

Iron County Register.

F. P. AKE, Publisher.

OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY AND TRUTH.

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Where Might is Right.

F. P. HILBURN.

I found a little shell one day,
Hidden beneath the soil,
A mother had hidden that shell away,
She thought it well worth while.

To save that tiny little life,
She placed it beneath the sod,
Away from the world's turmoil and
strife,
Trusting it there to God.

So when the sun had warmed the
earth,
That little life took form.
A little reptile there found birth,
Within earth's bosom warm.

Gently the little shell I broke,
There a head and a pair of eyes,
And a little dormant brain awoke.
Oh, God, thou art wondrous wise!

Planting a primal instinct there,
That little life to save,
By giving the reptile courage rare,
The dangers of life to brave.

But the little reptile in its shell,
Knew no law but might.
But that it knew and knew full well,
Was shown by its gallant fight.

For it fought the sticks and straws
I placed upon its nose,
And bit them with its little jaws,
And my admiration rose.

But it fought alone in self defense,
In defense of its right to live,
And that is the right in the highest
sense

That God alone can give.
But there is a wondrous, higher law,
A law that is far above
The reptile world with its fang and
claw,
And that is the law of love.

Man's Eternal Vanity.

Under glaring red headlines, the Denver Post of yesterday, Sunday, August 14, prints the statement of the Reverend Hastings Rasdall, that "Christ was not divine—and not the son of God." Some writer a number of years ago said, "Man created God in his own image." All mankind has worshiped power. Whether through love, or fear, or admiration, the worship has been none the less real. And we worship power still. Jesus proclaimed a God of love and power. That all men were sons of God and therefore brethren. The doctrine of a future life was in existence at the time of His birth, and He did not try to alter that belief, except to tell how the future life might be attained.

Most people believe in a supreme power. Its manifestations are so varied, and numerous, as almost to preclude the possibility of doubt. And that power, for want of a better name, we call God. But just why should man arrogate to himself God's image, is not quite so clear. I think, however, the writer of the Book of Genesis meant the physical image, but I have heard from the pulpit, that he meant the spiritual image of God. Both of these claims are open to doubt, and I say this with all due respect to the opinions of others but if man approaches the image of God, it must be intellectually, and even that is open to very grave doubts. There have been many prodigies who showed powers beyond the ken of the ordinary mortal. Zera Coulburn was a mathematical prodigy, and it is recorded of him that he could give the factors of any number, however great, and also tell a prime number almost instantly, and this when he was only a child in tender years. Once he was asked to tell the number of minutes in forty years, which he did and then almost instantly told the number of seconds. Blind Tom was a musical prodigy, and lately we have had chess, and other prodigies. In the early history of mankind there were "witches and witch craft," just as there are clairvoyant and clairaudient, and spiritualistic prodigies to day.

Might not Christ have combined all these in His great personality? And if he did who could deny His divinity? I believe that all men have the divine spark, but I must admit that it is so infinitesimal in some that a lightning bug would compare with it like an electric headlight compares with the old tallow dip. While man has his head in the clouds, so to speak, he also grovels in the dirt, emulating the beasts of the field.

He boasts of conquering the elements and recently he has learned to fly, and yet he hasn't surpassed the humble little ant that puts on wings when it wishes to migrate, and takes them off at the end of its journey. I suppose the putting on of the wings has never had a human witness, but the writer has all but witnessed the removal. Never have seen the wings drop off but have seen the loose wings and the little insect minus the wings, where the winged ones were lighting. And the little firefly or lightning bug, has deduced the ingenuity of man to discover his process.

As to natural beauty, the birds surpass man a thousand fold. There is

State Historical Society

ing, however, in which man excels all other mundane creatures, with one possible exception, the peacock, and that is his inordinate vanity. Why should man claim the image of God? In form he is every thing from "Everett True" to "Slim Jim." In mind he ranges from Mut to Socrates. And spiritually his extremes trail off into realms beyond mortal ken. From Jesus to Dives the distance is so great as to be appalling. Has the "pimp," the man who lives on the shame of the one who loves him, any thing in common with Plato, Socrates or Shakespeare? Jesus was divine, in the truest and best sense of the word. He was noble, He was great, He was true. He loved his fellow men. He loved liberty and hated oppression. He washed the dirty feet of His followers, not even neglecting those of Judas Iscariot, whom he knew to be a traitor. He loved children and wept over the sorrows of others, while not even the cross could wring tears from his eyes. In death He remembered his mother, and prayed for his murderers and those who taunted and scorned Him.

If there are not evidences of divinity there are none. I have little patience with those who would trade the sermon on the mount for the immaculate conception, as an evidence of divinity. Man is nearer being divine as he lives nearer the high ideal of Jesus of Nazareth. The teachings of Jesus are of divine origin; and whether He was the Son of God in the commonly accepted sense of the term, or in the sense that all men are the sons of God, matters little.

His teachings and His example of love and humility, and the grandeur of His character are great enough to permit the emulation of all mankind. As to future reward or punishment, I neither fear the one nor hope for the other, but would like to return to this old earth again, better equipped to aid my fellow men in the making of a paradise here. F. P. HILBURN.

An Acknowledged Failure.

(St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)

Recent news from the White House explains to Mr. Harding the Republican platform, as regards an "association of nations" to take the place of the League of Nations, doesn't mean anything. The President has let it be known through a back-door announcement that there will be no attempt to organize an association of nations, which, at campaign time, was held out as a dummy to pacify Republicans who were desirous that international organization for peace should not be abandoned.

The possibility of enactment of the Harding international program as represented in the campaign was ever a matter for profound skepticism on the part of those who were not possessed of the partisan virus of the day. They could not see Mr. Harding's way through to the organization of a rival association of nations which in theory could cover nothing but the same ground already covered by the Versailles League. While conscious of the impracticability, not to say absurdity, of such a proposition, still they believed Mr. Harding meant what he said. They desired only to be shown how such a thing could be done.

Now it appears, from authoritative information which the President has good reason for not wishing to put in the form of a direct announcement, that Mr. Harding himself realizes it cannot be done. But instead of admitting a failure, he takes refuge behind a Delphian interpretation of the platform on which he was elected.

It is true that the Republican platform plank covering the "association of nations" is composed of a string of platitudes about international justice and peace, to which any convenient interpretation could be given. Nevertheless, it was represented in the campaign that there would be a definite organization of nations to replace the league.

Some weeks ago Hamilton Holt, a pro-League Republican, addressed a public inquiry to the President asking him what was being done to redeem his campaign pledge of a substitute for the League of Nations. No reply was made. Now failure of the project has been acknowledged covertly through private explanations that the status which obtained before the Kaiser's armies attacked Liege would satisfy the President and his advisers.

Has Your Dentist Ever Done This?

English Paper—A chasm in the road was stopped, as you stop a tooth, with sacks full of stones.—Boston Transcript.

Coming Home.

(The Baptist Home.)

Our son, Russell, a private in the Marine Corps, who was killed in action at Blanc Mont Ridge, was buried first on the battle-field, then in a near-by village cemetery at St. Etienne, then in the great American cemetery at Romagne. Torn between conflicting emotions as to whether or not we should have his body sent to the homeland, we finally decided not to request the government to have his body transported to America. As the months have passed into years we have grown accustomed to the thought that the soil of France was to be his final resting place. It may easily be imagined what a shock it was to us when a few days ago we received official notice that the body had been disinterred and prepared for shipment to us, the communication alleging that the same was in accordance with our request. Mrs. Riggs at once wrote to Col. Lay, from whom the communication had come, and to Gen. Lefune, stating that we had made no such request, and asking that the body be reinterred in France if arrangements for shipping had not gone too far. A personal letter from each of these gentlemen expressed the opinion that it was too late to comply with this request, and advised that we let arrangements go forward for burial at home. Of course, there are many reasons why we prefer to have the body brought home and buried here, but all things considered, had thought best not to have it removed, since it was buried in the great American cemetery in France where twenty-five thousand American soldiers were buried. But many thousands of these have already been transferred to this country. Now that the body is to come to us, we are sure that in the years ahead, we shall prefer that it be so. And thus after all, what at first seemed to us a blunder on somebody's part, is going to work out for our good. Indeed, "All things work together for good to them that love God." There is no bitterness in our heart, only sadness, when we think how different the home-coming might have been.

Attention, Ex-Service Men.

The following letter has been received by one of our members; if you can give us any information please forward same to me at once.

LOUIS R. MILLER,
Post Commander, Arcadia, Mo.

Dear Sir—We have received word that you are in possession of information regarding the management or rather mismanagement of the Public Health Hospital in this city.

After an inside investigation of this Hospital, "No. 35," we have asked for an immediate investigation, that we may expose to the public at large the treatment received by the patients.

It is our duty as members of the American Legion, to carry this through to an end and to see that it is not smothered or smoothed over as the average examination of such institutions are generally done.

If you have any specific complaints of any kind, we shall be glad to have same in affidavit form, so as to make the best possible evidence to present at the hearing.

If there are any ex-service men in your district that have any complaints to make, it will be counted as a great favor by us, if you will be so kind as to obtain their statements and forward them with yours.

If you are in possession of any material at all, please let me know immediately by telegraph.

Respectfully,
ASST. ADJT. ALEXANDER R. SKINKER,
Post No. 27, St. Louis, Mo.

Arcadia Valley a Little Over-Wrought.

(Desloge Sun.)

In last week's issue of the Iron County Register an article appeared over the signature of the Arcadia Valley Baseball Association and the same was reprinted by some of the county papers.

To say that the composition was childish was putting it mildly. We have witnessed squabbles in a marble game and have heard the little fellows cry, but this is the first time that we ever heard semi-professional ball players cry over a lost game that was umpired by at least one neutral umpire. The "handpicked" umpire to which they referred is a joke. Mr. Beck resides in Doe Run and has no interest in the Desloge team other than a square deal. He had no orders except to give all the same kind of treatment.

The Desloge team as it appeared on the diamond in that game was strict-

ly local, every man lives in St. Francois county, and has for many years. The visitors played five men from St. Louis who are rated as semi-professional players and while it may be that Desloge was not in their class, it also is a fact that not a single man on the Desloge team was "stack" on himself as a player, to the extent of asking the catcher to "tip him off" to a straight ball from the pitcher's box so that he might get a hit.

As to Murphy's pitching, we have no apology to offer. He pitched the same ball that he pitched on the tour thru southeast Missouri when both Messrs. McCabe and Edgar played on the same team and were "ticked" to death to get him to use it. The ball permissible in amateur baseball and in some professional leagues. We restricted their pitcher in no way and he was at liberty to use anything he had; if he had nothing, it was no fault of ours.

When it comes to attendance, that is a matter over which we have no control. We guaranteed the visitors their expenses and played on a 60-40 basis. If the forty per cent end of receipts did not pay their expenses it was due to the fact that their "star" players threw too many of our baseballs over the fence, the cost of which was deducted from their share of the receipts. As far as patronage is concerned the National Park will enjoy more patronage at any game than will Fletcher's Field at Ironton. When Peltz's Nationals played there the grand stand was not one third full and it is of limited capacity, and we might further add that a nice bunch of the grand stand occupants were from the lead belt.

When it comes to clean deal we wish to submit the following: The Arcadia Manager requested the Desloge manager to get a game between Arcadia and Fredericktown on the local diamond, to which the local management agreed after considerable reluctance. We arranged the game and the same was announced at Munday's game; when Arcadia were told of the confirmation of arrangements by Fredericktown, they informed us that they had already booked another game. Of course, aside from the inconvenience and telephone expense at their instance, because of their failure to fulfill their agreement, it made no material difference.

Charles Harris Confesses.

(Potosi Journal.)

A big piece of news broke here last Wednesday when Charlie Harris, who was convicted in the circuit court in Potosi on August 31st of being a participant in the robbery of the Bank of Caledonia at Caledonia, this county, on August 5th, 1920, and sentenced to thirty years in the penitentiary, issued a sworn statement confessing himself as one of the robbers and implicating Russell Carr and his wife, Nellie Carr, formerly of Caledonia but lately living in St. Louis, as being the planners of the robbery, and one Emmett Hurry of Elvins, St. Francois county, as the man who entered the bank with him to rob it. On this information the authorities in St. Louis were notified to arrest the Carrs. They are being held there awaiting the time for their preliminary hearing, which will be held in Potosi within a few days.

The confession was made by Harris on the eve of his departure for the penitentiary, where he was taken Wednesday by Sheriff Richeson.

Harris says he never got a cent of the money, that after leaving the bank he and Hurry hid the sack containing the \$2900 they had obtained in the robbery under a log in the woods near Caledonia. He claims that in the latter part of August in 1920, after he had been arrested and released from jail on bond, he and Russell Carr went to the scene where the money had been hidden, but could not find the log under which the sack had been placed. Two or three days later, he says, Carr came to him and told him he had found the log but all the money he had located was a nickel. Harris intimates that he was double crossed by one or both of his pals.

Harris asserts in his statement that Russell Carr and his wife planned the whole affair and that they went to St. Francois county and induced him and Hurry to carry it out, taking them in their (the Carr's) automobile to Caledonia and to the latter's home on the evening before the robbery.

All Former Records Broken By One Who Has No Name.

COLUMBIA, Mo., September 19—She has no name, she is just known as No. 4334, but her accomplishments in the

DENTAL NOTICE.

DR. E. R. ZIMMER

WILL BE IN HOME OFFICE

Wednesday, Sept. 14th,
FOR THREE WEEKS

CHAS. J. TUAL

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Furnishes Estimates, Plans and Specifications, on Request

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Honest Work at Fair Charges.

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University of Missouri have been set down as records.

"She" is a little white leghorn hen, and to her falls the credit of laying more eggs in a year's time than any other hen in the poultry department of the University of Missouri. This hen laid 232 eggs a week before the year was up, breaking the former record of 227.

White leghorn hen No. 3139 has set a new record of 438 for the number of eggs laid in two years. The record number of eggs for four years is held by a white leghorn, No. 2768. This hen weighs four pounds, but during the four year period she has laid twenty-three times her weight in eggs, 728, weighing 92 pounds, an average of 182 eggs a year. Three and one half pounds of feed were required to feed her for each pound of eggs that were laid.

Ninety-one eggs from hen No. 2768 were set during 1919 and 1920, and from these eggs eighty chickens have lived. This hen has five daughters who have laid more than 200 eggs each, a year.

Apples Go to Every Continent.

Apples grown in the Pacific north-west have been exported to every continent, including Australia.

Weather Report.

Meteorological Report of Cooperative Observer at Ironton, Iron County, Mo., for the week ending Monday, September 12, 1921:

Days of Week.	Day of Month	Temperature		Precipitation
		High	Low	
Tuesday	6	81	67	
Wednesday	7	84	66	
Thursday	8	80	68	.40
Friday	9	88	64	
Saturday	10	88	70	T
Sunday	11	84	67	.16
Monday	12	84	64	

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.

C. A. FULDNER, OPT. D.

OF THE
FIRM OF FULDNER & COMPANY.

(Successors to Fuldner & Kitchien.)
Marina Bldg., 308 N. Grand Ave., St. Louis, Mo., specializing in the Correction of Eyesight, Eye-strain, and the proper Fitting of Glasses, will again be in

IRONTON, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 28, at the New Commercial Hotel, from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M. Any word may be left for him there.

Bismarck, Wednesday, September 28, 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.

'Twas the Room Went Upstairs.
Teddy had returned from the city and was describing a large department store he had visited. He seemed greatly impressed by the height of the building and the number of floors. One of his little playmates who had been listening attentively finally inquired: "Did you go away, 'way upstairs'?" "No," said Teddy. "We just went into the finest, tiniest little room and stood still and the little room went upstairs."

Didn't Mean to Be Forgotten.

A San Francisco woman, who died several years ago, left \$5,000 each to ten of her nephews, on condition that her tombstone was to be replaced every two years with a new one on which each nephew in turn should put an inscription in verse setting forth his love and affection.

New Paper.

Hang the new wall paper with which you are going to patch the old in the sun for a while, and it will soon be faded to match.

I am now selling Cement, Lime, Plaster and every thing in Building Material. Phone No. 4157.

FRANK RIECHERT, Arcadia, Mo.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions, and in order to cure it you must take an internal remedy. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. Hall's Catarrh Medicine was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years. It is composed of some of the best tonics known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients in Hall's Catarrh Medicine is what produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. All Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills for constipation. —Advertisement.

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