

Contest Drawing To a Close.

Avalanche of Votes and Illness Prevents Accurate Figures this Week

A mass of votes at the busiest time and the call home of Contest Manager Reeves on account of his wife's illness, prevented us from making a count of all the votes which we were requested to announce this week. Therefore we are giving the relative standing of the contestants instead which appears to be as follows:

- Miss Minnie Hockensmith.
- Miss Lizzie Adams.
- Miss Anna Fetters.
- Miss Alice Chism.
- Miss Grace Lassley.
- Miss Nellie Parsons.
- Miss Sylvia DeMoss.
- Miss Frances Higginbotham.
- Miss Mollie Van Winkle.

There are some big changes this week in the relative standing of the contestants. They have been trading places most every week, but the real fight for first place will come next week. Saturday, July 1st, at 5 p. m., is the time of all times to be ahead.

We have devised a way to close the contest that will insure perfect satisfaction and absolute secrecy until the final count is made by the judges.

The ballot box will be taken to the Bank of Marshall next Tuesday evening, securely locked and sealed, and remain there until turned over to the judges at 5 o'clock on July 1st.

There will be plenty of blank envelopes convenient to the ballot box. Each contestant will put the names of all subscribers, address, mark them new or old, together with the necessary amount of money, in an envelope, seal and drop into the ballot box where the judges will get them and place them to the credit of the contestant whose name appears thereon.

It will be necessary to use envelopes so that there will be no confusion. Contestants can readily see why this method has been adopted.

This contest is on the square and nobody in the Republican office wants to know how the girls stand, and in that way there will be no "leaks" of information, and there will be no chance for anyone connected with the contest to play a favorite.

These are the same principles as enforced in an election and no one can know as to what the results are until given out by the judges.

Remember, only subscriptions to the Marshall Republican and the Missouri Ruralist with the cash covering same will count for votes. The judges will be selected and their names published next week.

A Mistake

We made the mistake of overlooking the name and standing of Miss Frances Higginbotham, of Nelson, in last week's paper.

This was entirely unintentional and possibly may have caused some one to think that Miss Higginbotham was no longer in the contest. If so they are very much mistaken. She is in the contest good and strong and is liable to wake some of the girls up on the last day of the contest.

Her standing was 43600 votes and she is very actively engaged at present in increasing her votes.

Children's Day Exercises

The children's day services at the Christian church in Malta Bend on last Sunday night was a success, both in the elocutionary way and financially also. And to the hearers it was one long to be remembered as a beautiful service to Jesus. Those in charge of the program are to be honored and congratulated upon the well rendered program. All the recitations were spoken well and each had a good moral, the little tots did fine.

The decorations were beautiful and emblematical, of which were roses and red, white and blue to be in unison with the patriotic drill by 14 young ladies. Patriotism should be blended more with religion than it is. The solo of "Footsteps we shall never hear again," by Miss Denning and chorus by choir was sad and sweet and vividly brought to hearts of hearers precious thoughts of loved ones on the golden shore. The duet of Miss Denning and Jasper Cole accompanied by Miss Pearl Riley with the music was enjoyed. Space forbids separate mention of all. But long live the superintendent E. Cole and his Sunday School. May the good work go on and may many children's days be held and many more great day may all our children be happy and contented.

It Will Pay You to Call On J. T. Isbell



who is still doing business at the old stand and looks after all his business. He does the best Horseshoeing and Blacksmithing done in the city. Bring me your business. New and second-hand spring wagons and carts.

J. T. ISBELL,

S. W. Cor. Jefferson Avenue and Morgan Street, MARSHALL, MISSOURI.

superintendents and parents gather around the great white throne and where there will be one grand and glorious children's day which will last through eternity.

To Our Correspondents

At the request of several advertisers the Republican will be issued a day early for several weeks and if practical the publication day will later be changed to Thursday. Please send items a day early. Jester and part of Hardeeman items are unavoidably omitted this week.

HERNDON

Walter and Earl Claycomb brought out a new binder Tuesday.

H. A. Thomas spent Saturday at Blue Lick.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Thomas, John Legg wife and family and Mrs. Geo. Fenwick and family spent Saturday at Blue Lick.

Rev. Wallace filled his appointment at Hazel Grove Sunday.

Dr. J. D. Jackson spent Saturday in Kansas City.

Mrs. J. D. Jackson and daughter, Thelma, returned Sunday from an extended visit with Mrs. R. Wolfe, in Fargo, N. D.

Mrs. H. A. Thomas and daughter returned Tuesday from Slater where they have been visiting friends.

Hazel Grove Cumberland Presbyterian church had a picnic in the Claycomb pasture Thursday.

SPRING FABLES.

A Peasant's Counterfeit Dollar Catches Robbers.

THEY CENSURE HIM FOR IT.

Peacock and Gobbler Engage in Dispute as to Their Relative Value, and Farmer Settles Question—Squirrel Too Wise to Accept Fox's Word.

By M. QUAD. (Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

A PEASANT who was on his way home from market sat down by the roadside to count over his money, and when he found that he had been stuck with a counterfeit dollar he raised his voice in lamentation. He was still bowling when a robber stepped out of the bushes and exclaimed:

"What is all this row about? Hand over your dough or take a broken head!"

The peasant complied very willingly and made haste to get away, but before he had gone far he was accosted by a second robber with a command to shell out.

"Alas, but I met a robber back there who took my all!" he replied.



ROBBER CHASTISING THE PEASANT. And after some delay to search his hind pockets he was allowed to proceed. It turned out, however, that both robbers were arrested, and when he had sworn against them and they had been found guilty and sentenced the first one cried out to him:

"See what you have done! Had you not had that counterfeit money in your possession I could not have robbed you of it and would still be looked upon as an honest man!"

And the second robber took up the refrain with:

"I am to go to prison for long years, and then art to blame for it. Hadst thou had money in thy possession when I stopped thee I could have paid my car fare into New Jersey and been safe."

Moral—More than one man has harmed his fellow man in seeking to help him.

The Peacock and the Gobbler.

One day the Peacock and the Gobbler met on the path, and after surveying each other for a moment in contempt the first cried out:

"Out of my way, thou fowl of the barnyard!"

"Don't tug in no barnyard business on me!" replied the Gobbler. "You seem to think yourself some pumpkins, but no one else does."

"They don't, eh? Why, I have only to spread my tail to stop wayfarers and hear exclamations of admiration."

"But one gobbler of mine will do the same thing and more."

"You make a sound like an old cow choking to death on a turnip!"

"While your scream would drive a hungry hog from his feed!"

"Aside from your feathers you are a useless bird."

"And the world would never miss you."

"They were still disputing as to which was of the most importance when the master came along with a chicken buyer and said:

"I have saved the Peacock that I might get a bunch of his tail feathers to go over the looking glass, and I've hung on to the Gobbler because he's rather hefty on tater bugs, but if you want the pair at a dollar and a half take em along."

Moral—The man who gets the notion that the world couldn't get along without him is preparing the way to be sold cheap.

The Fox and the Squirrel.

A fat but active Squirrel was enjoying himself one day in leaping from limb to limb of the trees when a hungry Fox came along to say:

"My friend, I'd like to have a little talk with thee in regard to the acorn crop."

"But that is months away," was the reply.

"Then we'll talk about strawberries. But you see how hoarse I am, and I hope you will come nearer."

The Squirrel descended to within ten feet of the ground and there paused.

"What I have to say to you had best be told in a whisper," said the Fox in a confidential way.

"And I am listening," was the reply.

"I've got a good thing on hand and want a partner, but it must be some one who has confidence in me."

"I have the utmost."

"But you persist in remaining up the

stomper hole in the board wheel through which to put in seed. In center of wheel and pan make a hole to put through a bolt for the axle. Make handles and put axle bolt through at the end and fasten other end to plow. Let seeder run back of plow. The whole affair costs less than 25 cents. It will drop all small seeds—cane, milo, Kaffir corn, broom corn and all the like—and will do as good work as any single row planter except that it will not cover the seed. The next round, however, will cover it with the plow.—Farm and Fireside.

The Motorist at Home.

"You have a fine lot of children, Binks," said Hawkins as after a spin through the country they returned to the house for dinner. "How many are there?"

"Seven," said Binks proudly.

"I've often wondered," said Hawkins, "whether you people with so many children have any favorites among them."

"Oh, no," returned Binks hesitatingly—"that is to say, not consciously, but of course we are more interested in a 1911 model than in the earlier ones."—Harper's Weekly.

Sufficient Unto the Day.

Also there is usually enough trouble today without sending a scout into the future to look up promising recruits in that line.—Athletic Globe.

Word From Br'er Williams.

"I reckon," said Brother Williams, "dat Solomon's wives must 'a' been after him fer Easter hats, kase w'en he looked de land over he went back in de house an' said, 'De whole business is wantry an' de bigger sorter vexation or de sperrit!'"—Atlanta Constitution.

Strongly Opposed.

"Are you in favor of granting suffrage to women?"

"No, sir," replied the man who was observing voters. "If women were allowed to go in the polls the election judges would have to go outside to get 'em."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Farm and Garden

ROMANCE OF THE FARM.

Three Institutions Have Made the Tiller Wealthy, Wise and Comfortable. The story of agricultural education in America, like that of all science, can be traced page after page in the great book of evolution, and the amazing development of the industry in the United States has been due to three factors—first, the state agricultural colleges; second, the national department of agriculture; third, the farmers' institutes.

The American agricultural colleges had their beginning in a revolt against the so-called classical education, but it was never intended, as their eminent founder pointed out, that they should be dissociated from a broad and liberal university training. Mr. Justin S. Morrill, the author of the "Magna Charta of Higher Agricultural Education," more than once stated the real purpose of his bill. "It is perhaps needless to say that these colleges were not established or endowed for the sole purpose of teaching agriculture. It was a liberal education that was proposed. Classical studies were not to be excluded and therefore must be included."

The number of agricultural colleges now established is sixty-five; the present value of their permanent funds and equipment is \$100,000,000. A recent census showed 73,813 students, with 6,997 teachers.

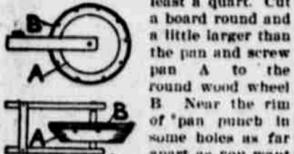
The rise of the United States department of agriculture is a romance of the last century. As far back as the year 1822 a strong effort was made to transform the mail—some 230 acres of land which surrounded the capitol buildings—then practically a barren waste, into an experiment farm in which to propagate new and rare plants. But it was not until forty years later that the United States department of agriculture was erected on the selfsame spot which had previously been sought as an experiment farm.

The alpha and omega of this great organization is the practical application of modern science to the service of the farmer. It can perhaps best be summed up in a homely remark of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, who on assigning new duties to an expert said: "Don't tell me now about your laboratories. Tell me what you are doing for the man at the plow, out in the fields, with his coat off."

Then come the farmers' institutes. These wonderful societies are scattered all over America and boast a membership roll of more than a million mature men and women. These institutes may be defined as "societies established for the promotion of agriculture among the farming population," and they came into being in order to make the college teaching more practical and more in sympathy with the needs of the farming community. They have proved a great success and have done much to speed forward the agricultural industry. Lectures are given by agricultural experts and practical farmers, and the meetings last only a day or two at most. In this work the farmers' wives and daughters take a prominent part, and women's institutes are now established all over the United States and Canada for the study of household science.

A Seeder For a Few Cents.

One can make a cheap seeder to drop seed behind the plow in the following manner: Take a tin pan that holds at least a quart. Cut a board round and a little larger than the pan and screw pan A to the round wood wheel B. Near the rim of pan punch in some holes as far apart as you want the seed. Have a



stopped hole in the board wheel through which to put in seed. In center of wheel and pan make a hole to put through a bolt for the axle. Make handles and put axle bolt through at the end and fasten other end to plow. Let seeder run back of plow. The whole affair costs less than 25 cents. It will drop all small seeds—cane, milo, Kaffir corn, broom corn and all the like—and will do as good work as any single row planter except that it will not cover the seed. The next round, however, will cover it with the plow.—Farm and Fireside.

A generous farmer wants others to have the benefit of his experience and is always anxious to assist his neighbor in every way possible. We need more generous farmers and fewer selfish men who care nothing for society further than to get its protection for themselves.

Time to Spread Gypsum.

Gypsum, or "land plaster," ought to be spread on meadows early in the season, when there is plenty of moisture present, as it requires fully 400 pounds of water to make available 100 pounds of gypsum. It assists materially in releasing the potash and making it available; therefore on lands that are supplied with an abundance of potash which is not very available gypsum may be extremely valuable.

The CALL

It Occasions a Struggle Between Love and Duty

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Sylvia Moore was visiting at her uncle's Texas ranch when she read the flaring headlines announcing that Timothy Robeson's regiment had been ordered to El Paso to take part in the maneuvers on the Mexican border. She stared at the newspaper until the members of the family made no secret of their alarm.

"What is the matter, Sylvia?" demanded Annie Lake curiously. "Has Timothy eloped with a pretty widow, or is he the victim of—"

"He might as well be dead and buried," cried Sylvia tragically as she tossed the paper across the table. "He's gone to war."

"War?" they repeated. "What war?"

"Why, the war with Mexico, of course. Hasn't the president ordered a large force to the border?"

Mr. Lake picked up the newspaper and read aloud the surprising intelligence that the war department had ordered a large body of men, arms and supplies to El Paso to take part in army maneuvers. He read that troops were already on the way and that within a few days at the latest a tented city would spring up beside the southwestern border.

Last of all he announced that the regiment of which Timothy Robeson was a lieutenant was on its way to Texas.

"On the strength of this report you are positive that Tim's going to be killed?" asked her uncle, with a quizzical smile at Sylvia.

"Yes," said Sylvia positively. "I had the queerest feeling when I said goodbye to him in New York. You know he's always joking, and when he said, 'Be sure to return in time to dance at your own wedding, Sylvia,' it came over me that I might never come back; that there might never be a wedding at all. But I never thought of Tim being the one"—Tears came into Sylvia's forgotten eyes, and her cousin extended a sympathizing handkerchief.

"Pooh!" uttered Mr. Lake contemptuously. "You make me extremely weepy, Sylvia. As an American girl I thought you had more pride of country than to weep because your young man is called to arms."

"A man's first duty cannot always be to his country. Oh, I know that's reasonable or something horrible, but I would not have thought so much about it if we had not gone over to El Paso the other day and witnessed all the fighting across the river in Juarez."

"We didn't see very much, just some puffs of smoke and lots of noise. It wasn't nearly as bloody as I anticipated," remarked Annie thoughtfully.

"I saw enough. I wouldn't go there again for anything in the world," declared Sylvia, rising from her chair and dropping a good night kiss on her aunt's unconscious brow.

"Then you won't ride into El Paso with me on Thursday and see the troops arrive?" suggested Mr. Lake, returning to his newspaper with an indifferent air. "Want to go, Ann?"

"Of course I do, dad. And you, Sylvia?" she questioned her cousin.

"I must go, too!" cried Sylvia eagerly. "Why, I might see Timothy there."

"You probably will, my dear, if he has arrived." And Mr. Lake buried himself in his newspaper, this time oblivious to everything save the good night kisses, to which he submitted with genuine pleasure.

The next morning Sylvia and Annie mounted their horses and rode to the farthest boundaries of the ranch. From here, on the highest ridge, they paused and looked under shading clouds toward the southwest, where a cloud hung over the place where was the city of El Paso.

"Perhaps by tomorrow he will be there," said Sylvia aloud.

Annie nodded her black curls. "It may be that he will arrive today," she suggested, with a gleam of amusement in her dark eyes.

Sylvia's blue eyes turned to the eastern horizon, where against the pale gray blue of the sky there blurred a dark plume of smoke. "Perhaps that is his train now, Ann." She pointed with her whip at the smoke.

"It may be, honey. I think you're the luckiest girl in the world, Sylvia Moore. Tim's such a fine fellow. I wonder"—Annie stopped abruptly and fell to musing, with her black eyes fixed on the rolling alfalfa that rippled before her.

"What do you wonder?" asked Sylvia curiously, withdrawing from her own reverie.

"I was wondering if you really meant what you said about asking Tim to stay away from a battle if there is to be one," said Annie, her eyes now gravely fixed on her cousin.

"A man owes some duty to the girl he loves, and there are plenty of men who can fight for the country—men who have no friends or relatives or have no ties to bind them. How selfish I am, Annie, and yet somehow I can only seem to think of two things today. One is Timothy Robeson, and the other is myself."

"Let's talk about something else," said Annie. And so the conversation turned to the beauty of the March day and thence to the absorbing topic of clothes.

It was not until two days after this conversation that the little party set forth to go to El Paso. They started just at daybreak.

All the way to El Paso Sylvia's ears were eagerly alert for the sound of warfare. She did not dare voice her fears, but they were very large fears and very agonizing ones too.

She had been proud indeed that her future husband should be an officer in a fine regiment. She thought the sight of Timothy in his uniform the dearest thing in the world, and the very thought of the military wedding that would mark her marriage to the handsome young man sent her into ecstasies of delight.

This was the other side of the war picture. Here was the beat of the drum calling to arms. Real powder and shot had been issued to the men, and real shot would be fired. In fancy she saw her beloved killed at the head of his column, always leading, always waving his sword and shouting encouragement to his weary men.

They came upon the new city, the tented one, all of a sudden and looked with awe upon the results of a deep thinking war department, a capable executive staff and a well trained army. A day or two ago and there had been a cactus plain; today there were a field of snowy tents and a multitude of orderly men awaiting the summons to—what?

To Sylvia Moore war meant desperate fighting, the sudden death of Timothy Robeson and for herself a lifelong separation from the man she loved.

When they were in the city and saw the flying flags and heard the outpouring of martial music the heart of Sylvia beat quickly, and she felt more like crying than ever. If she could only see Timothy for one moment she was sure she could persuade him to stay with her.

Presently through Mr. Lake's influence it was made possible for Sylvia to meet her lover, and in the first joyful moment the strangeness of the meeting was quite forgotten. At last Timothy pushed back his cap and said:

"I'll bet you were surprised to hear I was on the way, eh, Sylvia?"

"Yes," said Sylvia, suddenly very quiet. Then, after a pause, she said in a low tone, "Timothy, I wonder if you care enough for me to do a big thing for me—a great thing—the greatest thing you ever did in your life."

"Of course," said Timothy promptly. "My life's yours, you know, dearest."

"Then stay with me. Do not go into active battle," Sylvia's voice was strained with anxiety, and her eyes were fixed eagerly on her lover's face.

She saw the mask of reserve that dropped over his surprised face—a reserve that seemed to place her and her love upon some distant pinnacle of space, leaving him here in the active present with the duty that lay before him. She saw all this and realized what was passing through his mind, and yet, with a selfishness which had not yet been overcome by a nobler impulse, she set herself to exact from him a proof of his love for her.

"Shall I desert?" he asked, with a cold smile.

"Oh, no! Tell them you are ill. Perhaps I might explain. You know we are to be married in the fall, Timothy?"

"I know, dear," he said steadily, "that this is the hardest moment of your life. I'll think over what you said, and if at the end of another day you still feel the same way about it perhaps something can be done."

"Oh, Timmy, you are an angel—and I was so afraid you'd get killed!" half sobbed Sylvia.

Timothy Robeson smiled rather mysteriously and turned away. "Perhaps I'll see you later, dear, if Mr. Lake will come around after parade. Time's up now."

They spent the day in the city, and as the afternoon advanced they once more approached the parade ground, where they expected to meet Timothy Robeson again. Mr. Lake and Annie stopped to view some passing soldiery, and Sylvia had paused to find herself the onlooker at a curious little scene.

A handsome though rather dissipated looking young man in military khaki lounged against a tree talking to a very indignant young woman. "Ah, what's the use?" he was muttering sullenly, when his companion interrupted him with blazing eyes and angry voice.

"Matt Mears, you're a coward, that's what you are!" she cried. "I wouldn't give a snap of my finger for a man that didn't put his country before the girl he loved."

"Oh,shaw, Laura," began the young man weakly, when the girl suddenly walked away from him with her pretty chin in the air.

Her words rang in Sylvia's ears as they went to meet Timothy. Before her was the city of tents, busy with the hum of preparation, the flutter of myriads of flags—her own red, white and blue came into—and a choking feeling came into her throat. She knew now that never, never would she have Timothy belong to anything except this glorious company, organized to protect her, her relatives, her friends—everybody in the country. There were great industries, vast enterprises, to be protected. Oh, her Timothy was of the noblest profession in the country—the protectors!

When Timothy's grave eyes questioned hers he was startled by the blue flash of patriotism that Sylvia's eyes declared.

"Timothy," she whispered eagerly and with emphasis laid on each word—"Timothy Robeson, don't you dare dream of not going into battle. If you don't go—why, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live!"