Iron County Register.

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Mr. Lodge's Triumph?

The Lodge treaty of nullification has been killed, the treaty of Versailles still lives, though passion and partisanship and the spirit of revenge have prevented, for this session of Congress at least, its ratification and acceptance by the United States, says the New York Times, commenting on the action taken by the Senate. It will be put into effect by the other signatories, leaving this country without its benefits, standing before the world as the one nation that refuses to sanction measures for the prevention of war. We shall not long remain in that shameful position. The treaty must be called into existence, the United States must join the other nations in sanctioning the agreement reached at Versailles, in the League for peace.

As the hour for nullifying the President's work approached the splendid discipline of the Republican party asserted itself. The scruples and compunctions of the "mild reservationists" gave way, they put themselves altogether under the leadership of Mr. Lodge. The Senators of the "battalion of death" did not desert their party when they voted, thirteen of them, against the Lodge resolution and reservations. They voted to destroy the treaty, and that is precisely what the thirty-five Republicans who supported Mr. Lodge's treaty voted for. Forty-two Democrats, Mr. Hitchcock's entire band of loyal supporters, voted as the President desired, "against the Lodge resolution of nullification," hoping in that way to prepare the way for saving the Versailles treaty.

The country will not for an instant be in doubt as to the responsibility. Who has supported the treaty of Versailles from the moment of its submission to the Senate, who has toiled and striven for its ratification? Who has opposed ratification, who has piled Ossas and Pelions of obstruction across its pathway, who has engrafted upon it reservations that blast and destroy it? When we say who we mean which party. An observing people will judge, has judged.

It has been a work of blind partisan recklessness, done in callous disregard of the need and the suffering of nations and of millions of men who will have to bear their burdens unrelieved until, with the establishment of conditions of peace, works of mercy and upbuilding can be undertaken. It is a fearful responsibility that the enemies of the treaty and of peace have taken upon themselves.

Great Storms Scheduled for December.

(By Prof. F. Porta and first published in the Seattle Star, July 18, 1918.)

Owing to a strange grouping of six mighty planets, such as has not been seen in a score of centuries, the United States will be swept by the most terrific weather cataclysm experienced since human history began.

It will be caused by the hugest sunspot on record—a sunspot that will be visible to the naked eye.

Since men first began to make records of events no sunspot has been large enough to be seen without the aid of instruments. This one will be.

The sunspots that will appear December 17, 1919, will be a vast wound in the side of the sun.

It will be a gigantic explosion of flaming gases, leaping hundreds of thousands of miles out into space. It will have a crater large enough to engulf the earth much as Vesuvius might engulf a football.

Such a sunspot will be rich enough in electromagnetic energy to fling the atmosphere of our planet into disturbance without precedent or parallel.

There will be hurricanes, lightning, colossal rains.

It will be weeks before the earth will regain its normal weather conditions.

There will also be gigantic lava eruptions, great earthquakes, to say nothing of floods and fearful cold.

I make this startling prophedy with no desire to be merely sensational or alarming. It is merely because my study of the planets has revealed certain results with mathematical certainty that I now say to you:

"Be warned in advance. Tremendous things are going to happen from December 17, to December 20, 1919, and afterward."

Here are the simple, yet astounding facts that enable me to make this prophecy:

The planets in their orbits swing in great eclipses about the sun. They are linked to the sun, and each other, by chains of electro-magnetic energy whose compelling forces counteract each other and hold each planet in its regular path.

Whenever two planets wheel into such positions that they pull together on the sun—either in "conjunction" on the same side of the sun, or in "opposition" with the sun between them—their united pull causes the sun's gases to "explode"—to leap out into space in the whirling volcano we call a sunspot.

These sunspots in turn cause storms in the atmosphere of our earth—doubtless on other planets as well.

Two planets, united, are enough to cause a small sunspot and a storm. Three cause a large one—four make a very great storm, indeed.

But—on December 17, 1919, no less than seven planets will pull jointly on the sun. These will include all the mightiest planets, those with the most powerful pull. Six of them—Mercury, Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn and Neptune—will be in conjunction; grouped together in the greatest "league of planets" ever known in the annals of astronomy.

They will be massed in the narrow limit of but 26 degrees, on the same side of the sun.

Directly opposite, coming into opposition with this gigantic league, will be the huge planet Uranus. The magnetic currents between Uranus and the six planets will pierce the sun like a mighty spear.

Our earth is outside the league at an angle of nearly 90 degrees—in perfect position to receive almost the full force of the monster electrical disturbance as it leaps into activity on what, to us, will be the eastern horizon of the sun's disc.

This means we shall get the full strength of the storm when the sunspot is at its worst, before the exploding gases have had time to die down.

Such a close grouping of planets has never been recorded before. The whole solar system will be strangely out of balance.

What will be the outcome? My knowledge does not permit me to state beyond the fact that the storms, eruptions and earthquakes will be tremendous, in their strength and scope.

St. Louis' Iron County Club.

The Iron County Club had its Annual Thanksgiving Banquet this year Thanksgiving evening at the Missouri Athletic Club Building. This the first time in the history of the organization that the banquet has not taken place in the Imperial Theatre Building. The roll call was as follows: honorary members, Wm. H. Thomson, Rabbi M. Spitz, C. A. Charlton; members, W. J. and L. Biel, Immer, Jaquith, Kaths, Foley, Effinger, King, Schwab, Gockel, Harral, Mead, Logan, Killalee, Nifong, Seitz, Schmittner, Elsman, Backoff, Reyburn, Amelung, Eckert, Walters, Mason, Cloud, Crews, Coad, Haller, Huff, Whelahon, Whitworth, Grandhomme, Johnson, Gay, Nall, Burke, Burton, Bixon, Shea, DeMier, Barnhouse, Blue, Marshall, Richter, Trauernicht, Siebert, Cunningham, Walsh, Prince, Haven, Steffen, Block, Frauenthal, Snasdell, Bateman, Collins, Spitmiller, Kendal, Collier, Oesterle, Ranft. There were many absentees.

A resolution was adopted that the Club affiliate with the Southeast Missourians in the move to arrange for an excursion to Arcadia Valley and big picnic some time next summer.

The following honorary members were elected for 1920: F. P. Ake, Ironton, Andrew Sheahan, Graniteville, Ed Doyle, Middlebrook. Admitted to membership for 1920: Pete Warner, G. H. Bixon, H. G. Seitz, E. L. Barnhouse, Wm. Ranft, Dr. Frederick Killalee, Thos. Seitz, Albert Trauernicht, Con Kendal, Peter Schmittner, George Whittman. The following officers were elected for 1920: John W. Jaquith, president; F. J. Killalee, vice president; Phil Walters, secretary; Ed Coad, assistant secretary; W. J. Schwab, treasurer; T. J. Logan, sergeant-at-orms; Albert Harrall, outside guard. All communications should be addressed to the secretary, Phil W. Waters, Luxemburg, Mo., or to the assistant, E. J. Coad, 1133 Union avenue. A telegram was received from A. C. Jaquith, Denver, Colorado, expressing regret at his inability to attend the banquet. The next Thanksgiving banquet will be given at the Statler Hotel.

John Jaquith sang a song, "May our Sporting Blood Never Grow Less." "When a Seamrock Turns to Rose," song, Pete Warner. A few words by Phil Walters, "May our Membership Never Grow Less." A Thanksgiving prayer was offered by Fred Killalee.

The Iron County Club will hold its Mulligan Stew and Watch Party at Eagle Hall, Jefferson and Lafayette avenues, New Year's eve. All are cordially invited. The proposition to form an auxiliary to the club, so the ladies may participate, will be considered at that meeting. K.

From J. W. Reed.

Ed. Register—Well, Uncle Eli, I missed writing you one week. I always wrote you on Sunday, but on the 16th I went to Little Rock and it took me from 10 P. M. Saturday until 7:30 A. M. Monday to make trip, so I could not write you, and yesterday I went to Texarkana and spent the day. I found a very nice town, but not what I expected. The Union Station is not to be compared with the station at Little Rock. It was pleasing, when train No. 7 arrived at 3:15 P. M., to be able to get a St. Louis paper.

I saw Texas cow boys, Mexicans, negroes, and all kinds of people, but I find that the farther south I go the slower people move about. The town I am now in the postmaster gets out abought eight o'clock in the morning and closes at five in the evening. The railroad agents and merchants try to hide, it seems. Our cars are setting between two cotton gins which bale 50 or 60 bales of cotton a day.

Well, I have seen ties since I came to Arkansas until I can shut my eyes and see stacks of ties everywhere. We have loaded 175 cars—about 60,000 ties—in the 35 days, and that is only about half the number that has been loaded on this road in the past five weeks. I work about fifteen hours a day and haven't time to look around much. I saw alfalfa and clover fields in the Red River bottoms yesterday as green as in May at home. The frost hasn't hurt it yet. I don't know how much longer I will be in the "Sunny South." Wishing all my Iron county friends good luck I remain,

Yours, truly, J. W. REED.

Buckner, Ark., Nov. 24th.

Begley Hearing Continued.

(Poplar Bluff Republican.)

The hearing of George Begley, Jr., in voluntary bankruptcy proceedings before O. A. Knehans of Cape Girardeau which was set for November 28, has been continued till December 8th, and will be held in St. Louis where the greater number of the creditors live. D. H. Doane, who was appointed receiver to serve until a trustee is elected by the creditors, will serve till the latter date and some of the creditors are asking that he serve until January 5th. However, Referee Knehans is disposed to have a trustee elected at the first meeting.

Mr. Begley left town last Friday and it is not known by the public where he is. His relatives have said he went to Chicago from here to be gone a few days.

No new developments with regard to the Begley failure have been made public. Many tangled conditions are presenting themselves in the various affairs, especially where there are more than one first deed of trust against the same property. Lawyers have been employed by most of those who hold Begley paper and it is to be threshed out as to which of these papers are genuine and which ones are the forgeries.

One case has become known in which there are four first deeds of trust. They are against the Collett property on Main street which is now owned by Chas. Miller. When Mr. Miller bought the property from Mr. Collett he assumed a $5000 indebtedness against the property. Mr. Collet had given a first mortage deed to the United Realty Company of which Begley was an officer. It now appears that there are altogether four such deeds of trust, each for $5000. Three of them are evidently forgeries with the deputy recorder's signature, the notary public's name and seal and the recorder's seal all forged. It is reported that the holders of these mortgages are the Cairo National Bank, Missouri State Life Insurance Company of St. Louis, C. W. Mason of St. Louis and E. E. Kimel of Hot Springs. It is not known which one holds the genuine deed of trust.

Obituary.

At 3 A. M. last Thursday morning, November 20, one of the oldest (or the oldest) residents of Iron County, Mrs. Johanna Peetz, nee Poepel, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Jacob Baltisser, in Pilot Knob. She reached the ripe age of 98 years and 24 days, an age that not many mortals of the present day attain.

Mrs. Peetz was born on the 27th day of October, 1821, in Seesen-am-Harz, Duchy of Brunswick, Germany. On the 28th day of October, 1846, she was united in holy matrimony with Heinrich Peetz who preceded his wife into eternity on the 7th day of May, 1892. Thus they were permitted to live together nearly 46 years. This union was blessed with eight children, four sons and four daughters. Six of these children also preceded their good mother into eternity. Only two remain to mourn the loss of a devoted mother: Fritz Peetz of St. Louis, Mo., and Anna (Mrs. Jacob Baltisser) who took care of her aged mother to the end. The descendents of Grandmother Peetz are numerous. The bereaved include: 20 grandchildren, 46 great-grandchildren, and 6 great-great-grandchildren.

The experiences, the joys and the trials of Mrs. Peetz's long life were many. An account of them would easily fill a volume. In the year 1855 Mr. and Mrs. Peetz immigrated to the United States. They immediately came to the State of Missouri and having lived at various places at first they finally settled at Pilot Knob where the deceased spent almost 60 years of her life. Mrs Peetz's reminiscences of her youth in Germany and of the early days in America were very interesting. In her declining years she loved to narrate them. She often spoke of the tedious trip across the Atlantic ocean, of the Civil war days and especially of the Battle of Pilot Knob, and of the time when hundreds of men were employed in the iron mines on old Pilot Knob.

Mrs. Peetz was respected by all with whom she came in contact. She was a quiet Christian woman. She was known far and wide for her piety industry. She became a member of the Lutheran church in the land of her birth. She was one of the charter members of the Lutheran congregation at Pilot Knob. The word of God, the Gospel of Christ Jesus, her Savior and Redeemer, was precious to her. She humbled herself before the almighty God, and God exalted her in due time. The Lord had granted her many joys during her long life and had protected and preserved her in many times of danger and trouble. Impressed with the justice, goodness and faithfulness of God, which she had experienced during the 98 years of her life, and instructed by the word of God from the days of her youth, she humbly confessed her sinfulness. She knew full well that she had not deserved the goodness and mercy of God which had followed her all the days of her life. But already as a little child she had learnt to know her Savior Jesus Christ who died on the Cross to save sinners from the deserved punishment. And it was in firm faith in the Crucified Redeemer that she finally fell asleep.

The undersigned, who had often sat at her bedside, preached the funeral sermon on Isaiah 46, 4: "And even to your old age I am he; and to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you."

H. C. HARTING.

In Memoriam.

In loving memory of Byron Curtis, beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Curtis, who died two years ago, November 22, 1917.

Surrounded by friends, we are lonesome,
In midst of pleasures we are blue,
A smile on my face, still a heartache,
Aching and longing for you.
In his lonely grave he's sleeping,
As the sadows onward fall,
And our lonely hearts are weeping,
No more his presence we can call.
Do not ask if we miss him,
O, there's such a vacant place,
Oft we think we hear his footsteps,
Oft we see his smiling face.
Not gone from memory,
Not gone from love,
But gone to fatherly home above.

Sadly missed by father, mother, sisters and brother.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 22, 1919.

A Georgia Philosopher.

Artemus Simms says the worst thing about being a fool is that others find it out before you do.—Dalton Citizen.

Optimistic Thought.

Temperance is the moderating of one's desires in obedience to reason.

Warranty and Trust Deeds and Chattel Mortgages for sale at this office.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke makes a whale of a cigarette!

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YOU certainly get yours when you lay your smokecards on the table, call for a tidy red tin or a toppy red bag of Prince Albert and roll a makin's cigarette! You'll want to hire a statistical bureau to keep count of your smokestunts! Why, you never dreamed of the sport that lies awaiting your call in a home rolled cigarette *when it's P. A. for the packing!*

Talk about flavor! Man, man, you haven't got the listen of half your smokecareer *until you know* what rolling 'em with P. A. can do for your contentment! And, back of P. A.'s flavor, and rare fragrance—*proofs of Prince Albert's quality*—stands our exclusive patented process that cuts out bite and parch! With P. A. your smokesong in a makin's cigarette will outlast any phonograph record you ever heard! Prince Albert is a cinch to roll. It's crimp cut *and stays put like a regular pal!*

Prince Albert upsets any notion you ever had as to how delightful a jimmy pipe can be! It is the tobacco that has made three men smoke pipes where one was smoked before. It has won men all over the nation to the joys of smoking.

Awaiting your say-so, you'll find toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that classy, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps Prince Albert in such perfect condition!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

I was there to make a sketch of her. Luncheon was just over, and she was talking to a little knot of women. The first words I heard, as I slid quietly into a nearby seat, were "National Biscuit," recalling pleasantly my own tasty Uneeda Luncheon. I liked her, and settled comfortably as she spoke again [redacted] and ears busy.

"Between the dark and daylight," she was quoting, "there's always a bit of paus[redacted] us happily, seems waiting and listening—for the children. Since they were tiny that is all, and made us sure they things, I've given that hour to my would keep coming every day—for babies. First I had to [redacted] you and I both know we must feed Then, when they [redacted] children, as we must to toddle, I t[redacted]les, if we would me in my [redacted] and after their no one [redacted] always like Childr[redacted] ready to "I[redacted] up in and [redacted] tent. pu[redacted] em te[redacted] ed n[redacted] e, w[redacted] e t[redacted] n t[redacted] t t[redacted] o so[redacted] of list[redacted] ts, too-[redacted] eir ten t[redacted] pad of [redacted] e hour were wai[redacted] it seem Hour. [redacted] vy enough "You see, even [redacted] er, but always went on, "are much li[redacted] always dainty, al- mals. They are most lovable and [redacted] petizing as only National most tractable after they've had Biscuit Products can be. During the something to eat. National Biscuit years when my babies were growing dainties always begin our Children's Hour like a feast. For the tiny toddlers there is a varied menu, sometimes Uneeda Biscuit and milk, sometimes Graham Crackers, Oatmeal Crackers or Lunch Biscuit. This is changed on special occasions to Old Time Sugar Cookies or Fig Newtons and, rarest of [redacted] are days when we had ice cream and Nabisco, and those were our party days.

"Don't think my hour is just a [redacted] us happily, that is all, and made us sure they would keep coming every day—for you and I both know we must feed [redacted] children, as we must [redacted]les, if we would [redacted] and after their [redacted] always like [redacted] ready to [redacted] up in [redacted] tent. [redacted] em [redacted] ed [redacted] e, [redacted] e [redacted] n [redacted] t [redacted] o [redacted] of [redacted] ts, up up up