1877 that the city got its first hotel of "modern importance." It resulted from a company that was formed on the evening of Dec. 31, 1876 by a group of civic-minded business men.

Capt. J. C. Terrell was made president, W. J. Boaz vice president, J. Q. Sandidge treasurer, and C. K. Fairfax secretary, with Maj. K. M. Van Zandt, W. A. Huffman, W. W. Dunn, B. C. Evans and J. E. Streeper additional members of the board, and they capitalized for \$30,000 to build the El Paso Hotel.

The building, a rambling structure, went up at the corner of Fourth and Main Streets, the present site of the Westbrook Hotel. Immediately to the west, on the present site of the Hall Jewelry Company, stood the barn of Maj. J. J. Jarvis, whose dwelling was on the corner of Third and Houston, and in the barn an early manager of the El Paso, an Englishman, used to keep a span of mules which he utilized ever and anon to rescue stage coaches which stuck in the mud outside the El Paso's main entrance. One stage that called at the El Paso's door was that of the Fort Worth & Yuma Line, at that time reputed to be the longest in the world.

Some of the desk clerks at the El Paso apparently possessed a lusty sense of humor. Old-timers recall how an Easterner once stopped there between stages en route to Palo Pinto county and was ad-

vised to arm himself properly before proceeding any farther west. The traveler went out and bought two revolvers and a cartridge belt. Upon his return to the hotel he was approached by a man who asked:

"Mister, are you carrying a gun?"

"Yes, suh," said the traveler.

"Two of them."

"Then you're under arrest; it's against the law to tote a gun in Fort Worth."

The clerk went the man's "bond," accepting the revolvers as security. Then, just before the stage left, the clerk advised the guest that wolves were bad along the road and that he'd better buy some assafoetida and put it in his clothes. That, he said, would keep the wolves off.

The coach got under way but after traveling about two miles the other occupants became painfully aware of the assafoetida, and forced the Easterner to get out and walk back to town. Back at the El Paso he learned that he had been the victim of a joke. His guns were returned and he took the next day's coach for Palo Pinto.

A Wire From Tom Collins

General Peers, who at that time was keeping the Commercial Hotel

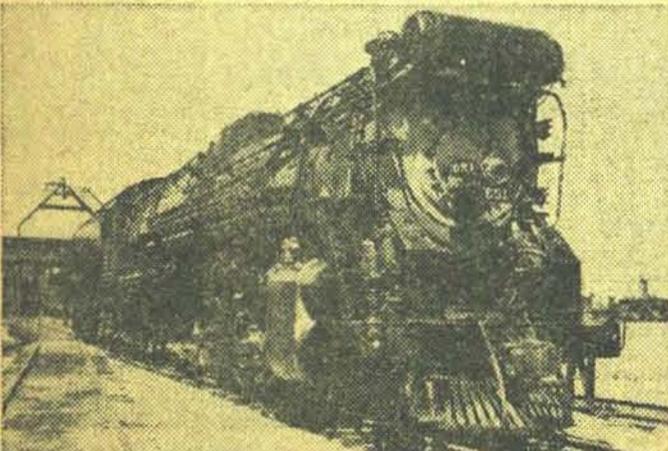
at Fifth and Commerce, was the butt of one great practical joke.

He was one of the leaders in the effort to bring the railroad here, and one day he received a telegram purporting to be from "Tom Collins, secretary to Jay Gould, president of the T. & P." The wire said that Gould and party would arrive on the afternoon stage and asked that arrangements be made for entertainment. Peers made mighty plans and invited 50 leading citizens to attend a dinner in honor of the railroad magnate.

A drummer for the whisky house of Day & Co., arrived on the afternoon stage and was introduced to Peers as "Tom Collins." The spurious secretary said that he had come as an advance agent to see that all was arranged, that Gould would be along later in the day.

The General was apprised of the joke in time to call off the dinner but not before he had bought up all the turkeys on the market.

And it was at the El Paso that Yellow Bear of the Comanches went to the Happy Hunting Ground—because he blew out, instead of turned out, the gas jet in his room. Quanah, war chief of the Comanches and



Fort Worth's annual interchange of freight is the largest of any city in the Southwest and monsters like this, hauling mile-long freight trains, make the efficient movement of this large volume of goods possible.

Passenger travel between Fort Worth and other cities of Texas has been revolutionized by fleets of streamlined trains like this. Speed with safety is the watchword and traveling time from point to point is at a minimum.

bedfellow of Yellow Bear, was revived by the hotel management, and when he went back to his reservation in the Indian Territory and told the story of Yellow Bear's demise tribesmen refused to believe that "bad air" could kill a warrior. They were convinced that it might be possible only after a delegation of Fort Worthers took a bottle of ammonia to the reservation and uncorked it under the noses of the braves and squaws.

The El Paso and the Commercial had as their main competitor in those days the Battle House, on Weatherford south of Courthouse Square. It was built of rawhide lumber in 1874 and was operated by W. V. Cromwell.

Grand Still Going

Fire razed the Battle House in 1880 and it was replaced by a brick structure named the Grand Hotel, which is still going today and has the distinction of being Fort Worth's oldest hotel. In its lobby today still stands a large wood-coal stove which has been in use continually since the last century. Religious prints of the '90s still look down from the lobby walls. Between 1906 and 1908 the Grand was headquarters for the Fort Worth baseball club.

The Pickwick succeeded the El Paso on the Fourth and Main location, and later the Pickwick gave way for the new Delaware, which was purchased about 1909 by the late Ben J. Tillar. In 1910 Mr. Tillar pulled down the structure and built the present Westbrook. Mr. Tillar went to Italy and personally selected the beautiful pieces of marble which now adorn the lobby and which made the hotel one of the show places of Fort Worth.

But before the Westbrook went up Fort Worth already had an ultra-modern hostelry, the swankiest thing for its time between the St. Charles in New Orleans and the Brown Palace in Denver; and its marble finishings also had come from Italy. It was the Metropolitan, built in 1898 at Ninth and Main by Winfield Scott, the late cattle king and financier.

Mr. Scott, who, as a barefoot boy had walked from Missouri to Texas behind a drove of cattle, had made a substantial fortune in the cattle business and had bought a great number of commercial locations along Main Street. How he decided upon the site for the Metropolitan (of late years The Milner) is an interesting story.

Planned 20-Story Structure

"Papa hired a man to stand on the street corners and count the buggies that passed through the intersections," says his daughter, Mrs. Georgia Scott Townsend, "and he put up his various buildings where he thought the traffic count meant most. He selected the Metropolitan location that way."

Mr. Scott, who later built the

old Terminal on Lancaster street, died in 1910 and on his desk at the time were plans for a 20-story hotel to be erected on the present site of Hotel Texas.

The Westbrook, the Metropolitan and the Siebold on Seventh, ruled supreme in the city's hotel picture until 1921, when Hotel Texas was opened at Eighth and Main. The 14-story building was financed by 800 Fort Worthers who formed the Citizens Hotel Co., who subscribed \$1,200,000.

The Texas celebrates its 20th birthday along with The Press, having opened the same week that the newspaper began appearing on the streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Bergman became guests of the hotel on the day it was opened to the public, having selected their rooms before the building was completed. The Bergmans are still guests of Hotel Texas; have been throughout the 20 years. Mr. A. J. Gans, a retired business man, also came to the Texas on opening day and lived there continuously until his death a year ago. His two sisters, Misses Pearl and Stella Gans, came to live at the hotel about two years after the opening and have been there since.

The Worth Hotel, in the theatrical center, was the next large city hostelry. It was built, on Seventh Street, by the Jesse Jones

Interests, and opened in September 1927.

Newest and tallest of Fort Worth skyscraper hotels is the 22-story Blackstone, started in the spring of 1927 and opened in the fall of 1929. It was built by the late C. A. O'Keefe, pioneer West Texas cattleman at a cost of \$1,500,000 and is now under the direction of his son, Dave O'Keefe. The building replaced the old Fort Worth landmark—the Rialto Theater at the corner of Fifth and Main.

Roadside Planting Is Primarily For Safety

The roadside improvement division of the Texas Highway Department was inaugurated in April 1933, for the preservation of existing growth and the planting on barren roadside where no vegetation was growing.

Two million young sprouts from old stumps of trees cut before the program began, and 320,000 large trees have been preserved in the rights-of-way.

The planting of roadsides is intended primarily for safety, by placing plants where they accentuate outside curves, hilltops, culvert and bridge ends, crossroads, county roads, and highway direction signs by planting behind them.

By J. B. BUCHANAN

While strolling on Main and Houston Sts. yesterday, the Centennial sentiment came over me and the 50 or 60 years since I was a tot on those same streets seemed only as many months.

Glance with me at the scene of yesterday:

From the livery stable and wagon yard, where the Metropolitan Hotel now stands, I hear the whinnying of horses. And on the Washer Brothers site is Mrs. James' two-story residence.

Across the street is the lumber yard.

The scene takes on life as I gaze. I see the crooked ditch that crosses Ninth St.

Mud Stalls Wagons

I watch the struggling wagon train, heavily burdened with buffalo hides. Each wagon has a trailer, and 16 to 36 little Mexican mules tug at each wagon. To cross the gulch, the drivers finally uncouple wagon and trailer, pulling each section across separately.

The wagon trail creeps on to the Texas & Pacific reservation where the hides are unloaded and stacked for shipping.

Townfolk buy dried buffalo meat. Five cents a pound for hind quarter cuts; 10 cents a pound for cuts off the hump.

EDITOR'S NOTE: J. B. Buchanan loves to recall those rough, exciting days of Fort Worth in the 70s. He knew every inch of Main and Houston Sts. and "The Square." Walking now on that familiar ground, instead of the brick fronts he is more apt to see the William Brown Grocery, where he worked as a boy, and the meat market with the buffalo carcass by the door.

Mr. Buchanan, who now lives on Route 2, came to Tarrant County with his parents as a boy of eight in 1872. They made the trip from Tennessee in wagons his father, a colonel under General Forrest, had built with the aid of neighbors. They picked Mansfield for their home—because it had school and churches. Later, the father bought a farm, the present site of Mistletoe Heights, at \$22.50 an acre. Mr. Buchanan remembers a hurried evacuation of the farm home in the late 70s when a rider warned that Indians were pillaging in Parker County. Later, Mr. Buchanan was a publisher of the old Gazette, the Southwestern Farmer and Breeder and of the Livestock Reporter.

THOSE were trying days, filled with harrowing experiences for many Tarrant County pioneers. At times, when they went to mill, they took care to pad the horses feet lest the Indian, with his ear to the ground, might hear the clatter of the horses hoof. Indeed, one never knew "what might be just around the corner," to use a philosophical expression of today.

In the Fall of 1849 the family of Samuel Loving came to Tarrant County and located on a farm on Sycamore Creek about four miles southeast of the present Courthouse. They had one child, Margaret Ann, born in Missouri Oct. 12, 1837. They came to Texas in a prairie schooner, and they were nearly two months making the trip from that State to Red River.

They arrived in Fort Worth in December following the Spring in which the soldiers were stationed here. Two companies of infantry and one of cavalry were under the command of Maj. Ripley A. Arnold, U. S. A. At that time there were only about half a dozen log cabins here besides the soldiers quarters. A few families lived in what is now called the White Settlement. Grass and weeds were waist high where Fort Worth now

stands. Major Arnold's children and Margaret Ann Loving often played together, but they were never allowed to cross the parade grounds of the fort. Margaret Ann Loving married Henry C. Holloway in 1860.

Colonel Holloway was born near Edgefield, S. C., March 28, 1838. He moved to Tarrant County in 1858, and lived here all his life with the exception of the years he served in the Civil War. He was a member of General Gano's brigade, and his war record is a succession of daring military feats. Colonel Holloway was primarily a farmer and stock raiser, but he found time for other activities as well. He was one of Fort Worth's most progressive citizens, and was very active in helping to secure the railroads of the city. At the time of his death he was one of the directors of the Fort Worth and Rio Grande Railroad. He owned a farm of several hundred acres located near the packing houses, and was the first man in the county to grow alfalfa.

Colonel Holloway was one of the fathers of the movement that resulted in the establishment of the Fort Worth Stock Yards. He had the honor of felling the first tree to make way for the present stockyards, Jan. 10, 1902. His death occurred in this city with burial in Pioneer Rest Cemetery.

PIONEERS OF TARRANT COUNTY MEET AND FORM PERMANENT OLD SETTLERS' ORGANIZATION

Are you in the "old-timers" list?

Meeting in the chapel of the Robertson-Mueller Company Friday night, 150 or more men and women, all of whom claimed more than 33 years of residence in Tarrant County, decided to form a permanent association and to meet regularly to keep alive memories of the "old times."

In the list below appears first the name and then the years of residence in Tarrant County of those who attended the first meeting:

William Bright	40	S. H. Chapman	76
F. K. Gwynn	40	Howard W. Pease	76
A. S. Wear	40	J. T. Woodson	62
of Tarrant		John F. Swayne	67
A. A. Starley	46	J. L. Sealy	54
J. M. Lyle	44	George P. Gause	53
J. A. McAdams	43	Mrs. J. W. Buch	
Edward Sorrels	43	anan	53
J. S. Jeffries	47	Dave Mabon	52
Mrs. Minnie L.		A. Small	51
Sandig	47	J. W. Bondurant	51
E. B. Randle	36	D. G. Chapman	50
Jacob Baillinger	38	R. L. Rogers	50
W. B. Collup	36	J. C. Boyd	50
Jess W. Harris	35	Mrs. R. L. Rog	
M. A. Eitleman	35	ers	49
W. D. Davis	35	Mrs. B. M. Bur	
W. H. Blison	37	chill	49
Martin B. Jones	40	J. E. Mitchell	49
N. C. Hall	38	P. J. Bohart	49
D. E. Claypool	37	T. R. Sandidge	49
Geo. Boggs Jr.	36	B. F. Bennett	49
Mrs. W. F. Stew		Clay Sandig	49
art	37	J. W. Binyon	49
Mrs. S. E. Brooks		J. S. Bond	48
Wood	39	J. A. Wood	48
Mrs. Mary P.		Mrs. D. E. Clay	
Miss Edna Burch		pool	48
Ill	35	L. E. Day	48
L. J. Poik	38	Ben U. Bell	48
J. H. Poik	38	E. P. Maddox	47
Dr. James Coop		Mrs. Mary Fahoy	47
er	39	F. M. Heck	47
C. E. Trice	34	Oscar Seligman	47
R. J. Rhame	37	J. I. Jamison	47
Mrs. J. A. Mc		J. A. Beasley	47
Adams	39	Mrs. W. M. Hous	
George E. Nies		ton	47
Jr.	38	R. C. Cantrell	46
R. C. Combs	38	John L. Bolcourt	46
Mrs. E. T. Ber		W. F. Stewart	46
gin	35	E. R. Ellis	46
Mrs. E. A. Mc		E. S. Crutchfield	46
Killen	40	J. H. Griffith	46
Mrs. R. L. Hoyt	40	W. F. Sterley	46
T. J. Powell	39	J. A. Allen	46
Mrs. D. L. Ab		H. V. Jewell	46
dill	36	John P. McMurry	45

Mrs. G. R. Camp	W. E. Gillespie	45	
bell	J. H. Tiller	45	
L. L. Hawas	34	Thomas L.	45
W. J. Fisher	40	Browne	45
Mrs. A. T. Lyle	39	John Martin	45
Claude M. Mc	W. L. Ligon	45	
Geo	40	Will C. Cantrell	45
W. H. Marlow	37	I. S. Johnston	45
W. M. Houston	40	W. M. Richmond	45
J. W. Buchanan	34	L. M. Leach	45
Frank Zelosch	39	E. H. Sterley	45
J. A. Mulhol		Mrs. F. M. Heck	45
land	35	J. C. Smith	44
L. G. Reeves	40	Joseph Montgom	44
J. W. Caraway	39	ery	44
A. J. Burton	37	Mrs. L. E. Day	44
H. H. Harris	32	C. E. Marlow	44
J. M. Higgins	38	George E. Nies	44
R. H. Glimmer	37	George E. Nies	44
J. H. Taylor	38	Mrs. Felix Gal	44
Fred Habersit		J. C. Smith	44
th	35	Mrs. Felix Gal	44
George W. Nor		thar	44
ton	42	F. S. Boulware	43
James O'Dowd	36	Mose Prince	43
A. J. Parks	41	Mrs. E. H. Ster	43
J. C. Lord	33	Iey	43
Miss Kate Heck	38	Gus Valkus	43
Mrs. A. D. Trim		Tillman Bibb	43
ble	39	C. H. Hurdleston	43
Jack Burke	36	Sydney B. Brand	42
A. G. Johnson	37	D. J. Pritchett	42
Mrs. William		Ben Levison	42
Leahy	33	G. W. Deats	42
E. R. Woodward	33	George Collins	42
W. J. Baker	37	A. J. Durway	42
A. L. Phenix	38	Mrs. C. T. Mc	42
Mrs. Clay San		Intosh	42
didge	36	J. H. Hallaran	41
Felix Galthier	36	B. N. Coffman	41
Emmett P. ren		Mrs. B. N. Coff	41
tic	38	man	41
Phil Galthier	38	J. B. Laner	41
W. R. McDill	41	C. J. E. Kilmer	41
S. M. Brook		C. O. Finley	41
shire	39	L. P. Robertson	40
Dave Reeves	33	Mrs. L. P. Rob	40
P. B. Claypool	39	ertson	40
Mrs. F. T. Cole	37	Louis Blooch	40
Dave Shannon	33	J. W. Adams	40
Fannie M. Brock	33	M. G. Ellis	40
M. G. Ellis	34		40

First Services Here Conducted at House Of Pioneer, Dr. Peak

Remarkable Growth In Religious Life Followed—City Now Boasts Nearly 300 Different Halls of Worship

By SHIRLEY ENGLISH

The Gospel, which first came to frontier Fort Worth on horseback—the Book reposing in the saddlebag of a six-shooter totin' circuit rider—is now ensconced in nearly 300 halls of worship, giving this community an unchallenged right to call itself "the City of Churches."

There was a time, and within the memory of living men, when spiritual guidance here was practically an unknown quantity, supplied only by itinerant preachers on infrequent visits, but when religious institutions did at last take root the response was such that the city, in little more than three-score years, could boast 100,000 church members.

The first church service of record here was held one June morning in 1855 when nine members of the Disciples of Christ faith met in the home of Dr. Carroll Peak.

The preacher who addressed them was Rev. A. M. Dean, a circuit rider who traveled on horseback to Fort Worth to help harvest wheat on Col. Stephen Terry's plantation—where Samuels Avenue now ends. That was the beginning, however inadequate.

Attending this first service were Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin P. Ayres, Mr. and Mrs. James K. Allen, Mrs. William A. Sanderson, Mrs. Francis Durrett, Mr. and Mrs. Peak, and Col. Terry.

New members, Col. and Mrs. John Peter Smith, Major and Mrs. K. M. Van Zandt, Major J. J. Jarvis, Dr. E. J. Beal and Dr. I. L. Van Zandt, later increased the congregation.

A few months after the meeting of the Disciples of Christ, the first Methodist service was held and, in 1856, the annual Texas Methodist conference, held at Gonzales, created the Fort Worth district, with Rev. James G. Johnson as presiding elder and Rev. Fountain P. Ray as pastor.

During the '50s and '60s and even into the 1870's, congregations meeting in the country, in huts or log cabins around the hamlet, posted armed guards outside while services were being conducted. This was a precaution against Indians.

The cattle trails had not yet opened and Fort Worth was a town of little wealth. The citizens could not afford to build churches then.

Then came the Civil War and the days of Reconstruction—and there was, as today, a shortage of materials for the building. Congregations met in homes, in public buildings and in the old Masonic Hall at Weatherford and Pecan.

In the 19 years after the first meeting of Disciples of Christ, Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian groups sprang up but there was still no church in Fort Worth.

Finally, to the thunder of cattle herds, prosperity and expansion came to Fort Worth, and with it came the first period of church building in 1874.

Hemphill, the congregation met in various public buildings.

The Church of Christ, began in 1892 as a result of the split in the congregation of First Christian Church when choir leader George Gavin used a tuning fork to set the pitch for his choir. This violated a doctrine that no musical instruments be used for church services. In the bitterness of the split, Major K. M. Van Zandt remained with the First Christian group while his brother, Dr. I. L. Van Zandt, went with the new South Side Church of Christ congregation.

Since the stone church of First Christian Church was built in 1878 at 6th and Throckmorton and the new church later built in 1913, First Christian has been the mother church for nine other Christian Churches. The organ of First Christian was given to the church in 1915 by Captain S. B. Burnett. A seven story educational building was added to the church plant in 1928 and today First Christian's membership is close to 5000 and the value of the church property is perhaps in excess of \$1,000,000.

Methodist's twin-spired brick church was outgrown in 1908 and a new church costing \$135,000 was built at 7th and Taylor. This church was deemed "adequate for a century" at the time but, 25 years later, the increased membership which accompanied the expansion of Fort Worth led to the construction of the \$1,000,000 church at 800 W. 5th.

First new Methodist congregation was the Missouri Avenue Methodist Church organized in 1888. This expansion was followed quickly by construction of others and today there are 27 Methodist churches in Fort Worth.

First Baptist Church, destined to become the mother church of 58 other Baptist churches in the city, split with the Southern Baptist Convention in 1922.

After the death of Rev. Wells in 1896, several pastors including Rev. Luther Little and Rev. Charles W. Daniel, served before Rev. J. Frank Norris came to the pulpit in 1909.

Broadway Baptist, organized in 1882, assumed leadership as the outstanding Missionary Baptist Church in Fort Worth. The Broadway Baptist, whose first pastor was Rev. J. S. Gillespie, has moved five times during its history. Its present membership is about 4000, is approximately equal to that of the First Baptist and the somewhat less than that of Travis Avenue Baptist Church.

After the death of Rev. Guyot in 1907, Rev. Robert M. Nolan became priest of St. Patrick's and found himself with a church in debt and a congregation divided into four groups. St. Mary's and Holy Name were formed out of this congregational division although Rev. Nolan successfully reorganized St. Patrick's. The

Catholic faith is today represented by nine groups in Fort Worth.

The new pastor of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church who came to the pulpit in 1897, Rev. Bartow Ramage, inaugurated a building campaign and had the old church building moved to the new location at 10th and Lamar. In 1909 this frame structure was made the parish house and the modern, \$125,000 St. Andrew's was built. Two other Episcopal congregations, Trinity and St. John's, have been formed in the city.

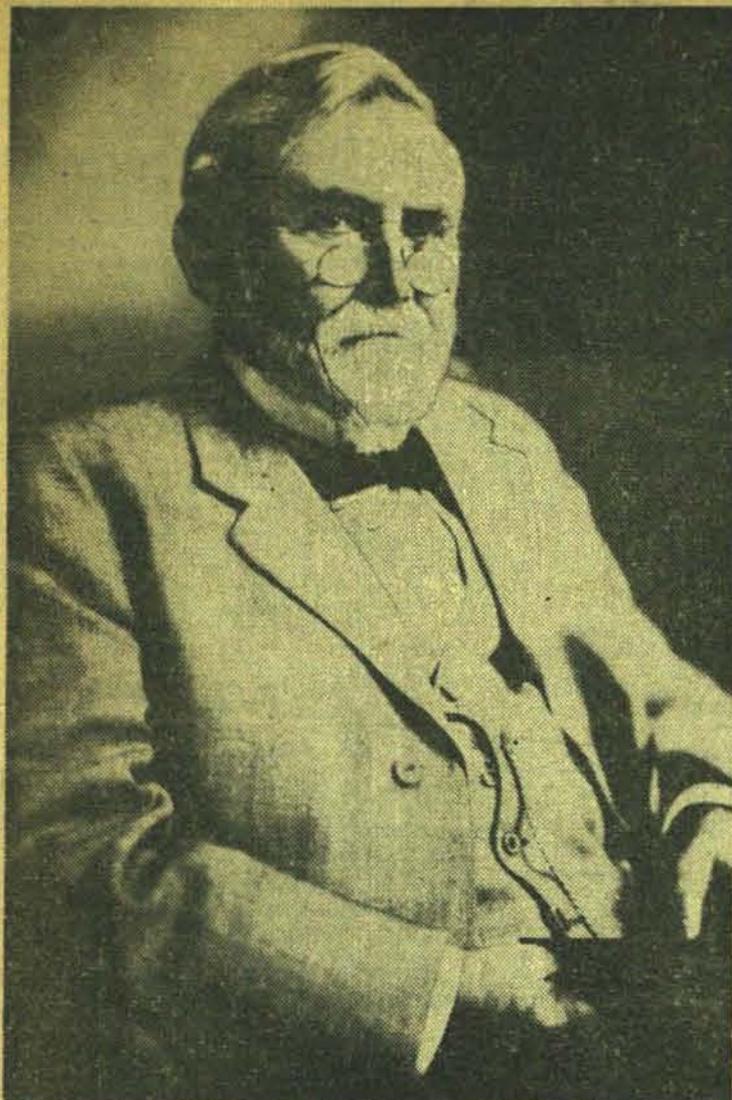
The early division between the Presbyterian and the Cumberland Presbyterian faiths was ended nationally in 1907 but the two did not unite in Fort Worth until 1916 when they joined forces, taking the name of First Presbyterian Church. There are 13 Presbyterian congregations in the city today.

In 1902 the Jewish Reform congregation was organized by Henry Gernsbacher and Temple Beth El (House of God) was built in 1915 on W. Broadway.

The Christian Science Faith, which was first organized here in 1888 at lectures by Rev. D. R. Mitchell, now has three churches in Fort Worth with 500 members and 20 practitioners.

Perhaps the most unique church in the city is the First Evangelical Baptist Church for the Deaf. This church, whose deaf congregation was organized in 1907 under the deaf contractor, Rev. J. F. Michaels, has gained nationwide attention.

Other faiths which have had an important part in the city's religious life are the Adventists, the Congregationalists, the Evangelicalists, the Greek Orthodox faith, the Latter Day Saints, the Lutherans, the Nazarene group, and the Spiritualists.



Alexander Hogg, whose administration as superintendent of the Fort Worth public schools was the subject of a recent arti-

cle in The Star-Telegram by R. L. Paschal, former principal of the senior high school that now bears his name.

Professor Hogg Outstanding to Real Estate

"Prof. Alexander Hogg stands alone today as the outstanding character of my lifetime," wrote Howard Fogg by way of comment on R. L. Paschal's recent article concerning Hogg in The Star-Telegram. Fogg, now a real estate dealer here, numbered among his schoolmates Will Lake, Walter Scott, Dave and Walter Poindexter, Sam Hogsett, Charles Palmer, Jim and Teen Bradley, Jerry and Heb Ball, Ike and Khleber Van Zandt and others. "One outstanding event of my life, an event in which Professor Hogg had a part, was the first day I was to attend school. When mother drove me to the building we found all the hitching posts taken by the buggies of other families, so I had to go in alone while mother tied the horse down the street in front of Dr. Feild's home. A stout, friendly man put out his hand to welcome me as I came in, and asked my name.

Name Almost Hogg.

"Fogg," I answered, and he came back, "Almost Hogg." "Well, I'm not," I told him, and he smiled and took me into the room to be interviewed by the lady teacher.

"The visits of Professor Hogg during the school day were great treats to us, and he always had some message to give us that showed something of his psychology. I remember one instance in the class of Dr. Mason, the music teacher.

"He was tops as a teacher, but with singing recruits of all caliber under him, he had a tough assignment. To make us practice, though, he'd have us go over and over the scale. One day, while my desk-mate, Hugh Falkner, and I were singing 'do re, me,' etc., Dr. Mason yelled, 'Fogg, you sound like you are playing shinney.'

"Insulted at the remark, I resolved to get revenge, so Hugh and I decided if we could get some dough, we would give him a taste of 'dough' when he called scale.

Called for "Do."

"I told mother that my teacher wanted some dough for an experiment, and so she made some the next morning. I took it to school, and when we rose and Dr. Mason started off, 'Do . . . ' we threw close to a dozen dough balls, one of which I remember stuck to his cuff. First Professor Mann gave us what we deserved, and then my father, when he heard about it, attended to me plenty.

"Several days later Professor Hogg asked me to come into his office, and though during the entire interview with him he did not stop smiling, it did more good than the scoldings and whippings I had received.

"The professor told me something I shall never forget. 'Well, I wish I could be a great singer, and I've loved music all my life, but singing is not one of my talents so I forgot it.

Reminder of Temper.

"We can't be alike in our temperaments,' he said. 'It is the wise boy who will analyze his natural talents and develop them. Perhaps you have some greater talent than singing.'

"Whenever I saw him in later years, he never spoke of the dough ball incident, but I knew that he remembered, and it served to remind me of my temper.

"One more incident I shall never forget was the day the circus came to town and our teachers refused to allow us to leave the building to see the parade. We finally hit on a scheme that would force them to dismiss us. Several of us gathered up all the school bags and stuffed them in the stove pipe.

"Well, when the janitor couldn't control the smoke, they had to let us go, and we all saw the parade. When our trick was discovered, Professor Hogg called half the school to him. First he told us he would have done the same thing that we did if he were in school again, and then, after winning us over to his side, gave us a lecture that made us culprits ashamed, and me, for one, feel humiliated. It was a forceful lesson that none of the guilty parties ever forgot."



"I arrived in Fort Worth just 50 years ago today," said Nat M. Washer, president of the State Board of Education, a one-time resident of this city, but for the last 34 years a leading citizen of San Antonio.

"I stepped off the train at the T. & P. station, then located east of the present station and where the tracks of the Katy and the T. & P. Railroads cross each other. There was a modest two-story frame building there used as a hotel and eating station and run by Charley Ginochio, as genial a host and as fine a gentleman as one would care to meet. His partner and chief assistant was your own respected citizen, John B. Laneri, graduated from hotel manager to retired capitalist, though I doubt if he has ever been happier, or even as happy, as he was in those active and exciting days of the early eighties.

"A half century looking backward does not seem so long, though looking forward it stretches out as a seemingly never-ending eternity. I boarded an old-fashioned, one-mule street car, which followed a route from the old station to the courthouse. I got off at the corner of Main and Fourth Streets in a pouring rain, and as I landed in a mud puddle there, I mentally concluded that one year at most would give me a fill of both Fort Worth and Texas. You see, my brother, Jake, had preceded me by a month, and I came to join him in the business enterprise he had launched here. Alas, for human calculations and conclusions! Though 50 years have gone by, I am more than ever regretful of the mental suggestion, for I would not for worlds exchange my residence in the Lone Star State for any earthly paradise some other State in the American Union might offer.

The First Baptist Church stood about where the City Hall is now located. It was an old red brick building with a frame parsonage next door, Rev. Mr. Murphy was pastor and he was succeeded by J. Morgan Wells, an attractive personality, who served well and faithfully during the few short years of his ministry preceding his death.

"The First Methodist Church was at Fourth and Jones Streets and the Presbyterian Church a few blocks closer in. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church, with shouting Bob Ware as pastor, occupied a frame building at the corner of Fifth and Taylor Streets. St. Andrew's Episcopal Church was at Rusk and Fifth Streets and St. Patrick's Catholic Church was housed in a frame building just south of the present structure.

"One wonders how I recall these churches and their several locations, but it is easily accounted for when I tell you that I sang in all of them at that time and was proud of that inestimable privilege. I sang first at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. E. K. Smoot, then city engineer, was organist.

"At the intersection of Main and Second Streets stood 'My Theater,' a cheap frame structure, where for a modest admission fee one could witness an immodest display of unattractive but still alluring 'serio-comic' singers, as they were then termed. The stage occupied the rear portion of the building, the front part being used for saloon and gaming purposes. The environments were more conducive to exciting than to entertaining sensations.

I doubt if there be many now living here who recall these musical diversions of which I have spoken. I am constrained to this belief because of my own feelings of strangeness and of longing when I return at varying intervals to visit in this, my one-time home town. In my loneliness as mentally I review the list of those dear ones, "absent but not forgotten," I long "for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

As the happenings of the half century to which I refer move panoramically before the mind I reiterate and re-emphasize the courage, foresight and perspicacity of those intrepid souls who either were pioneers themselves or the sons of pioneers, worked ardently, though mayhap unconsciously, to blaze the trail of civilization, to "make the crooked places straight and the waste places plain," and who, visioning the promise of Empire, made possible for those who were to come after them, the enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It is a compensation for age to have lived contemporaneous with the men and the events covering that period and I glory in the opportunity that was mine to learn from them, the obligations of citizenship. It was thus, and through no idle chance, that Fort Worth has grown to her present commercial and industrial importance. It was "the everlasting teamwork of every bloomin' soul," the joining together in unselfish endeavor that made for the civic grandeur of this fine community.

Not to sermonize, but to express the hope that every man in Fort Worth will try to do his part to perpetuate and extend the work of city building exerted by the faithful of a half century ago, is the underlying thought of the presentment I have made of "Early History." That each may wish and be satisfied to be judged by what he has tried to do, not what he has done, and that each may honestly strive for a place in the ranks of the workers, means more to the future of the city than words or predictions can foretell or foresee.

NAT M. WASHER.

"The old El Paso Hotel, run by Captain Alexander, stood where The Westbrook now stands, and was in fact the leading hostelry of this bustling and thriving city of 10,000 inhabitants. General Peers and Mr. Dunn were also hotel proprietors of this time. Peter Smith was mayor, and never a more honorable or generous an individual ever lived either as a private citizen or public official in any community. Judge Beckham presided at the head of the county court and Walter Maddox had just succeeded Joe Henderson as sheriff of Tarrant County. George Loving conducted the daily paper and Capt. B. B. Padlock and Philip Hale were his assistants. Capt. M. B. Loyd was president and Dr. Jackson was cashier of the First National Bank, then located at the intersection of Houston and Second Streets. A. M. Britton and S. W. Lomax were respectively president and cashier of the City National Bank at the upper end of Houston Street, and W. J. Boaz and Capt. H. C. Edgington occupied similar positions with the Traders National Bank on Second Street just west of Houston Street. The firm of Tidball, Van Zandt & Co. was a private banking institution of considerable size and importance, which later became the Fort Worth National Bank. Evans and Martin conducted the leading dry goods store, others of lesser note being Malone, Waller & Co. and Wiener and Samuels. W. F. Lake and Buck Trippett were enterprising hardware merchants; Max Elser, the most prominent book dealer, with H. N. Conner a good second, Howard Tully was the leading jeweler and L. N. Brunswig among the most enterprising of the druggists, though George Dashwood and Dr. Powell were noteworthy competitors in that field. The three outstanding men of enterprise and wealth were Joseph H. Brown, wholesale grocer; Walter Huffman, farming implements, and Joe Tatum of the Wm. Cameron flour mill forces. Casey & Swasey, wholesale liquor dealers, and the Roche brothers, Tom, Eugene and Jerry, contractors, belonged to the category of enterprising city builders. Drs. Beall and Adams, Burts and Feild led in surgical and medical practice, whilst Drs. Mayfield and Wollerich looked after dental needs. There were no specialists, no sanitarians, nor modern hospitals, though clinics and like asylums for analytical observation and scientific medical treatment were shortly instituted.

Jim Reed, Burk Burnett, Winfield Scott and the Ikard brothers were fitting leaders in the cattle industry of those early days when free grass made the range open to every herd and wire fences were practically unknown. The cowboys from the various ranches made semiannual pilgrimages to Fort Worth and after outfitting themselves with new togs they would use the balance of their six months' income to "light up" and take in the city sights and, after a hilarious but innocent vacation, would go back to save up for another anticipated season of "dress and delight." Luke Short, a man of shy but kindly disposition, was one of a type of citizenship not uncommon and commanding respect in the days now past but not forgotten. His altercation with Jim Courtwright, another noted character of the time and which resulted fatally to the latter, was one of the periods of excitement that now and then changed the tenor of ordinary happenings.

Down Memory Lane

In treading the vanishing paths of Memory's Lane, I have dwelt upon the men rather than the events of those un-forgotten times, though the latter are but the glorified accomplishments of the former. Without the accompanying individuals there would be no happenings to chronicle and, therefore, no incidents to relate. Amusing diversions here in the past were scarce or entirely absent, partly because of a lack of social organization and, too, for want of a suitable place in which they might be displayed.

I recall now the erection and dedication of the first opera house of which Fort Worth could boast, the building being located at the intersection of Third and Rusk (now Commerce) Streets. (I might pause here long enough to question the ethical correctness of the substitution of so commonplace a name for a street theretofore named in honor of a great and patriotic leader—one who served so faithfully and so efficiently as did Gen. Thomas J. Rusk in establishing and perpetuating the Republic of Texas, afterward become and now existing as a sovereign in the great galaxy of States that go to make up the American Union.)

Before the building of the then magnificent opera house, entertainments of every character, musical and dramatic, were held in the second story of a Houston Street business structure. The completion of the "Opera" House brought to this city the favorites of a generation ago, amongst whom might be mentioned Lotta, Maggie Mitchell, Sol Smith Russell, Milton and Dolly Nobles, Thomas W. Keene, Roland Reed, Frederick Warden, Haverly's, Al Fields and Barlow, Wilson, Priourose and West's Minstrels, Hermann, the great magician, with an annual visit of Emma Abbott and her splendid coterie of singers in grand opera. This latter was the "sine qua non" of delectable entertainment, though occasional visits of distinguished "virtuosi" such as Ovid Musin, the violinist; Louis Blumberg, the cellist; Clarence Eddy, the organist; Carrens, the pianist, and even emotional and erratic "Blind Tom," were epoch-making events in the otherwise drab and quiet life of this growing frontier town.

The first manager to be installed there was George Dashwood, dapper, courteous and smiling, with no knowledge of theaters or dramatics, but with a desire to cater courteously to the patrons who generously attended at every attraction offered for their delectation. After Dashwood came Mrs. Benton, a seasoned and experienced theatrical impresario. She in turn was succeeded by Henry Greenwall as lessee, whose brother Phil conducted the enterprise up to the time of his death.

Across the way from the opera house was shortly erected the Natorium, another enterprise that in effect touched nearly the civic and social appeal of the time. Though it offered new and attractive opportunities to bathe and to swim, it was not adapted or made available for joint swimming ventures of the two sexes as are the modern water basins of today. Men and women were more reserved in their public associations, and the display of feminine charms did not, because of their limitations, supply the thrill that the bathing suits of today so amply provide; besides, the institution itself was not co-educational, the sexes being separated by stout walls when they indulged the water habit. The dang sign, implied though not expressed, would have read, "Stop, listen."

At recurring seasons the hall was used as a roller skating rink.

The parsonage of the Baptist church which, as I said previously, then near where the City Hall now stands, was occupied by Rev. and Mrs. Murphy and a daughter, Fannie, who in truth might be referred to as a fascinating and charming bit of femininity. With golden hair and a golden voice, with face and mien and manner to grace them withal, added to which was a mind intellectually and culturally developed, it is easy to comprehend how everyone fell beneath the spell of her magical and alluring personality. I sang with her in church choir, in concert and even in opera. She was "Germain" and I "Gaspard" in a production of "The Chimes of Normandy," presented by local talent of those days. Mrs. Anna Pettus, a stepdaughter of Prof. G. M. Otten, then a resident music teacher and who conducted the opera in question, was the Serpolette. W. T. Maginnis, in the clerical department of the morning paper, with a tenor voice of beautiful proportions, took the part of Grenichaux. He was, by the way, a cousin of M. R. Sanguinet, the architect, and it was in the Maginnis home that I first met M. R. A strolling singer, one Bonner, but with a high baritone voice of superb quality, he sang the part of the Marquis and sang it admirably. The performance was so gratifying (to our friends) that we were induced to take the show to Dallas and Weatherford, in which places the enthusiasm of the listeners in the audiences (not voluminous in numbers) compensated in a way for the lack of sufficient box office receipts to make us jubilant. I do not know if any of my associates in the east are still living. I know that Fannie Murphy went to Paris and years ago, as I learned at that time, was married there, the ceremony taking place in the Eiffel Tower. At a later date I had a part in two other operatic performances, "The Pirates of Penzance" and "The Mikado." In the former we starred Maude Peters, afterward Maude Duckler, a local voice teacher; W. F. Somerville and John F. Legler, an excellent baritone. I sang at different times both the part of the Pirate Chief and the Sergeant of Police. In "The Mikado" I essayed Pook-Bab, the entire cast with one exception (the tenor) being made up of local talent. These were just incidents in the varied assortment of intriguing pleasures which helped so immeasurably to beguile the time.

Spring Palace fire. The Texas League baseball park was on a corner of the Spring Palace grounds on the T. P. Reservation.

L. A. Trimble had a grocery store at Thirteenth and Houston Streets. A cotton yard was a block away at Thirteenth and Main. It was run by Boas & Battle. Later a one-ring circus played in the cotton yard.

Our skating rink was on Main Street, and occupied the upper floor of the present site of the Veihl-Crawford Hardware Store. Tom Cartwright was one of our fancy skaters. Miss Warren had her school for girls on the postoffice block. Charles Guy, who had a family of 18 children, lived in the same block. A family by the name of Smith lived in a brick residence on the spot where St. Ignatius Academy now stands. W. F. Steward had his coal yard on the southwest corner of where the Metropolitan Hotel stands, on the Commerce Street side.

Dr. Broyles was mayor and lived on the northeast corner of Cannon and Henderson Streets.

The Fort Worth Fencibles (armory) was between Third and Fourth Streets on Houston, upstairs on the west side of the street. Captain Fort headed the company. The M. B. Lloyd Rifles, with Capt. Amsen Kelly as command-

CYRENA LOVING died unmarried and is buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery. Bettie Elizabeth Loving married Jeff G. Pollard. They had nine children, three of whom died in infancy. The others were: Annabel, who is now Mrs. Howard, resides in California with her family; Mamie, who died in Fort Worth in 1901; George, who is married and has two children, lives with his family in Seattle, Wash.; Linnie Loving Pollard, who married John Compton, has four children and lives in Seattle, Wash.; Theodore, married and lives in Seattle with his family; Esther, who married G. W. Roberts, has one child and lives in Bellingham, Wash. Bettie (Loving) Pollard died in 1902, and is buried in East Oakwood Cemetery. Jeff Pollard died a short time ago in Seattle, Wash., and is buried there.

Mary Ruth Loving married T. J. Jackson, and they had five children, as follows: Will Jackson, who married Mollie Peoples and lives at 1208 Lee Avenue, this city; a child who died in infancy; Frankie Jackson, who married Lowry George, and resides at 310 North Burnett Street; Ruth Jackson, who married Roy Bowman, lives in Dallas, and Nick Jackson, who married Myrtle Thompson, and lives at 1027 Arlington Street, this city. T. J. Jackson and wife are both dead, the former buried in East Oakwood Cemetery and the latter in Pioneer Rest.

Cyrena Brown, daughter of Henry Brown and wife, Ruth (Smith) Brown, married L. B. Creswell, who was born Jan. 27, 1816. They spent their lives in Fort Worth, the present First Baptist Church being on property they formerly owned and made their home on. At Mrs. Creswell's death, Mrs. Samuel Loving came into possession of the property, and at Mrs. Loving's death it came into possession of Mrs. Henry Holloway, who in turn sold it—100x100 feet—to the First Baptist Church for \$25,000. L. B. Creswell and wife, although having no children of their own, were real parents to the children of Joshua N. Ellis and wife, Artimisis (Brown) Ellis. James F. Ellis being one of these who made his home with them for a number of years.

Ruth (Smith) Brown, "the mother of them all," lived with her children in Fort Worth for many years. At one time there were representatives of five generations living together in one family here—Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Samuel Loving, Mrs. H. C. Holloway, Mrs. A. S. Dingee and Mrs. Dingee's eldest child, Anne, now Mrs. Cox. Mrs. Ruth (Smith) Brown died Dec. 31, 1883, and is buried in Pioneer Rest cemetery.

The present home of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Dingee, 1008 Prosser Street, this city, is located on one of the most historic, as well as one of the most picturesque, spots in this city. At the foot of Samuels Avenue, within a stone's throw of the entrance to this home, is an old spring which has been running ever since the oldest settler in these parts can remember. In fact it was a favorite haunt of the Indians long before the coming of the white man. It was here that the soldiers—that little group of five, Maj. Ripley Arnold, Col. M. T. Johnson, Dr. Echols, Charles Turner and Simon B. Farrar—spent the night the day before selecting the site of the army post—Fort Worth. Simon Farrar, in writing of the occurrence many years later, said: "In the Spring of 1849 about 2 or 3 o'clock in the evening, we halted in the valley east of Fort Worth and killed a deer for supper. Though we might have killed many more, we did not wish to be encumbered with them. We passed this first night near Terry's spring."

IN THE rear of the Dingee yard is a massive oak, which is possibly several hundred years old. Under this historic old tree the first election in Tarrant County was held. It was also near by that Henry Daggett had the first store in 1849, which was little more than a trading post for Indians and the few white settlers.

The following lines are a tribute from Rose (Ellis) McCart, wife of Henry C. McCart, to the pioneers of this distinguished family:

"In this day of easy living,
With all comforts at command,
Let us pause for just a moment,
To reflect and understand.
"How in the Spring of '47
Came a band of pioneers,
Seeking joy and gladness;
Brave hearts, they had no fears.
"They were seeking home and fireside,
In this new and untried land;
Their journey had been a struggle,
But hope held this little band.
"As one family they lived together,
In their home—a wagon train;
Days and months they had traveled
'Ere they reached the Texas plain.
"Struggles, trials, joys and sorrows
Came to them as come to all;
Fearless, dauntless, ever ready—
Thus they answered Life's last call."

The Yesteryears

Nov. 28, 1905.
From the Files of The Telegram.

THE NORTHERN TEXAS TRACTION COMPANY has completed a new station at Stop 3. Work is being pushed on the Hemphill line extension to the Fort Worth Steel Works.
J. Y. Hoggsett of Fort Worth, J. J. Ballard of Cleburne and M. M. Alexander of Dallas have formed the Ballard Ice and Fuel Company and begun construction of a 30-ton ice factory.
Dr. J. L. Cooper, W. C. Stripling and Secretary B. B. Paddock of the Board of Trade appointed on a committee to arrange for a trade excursion.
Mrs. M. De Beque, manager of the Standard Theater, announced that it would be closed on Dec. 1, after having operated continuously since June 15, 1896.
E. N. Lenham of Weatherford, former cashier of the Western National Bank, visited here.

The Yesteryears

Fort Worth Telegram Twenty Years Ago

(Dec. 14, 1905.)

THERE is a shortage of locations for industrial enterprises here, according to the Factory Club.

Buster Brown and his dog "Tige" are in town. They are at the store of Burch & Prince in Houston Street.

Judges for the city Democratic primary election met at the City Hall last night and received instructions for conducting the polling today. Not more than 2,000 votes are expected to be cast.

Members of the Country Club are planning to organize a golf club. They plan to lay out a new golf course adjoining the club grounds in Arlington Heights.

A committee in charge of the livestock show, to be held March 22 to 24, follows: Stuart Harrison, Sterling P. Clark, W. D. Davis and J. F. Hovenkamp.

Seven arc street lights will be strung from Ninth and Main Streets to the Majestic Theater. Business men contributing to the improvement are: H. T. Pangburn, Martin Lavitt, J. J. Langever, W. S. Jarratt, H. P. Lowe, W. A. Minton, Reeves' Pharmacy, L. P. Robertson, Dr. A. E. Wilson, Burns and Hamilton, Henry C. Banks, Graves and Williams, Withnell & Co., and W. B. Rusie.

BY HOWARD W. PEAK.

SOME 20 or more years ago in traveling Samuels Avenue to the city, one might have observed on the right-hand side and just opposite the Pioneer Cemetery, a lone grave enclosed in a dilapidated paling fence, beneath a stately oak tree. There was no stone, with name to mark it, and many wondered who was buried there. Since the time spoken of, the body has been transferred to the burial ground across the street, the fence removed and the tree cut down to make way for a building.

The following story will explain the circumstances relating to the grave, and give the name of the person who was buried there:

Just before the Civil War, Capt. Jackson M. Durrett and family came to Fort Worth and built a home on the bluff just north of the Courthouse Square. Being a man of kind disposition and an expert handler of the violin, and an ardent lover of amusements, the Captain soon became ingratiated into the hearts of the community and was sought to make music for dances and other local entertainments. Indeed, he became in time

so endeared to all that he was familiarly called "Uncle Jack," which title he bore throughout his life.

"Aunt Fanny," his wife, was a dear old soul, and neighborly to a fault. Her only daughter, Mollie, who was just emerging in her teens when the family moved here, was a beautiful girl with long black hair that hung in curls over her shoulders, deep brown eyes, a sweet moulded face, and a stately figure which easily won for her the sobriquet "belle of the town."

Capt. Ed Terrell, the first white man to place his foot on the ground that Fort Worth now occupies, was at the time a resident, he having a large family, the elder of which was a son named David. This lad was in every respect manly and kind-hearted. He and Miss Mollie, being associated together, attending dances and occupying adjoining seats in school classes, became exceedingly fond of each other, a fondness which soon bloomed into love. As time went by their love grew stronger and stronger.

JUST northeast, and about three-quarters of a mile from the Pioneer Cemetery, situated near the west bank of the Trinity, there was a natural spring of gushing water, which, from its temperature was called the "Cold Springs." This spot was well-known to the Indians, who used it as a camping ground in the long ago. And it was from these springs that the garrison, during its occupancy of Fort Worth, got their summer's supply of drinking water. And, for many years, water was hauled in barrels to the earlier residents of the town. And it is a mystery to the writer, who when a boy, has visited this refreshing spring often, as to what has become of it, for it was ever known to have continuous flow.

Near by this spring was a large grove of pecan trees, over which crept an umbrageous arbor of mustang grape vines, and this place, for the comfort furnished by shade and water, was pre-empted on occasions for holding camp meetings and holiday events by the populace.

On a Fourth of July in the early 70s, a grand celebration was staged to take place at the cold springs. This event contemplated a barbecue, horse

racing, tournaments, etc. It being election year invitations were extended all candidates in the county and district to be in attendance and a general welcome was given to all.

Among the attendants from town were David Terrell and Miss Mollie Durrett, both neatly clad in their very best, both looking charming indeed. The festivities, while pleasing to all in general, held but little charm for this enamored couple, they preferring each other's company to that of the maddening crowd, and so they retired to some sequestered retreat, there to more enjoy their own company.

THEY closed out their business in 1875, and engaged in the lumber trade. They later purchased the M. B. Loyd interests in the California and Texas Bank. When this institution merged with the City National Bank, they both retired. James Franklin Ellis also built and owned the famous Ellis Hotel of "Ye Olden Time" in this city. He died in Fort Worth Jan. 23, 1899, and is buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery. His wife, Jane (Asbury) Ellis, is also buried there.

Merida Green Ellis was born in Denton County in 1847. His parents died a few months after his birth, and his uncle and aunt, Samuel and Elizabeth Loving, assumed the care of abeth Loving, which came with them to Fort Worth in the Fall of 1849. In February, 1862, when not yet 15 years of age, he enlisted in the Confederate Army and served till the close of the war in 1865.

He was first enrolled in Captain Peak's company, but soon afterward was assigned to duty with the company under command of Capt. Jack Brinson, and continued in the army east of the Mississippi River until 1863, when he was discharged at Tupelo, Miss., on account of ill health. However, he soon re-enlisted at Fort Worth and became a member of Capt. Archie Hart's Company, Martin's Regiment, with which he served throughout the remainder of the war, in the Trans-Mississippi department, mostly doing duty in Texas, and receiving his discharge at Richmond, this State.

Opportunities for an education in that day were very limited, and when at the age of 18 years, M. G. Ellis started out in the world for himself, it was without educational advantages. His first employment, for which he received \$15 per month, was on the ranch of William Moseley. He saved his wages and at the end of six months applied them on an education. For a time he clerked for Boaz and Ellis and later bought out their business. Some time afterwards he moved to Wise County, but returned to Fort Worth in 1875, and engaged in the agricultural and implement business. He started out with six plows on hand to be sold on commission, but in the following Spring he sold a carload of plows to Lieutenant Governor Pendleton. By December of the same year he had sold six carloads of plows.

In the Spring of 1877 he formed a partnership with W. A. Huffman which they conducted for four years. He was one of the promoters and founders of the original Stockyards at North Fort Worth, beginning this enterprise about the time that he retired from mercantile life. Confident of Fort Worth's future, he bought 1,500 acres of land where North Fort Worth is now situated, for which he paid from \$1 to \$4.80 per acre. He built a residence on a portion of this land, fenced it, and stocked it with cattle and horses. He also established a number of dairies on this property, which proved a very successful venture. This land, now known as the M. G. Ellis Addition, was laid out in town lots in 1891. M. G. Ellis and others built the first school house of any consequence in North Fort Worth, the M. G. Ellis School, now located on North Main Street.

MERIDA ELLIS was married in 1868 to Jenkie Darter, daughter of Francis and Mary Darter, who with their children came to Fort Worth in 1859 from Linesville, Ala. Darter was a geologist of considerable repute in those days. He was en route to California where he expected to permanently locate, but being attracted to the beauty of the surrounding country here, he purchased a farm 25 miles north of Fort Worth and became a prominent citizen of this community.

Mrs. Ellis, who with Mr. Ellis resides at 2500 Travis Avenue, this city, in speaking of her marriage says, "Well I remember that time. Merida rode out in the forenoon with Bud Eddleman of Weatherford, who was to be best man, and Squire James Allen, who in the absence of an ordained minister, performed the marriage ceremony. I wore my simple white dress, the one I had for graduation from the Fort Worth High School in 1866. I carried a lovely bouquet of native flowers, and was the happiest girl in the world as Squire Allen pronounced the words that made me the wife of the man of my choice. My mother, brothers and sisters were the only witnesses to the ceremony, but we have been quite as happy as if the occasion had been a more pretentious affair."

Mrs. Ellis recalls many interesting events connected with their honeymoon, spent on the Texas frontier. When ready to start on their westward journey, they discovered that the Indians had stolen their horses. They searched for them two days but in vain. Finally they made their departure, not in a Pullman drawing room, however, but in a condemned Government wagon drawn by five head of oxen. This was a rather crude bridal coach, but was a safe mode of travel in those days. The Indians were afraid to attack these vehicles, thinking they contained armed troops.

Merida G. Ellis and wife had five children, one of whom died in infancy. The living are Minnie, Rose, Bess and M. G. Jr. Minnie Ellis married J. W. Lynch, who died about eight years ago, with interment in Greenwood cemetery. Mrs. Lynch, wife, lives on a ranch near Snyder, Texas, with their son and only child, Joseph Wilson Lynch, who married Ethel Cockrell of Fairview, N. C.

Rose Ellis married H. C. McCart, and they have one son, Homer C. McCart. Mr. and Mrs. McCart reside at 918 Eighth Avenue, this city. Bess Ellis married H. K. McCollum and they live at 1411 Summit Avenue, this city. M. G. Ellis Jr. married Aline Black of California. They reside at 2258 Hemphill Street, this city.

COL. H. C. Holloway and wife, Margaret (Loving) Holloway, had one child, Pink, who became the wife of A. S. Dingee, prominent Fort Worth grocer of today. Mr. and Mrs. Dingee had five children, one of whom died in infancy. The living are Anne, Mary, Henry and George. Anne married Jere Van Zandt, son of Dr. and Mrs. I. L. Van Zandt of this city. By this union they had one son, Jere D. Van Zandt. Mr. Van Zandt's death occurred several years ago in this city and Mrs. Van Zandt later married Dana L. Cox by whom she had one son, Louis Cox. Mrs. Cox and sons reside at 1105 Poindexter Street, this city.

Mary Dingee married Will B. King Jr., and has three children, Mary Elizabeth, Billy and Beverly, and they live at 1005 Poindexter Street, this city. Henry Dingee married Ethel Thomas. They have two children, Henry and George, and reside at 1009 Poindexter Street. George F. Dingee married Elizabeth Hull and they live at 1606 Mistletoe Boulevard.

Belinda Brown, daughter of Henry Brown and Ruth (Smith) Brown, married Ransom Loving, a brother of Samuel P. Loving. This family came from Missouri to Texas with the family of Samuel Loving, and settled on a farm in Denton County, where they

lived for a while before coming to Fort Worth. They located here on a tract of land near the old McClure survey, southeast of Fort Worth. Both are buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery.

Ransom Loving had the following children: William R., Joe, John S., Cyrena, Bettie and Mary Ruth. William R. Loving married in Tennessee, served in the Civil War from that State, and reared a large family, the descendants of whom live mostly in Tennessee. Joe Loving died unmarried, and is buried in Pioneer Rest Cemetery.

John S. Loving married Linnie E. Stewart. They had two children, John Stewart Loving, who died about two years ago, and Henry C. Loving, who married Miss Bess Hasket, and resides at 814 West Belknap Street, this city. Mrs. Linnie Loving, widow of John S. Loving, also lives at this address.

John S. Loving, Fort Worth's first city treasurer, was in the hardware and implement business with L. B. Criswell, at Second and Throckmorton Streets in the early "eighties." He served through the Civil War, enlisting in Company S, Fifth Texas Cavalry. His discharge was at Richmond, Texas, in 1865. His death occurred in this city in 1899 and he was buried in East Oakwood Cemetery.

children—Alta Beall, Stewart M., Matthew S., Mary Elizabeth, Josephine and Leonard R.

Hulda Ellis, daughter of Joshua Newton Ellis and wife, Artemisia (Brown) Ellis, became the wife of Louis Wetmore. A sketch of her life was given in a former article of this series.

Elizabeth Brown, second daughter of Henry Brown and wife, Ruth (Smith) Brown, married Samuel P. Loving, who with his wife and children and others of his family moved to Denton County in 1846 from Missouri. Ed E. Bates, in his "History of Denton County," gives a letter written from Jesse Loving to Mr. Bates, which tells something of Samuel Loving's early life in Denton County. This letter had to do with their trip to Texas with "Uncle Sam Loving's" as their destination. A portion of the letter follows:

"We passed on and camped on the east side of Little Elm at the Widow King's place. That night it rained heavily and we were water bound for two days. It was here that I had the pleasure of seeing my first alligator. We finally forded Little Elm, making our way westward, crossing the main Trinity (Big Elm) at the Dickson Crossing. We passed on west, making for Uncle Sam Loving's place, on Cooper Creek, about four miles northeast of the present county seat of Denton County. A severe norther came up just before we arrived at Uncle Sam's.

"At our arrival Uncle Sam came out and said: 'Jesse, you go in to the fire and I will unbarness and feed your team.' I went in, and there was a fine fire in a stick and dirt chimney. After some little time I heard a mill grinding away outside, and it continued so long that I made the remark to Aunt Betsy, 'that they would grind enough coffee to last a month.' She said 'Bless your soul.

"I could mention a score or more of men outstanding in their private and civic activities, each of whom was in a modest way a component part of the development that brought Fort Worth from a frontier to a cosmopolitan city of the finest type. Major Jarvis, Jim and Merida Ellis, the Daggetts, the Tuckers, Morgan Jones, Max Elser, A. M. Carter, Frank Ball, Dick Wynne and Zane Cetti were among those of the pioneers, through whose contributions, the place where the panther laid down" became the great railroad center, with packing houses and kindred industries, out of which there has been fashioned an attractive and inviting metropolis.

"I wish, in passing, that I could tell you of the wonderful and attractive lure of the 'Spring Palace' of the eighties. Dedicated to agriculture and decorated with the products of the field and farm, it drew marked attention and was an admired feature of entertainment and publicity that drew visitors from all over the State. I was in the building the night of its destruction by fire, and I recall now, as I revision the great blaze of fire and its rapid progress, how marvelous and providential it was that hundreds of people were not burned to death. Al Hayne, a civil engineer and a fine citizen, was the one and only victim of the holocaust, and he was caught in a wire netting outside of and after he had escaped from the building.

"I may not close this 'memory story without emphasizing again, as I have often done heretofore, the signal service rendered in the building of a great city here by Captain Padlock, an intrepid, courageous, far-seeing, loyal and patriotic citizen, to whom more than to any man I can now recall Fort Worth owes a debt of gratitude it may never repay, say that in bronze or marble, as in song and story, we speak both mentally and audibly of our admiration and appreciation for and of his unselfish contribution to our city's greatness and grandeur."

Washer is president of the board of directors of the Masonic Home and School, and is here attending the annual meeting of the board. He is a Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Texas, and it was while serving as district deputy grand master of this district that he laid the cornerstone of the present courthouse.

Washer recalls many interesting incidents in the days of which he speaks and hopes at some future time to write them out and have them recorded for perusal by those who delight in historical reminiscence. He declares, with emphasis, that if he possesses one spark of civic pride, or a love to sacrifice and serve for his city, his State, or the Nation, he owes it to the men of whom he has spoken, the pioneers who built Fort Worth, and from whom he learned the lessons that make for unselfish devotion to the principles of loyalty and patriotism, as practiced by the founders of our Nation and which were followed by those intrepid men who blazed the trail that led westward through hardships and dangers, and out of which there emerged a new civilization, a greater empire, a marvelous nation.

Just Farm Boy Dr. W. E. Durringer is a farm boy from Deer Creek. Among those in the law profession or studying, are Harvey Herd of Ross, Herd and Ross; Irby Dunklin, with Ball, Wynne and McCart; George Gause, studying under Colonel Gause; Harry Adams, studying with Judge Adams; W. F. (Bill) Stuart, already a politician, and William J. Bailey, whose shingle already is out.

Ben Waggoman has a livery stable and feed store. Johnnie P. King is a clothing clerk. Charlie Dickenson and Camille Trice are in the real estate business. Ed Hollis is starting bookkeeping. And Tom Burnett is applying himself zealously to learn the ranching business.

But on with the picture. It is almost time for the stage, the big event of the day. I swing up to the front of the Transcontinental Hotel at the northwest corner of the square. The stage thunders in, drops a drummer and a trunk.

The guard, a Winchester across his lap, rides beside the driver. Another, heavily armed, gallops behind on a horse. That is the sight of sights. I resolve in a youthful transport to be a stage driver when I'm grown. The stage picks up a passenger and clatters west for Weatherford.

On Houston St. is Dr. C. M. Peak's residence, a grand house with a brick walk from gate to front door. Great cedars are on either side the walk. It is the show home of the city.

Names come to me as I stand on this familiar ground. There's E. H. (Henry) Keller, the blacksmith, who shoes horses and sets wagon and buggy tires. And Y. E. Kellener and William Tackaberry, dealers in saddles and harness. Howard Peak is a drummer, and Ed P. Maddox one of the town's police.

"Tidball, Van Zandt & Co., bankers." It is the only bank and the finest building in town. On the corner east of the Trinity Saloon is a butcher shop. In front is the spot to which townsfolk point in awe—where the panther, they say, lay down and squaled. Neighbor dogs were barking at the wandering cat. It made him mad, residents say.

Town's Show Spot Just to the west is the town's show spot, a one-story red brick building. Across its door is the sign: "Tidball, Van Zandt & Co., bankers." It is the only bank and the finest building in town.

On the corner east of the Trinity Saloon is a butcher shop. In front is the spot to which townsfolk point in awe—where the panther, they say, lay down and squaled. Neighbor dogs were barking at the wandering cat. It made him mad, residents say.

The small, that simply justified proper look well. At fur, The color schemes was fetching, especially since she had chosen a black felt hat to wear with it. What's de trop, then? The white hostess. It would have harmonized better in a gray or red or even black color. low them.

White Elephant Gathering Place For Big Names in Sports World

BY MADELINE WILLIAMS.

High rent and the rascality of a trusted employe killed Fort Worth's most famous saloon years before prohibition draped lesser bars with crepe.

But the White Elephant and the sportsmen, sports and desperadoes who made the Main Street saloon their headquarters still live vividly in Fort Worth history and in the memories of two men who knew it well—Tom Quinn, bartender, and Johnny Champ, telegrapher who received racing and sports returns for posting at the bar.

Heavyweight Champions James J. Corbett and John L. Sullivan, Tex Rickard who promoted the first million-dollar boxing gate, "Iron Jaw" McGraw and his New York Giants stood at the 40-foot mahogany bar, Quinn and Champ recall.

'Bad Man' Murdered.

The White Elephant, like its kindred establishments, helped earn Fort Worth's title, "the friendly city," for cowboys traveling the hot, dusty cattle drives.

And the murder of one "bad man" by another flashed its name across Texas newspapers and assured the saloon a permanent place in pioneer histories.

Jim (Longhaired) Courtright, former city marshal and later desperado, was shot by Luke Short, Fort Worth "boss gambler," on the stairway leading from the saloon's upstairs gambling hall.

Courtright, whose friends had once arranged his escape from U. S. deputies in Fort Worth by providing him with guns and a getaway horse, was slain between 8 and 9 p. m. Feb. 8, 1887.

"They were both 'bad men,'" Champ recounts. "Courtright had a way of taking his gun out with his left hand and twirling it over into his trigger hand. While the gun was on its way from one hand to the other, Short let him have it."

Given Big Funeral.

Courtright's many loyal friends provided "the largest funeral procession ever seen in the city," as reported in the Austin Statesman two days later. Short later died a natural death in a Fort Worth hospital.

The White Elephant was moved from its original site between 2nd and 3rd on Main to 606 Main in 1897. The new structure, built by Winfield Scott, had the bar and restaurant on the first floor and legal gambling on the second floor. The Turf Exchange, where Champ worked as telegrapher, adjoined the bar.

Good food—as well as such staples as a big glass of beer for a nickel and two-for-a-quarter drinks—kept the White Elephant popular, according to Quinn. He remembers few of the men who frequented it by name, but he knew their faces.

Give Them Nod.

"It's best that way," he explains with a trace of brogue still in his voice after 48 years away from Ireland. "Just give them the nod. If you call them by name, they think you're an old

friend and start telling you their troubles."

Quinn was one of "four or five" bartenders at the White Elephant from 1904 till 1906.

"John McGraw used to bring the Giants here for spring training because his old friend of the sandlots, Jimmy Malone, became a priest and was pastor at All Saints," Quinn recalls. "Father Jimmy went to all the games.

Bugs Baer, a sportswriter then, used to hang out at the White Elephant when he came to town with the Giants."

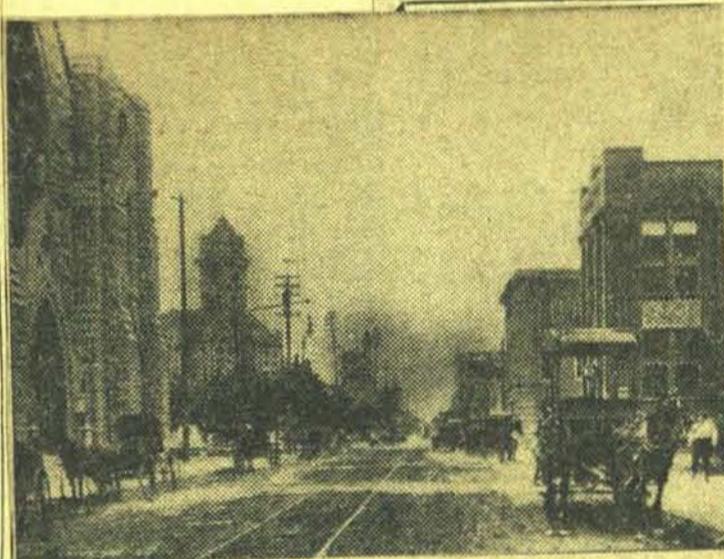
Bill Ward Owner.

The late W. H. (Bill) Ward, former city councilman and owner of the Fort Worth baseball team and president of the Texas League, owned the White Elephant. "It naturally attracted Fort Worth baseball players and newspapermen because it was the only spot that catered to sportsmen."

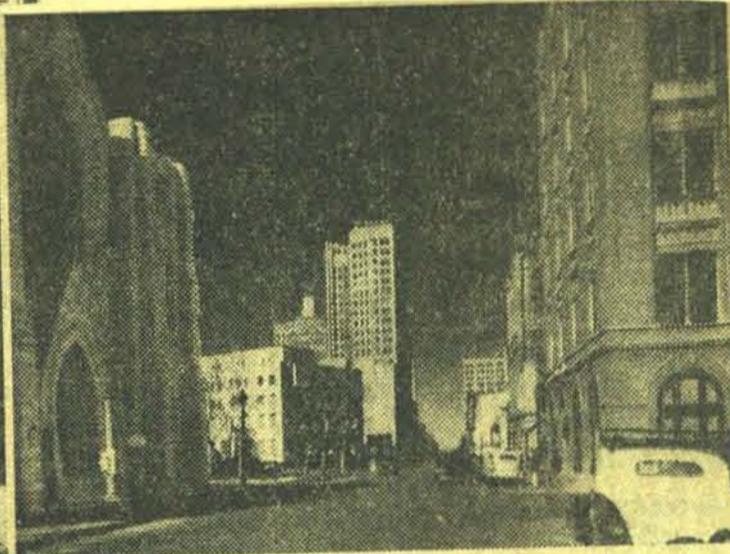
High rent—"you couldn't pay more than \$100 a month rent and stay in the saloon business"—brought the end to the White Elephant, Quinn believes.

"Not so," claims Champ. "An employe absconded with all the money one night, and that ended the White Elephant. It was turned into a pool hall about 1913. The employe, whom Ward had trusted implicitly, was killed later by hijackers in El Paso.

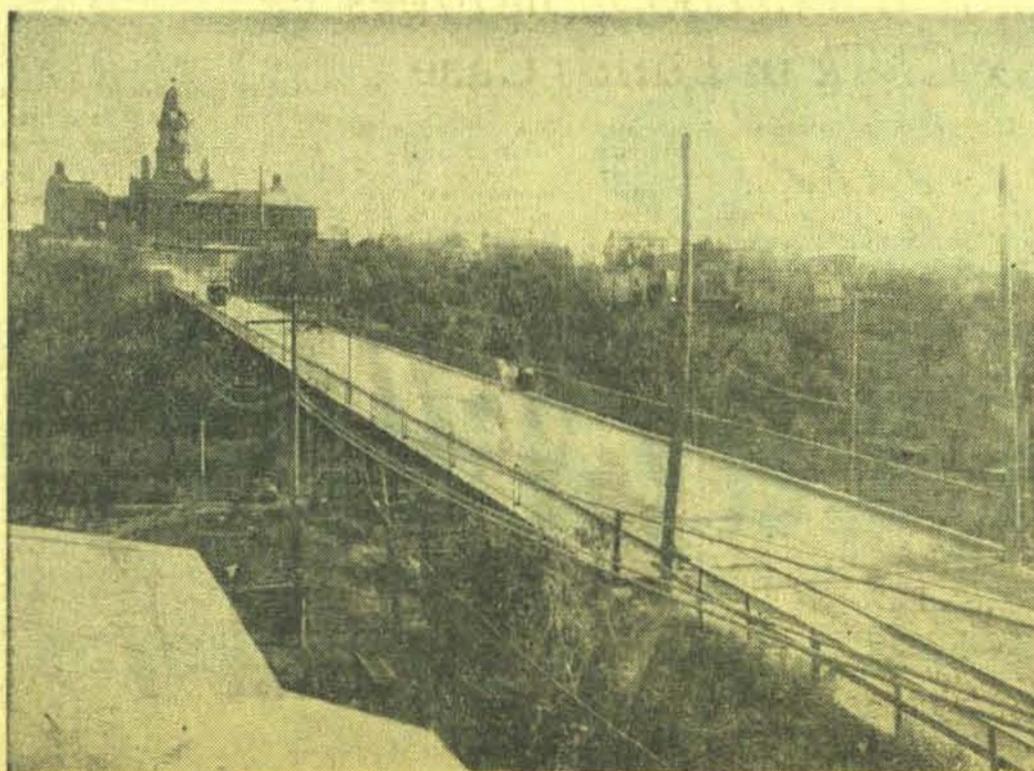
"And it served him right. He killed the White Elephant."



● Before Throckmorton street was even paved—looking north from Eleventh.



● The same story of advancement—Eleventh and Throckmorton, 1940 model.



WAY BACK WHEN—The time was 1905. The place was the N. Main Viaduct, looking south toward the county courthouse.

50 YEARS AGO

Buggy and Trolley Ran On Viaduct

(Editor's note: A lot of Fort Worth people today never saw the Fort Worth of 25 and more years ago. This is one of a series on views of yesterday's city).

BY JAMES FARBER.

This is an easily identified shot of Fort Worth's past, but it tells graphically the progress the city has made in building into a first rate metropolis.

It's the N. Main Viaduct, looking south toward the county courthouse in 1905.

In 1912, Fort Worth voted a bond issue to build the present Paddock Viaduct.

Note the approaching trolley car, and the white horse drawing the buggy.

The Binyons Gathered, From Far and Near, for Reunion



When the three sons, four daughters and grandchildren of Mrs. Alice Binyon of 2201 West Magnolia Avenue, gathered for a reunion Saturday for the first time in 27 years. Left to right, front row, Leroy Fleming and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Fleming,

all of Chicago; Dr. William M. Binyon, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. Alice Binyon, Fort Worth; Dr. J. R. Binyon, Seattle; Robert Binyon, San Francisco; Mrs. Jere Fleming, Chicago, and Jere Fleming. Back row, left to right, Mrs. L. H. Nutt, formerly of Fort Worth and now of Mona-

hans; Mrs. Artena Goldsmith, Los Angeles; Mrs. Ella B. Freeman, Los Angeles, and Mrs. Priestly Lipscomb, Denton. All are children and grandchildren of James R. Binyon, who died in 1916 and who was founder of the present Binyon - O'Keefe Transfer Company. All except

—Star-Telegram Photo.

William M. Lipscomb and Mrs. Lipscomb were born in Fort Worth. They were to receive their presents at the Christmas tree Sunday morning at the home of Mrs. Binyon and have dinner together there.



Fri. Evening, June 20, 1947.

Pioneer Tobacconist of Main St. Will Observe 78th Birthday Monday

Pryor McDaniel will observe his 78th birthday Monday at the same place and in the same way he has spent practically every day the last 50 years—by working 12 hours a day in his tobacco and magazine store at 307 Main.

A veteran dealer here, P. McDaniel, as he calls himself, has had the same location for 48 years. The only evidence of dimming vitality, "besides a few gray hairs," is the fact that he now closes his store at 6 instead of 10 p. m. He still opens shop at the usual 6:30 a. m.

The open-front shop has almost become a landmark, being one of the few buildings in the neighborhood that has not changed in the last half century. McDaniel has seen the rise of the courthouse, Stripling's and the Westbrook Hotel, after a succession of buildings on the same lots. He remembers the after-theater crowds from the old Greenwall's Opera House that gathered at his place for ice cream and cold drinks.

Also Main Street itself has been through many phases since McDaniel first saw it with banks of green grass on each side. On rainy days, he recalled, a source of amusement was to watch men unbogging their wagons in the

muddy street. "When gravel was added," he reflected, "my, what a fine street they thought they had." Then came the horse-drawn street car, which ran from one end of Main Street to the other, and later came automobiles.

McDaniel couldn't remember ever having missed a day at work, except for his two vacations, a trip to Chicago in 1924 and to Detroit in 1936.

One son, Graham, is in partnership with his father and is in charge of the wholesale business added to the concern 18 years ago. His wife used to help him before her death, and now his daughter, Mrs. Buster Wisrock, is Dad's chief assistant. Two other children are Jack of the Majestic Hotel and F. B. McDaniel of New York City. He makes his home with son Graham at 2730 Meadowbrook, where the family will gath-

er for a birthday dinner Monday.

McDaniel came to Fort Worth in 1877 from Tennessee with his father, Dr. E. McDaniel, one of the first dentists here. He was a railroad man two years and had two tobacco stands in other locations before settling at the Main

—Staff Photo.

BIRTHDAY COMING UP—P. McDaniel, an active tobacco and magazine vender who has been in the same location 48 years, will observe his 76th birthday Monday. His cat, just "Kitty," has lived at the store 10 years.

• The Happy Norris Family Of Fourteen •



Reading from left to right first row: Dr. J. Frank Norris; Granddaughters, Julia, Lillian and Mary Weaver; Mrs. J. Frank Norris; Second Row, Mrs. George Louis Norris; Mrs. J. Frank Norris, Jr.; Jim Gaddy Norris; Backrow, Jim Gaddy Norris, Jr.; J. Frank Norris, Jr.; George Louis Norris; Mrs. Charles Weaver; Charles Weaver; Mrs. Jim Gaddy Norris. Taken on Christmas Day in front of their home in Fort Worth, Texas.

BACK TO 1906

Coliseum On N. Side About Same

(Editor's note: A lot of Fort Worth people today never saw the Fort Worth of 25 and more years ago. This is one of a series on views of yesterday's city).

BY JAMES FARBER.

Wrestling fans here today certainly wouldn't draw up in this fashion to their palace of sports, but they'll probably recognize the scene.

It's the North Side Coliseum, which looks about the same today. Time of the photo was 1906.

The grunt and groan boys weren't performing there 49 years ago. The only wrestling going on was steer wrestling—the Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show was held there.

The occupants of this carriage look more like spectators than cowpokes, but no one remembers for sure.



WAY BACK WHEN—White steeds were used to transport this party to the North Side Coliseum back in 1906. The building doesn't appear much different today.

After 41 Years of Marriage, I Merchant Downtown Is 'a La

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1940

Pioneer Businessman Is Good Companion, Wife Says of Man to Be Honored Friday.

BY MARY WYNN.

After 41 years of married life, Mrs. Leon Gross can still call her husband a lamb.

He doesn't drink, smoke, dip snuff, play poker, snore, or forget anniversaries as often as he used to.

He sounds like a lamb in the most complimentary sense of the word.

Businessmen are going to give the pioneer merchant a testimonial dinner Friday night, but what speaks even louder is the testimonial of a person who knows him better than his own shadow.

It depicts the man, the husband and the companion who wears as well as the pigskin gloves he sells in his store. It's a wife's point of view.

Just to prove it's human, here's a deep dark confession. He reads the newspaper at the table, not only at breakfast, but also at supper. It's a cross Mrs. Gross has to bear.

He takes an hour to bathe, shave and dress in the morning and doesn't leave his clothes in the middle of the floor, but sometimes fails to put the cap back on the tooth-paste tube.

He uses quantities of fresh linen, an average of 11 shirts, 21 handkerchiefs and a dozen or more socks a week. A fastidious dresser, he usually has some three dozen ties on hand, mostly red and blue, for each season. Mrs. Gross can sneak a few out every time her club has a bazar and he never misses them.

Her's is a husband who doesn't forego his courtly manner in the privacy of his home, who drives without making her nervous and who wears the philosophy of an optimist.

Disproving a theory that a pessimist is a person who lives with an optimist, Mrs. Gross shares his outlook.

She has never known him to say an unkind thing about anyone, nor to tell a dirty joke.

His gift to her on all occasions, since he bought her a hat shortly after their marriage, has been a check. Mrs. Gross still shudders at the memory of that hat. It was brown, she recalls, and severely mannish.

It was a mistake he never repeated.

An early riser, hearty breakfaster and long worker, Gross goes home to a late lunch in the Summertime, snatches a 30-minute siesta and wants only a light supper. During busier seasons, his wife doesn't see him from the time he leaves in the morning until around 6:45 p. m.

He has, Mrs. Gross says, an insatiable appetite for news. He subscribes to seven newspapers, buys others on the street and pores over business magazines, trade journals and financial reports. On the radio, he likes H. V. Kalternborn. At the movies, the newsreels and March of Time.

The stage, though, is a different story. For him, a good musical comedy is hard to beat.

His exercise is walking miles a day in Washer Brothers, where, his wife says, he gets around like a flea. First you have him, then you don't.

The kindness of the veteran



Time passes and styles change. This picture of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Gross, made at Atlantic City shortly after their marriage 41 years ago, is a prized possession of Mrs. Gross.

businessman, though, overflows far beyond his home. To employees, friends and many who today also are successful businessmen Leon Gross has stood an example and an understanding counsellor.

Mrs. Gross says he's not going to like this.

He has been known to help many a person back on his feet, to get boys out of jail, to pay a night's lodging for a transient and to outfit a young man so he could make a better showing in applying for a job.

He has straightened out young boys when their fathers despaired of doing anything with them.

But the lamb also can be a lion. He will always give a fellow another chance, but is stern with those he believes have deliberately done wrong. He can not tolerate a lie.

In the background of this exemplary life is a self-effacing, non-interfering wife who went into marriage as a career and always has put it first.

Mrs. Gross does her club work and running around in the daytime. Her evenings belong to her husband.

He comes home to an attractive and comfortable home at 1301 North Ballinger Street, and relaxes in an atmosphere of fine paintings, tasteful furnishings and heirloom treasures.

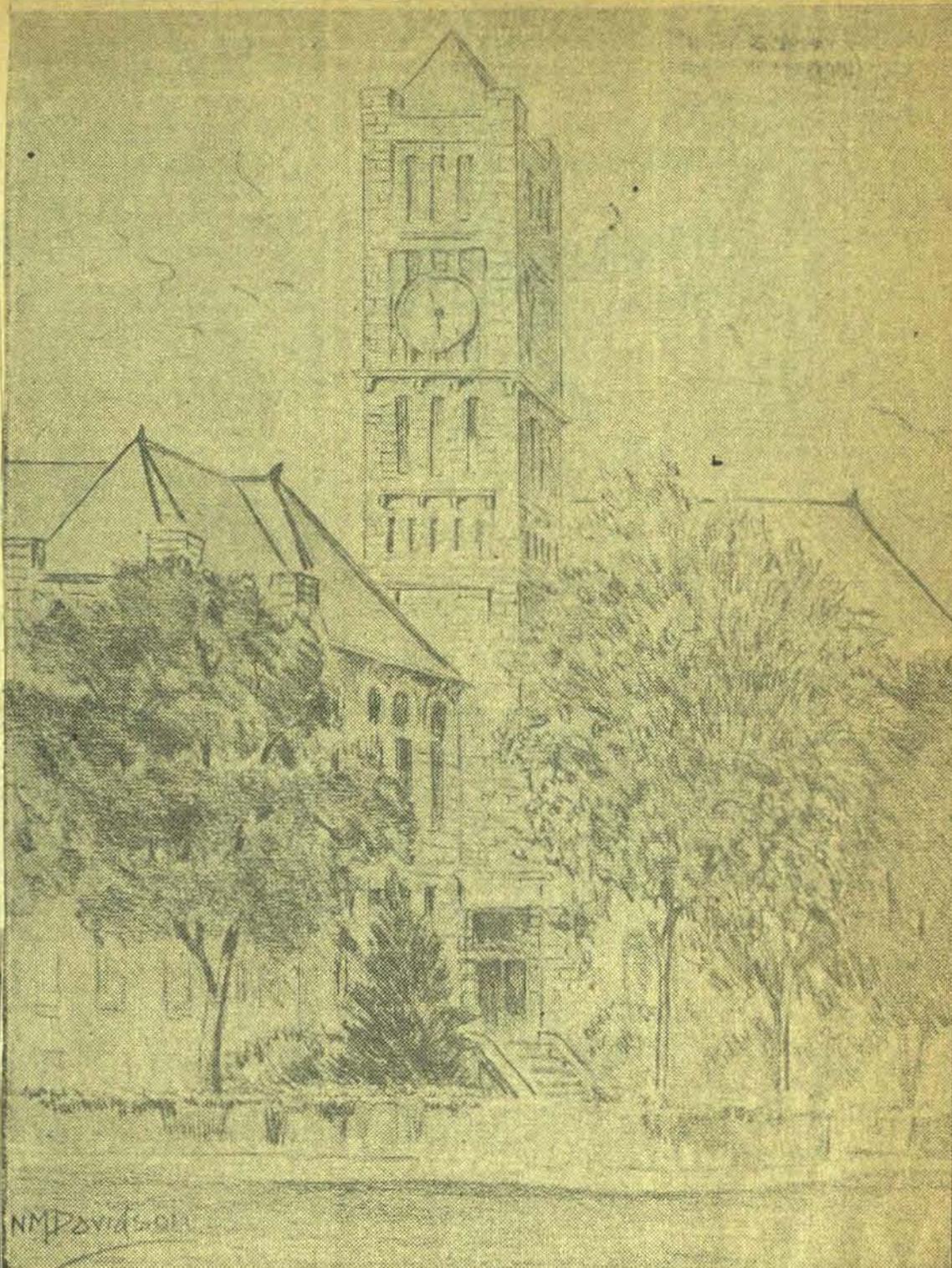
Often it's a quiet evening at home, reading. Sometimes it is a small dinner party. Less frequently it is a large affair. Once in a while a show. Only recently Mrs. Gross, an accomplished musician, has given up playing the piano and singing.

He has never permitted his wife to know a hardship, and they have found pleasure in trips together, twice a year to New York for the first 20 years of their married life and a glorious trip abroad 10 years ago.

It was memory of his acquiescence about going to the art galleries and cathedrals and things she wanted to see all over the continent that prompted her to call him a lamb.

But when he got to England, he balked. "I'm in a country where

Even Art Must Bow to Progress



Pride of the city in its youth 45 years ago, the tower on the City Hall is one of the old landmarks which will have to go to make way for progress. A new

and modern building, large enough to accommodate the administrative departments of a growing city, will replace the present structure. Here N. M.

Davidson, whose sketches appear in The Sunday Star-Telegram, has made a pencil recording of the City Hall as it stands in stately dignity today.

Historic Days Are Recalled by Old-Timer on Golden Wedding Day

BY BILL GRAY.

Watching the "cavalcade" of Texas, from where it threaded through the crossroads at a cow village that became a city, has been the pleasure of W. T. (Bud) Browne for two-thirds of a century.

Last week he and Mrs. Browne, of 200 Emma, observed their golden wedding anniversary, tell-tale only on the calendar, for their health and youthful interests defy the years that brought them to the memorable milestone.

Dust and years that cloud a century now gone have not dimmed the scenes nor removed the characters in the mind of Browne, who holds vividly his yesteryears, days of the stage coach, the land rushes, town and railroad building, and days of the open saloon.

Bud Browne was a saloon keeper for 30 years, but he had a code of living that has brought him good health, good will and all the fortune he desires. He never drank. "Whisky is made to sell, not to drink," he says.

Gunmen came and left but his only bullet wound was from his own Colt that accidentally fired when he was placing papers in his safe, the bullet grazing his jaw. His own trigger finger has killed probably 5,000 quail with a 12-gauge shotgun he's owned 47 years.

His nearest approach to the study of banking was a limited knowledge of "lightning calculation," but he has cashed practically the entire Rock Island payroll here—kept \$25,000 to \$30,000 on hand for his check-cashing "business."

In dimes and quarters, Browne probably has \$5,000 owed him on what he calls the "morning principle." They drank beer or whisky, said they would pay "tomorrow morning," but they either forgot or died.

If life can be called a game, then it can be said that Browne has played it with interest, keen wits and abiding self-confidence. And he added color to a period that abounded in color like a patchwork quilt. Lusting for adventure, he went to Oklahoma to find land, ranged northwestward to Seattle and eventually settled back in Fort Worth, to grow up with a village.

Born in Dexter City, Mo., Aug. 15, 1868, he was brought to Fort Worth by his parents in December 1877, the year after the T&P "came in." His father was E. B. (Uncle Ed) Browne, and built his first home at 311 Pecan, a little green dwelling that still stands. His mother was Dora A. Browne, who became Fort Worth's "mother of the doughboys" in World War I because of her leadership in organizing.

The son, W. T. Browne, best known as Bud, reversed the usual procedure of schooling. He entered F. P. Pruett's Business College, studied lightning calculation and other subjects. Then he entered the first public school of Fort Worth, in the old Calloway Building at E. Weatherford and Elm. He completed the eighth grade and that was the ceiling of the public school system at that time.

He remembers the principal, Miss Sue Huffman, sister of the late W. A. Huffman, called by Browne "one of the great builders of Fort Worth." The superintendent was Alexander Hogg. Browne's teacher was Miss Lou Dial, who, in her course of teaching, gave him one of the soundest thrashings he remembers.

Talk for a while with Browne and out of the yesterdays come men like Capt. B. E. Paddock, editor of the Fort Worth Gazette; Capt. G. H. Day, ex-mayor; Col. Joe Godwin, cattleman; Mayor



MR. AND MRS. W. T. BROWNE.

W. T. Burts, physician and first mayor of Fort Worth; Uncle Eph Baggett, W. F. Lake, W. A. Huffman, A. J. Anderson and many others, who worked to get the railroads here.

He remembers the day when a minister took up a collection in his saloon and in a neighboring gambling hall and counted in \$15,000 on the building of a church.

Public sentiment "wrote off" the saloon, says Browne, and he saw the "handwriting on the wall." He closed out his last saloon before prohibition and went into the cafe business. For the last 24 years

he has represented a shoe manufacturing concern.

But it is of the old days he likes to talk—"when a man's word was his bond."

Mrs. Browne, born in Benton, Ark., came to Texas with her parents in 1889. She and Browne were married in Cleburne by Rev. George W. Baines. Their only son, Raymond, died in 1942. His wife had died a year earlier. Surviving that couple are two daughters, Mrs. Shirley Ray Roberts and Miss Phyllis Nell Browne, and a son, William James Browne, and one granddaughter, Shirill Roberts, 18 months old.



WAY BACK WHEN—This was Fort Worth's shopping and banking canyon at 7th and Main in 1905. Note the popcorn vendors on each side of the street.

50 YEARS AGO

Two Venders Had Corner On Popcorn

(Editor's note: A lot of Fort Worth people today never saw the Fort Worth of 25 and more years ago. This is one of a series on views of yesterday's city.)

BY JAMES FARBER.

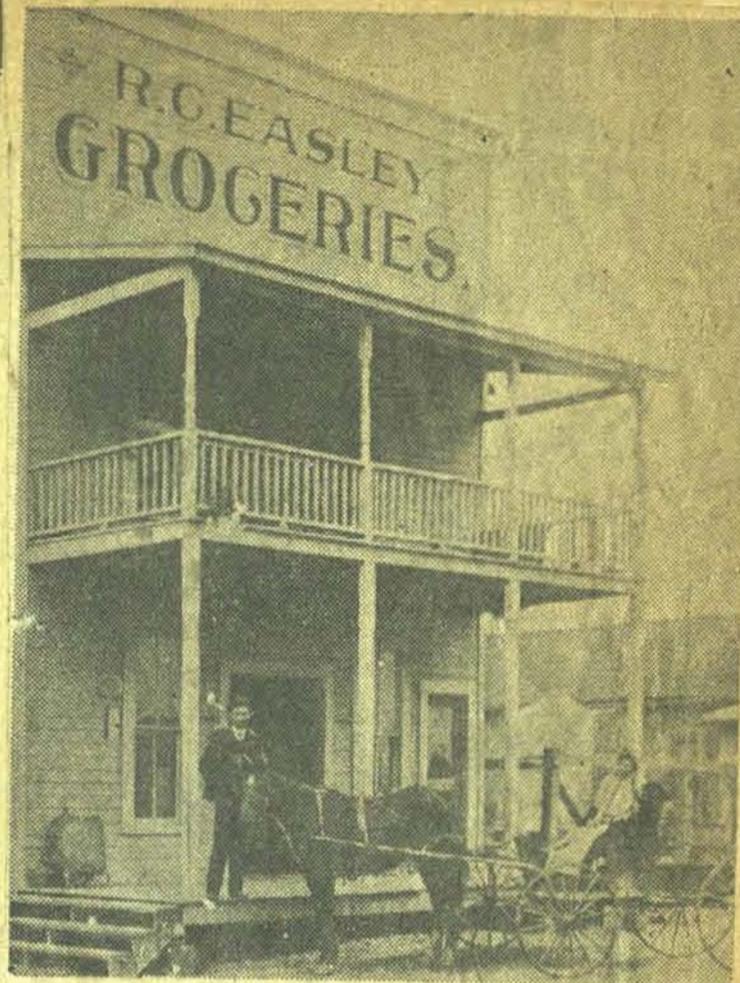
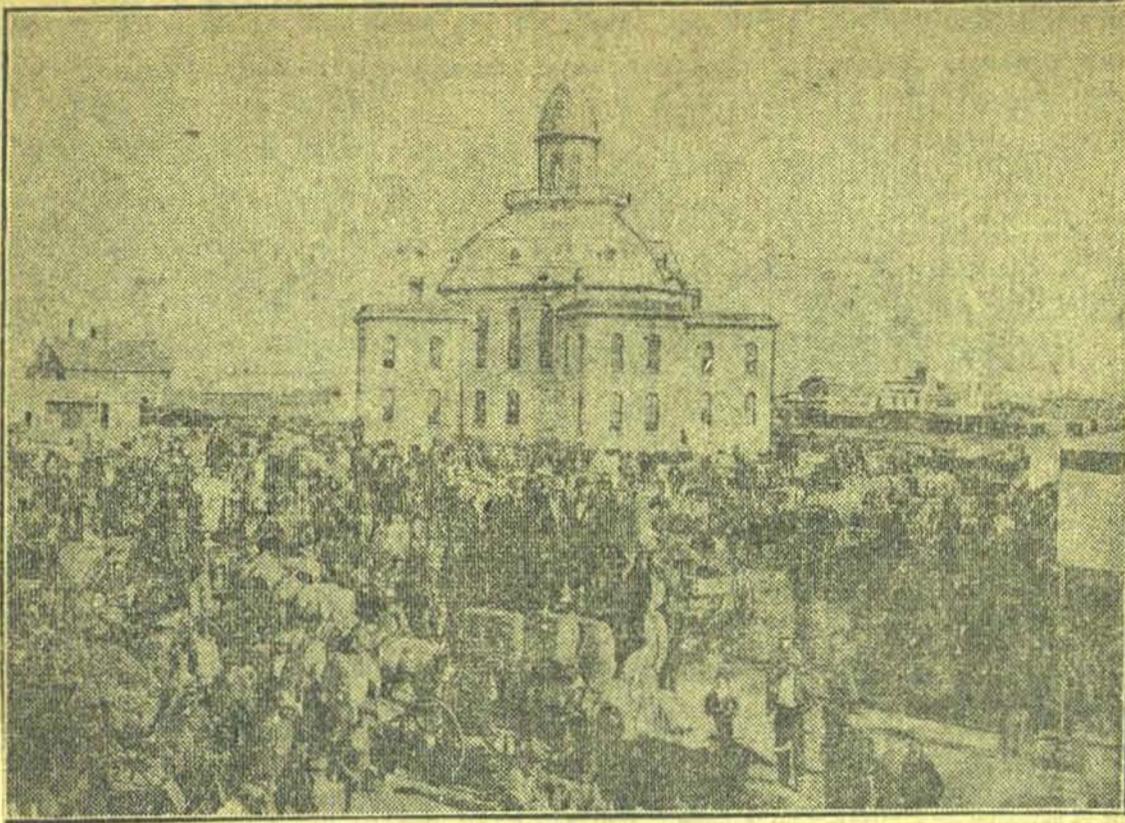
These street corner popcorn vendors were born 30 years too soon.

They'd be rich today if they had just built theaters around the stands.

This picture, taken in 1905, looks west on 7th from Main.

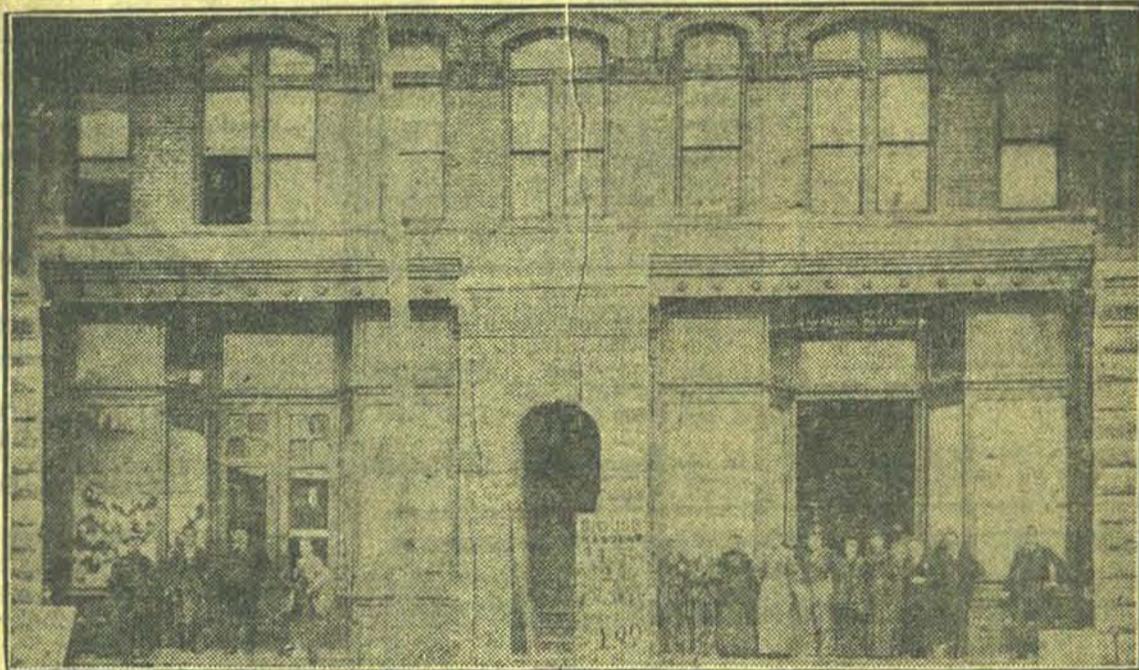
The imposing structure on the right was the Farmers & Mechanics Bank, replaced later by the Continental Life Building. Right behind it is the First National Bank Building.

Tarrant's First Courthouse and Public Square



Curb service is nothing new. R. C. Easley furnished it in 1906. He is shown on the porch of his store in Somerville posing for the cameraman after waiting on a customer. Easley is operating a grocery store in Brownwood

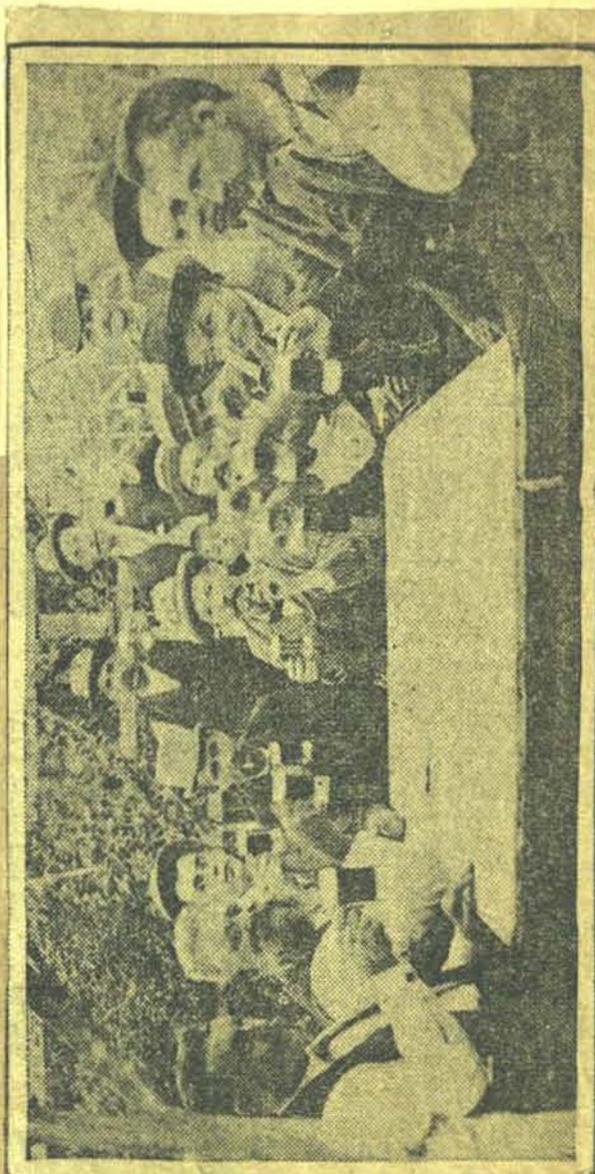
now, but he declares business is not what it was in the "good old horse and buggy days." The Star-Telegram is publishing pictures depicting the "horse and buggy" days and will return the pictures after they are used.



Merchants of today never expect to see the return of shoe prices to the level at which they are advertised by the banner in the center of this picture. The scene is the establishment of the Monnig Dry Goods Company, 1302 Main Street, in the early nineties, shortly after it was opened. The young man standing immediately to the right of the sign advertising men's footwear at \$1 a pair is Oscar E. Wandry, now manager of the retail department. The stairway shown behind the sign was torn out many years ago.



This group comprised the faculty in Fort Worth's only high school? That was just 22 years ago, the picture being taken in the office of W. D. Williams, principal. The high school was located at Jennings and Daggett. Reading from left to right, they are: Lily Clayton, Mary Malone, Ethelyn Boaz, Ernest Parker, Mit Hall, Mary Martin, S. E. Frost, Helen Oldham, Lizzie Litsey, Hattie Peacock, W. W. Daffron, Ella Hendricks, C. F. Webb and W. D. Williams.



Parties like this were not a memory? They were the thing for the hot days of August. The gentlemen are drinking pre-Volstead beer. Among them are several men, now prominent in Fort Worth affairs. The photograph was made 27 years ago at the home of one of the number. Two or more kegs are in the offing.



—Press Photo by Marvin Garrett.

MARRIED 50 YEARS.—Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson, 2816 Bird, will celebrate their golden wedding anniversary Tuesday with a family picnic in the yard of their home. The couple were married June 1, 1893 in Fort Worth at a house located at Fifth and Jones. They have six children, all living in Fort Worth, eight grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. Three of their grandchildren are in the service.

Corn Grew On Main When Couple Married In 1893

By BETTY CLAIRE PRAY

A Fort Worth couple who remember the days when Fort Worth was just a cross roads where cowboys met in saloons, will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary Tuesday.

They are Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson, who were married in a house across the street from The Press June 1, 1893, by Rev. J. Morgan Wells. The house belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cottar.

In 1902, the Jacksons moved to 2816 Bird St., and have lived there ever since. Mrs. Jackson was born in Wheatly, England, Mar. 29, 1877, and came to America and Fort Worth in 1888. Mr. Jackson was born in Vernon County, Mo., Mar. 9, 1870, and moved to Fort Worth when he was 11 weeks old.

The Jacksons have watched Fort Worth grow from the days when Main street was a cornfield and the only inhabitants were railroad people and cowboys.

Mr. Jackson, a retired paper-hanger, and his wife will celebrate their anniversary simply, with a picnic in the yard of their home. There will be a cake with 50 candles made by their daughters.

The Jacksons have six children, eight grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Their children are: Mrs. Susie Grabbs, 820 Louisiana; Mrs. Minnie Craig, 405 Grace; Mrs. Lucile Temple of Lake Worth; Mrs. Helen Thompson, 2821 Bird; Henry Jackson, 2817 Jeff; and Bill Jackson, 2920 Bird.

Three of their grandchildren are in the service. A granddaughter, Gracie Grabbs, is an auxiliary in the WAAC stationed at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. A grandson is Sergt. J. B. Temple, stationed with the Army at Dalhart. Another grandson, Boland Burnett, has served seven years in the Navy and is now working in a California shipyard.



Masonic Home Band of 1919

FEWER BANKS, MORE FUNDS, 42-YEAR VISTA HERE SHOWS

Strong contrast between strength of the four national banks of Fort Worth today and the seven in existence in 1893 is afforded in a comparison of the banks at the time of bank calls last week and March 6, 1893.

The seven national banks in 1893 had total resources of \$6,736,387. The four national banks now in existence had total resources of \$87,335,290 as of Nov. 1, 1935.

Banks reporting in 1893, with total

resources, cashiers and directors acting as witnesses, were:

Fort Worth National Bank, \$1,331,001; I. N. Harding, cashier; Thomas A. Tidball, K. M. Van Zandt, R. L. Ellison, directors.

First National Bank, \$952,407; E. B. Harrold, cashier; M. B. Loyd, D. C. Bennett, S. B. Burnett, directors.

Farmers and Mechanics National Bank, \$1,335,907; J. T. Talbert, cashier; M. C. Hurley, J. R. Hoxie, J. W. Spencer, directors.

State National Bank, \$1,031,873; J. C. Harrison, cashier; W. M. Harrison, Sidney Martin, W. B. Harrison, directors.

Merchants National Bank, \$415,067; A. B. Smith, cashier; A. P. Luckett, J. B. Littlejohn, R. M. Page, directors.

City National Bank, \$1,300,809; Max Elser, cashier; J. C. McCarthy, Martin Casey, T. T. D. Andrews, directors.

Traders National Bank, \$369,323; W. G. Newby, cashier; H. C. Edrington, J. Y. Hogsett, G. W. Hollingsworth, directors.

Total resources of the four local banks Nov. 1 were: Fort Worth National Bank, \$40,997,959; First National Bank, \$32,894,031; Continental National Bank, \$12,469,512; Union Bank & Trust Company, \$973,788.



Submission.	
For	153,026
Against	151,963
United States Senator.	
Colquitt	107,050
Culbertson	60,233
Brooks	72,870
Campbell	59,791
Henry	32,853
Chief Justice.	
Phillips	199,752
Jenkins	125,591
Associate Justice.	
Yantis	170,328
Hall	156,756
Governor.	
Ferguson	213,618
Morris	148,334
Marshall	15,910
Attorney General.	
Looney	159,816
Woods	134,049
Rowland	41,013
Railroad Commissioner.	
Mayfield	186,521
Robbins	82,610
Daniel	62,767
State Treasurer.	
Edwards	170,382
Baker	113,781
Munn	42,823
Judge Criminal Appeals.	
Morrow	176,159
Harper	141,899
Commissioner Land Office.	
Robison	207,073
Geers	43,850
Hill	32,144
Commissioner of Agriculture.	
Davis	179,051
Halbert	130,821
Congressman at Large.	
Garrett	96,920
McLamore	93,802
Davis	62,522
Fitzgerald	60,243
Darwin	43,499



THE CHANGING SCENE—These two views will give you an idea of how skylines change. At the left is Fort Worth, looking north, 21 years ago. At the right, the scene today.



Officials here pictured have been active in planning for the annual Labor Day celebration tomorrow and in observance of the day, Mayor W. D. Davis has issued the following proclamation:

"Whereas, the sixth day of September of this year is Labor Day in America, and also the anniversary of the great Battle of the Marne, as well as the birthday of the great Lafayette, now therefore

"I, W. D. Davis, mayor of Fort Worth, hereby proclaim the sixth day of September, 1920, a holiday, and call upon all citizens to observe the same in the spirit of devotion to labor, thanksgiving to the God of Battle that presided over the destiny of the world when the gallant soldiers of France stopped and hurled back the Army of the Huns in its seemingly successful march towards the destruction of the Allied Armies of Europe, and devout renewal of sacred love for the immortal Lafayette, whose glorious service to America adorns the early history of this Republic, and is written in words of living fire upon the altars of American liberty."

Remembers Paddling in Mud Hole Where F. & M. Bank Now Stands

APRIL 22, 1913.

Hatcher James was in Fort Worth yesterday. It isn't the first time Hatcher James has been in Fort Worth; he lived here for many years before he went away to seek fortunes in other fields. He's living now in Arkansas Pass, where he organized the First State bank of that place in 1910 with a capital of \$10,000. The bank now has a capital of \$50,000 and the country around the port is growing by leaps and bounds.

While boosting with might and main for Arkansas Pass, James does not forget that he resided, when a boy, at the James family home in the outskirts of the Fort Worth of many years ago. The home in question stood on what is now Main street, on the site occupied by the towering Burton Dry Goods company building at the corner of Seventh. Across the street on the north was a lumber yard where the Farmers & Mechanics National bank now is, and when a big rain fell, the lumber yard, being lower than the little mud-banked street, got full of water. Hatcher James and his companions of those days, being small and real boys, would attempt to swim in the pools thus formed and floated around between the piles of lumber on improvised rafts.

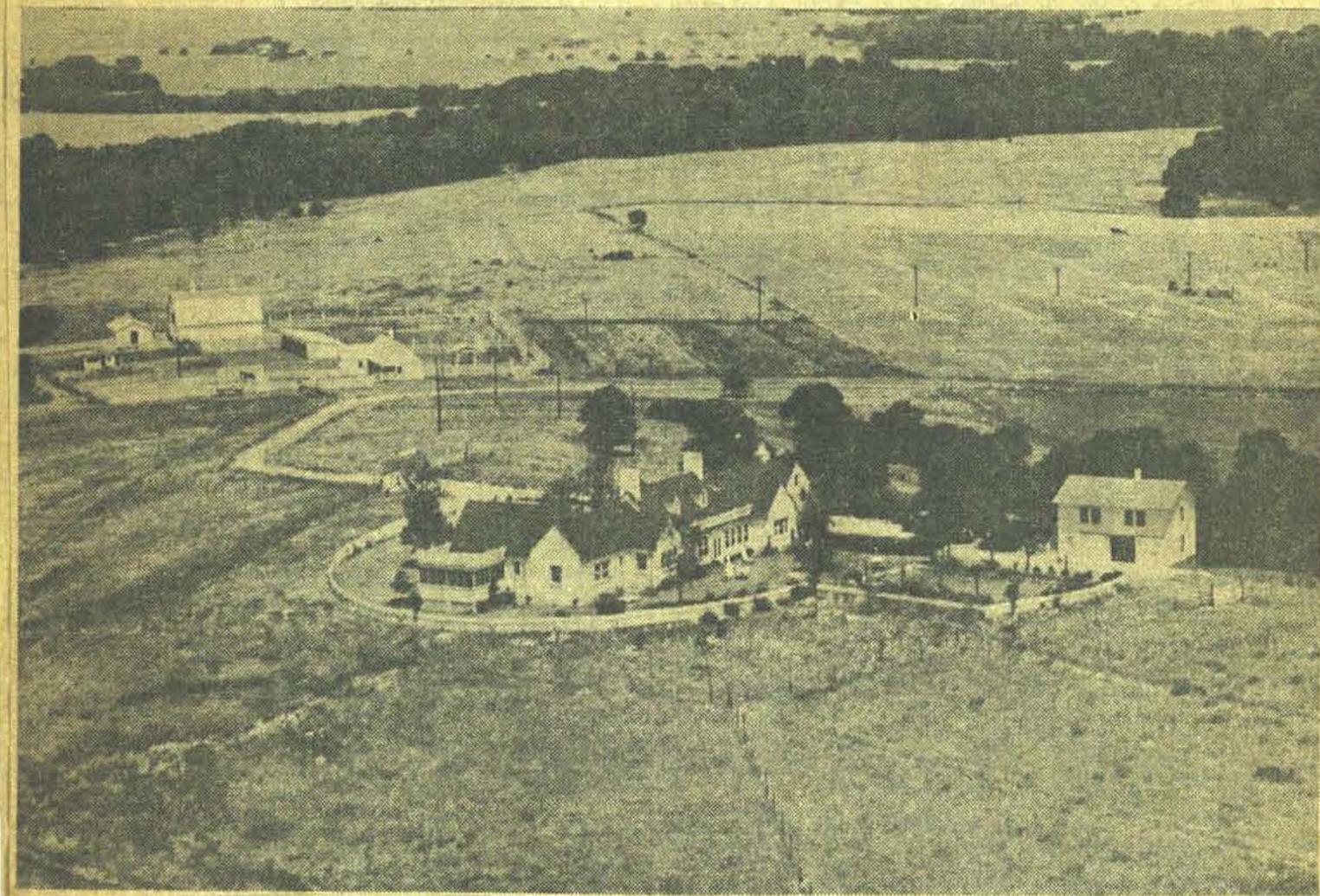
Having been away from Fort Worth but four years, still Mr. James notes many improvements, particularly the remarkable amount of street paving. He is accompanied by Mrs. James, who is an enthusiastic booster for Arkansas Pass.

Fort Worth Boy Now Arkansas Pass Booster



President Bestows His Blessings Two Senator-Supporters of N

Dutch Branch, Where President to Visit, Seen From Air



ghtcap

ay 17 (AP).—
a five-game
eak Tuesday
was meant to
opener of a
leheader, 5-0.
however, was
fourth inning
adlocked, 1-1.
town Wednes-

a lead in the
opener on Les
with a mate
third counted
Bud Byerly to
came without
Bob Wilkins
and on an in-
to third when
had replaced
Wilkins scored

NAME	TULSA	ab.	r.	h.	o.	s.
Line 2		1	0	3	3	
bbbe.1		0	1	10	0	
aft.1f		0	0	1	0	
arms.rf		0	1	1	0	
pwcz.cf		0	1	0	0	
tpbs.3		0	0	1	1	
ronac.c		0	0	1	1	
abdns.s		0	0	0	2	
erly.p		0	0	0	1	
olivka		0	0	0	0	
gners.p		0	0	0	0	
trnettl		1	0	0	0	
Totals	24	0	3	21	11	
202	000	1	5	7	1	
000	000	0	0	3	1	
Byerly in 7th.						
RB—Burge 2.						
SH—Robbs, HR.						
SH—Knoblauch.						
an, Lane and						
Burge, LOB.						
BOB—Wyse 3.						
CO—Wyse 1, San-						
4 in 3 innings.						

Rackley to the Pittsburgh Pirates for Outfielder-First Baseman Johnny Hopp and cash estimated at \$25,000.
Dodger officials said the acquisition of Hopp was primarily for first base insurance. Rackley led the Dodgers in hitting last year with a .327 mark.

CITY SPORTS

Continued from Page 11.
that the department's grader was under water at Rockwood.
Swimming pools were undamaged, but will be closed until the city's water supply is restored. That may require three days.
Opener of a three-game series for the city high school baseball championship was washed out at TCU and will be played Thursday at the same site.
Involving Paschal and Amon Carter Riverside, the series will be played Thursday, Friday and, if necessary, Monday.
Only one city bowling alley was caught flush in the path of the raging Trinity. Alley Bowl on North Main took a sound ducking and its operators were forced out Tuesday noon.
Jack Tavener's Playdium was three blocks west of the main water line and suffered nothing but roof leaks from Monday night's torrential downpour.
Tennis courts were ravaged by the swift currents. Clay was washed away and hard surfaced courts were riddled with holes and wide cracks.

Athletics Bounce Browns.

NEW YORK, July 11 (AP).—The Yankees collected 15 singles and a home run had to battle all the way before they could defeat the Boston Red Sox, 4-3, before 73,150 fans, largest crowd of the season at Yankee Stadium. Ed Lopat yielded seven hits, including homers by Larry Doby and Mickey Vernon in posting his fourth victory of an unbeaten season.

The Yanks, playing their first night home game of the year, rapped Lefty Gene Bearden for all of their hits and runs in the first seven innings. Sam Zoldak cooled the Yanks off in the eighth after Bearden was lifted for pinch-hitter.

CLEVELAND	NEW YORK
Mitchell,lf	4 1 2 0 0
Vernon,1	4 1 2 1 1
Gordon,2	4 0 1 5 4
Budreau,3	4 0 0 0 0
Keltner,3	3 0 0 1 5
Doby,cf	4 1 2 3 6
Clark,rf	4 0 0 0 1
Hegan,c	3 0 0 3 2
Rosen	1 0 0 0 0
Bearden,p	2 0 0 1 4
Berridino	1 0 0 0 0
Zoldak,p	0 0 0 0 0

Totals 34 3 7 24 17
Cleveland 000 001 110—
New York 000 021 10x—
Lopat for Bearden in 8th. 20
ed out for Hegan in 8th. E—
Johnson, Bearden, RBI—Johnson
non 2, Rizzuto, Doby, Henrich,
Mitchell, HR—Dobson and P
DP—Johnson, Gordon and Vernon.
Cleveland 5; New York 12. BOB
Lopat 1, Bearden 2, Zoldak 1, B
Lopat 3, H—Off Bearden, 16 in
nings; Zoldak, 6 in 1. PB—Hegan,
ner—Lopat, 14-0. LOU—Bearden
U—Hubard, McKinley, Grieco
Paparella. T—2:04. Att.—73,150

Red Sox' Stephens Slays Homer to Nip Chicago,

BOSTON, May 17 (AP).—Boston's stumbling Red Sox of a lengthy home stand Tuesday shading Chicago's re-
Flyne Service Plane
FARRINGTON off ninth and 18th
the Fort Worth (ers).



A Bumpkin On Broadway

I've been brooding over this excited talk about the "barn dance" sweeping the country and likely to replace the rumba.

As a farm boy myself, I was tickled to see Elsa Maxwell introduce barn dancing to New York. Sh'shiety the other night.

But I can tell you as sure as a barn dancer likes eatin' tobacco that it'll never catch on with the lorgnette set.

Sure, Clarkie Gable tried—he's a sport—but he was clumsy like all beginners. One spectator said to me:

"The poor guy. He dances like he's got two left feet."

THIS WAS right in my 7th Av. neighborhood at the Park Sheraton Hotel where the hote served you champagne like it didn't cost them anything. (Maybe it didn't.)

Mrs. Lytle Hull, Sylvia Ashley, Rex Harrison, Jessica Dragonette, Valentina and the Lord knows who else square-danced.

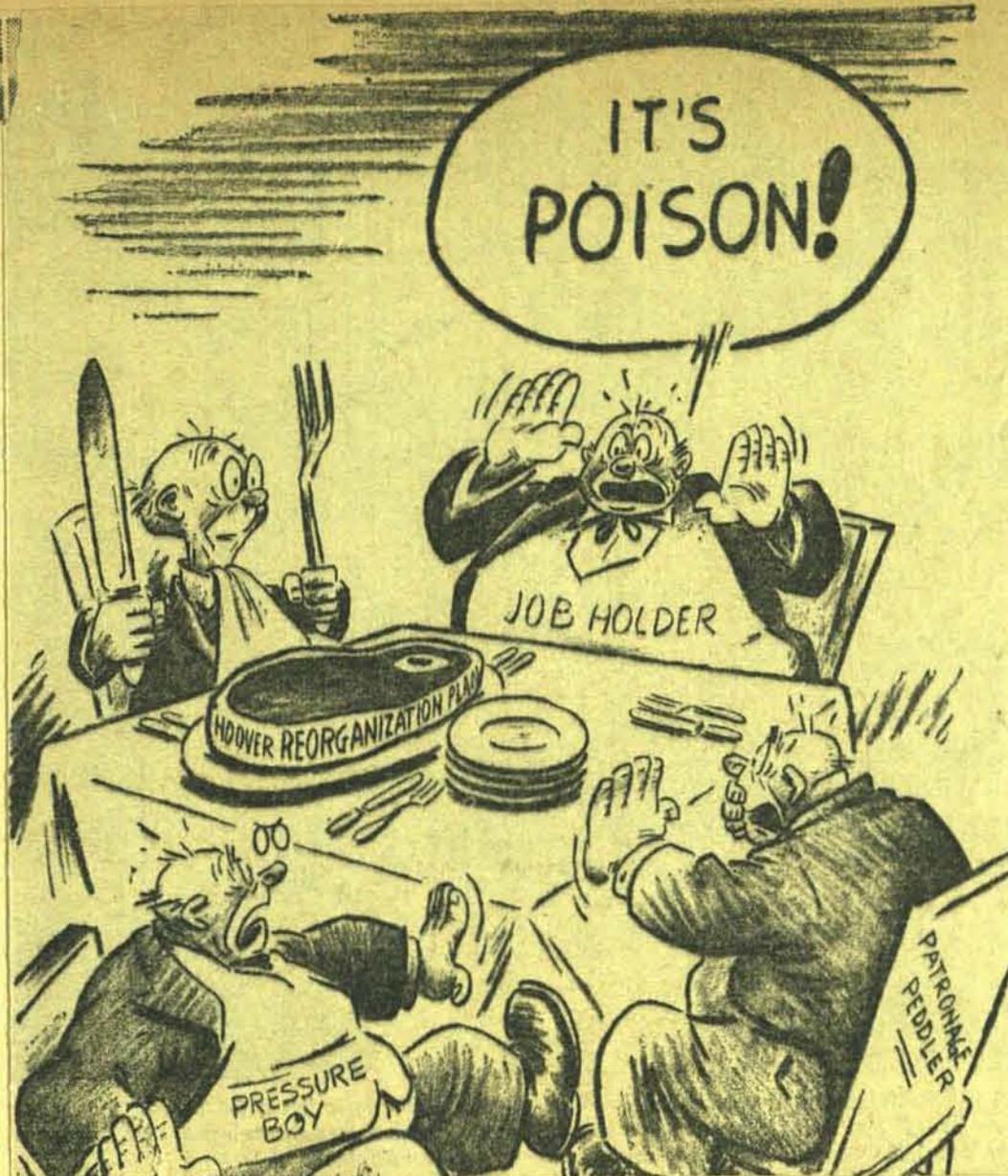
Well, sir, the country folks who've been whoopin' and hollerin' for years over square dances would have laughed fit to bust a bellyband.

Especially at some of the society dolls bobbin' around in their low-cut gowns.

A fellow from Oklahoma sitting up on the balcony with me looked down to the floor, and he said: "Dresses like that were never made to be worn under balconies."

SQUARE dancing is bad for saloon-keepers because square-dancers who like the jug find out they have to give up one or t'other, as they say.

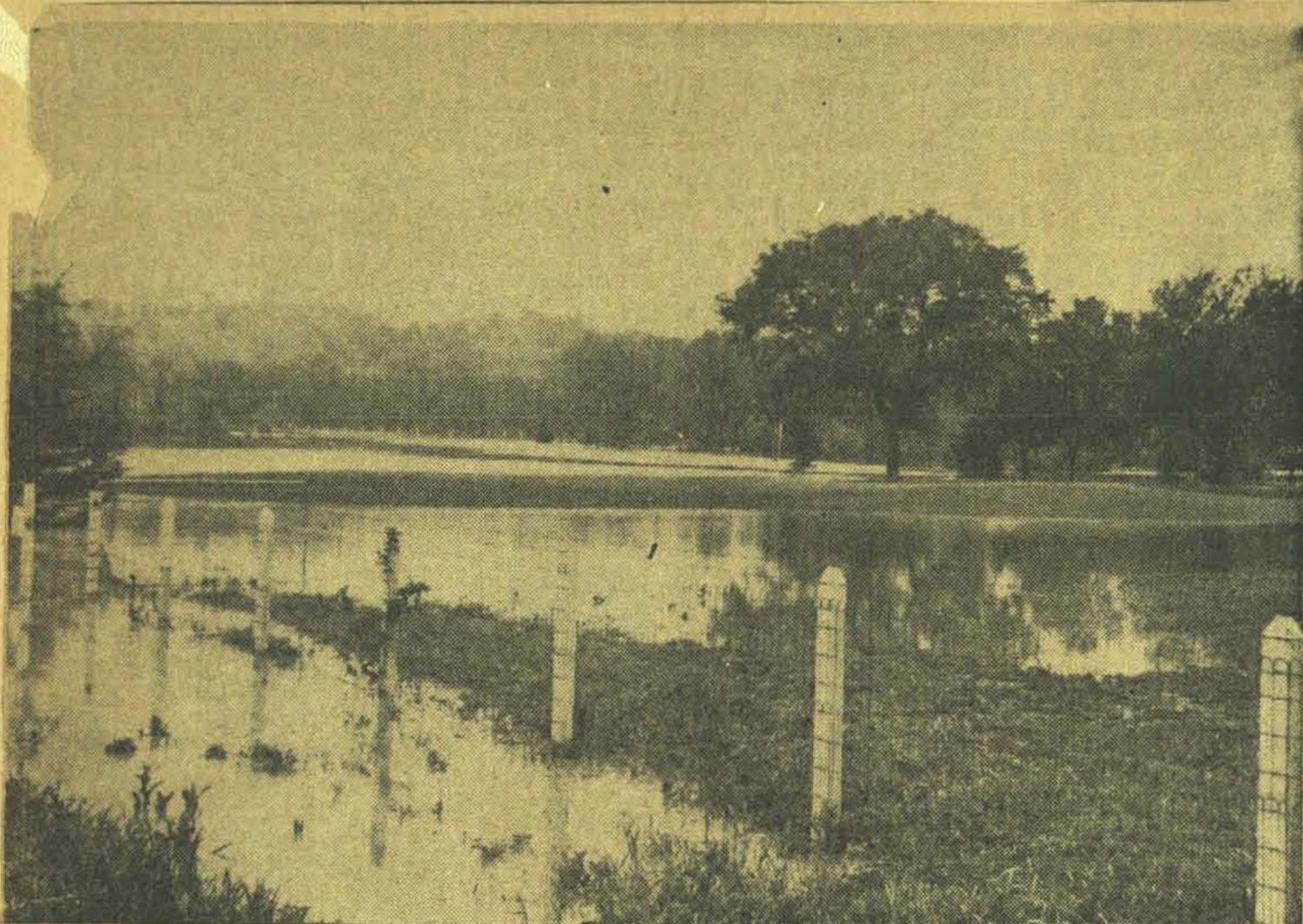
Now it stands to reason that N. Y. society's not giving up its



SEA OF WATER covered W. Lancaster north of Farrington Field. Business establishments were flooded with several feet of water. A car stalled earlier in the night, was almost covered with water.—(Press Staff Photo).



WORST TRAFFIC JAM of the city's history resulted when Arlington Heights motorists, cut off from town, drove through River Oaks to N. Main. This picture was made from center of North Main jam, south of Central.—(Press Staff Photo).

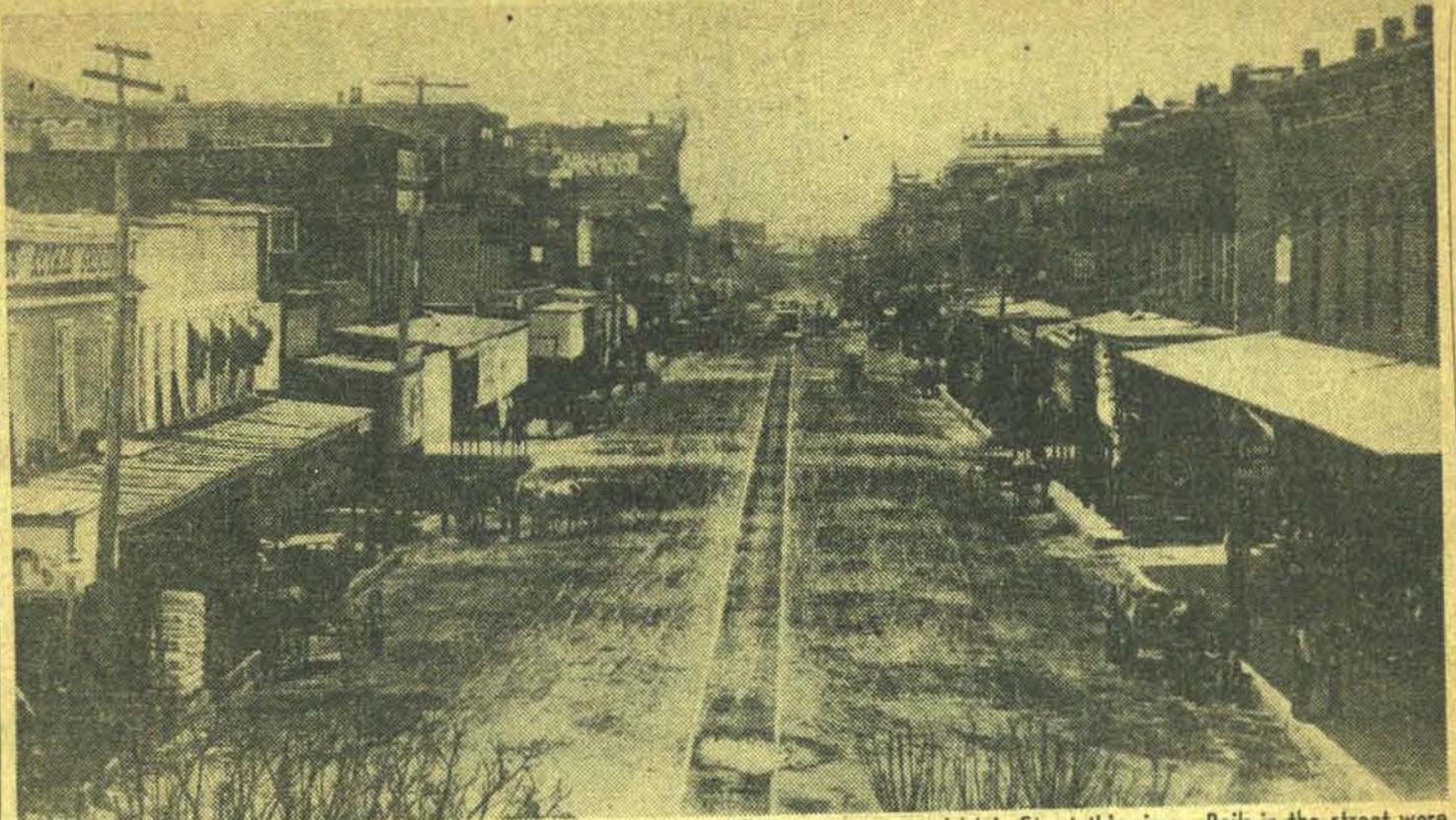


d creeks surging from their banks. Left, above, shows debris piled up in front of Theo's Cafe on busy E. Exchange Ave. Receding
s away, into a murky lake. This hazard, approaching No. 4 green, was deemed too much for the hardest golfer.



The water climbed almost to the top of the bleachers in the flooded park area. It is not believed that the diamond was damaged
he waste remained after the water receded.

Then...and Now, City's Centennial Year--1



SOME 60 YEARS AGO, folks looked south from the County Courthouse down unpaved Main St. at this view. Rails in the street were a mule-drawn street car line. The building at the extreme right, built in 1880, is now occupied by Union Bank & Trust Co. At extreme left sits Jones Retail Grocery, with flour sacks stacked at the curb. The large building in the center is the Pythian Temple Palace. Fort Worth population was 6663 in 1880; 23,076 in 1890.—(Smith Photo).



SAME SCENE TODAY shows pavement, a skyline—and a traffic problem. The Union Bank's building has lost its cornice. The Ellison Bldg. (extreme left) has long since replaced Jones Retail Grocery and other frame buildings. The Pythian Temple has a new roof. Estimated population of Fort Worth's metropolitan population today is 340,000.—(Press Staff Photo).

THIRTY-SIX YEARS AGO—it was nearly five o'clock on an afternoon in 1904, and Tarrant County's grand total of 14 automobiles were on display. The owners brought their cars to the fountain just west of the old Texas and Pacific passenger station and their friends gathered for this picture. It was a big event of that day and time



TO THE WEST from the early day scene is the passenger station which replaced the old one, postoffice and other improvements.

PAPERS THIRTY YEARS OLD

IS TAKEN FROM THE
EXTIT WORTH STANDARD.

Interesting Notes of the Lo
Ago—Cattle Over the
Trail.

Chief Deputy County Clerk Williams
a few days ago unearthed bound files
of a newspaper printed in Fort Worth
about thirty years ago, known as the
"Fort Worth Standard." During that
early period it was compulsory that
the county keep files of papers con-
taining official notices. The Standard
was edited by S. C. McCormick, whose
assistant was J. K. Millican, while W.
O. Stillman was publisher. The pa-
per started May 14, 1873, as a weekly,
but subsequently launched out as a
daily. It was a four-page paper, six
columns to a page.

Very many amusing articles appear-
ed from time to time. One showed
the cost of conducting the municipal
affairs of Fort Worth for the year end-
ing March 10, 1875, and was as fol-
lows: "Annual receipts, \$3576.07; an-
nual expenditures, \$2165.43, leaving
balance of \$1973.76." C. McDougal,
city secretary.

On May 29, 1876, the old court-
house was burned, entailing a loss of \$100,
000. During the same week 250,000 head
of cattle were driven through this
over the old trail. Among some of
those who drove the cattle was Cap-
tain King of Santa Gertrude, Nueces
county. He had 30,000 head, and was
taking them to Hays City, Kan., to
fill a contract he had with the United
States government. The cattle con-
sisted of cows, yearlings and heaves.

In the issue of the paper of March
29, 1876, appears the following refer-
ence to Dallas: "Debt of city of Dal-
las: The following is a partial exhibit
of the little debt hanging over our
neighboring city of Dallas: To the
Central railroad, \$100,000; to the Pa-
cific railroad, \$300,000; to the Wichita
railroad, \$100,000, making a total of
\$500,000. City scrip is very much depre-
ciated, worth only 50 cents on the
dollar, and there is \$50,000 worth which
has not been paid, making the Dallas
debt \$550,000."

The advertising rates of the Stand-
ard were \$1.50 per inch, or \$200 per
column.

Notice of repeal of the tax of 50
cents per head on all cattle driven
through the Chickasaw nation, by
Governor Cyrus Harris of that na-
tion.

On April 27, 1876, was mentioned the
marriage of George Jackson and Miss
Belle Burts, the officiating minister be-
ing Rev. Dodd.

At the masthead of the paper in 1876
appeared the following condition:
Hemlocks for your condition.

Lamar for ever. Then your con-
dition. The paper is not your
condition. The paper is not your
condition. The paper is not your
condition.

Grant, governor of the United States,
was mentioned in the paper in 1876.
The paper is not your condition.

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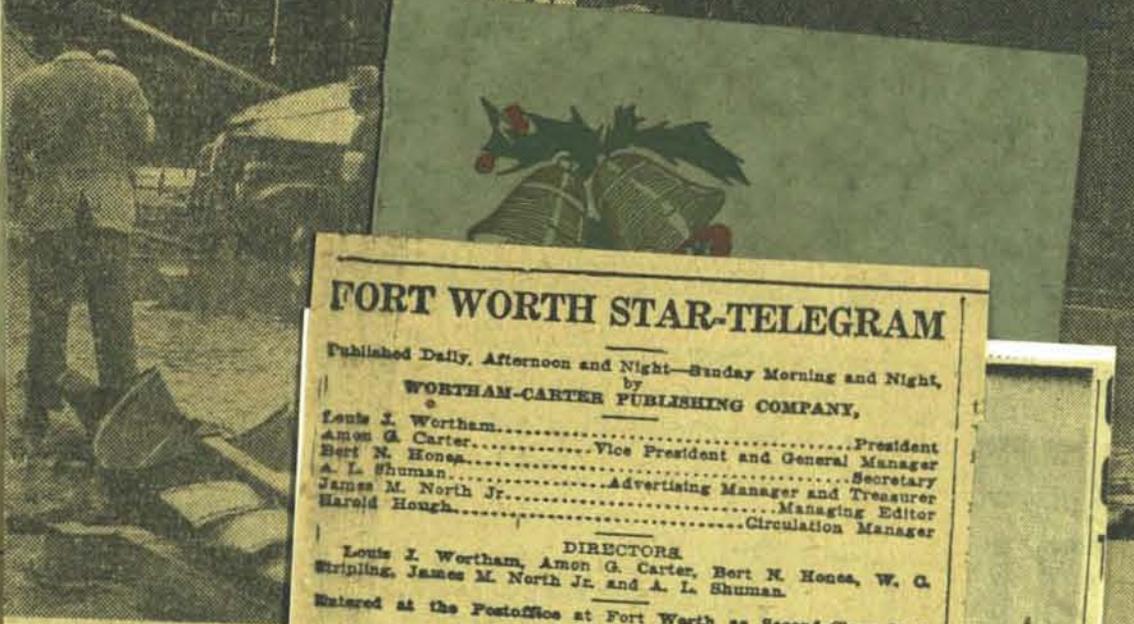
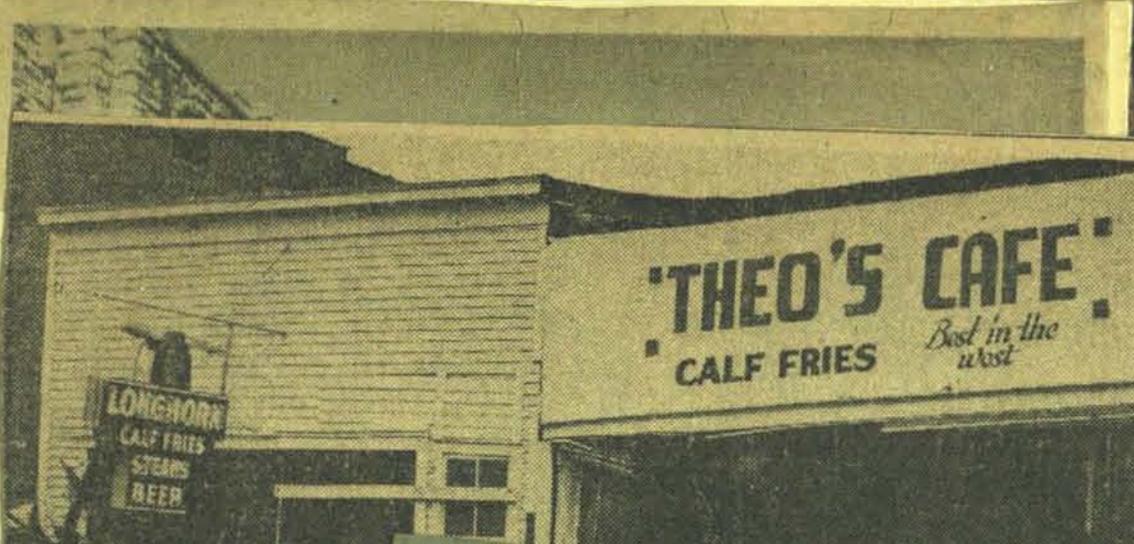
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Grant, governor of the United States,
was mentioned in the paper in 1876.
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FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM

Published Daily, Afternoon and Night—Sunday Morning and Night,
by
WORTHAM-CARTER PUBLISHING COMPANY,

Louis J. Wortham.....President
Amos G. Carter.....Vice President and General Manager
Bert N. Honea.....Secretary
A. L. Shuman.....Advertising Manager and Treasurer
James M. North Jr.....Managing Editor
Harold Hough.....Circulation Manager

DIRECTORS
Louis J. Wortham, Amos G. Carter, Bert N. Honea, W. G.
Stripling, James M. North Jr. and A. L. Shuman.

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Matter.

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By mail, one year..... 7.50
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TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
Private Branch Exchange (Five Trunk Lines) Connecting All De-
partments—LAMAR 2300
For Night Numbers, See Telephone Directory.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.
Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or repu-
tation of any person, firm or corporation, which may appear in
the columns of this paper, will be gladly corrected upon due notice
of same being given to the editor, personally at the office, Eighth
and Throckmorton streets, Fort Worth, Texas.

Member of Associated Press, United Press
and International News Service.

Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations.



—Withers-Atkelson Photo Reproduction.
CONGRESS WORKED HARD—Nine acts of Congress
were required before money was appropriated to build
the old Postoffice on Jennings in 1896, which now is city
property.

WORTH SIDE, SOUTH SIDE
ers left the street a m

FLOOD WATERS covered t
materially. As Marine Creek

Rock Island lines, was... Under-
ground ramps to trains, new train sheds and a complete... side and inside over-
hauling rank it with the best in the Southwest.

Table with 3 columns: Address, Phone No., and another column. Includes entries like '1001 Bessie', 'R. D. Williams Place, 1012 Evans', and 'Fire Hall, 1616 Park Place'.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT:
GROVER CLEVELAND.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:
ADLAI E. STEVENSON.

ELECTORS:

At Large—D. G. Wooten.
1st District—J. C. Hodges.
2d District—J. F. Randolph.
3d District—J. I. Perkins.
4th District—J. S. Spicks.
5th District—R. R. Lockett.
6th District—A. C. Owsley.
7th District—H. P. Brown.
8th District—Waller S. Baker.
9th District—Leo Kiddie.
10th District—R. H. Ward.
11th District—Geo. F. Burgess.
12th District—R. W. Stayton.
13th District—E. K. Lane.
14th District—Alden Bell.

For Governor,
George Clark, of McLennan.
For Lieutenant-Governor,
C. M. Rogers, of Travis.
For Attorney-General,
E. A. McDowell, of Coryell.
For Comptroller,
Ethan Allen, of Martin.
For Treasurer,
Thomas J. Goree, of Cherokee.
For Land Commissioner,
W. C. Walsh, of Travis.
For Superintendent of Public Instruction,
Jacob Beckler, of Galveston.
For Judges of the Court of Criminal Appeals,
R. H. Phelps, of Fayette,
W. D. Woods, of Hayes.
For Judges of the Civil Court of Appeals,
B. D. Tariton, of Hill,
H. O. Head, of Grayson,
I. W. Stephens, of Parker.
For Congress,
C. K. Bell.
For State Senate,
R. E. Beckham.
For Legislature,
J. J. Jarvis,
Ellhu Newton,
Ballard Wohlford.
For Judge 4th District,
S. P. Greene.
For Judge 17th District,
W. D. Harris.
For County Judge,
Robt. G. Johnson.
For District Clerk,
Robert H. McNatt.
For County Clerk,
John P. King.
For County Attorney,
Oscar Gilmspie.
For Sheriff,
Adam Euleas.
For Assessor,
Enoch Harding.
For Collector,
Frank Hovenkamp.
For Treasurer,
Thomas Collins.
For Superintendent Public Schools,
R. H. Buck.
For County Surveyor,
J. J. Goodfellow.
For County Commissioner Precinct No. 1,
H. C. Holloway.
For Justices Precinct No. 1,
John S. Kennedy,
E. B. Randle.
For Constable Precinct No. 1,
W. E. Mayfield.

> LAWSON'S RESTAURANT. <

SEE THE CHOICE DISPLAY OF—

FISH AND GAME, JUICY STEAKS, ETC.

Served in any style on short notice.

Lunch Counter supplied with anything the appetite could desire.

Regular Meals and Prompt Attention.

312 Main Street.

STOP AT THE NEW HOTEL.

YE ARLINGTON INN.

Location high, cool and delightful. 100 Rooms. Every modern convenience. Strictly first-class. Commercial travelers' sample room on Seventh street. Leave baggage checks with hotel porter and take Arlington Heights electric cars at Union depot. Open every day in the year. McLEAN & MUDGE, Managers.

THE LEADING RESTAURANT OF FORT WORTH.

LANG'S CRESCENT RESTAURANT

ICE-CREAM PARLOR AND LADIES' CAFE UP STAIRS.

211 Main Street, Fort Worth, Tex.

OPEN ALL NIGHT

The table supplied with all the delicacies the market affords.

LANG BROS., Proprietors.

Newly Furnished and Under New and Competent Management.

Street Cars To and From Depot Pass the Door.

TERMS—\$1.50 and \$2 Per Day.

GRAND HOTEL

MRS. M. J. MOSELY, Proprietress.

Opposite Public Square,

Fort Worth, Texas

HOTEL PICKWICK,

Corner Main and Fourth Streets, Fort Worth, Tex.

Rates, \$2.50 Per Day.

GEO. C. HUDGINS, Manager.

MANSION HOTEL.

Five large and well lighted sample rooms on ground floor.

RATES \$2.00 TO \$2.50 PER DAY

W. W. DUNN &



For a Prize.

Prof. Arthur Love, of this city, well known as a composer and musician of rare ability, has sent the following to the New York World to compete for a prize offered by that paper:

STAND PAT.

There's a crazy, mad commotion,
Rolls from ocean clean to ocean,
And its rumblings rattle o'er our glorious land,
But old Freedom can't be shaken,
For her sons will all awaken
And together for their country they will stand.

CHORUS.

Then stand pat, together for our nation,
Then stand pat, its credit to maintain,
Then stand pat, to crush this agitation,
Then stand pat, our honor to maintain.

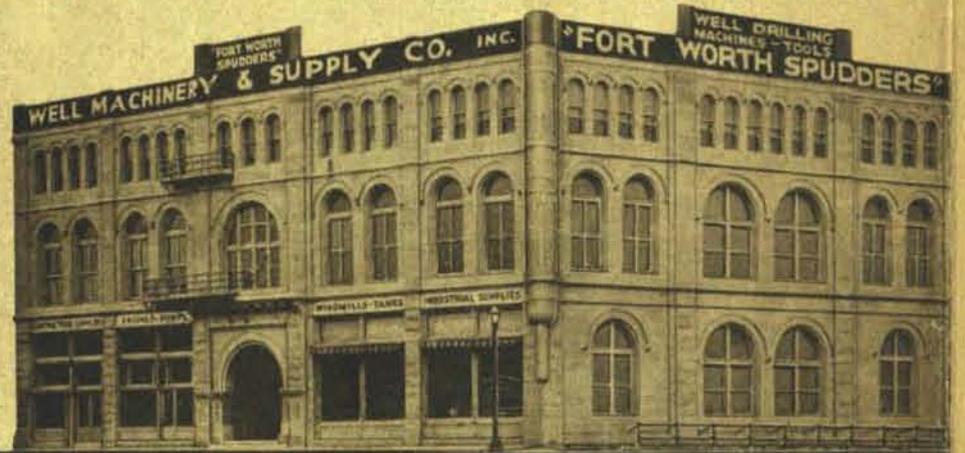
This free silver apparition
In the days of superstition,
Might have cut a little figure in its way;
But today it means digression,
While our motto is progression,
And "sound money" like our freedom's come to stay.

Let us shout our country's glory,
Let us tell again the story,
Of Columbia's splendid honor to the world,
Let us stamp repudiation
As the curse of any nation,
Let the stars and stripes with honor be unfurled.



You Are Cordially Invited to
FORMAL TO
OPENING **FRANK K**
FORD LINCOLN **MOTOR COM**

Welcome Neighbors
FRANK K
FORD LINCOLN **MOTOR COM**



WELL MACHINERY & SUPPLY
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

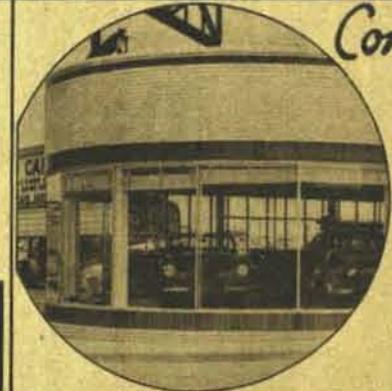
Congratulations to
OUR NEIGHBOR

FRANK KENT
FORD LINCOLN **MOTOR COMPANY** MERCURY

Replacement Parts

Favorite Products

DAVIS-DUNCAN
AUTO SUPPLY CO.
Houston at 14th St.



Congratul
to Our N

FRAN
FORD LINCOLN **MOTOR**

THOS.
Installation
PITTCO Displ
PITTS
PLATE GL
1825 M

Congratulations
to
FRANK
The **LOWDEN BROTHERS**

Congratulations to
THOS. S. BYRNE
and

CONGR

FRAN
FORD LINCOLN **MOT**

THOS

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building

GOO

PICTURE SHOWS ORDERED CLOSED

Judge Marvin Brown has issued an injunction ordering all picture shows and places of amusement to stay closed Sundays. They cannot give free shows nor permit visitors to donate if they care to do so.

The writer has always been a stickler for the enforcement of all laws, believing if a mistake has been made and a bad law enacted that the quickest and best way to get rid of it is to enforce it, but we have never favored injunctions without a hearing. Injunctions in many instances are man made laws. If the picture shows were operating contrary to some law, then the owners ought to have been arrested and tried—proven guilty, punished.

Nor have we ever favored making flesh of one and fowl of another. There are a number of Sunday law violations that have gone on for years unnoticed. It is against the law to sell books, cigars, polish shoes, sell soda water, etc., on Sundays. Nor have we been able to see why it should be a violation of the law to operate a moving picture show in a regular picture show place and not a violation to operate one in a church; that is, where no charge was made for admission. We understand (do not know of our own knowledge, for we never attend) that where picture shows have been operated on Sunday that no charge has been made, but each visitor can contribute if he or she desires. We know, of our own personal knowledge, that a collection is taken up some time during most church services.

Now we are not criticising nor finding fault with the churches that operate picture shows or take up collections. As a matter of fact, rather like it—both the picture shows and the privilege of being able to contribute, but it does look a little queer for the church that inaugurated the moving pictures to be the leading spirit in getting out an injunction forbidding a similar performance in other places.

Speaking seriously: There are all kinds of people residing in every city. There are some who prefer to pass the Sabbath in one way and some in another.

There are many—their name is Legion—who enjoy going to church in the forenoon and in the afternoon prefer some recreation—who want some place of amusement to go to where they can take their families. Picture shows and theaters most admirably fill this want.

Again, there are many men—and their name is Legion, too—WHO ARE GOING TO FIND SOMETHING TO DO SUNDAY AFTERNOONS THAT WILL COME UNDER THE HEAD OF RECREATION. Refuse to give them something harmless and they will join some club, play cards, dominoes, or do something worse.

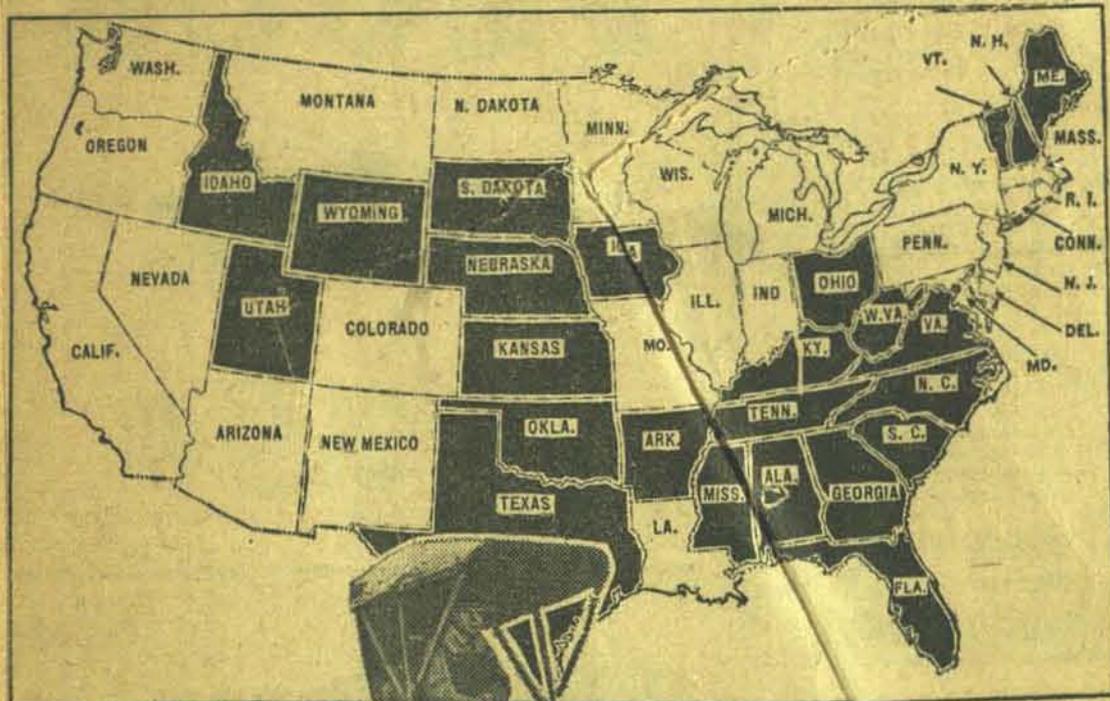
If there be anyone who doubts this statement, let him watch the clubs and the Interurban trains to Dallas any Sunday and count the people who go there because of the knowledge that in Dallas there are amusement places open. Let the same person question the hotels and traveling salesmen and learn how many Sunday in Dallas now who used to Sunday in Fort Worth.

Take any view one may of the situation in Fort Worth and he is bound to admit that it is an inconsistent one. Picture shows may be operated in a church but nowhere else. It is against the law for cigar stands, book stores, bootblack shops, etc., to keep open Sundays, but no effort is made to close them.

We suggest a new deal: Let's take a referendum vote and see whether a majority of our citizens want places of amusements opened Sundays. If they do, then let's open them and say no more about it. If a majority say by their ballots they do not want the places of amusement opened Sundays, then let's go about it and enforce all Sunday laws. Let's end this controversy one way or another—and let it stay "ended."

As we see it, this is a workingman's question. The rich have their automobiles, their golf links, their clubs—they have many outlets for recreation and amusements Sunday afternoons. The working people have nothing. Perhaps they want nothing, but we believe they do. To determine this and settle it once for all, let's have a referendum vote under the law provided for such.

22 STATES AWAIT RETURN OF FOAMING BEER



Colonel Roosevelt asserted that "that clergyman who does not put the flag above the church had better close his church and keep it closed."
He urged farmers to buy Liberty loan bonds and said:
"If you don't invest in the Liberty Loan don't jump on Wall street when Wall street does."

WEATHERFORD BOY KILLED ON BRIDGE

Special to The Record.

WEATHERFORD, June 14.—While he and his brother were crossing a railroad trestle near here this afternoon about 5 o'clock, Jim, the 9-year-old son of W. A. White of this city, was caught by an eastbound Texas & Pacific train and instantly killed. His brother escaped by jumping.

SPIDER BITE CAUSES DEATH OF OLD RESIDENT OF CAMERON WEDNESDAY

Special to The Record.

CAMERON, June 14.—As the result of a spider bite Mrs. Steve Lewis, an old resident of Cameron, died here Wednesday.

She was bitten on the end of her thumb Saturday morning and was later taken to a hospital and the thumb amputated, but she failed to rally.

School Bonds Voted.

WEATHERFORD, June 14.—A large per cent of Parker county school districts have voted to issue bonds and increase their school funds for the betterment of their schools this year. The following have recently voted bonds: Harmony, district No. 54, a 50-cent tax

the oil well in process of development at Joshua. The well driller reports that he has reached the Trinity sand at a depth of 995 feet, which was twenty-five feet thick; that they have 700 feet of water now in their well and have since going through the Trinity sand drilled into another formation of shale and red gumbo. This last strata is fine, say those who know, the gumbo being a chocolate colored earth, which is promising.

GAMBLING IN FUTURES HARD QUESTION FOR ENTENTES TO CONTROL

LONDON, June 14.—It has been found impracticable to confer with the entente allied powers to arrange for the international prohibition of gambling in futures and options, Andrew Bonar Law, chancellor of the exchequer, informed the house of commons today.

M. W. W. & N. Railway Elects.

WEATHERFORD, June 14.—At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Weatherford, Mineral Wells & Northwestern Railway company the following directors were elected: J. H. Elliott, T. J. Freeman, W. H. Abrams, E. J. Gannon, B. C. Crow, G. M. Bowie, H. N. Frost and E. L. Flippin. The directors then elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, J. L. Lancaster; first vice president, J. H. Elliott; superintendent and treasurer, B. C. Crow; secretary, A. J. Baird; general counsel, T. J. Freeman; auditor, S. B. Smith; fiscal agent, C. W. Veitch.

Chicago Grain Market Acts.

CHICAGO, June 14.—New regulations designed to stabilize the grain market by providing an increased supply available for filling future delivery contracts, were adopted today by the members of the Chicago Board of Trade. The vote was nearly unanimous. As a result of the change No. 3 white wheat will hereafter be deliverable on future contracts at 5 cents discount. The new rule applies also to corn and oats.

to France to maintain the integrity of the air. The help asked of the United States has already been arranged for in accordance with the exact plans, and consists of the dispatch of a first contingent of trained pilots who will complete the instructions in France, and the dispatch to America of a contingent of French instructors at the request of the United States; secondly, increased shipments from America of half-finished parts and the co-operation of American industry with French industry in certain French plants capable of vast development, and finally the production of engines and complete machines by America, according to her own means and methods.
"This programme has been thoroughly worked out."

American Manufacturers Idle.

NEW YORK, June 14.—Allen R. Hawley, president of the Aero Club of America, announced tonight he had written to the chairman of the senate committee on military affairs, George R. Chamberlain, and informed him that eight American airplane manufacturers are idle for lack of government orders, due to delay in making the necessary appropriations.

"There are eight manufacturers who have facilities for manufacturing 2,000 airplanes in three months and could develop their facilities to manufacture 15,000 airplanes within six months, practically idle for lack of government orders," his letter read. "We submit instead of keeping these manufacturers idle they should be given large orders to enable them to duplicate their manufacturing facilities to ten times their present capacity. This they can do easily. But they cannot do that unless they get government orders."

Weatherford Pythians Elect.

WEATHERFORD, June 14.—Lone Star lodge No. 4, K. of P., has elected the following officers for the term beginning July 1: W. H. Hutcheson, C. C.; Earl Sturges, V. C.; George A. McCall, prelate; Virgil Pickard, M. of W.; C. B. Cato, master-at-arms; J. M. Youngblood, inner guard; Paul Camp, outer guard; Theodore Yarbrough, keeper of seal and records.



