SCOTT COUNTY KICKER

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The Three-Ringed Circus!

Democrats, Republicans and Progressives all Perform Like Trained Monkeys.--"Harmony" to Burn.

To one who understands, there is nothing quite so disgusting as capitalist politicians—unless it be the work people who parade and shout and vote for them. The latter, however, is more pathetic than disgusting—for the poor, deluded dupes know not what they do.

Last month the two grand old frauds, known as the Democratic and Republican parties, held national conventions, and the men who furnish the votes had about as much to do with either as they have to do with the actions of congress.

First to meet was the Republican convention at Chicago. Here were assembled the lawyers of the big and little financial interests of the nation to do the bidding of their masters. Recently I read an article by Gene Debs in the Ripsaw in which he quoted someone as saying, "There are thieves, d—d thieves and lawyers."

Near by was assembled that aggregation of reformers, many of them sincere, known as the Progressives, who swiped nearly all of the Socialist platform four years ago and captured over four million votes on it. Their idol is one Theodore Roosevelt, the arch-faker of the nation, unless we except Wm. J. Bryan. Two months ago Roosevelt was a militarist, and is still a militarist. Bryan was a pacifist, but since his party has declared for militarism, he is with "the party."

Bryan has never stood long enough in any one place to be counted. He came into prominence in 1896 as an apostle of free silver. Four years later he dropped silver and pounded on anti-imperialism. In 1904 he stumped the country—at so much per stump—for Gold-Standard Parker. Now he is for the platform of preparedness—imperialism!

Bryan is the only man who has grown rich in politics while playing an apparently losing game. He is a millionaire and has never done anything but spout hot air—of which the Big Interests, that Bryan pretends to oppose, are the purchasers.

Bryan has a powerful influence over the farmers, especially the western farmers, and he coins this influence into dollars during every campaign by leading the Rubes into the capitalist slaughter pen.

Last year Bryan was so disgusted with Wilson's foreign policy that he resigned from the cabinet. But the St. Louis convention indorsed exactly what Bryan had caused Bryan to quit, and now Bryan will tell you that Wilson is all right. In the last issue of his Commoner Bryan says, "We must win; let every Democrat go to work." And he apologizes by saying, "the preparedness plank drew forth but little applause—a good omen."

Why was this a "good omen" to give the preparedness plank a cool reception? Is not Mr. Bryan for it? Does he mean to say that this was crammed down the throat of the assembled lawyers, bankers and politicians against their will?

The joint meeting was arranged—not by the rank and file of either of these parties, but by the very few men who manipulate both. The Republican party had not one person as a presidential candidate to offer that the masses knew anything about. Quite all of them had been "turned up" by one or the other of the many recent investigations.

So they went to the supreme court bench and took a man about whom the people know nothing, except that he was once governor of New York—a very bad sign, indeed. No man who has any sympathy for the working class can be elected governor of Wall Street, and Louis D. Brandies is the first man since the days of Lincoln to be appointed to the supreme court bench who is accused of having any consideration for the masses at all. And it took eight months wrangle of a plutocratic senate to confirm the appointment. Not so with Hughes. He has a "judicial temperament" which, in plain English, means a highly developed 16th century mind.

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After the nomination of Hughes came the play of the Hero of San Juan Hill. Amid thunderous applause the Progressives nominated Roosevelt. For one hour and 34 minutes the name of Roosevelt was cheered. And after Roosevelt and the interests behind him had used their dupes to the limit, Roosevelt quit them cold—refused to accept their nomination.

It was a trick similar to the one played on the Populists in 1896, but it was worked different. Populism had captured the Democratic convention. So they stole the Pop platform, labeled it Democratic, nominated a fusionist in the person of W. J. Bryan, and the eastern Democrats withdrew. But the platform and candidate were popular in the west among the masses, but not among "the old guard" politicians and such "leading Democrats" as David R. R. Francis, Wm. J. Lemp and Rolla Wells, of St. Louis, and some that I might mention nearer home, and these put the knife to Bryan and slaughtered him.

Both Wells and Francis contributed to the Republican campaign fund. As a reward for their treachery Rolla Wells was elected as mayor of St. Louis on the Democratic ticket. Francis has been in control of the Democratic machine of the state ever since and is now ambassador to Russia—an appointee of President Wilson, while our local traitors have been running the local machine and holding the jobs for us around home. But it smashed the Pops.

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The Democratic convention in St. Louis was a greater farce, if possible, than the Republican affair at Chicago. Everything was "cut and dried." Nobody contested Mr. Wilson's right to run a second time, even if he was elected on a one-term platform. And it required heroic effort on the part of the newspapers to make even the appearance of a contest for the vice-presidency.

Here were assembled another bunch of lawyers representing exactly the same interests as those who had gathered at Chicago. In addition to these were the patriotic federal office-holders to whom Wilson had given soft jobs at big pay. And, of course, they re-nominated their chief. Their 3 meals-a-day depended on it.

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As for the platform of the two parties there is no difference that any justice of the peace could not harmonize in ten minutes. And, even if there was, what would it matter? The one-term plank in the Democratic platform of four years ago is still in that platform and proves how "sacred" are the pledges made by politicians to the people.

Both parties favor tariff—one for protection and the other for revenue. In either case it is an indirect tax that the consumer must pay. Take your choice.

The Republicans tell you they want a tariff to protect the American working man—and at the same time they have their agents in Europe gathering up the lowest type of pauper labor to bring here to compete with you for the jobs. The only thing the working man has to sell is his labor power, and there is no "tariff" on that. Hence no protection for him.

The Democrats tell you they want a tariff for revenue only. This means exactly the same as a tariff for so-called protection. In either case it is a tax put on foreign-made goods that is added to the sale price of the goods, and you pay it when you buy at the store. It never was intended to benefit the work people, yet the politicians and newspapers have been fooling you with this nonsense for half a century.

The Republicans had a "tariff for protection" on sugar. The Donks changed this two years ago and put on a "tariff for revenue only." How do you like the change?

Yet a nation of people who allow themselves to be thus bamboozled, will hold up their coconut heads, look wise, and tell the world that the Pilipinoes are too ignorant to govern themselves!

Both parties are strong on militarism—for defense only. All of the warring nations of Europe were similarly afflicted. No nation has ever been known to admit that its preparedness was for the purpose of aggression and robbery. Always for defense. So again take your choice.

Also, President Wilson stands for "America First." Mr. Hughes stands for "undiluted Americanism." More choice.

These will be the "paramount issues of the day." So get ready for the flag-waiving, the band and the hot air along about October. Follow your leader. Parade, shout and vote 'er straight—and then put in another four years cursing what you voted for.

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At both conventions the women were present in force, demanding the ballot. To catch the four millions of women who already have the ballot, both parties yielded to a meaningless plank in their platforms. Both parties told the women they could do nothing for them; that they must work for emancipation by states. The women did not need to be told this, for they have already gained the ballot in that way in twelve states and one territory.

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This is, of course, a Christian nation, and it must not be overlooked that the men who run this country are high-power Christian gentlemen. Each day their shell-game was opened with prayer by some eminent divine. Each day a different divine was used so as to cover all the ground. On the first day in St. Louis God was called on by a protestant divine to guide the operations of the crooks there assembled in Democratic convention. The next day it was Arch-Bishop Glennon, a Catholic, and the next day it was Rabbi Leon Harrison, a Jew, who, like Taft, denies the divinity of Christ. Had there been any considerable number of Mohammedan, Confusionist or Buddhist voters among us, both conventions would have had eminent divines of these so-called "heathen" religions to appeal to their Gods for "divine guidance."

When it comes to religion and patriotism, it takes the old party politicians and the robber interests behind them to cover the ground.

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When the three conventions had played their parts, the people of the nation were disgusted. Nothing had been done that would bear inspection or discussion. The platforms are alike, and there is no difference between Hughes and Wilson. Both are from the extreme east, and both are believers in the existing order of things. Both have minds that would better fit the Stone age that the present.

The daily press tried to start something and get people to take notice, but it was no go. So they decided it would be best to let the people forget it. And they turned their batteries on Mexico.

Over night all of those "Villa bandits" were resurrected, and they were made to commit all sorts of outrages on the innocent, inoffensive and unprotected American citizens in Mexico and on this side of the border—altho it had been four months since the press had dug up Villa's body—shot-off leg, gangrene and all, after he had been buried a week.

And our president, who had issued over his signature, a warning that these stories were manufactured by interventionists on this side of the border, played his part by calling out the troops.

BACK AGAIN

After a month's rest, the Kicker is with you again. The lay-off helped some, but it was not long enough. My doctors say I should rest at least six months, but most of us cannot always do what is best for us.

However, the correspondents and friends of the paper can make it much easier on me if they will. Let the correspondents send in live news letters each week, and the hustlers keep up and increase the circulation of the paper, and it will relieve me a great deal.

The Kicker wants a correspondent in every neighborhood. Also some active person to get new subscribers. If the Kicker has none in your community, who will volunteer? Here is a chance to enlist in a better cause than murdering Mexicans.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Kicker is authorized to announce Armor A. George as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for assessor of Scott county, at the August primary election.

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I hereby announce myself as a candidate for sheriff of Scott county on the Republican ticket subject to the August primary.

THOS. E. HAWKINS.

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The Kicker is authorized to announce Frank Anderson of Sandywoods township as a candidate for the Republican nomination for assessor at the August primary.

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The Kicker is authorized to announce Phil Simpkins as a candidate for sheriff of Scott county on the Democratic ticket, subject subject to the August primary.

The Jingoes Win.

Thousands of Troops Moving Toward Mexico.--Where Will it all End?

The country is being turned into an armed camp, and recruiting stations have been established at all points where it is believed the boys from 16 years old up, can be induced to enlist. However, both young Rockefeller and young Morgan are of Military age, but I haven't heard of their shouldering a gun. But Rockefeller is reported to have again taken up the teaching of his Bible class.

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Do you remember the meeting and hand-shake of the tyrant, Diaz of Mexico, and President Taft, on the bridge across the Rio Grand that connects this country with Mexico?

For weeks the daily papers contained columns of stuff about this event, but they never told you what it meant. It happened just before the revolution in Mexico broke out. The fires of revolution were already smouldering, and the purpose of the meeting was to give the oppressed people of Mexico to understand that the ruling class of this nation would not stand for the overthrow of the Mexican tyranny. It was a polite hint for the slaves of Mexico to hug their chains and be "good."

The part that this country has played in Mexico seems incredible. Those people are struggling for liberty, and we, claiming to be the "cradle of liberty," have done everything possible to prevent their freedom.

There is a reason. This government, like every other government that is "highly civilized," is run by Big Business. Some of our "enterprising citizens" have, through corrupt deals with the former dictator Diaz, got title to almost all of the natural wealth of Mexico, just as they have secured title to about everything here. And this country has undertaken the job of protecting those fraudulent titles.

It took only a short while for the heroic Mexicans to overthrow the Diaz tyranny and Madero was elected president. But "the interests" caused the assassination of Diaz by the brute, Heurta. To leave Heurta in control meant the re-establishment of "the church" and the plunderbund. Hence the patriots again flew to arms under the leadership of Carranza and drove Heurta out of the country.

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When it was found that Heurta was losing his grip we sought an excuse to butt in. We said that Heurta had insulted our flag by refusing to salute it—and we sent war ships to Vera Cruz to shoot up the town and kill a lot of people—including women and children. It was public sentiment in this country that prevented further invasion.

Then we tried to coax Carranza into a trap called arbitration—just as the railroad operators tried to coax their employes into arbitrating. But the common people are learning that these boards of arbitration are always loaded. They are made up of the "best people," whose interest it is to keep the masses down. In the case of Mexico the arbitrators selected by the Washington government were South American diplomats—all aristocratic Catholics. Yet the core of the trouble in Mexico is the priesthood. Carranza refused to bite.

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There is a powerful opposition to intervention in this country. In fact, the great mass of people sympathize with the revolutionists. It was this power that had much to do with causing Wilson to recognize Carranza as chief of Mexico.

But the plotters in this country were active. They won Villa to their side, and the Columbus raid was the result. The newspapers that suppressed the truth about the Ludlow massacre by Rockefeller gun-men in our country, howled long and loud about Columbus.

It gave us the excuse, and we butted in under the pretense of hunting Villa. When our troops crossed the border the Kicker told you to "waten and see if we didn't get Carranza—if we got anybody."

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Well, we have been in Mexico for several months. At first the newspapers had Villa cornered every Saturday night in order to sell Sunday papers. But that got old, and we haven't had Villa cornered since we killed him some two months ago.

Since then our troops don't seem to clearly understand just why they are in Mexico. To vary the monotony they drifted into a city named Parral some weeks ago, shot up the town and killed and wounded a hundred or more unarmed Mexicans, including women and children—just as they did at Vera Cruz. The fact that only one American was reported killed and one wounded is proof that the Mexicans were unarmed.

Up to this time Carranza was very patient. We are a dozen to their one, and he knows that he has many sympathizers in this country. His only hope is to retain these sympathizers, and he has been careful to do nothing to justify hostile action on the part of the United States. But when the Parral incident occurred, some action on his part was unavoidable, and he very courteously requested that our troops be withdrawn. The request was denied.

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On June 21 a battle occurred at Carrizal in which the Americans got very much the worst of it. The press reports this as a massacre—the result of Mexican treachery. But the facts do not bear out any such claim.

Just after the Parral encounter two months ago, Carranza requested us to withdraw our troops; that his people resented their presence. We refused his very reasonable request and continued to invade his country.

Carranza next gave orders to his generals not to permit the Americans to invade the country further, and this order was communicated to Gen. Pershing by Gen. Trevino. But we concluded to do as we liked, regardless of the protests of the Mexicans.

On June 21 a scouting party of 95 negro troopers halted near Carrizal and a messenger was sent into the city to ask of Gen. Gomez permission to enter. Gomez replied that they must not enter; that they could go only north. According to the official report of Capt. Morey of the Fourth United States cavalry, who escaped wounded, his troopers then formed for battle. The report says:

"Capt. Boyd feared an ambush. He was under the impression that the Mexicans would run as soon as we fired."

If that means anything, it means that the American commander decided to hazard a bluff. Capt. Boyd was killed. The report continues:

"WE FORMED FOR ATTACK, his intention being to move up to the line of about 120 Mexicans on the edge of the town. . . . When we were within 300 yards the Mexicans opened fire, and a strong one, before we fired a shot. Then we opened up. THEY DID NOT RUN."

I can discover nothing that indicates either treachery or massacre in that. To a man up a tree it would appear that the Mexicans called their bluff. Yet the people who get their ideas from the head-lines and cartoons of the capitalist press believe the massacre and treachery story.

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In the same issue of the Globe-Democrat that contained the report of Capt. Morey were two cartoons. One was a cross at the head of a grave, inscribed: "Troops C, and K, U.S. Cavalry Massacred." The other was a grave covered with an American flag. At the head was a tombstone inscribed, "U. S. Troops Massacred at Carrizal." At the foot of the grave stood Uncle Sam tearing a scrap of paper labeled "Too proud to fight."

In the same issue the G-D says editorially: "While our indignation grows as the facts accumulate to prove that American soldiers were treacherously attacked from ambush at Carrizal, and we are filled with sorrow at the fate of Capt. Boyd and his brave men, there is admiration at their conduct."

Yet, in its own columns and in the same issue, was printed the official report of Capt. Morey which gave the lie to both the editorial and the cartoons.

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But the press of the plunderbund is resourceful. It knows no shame. To be caught lying does not disturb it in the least. The very next day a press dispatch, purporting to be from San Antonio, Texas, announced the finding of the body of Capt. Boyd, and in his pockets were found papers that proved the treachery of the Mexicans.

On the same day appeared a dispatch purporting to be from Gen. Pershing's headquarters in Mexico. It read: "Capt. Morey today told the story at Gen. Pershing's camp of the fighting at Carrizal. He said Capt. Boyd DIED FIGHTING BRAVELY."

Now, think a bit. They ask us to believe that our troops were suddenly and treacherously attacked from ambush. And they try to prove it by notes found in the pockets of a man who captain Morey says "died fighting bravely." Now I want you to figure out at what stage of the 45 minutes' battle Capt. Boyd could have found time to write these notes.

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Straws show which way the wind blows. On June 25 ex-President Taft made a speech at Plainfield, New Jersey, at a Chautauqua assembly on taking over Mexico as we did the Philippines. The press report said: "He declared the problem to be practically the same as that which the country accepted in taking over the Philippine Islands, but expressed the belief that pacification of the country is possible. He said an army of 250,000 men will be required to carry out the task effectively. This estimate was based, he explained, on reports of military experts MADE TO HIM WHEN HE WAS PRESIDENT."

Don't that let the cat out? What the plunderbund wants is the protection of the American flag over its loot in Mexico as in the Phillipines. And Mr. Taft admits that this was planned and and the cost figured while he was president—probably soon after the outbreak of the revolution.

On to Mexico, you Rubes and save the plunder of Rockefeller, Hearst, Guggenheim, Otis, Morgan, "the church" and the rest. Be "patriotic."

TAKING LONG CHANCES

Two college students were arraigned before the magistrate, charged with handling the loving spots in the road in their motor car.

"Have you a lawyer?" asked the magistrate.

"We're not going to have any lawyer," answered the elder of the students. "We've decided to tell the truth."—Arizona Kit.

Stick to the unmuzzled Kicker.

W. A. LEE

The Oran Lumber Man!

Has again started up his Saw-Mill and is ready to supply the trade with

Gum, Oak and Cypress Lumber

Of all sizes. Also clap-boars.

W. A. LEE, Oran.

THE FARM ADVISER.

Lateness of Hour Prevented Kicker Telling the Story in Last Issue.

The last issue of the Kicker was printed just after the county court had decided by a 2-to-1 vote to retain the farm adviser at an increased cost. Because of the lateness of the hour only a brief account of what happened, and how it happened, could be given. So I will tell the rest of the story now. My purpose is to show that the great majority of people have nothing to do with government—not even in local affairs—except to foot the bills.

In this case the matter ended just as the Kicker intimated that it would end. Whether or not the farm adviser was re-employed did not concern me in the least. But knowing that a very large majority of the men and women who work the soil were either indifferent, or opposed, I wanted to watch "the peepul" turn the trick—and then tell how they did it.

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Before going farther I want to say that I had a good laugh at the expense of J. F. Allen of Oran. Uncle Jim has declared again the press muzzle, and for the freedom of press and speech. He is in the habit of contributing to various newspapers of the county and slightly felt that they owed him some consideration. Uncle Jim was against the farm adviser proposition. The week before the matter was to be passed on by the court he wrote an article and offered it to the papers he had befriended. All of them turned it down, except the Democrat, which gave the Democratic spokesman for the appearance of the article by saying that it did not agree with them.

But all of them published the article by the farm adviser—in whole or in part—when he boosted himself—as a congenial matter by the editors. In other words, so far as these several newspapers were concerned, their readers were entitled to but one side—and that side a deception.

They turned down Uncle Jim, who was writing over his signature, and accepted that of Mr. Dorr, who evidently did not want the identity of the author known.

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When, in May, the court hesitated and refused to grant to one substantial citizen all they had asked for, and the Kicker told it, then these substantial citizens got real busy. They held meetings, circulated petitions and lined up their newspapers.

At New Hamburg the priest forgot a text about how Jonah kept house for three days in the stomach of a whale, and preached on the necessity of a farm adviser for two Sundays. On the first Sunday, I was told, some of the members complained that they did not go to church to hear farm adviser sermons. The priest who has his spies that report to him evidently heard of this and on the next Sunday he told them if they didn't want to hear about the farm adviser they could cork up their ears. And he sailed in again to tell them all about it—and then some.

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June 1, was the day set for the court to decide. Two nights previous a meeting was held at Sikeston attended by the best citizens from different parts of the county, and on June 1 they came here in force. There were also here perhaps a half dozen farmers who had come to oppose.

But these farmers were in a hopeless minority and without organization or leadership. They were as helpless as a bombardment among a pack of wolves.

That the substantial citizens before coming here had a hunch as to what the court would do was rather evident. Although the court did not pass upon the farm adviser matter until after five o'clock, the landlords began the organization of township Farm Bureaus immediately after noon.

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As soon as the Perkins road affair was over the mob rushed in with their petition containing 674 names. And it was a mob.

On any question to which the masses were not overwhelmingly opposed, this same crowd could have easily obtained 2,000 signatures. There are 4,500 voters in the county. Not they had less than one-sixth of these.

A petition with less than 400 was presented asking the court to abolish the farm adviser entirely. An examination showed that the petition favoring the retention of the adviser had been circulated all over the county and that a majority of the signers were professional and business men who live in the towns—and that nearly one-third of these were from Richland township, in which is Sikeston.

With the exception of a half doren signatures from Kelso, the petitions to abolish the adviser were from but two townships—Sylvania and Sandywoods. The signers were nearly all work people, but the overwhelming majority were actual farmers.

I believe a count would show more real farmers on the petition against the adviser than for it.

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The county court room being too small for the mob, all adjourned to the circuit court room.

In my brief account of what then happened an error crept in that made me say that Lewis D. Baker, of Sikeston, appointed himself secretary, etc. It should have read, "Lewis Baker, of Sikeston appointed himself chairman; Hal Galener, of Sikeston, appointed himself secretary, and W. H. Tanner of Sikeston, floor-leader." The purpose was to call attention to the fact that Sikeston was at the bat, and I might have added Green Green of Sikeston, as assistant floor leader.

Baker and Galener are Democrats. Tanner and Green are Republicans. However, no party lines are ever drawn when it is a question of getting something out of the public treasury.

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It is sometimes interesting to observe the lack of caution in the men who rule. There was no one present from Tawappity township. Mr. Baker explained that he had seen Lindsey Brown, and that Mr. Brown favored the adviser, but would not be here. He mentioned no other person in this connection. Hence we are to assume that Lindsey Brown, who is a Charleston banker and not even a resident of Scott county, is all there is to Tywappity township. Can you beat it?

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Some very thrilling speeches were made in defense of the farm adviser. Even Attorneys Barrey and Finch were interested into the service and made impassioned pleas for the election of the nation. Mr. Finch pointed to the little pile of facts at Wendy's Empire and said it was some job to run a farm adviser. Mr. Barrey approached it from an entirely different point. He showed that the most who assessment. He figured it down until he said that the real farmer hardly skinned. A man with $1,000 farm would only have to pay taxes two-thirds of a year, and the third is turned in and so he thought he was willing to sacrifice his two thirds. Just why, with possibilities Sikeston on the job, it was necessary to address the court in terms of beer, I do not know. But it was noticed that every time he said beer his eyes were on Judge Thomas.

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Everything was going along smooth and smooth until Ed. Bowman, a real farmer from near Oran, got up and suggested to the court that the matter be submitted to a vote.

Wow! That brought a string of protest from our substantial citizens. They didn't want any vote—no, no!

"We haven't got time," said Mr. Baker. "We must act right now, for there are many other positions wanting our adviser."

If there are so many other jobs open why was Mr. Dorr so concerned about this one?

"The expense!" yelled others.

"It will cost the county $1,000 to hold an election," put in Wm. H. Heisserer, who was one of the chief court house and bondesseur boosters.

Farmer Bowman suggested that the matter be submitted at any regular election. When the noise subsided Judge Bowman asked Judge Finch if there was any law authorizing the submission of the question. He replied that he knew of none, of course not. If these worthy citizens had been on the other side of the question, there would have been no trouble about "the law."

There is no law authorizing the election of postmaster, yet this is done. Had there been any question as to who should bear the expense, surely the gentlemen who so unanimously asserted that for every dollar invested in a farm adviser a hundred came back, would have eagerly put up the money—if they believed the people to be so unanimously for it as they claimed.

Why didn't they apply the same law that was applied in saddling a court house on the people without their consent? Why didn't they apply the same law that was applied in spending thousands of dollars of the people's money in providing a water plant to furnish Benton with water? Or in building and furnishing free of rent a residence for the sheriff?

At an expense of about one dollar the farm adviser matter could have been printed on the primary ballots and submitted to the people in August. This thing of what may or may not be done under the law reminds me of what a typical county judge said some years ago. The court had done something very "rank," and I asked the judge where he found the law for it. "Well," said he, "we couldn't find any law agin it."

(Continued next week.)

PETIT JURY FOR JULY COURT.

Richland twp.—Hess Osment, Doss Thompson, Watson Swain, James Maccobee, Tom Bloomfield, Jas. P. Ranney.

Kelso—T. J. Belk, Chas. Schitter, Henry Peetz, Frank Black, Louis Unnerstall.

Sylvania.—Wilson Steel, W. A. Maddox, H. C. Watkins.

Moreland.—Louis J. Legrand, B. Bandendistel.

Morley.—Chas. Miller, Fred Williams, J. C. Taylor.

Commerce.—R. B. Heuchan, Ben B. Gaither.

Sandywoods.—J. T. Huey, T. J. Ainsworth.

Tywappity.—A. A. Humphrey.