

WATCH THE DATE! On your label is a date; Renew before it is too late.

MEXICO MISSOURI MESSAGE.

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Mexico, Missouri, Thursday, January 20, 1916.

NUMBER 9.

Now What? Is The McKinley System Coming? Well, So Mote It Be.

Fulton, Mo., Jan. 16.—The McKinley System and the Mexico and Santa Fe Traction Co. are three interests expected to develop electric roads in this section of the State in the spring.

EAST END NOTES.

Audrain County Has The Best Yearling Sow in The U. S.—Two Birthday Celebrations.

Vandalia, Mo., Jan. 18.—The heavy sleet that fell last week remains with us yet, making it difficult for stock to get out.

Mert Barnes lost a horse by its falling on the ice last week.

Several members of the John Chithero family are ill of grip.

Henry Miller of near Vandalia will have a public sale of live stock and farm implements January 26.

C. F. Darnell will load a car of corn soon which he has sold to parties at Columbia.

Miss Grace Lemasters of Gazette has returned to her school duties in Iowa.

Leslie Barbee has recovered from an attack of the grip.

Rev. Luke Kirtley has been unanimously called to the pastorate of the Pleasant Plains Baptist Church for the eighth year.

Charles Green and several members of his family are afflicted with pneumonia and grip.

Miss Celia Tipton is making an extended visit with relatives in Rock Island, Ill.

Mrs. Zack Bondurant assisted by her neighbors gave her husband a grand surprise on his birthday Jan. 10. Z. T. was going about his usual routine of work, not realizing that that day marked another milestone of his life among the best people on earth, when his neighbors began to appear in large numbers.

Rev. H. B. Barks of Mexico held funeral services Monday afternoon at Union Chapel Church? Mr. Thomas was a very earnest Christian man, a member of the Presbyterian church. The family and community will greatly miss him. We proffer our sincere sympathy to the bereaved ones.

Mrs. C. C. Cohoon and children who visited Mrs. Cohoon's parents here during the holidays, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Boatman, returned to Oklahoma recently. The family has moved from Cordell, Okla., to the big metropolis, Oklahoma City. Mr. Cohoon is engaged in the banking business, and, we are glad to know, is doing well.

John T. Ricketts is visiting his wife and son, Joe, in Albuquerque, N. M., and incidentally missing some biting cold Missouri weather.

ern terminus, and it will give Missouri its first real north and south line.

The McKinley System is reported to have purchased 60 acres of land on the Illinois side of the Mississippi River across from Hannibal. It is said this location is to be used for electric line shops. McKinley and his associates are reported to be planning an extension from Springfield to Hannibal, and then on to Jefferson City, where the McKinley corporation owns the city system and a small interurban line into Callaway county. The line between the two State capitals, it is believed, is to be the beginning of an extensive interurban system in Missouri, patterned after the one in Illinois.

M. D. Porter continues to gain fame with his herd of Poland China hogs. Since his great success at the State Fair he recently was awarded a prize offered by Col. McCracken of the Live Stock World for the best under yearling sow judged by Judges Marker and Kemp, the former judging the northern territory, the latter Texas and California, thru the fair season of 1915. Thus making Mr. Porter the owner of the best yearling sow in the United States. This sow weighed 500 pounds at 12 months old and is the first sow of the big boned type to win a grand championship at a State fair. She also won more money than any sow that has ever entered the show ring at a State fair.

THE COMMERCIAL CLUB. The date of the annual banquet is changed to Wednesday night Feb. 2. The heads of the Mexico Shoe Co., who live in St. Louis, and Marshall Rust, owner of the electric railway, will be present. The Missouri Military Academy orchestra will furnish music.

J. G. Ford called attention of the Club to the annual stock sales of the Missouri Horse Sales Co., which is to be held in Mexico April 13, 14 and 15. Arrangements are being made to revive monthly stock sales in Mexico.

DEATH OF MR. THOMAS. One of The County's Long-Time Honored Citizens.

James S. Thomas, 76 years old, died at his home southeast of Mexico of pneumonia Saturday afternoon. Besides the wife the following children survive him: W. D. Thomas, Wilson Thomas, Mrs. Martha Crum and John R. Thomas. Mrs. Crum lives in the neighborhood and Mr. John R. Thomas is one of the proprietors of the Mexico Intelligencer.

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THE WEATHER. The mercury went 12 below last Thursday night; some thermometers registered 16 below. Thursday it was 5 below. Three below Sunday. Rain and sleet yesterday. Ice and snow still cover the ground.

DWELLING BURNS. The house on the Sterner farm, down near Worcester, burned to the ground early Tuesday morning. Albert Burgess occupied the house. Fire, it is thought, caught from the stove. Loss of furniture covered by insurance.

GET MAIL CONTRACT. The owners of the electric railway have been awarded the contract to carry the U. S. mails between Mexico and Santa Fe. Santa Fe will now get her mail about eight hours earlier than by the old route from Paris.

Mrs. C. E. Mayhall, Mrs. J. W. McCubbin, Mrs. W. K. McCall, Mrs. L. W. McCoy, Mrs. C. A. Wilder and Mr. Edgar Shobe, all of Laddonia, attended the meeting for instruction held in this city Friday afternoon and evening at Masonic Hall. Mrs. Mac Botts and Miss Mollie Wilkerson of Santa Fe and Mrs. Merrilee of Hastings, Nebraska were also in attendance. The instructor, Miss Nellie Page, of Canton, Mo., remained till Saturday when she left for Centralia to conduct a similar series of instructions.

The Man The Ages Want. The man who is strong to fight his fight, And whose will no force can daunt, While the truth is truth—and the right is right, Is the man that the ages want. He may fall or fall in grim defeat, But he has not fled the strife, And the house of earth shall smell more sweet For the perfume of his life.—Anon.

HELPFUL BANKING SERVICE. A service designed to advance the interests of this community. Individuals and Business alike—is possible because of our early decision to operate under State Banking Laws. This helpful service is apparent to all depositors here, for every convenience and banking facility is at their command. New depositors find our Officers welcome a test of the adequacy of our service, and take personal interest in the welfare of every client. NORTH MISSOURI TRUST CO. Mexico, Mo.



Honor pupils at Prairie Lea School several winters ago. Are they still making good? What are their plans for the future? The Message would like to publish a short letter from each of them.

CASEY WRITES A GREAT LETTER

Thrashing in The North; The Big Fair; The Dull Times; Gold Mining and Such.

RIDING ON THE GREAT OCEAN—WHOOPLA!

The Price of Butter, Eggs, Etc., Soaring—An Interesting and Most Entertaining Letter.

Phil Rogers, formerly of the Mexico High School, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Rogers, northeast of Mexico, writes his parents the following letter, which by kind permission we quote in full. Read it. It will interest everybody. "Casey" has put up that kind of letters often for the Message:

Truckee, Cal., Jan. 3, 1916.—Dear Folks, All:

Here's New Year's luck to the bunch. It has been quite a while, I guess, since I opened up last, but up to Dec. 10th I'd been shifting scenes pretty often.

As near as I can remember, according to recollection, it was about two days before Thanksgiving that I said goodbye to North Dakota, the wheat shocks and the snow, with ten days thrashing yet unfinished, on account of a 10 inch snow. But got in 45 days thrashing anyway. One week on a bundle wagon and the rest on the engine.

The day I left for Portland and eventually Frisco, a 79 mile blizzard was taking possession of the country, and it had my consent. A few days later after a fine journey, I found myself in Portland where the grass was green and the flowers blooming and the trees just taking on the shades of autumn. Spent two days in Portland waiting for a boat to Frisco. Portland is a great town but deader than a scarecrow now as in fact all of the towns on the West coast are now. Took my trip to Frisco on the good ship Roanoke, which I wished I'd never seen after a few hundred miles of pure joy down the Columbia River. For no sooner had the ship touched the ocean than a storm broke loose upon us and for two days and nights we faced a 72 mile an hour gale.

While the boat turned somersaults and looped the loop in the meantime, I felt pretty much disgusted and a trifle seasick. Everybody else on board seemed in pretty much the same fix. I had been eating herring and smelt in Portland for two days but gave them up and back to the sea over the rail. In fact I threw up everything I'd eaten for six weeks including all hopes. And there was nothing to encourage my feeble mind

along different channels of that. Everywhere I looked I'd see some poor devil, hanging to a post or the rail, head bowed in agony, heaving away as if he were working on a contract job and his time was about up.

I'll here take the leisure to add that if the whale that swallowed Jonah had been aboard that ship—Mr. Jonah would have got his freedom in a darn sight less time than the specified time.

And talking about whales, about an hour before reaching Frisco we saw a whole flock of them spouting water into the air.

The boat was 40 hours late but I was still in time for the last two days of the Fair. At the Fair I learned a good many things I didn't know and relearned a whole lot that I did know. The Missouri Building was good, and the best thing about it was a little court yard in front surrounded by hickory, pawpaw and persimmon trees growing along an old rail fence. Three or four stuffed 'possums hung by their tails from the trees. In the grassy space in the center were a great many hickory chairs and a sign hanging over the entrance said, "Show Me."

The Canadian Building was by far the finest thing on the grounds. The display and scenery were nearly all natural. Live beaver, mink, muskrat, otters and fish swimming in running water. Storks, cranes, ducks, geese and other water fowls puddling around. Partridge and grouse sitting on the wheat shocks. Moose, deer, and elk wandering thru the growing wheat; this part was on canvas but you could hardly tell where the real faded into the canvas. In the front of each scene were live animals and trees and grass. Further back stuffed animals and finally the picture.

You seemed to be looking for miles. Wheat fields, farm houses, woods, mountains, and so on. Everybody agreed that Canada had the U. S. skinned in her display.

Saw the tallest flag pole on earth, made from one Oregon fir tree. Saw Art Smith turn summer sets and loop the loop and do the spiral twist in his air ship. Much else, of course, couldn't start to tell it all.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature on that last day was the crowd and the way they behaved. There were 640,000 people went thru the gates to see the finish. Yet there was not a soul hurt, a fight or a single arrest made on the grounds. The Fair closed at 12 o'clock on the night of Dec. 4th, yet it took until five o'clock next morning for the crowds to get out of the grounds. I got out at three and was lucky at that the I worked hard. To illustrate the density of traffic outside the Fair grounds, it took me one solid hour just to cross the street. Newsboys and bootblacks in order to save time ran helter skelter over the heads and shoulders of the mass. A smart gent driving a Ford runabout tried the same stunt, but it didn't work, for

the simple reason that somebody's cigar got mixed up with the gasoline, and the Ford was transformed into a balloon. Art Smith reported that next morning he passed it two miles above the clouds going up at the rate of 90 miles an hour.

After leaving Frisco I drifted up across the State stopping at many of the small towns, taking in the scenery and roaming among the mountains. Spent three and a half days at Grass Valley, Cal., working in the gold mines. Here it is that the richest gold mines in the U. S. are located. The identical spot where gold was discovered in '49 which named California to be California. There are mansions and palaces here built in 1850 that would make a Spanish king ashamed of himself. The stones in the pillars and foundations of said building glitter with gold. The arches of the gateways and the stone walls around their acres of lawn shine like morning stars. The very sand in the cement that holds the stones together is fully one-half gold. However, three days of descending 4,600 feet into the earth and shoveling pay dirt at \$2.75 a day to make somebody else rich got my goat and I beat it.

Each evening before leaving the mines we had to strip off, take a shower bath, and make an entire change of clothes under the scrutinizing gaze of two big Honyaks armed with Winchester. In spite of this there is a good deal of smuggling.

Lots of fellows start working for \$2.50 a day, stay about a year, build a big house, buy an auto and retire with a small fortune. The day I landed at Grass Valley there was a gentleman caught in the act of departing with \$35,000 worth of dust and nuggets. Had he left a day sooner he would have made it all right.

I have a pretty fair job here at Truckee doing the blacksmith and shoeing work in a garage machine shop; but we are pretty well snowed under now (three feet) and will probably wind up here in two weeks. The boss furnishes me a nice cabin to live in. Electric lights, running mountain water, stove and cooking tools of all kinds. Living is not so high here if you don't go too strong on butter, eggs and poultry. Butter is 45c a pound, eggs 50 to 60c a dozen and chickens 50c a pound. You may judge how much of the above that Casey devours.

Business in general is dull in the West, especially the Coast States. Guess I'll try Reno next and maybe get in on some tool sharpening at the mines of Nevada.—If I don't get a sharpener of another kind.

Well, the dimmer of light has long ago spread his mantle of sable over the earth—in other words, it's getting late—so I'll suspend litigations.

So Long.

CASEY.

Mrs. E. H. Snook is returning to her home in Bakersfield, Cal., after a very pleasant visit to Mexico and Audrain county relatives and friends. She is a sister of Mrs. B. F. Miller, Mrs. J. J. Wood and X. P. Ball of this city. For a number of years she was one of Audrain county's most prominent teachers.

Mrs. Henry Burkett, southeast of Mexico, has been quite sick.

Mrs. Ida E. Settle of Jefferson City and Edwin Settle of Laddonia recently visited their parents in Mexico, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Settle.

Mexico Savings Bank \$ 44th Year in Business \$ Capital Stock, \$150,000 \$ W. W. FRY, President \$ J. R. JESSE, Cashier. \$