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## OUR ONLY CONGRESSWOMAN TODAY



Miss Alice Robertson as she looks today at 68. Snapshot just taken of her at her desk in Washington.

### HOW TALL WAS TOM TINGLE?

Say! If ever you saw a gang with bats in their garrets it was the bunch around this shop on last Tuesday week. Fact is, I'm not sure some of them haven't got the bats still roosting on their rafters, for most every time I butts into the old man's office I see him sitting back in his chair looking up at the ceiling kinder va-

## WEAK, NERVOUS, ALL RUN-DOWN

Missouri Lady Suffered Until She Tried Cardui.—Says "Result Was Surprising."—Got Along Fine, Became Normal and Healthy.

Springfield Mo.—"My back was so weak I could hardly stand up, and I would have bearing-down pains and was not well at any time," says Mrs. D. V. Williams, wife of a well-known farmer on Route 6, this place. "I kept getting headaches and having to go to bed," continues Mrs. Williams describing the troubles from which she obtained relief through the use of Cardui. "My husband, having heard of Cardui, proposed getting it for me. I saw after taking some Cardui that I was improving. The result was surprising. I felt like a different person."

"Later I suffered from weakness and weak back, and felt all run-down. I did not rest well at night, I was so nervous and cross. My husband said he would get me some Cardui, which he did. It strengthened me. . . . My doctor said I got along fine. I was in good healthy condition. I cannot say too much for it."

"Thousands of women have suffered as Mrs. Williams describes, until they found relief from the use of Cardui. Since it has helped so many, you should not hesitate to try Cardui if troubled with womanly ailments. For sale everywhere. B.33

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FIFTEENTH AND LOCUST STS.  
New! Fireproof! Every room with private bath, circulating ice water, electric fan, telephone.  
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cant like muttering to himself, "6 times 2 is 12 and 2 times 12 is 24, divided by 3 is 8— or something like that. Then all of a sudden he will kinder come back of himself and look at me and chuckle and say:

"Well, Petey, we may be a bunch of bum figurers, but that guy got his casket all right, didn't he? Even if it did cost me \$77.62 in back freights. Always remember this, son: when you tell a man that you're going to get him a casket out on the next train, you get it there if you have to put your whole blame factory on wheels."

It happened this way: I was sitting in the office real quietlike the other day—that is, quiet-like for me—when "Zing, zing, zing," goes the telephone bell.

"Hello," says I.

"Hello," says he. "Is this the coffin shop?"

"No to speak," says I.

"Well," says he, "rush me a half-couch, silver gray, P. D. Q., for Tom Tingle."

"Fine," says I. "It makes me nearly glad he's dead. What size?"

"Couldn't say exactly," says he, "but I've got to have it out on the first train so's to get it tonight. Funeral's first thing in the morning."

"Yes," says I, "but what size casket is it to be?"

And then I felt like a cipher with the rim knocked off when a-buzzing across the line comes this bunch of wisdom:

"Well, I am a new undertaker, don't you know? And only got my license last week. This is my first case. I forgot my tape line and couldn't measure him, but I do happen to know that Tom's brother Bill is six feet tall and Bill's been growing two inches to Tom's one and Bill is three times as tall as Tom was when Bill was as tall as Tom is now."

"Hold on," says I. "Say it again and say it slow."

"Well," says he, "it's this way. Now Tom's brother Bill is six feet in his socks, but Bill's a mighty heavy eater and he's been growing twice as fast as poor dyspeptic Tom, and Bill is three times as tall as little Tom was when—"

"Hold on! Hold the wire a minute," I sings out, and then I grabs a paper and a pencil; "Six multiplied by 3 is 18; divided by 2 is 9 and— No!—9 times 1-3—. No, that won't do," says I. "Hold on a minute, will you?"

"Say, sonny," the guy at the other end yells. "Don't you know that

long-distance calls cost money!"

"Well, all right. You've got my wheels buzzing for fair, so I guess I'll have to turn you over to the old man," says I. And then I pressed the button that connected up the main works. I held the receiver to my ear while I went on figuring with the other hand. I didn't get very far 'cause there was some things that the old man began to whisper over the wire that he shouldn't have said, 'cause there's girls in the telephone exchange; but he kept me laughing so that I was most afraid he'd hear me through the partition. Then everything was quiet for a minute, only I could hear the old man's pen scratching as he went to figuring. In about four minutes the main guy yelled out loud enough to be heard down at the corner:

"What sort of a damphool proposition is this anyhow? Wait a minute until I call our bookkeeper. He's our figuring expert."

Well, all this time I had been ciphering along and I had Tom to run anyhow from 22 inches up to 47 feet 6 inches; and I had begun wondering how wide he was, when the bookkeeper rushed out of the old man's office with his hair standing on end and asked the blonde stenographer—the one that does her hair up in a bun, chews gum and spends all of her time when the boss is out telling about what a dead-swell party she was to the night before last—you know the girl I mean. Well, the bookkeeper told her about it and they started to scrawl their calculations.

Then I heard the man at the far end of the line snap out: "Well, do I get that casket, or don't I?"

"Sure you get it. We have it on the train," says the old man, soothing-like. "Promptness is our motto, and we never disappoint a customer."

"Good," says the guy, and he rings off.

"Pete," the old man yells to me, "just take this memo, and go down to the shipping clerk and tell him to get that half-couch out right away. It's to be silver gray with—"

"Yes, sir," I butts in. "What size?"

"Size? Size? Yes, that's so; that's so! What size shall it be?"

Then the old man humps himself over the desk and starts again. I could hear him muttering: "12 inches to the foot and 6 feet make 72 inches divided by 2 makes 36 inches, multiplied by—"

"Say, Pete," he most cries finally, "is my roof leaking or is yours? What size is that infernal casket, anyhow?"

"Well, I made it," says I, kinder respectful-like, but keeping on the other side of the desk, so I could dodge if he begun to heave things at me. "I made—I made it 9 feet 4 inches the last time I figured it. Say, that weren't the side-show of the circus calling up telling you the giant was dead, were it?"

"No, no; that can't be right," he growls, "because Bill was a six-footer and Bill had been growing two inches to Tom's one, and Tom—no, Bill, I mean—say, where was I?"

"You was just a-saying," I remark, "that Bill was twice as long as Tom was when Tom—I should say Bill, was as tall as Tom was when Tom was as old as Bill—"

"What?"

"Well, sir, you see, sir, I ain't been to school for two years now," says I, "but—"

"No," says the boss, "it's this way." Then he gets out his memo, pad and reads it off again. "Now, don't you see?" says he.

"Sure," says I, "that's as clear as mud."

The old man looked at me for a minute and then says, says he: "Just about, Petey, just about." Then he yells out to the bookkeeper: "Say, Specks, how tall do you make Tom?"

Then the bookkeeper, who is a perfect lady, even if he does wear pants, says: "Excuse me, but me and the stenographer's just been having words. She makes out Tom to be 18 inches tall, and I'll swear he's at least 11 feet, 'cording to the figures you gave me."

"What's that?" says the old man. "Eleven feet? Is that the kind of a cipherer I've got working on my books? No wonder you couldn't get the ledger to balance last month! You'd better stake yourself to a course at the night school or hire a nine-year-old kid to do the figuring, eh, Pete?"

Just then the stenographer butts in: "Pardon me," she says, "but I'm—I'm not just positive that 18 inches is exactly right, but I've got a gentleman friend that works in a bank, and he says I have a perfectly splendid figure—no, I mean to say that he says that I am perfectly splendid with figures, and I'm sure it ain't very far from 18 inches, anyhow."

"Oh! it ain't, ain't it?" says the old man. "Well, of course, a trifling matter like a foot or two doesn't make any difference in a casket. If the body's too short, the undertaker can pull the leg of the corpse instead of the family, and if it's too long, he can double it up or saw off half a dozen inches or so. Just so long's the casket's somewhere in the neighborhood, it's all right. Oh, yes, we're awfully careful round here, ain't we? Sometimes we even remember near enough to know how many minutes there are in the hour between twelve and one to be able to get back from lunch by the time the clock's ready to strike two. It's somewhere in the neighborhood, so I suppose it's all right," he says, kinder sarcastic-like.

Then he wheels on the bookkeeper: "Is that the way we make out bills? And worse than that, is that the way we pay bills around this shop? What sort of a set of bum figurers have I got here, anyhow? Is this an office or an almshouse? No wonder my bank balance can't be kept straight, and every once in a while a check or note comes back marked 'no funds', with \$1.47 protest fees tacked on, and my rating drops \$10,000 in Bradstreet's."

"Why, this is a perfectly simple problem," he goes on; "now I want you dummies to listen and help me work it out. Bill's brother Tom is 6 feet old and Tom's been growing two years to Bill's inch and Bill is three times as old as Tom was tall when Bill was as old as Tom is now. Don't you see?"

"O-o-o-o-h," says the stenographer, as she draws a long sigh, "o-o-o-o-o-h; why, in that case 18 inches couldn't be just right; now, could it?"

I could see the old man was boiling, but luckily, just about that minute the door opened and the foreman of the casket factory slides in.

"Have you got any casket in stock that will fit this order?" roared the old man. "We've got to get it out on the first train."

"Most likely, we've got it," says the foreman, "our stock's pretty full. What is it?"

"Well," says the old man, "it's this way. You see: Bill was 6 feet in his socks and Tom is— Say, Petey," he broke in, "you tell him, my 'ps are chapped."

Then I went over it, reading it careful from my memorandum.

The foreman stops to scratch his head a minute, and then he says: "Gimme a paper. Gimme a pencil. Gimme time." I hands him over the stub of a Faber I had just wore out working on the blamed thing. He figured for about ten minutes, and after marking up all the wall paper on one side of the office, he climbed up onto a chair and was clobbering on the ceiling when the old man howls:

"Ain't you got a foot rule out there in the factory? If you ain't, I'll buy you a gross."

"Yes, but—" interposed the cashier. "But! But yourself out of here! You're fired! Get out! Skedaddle! Put on your coat! Everybody's fired, I'll get a new force! I'll get a new factory! Think I'm going to trust my bank account to a bunch who don't know enough to answer a simple question. Say, Petey," the boss blurts out finally, "I wish you would jump on a car and run out to the foolish factory and get me two or three new bookkeepers and a stenographer or two and a foreman for the factory—"

Then all of a sudden a smile come over his face and he puffed up like a pouter pigeon and he says, says he: "Didn't I tell you? It takes the old man to dope this thing out! And he sticks his thumbs into the armpits of his vest and taps his chest with the tips of his fingers as he chuckles: "I knowed I could figure it out."

Then he turned to the foreman. "You're reinstated. Everybody's reinstated. Ship the blame fool a car-load of caskets—one of every size we've got in stock, and tell him to return the ones he don't want."

Simple, wasn't it?

But say! Get out your own pencil and do a little figuring yourself. Now, honestly, how tall was Tom Tingle? —Eckels' Embalmer.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary upon the estate of Eugene P. Thurman, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, by the Probate Court of St. Francois County, Missouri, bearing date the 20th day of December, 1921.

All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to Lou Thurman for allowance within six months from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if said claims be not exhibited within one year from the date of the granting of letters on said estate they shall be forever barred.

LOU THURMAN, Executor.  
Attest: K. C. WEBER, Judge.  
Jan. 6, 13, 20, 27.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT

Notice is hereby given that on December 3, 1921, Walter M. Jackson, by his proper deed of assignment filed in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of St. Francois county, Missouri, assigned all his personal, mixed and real property to R. C. Tucker, for the benefit of his creditors; reserving, however, to himself all legal exemptions, as a married man and head of a family, in both personal and real property, as made and provided by law; and that said R. C. Tucker has duly qualified and given the proper bond. All persons having claims against said Walter M. Jackson are hereby notified to present the same to said R. C. Tucker, assignee aforesaid, for allowance.

R. C. TUCKER Assignee.

SHERIFF'S SALE UNDER DEED OF TRUST

Whereas, Chris Zimmer and Sarah Zimmer, his wife, of the County of St. Francois, State of Missouri, by their certain deed of trust dated the 18th day of November, 1920, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of St. Francois County, Missouri, in Book 126 at page 583, conveyed to A. N. Sheerill, as Trustee, the following described real estate and all the improvements thereon, situate, lying and being in the County of St. Francois and State of Missouri, to-wit:

The northwest one-half (1/2) of the northeast quarter (1/4) of the northeast quarter (1/4) of the northeast quarter (1/4) of the southeast quarter (1/4) of the northeast quarter (1/4) of Section seventeen (17), Township thirty-

six (36) north, Range four (4) east, containing thirty-five acres, more or less.

Which conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain note in said deed of trust described, and whereas, said note has become due and remains unpaid, and whereas, said A. N. Sheerill refuses to act as such trustee; now therefore, at the request of the legal holder of said note, and in pursuance of the terms and conditions in said deed of trust mentioned, the duties of said trustee have devolved upon me, the Sheriff of St. Francois County, Missouri. Therefore, I will proceed to sell the property above described, to the highest bidder for cash, at public vendue, at the south front door of the Court House in the City of Farmington, St. Francois County, State of Missouri, on Saturday, January 21, 1922, between the hours on nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of satisfying said indebtedness and the cost of executing this trust.

JOHN G. HUNT, Sheriff  
of St. Francois County, Missouri,  
Dec. 30, Jan. 6, 13 and 20.

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YOU will be convinced that Dr. King's New Discovery does just what it is meant to do—soothes coughs, raw throats, congestion-tormented chests, loosens the phlegm pack and breaks the obstinate cold and gripe attack, relieves the congestion in the head. No harmful drugs, therefore good for children as well as grownups.

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