

CHARITON COURIER

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Obituary

Jessie Fletcher was born in Floyd County, Kentucky, July 15, 1844. He was married to Amanda Whitaker Aug. 25, 1866 to this union was born seventeen children, ten sons and seven daughters. Seven sons and four daughters survive him. Three sons and three daughters with the mother preceded him to the grave. He was married a second time to Mrs. Lydia Hobbs Sept. 28, 1903, who also deceased Sept. 26, 1911. He professed faith in Christ and united with the old school Baptist church in early life in which faith he continued steadfast to the end of his life which came Dec. 7, 1918 at the home of his son Clarence, after a brief illness of apoplexy age 74 years 4 months 22 days. The children were all present at the funeral. Six of the sons served as pallbearers and the seventh served as flower bearer. The funeral services were conducted at the Corinth Church, Sun. Dec. 8, 1918.

Armenian and Syrian Relief.

The organization to realize a fund for Armenians and Syrian relief notifies local committees that the quota for Chariton county is \$4,100.00 and that amount is asked to be given during the week January 12. It is estimated that 30 cents for each citizen of the county will make the amount.

Stock Market.

K. City Wednesday

Top corn steers \$18.50. Medium grades 10 to 15 cts off. Top hogs \$17.45 and top lambs \$15.65.

State Teachers Meeting Deferred

On account of flu the State Teachers Meeting which was to have been held in St. Louis Dec. 26-28 has been postponed until some future date.

Miss Mary Plucarp of East St. Louis is a guest of her friend, Mrs. J. E. Montgomery.

A spreading rail let 8 freight cars off the track at the Wabash station Wednesday evening. The cars did not overturn.

The Courier last week was the bunniest as to print ever sent out, with one exception in eight years. The blanket on the cylinder, summer rolls, punk ink, everything, went crazy, but of course all engaged in getting out The Great Favorite, Weekly were as placid, harmonious and unprofane as retreating German officers.

Numbers of our soldier boys are getting back, some with their discharges and others expecting them before the expiration of their leave of absence. Camp Funston has been closed to all except those who have official business inside. Colored troops in numbers have been discharged and the majority of them are nabbing their old jobs.

Herman McFarland returned last week from Twin Lakes, Idaho, where he had been for some time. He is looking fine and was greeted heartily by all his old and young friends. Herman says that the Chariton county colony in that country is prosperous, happy and settled there for keeps. Bud Patnot and Eden McNew are reported as well as all their connections, hearty and the same old hospitable corn fed Missourians. Herman has a hankering for that part of the globe and it is suspected by some of his young pals that a girl is responsible for the feeling to a considerable extent. Herman saws wood and says nothing.

Mail Rifler Fined

Lewis R. Logsdon of Brunswick who was caught with money taken from letters mailed and of which he had charge as a railway mail clerk, plead guilty in the Federal court at Hannibal last week and was fined \$300. In addition, Logsdon will be required to make good all amounts ascertainable taken from the mails by him.

Since his arrest some weeks ago, Logsdon has been at work on the railroad, and if given christian encouragement, will come out o. k. and perhaps be all the better for his experience in wrong doing, unless he gets too good which means developing into a crank on any subject. He should not drift into publicity as a "reformed reformer" which is the synonym for the most contemptible kind of grafter.

New Secretary of Treasury

Representative Hon. Carter Glass of Virginia was named by President Wilson as successor of Wm. G. McAdoo for Secretary of Treasury of United States and his nomination sent to the U. S. Senate Dec. 5. He will be confirmed by the Senate and assume the duties of the great office Dec. 16.

Mr. McAdoo will remain Director General of Railroads till Jan. 1 and should have a decent salary for his work during the whole time he has served in this capacity unless he becomes a candidate for President.

Anti-Prohib. Campaign Expense

According to the sworn statement filed by W. B. Robertson, treasurer of the Citizen Committee composed of business men, principally of St. Louis, the fight against State prohibition amendment Nov. 5 cost wets \$79,577.94 or about \$1.00 for each vote of the majority. The dries spent \$47,000 according to a sworn statement.

Mendon Items

Victor Colley's family are on the sick list.

Dr. Tatum of Brunswick visits our community often.

We are glad to report that Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bitiker are improving.

Henry Marshall has completed a kitchen to his already spacious dwelling.

Geo. Rohwedder Jr. and wife and Willie Laubhoff are suffering from an attack of flu.

Harold, the seven year old son of Artie Enyeart and wife, died of pneumonia and was laid to rest at the Siloam cemetery.

About thirty-five relatives and friends surprised Mrs. Eudora Ringer on her birthday, Friday of last week by coming with well filled baskets containing everything good to eat. At noon hour the baskets were opened and the contents were much enjoyed by all. Mrs. Ringer was recipient of many nice presents. At a late hour they dispersed, wishing her many more happy birthdays.

S. K. Zeimer, wife and daughter, Miss Mary Willie left Saturday for Winslow, Arizona, to make their future home. It is with deep regret that our community views the departure of this excellent family. Sam Zeimer was almost indispensable in the contractor and carpenter line, and was the main dependence of the community for stone and concrete work of the better kind. We heartily recommend them all to their new neighbors and business connections.

Presidents Fleet Passed Azores

All On Board Well and President Clears Much Business Off His Table. Gigantic Reception, Perhaps Today, by Allies, Especially France. Priorely Preparation Made For Entertainment of President. Freedom of Seas, Picking Germany Clean and Proposal to Unite Great Britain and the U. S. in Trade and Peace Alliance May Prove Deterrents.

The George Washington, the ship bearing President Wilson to Brest, France, and its many convoys, have passed the Azores, unning in sight of land. Wireless informed the world that everything was in ship shape in the fleet.

President Wilson has done much pertaining to his office. The appointment of Hon. Carter Glass, congressman from W. Va. and former chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency to the post of Secretary of the Treasury to succeed Mr. W. G. McAdoo, was made after the president sailed.

The preparation for the reception and entertainment of president and Mrs. Wilson has been equal in all respects. It is whispered that president Wilson will not sit at the peace table, but have a representative there as have the heads of all other nations.

A Good Letter.

From Soldier to Friend.

As stated in our last issue, we print this week a letter from a soldier in France to a young lady whom we know but slightly but favorably, a native Missourian, corn fed and relying on nature's charms rather than those of art for decided prettiness, well enough educated and accomplished in domestic science to please any reasonable progressive and appreciative young man. Our importunities persuaded her to allow us to publish a letter which we thought good enough to rate as considerably above the average written by new formed friends who instantly or soon thereafter departed for the front. It was accidental that we became aware of the letter. She was reading it to a lady friend and overhearing a part, we asked to hear it all and she graciously accorded us the favor, but when we asked permission to publish the letter in full, she demurred and then some. However, we out talked the happy girl and drew from her consent to print the letter and further, that she already had a sweetheart who was in war, for whom she thought more and often than of any other living being and into whose life, if he returned, especially if wounded or in any otherwise disabled, she expected to have the deepest interest. But here is the letter: Somewhere in France. Sept. 22, 1918.

Dear Miss--

(Somewhere in Missouri)

This (Sunday) is another of the days in which I am permitted by cessation of real duties to think back across the ocean, over the fields of shell holes, over the long mounds which rise above so many of our dead and the dead of our enemies, lying inert, peaceful and disintegrating together; for it has been necessary in many instances to plant our boys and Bosches neath the same sod and next each other. I have witnessed as solemn ceremonies at the burial of young soldiers of Germany as I care ever again to take part in. You may reasonably wonder at this, but in the fight, the terrible, unrelenting and vicious to the last degree, our officers and men have hearts as tender as that of a mother when the call on their kindness is heard coming from the suffering, regardless of the uniform the victim wears.

Britain has no sort of idea of relinquishing her supremacy on the high seas, if reports, sustained by France coinciding with her views are to be credited.

Another proposition hatched in Britain, cleaning Germany out financially and physically, may not meet with President Wilson's views. One hundred and twenty billion dollars is what Britain now figures should be dug up by Germany and this in addition to her present debts means busted and inability to pay any one. Another suggestion that the U. S. become an ally of Britain and France is not in accord with pre-war declaration by this country, but a later proposal by Britain is an alliance between Britain, France and Italy. None of these reports may be reliable, however. Wait.

Picture to yourself the toughest young American you ever knew. He enlisted more likely than waited to be called. He donned the uniform which not only commands respect of all but demands of him and receives respect he never felt for raiment or men in all his life before. He is surely a soldier, the more than likely growling at everything as does the most of us. But when the order to "Go Over" is given by his captain or Lieut. it would make you the happiest girl in the world if you could see him (no you would be afraid of him). No animal yet in the jungles has it on him for ferocity, but from the expression on his face you would think he was pursuing a canned canine if you failed to get a look into his eyes and see the peculiar light therein. Dangerous and deadly as lyddite and it was this in our boys which broke the charm, deusion, misadventure, misjudging and early contempt for American soldiers by Huns. It has been sent back to us by some unknown source that when the Americans charged German trenches or rushed on them in the open or hunted them as snipers at night, the Huns took to their heels and it was up to the Yanks to out run them, topple them over and kick them into a puddle, shell hole or heap of their kind after a thrust of the bayonet. Discard such stories. While I do not know what the experience of our soldiers a mile or more away from our company or at most, regiment, has been, I feel safe in saying that few cases like the one mentioned have been the ones encountered - either in taking trenches, going after the Hun in the open or hunting him out of thickets or other places when he was playing sniper. Undoubtedly the Germans had some of as good fighters as the armies of any nation can boast, and I for one can produce good evidence to sustain the statement.

In most cases as fine looking and as brave a lot of soldiers as any general could wish to command are among the Germans and Austrians at the front, and in their trenches were provisioned and ammunition plentiful. We struck a section of their trenches one day and soon had possession with, fortunately, but little loss to our detachment. Sliding down the side of the trench one of our boys kicked some beer bottles, full, out of the ground. Cool,

welcome drink and search disclosed thousands of them, none too many. The finest cheese sandwiches, good bread and preserves and dozens of other good things were found in addition to all sorts of grenades, shells and other supplies. Certainly this section was well provided for fighting and fasting whatever others might have had. But it was when we crossed this trench after a time and headed for the next that the most sorrowful moment of my life met me. My bunkie, unknown to each other until we were placed together, he was the most in the world to me until and after this moment. I was a few feet too far away to prevent the deadly thrust. Avenging him counts for so little unless realizing his loss so infuriated me against the king who killed him that I lost all semblance of a human being. Such pictures are not for you or any others who claim a modicum of civilization. I came back to Gus and after ages a stretcher came and he was hurried to first aid hut by two bearers and a Salvation Army girl and myself. He reached the hut and the end of his life at about the same moment, his bloodless face turned to mine and his friendly hand gripping the long farewell. Lonely was I for weeks and yet, as when I glimpsed the last view of my native land as I cursed my way to this blood drenched field. Never again my friend, may I be called to witness what I have seen or do what I have done. The exultation over routing the enemy is not an elixir sufficient to allay the pangs which follow the loss of your bunkie. I must free my mind of this subject or I cannot write another word.

A stroll about the camp, coffee and dainties at the canteen, a dozen cigarettes and some comical stunts by mule drivers have brot me out of a sort of hideous stupor and I think again of you, my friend. May I write my thoughts? What do I mean when I call you my friend? I mean that in some way in this world which seems so full of chance yet thru which I am persuaded there runs a deep and intelligent purpose, you and I have been thrown together. We came to know each other; and when we touched, you and I, two human atoms in this big universe, we took fire a little; I liked you; you liked me. Why, none can tell; it was just one of those wondrous miracles that happen in this wondrous life.

That fire still burns in me. I somehow want you to know that I am still your friend. The sight of you this day; the sound of your voice, the touch of your hand, would make me happy. I don't like to grow away from my friends, but life is so crowded and necessary business so absorbing that our beloved's faces dim in a gray fog of forgotten days tho the days we were together; I have not lost them. They are with me now, coursing thru my memory, not like sad ghosts ut rather like smiling angels who remind me that I have stood soul to soul with one who liked me and whom I liked and we marched a few steps together in this untoward world. Will you too think of those days when you read these lines and reach out your hand and touch mine tho it be across the big gap of years and miles? I meet enough people who do not like me or what I do. The world holds plenty of those destructive forces, envy, misunderstanding, antipathy. Nobody gets along with everybody, but you and I belong to the invincible order of friends and we together and

separate stand against the world

Salisbury

Val Geisler of the P. S. and family have been wrestling with the flu, but they knew it and are through it.

Dan West of Chicago and his brother-in-law, Mr. Richards passed through here Tuesday on their way home from Windsor, Mo., where they had been to bury another brother-in-law.

Ben F. Mason, a pioneer, has moved to Ark. to make his home with his son, Pet. We do not see how he can leave old Chariton. He went with his son W. P. who returned a few days ago, having been here to bury a daughter and grand child.

Mrs. Minnie Meyer, wife of Joe Meyer, of Brookfield, Mo. died at the home of her mother in this city Dec. 5th, 1918, after a brief illness of flu and complications, aged 21 years. She was a Salisbury girl, but since her marriage had lived in Brookfield. She leaves a husband, mother one brother and many relatives to mourn her early death. Funeral services were conducted from the Methodist Church Saturday by Rev. Mosley and remains laid to rest in city cemetery.

Louila M. wife of Hobert Evans, died at the home of her father-in-law Friday night after a short illness of flu and pneumonia. Funeral services were conducted from the Baptist Church Saturday and remains taken to Roanoke for burial. Deceased leaves a sorrowing husband and many other relatives and friends to sorrow over her early demise and to whom we offer condolence. This is the second death in this home in a little over a week.

Thursday afternoon of last week J. R. Mason, aged 62, long a justice of the peace and a prominent man was injured by the over turning of an auto driven by Duncan Lently, colored, resulting in his death Monday evening. There were other persons in the car all of whom were injured, but none seriously. The report is the car was being driven rapidly and on making a sudden turn, one front wheel was crushed causing the accident. Judge Mason, as most people called him, had long been a prominent citizen of our town, and will be missed in business and social circles. His death is a loss to the community and also leaves a vacancy in the office of Justice of peace. Funeral services were conducted from the home Wednesday afternoon by Rev. Mosey of the M. E. Church followed by burial at Asbury. Deceased leaves a widow and four children, two sons and two daughters, all grown and married, and a host of relatives. In early life he engaged in teaching school and for a time did some preaching as a minister. Later he engaged in merchandising, farming and other avocations, being successful in all, hence left a good estate. He left a will devising his property to his widow and children with his son Rush as sole executor.

to eternity in that strongest of ties. Should we not meet in this life again, surely we will come together in the next and on some peaceful star revel in the thought that there can be no more parting.

The hat to you, my friend, and may all the best of life be yours. Contentment, and loved by all worthy to hear you call them friends, and rightfully employed, your nature will grow richer and expand to the limit of earthly happiness.

Sincerely,