

CONGRESS SPENDS

TOO MUCH MONEY.

IN a most admirable address delivered before the Mexico Commercial Club at its annual dinner, Hon. Paul Brown, editor of the St. Louis Republic, showed very definitely that the business affairs of this country are not handled in a business like way by Congress and the departments at Washington. Along this line, referring to the expenditures made by the Congress which adjourned on the fourth of March, the New York World editorially says:

"It is a habit of Americans to criticize Congress and to rejoice when it adjourns. The Congress that expired recently was one of the most notable in the history of the country. It labors have been prodigious. No scandal has attached to it. The many great measures that it has adopted have been worked out patiently and with a solemn regard for party promises approved more than once at the polls. During its entire life, with its energies concentrated chiefly upon economic and financial problems, it has suffered from the distractions of disorder in Mexico and war in Europe. It fully deserves the high compliment paid to it by President Wilson.

"Congress is thoroughly representative body and that is one reason, no doubt, why the people whom it so closely resembles are inclined to be severe in their judgments of it. In its industry, devotion to business, regard for right and justice and faithfulness to obligations, the Sixty-third Congress, now dispersed, was thoroughly typical of the inhabitants of the United States. Having their virtues, it necessarily had their faults, one of the chief of which is extravagance.

"The appropriations by this Congress, the first having a Democratic majority in both Houses since the Fifty-third Congress, which sat in 1893-95, aggregate \$2,237,000,000. The total appropriations by the Fifty-third Congress, twenty years ago, were \$917,000,000. At that time a billion-dollar Congress was thought to be inexcusably wasteful. Of late we have had two-billion-dollar Congresses as a regular thing, and now we are taking leave of one that has made a record of almost two and one-quarter billions.

"This is the one great fault of the Sixty-third Congress. It had time for most things except economy. It was mindful of its pledges except that relating to retrenchment. It corrected abuses of taxation, finance, banking and law, but it could not, at least it did not, make even an attempt to check the lavishness of the Nation. In that respect it simply drifted with the tide.

"Has the Federal Government become so unwieldy, so overloaded with excesses and so committed to prodigality that no political party is capable of correcting the wrong which is at the root of nearly all other wrongs?"

HOT SHOT OFF THE BAT.

REPRESENTATIVE Walton of Howard Co., in his Armstrong Herald editorially says:

"You dry fellows have put St. Louis on the bum, and property isn't worth ten cents on the dollar down there; and we will give the Republican ticket 50,000 majority at the next election." The above was the remark that a whiskey-soaked fellow from St. Louis made to a number of country members of the Legislature the other evening. And that fellow isn't worth one cent on the dollar when it comes to real manhood, or Democracy either as for that. We told him that St. Louis still had her breweries, still had her 2,300 saloons, still had a Republican city administration, still had her election crooks and thieves; and if property valuations had decreased there it was certainly no fault of the dry voters who live out in the rural districts. We further told him that possibly the rural communities did not consume as much beer and whiskey as they did in former years, and thus add to the wealth of the St. Louis liquor dealers; however, since they quit spending their money for beer and whiskey they had more money to spend for food and clothing, farm machinery and other articles of merchandise, and thus added to the volume of business given the wholesale merchants of St. Louis. And so far as it being undemocratic for a man to vote dry—well, if we could not vote dry and still be a good Democrat, then God have mercy on the Democratic party. The fact of the business is there is no politics in the wet and dry question; it's simply a moral proposition, and our plan of dealing with the liquor traffic is just the same method we would adopt in dealing with a rattlesnake—just deal it a death-blow at every opportunity. Poor, deluded fool—the idea of booze making a town in all nonsense; and if it were not for the 2,300 saloons in St. Louis to sap the wages of the workmen of that city we do not believe there would have been but a few men in the "bread line" in that city during the winter months. The trouble with the "bread line" fellows is, they spend three-fourths of their money during the months of the year that they can work, and when the winter months come on, they have no money to tide them over, and must take their place in the "bread line."

"CO-OPERATION." THE word "Co-operation" is not exactly a new one though it is not in general use. It was coined a few years ago when the Sealship oyster

was placed on the market. The company having this sanitary method of shipping bivalves to the interior used it in a campaign urging the dealers in a town who handled their product that they were in competition with dealers who sold oysters shipped in wooden tubs or under unsanitary conditions and in co-operation with the dealers who sold Sealship. In other words those who sold Sealship oysters should maintain the standard of their product and not fight each other for in doing this they injured themselves and aided competition. What the small town merchant must have is a closer co-operation so that co-operation will follow. The idea that the man in Mexico who sells the same line of goods you do is your competitor is no longer out of the category of moss-grown business fancies. The only competitor the local merchant has is the mail order concern. The only sure way of proving to the buying public that the local merchant gives as good and better goods at the same and less prices than the mail order house is through co-operation with his fellow merchant. Pull together, make no statements in your advertisements you cannot fulfill and pull as one for the improvement of the city.

he wants? What in the world is this country coming to any way? If we keep on passing laws of this kind we will all have to move to Russia, although even in that country they have taken away the liberty of those who wanted to buy or sell or drink vodka.

THE JOB AND THE DRINK. MANY interesting chapters might be written for a book to be entitled "The Job and the Drink, or Safety First." The new usual attitude of employers, individual or corporate, was a plant of slow growth at first, but with fertilization of the soil of public sentiment it has developed rapidly in recent years. The ban was placed on the drink for reasons of safety in the first instance and considerations of efficiency after that. Men who still drink do not do so in business hours—at least not to the same degree as in former years. This is for personal reasons of safety and efficiency. The man wants to be safe in his business and safe in his job, and in efficiency is safety. A course that decreases efficiency is unsafe and the drink relaxation of purpose, a desire to take it a little easier and a slowing down of powers of achievement in consequence of the inevitable yielding to the wish. Indulgence in drink and business will not probably mix.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

SENATORS AND POLITICIAN APPOINTMENTS.

UNDER the heading of "Senators as Job Mongers," the Saturday Evening Post editorially says: Periodically the Senate chamber re-echoes with eloquent complaints of executive trespass on the legislative branch of government, but there is really nothing on that side of the account to correspond with bald legislative usurpation of the selection of executive officers.

If there is any virtue at all in division of powers, the President should certainly control the executive department. As chief of that department, he should choose his subordinates; but the power of choosing has virtually been taken away from him. The Senate insists on choosing—insists with a unanimity and pertinacity that are unequalled in regard to any other of its functions. It has laid down the law that senators shall select the executive officers in their respective states; and, so far, it has beaten every President who took issue with it.

Of course this corrupts the public service, for the senator's choice is almost invariably dictated by considerations of his own political fortunes. Every President, as chief of his party, is interested in a legislative program that he thinks is for the best interests of the country. A hostile Senate could block any Administration measure; and every President is loathe to fight for his right to select executive officers, because he fears avengeful Senate will wreck his legislative program—which means, in plain language, that the Senate cares more for its jobs than it does for the good of the country.

That this job-mongering corrupts the Senate as well as the public service seems evident. The point is important enough to warrant a fight—in which, we believe, a President with sufficient pugnacity to make the issue will win.

DISCUSSING the Mexican situation with callers Monday, the President said "to have pointed out that there are certain persons in Mexico City and in the United States who are apparently determined to force American intervention, even though they have to furnish the reasons themselves for such intervention." The Administration could strengthen public opinion at this time and give aid and comfort to its supporters if it would authoritatively name a few of these persons.

Mr. and Mrs. Judge Johnson celebrated their thirtieth wedding anniversary last night by glaring at each other. "I refer to it as the 'Thirty Years' War,'" said Mr. Johnson today while being interviewed by a society reporter.

THE "personal liberty" advocates evidently have over looked that they should have risen up and protested against the national law prohibiting the sale of habit-forming drugs. Is it possible that a man hasn't got the right to buy or sell or use anything

AT least one may hope that the rebellious Plate Indians will not adopt civilized tactics in their outbreak.

IT would be unfortunate to have to turn from the hope of universal peace to the fear of universal war.

"KINGS love war," says Prof. J. Newton Baker; yep; "distance lends enchantment to the view."

GIVEN an idea some people's mind would prove about as fertile as a tin roof sown with grass seed.

INTERNATIONAL relations have placed ocean travel on a "safety last" basis.

THE Missouri Legislature is arranging to adjourn next Saturday.

A PECK of trouble is one thing that is mighty seldom short weight.

J. R. Pittman, of near Santa Fe, was in Mexico on business, Monday. Dr. I. T. Turley was in Molino on professional business Monday. R. D. Worell is in St. Louis attending the Jewelers convention. Mr. and Mrs. John Eldsoe, of near Molino, were in Mexico, Monday.

FIRES HERE MOSTLY DUE TO THE DEFECTIVE FLUES

The majority of fires in Mexico are caused by defective flues according to Fire Chief Verner Morris. Few blazes can be traced to the mice and matches though some of our conflagrations are the result of spontaneous combustion. In passing it is interesting to note that there have been fewer fires in Mexico this winter than for several years. Why this is a question of more or less debate.

Mr. Morris says when the freeways are followed by thaws due to large differences in temperature the chimneys in many homes settle and this results in fissures large enough for the fire going up in the flue to come in contact with some of the adjacent wood and set it ablaze. Mr. Morris remembers a house which burned here a few years ago that had a crack in its large joint to insert his fist. A dry pine joint rested against it ready to spring into a blaze with the smallest spark.

Few fires in Mexico are the result of mice and matches according to Mr. Morris. The throwing of soiled clothing into tight closets resulting in spontaneous combustion originates a few of our conflagrations. He suggests that it is well to watch your chimneys especially in winter and to note the faintest sign of settling if you would guard against the possibility of a spark reaching the wood and eventually destroying the home.

DIARY OF ENGLISH BOY SCOUT ON COAST GUARD

The diary of a Boy Scout, published in the Manchester Guardian, describes clearly some of the work the Scouts are doing. "H— and I have complete charge of sixteen miles of coast," the young adventurer boasts in telling of his life in an isolated bungalow on the north shore on the lookout for hostile cruisers and aircraft and the signaling of spies. He tells of sleeping on the table on a pile of overcoats until midnight, when the two boys went on duty. Some paragraphs from the diary read:

Had a very decent night. Received messages about the Zepplin raid, and as H— and I were alone we had a rather exciting time. We called the military, as instructed, and our hour watch passed like a few minutes.

The lookout box in which I am now writing is a small place, about 5 by 8 feet, with windows on three sides, which look out to the sea. It has a stove, cupboard, various telephones, signals, revolvers, rifles, clocks, telescopes, etc. H— has now the revolver around his waist. He comes in every few minutes, passing remarks on the night.

Friday. It is now midday, and H— and I have just come off duty. We have had a very interesting morning. Two government patrol boats have passed quite close to us, also two tugs towing a big salvage crane, which in turn was towing a derelict. Life here is great; you have no idea how important and "bossy" we feel when on watch, because even the soldiers come to us every hour to know if we have any messages or orders.

The dugouts, trenches, guns along the coast are simply glorious; really I'm in my element. We are on very good terms with the soldiers, so good, in fact, that when we said it was a bit cold in our bungalows the lieutenant asked for blankets, and the men, I believe, offered fifty, ten of which were accepted. I have now four blankets and greatcoat, also a ground sheet and camp bed, and I really sleep as well here as I do at home, the only difference being that I find no difficulty in getting up when called, at all hours of the night or day. We get a 36-hour rest, "stand-off" (nautical expression), every fifth day.

I have charge of the log, and it practically takes up all my spare time, because we are on twelve hours or off twelve. But the logbook promises to be a very interesting volume when completed if I keep up on the same lines as I have begun. Yesterday morning I had the job of cleaning all the rifles, revolvers, sword sticks and leather work for the coast guards and got complimented on the way in which I did it (so I suppose I always shall have the job). This is the advantage (?) of being a thorough workman. (Please tell father of this.)

This is a rotten, flat and uninteresting coast, although the surf on the reefs (of which there are plenty) makes a very pretty picture. It is a fine place for landing "Germans" if they knew where to come, but all the nice landing places are jolly well guarded. Yesterday two of my fellow "mod diggers" came back in a very excited and breathless condition—they said they had found a mine washed ashore. It turned out to be an old boiler off a ship.

Hunger The Best Sauce. There is no sauce equal to natural hunger. If you would relish your meals like a hungry boy, take Chamberlain's Tablets. They improve the digestion and create hunger. H. D. Parmenter, Criderville, Ohio writes: "I have used Chamberlain's Tablets for stomach trouble, biliousness and constipation off and on for the past ten years and have never seen their equal yet." For sale by all dealers.

Wood Maddox of St. Louis spent Sunday the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Buckner.

HOW FAKERS GET THE MONEY IN MEXICO

Mexico, like other small cities in Missouri, is infested with solicitors for institutions of a charitable character as well as those asking for alms for personal use. Because many of these are impostors the laudable institutions suffer and the kind hearted are giving of their money to those who are grafters in all the world of miseries. In speaking of this form of social parasite the Macon Chronicle says:

"Your people here are easy." The remark was made to a representative of this paper by a pretty young woman in black after she had taken the dollar handed her for a "Home" somewhere. She said she had collected \$40 from our citizens that day, and that they were the kindest people she had ever met. Her eyes filled with tears as she told of the unfortunate being brought back to life and health at her institution. The tale was so pathetic the reporter felt mean and contemptible because he could only afford a dollar. The lady said, with a sad smile:

"Never mind; I'll call some other time, maybe. Your dollar will be like the widow's mite."

The lady left a card, and some suspicious parties here wrote to friends in the town where her institution was. The friends made investigation, and replied there was no such place.

Grafters pay big sums for ideas of the sort that was played in Macon recently. A man paid some shyster New York lawyer \$600 for this. An old gray haired man takes a few paces of glass under his arms and rides out to the suburban district; there he gets off and sits on a corner, shedding tears. Ladies pass and ask what the matter is; he tells them he was sent to put some glass in a residence, but he had taken the wrong street car line; it would take several hours to reach the right place; he had spent all his money coming out and would lose the day; his wife and 10 little children would suffer.

The place selected would be a wealthy residence section, and the contributions would run from \$2 to \$25. The operator became wealthy.

Barnum's most noted hoax was the "Cardiff Giant," the name given to a rude statue 10 1/2 feet high, dug up in 1869 at Cardiff, New York, and exhibited, at so much per head, as a petrification. The persons who originated the scheme finally confessed that the "Cardiff Giant" had been cut from a block of gypsum quarried at Fort Dodge, Iowa, sculptured at Chicago, conveyed to Cardiff, there buried and accidentally "discovered" by some workmen. It was shown all over the country as the remains of a member of a prehistoric race, and created much interest and many dollars. The present generation, however, knows the story best from the "exposés" periodically appearing in the syndicate press.

After the Cardiff giant humbug been put to rest some Iowa farmers "discovered" a stone man of great size, which they unearthed with much ceremony, in the presence of a big crowd, including reporters. The stone man was shown in a tent in the town of Southern Iowa and Northern Missouri, and brought in many dollars until it struck Lancaster, where the coroner insisted on holding an "inquest." To determine the way the stone man came to his death the coroner took a mall and struck the deceased a sharp blow on the arm. To the amazement of all the arm spun around like a windmill. And no wonder—its center was an iron rod. The "stone" man was made of plaster with iron rods for the running gears.

COLLECTOR SETTLED MONDAY.

S. A. Polis, the retiring County Collector settled with the County Court, Monday at an adjourned session. Mr. Polis' statement shows his collection for the past year to total almost \$200,000, which is about \$4,000 more than was ever collected in this county before. Mr. Polis has made a splendid official and retires with a good record.

How to Improve Your Digestion.

If you have any trouble with your digestion take a few doses of Chamberlain's Tablets. They strengthen the stomach and enable it to perform its functions naturally. They are easy to take and most agreeable in effect. For sale by all dealers. Adv.

Minter Bragg has returned to Kansas City where he is attending dental college.

290 Acres

I will offer at a bargain, if taken in next thirty days, this fine farm, 3 1/2 miles from Mexico, Missouri.

Fine Land Good Improvements Location Ideal

For any information see J. O. TINSLEY, Tinsley Building Mexico, Mo.

Worry, the Great American Disease

From the Christian News - Letter.

"Worry is the most popular form of suicide. Worry impairs appetite, disturbs sleep, makes respiration irregular, spoils digestion irritates disposition, weakens character, weakens mind, stimulates disease, and saps bodily health. It is the real cause of death in thousands of instances where some other cause of death is named in the death certificate. Worry is mental poison; work is mental food. When a man or woman works over in dreams the problems of the day, when the sleeping hours are spent in turning the kaleidoscope of the day's activities, then there is either overwork or worry, and most likely it is the worry that comes from overwork. The Creator never intended a healthy mind to dream of the day's duties. Either dreamless sleep or dreams of the past should be the order of the night.

"Worry is forethought gone to seed. Worry is discounting possible future sorrows so that the individual may have present misery. Worry is the father of insomnia. Worry is the traitor in our camp that dampens our powder, weakens our aim. Under the guise of helping us to bear the present, add to be ready for the future, worry multiplies enemies within our own mind to sap our strength. Worry must not be confused with anxiety, though both words agree in meaning, originally, a 'choking' or a 'strangling' referring, of course, to the throttling effect upon individual activity. Anxiety faces large issues of life seriously, calmly, with dignity. Anxiety always suggests hopeful possibilities; it is active in being ready, and devising measures to meet the outcome. Worry is a colony of petty, vague, insignificant, restless impulses of fear, that become important only from their combination, their consistency, their horzation. The full, rich strength of the mind, that which produces our best success, that represents our finest activity, is tapped, led away and wasted on worry.

"To cure worry, the individual must be his own physician; he must give the case heroic treatment. He must realize, with every fibre of his being, his absolute uselessness of worry. He must not think this is commonplace—a bit of mere theory; it is a reality that he must translate for himself from mere words to a real, living fact. He must fully understand that if it were possible for him to spend a whole series of eternities in worry, it would not change the fact one jot or tittle. If you set down a column of figures in addition, no amount of worry can change the result of those figures. That result is wrapped up in the inflexibility of mathematics. The one time that a man cannot afford to worry is when he does worry. Then he is facing, or imagines he is, a critical turn in affairs. This is the time when he needs one hundred per cent of his mental energy to make his plans quickly, to see what is his wisest decision, to keep a clear eye on the sky and on his course, and a firm hand on the helm until he has weathered the storm in safety.

"Man has no right to waste his own energies, to weaken his own power, and influence, for he has inalienable duties to himself, to his family, to society, and to the world."—William George Jordan.

"THE CO-ED CANE"

connection with her "temporary loss." A Feather Weight Stick. The cane is a tan, a very light tan, and is of the proverbial feather weight. It is such as any dapper young man might adopt.

Miss Thomas, though confessing no fads, is an ardent bicyclist, a crack skater, tennis player, rower and walker. She it was who last spring painted her bicycle, dubbed by university students "The Yellow Peril." "True, I did kind of get in bad with the shade, but I love yellow," she confessed.

She is an attractive young woman of the Bible Burke sort, and in her jaunty Norfolk of mannish cut, her Alpine "shirt," Buster Brown collar, English shoes and stick, she is decidedly a "type."

She is a graduate of Lennox Hall, spent one year at Smith College, and now is taking the English and art courses at Washington University.

She is five feet seven, athletically poised, with reddish brown hair and ruddy complexion. She declares she spends all here spare time in the open with her "jolly companion."

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Conrad Schutte to Jefferson D. Greer, Warranty, Consid. \$325 7.30 acres in NE NW of 2-51-9.

Kathryn O'Brien to Annie O'Brien, Quit-Claim, Consid. \$1.00 SE NW of 10-51-10.

Kathryn O'Brien et al to Annie O'Brien, Quit-Claim, Consid. \$1.00 1/4 of NW and SE NW of 34-52-10.

Nannie P. Hancock to David C. Hatten, Warranty, Consid. \$1.00 2 tracts Southwest of Block 7, Swifts 2nd Add. to Laddonia.

H. G. Sipple to Nannie P. Hancock, Warranty, Consid. \$1.00 2 tracts of Southwest of Block 7, Swifts Add. to Laddonia.

M. F. Horton to Joseph P. Duncan, Warranty, Consid. \$1.00 and other SE NE and NE SE of 14-51-8.

Clarence Nichols et al by Gdn. to C. R. Brown, Guardians Deed, Consid. \$1,900 230 A in SE NW & NE SW & NW SE & SE NE & SW SE of 30-51-9.

Clarence Nichols to C. R. Brown, Quit-Claim, Consid. \$1.00 230 A in SE NW & NE SW & SE NE & SW SE of 30-51-9.

Alexander G. Okey to Chas. W. Cunningham, Warranty, Consid. \$1.400 5 1/2 A in W 1/2 of W 1/2 of NW & E 1/2 of W 1/2 of NW of 12-50-8.

D. H. Merrell to Wm. H. McKipe, Warranty, Consid. \$2,000 1/2 int. in 8 1/2 of Lots 3 & 4, Block 19, Orig. Vandalia.

George R. Gibson to H. P. French, Warranty, Consid. \$2,000 Lot 12, Block 12, Orig. Martinsburg.

E. P. Robinson & C. H. Baker to T. J. Brenton, Warranty, Consid. \$300 SE NE NE of 26-51-10.

Jas. W. Lee to I. T. Van Note, Warranty, Consid. \$3,600 Pt. Lot 3, Sparks Add & Pta. Blocks 20, 24 & 25, Ladds Add to Mexico.

Elvina Johnson to Anna C. & Clara B. Johnson, Warranty, Consid