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JUSTICE

"A Paper Without a Muzzle."

THOMAS & WILLIAMS

Pumps, Pipe and Wind Mills. Best tank Builders in Duncan.

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For Benefit of Humanity

There are a great many people who look out for their daughters about as well as a cow looks out for her calf after it is weaned, who think that if the improbable doesn't happen somebody ought to be sent to the penitentiary or the cemetery. Until the American people have awakened to the fact that he virgins are just about as plentiful as horned rabbits or web-footed eagles, they will never acquire the necessary common sense to throw the proper safeguards around their young daughters. A girl that has reached womanhood is the best guard for her own virtue. If she hasn't been properly raised, the ordinary hero doesn't consider it his fault; so, mothers, if you want your daughters to grow up and make useful, virtuous women, don't be afraid to talk to them. Ignorance makes a mighty poor safeguard. There are very few girls who would make the fatal step if they but knew to what horrible depths a woman falls in such a short time. It is estimated that the average life of a fallen woman, after she falls, is seven years, while it is safe to say that not one in ten lead the life three years until they become either drunkards or drug fiends. Life insurance statistics give the average of a healthy person at twenty-one to be forty years. Now, girls, if your parents will let you read this article, I wish you would compare this forty years of happy, useful, virtuous life with the seven years of drunken debauchery, heart-breaking misery imprisonment and over half the time actual slavery before you make the fatal leap.

Brown is the Color for Fall.

S. W. Bond, at the Fair, is showing a swell line of suitings in all the new shades of brown. Don't buy your suit until you see his samples.

I am not running any 98ct. graft on the people but am here to give you photographs that are worth every cent I charge you. Cline the photographer.

Mr. J. D. Curtis from Comanche County was a pleasant caller at this office last Wednesday. Mr. Curtis says that he believes that when a man gets a little money ahead he ought to pay up his debts, and he forthwith handed us a dollar bill on subscription to back up the argument. Mr. Curtis is a mighty fine man.

Lee is the man who makes Photographs for the aristocrats.

Bob Valentine was in town last Wednesday looking as fine as frog hair. Bob says shoot it too um, Big Boy. All right, Bob, here's at um, dad rat um.

Subscriptions continue to come in.

NEWS FROM COMANCHE, I. T.

A report comes in from Comanche that one professor gets about one head knocked off for beating and otherwise pounding a boy who didn't have any ma but had a pa that was a hum dinger and no mistake. It seems that the boy was a kind an unruly student who didnt so much mind getting licked as he did the humiliation of pulling his coat off, so he bawked, reared back against the breechin so to speak, (which showed that he had the making of a man in him) whereupon the teachers pounced on him, bit, gouged, scratched, rumbled, tumbled, fumbled, chocked, poked and joked, muffed, cuffed and ruffed him, humiliated, debilitated and darn nigh annihilated him. When the boy returned home he looked so much like an Indian Territory cow that had been chased through Speegle's modern sausage grinder, that Mr. Dickson, the boy's pa, armed himself with a bludgeon and went hunting Professor Morton, the principal of the school, who had administered such a dose of the old fashioned cure to the boy. It is said that Mr. Dickson came upon the professor on the street and administered some of that same old dope to him in a manner that made death an extreme probability.

We haven't heard this morning how the professor is getting along. We hope, however, he gets well, so we can get his advice on how to handle an obstreperous boy and escape death. We don't know very much about this case but we have seen numerous other cases, in fact we use to be one ourselves, and we have come to the conclusion that clubbings administered by angry people are worse than worthless to any child with much more than animal intelligence, and as far as a boy pulling his coat off for a teacher to whip him is concerned, if I were to raise a boy that didn't have any more moral courage than to bare his own back to be lashed I would disown him, so help me God. Nearly all the great men who ever lived were what the ordinary nincompoop calls bad boys, when they were boys. The fact is that the orninary sucker doesn't know what a bad boy is. The natural instinct of the young human is investigation, and that instinct naturally leads boys to do things by the hundreds that men will not do, for the simple reason that the men have already been there.

When you try to check that natural instinct by force, if you fail, you make of the boy what the world calls a tough, a bad man and many times a murderer, robber and all round outlaw. If you succeed, you make a little simlin-headed, meek-voiced, slave-minded imbecile that never has but two ideas and they are to be lead and to be driven. My theory is to teach your boy the advantages of right over wrong, convince him with reason, not with a club, and if he is well bred he will grow up to be a man that will have a mind all his own—a mind that may move the world. Remember that even a child has rights that must be respected or somebody will suffer the consequences.

If we have anything misrepresented in this article we will gladly correct it if someone who knows will put us right.

Compelled to be Proper

(Daily Oklahoman)

Women must keep both feet on the same side of their horses when they ride through Capitol Hill.

The town board is shocked and the marshal will be instructed to do his dooty.

Since women have been allowed to vote in Oklahoma, it is declared, there is no getting along with them. But there is to be a halt.

Out of the respect to the memories of all the dead grandmothers and as an example to feminine posterity, women must not ride astride. The town board hath spake, and woe be to her, who does not heed.

The board will talk it over at a meeting on next Wednesday night.

It will show progressive women that there is such a thing as being too progressive. It will place its iron heel upon naughty, mannish riders.

The sight of dainty ankle grates upon the keen sensibilities of the municipal dads. A glimpse of a bunch of white lace, with fussy little bows of ribbon placed carelessly here and there, annoys them beyond measure, and—

But it is to be stopped immediately, now, instantler, at once.

"Keep your feet on one side of your horse." This is to be the order.

King Edward is against the astride habit and Capitol Hill doesn't propose to be bested by any foreigner, be he king or burgomaster.

A boy by the name of Will Gilbert was given 15 days over at Oklahoma City the other day for stealing fish. We have a young fellow down here by the same name who doesn't have to steal any fish. He cacthes the biggest of um with nothing on his hook put technicality.

Mr. George Yeager heard from his wife, Mrs. Yeager, who is in Corpus Christi for her health. George says she felt considerably better last Tuesday.

People who want to run JUSTICE will please send their photographs before calling, as we want to be sure and not shoot the wrong fellow.

Are you going to the Stephens County Fair? If not, why not? She's going to be a dandy.

The kind of baby pictures "mamma likes" are made at Lee's Studio.

Mr. James Tucker hasn't been seen on the street since late yesterday evening.

For aristocratic Photographs see Lee in rear of City National Bank.