

Our Uncle Samuel is still a protestin'.

If Italy enters the war we hope she will get her jacket well dusted.

Americans in Mexico can keep themselves from getting killed by getting out of Mexico.

At last the "White Hope" has been found who could make good, and we may hold up our heads again.

The bank robbing industry is growing by leaps and bounds, but this is one business revival our Democratic friends do not point to with pride.

The wily Jap is picking up a lot of juicy Chinese plums while the European nations are too busy among themselves to chase him out of the orchard.

Our Democratic friends no longer attempt to explain their failure to lower the high cost of living, and haven't even the grace to apologize for it.

The number of Democrats who cheered at Wilson's election and have since gone behind the house and kicked themselves for damphools, is rapidly growing.

The ease with which Germany placed a ten million dollar loan in this country recently is pretty good evidence that the American investor is not apprehensive that Germany is about to be wiped out of existence.

Ex Governor Hadley has signified his willingness to enter the U. S. senatorial race next year. Another good man who will be in it is Hon. Walter S. Dickey of Kansas City, former chairman of the Republican State Committee.

It looks now like Bryan will be a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination next year on the prohibition platform. Politics is said to make strange bedfellows, but one of the oddest sights in that respect would be Democracy and Prohibition hitting the hay together.

The state insurance premium tax for 1914 amounted to \$742,358, a gain of \$39,000 over 1913. The insurance companies doing business in Missouri pry this revenue into the state treasury, but only after having collected it from the policy holders. This is a way the Missouri Democracy has of piling up the burden of taxation under disguise.

The Wilson administration is making strenuous efforts to hold down the showing of a big deficit at the end of the fiscal year. June 30, by juggling the expense bills in the interval, but though the murder may be thus hidden temporarily, it will out sooner or later. They are now wrestling with the truism that a deficit is harder to handle than a surplus.

A St. Louis woman shot and killed a man the other day, because, she says, he was peeping in at the window. Sensitiveness of this kind is just a little bit too swift on the trigger. She might just as easily have pulled down the shade and called the police, and thus saved herself from having the death of a fellow-being on her conscience—if she has any.

Governor Major has been lopping off the appropriations made by the late general assembly in the attempt to bring them within the prospective revenues. He has made large cuts in the allowances for the support of the state educational and eleemosynary institutions and smaller cuts in other directions, but, so far as we have been able to note, he has carefully avoided trimming any of the new job or salary-raising bills. That's apparently not within the vision of the Governor's view of economy. He is not taking any chances on his U. S. senatorial prospects and raise a howl from the boys in the trenches by lopping off a few new jobs or salary raises. Safe ty first, Gov.

Over at Granite City, Ill., a large industrial concern has just put 2000 employes back to work on full time (grand hurrah by the Democratic papers), but this glad news is dampened by the information that the employes had to accept a cut in wages before being allowed to return to work (no mention of this fact by said Democratic papers). This is typical Democratic "prosperity"—work, when work is to be had at all, at reduced wages. It is only under Republican rule that work and wages reach the top notch.

Lloyd George, chancellor of the British exchequer, makes a significant admission that all is not well in England, when he stated that England had to fight the liquor habit of its own people first, and then Germany. He says that the efficiency of the working masses of the people has become so deteriorated through the universal habit of drink that unless the government steps in and inaugurates an enforced prohibition, this inefficiency will prove a serious factor in England's progress in the war in which she is now engaged. When this condition of the English masses is contrasted with that of the German masses, it must bring a blush of shame to the ruling class of England. Germany's efficiency, not only in the conduct of her side of the war, which has caused the world to wonder, and then sit up and think, but in her cultural and industrial life, is the net result of government control over the lives of the people of that nation. Although the general impression reveals that in Germany the personal liberty of the individual is the freest exercise, personal liberty there, in truth, is always subjected to the welfare of the nation under the direction of the national government. In England, the people have lived as they pleased, and as the underworld of London and other large cities of the kingdom will attest, here has been race deterioration to that extent that it now seems to menace the foundation of the empire. Shutting off alcohol will help some, but the government will have to go farther than that—it will have to follow the policy of the Germans and enter more broadly into the task of supervising the personal welfare of its people if it would lift them from the degeneracy into which they have fallen.

The Painful Truth.

The city dailies and other papers under baneful influence are lamenting pitifully, that the legislative machinery was clogged during the session of the legislature just closed by the wet and dry fight and the many dry bills introduced. This is the veriest silliness.

There were 1694 bills introduced in the two Houses and only about a half dozen of them were specially dry bills, and yet, according to the lamentations of the papers, that half dozen bills congested the calendar and prevented "constructive legislation." Such drivell.

Only 145 bills were finally passed out of all the 1694 introduced and many of those passed were very insignificant indeed.

Certainly there was something wrong, but it was not the wet and dry fight. Insurgency, horse-play and personal interests were the great hindrances to helpful legislation.

The St. Louis Star has the following to say about the Legislature: "There was too much cheap politics in it for much work to be accomplished, especially of a good character. Too many small minds were swayed by little things. There was not in it enough men of broad and independent vision and strength of character."

And that is the painful truth about the matter.—Sullivan News.

The Republicans carried St. Louis Tuesday by 15,000. What?

A Marvelous Industry.

No industry in the United States has ever developed so rapidly to the extent in capital invested, in value of annual output, in number of people employed, as that of manufacturing auto vehicles.

Twenty years may be correctly taken as the full time since a practical machine was constructed, and yet in that brief period of time how marvelous a growth and development.

It can challenge any industry in the world to equal its record in that space of time.

Not the steam engine, not the railway, not the telegraph, not telephone, not the electric light, could show such value of capital invested, such numbers of persons employed, such wide extension of service, nor such value in revenue, if we consider sales revenues, as this most modern of all our important industries.

The coal production of the world a century after coal was first utilized was small in value as compared with the value of the annual output of the auto factories.

The iron industry of the United States 100 years after its establishment was a bagatelle in comparison with that of the auto vehicle industry in 1915.

Yet wonderful as has been its development to this time, it must be regarded as but the infancy of this industry, and it is plain now that the future is to witness the utilization of these vehicles in almost every sphere of transportation, in almost every form of activity in which distance on land has to be covered by mankind or by materials required for the use of mankind.—Washington Post.

Signs a Farmer Believes In.

A correspondent to the St. Louis Journal of Agriculture says he believes in the following signs:

If you have an average farm, have little sickness and no real disasters, and are not making money, it's a sign that you have sand in your gear box. Get it out and put in some scientific principles of farming.

If you do not grow large crops, it's a sign that you have a poorly prepared seed bed, and are doing poor cultivation, have poor seed and have worn out your land by previous cropping.

If you do not make farm life attractive for the boys and girls it is a sign that you think more of dollars and cents than you do of them.

If you do not encourage your wife to get out some, have conveniences in the house, books, magazines and papers, it's a sign that you should have bought you a slave and not married.

If you don't allow some games in the house, some recreation out of doors, it is a sign that you are a grouch and are not half living.

If you are not working for better roads, better schools, better rural homes, better churches, it is a sign that you are a moss-back.

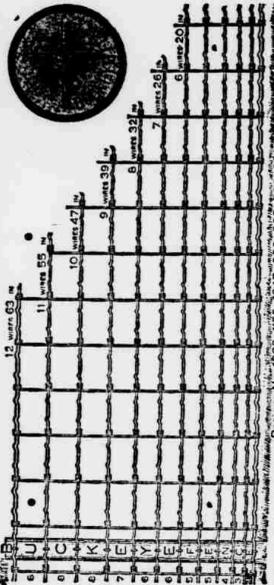
If you are not working for the cause of temperance, and voting for it, it is a sign that you think more of a jug of whiskey, and a red nose than you do your boys and girls.

If you are not reading and thinking of agricultural subjects reading plenty of our best agricultural journals, the farm bulletins, the reports of the experiment stations, it's a sign that you are a back number.

If you are not studying the marketing proposition, and are not disgusted with the haphazard, unbusiness like way that farm products are sold, it is a sign that you wear a small sized hat.

If you have not joined the don't worry club, it's a sign that you have little faith in God.

In Chicago the Republicans elected the mayor Tuesday by 130,000. What?



THE FENCE WITH THE STAY

We respectfully call your attention to the latest Buckeye Square Mesh Field Fence with crimps to hold the stays.

WHY BUCKEYE FENCE LIVES THE LONGEST.

Our claim that BUCKEYE fence has no equal is based on all three all-important points of a woven wire fence, viz.:—quality of steel, condition of galvanizing and machine construction.

Quality of Steel.—The steel used in the construction of BUCKEYE fence is the very best that can be made. Each operation, from the ore to the wire, is under direct supervision of experts, thus insuring the very best.

Condition of Galvanizing.—For years the cry of the farmer has been regarding the corrosion (rust) of the wire, and to overcome this defect there has been given particular attention. The adoption of the latest improved process of galvanizing insures the lasting quality of the BUCKEYE fence.

Machine Construction.—The machines used in making the BUCKEYE fence are of the latest type and so constructed as to reduce scratching or abrasion of the galvanizing to a minimum. This is not an empty statement, but a fact demonstrated by actual tests on the galvanizing before and after the weaving of the fence. We are therefore safe in saying, that when BUCKEYE fence is ready for the posts the galvanizing is of exceptional quality.

Buckeye Square Mesh Field and Stock Fence.

After giving carefully over the merits and demerits of the square mesh field fence, we agree with a majority of the fence experts that, taking everything into consideration, BUCKEYE fence is the logical fence. The great improvement over the methods of other manufacturers of this style of fence, the deep crimp in the lateral wire, into which the stay wire is wrapped, and which holds the stay wire rigidly in place and still does not interfere with the hinged joints in any way, are the superior features of the BUCKEYE square mesh. BUCKEYE fences are equipped with tension crimps, which take care of the expansion and contraction of the wire due to the different weather conditions. On six and twelve inch stay fences are placed, respectively, one and two tension crimps between the stays. This crimp forms a half circle, thus giving the greatest tension.

BUCKEYE fence with the STAY that is bound to stay is

**SOLD BY EDMOND CASEY
LUMBER, HARDWARE AND
FARM IMPLEMENTS**

Some Wit; Some Wisdom.

It is a good plan neither to borrow nor lend where trouble is concerned.

When a fellow is crusty it may be due to the way he was bred.

It's a poor rule that won't work both ways, but a poorer one that won't work our way.

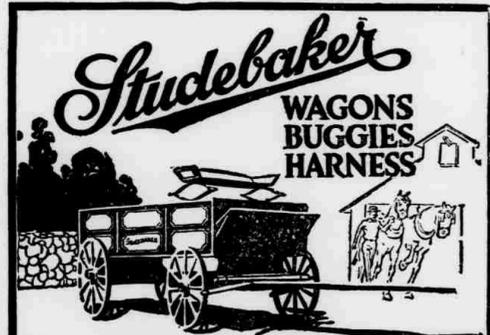
A soft answer turneth away wrath, unless wrath comes in the form of a creditor.

Unfortunately there are some things that even the most absent-minded of us can't forget.

With some men nothing is impossible. You will even sometimes see an old bachelor trying to a nurse a baby.

It is possible to entertain an angel unawares, but you can not entertain a bore that way.—Chicago Herald.

Read the Journal, \$1



**A Studebaker wagon bought in 1868
—and working today**

THREE generations of farmers have been well and faithfully served by a Studebaker Farm Wagon bought in 1868 by Mitcheal Everman of Centerville, Ia. The grandson of the man who bought this Studebaker wagon writes: "There is not a crack in the hubs and I am using it every day." Let us prove to you that this is not an exceptional Studebaker wagon. Studebaker has thousands of letters telling about Studebaker wagons that have served their owners just as faithfully as the Everman wagon.

A visit to our store will convince you that the Studebaker Farm Wagons and Buggies we always have in stock are just as reliable—just as well built—as the Studebaker Vehicles of half a century ago.

For Sale by Hornsey Bros.

Studebakers last a lifetime

A Wise Man learns how to SAVE his money while he is learning how to MAKE it.

By this sign, young man, you may know the amount of your wisdom.

THE SAVING HABIT IS AS EASY TO FORM AS THE SPENDING HABIT.

WHY NOT FORM THE HABIT THAT WILL DO YOU SOME GOOD?

**BANK OF POTOSI
POTOSI, MO.**

JAMES A. SHIELDS,

SUCCESSOR TO
JAS. A. SHIELD & SON.
ESTABLISHED IN 1858.

**REAL ESTATE, ABSTRACTS
LOANS, INSURANCE
POTOSI, MISSOURI**

'Evangelism' Brings in the Kale.

The Scott County (Mo.) Kicker says:

"Bark and Hobbs, the 'evangelists,' closed their performance at Jackson Sunday night claiming over 500 'converts'. Of course they did the people good—and plenty. The 'evangelists' have the money, their victims have what the believe to be 'religion', and everybody is happy. "But these cross-roads 'evangelists' that hit Southeast Missouri are small fry when compared with such artists as Billy Sunday. Billy goes after the 'long green' with a shovel. He has just closed a 'revival' in Philadelphia at which, press dispatches say, he cleaned up \$51,000.

"I do not claim to be a Bible student, but the little I know about the life of Christ has never impressed me with the idea that he was always passing the contribution box, nor did he live off the fat of the land while the masses were ragged and hungry. "Somebody ought to get busy in trying to christianize the so-called christian religion."

Why a Whip "Cracks."

Why does a whip "crack?" Probably the coachman or teamster most adept in the art could not tell you. And no wonder. For the reason is one that has puzzled some of the greatest authorities on dynamics. An explanation was recently offered by Prof. C. V. Boys in a course of lectures for juveniles at the Royal Institution. Briefly, it has to do with the fact that, owing to the action of centrifugal and other forces, the speed at which the whip travels through the air is greater and greater throughout its length, and so great at the end that it came up to the velocity of sound.—Scientific American.

He Knew Him.

When Colonel George Harvey talked with the President on "peace Sunday," he told the chief executive a story.

"Mr. President, do you know there's actually a man here, a candidate for office, too, who has never heard of Mark Twain?"

"Is that possible?" asked Mr. Wilson.

"Yes, sir. I asked him if he'd ever heard of Tom Sawyer. 'Was he from Ohio?' this man queried. I told him 'No, he was a Missourian.' I tried him on Huck Finn and on Col. Mulberry Sellers, but he didn't know them. Finally I said: 'Have you ever heard of Pudd'nhead Wilson?' 'Yes, indeed,' said the candidate. 'I voted for him.'"

OF POETRY AND POKER

IMPORTANT SUBJECTS DWELT ON IN THIS NARRATIVE.

Razor Finally Supplanted the Muzzle When Full House That Looked So Good Took Back Seat for Four Queens.

When the fourth queen came into Mr. Hillary's hand on the draw, and the sun was just about to appear after an all-night session, and one other man in the party, whom he called "Pardner," showed a disposition to be aggressive in the betting, Mr. Hillary thought the time had come to break up the game, so he bet every dollar that he could muster for the attack.

"Pardner" had entered this exciting period of the game with three jacks in his hand, and he drew two cards. To him were delivered a pair of tens.

"Helgh-ho," said "Pardner" with pardonable exhilaration. "Helgh-ho, the sun is upeth, and Joccud morn standeth tiptoe on yon misty mountain top."

He was feeling poetical, and whatever Hillary bet, "Pardner" would recite a bit of appropriate verse, and increase the sum.

Every one else in the game dropped out for the time. The pot was piled in the center of the ring. In paper, silver, and gold it represented \$33, rather a large sum for that neighborhood, for it was in a bridge builders' camp on the San Gabriel river.

"I'll shoot my last five," said Hillary.

"The roses are red, the violets are blue, here's my five and I'll see you," was the refrain with which the "Pardner" deposited his last "jitney" in the pile, and the time for a showdown came.

"Pardner" did it with much ceremony. He quoted a bit, chortled a bit, and sang a merry lilt as he revealed his hand, the hand he thought was magic with its three jacks and two tens.

Crisply and with businesslike precision, Mr. Hillary laid down his cards. "Pardner" looked. Only three queens he saw, and then a five-spot and then, by the black skill of the man who invented cards, he saw another queen.

Mr. Hillary dragged in the pot. "Pardner" dragged out his razor. Then started proceedings that were not marked with poetry from "Pardner" or triumph from Hillary. Hillary was in the lead, freighted with wealth which he was jamming into his pockets as he fled. "Pardner" was close behind.