

PHIL HAFNER'S STUMP SPEECH TO THE BEANVILLE NATIVES.

The report of the "spotter" that there was an increased attendance at the Beanville meeting caused much alarm among the politicians. Their organ—having failed to reach the natives by appealing to their vanity—now proceeded to hammer on their religious prejudices, and in the last issue appeared the following:

"Phil Hafner treated the Beanville natives to another of his tirades against good government and the Democratic party. This time he went far enough for the people to see plainly the trail of the serpent that mingles with his every action. He denounced religion and said that preachers preached for money only, and that our legislative assemblies should not be opened with prayer. The Beanville natives are good, moral and christian people and will justly rebuke this blasphemer if he again attempts to talk to them in such an un-christian manner."

In the meantime the politicians were active. The Beanville natives had always been strong supporters of the party ticket, and held their party creed quite as sacred as their religious creed. A break among them meant a slump in the party majority, and this the politicians did not want.

Lawyer Skinner, who dictates party nominations in Scott county and runs things generally as directed from Democratic state headquarters, is also "attorney" for the Missouri Pacific railway. This is not generally known among the people, but it so happens that when the railroad has a case in court you will usually find Lawyer Skinner representing the railroad.

At the request of Lawyer Skinner the office-holders and politicians assembled at his office and the situation was thoroughly discussed. The fact that Farmer Jones was taking such an active interest in the Beanville meetings disturbed them. Farmer Jones was a recognized leader among the natives and was related to half the neighborhood. Something had to be done to hold him in line.

Accordingly it was decided that a fishing and hunting party be made up to go over on Little River, and that Farmer Jones be invited as the guest of honor. A purse was made up to defray the expenses, and Farmer Jones was not to be out a cent. Everything was to be free to Farmer Jones.

It so happened that shortly after the caucus Farmer Jones appeared on the streets of Benton. Lawyer Skinner espied him and gave him "rooters" the tip. One by one the politicians met Farmer Jones, shook hands with him, asked about his wife, the babies and the crops. At noon they took him to the hotel for dinner, after which they went to the court house, where cigars were brought in and the news was gently broke to Farmer Jones that a hunting and fishing party had been arranged, and that it was the unanimous desire of the entire party that he join them.

Farmer Jones had read the little story about the spider and the fly, but on this occasion he did not realize that he was playing the part of the fly, and chuckled as he gave his consent.

Bright and early on Monday morning Farmer Jones arrived in Benton to join the party. The cook-pots and tents and things were loaded into wagons and the procession moved off toward Little River. At Oran they stopped for "bait." After laying in a supply of whiskey, beer and cigars, the journey was continued and at 8 o'clock the banks of Little River were reached.

The jug was uncorked and Farmer Jones had to take the first swig. The cigars were passed and Farmer Jones had to take the first one from the box. The match-box was opened and Farmer Jones was tendered the first match. All enjoyed a smoke and chatted freely about the weather and the experiences of the trip. Farmer Jones didn't have much to say, but when he did talk he was given the undivided attention of all and occasionally they would applaud his sayings.

It being late in the day, no effort was made at fishing on that evening. The tents were pitched and supper was prepared. Farmer Jones was given the most comfortable seat at the camp table, and everybody seemed anxious to do honor to Farmer Jones. A case of beer was opened, and the first bottle was passed to Farmer Jones. All toasted round, and when Farmer Jones responded there was tremendous applause. Cries of "Good!" "Who would have thought it of Farmer Jones?" "It's the best get-off I ever heard!" "It takes a farmer to get off something original!" intermingled with the applause.

Early next morning Farmer Jones and out and out breathing the fresh

morning air. Some time afterward Lawyer Skinner and Judge Doolittle, of the county court, left camp for a stroll. They espied Farmer Jones sitting on a log reading a newspaper and approached him thusly: "Hello, got a paper?"

"Yes; I got the Kicker. I like to read it, and brought it along."

"Thought you were a Democrat?" queried Lawyer Skinner.

"So I am."

"But that is nothing but a lying Republican sheet," sneeringly interrupted Judge Doolittle.

"Don't care what you call it," replied Farmer Jones; "it suits me mighty well."

Lawyer Skinner frowned a frown and then looked Farmer Jones squarely in the face saying: "Now Mr. Jones, you are an intelligent man and I am surprised at a man of your good judgment paying any attention to what that paper says. You know that Hafner was defeated for office and is now sore and wants to tear up the party that has done so much for the people."

"That's right," interrupted Judge Doolittle. "Lawyer Skinner is giving it to you straight. You know that no man in the county stands higher than Lawyer Skinner, and he could not afford to say anything that is not true."

Farmer Jones hung his head as if to consider the matter. The two politicians felt that they had scored a point. Presently Farmer Jones raised his head and, in a loud voice, retorted: "Phil Hafner offered you all the space you want in his paper, free of charge. Why don't you put into print what you have to say so we can read it over, discuss it and see who is right?"

This retort almost took the wind out of the two politicians—and when you take the wind out of a politician there's nothing left. But Lawyer Skinner soon regained himself sufficiently to say: "Why, there ain't nothing to reply to. He hasn't said anything that merits our notice."

"The h—! he hain't!" shouted Farmer Jones, with a look of disgust, and he took up his paper and began to read as if he desired to be let alone.

Lawyer Skinner and Judge Doolittle left the set-back very keenly and strolled off toward the camp. As they walked they discussed the probable result of losing Farmer Jones as a supporter of the party ticket. Both agreed that it meant the loss of the Beanville district. After shifting his chew of tobacco from side to side, Lawyer Skinner said: "Judge Doolittle, the Beanville natives have always voted the ticket straight and their district has been seriously neglected in the matter of roads and bridges. County court meets next Monday and the proper thing to do is to authorize the expenditure of about five thousand dollars down there and make Farmer Jones the supervisor. That will cook Hafner's goose."

"I have been thinking of that very thing," replied Judge Doolittle, "but Hafner has already hit us several jolts about giving out contracts for political effect and I am getting afraid of it."

"D—n Hafner!" retorted Lawyer Skinner, somewhat angered. "It won't do to pay any attention to anything he says. He is just sore because he is not on top. Of course you and I know that in the main he is right, but it will never do to let the people know we think so. It would set us to plowing."

By this time the two had reached camp. The other members of the party had dressed and the cook was preparing breakfast. The cook was a sort of handy man around town and cared little about politics. But it wouldn't do to talk "party secrets" in his presence, so the jug was "touched" and Lawyer Skinner suggested that the entire party take a short stroll to get up an appetite.

After leaving the tent Lawyer Skinner began: "Now, as you all understand, the object of this outing is to get Farmer Jones right. Judge Doolittle and I have just had a talk with him and he seems to be all wrong. I have just suggested to Judge Doolittle that the county court make a handsome appropriation for roads and bridges in the Beanville district and appoint Farmer Jones as commissioner. What do you all think about it?"

"That ought to catch him," replied one.

"It's a sure shot," said another.

"It will prove to those natives that the Democratic party is the friend of the plain people," interrupted Lawyer Graball, who did not approve of the commercial tone of the discussion.

"Whatever is done must be done in

a way indicating our concern for the general welfare."

"You are right about that," returned Lawyer Skinner; "but we are only talking among ourselves now. When we ask for the appropriation we will make it clear that the work is much needed and that everybody will be benefited. For that matter we can prepare articles and have them appear in our paper showing the necessity of the improvements."

"Yes; and by that means we will get the Beanville people friendly to our paper and they'll subscribe for it. Very few of them take it now, but if the paper comes out and advocates road improvements in that section they'll want the paper," interrupted Lawyer Cranberry.

"I hadn't thought of it in that light," Lawyer Skinner thoughtfully observed; "but the idea is a good one. We've got to support that paper anyway, and if we can get a few dollars from those people it will be that much. Besides, the paper will have its influence and help to hold them in line. That is of greater importance to us than the subscription price."

"I understand that the paper is being mailed regularly to the Beanville people, but that they refuse to take it from the post-office," put in Judge Doolittle.

"Yes, I've heard that too," replied Lawyer Cranberry, "but if the paper goes to advocating road improvements for the district and puffs the farmers a little they'll take it."

All agreed to use their influence with the county court on the following Monday to secure an appropriation of not less than five thousand dollars for the Beanville district and have Farmer Jones appointed commissioner to oversee the work and disburse the money. Lawyer Graball was instructed to prepare an article to be sent to their organ urging the necessity of road improvements in the Beanville district, and then all went to the tent for breakfast. Farmer Jones had not returned to camp and two of the party were sent to see what was wrong.

In the evening it rained, but Phil Hafner had announced that he would talk to the natives and braved the weather. In spite of the rain the school-house was crowded and the speaker at once began:

"To me the future of this republic does not appear at all bright. In fact I have grave fears for the future. Greedy corporations control our government, and the people have no rights which these heartless vampires are at all bound to respect. The Declaration of Independence and our National Constitution are being trampled under foot with impunity. The most vicious and dangerous among these monopolies is the railroad monopoly, which is growing so very powerful. The Committee on Legislation of the National Railroad Commissioners met in San Francisco in June, 1901, and I quote you here from their report: 'The railway, as an institution, has effectively become a power unto itself, and unless remedial legislation is speedily procured, the country will be in the hands of a monopoly which nothing but the batteries of the government can shatter.'

"Think of these words coming from a commission representing the railroad commissioners of every state in the Union! What can they mean when they speak of a monopoly that 'nothing but the batteries of the government can shatter'?"

"My friends, their meaning is clear, and it should be a warning to every citizen who loves liberty. It means that unless the people act speedily and intelligently the railroad interests will be so entrenched that nothing short of war will dislodge them. It means the war of independence over again. It means just what the Hon. Lee Meriwether said to the people of St. Louis in the spring of 1901, that 'the people must own the railroads or the railroads will soon own the people.' That's what it means. Now, take your choice. I, for one, am in favor of the people owning the railroads. Why should not the people own them? Every railroad is built at the expense of the people, and it is the people who support them after they are put in operation. Our opponents say that if the government gets control of the railroads it will put too much power in the hands of the government. That, my friends, depends entirely upon what is understood by the word 'government.' If the people are the government, then I am not afraid of putting too much power in their hands. But if they mean a government by trusts, then we have already gone too far. It would be impossible to imagine a condition

under which the power and influence for evil could be greater than under our present system.

"To give you a better idea of what is meant by government (or public) ownership of railroads, telegraphs and the like, I call your attention to the postoffice system. The government owns and operates the postal system of the United States. Is it not satisfactory? Are not all the employees of the system well paid for all services rendered? Do you ever hear of any strikes or lock-outs in the service? No, you don't. And why? Because there is no greedy monopoly behind it demanding enormous dividends on watered stock. If our postal system was being operated by a private corporation, do you believe that rural districts would have mail routes and post offices that must be operated at a loss? Do you believe that a system of rural delivery would be in operation to deliver mail to the farmers at their very door, as we now have in the vicinity of Benton? Under private ownership, do you believe you could send a letter anywhere in the United States for two cents, or a newspaper for one cent? No; there would be no profit in that, and private corporations are in business for profit. The government seeks no profit and therefore gives you service at cost.

"With public ownership of railroads, telegraphs, etc., the people could get a better service for less than half the rates now charged, and at the end of each year there would be a handsome surplus to apply to the payment of the principal and interest of the debt, and in course of a very short time the debt would be entirely wiped out. Employees would have shorter hours and better pay, and strikes and lock-outs would be a thing of the past among railroad men, telegraph operators and like employees in the government service.

"My friends, it is evident that there is something radically wrong with our political system. At every election the people become aroused and may go for miles to vote in the hope of bettering their condition. But no relief comes. The burden of debt increases and the measures to better things. It is the mortgage—the trust deed—that is taking from us our independence. No man is a free man when another man has a mortgage on all he possesses. I speak from experience. Several times have I had to shift my abode since I first began to meddle in politics, and at one time they got so hot after me that I had to go into Cape county for relief.

"During campaigns one would imagine that the representatives of every political party had only the welfare of the farmer and laborer at heart. How they do weep and wail and sling mud over the unfortunate condition of the poor, down-trodden farmer, and never stop until they have proved that it is the fault of the opposite party. But after the election it is different. They then hobnob with the 'better element' or 'upper class,' as they are now styled. They now associate with corporation lawyers, ride on free passes, eat clam chowder and drink champagne. They forget all about the 'honesty' of the farmer; that was so dear to them just before the election. In our legislative halls the railroads, the bankers, the landlords, the trust companies, and every interest that feeds off the people has its hired lobbyist there. But who is there to represent the people? It is true that in all legislative bodies are found representatives who are honest and do their best to bring about just conditions, but they are hopelessly in the minority, and therefore the producers are made the common picking for all. And what is the result? Take up any humorous publication and you will find that the farmer is made the butt end of every joke. Because he has allowed himself to be duped and deceived so long he is pictured in the most ridiculous manner and has taken the place of the plantation darkey as the target of ridicule. He is referred to as 'Mr. Cornstassel' or 'Mr. Haysseed,' and his wife must also share the disgrace and is referred to as 'Mrs. Cornstassel' or 'Mrs. Haysseed.' Farmers, and farmers' wives, how do you like the esteem in which you are held by the business world? If you are satisfied, then the farmers are justified in voting the ticket straight—just as it is fired up for you by the very men who afterward ridicule and make fun of you. If you are not satisfied, then it is time for you to stop and do a little thinking for yourselves."

Farmer Bloem, who had been an attentive listener, rose up and said: "You have told us of the many evils that exist, but you suggest no remedy. How are you going to go about changing these conditions?"

"I am glad you asked that question," replied the speaker. "The first

step is to quit voting for men who are continually seeking office. This applies all along the line, from school director to president. When official position is thrust upon a man by his neighbors, that man feels that his neighbors have confidence in him, and he will do his very best to serve them faithfully. But if he owes his position to a set of public plunderers he is under no obligations to the people and will serve those to whom he owes his position. To this rule there is one remarkable exception, Ed Butler and his followers made Joe Folk prosecuting attorney of St. Louis. And you are, no doubt, aware of what Mr. Folk is doing for the Butlers and their followers."

"Folk is all right," interrupted Farmer Brown. "I'm a Republican, but I'll vote for Folk for governor."

"Yes, and I believe there are thousands of other Republicans in the state who will do the same thing. The great mass of Republicans are just as honest and as anxious for good government as the great mass of Democrats. The trouble is that both are often misled and deceived by men and newspapers, which they have confidence in. When you find the professional politicians and their newspaper organs advocating the claims of any man for office it is a surmise that the man will not serve the people if he gains the office. Mr. Folk objected to his nomination for prosecuting attorney of St. Louis for the reason, as he says, that he felt satisfied that he would have to prosecute the very men who made him. But after the office was given to him over his protests, he felt that he is under obligations to no one in particular and is doing his duty by the whole people. The keynote to be, or government is the forcing of office on men who reluctantly accept. As a rule such men will serve the people well. In my judgment we'll have such a man in B. F. Anderson."

Around Town.

A boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Levi Pevik Monday, but died soon after birth.

Henry Maderhoff, of New Hamburg, visited his father at the home of Anton Maderhoff Wednesday.

The Benton bank building seems to have "grown smaller" since it was first planned. The foundation shows a building 22x44 outside.

D. H. Harper, the local real estate agent, sold the V. Heisler farm, on the Commerce road, known as the Frank Miller farm, to Chas. G. Bilbs, of Mississippi county, Tuesday, for \$4,320. Mr. Bilbs will move his family on the premises soon. Mr. Harper seems to take considerable interest in property sold in his hands for disposal, and solicits business along that line.

Mrs. Anna McPheters is reported very sick.

Louis Burger spent Wednesday afternoon in Benton.

Clementine Diebold visited her brother, Solomon, who lives near Benton Wednesday. Solomon and four of his children have been afflicted with typhoid fever.

The yellow flag is displayed at the Walker House. Henry Hutson has small pox there. It is the boarding place of several of our county officials. Now let's keep 'em isolated. They told others how to prevent a spread of the disease. Now will they practice what they preach?

Cartor Foster moved his saw mill to Benton this week to saw wood for the citizens.

Johanne Essner, who has been at Texarkana for the past two months, writes his father, Adam, that the rainfall there has been greater since his arrival than for the past two years in Scott county. Of course Johanne didn't figure in the rain we had Monday night.

Anton Amrhein, of Bloda, was a visitor at the Kicker office Tuesday. He states that owing to the recent heavy rains the levees are greatly damaged and that there is more water in that neighborhood than has been for the last five years. He says that the corn crop was fine, averaging 60 bushels to the acre.

Brewers announce that the price of beer will be increased. Perhaps a reduction in the size of the "can" will bring the trust question home to a class of people who have heretofore treated it lightly.

The Fennicot Press disposes of killings in that town in four lines, thusly: "Ed Rader killed Wm. Peterson in this city Thursday night for breaking into his (Rader's) store, which is also his home."

The Kicker family enjoyed a Sunday dinner at John R. Goskie's expense. He presented us with a fine mess of squirrel.

A called term of county court has been ordered to meet on January 23 for the purpose of considering the draft shop petition of Joe Merritt for a saloon at Morley.

The new company store at Morley has revived business. Not only is this store doing well, but all others engaged in the sale of merchandise are doing an increased business.

Henry Gelmann, the postmaster at Mannings, had business in Benton Thursday.

August Elbert and Henry Shwitz, of Commerce township, were in town Tuesday and stopped at the Kicker office long enough to tell the editor that there was nothin' doin' in their neighborhood.

W. V. Miller, of—well, we don't don't know just where; but he lives about Bloda on the new railroad and has started up a town that he has not yet named—was in Benton Tuesday. He said he was afraid he might miss an issue of the Kicker and came to see about it.

H. P. Praetor, of Oran, was here Tuesday. For two years Mr. Praetor has suffered affliction of the eyes, but says he is now improving rapidly and thinks he will soon be able to read well.

Sheriff-elect Joe F. Watkins, of Doholstadt, was here Tuesday taking measurements of rooms at jail building for the purpose of carpeting. Joe will move his family here soon.

The organ's rantings against trusts and combines border on the ridiculous when it is considered that its publisher never misses an opportunity to combine against tax-payers when an opportunity presents itself to loot the county treasury.

Frank Grojean, of New Hamburg, was here Wednesday.

Ludanus and L. J. Dannenmueller, Frank Dohogue, Frank Blattel and J. F. Klughart, all of Kelo, were callers at the Kicker office Wednesday.

J. C. Farmer, a healthy specimen of the Vanduser neighborhood, was in Benton Thursday.

A. C. Schuette, of Graysboro, was here Thursday on business.

From Oran.

Mr. Stubblefield has moved his big stock of goods into his nice new building, from where he will sell goods hereafter.

Miss Ella Tomlinson visited relatives at Oran the first part of the week.

The meeting at the Baptist church closed Sunday evening. There were sixteen additions to the membership. Rev. Mothee left for Glenallen, Mo., to visit his aged aunt.

Miss Jennie Clemson, accompanied by Miss Ella Tomlinson, visited friends at the Cape Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Jacobs, of Cape Girardeau, who has been visiting friends here, left to visit her son at Morley.

The brick work of the mill is about completed and there will be twenty more men here at the end of the week to put in the machinery. The hotels are taxed to their limit in accommodating the extra crowds.

The sister of Mrs. J. H. Massey is spending some time in our town.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Cunningham visited home folks Sunday.

Mrs. Ruth Wright came home from Olney Friday and reports Dr. Allie improving.

A Mr. Kinkle met with a rather painful accident Monday afternoon. The hand-car ran over one of his legs, injuring it severely.

Oran is the Banner town for weddings. There has been fifteen during the past year.

The remains of David Millford were brought to Oran for interment. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Rudolph and the body was taken in charge by the Rev. W. W. Lodge and interred in the Grand Cemetery. Although the weather was inclement, a large number of people attended.

From Commerce.

Dr. T. F. Frazer, member Asylum Board No. 4 at Farmington, returned Sunday from Toledo and Cleveland, O., where the board has been taking note of the methods of Eastern institutions.

The result of the election for trustee resulted in J. B. Stubblefield being elected to fill the unexpired term of Dave Harper. The vote on the fire bonds was 60 for and 21 against.

Tillman Anderson has returned from Corinth, Miss., where he sold a car-load of horses.

Everything at Moore's has been marked way down, so you can save money on holiday purchases.

C. M. Wylie is attending a meeting of the Missouri Bankers' Association at Fredericktown this week, and J. B. Stubblefield is our banker pro tem.

Wm. Finley is thinking of chartering the Bob Roy so he can gather in his corn. We all need some such help after that last rain.

Don't forget that Xmas comes but once a year and ditto those prices on holiday goods at Moore's.

Dr. Frazer has been sending out health documents this week, and we don't know whether it's for good or bad health. Bad health is good for the doctor; good health is bad for him—and there you are.

Attorneys Arnold and DeReign were here seeking justice before our new court Monday and of course they got it. We always let people have what they want—when we have it to spare.

We wish Miss Nettie would hurry up and go to Texas so we'd have something to talk about.

Rubber goods of all kinds at Moore's. Prices are reduced so that everybody may go dry shod.

R U A Subscriber
TO THE
**Scott County
KICKER?**

It is the only paper in Scott County the utterances of which are not controlled by the tax-dodgers and politicians. **THE KICKER Speaks Right Out in Meetin'.**

Every taxpayer should be its patron. It tells the unmuzzled truth.

IT IS THE PEOPLE'S PAPER. Subscribe Now.

YOUR POSTMASTER IS AGENT.