

The Democrat.

Telephones:
Doniphan, No. 30, Mutual, No. 80.

Local and Personal News.

Get in practice to write it 1917.

Everett McClain is at home from St. Louis for the holidays.

Miss Louella Paul was here from Little Rock for a Christmas visit with home folks.

Judge I. Logan Smith, of Naylor, was here this week looking after business matters.

Mrs. H. E. White and children, of Fairdeal, was here this week visiting relatives.

Miss Vivian Cude is home for the holidays from Howard Payne College, at Fulton, Mo.

San Carrio was here from St. Louis visiting his mother and other relatives over Christmas.

A. J. Rouse is home from a trip to Versailles, Mo., where had been attending court as a witness.

Miss Sara Richmond, who is a member of the faculty of the Kennett schools is at home for the holiday vacation.

Will Autry, who is now located with the W. T. Co., at St. Louis, is at home for the holidays with his family.

Miss Bee Cotton, a member of the faculty of the Little Rock high school came home Friday last for the holidays.

Mrs. Mary Proctor and Miss Myrtle Williams, her niece, are at Seary, Ark., visiting Mr. and Mrs. Virg. Cantwell, this week.

Miss Ona Martin is at home from Conway, Arkansas, where she is a member of the faculty of Central College, for the holiday vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Harris, who had been here visiting his parents over Christmas returned to their home at Poplar Bluff Wednesday.

Grover Fulbright came over from Cape county to spend Christmas with his wife and baby who are guests of her parents, J. A. Thaxton and wife.

Hon. James F. Fulbright will leave on the noon train Sunday for Jefferson City to be present at the convening of State legislature next Wednesday.

J. P. Campbell went to Booneville Wednesday to attend the last monthly meeting for the year of the board of managers of the Missouri Reformatory.

Walter Marsden and wife are here from their home at Nevada, Mo., visiting during the holidays with her parents, Judge and Mrs. L. A. Harper, of Ozly road.

Frank J. Page and his sister, Miss Lillie, were here from Little Rock for a holiday visit with their parents. Miss Lillie returned to Little Rock the first of the week.

Miss Lissie Norman and her mother, are here visiting relatives during the holiday vacation. Miss Lissie is a member of the faculty of the Poplar Bluff schools.

Jack Harris, who is an employe of the I. M. and George Harris, who is farming over in Illinois, were home for Christmas with their parents, Judge and Mrs. L. Harris.

The Misses Eas, Alta and Ruth Fugate, who are engaged in teaching school in neighboring counties, are holiday guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Fugate.

K. K. Shemwell, wife and son Raff, left last Tuesday for Fairplay, Mo., where Mrs. Shemwell and son will visit her relatives, and K. K. will go on to Oklahoma to look over business matters in which he is interested.

Willie Andrews, who has been up in Wisconsin for the past three years, came home the past week to visit home folks, and thinks he will stay and farm his father's, Civil Engineer W. M. Andrews place, below Ozly, this year.

Miss Alma Gerlach, a student of the Illinois State University, at Champaign and Miss Marlam Gerlach, a member of the faculty of the State University, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, are here at holiday vacation visitors with their parents.

A small blaze in the waterroom of the Gilbert grocery store, last Wednesday night, between 7 and 8 o'clock did about \$100 worth of damage to the stock and wall of the room. By quick work of passers by and hose of the fire department the blaze was put out.

L. P. Fouk, who is bring on a regular run on the Frisco, out of Chaffee, south, was here this week visiting. He said he would rebuild the buildings destroyed by fire on his farm south of the Ozly road three miles east of town, by the forest fire last October, sometime in the spring.

E. R. Berryman and children were here for the holidays visiting with T. L. Wright and family. Mr. Berryman has recently opened a store business at Forney, Arkansas, and will make that his home though still continuing his business at Neall, New Madrid county, Mo.

Small Pox Cases.

County Health Officer Dr. Carter E. Proctor, reports several cases of small-pox in the north part of the county, in the Pleasant Grove neighborhood. None of the cases are severe, the disease being in light form, and all the cases are getting along all right.

List To This Tale.

And it is said to be a fact and figures will prove it, that there were more cattle shipped out of this county the past year, than there were cattle returned to the assessor, as being owned in the county on the first of last June, and they brought more money than the total value of all the cattle returned for taxation to the assessor at that time.

Our New Prosecutor.

Geo. D. Sloan took the oath of office as Prosecuting attorney for Ripley county this morning, the oath being administered by County Clerk John J. Kennon. His term does not begin until Monday next, but as he left for St. Louis on the noon train, and expected to visit at Jefferson City and Kansas City, being gone most of the coming week, he qualified for the office and took his commission before leaving.

Martin - O'Kelley.

Prof. E. Sim Martin and Miss Sara Vera O'Kelley were united in marriage, at the home of the bride in old Tennessee, last Wednesday morning, and arrived here for a short visit with his folks today. Prof. E. Sim has been superintendent of the Hornersville, Dunklin county, school for the past year, and his bride is one of the faculty of the school. Sim is a mighty foregoing young man and is entitled to all the nice things that a deserving fellow is entitled to, and THE DEMOCRAT joins with his many friends in his home town and county in wishing him a happy and successful future wherever he may go.

Last Day's Session.

County court will meet tomorrow in adjourned session to clear up what is necessary for the old court to dispose of. Judges Harper and Gloré will set as members of the court for the last time during their terms, as they retire when the court adjourns for the day. It is the intention of the court to adjourn until Monday next, January 1st, in order that the two new judges, elected last November, Messrs. Williamson, for the Eastern district, and Pulliam, for the Western district, may qualify and take their seats. There is a lot of business pending for the new court to break in on.

Ceremony Performed In The Road.

Rev. M. W. Cotton sat in his buggy yesterday, in the public road near Lone Star school house, in Shirley township, across the river, and said the ceremony that united in marriage Mr. D. G. Hanners, of Bennett in Kelley township, and Miss Mary Autry, of this city, one of the county's well known and popular school teachers, who is teaching the Bennett school. The happy couple were also seated in a buggy and there were witnesses to the unique wedding. The many friends of the young couple wish them all the joys that can come to those who love life and all that it may bring.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses have been issued by Recorder Young, up to date:

Issued on the 20th instant, D. G. Hanners, Bennett, and Mary Autry, Doniphan.

Issued on the 23rd instant, Floyd Moore and Rosa Sheridan, both of Naylor.

Carl Green and Oms Bruce, both of Naylor.

Otto Griffin and Pearl Emmons, both of Grandid.

Issued on the 27th instant, Ben Kennon and Annie Logan, both of Doniphan.

Issued on the 28th instant, E. C. Garner and Ida McLath, both of Gatewood. J. A. Pritchard and Laura Clayton, both of Gatewood.

Dropped Dead On The Street.

Dr. L. B. Powell, a practicing physician at Naylor, who had formerly been located at Neelyville, died on the street at Naylor last Tuesday morning of apoplexy. He had been at O. M. Gary's drug store and was using the phone to Neelyville, when the attack first came on, and he dropped the receiver and started away from the phone. Going onto the street hurriedly he went in the direction of his home, but stopped at a neighbors and asked for a glass of milk, and while drinking it sank down and was dead in a few moments. He came to this state from Kentucky, and had practiced medicine at Neelyville for several years before coming to Naylor. Relatives from Water Valley, Kentucky, arrived Wednesday and the body was taken to his old home in that state for burial. His age was 49 years.

Miss Nellie Thaxton came home from the Cape for the holidays.

The public schools will take up again next Monday, New Year's day.

Miss Mary Wright was here from the Bluff visiting home folks this week.

Mrs. Arch Ponder is at Mill Springs visiting her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Owen.

Emra Fulbright was here this week, from Cape county, visiting his brother, J. F.

Miss Bessie Kilgore was here from St. Louis over Christmas, visiting relatives.

Judge S. E. Gloré has been here this week helping the Whitwell-McCree store take stock.

John Evans, former baker here, now located at Corning, was here this week on business.

Carl Hofer is at work as an extra brakeman on the I. M. main line, working out of Hoxie.

Miss Myrtle Pulliam, a member of the faculty of the Bloomfield schools, is at home for the holidays.

Prof. E. T. Foard was at Grandin this week visiting his daughter, Miss Mabel, who is teaching school there.

Miss Nettie Moore, a member of the faculty of the Flat River schools, is at home for the holiday vacation.

Miss Olive Proctor is the guest of home folks this week, she being a member of the faculty of William Woods College, at Fulton, Mo.

Jim Lovelace, the branch train brakie, and family, are guests of relatives at Des Aro, this week, Edley Odum, is on the run for him while away.

John Thaxton, Herschel Lawrence, Lou Waltermat and Willis McClusky, who are attending the State University, came home for the holiday vacation.

Ed Ferguson has let the contract for his new feed and flour warehouse on the railroad right of way, just east of the Goodwin & Jean plant, to J. M. Harrison, who began the work of cleaning up the ground Tuesday of this week.

Attorney Charles L. Ferguson has the distinguished honor of having the handsomest Christmas gift of anybody in town, and it was brought to him and his wife last Saturday night by the stately stork, and the noble old bird had done his whitest plumage as he bore to them the gift of a beautiful baby daughter.

The Band Concert.

At the high school auditorium last Thursday night, postponed on account of the bad weather from the preceding Thursday night date, was an elegant success. The program was a fine one, well rendered in every number and the band boys, and all who took part, or had a number of the program, give general satisfaction to the interested and large audience. The band boys felt highly complimented by the turn out of our people and tried their best to excel, and succeeded.

The Christmas Tree.

The community Christmas tree in front of the courthouse last Monday night, while the first thing of the kind ever tried in Doniphan, was a success. All the Sunday schools took part in the program, there was music by the band, and choruses by the children and grown people. Revs. Maness, Foster and Worsnop, of the city churches, had charge of the program, Rev. Maness acting as the presiding official. The Boy Scouts were a big help to the success of the entertainment and were thanked by the ministers in their remarks on the occasion. The audience had to be confined to the sidewalks on account of the soft and muddy condition of the ground, owing to the thaw and melting snow.

Death of J. L. Shriver.

Jacob Lensure Shriver, who for six years was a resident of Doniphan, and became well known here, died at his home at Peabody, Kansas, on the 19th instant, at the age of 59 years, 3 months and 20 days. He was a native of Pennsylvania, born August 25, 1858. Lived in Iowa and Kansas before coming to Doniphan, and about a year ago moved from here back to Kansas. While living here he had a very severe spell of illness, typhoid fever, and never fully recovered. He leaves a wife and four children, three daughters and one son, all grown, and one sister. The funeral services were held on Sunday, 17th instant, at the Lutheran church at Peabody, and the burial was made there. His large circle of friends here were pained to learn of his death.

His Intentions.

"Young man," said the stern parent, with the accent on the "young," "do you intend to stay here all night holding my daughter's hand and looking into her face like a calf?" "No, sir." "What do you intend to do, then?" "Well, I had thought, when you had done up the kindness to retire, that I would put my arm round her waist, and if she did not object, I might risk giving her a kiss."

AN ALL-STAR CAST

By LESLIE BEACH.

Miss Harriet Longstreth had one hobby—weakness, let us call it, for going to the movies every night made an inroad of sixty cents a week on her slender income and she realized that the times she paid to the cashier of the Bijou should be drawing four per cent with the rest of her rainy-day fund.

"But," she argued sensibly, "if I'm happy in the evening I can work all day without noticing it. But if I don't have a little diversion I just get sick of the sight of raisin rolls, angel food and doughnuts. Besides, I make them better and my customers buy more. So I don't know but that I get a hundred per cent on my investment." Miss Harriet was as attractive as who was sensible. And it was no fault of hers or of the scores of beaux she had had in her teens that she had never married. She had just been needed. That was all. Now everyone was gone and although she stayed on in the old home she found it necessary to eke out the family nest egg by making goodies for the neighbors.

No one guessed that capable, good-looking Miss Harriet was having an affair, not even the recipient of her affections—for she was in love with a movie actor!

Night after night she watched for the "Green Crab" to flash on the screen, the insignia of the Morgold Film company, because a thrilling drama would likely follow in which Carter Aylesworth was sure to feature.

Now Carter Aylesworth did not take the star part in these pieces, nor was he young and strong and handsome. To be frank, his hair was thinning and turning gray, his nose was long and irregular, and his eyes had a near-sighted, watery look that told of the habitual lens-wearer.

Carter Aylesworth was the goat. Every picture has one. If the place called for a poor devil jailed for twenty years by mistake he was the man. If the pretty heroine had to hurry home at night from the factory to her dependent old grandfather, it was Carter Aylesworth who submitted to shawls, crutches and hot-water bags. If Indians caught and tortured a lone white man to be rescued later by a husky hero, Carter was the victim. If a family starved, he was right there in the limelight. He was confidence man, book agent, shyster, thief. Anything that was altogether and entirely wanting in glory.

"Poor thing!" Miss Harriet soliloquized at first.

But as time went on with no improvement in the situations, she became indignant. "Why can't they give him a decent part sometimes? Couldn't he save a baby from a burning house, or vent his righteous wrath on the villain about to murder somebody by hitting him with a club? It isn't fair for them to let that conceited young Forsny have all the Monte Cristo parts."

You know what they say that pity is akin to, Yes—love came next.

"If I had that poor man, I'll bet I'd increase his self-respect in about two days. It's just because no one cares about him or takes an interest that he has that meek, hangdog look. I know that if he had some of my mince pies and speed jam he would chirp up a bit."

She was soliloquizing thus one night before time to go to the show. The dishes were done and she was crocheting in the front porch.

Tommy Jenkins cut across the street and up the path.

"Miss Harriet, can you bake mother another dozen rolls in the morning? We got some swell company today and he's going to stay until tomorrow evening."

"Sure, Tommy! Wait a minute and I'll give you a cookie. Who's the company?"

"I don't know. A fellow from New York. I think he came to see about a house he wants to sell."

The next day Miss Harriet was cutting out some biscuit when a head darkened the window. "Does Harriet Longstreth still live here?" it asked.

"She does," affirmed Miss Harriet and, looking up, she gave a little scream of dismay, then paled and reddened with embarrassment. "Carter Aylesworth!" she gasped.

"Yes. And twenty years ago I was Bert Stebbins, who lived next door. Don't you remember how I used to torment you to death to marry me, Hatty? May I come in and talk things over. Something smells better than anything this old bachelor has tasted since he left home."

"Yes, do come in, Carter. I mean Bert. I just thought from your pictures you were hungry! And I've been thinking they don't take very good care of you. You look so lonely, too! I have a notion to write a play for you myself and give you a star part just to show them you can act!"

He laughed. "Maybe it will comfort you a little to tell you that they pay me the same as Farnaby, Hatty, but sympathy is a rare thing and I'm grateful. But you're right about me being lonely. I am. I wonder if, instead of writing me a scenario, you and I couldn't make an all-star cast of a little play called 'Marriage'? If you'll just say yes, Hatty, I won't sell the house."

"I believe I will!" answered Miss Harriet blushing. "But I'm just afraid I'll wake up and find I'm dreaming." (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

JUST JANE!

By OLIVIA ROBERTS.

David Carrick did not mean to be an eavesdropper. He was merely an observer of human nature. And in that capacity it never dawned on him that he might hear or see things that were never intended for other eyes or ears.

Right here I was going to tell you about Jane, but before we get away from David let me explain a little further that because he was good looking—a fatal quality in a man—and unusually clever and intelligent—a bad thing sometimes for a person—he was getting spotted.

David was week-end guest at the Sterritts'. At dinner, Saturday night, Jane's name came up and when a few things had been told, laughed over and discussed, David exclaimed with interest, "Who is this Jane you're all so crazy about?"

"Just wait till you see her," returned his hostess. "There really isn't anything to tell. She's just Jane; that's all. She's a dear!"

That night there was a hop at the club and this gave Carrick the opportunity he craved for studying types. He found the usual specimens, nothing he had not already in his collection of humans. Then along came Jane!

He danced two dances with her just to hear what she would talk about. But she didn't talk at all. She danced divinely, smiled adorably and answered reservedly anything he cared to start in the way of conversation, but he realized when it was over that he knew no more about her or what she was like than he had before.

It was then that David decided to eavesdrop. He did not do it deliberately at first—he merely embraced the opportunity when it came. Wanting a smoke, he strolled outside and, finding a bench deep in the shrubbery below the veranda, he sat down. His thoughts were busy and his cigar went out. It was then that he discovered that he was quite near to the end of the veranda that harbored the punch bowl and that he could hear quite plainly the conversation of those making excursions for a sip of its cooling contents.

"What's the matter, Jane?" asked a shrill feminine voice. "Are you tired, sitting out here all alone?"

David pricked up his ears. Evidently there was another bench somewhere that he couldn't see, but that was in full view of the veranda.

"No, but it's too warm to dance. If you stay inside you can't help yourself. Out here you don't have to refuse."

A few minutes elapsed and some new people came along.

"Hello, Jane! Keeping yourself company?" And so on. Then, "What do you think of Sterritt's guest? Has a pretty good opinion of himself, don't you think?"

David sat up and took notice. Here was something unexpected as well as unpleasant, a new sensation entirely. He held his breath for the answer.

"Don't jump to conclusions, Bob. Maybe he's all right. I rather liked him." David's ruffled feathers smoothed themselves considerably.

Then others came. "I declare if it isn't Jane. Come up and have a drink. No? Say, what do you think of that Carrick? Conceited pup, isn't he?"

Ye gods! Then Jane's voice: "No, he is not! If a man has anything in his head these days he has a right to be proud of the distinction, I guess!"

"Ouch!" ejaculated the offender.

David was experiencing conflicting sensations. He was beginning to find that Jane had spirit. She wasn't the insipid person he had thought her after all. But why, oh, why, did she feel called upon to defend him? He loved her for it.

David thought over things for a week and in that time he underwent as many changes as a caterpillar. He came out a different person, humble as the dust.

"I'm going back to Jack Sterritt's Saturday and try to make good with those people. I guess I have been pretty much of a cad. Besides, I'd like to see little Jane."

Jane's eyes widened quickly, then narrowed, when she saw him and she flushed consciously. "I'm very glad to see you, Mr. Carrick."

"Then I'm repaid for coming," he returned meaningly.

He stayed with her nearly all evening, finding himself unwilling to leave her side. "I know why it is I have taken such a notion to her," he kept explaining to himself. "It's because she is so kind and fair-minded."

That night when Jane looked happily into her mirror she shook her finger at her reflection reprovingly. "You bad girl," she scolded. "You lot him stay that night and hear all those dreadful things about himself just to teach him a lesson, and you posed as a little saint on your own account."

"Now he likes you all to pieces and is getting really sentimental. What are you going to do about it? One thing you are not going to do. You are never going to let on you saw him sitting there that night. And another thing, you are going to keep him guessing for a long, long time how much you really do care about him."

All of which, if David had known, he would have said proved that the chief characteristic of the feminine gender is duplicity. (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

TERRIBLE LOSSES IN CARSO BATTLE

War Correspondent Gives Thrilling Description of the Fight.

HEROISM ON BOTH SIDES

Surpassed All Horrors Winter Had Seen in Nine Months With Austro-Hungarian Forces—Field Is Strawn With Dead.

Zurich.—A thrilling description of the recent terrific battle on the Carso plateau from the pen of Joseph Pogany, a war correspondent who viewed the gigantic struggle from the most advanced Austro-Hungarian positions, has just been published here.

"The eighth battle on the Isonzo was the culmination of the Italian campaign," says Pogany. "I have spent nine months on this front and witnessed the awful struggles around Doberdo and Gorizia, but the hell on the Carso plateau surpassed all horrors I had seen before. The Italian attacks in this latest and greatest battle were of almost incredible ferocity and the heroism displayed by both sides will live forever in history.

"The new Italian offensive was well planned and carried out with great skill and energy. On the comparatively short front of six miles Gen. Count Cadorna threw no less than 200,000 men into battle, or 100,000 more than he used in his September drive on a front of ten miles. Two full corps of infantry, the Fourteenth and the Twenty-fourth, attacked on a front of only three and one-half miles, together with a corps of dismounted cavalry, while at the same time eight regiments stormed forward against Hill 144.

Follows Joffre's Methods. "In his great effort to break the Austro-Hungarian lines, General Cadorna used the methods of Joffre and Brusiloff. He prepared the storming attacks by a drum fire of his heaviest artillery and when, after a terrible bombardment of 200 hours, the Austrian positions seemed to be pulverized, or at least badly shaken, he ordered a general attack. His infantry, with admirable dash and courage, advanced in formations twenty lines deep under a withering fire from the heights.

"The Italians concentrated their efforts on the short front between Graco di Merna and Novavas and Hills 144 and 208. From two sides the Italian waves rolled forward until they reached Jamiano. The Austrians soon found themselves flanked from two directions and their retreat was impossible, as the Italians had penetrated a full mile to their rear and threatened to cut them off completely. "When the situation became extremely critical for the Austrians two Tyrolean regiments, launched a furious counter-attack. The Italians were caught in the flank and fell in rows under the hail of Austrian shells and bullets. Nearly fifteen hundred men were cut off and had to surrender.

"During the night the battle around Hills 144 and 208 and Novavas raged incessantly. Italian reinforcements arrived continually and when the morning came the right flank of the defenders hung in the air and the ruins of Novavas were in the hands of the Italians. A counter-attack of Tyrolean regiments and Hungarian troops re-established the Austrian line, but it was bent back three-quarters of a mile on a front of about two miles.

"This was the whole result of 49 hours of the most bloody fighting of the present war. All during the next day and the following night the Italians continued their storming attacks without a moment's pause. Their reserves seemed to be inexhaustible, but they made no further headway.

"On the morning of the fourth day they gave up their efforts to break the Austro-Hungarian front. Only in the southern part of the Carso plateau they attacked 12 hours longer.

"In their latest attempt to reach Trieste the Italians sacrificed at least 100,000 men. I am positive that 60,000 of their officers and soldiers were killed, wounded or taken prisoners in the sector between Lovicza and Hill 144 alone, but the losses of the Austrians were also very heavy. When the battle ceased the field was covered with dead. They are all holy, friend and foe, an Austrian general said to me, pointing to heaps of corpses. Let us kneel down and pray for them!"

1,450 BRITISH PEERS KILLED IN WAR

London.—The new issue of Dobson's Peerage for 1917 states that the roll of honor from families usually noticed in the volume now contains 1,450 who have been killed in action or died of wounds. The list includes one member of the royal family, 14 peers, 21 baronets, 9 knights, 9 members of parliament, 290 companions, 114 sons of peers, 110 sons of baronets, and 150 sons of knights.

An Oklahoma sportsman has invented a decoy duck that swims about in water and emits realistic quacks.