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Four Pages.

HIS JINX AT WORK

Traveler Felt It When He Saw Those Whiskers.

But That Didn't Prevent Him "Falling" for Probably the Oldest "Sucker" Game in Existence, and Then Kicking.

"Nice day!" said the stout man as he lowered himself on the seat beside me in the day-car with a parlor-car look. "Nice," I remarked just to humor him, although I must say that I always try to avoid a man who wears whiskers. This man was wearing a No. 5 face fungus with ear flaps. I thought at first of asking him if he had to take out a license for his face trimmings. But, after all, I felt that he had a kind face—what I could see of it—behind the shrubbery, as it were.

"Are you a commercial traveler?" he asked, stroking his beard to starboard. "No," I replied, "but I once had a fourth cousin who did seven years in jail for another offense. That was the only member of my family who strayed from the narrow path of virtue."

"Lucky for you!" he snarped out, pushing his plantation in my face. "It's a dog's life. Everywhere you go people talk about the peace."

"Ah!" I interposed, "there is a peace on, then? I thought I saw something about it in the press."

"Are you an American?" he rapped out, getting nasty.

"Yes," I said. "Are you? Or do you live in Hoboken, N. J.?" I felt I would like to have struck a match and started a bush fire around the wooded portion of his face.

"I see you have some cuts on your face," he remarked.

"Yes. My tonsorial artist illustrated me with some funny cuts."

"Ah!" he slipped in. "You should shave yourself and you would never have a face like that."

I should like to have told him that his was no oil painting. Especially did I hate his face mats. I detest a man who tries to look venerable by wearing face mats, when underneath he may have the chin of a criminal.

"Do you wear those germ traps on purpose?" I asked curiously.

"Them's canouffage," he said. "Just to show what people look like when they don't shave. I travel for Raxro's safety razors, \$2.50 each, and seeing you're a nice sort of a boob I can do you one for \$2. Here is the last one I have."

I took it. If it had been a scythe I should have had a harvest with his beard.

Then I fell to thinking of his whiskers again. They were the most vile whiskers I had ever seen. They stood out at all angles from his face. I couldn't make up my mind whether I should like him better with or without them. But I was quite prepared to get a lawn mower and try.

"Seeing you are a good business man," he went on, "what about a nice pipe lighter? I have a really good line at 25 cents each. Sorry I haven't got one with me, but I can send it on. Never fails, and always lights a pipe or cigarette. In fact, it is one of the best pipe lighters ever invented. Just give me 25 cents and your address and I will send it along."

Of course I fell. I handed him the quarter and got out at the next station. Some days later a package arrived at my villa. Here was the pipe lighter. Breathlessly I opened the package, eager to see the contrivance. It was—Yes, a match. I gulped two mouthfuls of fresh air and threw my cigarette in the porridge.

And that is why, when I meet a man with a full set of face mats, I always say—(Oh no, you don't. Not here, at any rate.—Editor.)—Walter Stuart Marsden in Pennsylvania Grip.

Bolsheviks Got Diamonds.

Diamonds, rubies, radium and just ordinary gold have been discovered in the Kola peninsula, Russia. It was said by James Patrick Woods, a sailor, who arrived at New York recently on the Matrosina. He was booked by the transport officials as "a destitute seaman."

Woods says he went to Russia on a cargo vessel and was left there on account of illness. He went prospecting at a place called Kendalaska. In a creek, he says, he found "pecks and pecks of diamonds." He also found rubies, and sat down on a rock only to find the rock was pure gold. He also discovered coal veins and radium. "I had my pockets full of diamonds," he said, "but the Bolsheviks took them away from me. I am going to organize a company and go back."

OF COURSE NOT.

"I noticed your father and mother crying during the wedding ceremony," said the groom.

"Yes, dear, they were," said the bride sweetly.

"What were they crying about?"

"Oh, some one reminded them that we were to live home with them."

"Well, I like that! You didn't see me doing any weeping, did you?"

DEATH RECALLS FAMOUS DUEL

Grandson of "Dan" O'Connell Used to Tell of "Liberator's" Meeting With D'Esterre.

Mr. Daniel O'Connell, grandson of the "Liberator," died a few days ago at his residence, Darrynane abbey, Waterville, Ireland, in his eighty-fourth year. He was a magistrate and deputy lieutenant for County Kerry, and served the office of high sheriff in 1890.

A Dublin gentleman has an interesting picture of the late Mr. O'Connell holding the pistol which his grandfather used in a famous duel. The following description of the encounter is taken from his own description:

"In a speech at a Catholic meeting on January 24, 1815, the 'Liberator' referred to the Orange corporation of Dublin as a 'beggarly corporation.' D'Esterre, a member of the corporation and a well-known shot with pistols, demanded an explanation, which was refused.

"After consulting his friends, D'Esterre paraded the streets for two days with the avowed intention of horse-whipping O'Connell. The two, however, did not meet, and finally D'Esterre sent Sir Edward Stanley with a message demanding an explanation. O'Connell referred Sir Edward to Major MacNamara, a Protestant gentleman of County Clare, who refused to give any explanation, whereupon Sir Edward Stanley delivered a challenge, which was accepted, and half-past three that afternoon, at Bishop's court, County Kildare, four or five miles from Nass, on the road to Dublin, was fixed for the meeting.

"They met accordingly and fired together, by signal. D'Esterre's bullet went wide. O'Connell aimed low, intending to hit D'Esterre in the leg, but actually did so in the groin. The bullet went through, penetrating the bladder, and came out at the back, inflicting a mortal wound. D'Esterre lived for two days only.

"The pistols used by the 'Liberator' were given him by an English officer, quartered in Dublin, to whom he had done a kindness, and who, when giving them, said, as a proof of their goodness, that they had already killed ten men. They are a pair of 'Rigby's Particulars,' and Mr. O'Connell often shot at a mark with them, and found them to be very good and accurate.

"D'Esterre's daughter married Lieutenant Roberts of the British royal navy, who commanded the Sirius, the first vessel to go from Cork to America (Boston) under her own steam, and subsequently the President, which was lost with all on board, on the way from New York to Liverpool."

Way of "Parlor Socialist."
When Philadelphia shall have completed its great underground and elevated railway system and also paid for the immense Delaware front improvements, the city debt per person will be around \$100.

But in some German cities like Frankfurt and Munich, where socialist ideas ruled before the war, the municipal debts were over six times that amount, writes "Girard" in the Philadelphia Press.

The parlor socialist is a great chap for devising ways to take money out of other people's pockets, but a dead failure at suggesting a method of putting money in your pocket.

One who worked with and knew him well tells me a favorite remark of Maj. Luther Bent was this:

"My board of directors is a board that I direct."

Were the veteran major alive today and operating a big plant he would discover that some sort of a commission rooted in politics would really direct his directors as well as himself.

Pay of British Flyers Raised.

Particulars of the new scale of pay for officers holding permanent or short service commissions in the reconstituted British air force have been made known by the air ministry. A uniform system of rates for all branches (with the exception of certain specialist services) has been adopted, the pay ranging from five shillings per day, for a cadet, to £7 for a general.

The rates, it is explained, have been fixed with reference to the present high cost of living, and it has been decided that 20 per cent of the pay and retired pay will be considered as due thereto, and will be subject, after five years, to change, either upward or downward, according as the cost of living rises or falls. Subsequently revisions will be made at three yearly intervals on the basis of board of trade food prices.

Munition Work Not Injurious.

Dr. Rhoda H. R. Adamson in an article recently published in a London periodical undertakes to prove that the work done by women during the war in engineering trades has not injured their health. Her conclusions are drawn after a year and a half spent as medical supervisor of several thousand women working in munition factories. The applicants for work were given a thorough physical examination and assigned to work commensurate with their strength. Other examinations were made from time to time, which showed no bad results from the work the women were doing.

BETTY'S VACATION

By MARION C. LEESAM.

Betty Saunders listened enviously while two of the other stenographers of the little firm of Brown & Co. talked eagerly about vacations. One of the girls was going up on the cool Maine shore, while the other was anticipating spending her two weeks on the edge of a beautiful lake at the foot of the New Hampshire hills.

Betty's eyes filled with tears as she tried hard to concentrate her mind on the transcribing of her notes and, as her fingers skimmed lightly over the typewriter keys, she pictured the kind of a vacation she was going to have. Her mother was an invalid. It had been a hard pinch for Mrs. Saunders to let Betty go through school, but she was now reaping the benefit, as Betty, having studied hard, now held the position of private secretary.

Being young and pretty, good times appealed to Betty, but many an invitation had been turned down with regret, as she disliked leaving her mother alone.

Her thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the sound of a buzzer summoning her to the president's office. She hastily wiped away all trace of tears and, taking her notebook, walked across the hall into the private office. Seated beside Mr. Brown was a tall, fair-haired chap in khaki. He arose as Betty entered and Mr. Brown introduced him.

"Miss Saunders, this is my son who has just returned, having spent eight months in France. Instead of going back for his last year at college he is going to start in here and learn the business. You will take his dictation now, and any inside lines on the work that you know about I will trust you to make clear to him."

Jack Brown, Jr., was so interested in watching Betty he hardly heard what his father was saying, and as she left the room he seemed a little more interested in the idea of starting his business career than he had a few hours before.

As the days passed on Betty spent much more of her time in the office of the young Mr. Brown, and realized more and more how Mr. Brown, Sr., was relying on his son and by degrees relieving himself of some of the burdens he had been bearing alone. The time passed very quickly to Betty and before she knew it the time came when she was to close up her typewriter and leave for two long weeks. Usually Betty had a half-holiday on Saturday, but today she worked overtime in order to get things ready for the girl who was to substitute for her. Jack Brown, although he didn't show it, was quite annoyed at the thought of her being away, from a business standpoint, and then he couldn't quite picture anyone else sitting in her place.

It was a very warm, sultry afternoon and as Betty worked she felt happy at the thought of a vacation. Even though she couldn't go away, she could at least rest in the shady hammock at home, away from the rush and turmoil of the city.

While she was getting ready to go home Mr. Brown, Jr., came over and wished her a pleasant vacation.

"Where are you going, Miss Saunders, seashore or country?"

Betty flushed and quietly told him of her mother's illness and how she was unable to go away. She was too proud to let him know she couldn't afford to take her mother away.

"That's a shame," said Jack, inwardly kicking himself for being the cause of her embarrassment. "You work so hard here in the office you deserve a little recreation."

After Betty had gone, he thought over the situation, and his face lightened as he thought of a plan. At 7:30 that evening the telephone at Betty's house tinkled and Mr. Jack Brown was on the line.

"I thought you might like to take a little motor ride, it's such a warm night, that is if you have no other engagement."

Betty's heart jumped. "I would just love to, but—"

"And, of course, your mother will accompany us. I think a ride along the seashore would do her good."

That settled it for Betty, and Mrs. Saunders was just as pleased, for a change for her away from the house was a great treat.

Many happy times followed during the two weeks. There were picnic parties and drives through the cool green country or other rides along the shore, and when Betty returned to the office she was a very happy girl.

The following spring came with all its brightness and soon vacation time was again being discussed at Brown & Co.'s. Betty listened to the chatter of the girls and thought of all the changes that happened in one year.

That night she and Jack took a long ride. When he stopped his car at Betty's house, on their return, he tenderly took her hand.

"Well, little girl, where are you going on your vacation this year?"

"I don't know," said Betty, her thoughts far away.

"I do," said Jack. "You're going to marry me and we're going on a month's honeymoon." He slipped a sparkling ring on Betty's finger and then kissed it reverently.

"How is that for a vacation?" Betty was too happy to answer, but Mr. Brown, Sr., did a good deal of fidgeting while his son was away that month, and quietly mourned the loss of his secretary forever.

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Not His Business.

"Have you covered that story of Penman, the novelist?" asked the editor.

"I have not, sir," was the reporter's reply.

"Were you not told to cover it?"

"Yes, sir, but it was not my business to cover his stories. I'm not a bookbinder, sir."

A HANDICAP.



"I wouldn't have my boy taught grammar at all, if I had my way." "That's a strange idea. Why not?" "I intend that he shall be a writer of popular songs."

Overwhelming Erudition.
Unto a massive book I cling With stout and patient hand. The more I try to read the thing The less I understand.

Forging Ahead.

"I see there's a new three-story building going up on Main street."

"Yes," said the proud citizen. "And there's a four-story skyscraper planned for the opposite corner. Guess we'll soon begin to talk about Hicksville's 'canyon.'"

A Plunger.

"Was that young Brown I saw striking you for a loan? Why, I heard that only recently he fell into a fortune." "That's so, but he fell into it so hard that he went right through it."

The H. C. of L. in Mexico.

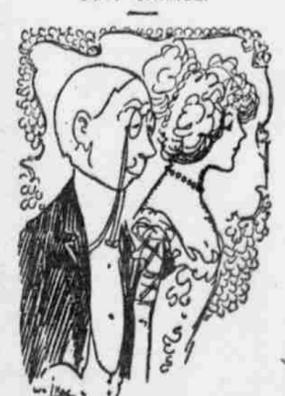
In the past nine years the cost of living in Mexico has shown an average increase of 212 per cent, according to figures recently made public by the department of industry, labor and commerce, an Associated Press dispatch from Mexico City says. Several staples have greatly increased. Lard has advanced 525 per cent in price; sugar, 233 per cent, and eggs, 203 per cent.

Woolen fabrics now cost 471 per cent more than in 1910; cotton goods 300 per cent more and shoes 166 per cent more. House rents have increased 140 per cent, trolley fares 66 per cent and railroad fares 20 per cent. Native shoes cost \$4.50 a pair in 1910. Today they are \$12 a pair.

Taken for Beggar.

One day I was walking through the park and I stopped and asked a man for the time. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a dime. That certainly did make me feel like two cents. I looked at him and said: "I wanted the time, please."—Exchange.

UGLY CHARGE.



"I understand Mrs. Twobble and Mrs. Gadspar have had a falling out."

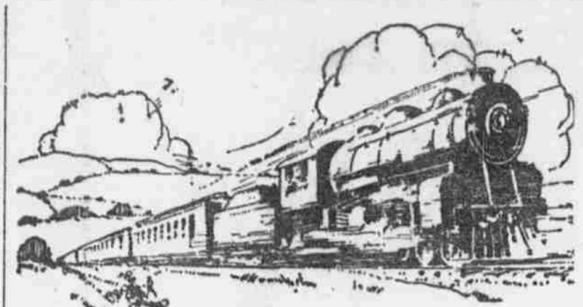
"Alas, yes."

"Is it serious?"

"I fear so. Mrs. Twobble makes the charge that when Mrs. Gadspar borrowed a quarter of a pound of butter she returned an inferior brand."

The Spendthrift.

You have to reap as you have sowed, And should you go the pace, You'll surely find the same old road Leads to the same old place.



Out of accumulated capital have arisen all the successes of industry and applied science, all the comforts and amenities of the common lot. I see it the world must expand for the process of reconstruction to which all have to share.—JAMES J. HILL.

The Successful Farmer Raises Bigger Crops

and cuts down costs by investment in labor-saving machinery.

Good prices for the farmers' crops encourage new investment, more production and greater prosperity.

But the success of agriculture depends on the growth of railroads—the modern beasts of burden that haul the crops to the world's markets.

The railroads—like the farms—increase their output and cut down unit costs by the constant investment of new capital.

With fair prices for the work they do, the railroads are able to attract new capital for expanding their facilities.

Rates high enough to yield a fair return will insure railroad growth, and prevent costly traffic congestion, which invariably results in poorer service at higher cost.

National wealth can increase only as our railroads grow.

Poor railroad service is dear at any price. No growing country can long pay the price of inadequate transportation facilities.

This advertisement is published by the Association of Railway Executives

Those desiring information concerning the railroad situation may obtain literature by writing to The Association of Railway Executives, 61 Broadway, New York.

SETTING THINGS RIGHT.



"I am told that you referred to me as an ogre."

"The idea!"

"Don't try to evade the issue, madam. Did you or did you not call me an ogre?"

"Certainly not. I wouldn't be so unkind. I merely said your face threw my little Christopher into convulsions."

Away With Him.
I do not care For Jasper Whiz. He always tells How great he is.

Mistaken.
Maud—Your friend, Miss Blank, got the impression that she was a woman in her declining years.

Ethel—Oh, dear, no, she's in her accepting ones.

Progressive Finance.

We were curious to see just what ideas our twenty-eight-month-oldurchin has about money.

We showed him some pennies and asked him what they were.

"That's money for the organ man," he said.

We showed him a nickel.

"That's big money," he said, and then added, "That's Hessa's money," Hessa being the delightful person who honors our kitchen.

Then we showed him a one-dollar bill. There was no doubt at all in his mind as to where that belonged.

"Mother's dollar," he said.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Worse Punishment.

"Do you think the food profiteers should be sent to jail?"

"Well, I don't know. This morning I thought the profiteer should have been made to eat the egg he sold me as being strictly fresh."

Hawaii's University.

Under recent legislation the College of Hawaii is now the University of Hawaii, and one of the new courses planned is complete instruction in the island's leading industry, sugar. It will embrace practical work by the students on plantations during at least one vacation, in conjunction with the classes at the college. Those specializing in the agriculture phase of the work with the planters' experiment station and those studying in the factory end will receive \$45 a month and traveling expenses. With the new course in good working order, it is believed the university will stand as the leading institution in the world for instruction in the sugar industry in its every phase.