

THE HAYTI HERALD

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SCHOOL NOTES.

By W. H. JOHNSON, Supt.
HONOR ROLL.

High School—Joseph Kohn, Earl Raybeck, Lillie Sprayberry, Bonnie Hart, Ellis Kohn, Pearl Chism, George Sigler.

Miss Hill's Room—Teddy Argo, Alberta Alexander, Houston Buckley, Carl Sigler, Eva Alexander, Stella Dorris, Lillian Elliston, Carrie Sigler.

Mr. Brooks' Room—Grace Cathey, Elsie Ball, Gladys Chism, Lenore Cider, Ruth Bailey, Edith Davis, Ruth Fowler, Helen Guffy, Ethel Martin, Cora Mae Meate, Sadie Mitchell, Elsie Perkins, Grace Rowe, Nellie Schmidt, Ruth Snyder, Hattie Vaughn, Robert Creely, Kos Dorris, Lum Pendergrass, Henry Ransburgh, Warren Ray, Otto Spain, Tracy Lee Ward.

Mrs. Morris' Room—Walter Cheatham, Willie Cheatham, Lee Perkins, Thelma Robertson, Manell Creely, Ernest Lefler, Willie Stallings, Viola Hornback, Lula Kennon, Carmel Popham, Maude Adams, Maude Fields, Willie York, Irene York, Raymond Cridler, Carl Hearl, Ruby Gaskins, Summers Jones, Eva McGuire, Carl Curtner, Fay Wilson, Carl Martin, Basil Edwards, Clyde Warth, Wayne Sullivan, Alie Cameron, Tom Warth, Melvina Fowler, Emmons Alexander, Mary Davis.

Miss Winters' Room—Nellie Bramley, Lillie Cathey, Mayes Chism, Herman Dycus, Hugh Dorris, Jim T. Dunn, Willie Gaskins, Juanita Herrell, Bertel Hopkins, Louie Kohn, Virginia Morgan, Harold Popham, Hermanna Sturm, Moore Schillings, Yancey Sullivan, Shamel Yearta, John Adams, Evelyn Bissett, Marie Crest, Mary Curtner, George Curtner, Pearl Quinn, Spencer Gotcher, Naomi Harbert, Ava Powell, Lena Spencer, Essie Spencer, Joe Ward, Ruby Williams, Virgil Money.

Miss Dover's Room—Albert Greenwell, J. W. Johnson, Mack Morgan, Howard Rourke, Manell McClanahan, Robert Donald McNeil, Ossie Kennon, Howard Pace, Eddie Watts, Clarice Ray, William Kesner, Bernice Arterberry, Flossie Baker, Beatrice Baker, Elva Crest, Dora Cathey, Lee Phillips, Pearl Fields, Cora Mullins, Daisy Greenwell, Pauline Hearl, Hortense Watts, Jewel Williams, Mary Eva Dycus, Gladys Trout.

Miss McFarland's Room—Dora Albright, Lucille Dorris, Zirta Fowler, Agnes Kendrick, Ruth Longreear, Bertha Presclair, Celesta Sturm, J. C. Johnson, Cassie Walton, Marshall Cameron, Charles Cooper, Bryan Heard, Charles Moss, Charles Amos Morgan, Ed Phillips, Glenn H-bkop, Russell Snyder, John D. Fields, Roy Money, Doris Hopkins, Herbert Mill-sap, Beatrice Bramley.

We cannot close these notes without expressing our appreciation to the members of the Hussar Band. All agree that the success of the picnic was in a large measure due to the assistance given us by this bunch of public-spirited musicians. This town and surrounding country should not fail to get behind these worthy men and boys who are devoting their time, talent and money, in order to make the people happy. If you like their music and appreciate what they are doing for us, inform them of the fact. No doubt it will be very encouraging to them. Here's to the Hussar Band—may it continue to grow and improve!

We are under obligations to Mr. Chas. Morgan of the Hayti Storage Company for ice furnished on the picnic grounds, and all others who gave us assistance in making the school picnic a success.

The agriculture club will hold its meetings on Tuesday nights during vacation, and work in the school garden on Thursday afternoon of each week.

The school library will be open Friday afternoon each week from 3 o'clock to 4 o'clock. The children will profit by reading some good books during their vacation.

The Hayti High School Racquet Club will make its appearance on the school campus during vacation for the first time. This is open to school boys and girls only. We are certain this will prove excellent recreation for

OATES-PERKINS.

Saturday morning about nine o'clock when Sid Oates started over to Caruthersville on his motorcycle, there was nothing unusual when Miss Ethel Perkins was seen to walk out of her father's store and mount the machine with Mr. Oates, and the significance of this occurrence impressed no one until F. M. Perkins came in from the back way and picked up a note from the desk reading something like this: "Gone to Caruthersville; will be back just as soon as we get married." And they did. Of course no one who knew the couple was surprised, and about the only remark Mr. Perkins made was, "confound it all, now I will have to pay out about forty dollars a month for a clerk," for she was his mainstay.

Eq. L. Robert Watkins performed the marriage ceremony. Mr. Oates is a native of this city, being the son of the late John Oates, and Mrs. Mary Hart-Oates Cunningham, now of Moscow Mills. He is constable of this township and is a most exemplary young man.

Miss Perkins is the daughter Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Perkins of this city and is a favorite among all who know her.

The Herald joins their many friends in extending congratulations.

Caruthersville's New Depot.

While over at Caruthersville one day last week, we had the pleasure of inspecting the new F.isco depot recently opened in that city, and while it is considerably smaller than our depot, it is a model of perfection and complete in every detail. It is steam heated throughout, has waterworks and convenient toilets, and while it seems small from the outside, once on the inside one is convinced there is ample room. Another admirable feature is the extensive parking the grounds will permit. We were told the Ladies' Civic League have one plot of ground and J. S. Wahl the other, Mr. Wahl having a ninety-nine year lease on his. Both plots are fronting his bottling works. Mr. Wahl informed us that he would this year grade his ground and next spring he would place an expert florist in charge and vie with the civic league to see who should have the most picturesque spot. Broad concrete walks connect with the streets of the city from two ways, one being built by Mr. Wahl for the better convenience of the public. The depot platform is filled with chat, and the continuous porch as used on the Hayti depot is absent.

Miss Nannie Haynes of Malden came down Monday to attend the bedside of her sister Mrs. Von Mayes, who was seriously ill.

John Scott attended to business at Kennett Friday.

those who join the club. Mrs. M. Z. Elliston will be in charge of all the above work.

We hope all the boys and girls will spend the vacation in a pleasant and profitable manner. A busy life is the best and happiest one. We wish for everyone all that is good, and the first Monday in September will find us ready to co-operate that the term will be the best we have had since we have been an approved school.

DEATH.

One word closes the scene of every life. That word is Death. Only a few years do we journey here and we come to the bridge—Death—and the dark, silent river must be crossed. We pass from the land of darkness to the land of eternal light; we depart from our place here on earth and go to the home prepared for us in the beyond; we depart from friends on earth to meet them again where there is no more parting; we depart from the valley of tears and go to the mount of joy; we depart from a howling wilderness and go to a heavenly paradise. What a consoling idea is that of death! Without this radiant idea, this delightful morning star, indicating that the luminary of eternity is going to rise, life would, to our view, darken into midnight melancholy.

But death is sad, very sad. It is so cold, so silent, that we flee away from it, trembling. Sometimes, however, death comes very gently—comes to soothe the aching heart, to cool the fevered brain, to seal the tired eyes that they weep no more, and then the short sleep of life is melted into the long, long sleep of eternity.

So came death to Mrs. Grace Roberts-Tindle early Thursday morning, June 3, 1915. The scene closed for her in the home of her birth, the home of her happy, care free childhood, and she was surrounded by father and mother, brother and sisters, and her own five little children, the joy and pride of her life. The scene was the home of her parents, Col. and Mrs. Frank D. Roberts. Mrs. Tindle was thirty-one years, eight months and fifteen days old. Besides a happy, sunny disposition, she had been given all the advantages of life's embellishments, both in social and educational training. She had just reached the age to best enjoy the ripening fruits of her existence when death called. She was married to A. C. Tindle November 28, 1902. Both possessed bountifully of this world's goods. For a few brief years life glided like a bright summer day. Then a cloud arose, darkened and shut out every ray of light, and when the fury of the storm was spent only the wreckage of the happy years was left. Fortune was gone, friends were cold; where there had been smiles now there were frowns; but that wasn't all—there was an absent husband and father; not a truant, not unfaithful, but a victim of the snares of life. When death called, the dying wife spoke from her heart—her broken, bleeding heart. Before she died she begged to look once more into the face of the father of her children. Might she have just one look, press him to her bosom and say goodby? She loved him. She knew him better than others did. Others might accuse him of intentional wrong, but she knew him better than they could know him. She had shared the secrets of his troubles as others had not. She knew he had freely parted with all his earthly wealth trying to right his mistakes so far as he could. She knew he was a victim of unfortunate environments. She knew he had suffered. Now, that it was all over, could she see him again—just once—she could better close her eyes, and go home where there is no more sorrow, no more tears, no more death.

This is the message that was carried to those who held the keys to the Missouri State Prison; it is the message of the dying wife that swung back the iron doors and permitted the unhappy husband to begin his race with death, but death was fleetier than steam and rail. While the speeding train parted the midnight darkness, and the miles between were shortened, the spirit of the dying woman took its flight, and only the stars, those bright-eyed spectators of a sleeping world, knew that husband and wife would meet no more in this life.

Surely no heart is so hardened as would deny the unhappy husband this last farewell. Surely his grief was too deep and sacred for others to share. Sympathy for her and for him was stronger than the walls of the State Prison, and who shall say it is not better so?

Mr. Tindle came and went

without a guard. None was necessary. But how differently the parting of husband and wife a few short months ago! With manacles on his wrists he was taken through the streets before his friends and relatives. How much of this contributed to the "heart trouble" that hastened the call of death for the innocent sufferer we shall never know. Nor shall we ever be able to foretell just how small a circumstance, just how slight an exigency will suffice to bring on the great fatal change—the change that breaks the heart. The shifting of a smile to the gloom of a frown; the snap of a string on the lute of one's imagination, just at the point when a rich melody is culminating; the wave of a hand, a vanishing face—any eclipse of tender, joyous expectations dashes a sense of nameless despair into the soul. Often, too often, we give our sympathy like we give our flowers, to the grave, when the poor, dead body that sleeps there knows not of our offering.

Oh, if we might start out on a crusade to teach the world the wonderful power of sympathy, its healing, purifying, ennobling power! If the world could be made to see the fallacy of its theory that punishment should follow all wrong doing, that one must be chastised into repentance! For real repentance, real contrition and remorse comes not from punishment; instead, punishment without mercy rouses only bitterness and sullen resentment. The sympathy that unlocked the bars of the Missouri State Prison and permitted A. C. Tindle to stand by his wife's grave in Little Prairie Cemetery as the earth hid her forever from his sight, was a greater punishment—the kind that makes man better and brings him in closer touch with God—than would be a whole life spent behind stone walls. Whatever others may say or think, we believe A. C. Tindle has suffered enough, and we shall no longer withhold our honest belief. He has parted with every penny of his earthly possessions trying to restore the loss he caused others. He has come from and returned to the State prison unaccompanied. He has shown that he is not trying to avoid any of the punishment exacted of him. He has done all that mortal man can do; he has suffered all that man can suffer. He has admitted his wrong, but has

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

W. T. Shaffer of Marston was here Saturday. He has resigned his office as city marshal of that town and will put in a corn mill and blacksmith shop at Swift. Dan Giffin, formerly night marshal of Hayti, is now serving as marshal of Marston, and an election has been ordered for Saturday, June 12, to fill the vacancy, Dan being a candidate. He was here Saturday night seeing his friends and looking after business matters.

Sebastian Popham attended to life insurance business at Portageville Friday.

repented. His five little motherless children need him. He needs to take up life anew. He should be pardoned. Blame us for saying this if you will. If you do, you also blame Him who died upon the cross for the sins of the world, for it was He who said, "Go thy way and sin no more."

BIG BARBECUE.

On Saturday, July 3, the Hussar Band will give a barbecue and arrange everything for a day of celebration and merry-making. Besides everything good to eat and drink, a dancing floor will be arranged, and while the Hussar Band will enliven the day with its most excellent music, a specially selected string band will be at the service of the dancers. Various amusements, contests and athletic events will be arranged, such as prizes for the oldest couple on the ground; the largest family, the prettiest baby, the ugliest man, for the fats and leans, etc. Watch for large posters and complete announcement in the paper.

Judges G. R. Henderson of Concord and J. A. Bishop of Holland, while on their way from Caruthersville where they held a term of county court, were in this city Monday. We understand the bonds of the different banks as county depositories were accepted.

A Real Resolution

We hereby pledge ourselves to make Service to the Customer the Prime Commandment in our Store.

To make every sale the customers' justification for another purchase.

To send every customer away with a friendliness in his heart and a confidence in his mind that will draw him back when he is ready to trade again.

To look not alone for today's business, but for the business of the year and the decade.

To build a reputation as well as a cash rating---to aim for an honorable standing as well as dollar marks to make strength.

.BUCKLEY.

PAINT NOW

Before the Hot, Dry Months of Summer

SHERWIN WILLIAMS AND CAMPBELL

Paints have the quality you want, and the price is right. You know the goods; why go further? Then we have the oils, colors, varnishes, ingredients and brushes.

DR. TRAUTMANN'S DRUG STORE

HAYTI, MISSOURI

RESIDENCE PHONE 60 OFFICE PHONE 60

Mosquito Bites Are Dangerous!

YOU can get malaria and other diseases from the bites of these Summer pests. All insect bites are painful, disfigure the face and hands and may develop blood poisoning if scratched.

Rexall Skeeter Zitoot is the best remedy for insect bites we sell. It is antiseptic and is an antidote for the poison in the bite, stops the pain and reduces the inflammation and swelling. Applied to face and hands will protect from mosquito bites. Sold with Rexall guarantee. Per bottle, 25 cents.

DRUGS JEWELRY SEFLER'S HAYTI, MO. STORE

IF YOU DON'T TRADE HERE NOW YOU WILL LATER ON