

THE SEMI-WEEKLY POST

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CAREY FOR GOVERNOR.

Wyoming republicans who love the party and despise machine methods should welcome Judge Joseph M. Carey as a candidate for governor.

Judge Carey is a real republican and has demonstrated it by a lifetime's devotion. From his first vote back in the sixties down to the present day his vote, his voice, his strength and intelligence, have all been at the command of his party. More than this, his efforts have always been in the direction of making his party bigger and better, causing it to stand for the good of the people and keeping it clean and free from taint of suspicion. Free from the wrongs that creep in and in time destroy its usefulness and influence.

In brief, Joseph M. Carey is a statesman, not a politician ready to cater to what may seem to be the present popular side of a question. It was so in 1896, when the issue between the two great parties was the gold standard and the free and unlimited coinage of silver. He stood firmly by his convictions and time proved his position to be right. It meant his political retirement, for Wyoming was in the agonies of the craze at the time. He submitted willingly. He contested for principle, not for office. The office is the incident, and furnishes the power with which the country is governed, the policies established and the good done. He would not listen to popular clamor at home when the greater good of the nation demanded a different course.

But that is ancient history. That old battle was fought out and settled. A new battle is on. The Republican party of Wyoming is slowly being choked to death by a machine that has ruled it ever since Judge Carey and men of his stamp retired from active participation in political affairs, several years ago.

Now there is a call from republicans all over the state for men of this type to return and rescue the party from the fate that threatens. During the past two years county after county has rebelled against the old machine and established a better order of party affairs. Some of the counties, because of machine methods, have gone into the democratic column, temporarily. It is the machine method, either to rule or ruin.

With examples of supreme selfishness about them, what is termed the rank and file of the party has rebelled against these state and federal leeches and will endeavor to take the party machinery into their own hands and make republicanism stand for something else besides the jobs of a few men.

Judge Carey's candidacy for governor means a new era for the Republican party in Wyoming. It means progress for the state, purity in the party, and an economical business administration if he becomes the governor.

"HOLLIER THAN THOU."

Under the above caption we have read an article occupying the editorial space in the Daily Enterprise of last

evening's issue. We repeat, we have read the article, with profound respect and reverence, and it is but fair to say it could not have been an emanation from the able and fertile brain of the editor of our esteemed contemporary. Many a time have waste spaces in The Sheridan Post, under a former management, been filled with attempted compositions which bore exactly the earmarks and expressions which were repeated last evening. It is too evident that it never came from one the least bit tinctured with old-time democracy, but from one who swung with those grand old leaders of Sheridan republicanism who helped to ditch the Republican party, and is today too plainly showing that he is "sore," just awfully sore.

From whence came the quotation forming the caption? Poor old Isaiah had got mad at the Jews. He was so infernally mad that he just broke loose and ran all over. He said: "I have spread out my hands all day unto a rebellious people, which walketh in a way that was not good, after their own thoughts; a people that provoketh me to anger continually to my face; that sacrifice in gardens and eat swine's flesh, and both of abominable things is in their vessels, which say, 'Stand by thyself, come not near me, for I am holier than thou. These are smoke in my nose, a fire that burneth all the day.'"

Plainer proof that the old fellow was fighting mad is unnecessary. He was even finding fault with their victuals and their style of cooking. It is hard to find an easier way to make anyone mad than to make fun of his table things. And so with that would-be editorial which some way slipped into the worthy columns of the Daily Enterprise at an unfortunate moment, it seems to lack the ability to just exactly say anything, and forcibly reminds us of Gulliver's visit to the Island of Laputa, where he found a learned professor bemoaning the fact that for some folks to put genuine ideas on paper was a difficult task. Hence he had invented a frame which held all the words of his language, which by turning cranks caused the words to shift about into all sorts of unexpected places and arrangements. Now and then a few words appeared in apparent order, and the old professor hoped that in time a machine could be constructed that would do away with brain effort and leave the would-be author to put in his time at more fruitful occupations.

It would seem that a similar machine might have served a better purpose in the "Holler Than Thou" eruption, and might have struck nearer the point and had a greater influence. It at least might have pointed a moral to those who ditched the Republican party at the polls at the last election in Sheridan and brought about a condition of affairs of which no one feels proud. The fact is patent to every republican among us today that something must be done to correct the awful blunder committed by just such men as would write an article like the "Holler Than Thou."

WILL ALL BE THERE.

It was to be expected that the homecoming of Col. Roosevelt after a year's absence in the wilds of Africa and Europe would be the occasion of enthusiastic celebration by his numerous honest admirers, says the Washington Post. But it could not have been foreseen that his return would attract also the enormous and frenzied swarm of sycophants, place seekers, cranks, disgruntled politicians, dreamers and idolaters that is preparing to greet him at New York. The year has bred more monstrosities at home than the colonel met in Africa.

Think of the ordeal that awaits this frank outspoken man. The sycophants will grovel before him and extend countless slimy hands in ecstatic welcome. The bearer of title-tattle will hiss and sputter in his ear. The seeker after notoriety will massage his arm and brush the lint from his coat. The bankrupt politician will pour out his tale of woe. The soothsayer will wink and utter mysteries. The silk-hatted nobodies who seek to impress the crowd will elbow their way forward, eager for a word from the returning hero. They will officiously

set his hat on straight and open the door of his automobile and pat him on the shoulder and hold his umbrella. The human snake, the shark, the hog, the ass—they will all be there. From all parts of the country they are going up in droves and herds. Not in this hemisphere, at least, has there been seen such a menagerie of repulsive creatures as will crawl and whisper and yelp at the heels of Roosevelt in New York.

The candid friend will be there, too—the fellow who affects brutal frankness. He is no sycophant. Oh, no! He would never crook the knee or knock his forehead against the well-licked boot of his great friend. He is there to tell the colonel of the trouble that awaits him—the plots of enemies, the bad breaks that the colonel has made, the need of caution, the way out of danger. Of course, the colonel will be hurt, but faithful are the wounds of a friend. And then gratitude will follow and—who knows?

Oh, yes; they'll all be there, each with his peculiar method of ingratitude, all of them burning with the desire of contact with the colonel.

But Mr. Roosevelt knows something about zoology. He did not need to go to Africa to learn the characteristics of these varmints. He has been up against the green-goods game and the sure-thing and the knock-out and the strong arm of politics. They will not fool him at all, and they will get nothing from him. The old game of making capital out of a casual contact with Roosevelt is played out. And everybody knows it except the non-descript rabble that is going on the fool's errand to New York.

INSPIRING PROGRAM

A beautiful and inspiring program was observed by the Elks on Tuesday evening, in commemoration of the birth of the American flag, June 14, 1777.

Chaplain John T. Axton delivered the principal address, and, as usual, captivated his audience with his patriotic eloquence. During the speech Axton quoted several of the innumerable examples of patriotism and love for the flag shown by men of this country while abroad. He was greatly appreciated and warmly applauded at frequent intervals.

The Elks' tribute to the flag was paid by Senator Fred H. Blume. Although short, the tribute was magnificent, and in hearty accord with the sentiment of the audience, who evidenced its appreciation by applauding vigorously.

The music was exceptionally fine. Mrs. Alf. Diefenderfer rendered a solo in a very pleasing manner, the B. P. O. E. octette, in "Star Spangled Banner," and the orchestra, could not have been improved upon.

In closing, everybody joined in singing "America."

BOYS ARE COMING

Messrs. Jennings and Hon, promoters of the Wild West entertainment at the Sheridan County Fair grounds on July 3, 4 and 5, are receiving communications from riders and performers from all over the west. The interest in the frontier show is widespread. Everybody is coming and the indications now point to a record-breaking crowd.

Among the riders who will enter the relay races are Warren Adsit of Rosebud county, Mont.; Sage Collins of Clearmont, John Orey and Mark Hoagland of Story.

"21" Johnston will be here to ride Old Corkscrew.

All of the men mentioned will bring strings of horses for the races and other events of the program.

Arrangements are being made every day, that insure a splendid entertainment, and the fulfillment of all promises made about the show.

G. A. R. POST

A meeting of veterans will be held at Carnegie library at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon for the purpose of perfecting the organization and transacting other business which may come on for action. The attendance of all connected with the newly organized post is particularly desired.

Pianos to rent at W. H. Greene's.

SUNDAY GAME

Messick's Cubs and Carneyville to Meet at the Burlington Park.

Messick's Cubs and the Carneyville team will meet Sunday afternoon in what should be one of the best games of baseball that has been witnessed in Sheridan in many moons. The Cubs have made a splendid record, but in the Carneyville team they are likely to bite off a chew fully as large as they can masticate.

Last Sunday the Carney boys met the Ranchester team at Ranchester, and in spite of the fact that their opponents had the Fort Mackenzie battery, at the end of the ninth inning the score stood 3 to 3. It took thirteen innings to change the score to 3 to 4.

The Sunday game will be played at the Burlington yards, and it will be one well worth seeing.

MRS. BARKEY INJURED

Mrs. John Barkey, the wife of a well known rancher who resides north of Buffalo, was seriously injured Tuesday evening in a collision between an automobile and the buggy in which she was riding. Mrs. Barkey was returning home from Buffalo, and the accident occurred a few miles this side of that place. As she was approaching a corner an automobile came into view, running, it is claimed, at a high rate of speed. There was no time to stop, and the machine struck the buggy with terrific force.

Mrs. Barkey was thrown out, and, striking on her head, was rendered unconscious. She regained consciousness as she was being taken home, but later suffered a relapse and is in a serious condition.

The machine which struck Mrs. Barkey was a Thomas flyer from Sheridan, driven by J. J. Jeffers.

MAY BUILD OPERA HOUSE

(Continued from Page One.)

here, and at least I hope to be able to visit your town some time in the near future. Very truly

"J. J. DALTON."

"Father will be up here very shortly," said J. J. Dalton, Jr., "in fact, I expect him at any time, and if the proposition looks good to him, as it does to me, he will start things going at once."

Between Diers and Dalton it begins to look as if Sheridan will at last secure a much needed playhouse.

Meanwhile, Diers is going ahead and getting his plans in shape. He is in correspondence with the representative of the Schuberts on the Pacific coast, and expects to take a trip to Billings within the next ten days to inspect the Babcock theater and confer with its manager relative to construction, shows, and other matters.

Being interested only in getting a playhouse for Sheridan, and boosting the proposition from purely unselfish motives, Diers will in all probability work in harmony with Dalton, if he chides to build. Between them the prospects look very bright for a much needed opera house in this city.

The Mountain school will conduct a summer kindergarten in charge of Miss Tillotson. Terms, \$1 per week. Tutoring in branches for the grades or college preparatory work will be given. 6-14-17

Did It Ever Strike You

that continued advertising of goods offered at less than cost proves an unhealthy business, or old, shopworn goods, which are inferior in quality, or an attempt to deceive the public?

Don't be Deceived

in thinking the article is a bargain because the price quoted on it is low. Wait until you see what its quality is, or better still, trade where you have confidence in getting the full value for your money.

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Battle Creek, Mich.

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The Mountain school will conduct a summer kindergarten in charge of Miss Tillotson. Terms, \$1 per week. Tutoring in branches for the grades or college preparatory work will be given. Work will begin Monday, June 20th. 6-14-17

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