

CHARITON COURIER.

Volume XLII

KEYTESVILLE, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1911

Number 36

Banker Harrison Dead

Mr. Geo. B. Harrison, for a long time president of the Glasgow Savings Bank, died at his home in Glasgow last Thursday morning, in his 68th year. Mr. Harrison had been in poor health for several years, and for the past year it was evident that he was not holding his own against the debility which enervated him, but he continued active in his business until a few weeks before his death.

There were few men in country banking circles more favorably or widely known than Geo. B. Harrison, and his trustworthiness and financial ability had reached a high place in the estimation of capitalists. He spent considerable time and money a few years ago assisting in the attempt to get a trolley railway from St. Louis to Kansas City and it appeared as though the efforts of Gen. E. W. Price and Mr. Harrison would secure for the people of Central Missouri a very much to be desired road.

The people of Glasgow and vicinity will greatly miss the enterprising and accommodating Geo. B. Harrison, and his many friends here join the Courier in sincere condolence.

Installation of Officers and Banquet

The Knights and Ladies of Security, Eureka Lodge No. 528 held a public installation of officers last Tuesday night at their hall in the Anderson block.

Mrs. Wm. Moore, President, John Clausen, 1st vice-president, Wm. Moore, 2nd vice-president, Mrs. Millard Franklin, secretary, Mrs. Winnie Cook, financier, Mrs. Gertrude Hyde, Conductor, Mrs. J. W. Taylor, Outer Guard, Mrs. J. W. Taylor, Inner Guard, were duly installed by Mr. Roy Key of Mexico, Mo., lodge.

A splendid banquet was partaken of after the ceremonies, and a generally good, sociable time was indulged until a late hour. This lodge has 103 members, the largest membership of any order here. This lodge has paid about \$6000 on death losses, and is in a flourishing condition.

Flighty Sweethearts

Some sweethearts are like the April weather—one can never be sure when they are to smile or frown. These are the girls who distract even the most patient of lovers and awaken them to the knowledge that there is a bitter draft at times even in love's sweet cup. Blast is the young man whose sweetheart is a sensible girl. Unfortunate is the man whose sweetheart is unreasonable.

The flighty sweetheart has been known to settle down into one of the best and dearest of wives, but the chances are against her. What she delights in today she will rail against tomorrow. Even her love takes on the nature of a weather vane—one never knows in which direction it may turn without a moment's warning. The flighty girl is usually a vain girl, who wants everyone to stand back and give her their laurels.

She is fickle, I am sorry to say, caring for this swain today and another tomorrow. Even a betrothal is not considered actually binding by the fickle girl. She argues that all hearts are alike—that affection is a will o' the wisp, alighting on any flower that pleases its fancy and flitting away when pleasure has melted down into plain enjoyment. A lover's purest love is always on the verge of being blown away by the wind of change.

ter, rides, boating, picnics and all the gayeties summer is heir to in warm weather.

The man who allows himself to become ensnared with a flighty girl must not complain if his bark is ship-wrecked in after life; he has steered for the rocks, knowing they were there. He is the man who realizes too late that an even tempered wife is a jewel in the home crown, which is priceless. It is never safe for a man to announce his engagement to a flighty girl until they are en route for the altar; even then he may learn that there can be "a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

The flighty girl makes a poor house-keeper. She has poor attributes for a mother, her children will never know what she intends them to do. No home ever pleases her any length of time. She is no sooner ensconced in one of them than she spies one which suits her notions better.

A flighty girl is the poorest bargain in the mart of matrimony. There is no knowing to what extent her fickleness may develop or where it may lead. She is not only in danger, but she draws down all those about her in the whirlpool of misery. If there is no hope of a flighty sweetheart changing her ways a lover should look further. It is quite certain he could fare no worse in choosing a mate.

More than half of marital troubles are caused by flighty mates of either the one sex or the other—the feminine sex predominating. Flightiness is, when summed carefully up, a grave habit which is contracted in early youth and should be broken up in the bud. Children, girls especially, should be taught to appreciate their possessions and that it is a grave, nay, an alarming tendency in them to dislike what is theirs and wish to cast it aside for a newer fancy of the moment. The flighty girl should take care!—beware! Her life bark will sail a rough sea if she does not change its course.

Joe Rice, known not only all over Chariton county and Missouri, but widely known wherever he has travelled died at Los Angeles, Cal., last week. Joe was for a long time one of the best locomotive engineers on the Wabash. He quit the dangerous and highly responsible employment when he was elected railroad commissioner, and since his service ended in that office he has been connected with different financial institutions, the last of which we knew being a bankers guarantee enterprise and undoubtedly a good thing. Joe was a power in politics and an excellent fellow, and we deeply regret the loss of our good friend.

Miss Ada Randolph was queen of the Court of Love and Beauty at the Veiled Prophets Ball in St. Louis last Monday night, and she looked the Royal part. Her attendants were Miss Edna DeLaford, Miss Frances Ziebig, and Miss Virginia Elliott, all exceedingly handsome young ladies. Unless the Prophet had made his selection from among Chariton county girls we doubt very much if he could have improved his selection. In fact, the queen and her maids look very much like they were from Old Chariton.

B. R. McVey and family left for Clark, Mo. Tuesday B. R. has made friends since he took charge of the Red Truck on the Wabash. Miss Virginia McVey and family had made the same office a pleasant call before departing.

How About Your Mother?

Listen, you superior young people to this little story from real life. There is a woman, a plain, homely old woman, without one vestige of culture, or style, or anything that you consider smart, and that would make her interesting to you. Her eyes are faded, her hands are hard and work-knotted, her face is lined and wrinkled, her hair is gray and sparse, and she gathers it into a little knob, about the size of a walnut, at the back of her head.

She doesn't know how to dress or how to pick out the clothes that would best conceal her defects. She prefers to sit in the kitchen rather than in the parlor. She has no society small talk, and her grammar is not always beyond reproach. At the table, she likes to eat with her knife, and drink her tea out of her saucer.

She's just a plain, ordinary, old woman. There are tens of thousands like her. Nothing to make you give her a second glance, or a second thought, unless you might happen to get a glimpse into her heart, and see there a tragedy that is as black and bitter as ingratitude and and wasted love and effort can make one.

Year and years ago this old woman was a young woman, pretty and gay, strong of body and strong of heart, and filled with the joy of living. She was poor, and she married a man no better off than she was, but they both had youth, and health, and industry, and ambition, and they set out to working, shoulder to shoulder, to make their fortune. They began housekeeping in a couple of rooms, with scarcely a stick of furniture, but the young wife kept it as neat as wax, and there was always a savory meal, smoking hot on the table when the husband came home from work.

Then the babies began coming—pitching over each other's heels so fast they came—until they were six of them, but never a one more than there was welcome for in the mother's arms.

But how she had to work to take care of them, for she was too poor to have any outside help! How she scrubbed and cleaned to keep the little home tidy! What long hours she spent over the washtub and ironing board that they might be kept clean and sweet! How she stewed over the cook stove that cheap cuts of meat might be returned into appetizing and nourishing dishes for them! How she sewed, and patched and mended that they might not be shamed by their comrades.

These were the years in which the young woman turned into an old woman before her time. This was when her upstanding young figure lost its elasticity, and her shoulders grew round and bent under the burden they bore. These were the years when, the long night vigils she kept by sick beds, after a weary day, faded the blue of her eyes. This is when the heat from the kitchen range burned the roses out of her cheeks.

People asked her why she did not keep her oldest girls at home from school to help her, and why she had not put John, who had grown into a big lad, out to work; but she steadfastly refused to listen to such suggestions. In her soul she nourished a great ambition, toward which she struggled through sickness and pain, with feet that faltered with weariness, and bones that ached for rest.

And this ambition was to give her children an education; to

to give them advantage that she herself never had, to raise them up above herself. Well, she succeeded as a woman always does when she gives her whole heart to a single object. She put her children through the grammar school, and the high school, and because education was her fetish, with almost incredible self-sacrifice she put them through college.

And the result of all her life's hard labor is that her children are ashamed of her.

They float her opinions and deride her views. They criticize her grammar and correct her table manners. They sneer at her old-fashioned ways of doing things, and she is without respect and without honor in her own home.

Worse, she is afraid of her children who give themselves such airs of superiority. When they have company she meekly keeps in the background. Before she speaks she trembles lest her pronunciation should offend Mary's cultivated ear. She eats deprecating lest she be committing some breach of table etiquette, to which James should call attention. She quakes if she ventures to express an opinion in dread of the contemptuous curl that John's lips will take over mother's ignorance.

None of her children's snubs are lost on the old woman. Every one stabs down to the very spot where mother love lives, and the wounds bleed in tears that water her pillow at night.

She wonders if her children know how cruel they are, and if they realize how their criticisms hurt; if they cannot see that the very reason she has had no time to cultivate herself to preserve her beauty, learn to how to dress and play bridge, is because she gave every minute and hour, every ounce of strength and vitality that was in her to their service, to securing to them advantages she never had.

She laid herself a splendid sacrifice on the altar of motherhood, and those to whom she offered up herself, body and soul, spurn the gift by which they have profited.

Is this woman your mother, young man?

Is she your mother young woman?

Look into your own conduct and see; and if you have been in the habit of looking down upon your mother because she isn't as well educated as you are, quit it, and try to pay some of the debt you owe her.

Be sure of this—that when the roll of real heroes is written out, the names of those women who deliberately raised their children up above themselves will lead all the rest.—Record.

The breaking away of the big dams at Austin, Pa., and Hatfield, Wis., occurring about the same time that Attorney General Dawson of Kansas flooded the streets of Leavenworth with confiscated beer, may have been a coincidence, but the clubs raided feel like it was ebb then tide of prohibitory officiousness, and intend to make it such, for John Dawson.

Allen Haskin had his right hand badly torn up by getting caught in the machinery of his own mill last Friday. Fortunately no bones were broke, but cuts and bruises were large and numerous. A very bad time for Allen to get crippled, as he is very busy making sorghum.

Chas. S. Allen of near Brookfield quit farming and will sell all his farm implements this month.

Obituaries

Bentley Horton, a widower, of Mussel Fork, 33 years old, died last Saturday, Oct. 7, at the home of his sister, Mrs. Pat Courtney, after a long illness with the great white plague. He leaves a boy 11 and a girl 8 years old surviving him, besides a number of other relatives who did all that could be done to make the downward path slower and easier to travel for the afflicted. He was buried the following Sunday in the Parks cemetery after short services at the home of his sister by friends, his wish being that no funeral sermon should be preached over him nor any demonstration. He had lived quietly and unobtrusively with his fatal ailment, and wished to depart as unostentatiously as he had lived. May he find immunity from suffering in the great beyond.

Charley Smith aged 48 a highly respectable farmer living near Mike, died Tuesday evening after a protracted illness, caused by heart trouble. His remains were brought to Asbury cemetery for interment last Thursday and after appropriate funeral services, all that was mortal of a good, whole-souled fellow were laid away forever.

Charley was reared in the Forks, where his relatives principally reside, and among old scenes and close to old friends, he will sleep until the day of universal awakening of the dead.

Judson Winn, at one time connected with the livery business here, died at the home of his wife, Mrs. J. W. Winn, Sept. 28. Judson was one of those quiet, good natured, attentive to business, friendly with everybody fellows whom everybody liked. He will be missed not a little and the Courier sympathizes with his relatives over his demise.

Marriage Licenses

A. J. Golden Dewitt and Eva L. Pixley, Salisbury.

Edward H. Perry, Sumner, and Mary Perry, Jasper Co.

Walter M. Harrison Fulton and Corinne Herring Brunswick.

Chas. G. Staples and Katie M. Mills, Keytesville.

THE MARKETS

Eggs per doz.	15c
Hens per lb.	7c
Cox	4c
Fryers	7 1-2c
Butter	13c
Wool	4c
Tallow	4c
Beeswax	24c
Rubber	3-4
Cream	24c
Hides	6c

Attorney General John Dawson of Kansas with a force of deputy sheriffs, swooped down on clubs, joints and bootleggers in Leavenworth, Kas., last Sunday and temporarily put the whole bunch out of business. Hot winds and dry officials are a combination as terrific as Carrie Nation and an animated hatchet.

Letter List

The following is a list of unclaimed letters in the Keytesville post-office Wednesday, October 10.

Mr. Dave Hess—gard
Miss Orriata Watts
Mr. C. E. Wisbeck
Mr. R. D. Bass
Mr. Levi Howard
Mr. V. G. Blument
D. J. Hotman, P. M.

Bridge Span Goes Down

About noon yesterday as Shell Lentz was coming to town with a load of coal, and as he was crossing the long bridge over Brill Slough, about 2 1-2 miles east of here, the west central span went down about 15 feet with Lentz, team and wagon. It is apparent that the weight of the wagon caused the span to give way, as from the foot marks of the horses they were across the west point of where the break occurred, and the wagon as it fell, dragged them backwards with it. Lentz had no time to clear the wreck, but went down with the wagon, which turned over and caught him and bruised him badly besides wrenching his body and limbs until he was perfectly helpless.

The horses held by the stout harness, had about ceased struggling when Sam Allega reached the scene, Tobe Brown being there a little earlier. Lentz was extricated from the debris and mud and water and after first aid, was brot to town by Allega. The horses were cut loose and scrambled out of the slough practically unharmed.

The wagon was but slightly damaged in spite of the wonder how driver, horses or wagon survived the disaster.

This is a bridge which the court recently had repaired, and it was this span which received most of the attention, another instance proving that the best way to fix all of the old bridges would be with new ones of steel or iron. Such wooden structures as this, when they begin to fail are unsafe.

It cannot at the time of going to press, be predicted just how badly injured Lentz is, but all hope not seriously.

Hymenial

Married, Mr. Charles Staples and Miss Katie Mills, at the home of Everett Chapman in Salisbury, Sunday Oct. 8, 1911, by Rev. Crow, pastor of the Methodist church at that city.

Charley Staples and Katie Mills are strictly home folks—the kind of boy and girl natives of the county that makes her boast of sturdy manhood and womanhood and valuable citizens. Charley is a young farmer of indomitable purpose and energy and is held in highest esteem, the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Staples, whose farm two miles east of the city Charley and his bride will occupy and manage. Mrs. Katie Mills Staples is a young woman of sterling worth, whose popularity is attested not only by her success in winning the capital prize in the Courier contest of two years ago, but by the unstinted friendship displayed toward her by all who have the favour of her acquaintance.

The Courier joins everybody in heartiest congratulations and best wishes for prosperity and long life to enjoy it.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Hawes and Frank Hill came from Kansas City Wednesday in Mr. Hawes big automobile. Mr. Hawes will return Saturday. Mrs. Hawes will remain for a little visit.

Hon. R. W. Rucker left for Kansas City Wednesday in his Chalmers automobile. In some way he inveigled Geo. H. Applegate, the always there assistant cashier of the Bank of Keytesville to take a day off and go along.

Misses Florence and Pearl Hocker of Sedalia are here for a visit to their sister, Mrs. Wm. Burns and brother, Owen Hocker. They arrived last Saturday and will remain about two weeks.