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No. 7

## The Third Annual Convention of The Bollinger County Inter-Denominational Sunday School Association

.....will be held at.....

### Lutesville Wednesday and Thursday, June 20 and 21, 1917

PROGRAM OF CONVENTION		THURSDAY MORNING
<b>WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON</b>		
1:30 Praise service - Rev. D. W. Hussong	3:20 Music	9:30 Praise service - Rev. J. C. Morgan
1:45 The efficient superintendent - Rev. J. T. Evitts	3:25 The efficient Sunday school Mr. Herman Bowmar	9:45 The Pleasuring Rod Mr. Herman Bowmar
2:15 Music	3:55 Appointment of committees	10:35 Report of committees and election of officers
2:20 Open conference - Mr. Herman Bowmar	4:00 Adjournment	10:50 Music
	<b>WEDNESDAY EVENING</b>	10:55 Crystalizing impulses Mr. Herman Bowmar
	8:00 Praise service - Rev. W. S. Tussey	12:00 Adjournment
	8:15 The biggest thing in the world Mr. Herman Bowmar	

If we require a standard of efficiency among those who administer to our physical and mental needs, why not endeavor to raise the standard among those who administer to our spiritual and moral needs?  
*Come and help make the Sunday School more efficient*

**Southeast News.**  
Enough eggs to make a yellow lake one hundred feet in circumference filled the intersection of two streets in Higginsville from curb to curb when 420 dozen were scrambled in a collision between a truck and a motor car.—St. Joseph Observer.  
Ironton Register.  
A correspondent at Bixby, in the west end of the county, writes us under date of June 1st: "Jack and Archie Minor were struck by lightning and instantly killed Sunday evening. Ivory Minor was knocked from the barn loft, where they were playing, but was not hurt badly. Jack was fifteen and Archie twelve years of age."  
Ironton Register.  
Several hundred people assembled in Ironton Tuesday afternoon to attend the flag raising exercises. Speeches were made, songs sung and the "spirit of '76" was rampant. Rev. N. B. Henry presided, addresses were made by Messrs. Edgar, Daugherty, Stanforth, Keith and others. Mr. Kanouse played the fife and Jake Grandhomme and Albert Schultz beat the drums.  
De Soto Republican.  
A very speedy Ford load of men dashed thru town Monday evening about dusk, evidently in charge of John Barleycorn. The sheriff gave chase and found they had run into a telephone pole and one man was badly hurt. They were put under arrest after Dr. Mockbee dressed their wounds. The trial came off Tuesday but the jury acquitted them. They were bound for Flat River and are said to be some of the carnival people who infest the eastern part of the county and the Lead Belt.  
The Butterick Publishing company, publisher of the Delineator, the Butterick patterns and thirty-two other periodicals, has eliminated all mail order advertising from its columns because convinced that the mail order business is a detriment to the prosperity of the nation; it

believes in the welfare of the small town. In its statement announcing this fact it says that the whole town's success rests on the community of interests, and the whole town's prosperity depends upon the money made and spent in that town; the interests of local store keepers, lumbermen, local bankers, newspapers, all local business and each and every individual, are all independent.—Crystal City Press.  
One hundred U-boat chasers will be ready for action by the last of July. The order was given April 14 and the New York ship yard had its first chaser finished May 10. Quick work was also done at New Orleans. One chaser every three days is the pace the builders expect to set. They are to be armed with guns equal to those of the largest submarines. It was feared that the long range of the largest U-boat guns of Germany might enable them to stand off out of the range of the chasers' guns and sink them easily. But the chasers are swifter than the submarine and can shoot just as far.—Crystal City Press.  
**Map of Bollinger County--Free**  
We have secured a limited number of correct maps of Bollinger county, size 14 by 21 inches. They are printed in colors and show the sections, townships, towns, roads, churches, schoolhouses, cemeteries, streams, railroads, etc. We will give these to our customers, not more than one map to a family. If you have a deposit account with us, call and get your map. If not, open up an account for \$20.00 or more and you will be entitled to one without charge. No maps sent out. If you can't come in now, write us and we will lay one away for you.  
Remember, our depositors get these free, but they will be sent to others on receipt of 25 cents.  
**THE BANK OF MARBLE HILL.**  
N. B. This bank will receive and receipt for assessments made by The Farmers' Mutual Aid society on account of the cyclone, and turn said funds into the hands of the

society, without any charge to the society. Make your payments here.  
**High Cost of War**  
The following figures will give you some idea of what war costs: A 14-inch shell weighs about 1400 pounds and costs \$700. A 12-inch shell, one of our smaller shots, cost \$600. The American dreadnaught Arizona has twelve 14-inch guns, which if all fired at once, would take \$8,400 worth of shells. And these with the ammunition used, together with shots from her smaller cannon, brings the cost of firing one broadside from the Arizona up to \$15,000, which represents 25 years of a common man's toil.  
The German 42-centimeter shells cost \$9000. Fourteen-inch guns throw projectiles 14 to 16 miles. They will pierce an 11-inch Krupp steel plate at seven miles. Twelve-inch guns will shoot just as far but will pierce the 11-inch plate only at five miles. Every time a torpedo is fired it costs the average value of two houses and lots or the average American wage of 11 men a whole year. Copper and nitroglycerine is what makes the torpedoes costly. The torpedo is really an electrical launch; it leaves the torpedo tube with the propellers working, and it will keep on going till the motor runs down unless it hits its mark. It is fitted with a glyoscope to keep it steady in its course and two propellers moving in opposite directions. The motive power is electricity or compressed air. It is as delicate a mechanism as the machine that records the earth tremors.—Exchange.  
**Resolutions of Respect**  
Whereas, it has pleased the Supreme Architect of the Universe to remove from our midst our friend and neighbor, Alex Seabaugh, and as the intimate relations long held by our deceased neighbor with the members of this camp render it proper that we should place on record our appreciation of his service as a true Woodman, therefore be it Resolved by the O. K. Camp No.

11296, that while we bow with humble submission to the will of the great I Am, we do not the less mourn for our neighbor who has been called from labor to rest.  
Resolved, That in the death of our neighbor, Alex Seabaugh, this camp loses a member who was always active and zealous in his work as a true Woodman, ever ready to help the needy and distressed of this fraternity, prompt to advance the interests of this order, devoted to its welfare and prosperity.  
Resolved, That this camp tenders its heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family of our deceased neighbor in this, their sad affliction.  
Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this camp and that a copy be sent to THE MARBLE HILL PRESS for publication and that a copy be sent to the family of the bereaved.  
F. G. SEABAUGH,  
C. J. SEABAUGH,  
J. H. MASTERS,  
Committee.  
The News has reproduced a number of articles from other papers recently of some high-priced loads of corn which have been delivered in their respective towns. Thursday of last week John Morgan, residing south of Richmond, delivered a load at the Hamacher mill in this city which brought him \$130. This holds the record for a high priced load of corn so far and other papers will have to look around some if they find a load that beats the one delivered by Mr. Morgan.—Richmond News.  
Say "Beans" to Lou Alldredge of Benton county and he smiles broadly. Last year Mr. Alldredge had a piece of ground he didn't know just what to do with and finally planted it to navy beans. With the yield selling at \$9 a bushel he gathered enough beans to pay for the new 1917 car he recently acquired and leave a few "beans" in his pocket for buying gasoline.—St. Joseph Observer.

**The Plantin' of the Green**  
Oh, Woody dear, and did ye hear  
The noise that's going around?  
We are rising by ten thousands  
And we're plowin' of the ground!  
We are droppin' in the corn and beans  
We are plantin' wheat for all,  
We are mobilizin' turnips too,  
An' answerin' the call.  
Your Auntie Sam is makin' 'em  
For all the boys to eat,  
And when she gets her dander up  
You know she can't be beat!  
She's bossin' all the folks about,  
The farm's no home at all!  
It's just a mobilizin' camp  
For answerin' the call!  
So, Woody dear, ye need not fear,  
The country's coming strong;  
You can hear the factory whistles,  
You can hear the dummy's gong,  
You can hear the crops a-sproutin',  
You can hear the seedlings say,  
"We're pushing up for freedom, too—  
We'll do our bit today!"  
Your Uncle Sam says, "Here I am!"  
We're marching everywhere;  
We are planting beets an' bayonets,  
Oh, we've hayseeds in our hair!  
But we're marching to the music  
Of a lasting peace for all—  
With our reapers and our muskets  
We're answerin' the call!  
—St. Joseph Observer.  
**It Kept Him Too Busy**  
A circuit riding preacher who has three charges near Wathena, startled one of his congregations the other day by a most unusual announcement. As the story goes the congregation sought to please him and to surprise him by raising his salary from \$700 to \$800, and when they brought the joyful news to the preacher, he said: "My dear brethren, I cannot accept it. I have all I can do to collect the \$700."—Exchange.  
**Commit This to Memory**  
Homer McKee once wrote a prayer, and among other things he said: "Teach me that sixty minutes make one hour, sixteen ounces one pound and one hundred cents one dollar."  
"Help me to live so that I can lie down at night with a clear conscience, without a gun under my pillow, and unhaunted by the faces of those to whom I have brought pain."  
"Grant, I beseech Thee, that I may

earn my meal ticket on the square, and in doing thereof that I may not stick the gaff where it does not belong."  
"Defend me from the jingle of tainted money and the rustle of unholy skirts."  
"Blind me to the faults of the other fellow, but reveal to me mine own."  
"Guide me so that each night when I look across the dinner table at my wife, who has been a blessing to me, I will have nothing to conceal."  
"Keep me young enough to laugh with my children and to lose myself in their play."  
"And then, when comes the smell of flowers and the tread of soft steps, and the crushing of the horse's wheels in the gravel out in front of my place, make the ceremony short and the epitaph simple."  
"Here lies a man."—Toledo Romanian.  
**The Knocker**  
Bury the knocker deep in the ground, way out in the desert where there's never a sound, except the howl of the wild coyote, or perhaps the bleat of a lost mountain goat, where the whangdoodle whangeth, and the roll weed rolleth, and the straddle bug straddles around.  
He is of no use to a good live town; for when he should hustle he is sure to lie down. If you ask him to boost for the good of the town he lets out a noise like the yell of a hound. If you want to vote bonds for a sewer he'll howl, if bonds for a schoolhouse he'll sit down and growl.  
He knocks the stores, he knocks the bank, everybody is crooked, every deal is rank. He knocks the hotels, he knocks the shows, he knocks everything everywhere he goes.  
Plant him out in the brush we call sage, put down no name, no date, no age. Put a slab at his feet, but none at his head, say this "guy" never lived, he was always dead.—Exchange.