

GEO. HUTCHINSON DEAD

Pioneer of Lafayette County Passes Away at His Home North of Bates City.

Geo. W. Hutchinson, one of Lafayette county's oldest and most highly respected citizens, died at his home north of Bates City Wednesday, January 22nd, 1913, after an illness of several days. Mr. Hutchinson had been a resident of Lafayette county nearly all of his life, where he owned a splendid farm and enjoyed the friendship of everybody. Mr. Hutchinson had been in poor health for sometime and his death was expected. The funeral will be preached at the Bates City Christian church this (Friday) morning and the interment will occur in the Bates City cemetery. An obituary will be printed in the Banner next week, as we were unable to secure same in time for this week's issue.—Oak Grove Banner.

The Same Eighty Years Ago.
(Daniel Webster in the Senate in 1833)

There are persons who constantly clamor. They complain of oppression, speculation and pernicious influence of accumulated wealth. They cry out loudly against all banks and corporations and all means by which small capitalists become united in order to produce important and beneficial results. They carry on mad hostility against all established institutions. They would choke the fountain of industry and dry all streams. In a country of unbounded liberty, they clamor against oppression. In a country of perfect equality, they would move heaven and earth against privilege and monopoly. In a country where property is more evenly divided than anywhere else, they read the air shouting agrarian doctrines. In a country where wages of labor are high beyond parallel, they would teach the laborer that he is but an oppressed slave.

"SPECIAL."

"FRECKLES," Gene Stratton-Porter's most popular and best selling novel apparently possesses that magic quality that brings fortune to everyone connected with it; the sale of the book has reached half a million copies and it is still one of the six best sellers, which means that it has earned a fortune for Mrs. Porter and Doubleday, Page & Co., and Grosset & Dunlap the publishers.

Manager A. G. Delamater was so well pleased with Neil Twomey's dramatization of the story that he has commissioned Mr. Twomey to dramatize two other popular novels of which he controls the dramatic rights. This will undoubtedly bring fame and fortune to Mr. Twomey, judging by the liberal patronage and the extravagant praise given it by the dramatic critics, it is sure to coin another good sized fortune for its producer, Mr. Delamater. Here Monday, February 3rd.

The Intelligencer takes this opportunity of congratulating the Missouri legislature on having one member with the courage of his conviction, and that conviction undoubtedly a correct one. We refer to J. P. Cooper of Andrew County, who voted against the resolution providing for the direct election of United States senators.

Col. A. A. Walker accompanied by his niece, Mrs. E. N. Hopkins, went to Kansas City Wednesday for a few days' stay.

Mrs. Belle Whitker and daughter, Miss Anne, of Bunceon, Mo., who have been visiting the family of Dr. A. E. Rogers, went to Kansas City Wednesday for a visit.

W. R. VanAnglen went to Kansas City Wednesday on business.

Oswald Winkler went to Sweet Springs Wednesday on business.

HARE AND TORTOISE

Another Instance Where Honesty Proved the Best Policy and Won Out.

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

"Tortoise" Mowbray they called him at school, in contradistinction to "Hare" Snyder; and never were two sobriquets more fairly earned. Snyder was the particular bright boy of the class, and always at the top, while "Tortoise" Mowbray lagged respectably near the bottom of it. When "Hare" Snyder took advantage of the honor code to cover his cuffs with hieroglyphics and passed his examination for college with honors, "Tortoise" Mowbray got in by the skin of his teeth and kept his soul unscathed.

After college it was the same. "Hare" Snyder and "Tortoise" Mowbray obtained positions in the same corporation, Snyder through a "pull," Mowbray because the straightforward, clean-cut appearance of the young man favorably impressed Henry Davenrich, the president. And Snyder went up and up by means of sundry devious and doubtful short cuts, while "Tortoise" Mowbray remained pretty much where he had started, in the accounting office.

The "hare" made money and spent it recklessly, while the "tortoise" put his aside, added to it, and lived modestly and soberly. They were always friends of a sort, for Mowbray was patronized by Snyder and never openly resented it.

The test of this friendship came when they both fell in love with the same girl. Cynthia Lanfrey was a niece of Davenrich and lived in a big building on Madison avenue, where she kept house for him. At this period the "hare" and the "tortoise" had been working with the corporation for nearly ten years. Snyder was pretty near the top, thanks to the "pull" aforementioned, and was a constant visitor at Davenrich's home. Mowbray was invited casually, on some grand occasion; but Cynthia liked him and he was invited again.

Then, one evening, Mowbray told Cynthia his story in a plain, slow-spoken, manly fashion. He had loved her for a long time, he said simply, and he was quite sure he would never



Discovered That Snyder Had Taken His Nine Thousand.

love anyone else. He could not ask her to share his thirty-five dollars a week, but could he dare ask her to wait?

And Cynthia had laughed a little and cried a little and treated him like a big, overgrown school boy. Somehow everybody treated Mowbray pretty much in the same fashion.

"You're too late," she said, with a little sob and a following laugh. "James—Mr. Snyder—asked me yesterday."

But that was always the "tortoise's" way. He was always one lap behind the "hare." So, because he had not expected anything different, he went away. Next day Snyder, who had somehow guessed his secret, began laughing at him. He told some of the men in the office, and they laughed at him, too. But these men were toadies of the "hare."

It was about this time that the "tortoise" was temporarily placed in charge of the books of one of these toadies and discovered something that made him sit up all night, thinking. In the morning he went straight to Snyder and told him what he had found. Snyder leaped out of his chair. "My God, 'Tortoise,'" he yelled, "did old Davenrich put you in charge of the books?" Then he came to his senses.

"You'd have done the same if you'd been in my place, 'Tortoise,'" he whined. "How did you suppose I was going to keep up my style of living on seventy-five dollars a week? Besides, it wasn't really a crime, for Davenrich is going to make way for me next year, and he owns half the stock in the concern. Then, when I've married Cynthia, it will be practically my own business, won't it? What are you going to do about it?"

"These defalcations," said the "tortoise" slowly, clenching his fists—for somehow he always hated to hear the "hare" pronounce Cynthia's name—"amount to nine thousand dollars and seventy-three cents."

"Cut out the cents," said Snyder. "Yes, I guess that's about the figure."

"I have four thousand dollars," answered the "tortoise."

"I can borrow five thousand more. I will pay the amount if you promise me to run straight in future for—" he clenched his fists again—"for Miss Lanfrey's sake."

"You good old 'tortoise,' Of course I will," said Snyder, clapping him upon the back. "And when I'm in Davenrich's place I'll make you assistant manager."

"When you are in Davenrich's place I shall look for another position," said Mowbray quietly, and turned on his heel and went back to his desk.

The wedding was set for June, three months ahead. The "tortoise" went no longer to the house on Madison avenue. The whole course of his orderly life was changed. After he had paid in the nine thousand dollars he began looking around for another position in anticipation of Davenrich's retirement. But Davenrich retired earlier than had been expected, for he died.

Then rumors began to spread concerning the financial condition of the corporation. Inquisitive men, connected with the state, began poring nightly over the books. Then one day they summoned Mowbray before them.

"There is an item of nine thousand dollars paid in by you on March 2 last, according to the books," they said. "Can you explain this?"

"Yes," answered the "tortoise" unflinchingly. "I stole that money to play the races, won, and paid the money back. What are you going to do about it?"

"Where is that nine thousand dollars?" asked the chief inquisitor. "It was entered but never deposited."

The "tortoise" could not think quickly enough to answer. So they arrested him and closed the business. Next day the world learned that nearly two hundred thousand dollars had been embezzled by a high official in the corporation. And the "tortoise," sitting in his cell, discovered that Snyder had taken his nine thousand and added it to his other plunderings. The "hare" was moving much more swiftly than the "tortoise."

The lock clicked and the jail governor stood before him, accompanied by the lawyers for the state.

"You want me?" asked the "tortoise" quietly.

"Yes," answered the lawyers. "As a witness. You are free. Mowbray blew his brains out yesterday evening."

"Good Lord!" said the "tortoise." Then, "I am really free?" he asked. "I must go—I have an important engagement." And, finding that he was really at liberty, he went to the house on Madison Avenue. In the window was a bill announcing that it was for sale. In the parlor sat Cynthia.

"I—I came—I came to say how deeply sorry—er—" began the "tortoise."

Cynthia was crying, but it was not all through grief. She knew that, unaided, the "tortoise" would never get to the goal. So she put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

Moscow Survivors.
That soldiers—once they escape the risks of war—are long lived is shown by Russia's finding four or five survivors of the Moscow campaign, the centennial of which is now being celebrated.

These veterans must be 115 years old, at least, unless small boys were enlisted in those days.

After the 20 years of war of the Napoleonic era, of the 38 marshals of France, 26 survived. Of the 10 who were gone, only two died of disease; three fell in battle, one was drowned, one was assassinated, one was a suicide and two were executed.

The survivors reached an average age of 72 years, 10 of them dying as octogenarians.

Many other generals have reached extreme old age. Marshal de Richelieu was 94 years old when he died in 1788. Two years before his death he married a girl of 16, who was able to say to Napoleon III in 1862: "Sir, Louis XIV asked of my husband—"

She was then 92 years old and lived two years longer.

Diagnosis Wrong for Once.
"It's a dangerous thing," said the physician, "to jump at a diagnosis before getting all you can of the patient's personal history. I knew a doctor who while still a young man had attained considerable repute as a specialist in nervous diseases. One day a man visited him with a tale of woe, and after listening the physician leaned back in his chair, joining his finger tips with the true professional air, and said:

"What you need, my dear sir, is a broader vision. You have got into a rut. You ought to read more. Get the opinions of able writers on the current topics of the day. Your mind has become stagnant. It has been dulled by the petty commonplaces of your own little sphere. Read the newspapers. Get familiar with what is on in this country—in the world. By the way, may I ask what is your occupation?"

"I'm an exchange editor," replied the patient with a melancholy smile."
—Newark Star.

Worn Out.
Said the man in the aisle to the man sitting down: "You ought to stand up and give that seat to me. I am the thredest man in America. I have just taken part in a sixty-mile motor-paced bicycle race."

Said the man in the seat to the man in the aisle: "You have nothing on me in the line of exhaustion. Maybe you rode in the race, but I sat and watched it."

NEEDED RELIEF FROM STRAIN

Small Boy's Extremely Pertinent Remark Showed Promise of Great Mind, to Develop.

Anecdotes of the early manifestations of a distinguished mind are always interesting. This one shows the intellectual power, even in infancy, of William Robertson Smith, who later became one of the most learned Biblical scholars of Europe.

Talk was a passion with him, declare his biographers in the recently published "Life," but even in his very early years he insisted that it must be good talk. Nothing wearied him more than to listen to the conversation of the company that came to his father's manse when it was not of the improving sort, especially since he had to sit silent himself, according to the rule then strictly enforced on children.

It was on one of these occasions, when a reverend colleague had stayed long, and after having prosed mercilessly had at length departed, that Willy is said to have drawn his stool up to his father's knee.

"And now, papa," he said, looking up with the air of one whose endurance is at an end, "let us have some rational conversation." — Youth's Companion.

NO LONGER LIVING WATER

Act of Ignorant Kaffir Made Good Comparison Between Surgeons of the Past and Present.

Discussing the recent clinical congress of surgeons in New York, Dr. Volpius of Heidelberg said:

"The wonders we have seen here make the surgery of the past seem ludicrously ignorant. Beside the present-day surgeon he of the past knew as little about his profession as the Kaffir knew about the nature of the sea.

"A Kaffir, having visited the coast, returned home with wonderful sea stories.

"The waters of the sea," he said, "are alive. They jump, leap, splash, foam, roar. I have brought some back in a gourd to show you."

"A great crowd congregated to behold the miracle of the living water. The Kaffir emptied the gourd into a bowl. But the water, to his surprise and disappointment, did not move. It neither splashed nor leaped. It neither foamed nor roared.

"Alas," he said sadly, 'alas, it has died on the journey.'

JOHNNY TOLD HER.

The afternoon was warm, holidays were approaching, and the teacher was almost worn out trying to drum the elements of grammar into the wooden craniums of her pupils.

"Now, Johnny," she said wearily, "tell me—would it be proper for you to say: 'You can't learn me nothing'?"

Johnny looked thoughtful for a moment, and then replied in a tone of conviction:

"Yes, mum."

The teacher sighed.

"Why, Johnny?" she asked. "Tell me why?"

And the answer came quick and pat:

"Cause yer can't!"

WINDING CLOCKS.

One cannot be too particular in caring for a time piece if she would have the clock or watch keep good time. In the first place, see to it that the winding is done at practically the same time each week or day, as the case may be. To prevent overwinding it is well to wind the time-piece carefully, counting the number of turns necessary. It may seem a trifle fussy to those not accustomed to this precaution, but it is a bit of forethought that pays.

KEEPS IT UP.

"Why does that delirious patient keep up such a mowing with his mouth?"

"He is a suburbanite and probably imagines he is doing it with his lawn."

TEA DRINKER.

Phryne—The doctors say tea with cream is very injurious. It actually tans the stomach.

Ariadne—Well, I don't care if it doesn't freckle.—Judge.

SUPPLIED.

Scott—Never borrow trouble.
Mott—I don't need to. I have a large stock on hand.—Boston Transcript.

Special Lexington Intelligencer Price: and the Daily Drivers Telegram \$4.00 both one year at regular price of the Telegram alone

What is he worth?

How can you get full market value out of your Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Grain, H. & Y. Eggs, Poultry and Produce, unless you get the official market reports of the Daily Drivers Telegram?



To sell anything for less than it is worth is simply giving money away. The Daily Drivers Telegram tells you every day the correct market price of everything raised on the farm. Tells you where the market is as well as what it is. Enables you to get 5 per cent to 20 per cent more money for everything by knowing what it is worth and when to sell to best advantage.

Telegraphic News of the World on the Day It Happens

The Daily Drivers Telegram is a modern daily newspaper that gives you the daily news of the world by telegraph. Fourteen editors and reporters, including Mrs. Mary Deen, the noted Woman's Editor, gives their entire time to making the Telegram the ideal daily newspaper for the farm home.

The Lexington Intelligencer is your own home newspaper. It stands for your best interests and the upbuilding of this community all the time. In connection with the Telegram you get all the news, local and foreign. You want both papers.

The regular price of the Daily Drivers Telegram alone is \$4.00 a year. Send or bring us your cash or check for \$4.00 and you will get both papers one full year. Your time will be advanced if you are already paid up for either paper.

The Lexington Missouri Intelligencer

Wright's Grand Theatre MONDAY, FEBRUARY, 3

A. G. DELAMATER
PRODUCER OF CLEAN PLAYS ANNOUNCES

A BEAUTIFUL SCENIC PRODUCTION OF THE NEW SONG PLAY

FRECKLES GREAT NOVEL BY ANATOL FRIEDLAND

GENE STRATTON PORTER'S GREAT NOVEL

DRAMATIZED BY NEIL TWOMEY — MUSIC BY ANATOL FRIEDLAND

THE ANGEL

AUTHOR OF "A GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST" AND "THE HARVESTER"

PRICES 50c, 75c and \$1.00
76 Seats at \$1.50
Sale Starts Saturday, February 1

DR. PRICE'S CREAM Baking Powder

Is a protection and guarantee against alum which is found in the low priced baking powders.

To be on the safe side when buying baking powder, examine the label and take only a brand shown to be made from Cream of Tartar.