

# Iron County Register.

State Historical Society

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## Arcadia Valley.

(Julia C. Underwood in Globe-Democrat.)

St. Louis cultural influences are more and more "looking into the hills" for their summer outings. Arcadia, in the Ozarks, ninety-two miles from St. Louis, is in this respect a name to conjure by. Hilltop assemblies in this beautiful and historic district have taken permanent root. Methodist and Baptist assemblies on their separate, denominationally-owned mountains, have built tabernacles and dining room, with "bungaloes" and tents, and their colonies this year are enjoying the best attendance they ever had. Increasing fringes of city families are seen in summer homes on the well-paved "St. Louis lane," leading out from the Arcadia village, or on "Maple way," which branches off amid many shade trees, near the "mile of sugar maples," owned by the new Baptist Home for the Aged.

Farther into the wilds, a rough drive over mountain shale and phosphorescent tree trunks discloses a "clearing" of the Trinity and Edwardsville Boy Scouts, between mountains, and Stout's Creek, such scenery as J. Fenimore Cooper would have welcomed into his Leather Stocking Tales. Here are orderly, mackerel boys, doing their "kind act every day," notwithstanding all their boisterous games, their swimming, their scouting for firewood, and their building of bridges out of material from the forest. Twenty-three miles away, at Irondale, on the Iron Mountain Railroad, the same as Arcadia, are Boy Scouts from St. Louis troops, likewise building up stony by camp life, sending out "signals," playing baseball and hiking to Lake Killarney.

These green mountain tops and the Arcadian countryside were piquantly described by Rev. O. H. Duggins, presiding elder, in a welcoming address on the evening of July 19, to the first of the Arcadia Methodist Assemblies, the Epworth League.

"The St. Louis Conference," he said, "is divided, like 'all Gaul,' into three parts. To the north is the great city, to the south are Missouri's alluvial swamps, and sandwiched in the center between them both is the Farmington District, which contains Arcadia. We who live here are inclined to think that the center of the St. Louis Conference sandwich is the best part of it."

The peak Pilot Knob, among geologists, has been spoken of as antedating the flood. It was the first piece of land, say some of the scientists, that arose above the universal submergence. This is not common tradition; most of the inhabitants of Arcadia know nothing of it; it is simply a pragmatic laboratory theory, accepted unless something else comes in to disprove it.

Pilot Knob, to be sure, looks the part. Its irregular outline stands out distinctively, higher than all the other mountains, and bearing no verdure on its crown, a solitary bald head. It has given to the world a magnificent supply of iron ore in the last fifty years. A decade or more ago it was let alone for a considerable period and people said that Pilot Knob was "exhausted." Such was not the case, however; mining there at the time was abandoned because iron could then be obtained elsewhere with less effort and expense. But Pilot Knob is now being worked again in a moderate way.

Shepherd's Mountain, near by, is not as big or as distinguished as Pilot Knob. It cannot say "The land that you see from the steeple belonged to us all from the flood," but it has a civil war history. Here stood Fort Davidson, and the battle of Pilot Knob was fought, and the old landmarks are pointed out from the circular drive seven miles around the base of the mountain.

Fort Hill of the civil war stood on the present site of Arcadia's Methodist Church. The Southern people thereabouts had brought brick and stone to build them a church at this place, but they built a fort instead, which was later destroyed by federal guns. After the war ended a church was finally built.

Gen. Grant received his commission as General on the grounds at Ironton, a mile from Arcadia, where a brace of cannon, a heap of cannon balls and statue commemorate the spot. He had been here with his regiment in 1861. Twenty-five years afterward, the men who had served under him erected the memorial, which bears the words, engraved in marble:

"Erected in 1886 by the Surviving Veterans of the Twenty-first Regiment, Third Volunteer Infantry, to

commemorate the spot where their Colonel, Ulysses S. Grant, received his commission as General in 1861, and, parting from their regiment, entered on his career of victory. 'Let us have peace!'"

The spring from which Gen. Grant drank, and about which he had placed his camp, is preserved in a setting of stone, and pours its abundant waters through an underground channel to a beautiful little lake on the grounds. The stone above the spring is engraved: "Here a hero drank and departed."

This property was originally the old Judge Emerson estate. It has passed through various hands since then. For one year, dating from 1913, the Missouri Baptist State Home for the Aged had this for its residence. It was then that Dr. and Mrs. Milford S. Riggs entered on their work in charge of the home. The institution is now erecting a \$200,000 building, on 175 acres of lawn and timber land, purchased on "St. Louis Lane," the corner stone of which will be laid Tuesday, August 9.

This is the only Baptist old people's home within the entire bounds of the Southern Baptist Convention, and the only Baptist old people's home, North or South, between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean. The new building will provide living quarters for more than 100 old people. Selection is carefully made by Dr. and Mrs. Riggs of dependent, needy, aged men and women, members of some Baptist church. They must be absolutely dependent and must be in such condition that they would otherwise be a charge on the local church.

Most of those now in the home are between 80 and 100 years of age. One of the women, now 94, is "praying," she says, to live to be 100. There was Mrs. Agnes Harrison, in the home, who was 100 years old last November. She had all her "faculties" and was interested in all the events of the day. On her birthday she sat in a big chair out in the hall and letters of congratulations were read to her. She had a large, square birthday cake on which were 100 pink candles. In December Mrs. Harrison took ill, for some reason, and died. She was 100 years and 3 weeks old.

(Concluded next week.)

## Hyde, Done In Oil

(Missouri State Journal.)

An interesting story drifts back to Missouri concerning the position of Governor Hyde on the Fordney duties on oil and gasoline, taken in connection with the practically solid vote cast on these duties by the amateur statesmen we sent to congress last fall. It appears they yielded to the suggestion of the Governor that these bounties to the Standard Oil Company would conform to principle!

The statement is made upon good authority that this duty would cost the automobile-owners of Missouri \$2,000,000 a year, and none can estimate the extent of its cost to the Missouri house-wife who uses coal-oil lamps on the farm and in communities removed from electric light plants. Mr. Hyde, celebrated garage owner of Trenton, certainly missed his turn, and neglected his own, when he sent these telegrams—probably at the expense of the state. How he came to do such a foolish thing can only be conjectured. It may be that he did the usual thing, acted first, and then considered.

These duties upon crude oil and its products were the most indefensible ever proposed in a tariff bill, and Harding was shrewd enough to recognize their character, where Hyde was not. The duties must have been designed to head off the drop in prices in kerosene and gasoline, all for the benefit of the oil interests who dominate the home markets as well as the home production. The duties would not have materially interfered with the Standard Oil Company in foreign fields. Its ramifications are everywhere, and they compete with foreign producers in their own territory, without serious difficulty.

The magnates of Standard Oil are all Republicans of high degree, and pay their heavy toll for the upkeep of the Republican organization. They have a possessory right to control the party they own, and presumptively, they have the right to dictate tariff schedules whenever a tariff revision is undertaken. The whole theory of protection, if it means anything, is that the manufacturer or the monopolist may write the schedules that affect his business, and write them regardless of the effect upon the consumer or the general public. Therefore, the duty on crude oil undoubtedly conformed to the protection theory, so our Governor was

right. It amounted to reimbursing the Standard Oil crowd for the payments for the use and benefit of Republicanism, but, despite this manifestation of gratitude on the part of Mr. Hyde, we confess some surprise at finding him in such company.

Even Harding, who put a corporation lobbyist in his cabinet and a Pittsburg millionaire, linked up with every great interest in the land, at the head of the Treasury, could not stand for the tax on oil. His training as a country editor served, perhaps, to suggest to him that there are some outrages the public will not stand for. Hence he balked. But Hyde stood for oil.

## "Disgusted and Disenchanted."

(From the Philadelphia Record.)

George Sylvester Viereck, who claims to have influenced a million or two of German-Americans to vote for Harding and Coolidge last fall, rises to remark concerning the peace resolution just signed by the President: "The peace resolution does not make peace. The Knox-Porter resolution is futile in that it binds neither us nor the Germans. It will not change a whit the commercial or diplomatic relations between the two republics. Coming, as it does, without grace or generosity, after infinite bickering among pious politicians, intended to disguise more sinister motives for the breach of promise of the Republican party to make an immediate peace with Central Europe, it leaves us disgusted and disenchanted."

It will be next in order for Irish-Americans to rise and express their disillusionment with the present administration. What has it done for the freedom of Ireland? George Harvey's speech of May 19 is one answer to that question.

Sooner or later all those voters who were flimflammed last year into deserting their old party allegiance by specious appeals to their particular prejudices will learn that they were buncoed. Nothing will be done to make good the promises then so freely offered. The German Americans have already discovered how they were tricked.

## Two Kinds of Regulation.

(St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)

The French do some things better than we. Take "moral" questions, about which opinions differ. The French way is to fix it so that those who like it one way can have it that way and those who like it another way can have it the other way. But side by side, so that you can take your pick without running around to look for what you want.

That is the way they are settling the bathing-suit question and other questions at Deauville and Villiers. These resorts adjoin, on the same sandy shore, but in the matter of "morals" they differ greatly. At Deauville the law is: "Wear what you like, eat and drink as much as you like, gamble as much as you like and enjoy yourself any way you like." At Villiers no one must expose more than four inches of bare skin except on the face, men must wear aprons with their bathing suits and women must wear stockings, bathers who lounge on the sands must wear peignoirs, flirting is prohibited and gambling is limited to 10 francs a throw. Its moral frontier is guarded by censors with tapelines and a supply of peignoirs. All tastes are suited and everybody is satisfied.

We do it differently here. Instead of leaving minor moral matters to local regulation we amend the Constitution, bringing everybody under the same regulation, and undertake by nation-wide restriction to compel all to conform to the opinions of some.

There are differences of opinion concerning what constitutes correct behavior, and always will be. If persons who differ would respect each other's convictions and seek their enjoyments in their separate ways, everybody could be happy.

## The Republican Free List.

Representative Tillman (Dem., Ark.) gave this excellent humorous summary of the Fordney Tariff Free List:

"The gentlemen from Michigan (Mr. Fordney) many times a millionaire, we are told, chief godfather of this tariff baby, chief defender of the laboring man, champion-in-chief of the farmer, friend, benefactor, and lord protector par excellence of the downtrodden, has provided a free list in this bill that I shall discuss briefly. By reason of his kindness, there is still something free for Americans besides salvation. Sandwiched and

hedged in between devices and subtleties and pitfalls and jokers and traps is now and then an article on the free list. Some chemicals, and here is one of them: Sulphide of arsenic; also valerianic acid. The consumer is taxed for everything he wears, from the hat on his head to the shoes on his feet, but asafetida, coculus indicus, annatto, cudbear, gambler, osmium, and kieserite can leap over the tariff wall, higher than the wall that grim old Romulus built around Rome, and kieserite et al., do not have to pay for the privilege of the leap. The poor old American consumer must be taxed for his collar and his coat, his shirt and his socks, but there comes to him galloping through the wide breach Mr. Fordney made through his tariff wall such necessities as olivet, musk, arrowroot, bones (crude, steamed, or ground.) Many a good woman will complain because of the duty on the baby clothes and a shroud for her dead husband, but Mr. Fordney provides that she shall have coir yarn, dividivi, and fish skins (both raw or salted) without any duty. Handkerchiefs are taxed, but lava is free. Neckties are on the dutiable list, but leaches crawl in untaxed. Boys, Mr. Fordney makes you pay two prices for your suspenders, but pulis is not taxed, and so on ad libitum, ad nauseum."

## An Impression of the Arcadia Game.

(Bonne Terre Register.)

The crowd was eager for the game to begin. The defeat of the Sunday before was still fresh in their minds but they were enthusiastic as ever and ready to see some real baseball. The bell sounded and the grandstand became silent as the umpire announced "Lamming pitching for Bonne Terre. Coshaw for Arcadia."

There was hardly a vacant seat and everyone in the crowd leaned forward as Spaghetti Magula picked up his bat to lead off for the Arcadia team. Magula wore glasses and this was too good an opportunity for the home town roosters to miss. "Come on four eyes, show us what you can do." "We will show you how to play baseball, old four eyes." "Come on, boy, give him a dark one," sounded from the grandstand. But Arcadia failed to score the first inning and Reed made a three base hit for Bonne Terre and then scored from third. The fat man from Arcadia mopped his face, hunched his shoulders and said, "Just wait till our team gets started!"

The woman in the white georgette waist smoothed her long white silk gloves, her bracelets jingling, tilted her large white lace hat more to one side, chewed her gum, her gold teeth flashing and her pink face becoming red. The little boy with blond curly hair in the row in front of her cried for soda pop. The boys broke into shouts of approval, and the girl in the ruffled organdie dress powdered her nose again.

The score slowly increased, until it stood 5-2 in favor of Bonne Terre in the first half of the seventh inning. With Arcadia scoring four runs and Grant and Sparks two for Bonne Terre the score was brought to a tie. In the second half of the seventh Downey of Arcadia was put to umpire in the place of Bill Smith who was then transferred to umpire the bases. "He had better take his rule book with him," suggested the fat man from Arcadia.

With the change in umpires there was a change in the atmosphere of the game and the grandstand responded loudly to every decision of the umpire.

"Strike one," called Downey, and in a shrill voice one of the young roosters inquired "When is a ball not a ball? When is a strike!"

"Strike two," called Downey, and half the crowd rose. "Take him out!" "Take him out!" "Take him out!" "Robbery!" rose the cry. "He can't count!" "Whadaya mean strike two?" "Take him out!" yelled the crowd. But the decision held to the satisfaction of the fat man from Arcadia.

In the eighth inning Arcadia brought their score up to seven and Bonne Terre failing to score in the eighth or the ninth lost the game. The fat man from Arcadia was satisfied and as the Bonne Terre fans rose, stretched themselves, and departed, home they said "Well, anyway it was good baseball!"

## New Class Champion Milk.

By producing 9,371 pounds of milk and 448.64 pounds of fat Countess's Lad's Goldie, owned by J. E. Jones, Liberty, Missouri, becomes the state champion Jersey in the class under two years old, reports C. W. Turner

of the Missouri College of Agriculture. This exceeds the record of the former champion, Raleigh's Star of Peace, owned by Longview Farm, by 10 pounds of fat. One outstanding point about the record was that, while never producing 50 pounds of fat during a single month she was so persistent in her milk production that she was giving almost as much at the close of the record as at the start.

## About the Price of Shoes.

(Salem Post.)

One of our friends, a merchant has taken exception to one of our editorials a couple or so weeks ago touching on the great difference in the price of shoes and raw hides. We are quite sorry that this was accepted as a "knock" on the shoe business, and he is quite clearly wrong in his position, because we have talked with other merchants who sell shoes and they all agree that shoes are too high and that there is a great big steal somewhere between the steer's back and the man's foot. We do not for a moment think nor did our editorial imply that our local merchants are profiteering in shoes. In fact we know otherwise because one of our merchant friends who advertises in this paper often, volunteered to show us an invoice and showed us the price he was selling for and we know he is selling them as close as possible, because we have seen the figures. We have no apologies whatever to make ever in regard to our editorials. They stand and we stand back of them. But our friend made a mistake and overlooked a good business opportunity when he failed to make use of the editorial as the foundation of a good live "ad" showing that the high cost of shoes was not due to the local merchant. We said before that shoes were too high; we say so again. We believe the packers are the ones most responsible. They are selling us back some of the those war time 60c hides. We have to take our loss but they won't even make us a price on hides. Seeing anything wrong in that editorial was simply a lack of judgment. We said then that shoes were too high compared with the price of hides and any sensible merchant will agree with us. Also the shoe wearer.

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## Weather Report.

Meteorological Report of Cooperative Observer at Ironton, Iron County, Mo., for the week ending Monday, July 25, 1921:

Days of Week.	Temperature		Precipitation
	Day of Month	Lowest	
Tuesday.....	19	88	1.25
Wednesday.....	20	86	.66
Thursday.....	21	84	.67
Friday.....	22	84	.55
Saturday.....	23	85	.55
Sunday.....	25	89	.67
Monday.....	25	86	.61

NOTE.—The precipitation includes rain, hail, sleet and melted snow, and is recorded in inches and hundredths. Ten inches of snow equal one inch of rain. "T" indicates trace of precipitation. ARCADIA COLLEGE Observer.

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Marina Bldg., 308 N. Grand Ave., St. Louis, Mo., specializing in the Correction of Eyesight, Eyestrain, and the proper Fitting of Glasses, will again be in

IRONTON, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 10, at the New Commercial Hotel, from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M. Any word may be left for him there.

Bismarck, Wednesday, August 10, Write for appointment.

Write for information or appointment.

NOTE.—Dr. Fuldner's visits to Ironton are on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month.

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## Insurance...

## Real Estate

ARCADIA.. MISSOURI

## PROBATE DOCKET.

Term Docket of the Probate Court, Iron County, Mo.—August Term, A. D. 1921.

Monday, August 8th.

Julia Mike Kish, executor estate of Marie Mike Kish, deceased; semi-annual.

Thos. N. Marr, administrator estate of Samuel Hopkins, deceased; final.

Thos. N. Marr, administrator estate of Elizabeth Weber, deceased; final.

Thos. N. Marr, administrator estate of Uriah H. Mayfield, deceased; semi-annual.

W. T. Stevenson, administrator estate of Nathan C. Sutton, deceased; final.

Lucy Goodman, administratrix estate of George L. Goodman, deceased; final.

Tuesday, August 9th.

W. H. White, guardian and curator of Corine White, a minor; final.

Essie V. Ricketts, guardian and curator of Lewis Gordon Ricketts and Lee Milton Ricketts, minors; annual.

G. W. Pinkley, guardian and curator of Alfred Monroe Pinkley, a person of unsound mind; annual.

George A. Leff, guardian and curator of Lena Leff, a person of unsound mind; annual.

W. E. Westerman, administrator estate of Amos E. Westerman, deceased; semi-annual.

W. L. White, administrator estate of Leopold Hurst, deceased; semi-annual.

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