DON'T PITY OLD JIM BUT SIMPLY HELP HIM

Only a storekeeper—that's all.

Down street—yes, in your own town.

Plain sort of a fellow, too—just much of a merchant, too. Decent chap, too, and honest.

When you drop into his store, it's like him, plain.

He calls you "Bill," you call him "Jim," home folks, you know.

He asks you how the children are, and wife; he knows them, too.

He shows you what you want to buy, he tells you if it's good or bad—and names the price.

"Just charge it, Jim," you say, "I'm a little short right now."

"All right, Bill," he says and wraps it up.

He pays his taxes here, he chips in all he can to help along the fire department and police, the schools and churches.

He sits in lodge with you, he calls around when you are sick.

He hires home folks to clerk and keep his books, he buys his groceries, meat and clothes, the little furniture at home of neighbor merchants.

"Don't much, but what it is, your town gets all the benefit.

Your bill comes due and still you're short or ready cash. "I'll have to stand you off awhile," you say.

"All right, Bill," says he, "I know you'll pay me when you can," and neither growls nor grumbles.

Pretty decent sort of chap, isn't he? You know it!

But what about the catalog you keep at home and study nights and Sundays?

You read the slideshow line of talk about the stuff it lists.

Yes, and when you have the coin, maybe, you make an order for some things you think you've got to have and with the order send the dough you buy it right cheaper.

In time the shipment comes—you'd hate to have Jim know. Course it's none of his business, but then, he might feel hurt because you haven't paid him what you owe.

Somehow the wonder that you got don't seem so wonderful as the story of it read; in fact it isn't what you thought it was.

And if you're strong, as others often are, you don't put up a holler and ask for your money back. Nary!

You read the line of talk again, and find the chap who wrote it was darn sight smoother than you thought. He worded his descriptions with such clever skill that you, yourself, fitted in his artful game and now you've strung, you'd a leetle rather no one'd ever find it out.

But Jim, oh, that's another outlier quite. If accidentally you happen to forget to warm the air you bought of him, before you chop, and hurl a clean cut semicircle from its edge, or if the cook stove Mandy bought of Jim doesn't somehow suit her notion, that the was it takes or drawer, or if the barrel churn he sold you checks because the girls forget to keep a little water in it—

Why, you go right back to Jim and if he doesn't hustle around and smile and hand you out another axe, no charge, or send a man to see the store and clean your soot-clogged chimney out, or tighten up your churn—for thunder you cut loose and rip him up the back and down again,—that's different.

Yep!

Poor old Jim!

Only a storekeeper—that's all.

"He can't compete with mail order folks, you say; he don't know how to buy; he hasn't the outlet, his prices are too high.

Listen!

If he can't compete, the fault is yours as much as his.

You measure by a dignified standard. You fling over his stock, you blow your breath on his razor blades, you get his guarantee and then you stand him off and let him sweat until you're good and ready to pay—while to the strangers, who neither know nor care a hickory nuts about you, you must pay before you see or get the goods.

You make Jim earn the slender profit that he makes on you; you make him be your banker when you're short of funds, you squeeze your Jim and few how down and strain the truth to beat the band; you strew his path with thorns and rocks.

And if your neighbors do like you and send their ready cash away to swell the sales of those who never help your town of you, some day, not very far away, poor Jim will reach the point where he can't longer hold the bag and when he closes up—or moves away, there's one more vacant business room in town.

And real estate is on the bum—your town grows backwards, somehow taxes keep a climbing up, but stores are fewer, business worse and worse each year. The schools act getting punk, you've got to send your children to the city for a decent education—and for that you must pay cash.

Why?

Think it over.—Leavenworth Times.

Farms for Sale

160 acres, near Troy, Kan.
40 acres, near Avenue City, Mo
107 acres, near Agency, Mo
70 acres, near St. Joseph, Mo.
30 acres, near St. Joseph, Mo.
228 acres, near St. Joseph, Mo.
80 acres, near Avenue City, Mo.
340 acres, near Stewartsville, Mo.
160 acres, near St. Joseph, Mo
51 acres, near St. Joseph, Mo.
36 acres, near St. Joseph, Mo.

Many others and all priced to sell. Very easy terms. Also farm loans.

W. A. Poteet & Co.

Farmers and Traders Bank, St. Joseph, Mo. 1406 Fred. Ave. Phone 1206

L. G. GENSLER

maker of

BUGGIES, TRUCKS, BUSINESS WAGONS

Repairing, Painting and Rubber Tires. Auto painting a specialty.

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DENTIST

Graduate Philadelphia Dental College. S. W. Corner 8th and Edmond. Phone Main 3711.

The Hesse Building Material Co.

Agents for

SUNFLOWER PORTLAND CEMENT

ALSO DEALERS IN COAL

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G. A. THOMPSON

Contracting Painter, Paint Supplies and Wall Paper

N. W. Corner Tenth St. and Fred. Ave. Phone 1355 St. Joseph, Mo.

HERMAN BRICK CO.

TWO YARDS

16th and Pacific Sts., Phone 2061
11th St. and 5th Ave., N. St. Joseph, Phone 5100

Tales of the Telegraph

Sunday (Billy's notes). Francis Porter, former press agent for Billy Sunday, has sent the newspapers a statement in which he demands an accounting of the $35,000 contributed by Philadelphians to the support of the evangelists campaign in Philadelphia. Porter declares there is a shortage of $25,000 and says what everyone knows, that Billy Sunday's evangelizing is a mere money making scheme; he is working for Jess.

Philadelphians are clamoring and for trying to Billy Sunday's hymns, "Brighten the Corner," and "The Brewers Big Horses Can't Run Over Me," are the favorites. "What a fine old humanity is the fact that fill 'get them.'"

* * * *

Why don't the reformers get together and do something to rescue innocent men from the hands of designing women? There is a case in New York, where James W. Osborne, former assistant district attorney, a man highly respected, and with a family, was sued for breach of promise by a woman named Rae Tanner. So the horse trainer he had never heard of Rae Tanner. But he was compelled to hire a lawyer. The case has been featured in every paper in the country. Rae Tanner has withdrawn her suit. A man strong enough to resist Rae Tanner should have said, and that she knew it. He declared he had wrangled up an acquaintance on the street with the widow, and then they crossed together. The man denies the confession has disappeared, but his story proved to be true. J. W. Osborne is vindicated, but what an outrage it is that he was compelled to submit to the experience. Something must be done for us men.

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Three years ago Robert Nutter, of St. Louis, married Pearl Blanchett Herman, a girl with a voice. He is a very rich man and when his wife wanted to cultivate her voice he took her to Europe, where, it is said, she studied with the grand opera singer, Melba. When Robert Nutter's wife returned from Europe she went to New York instead of to her home in St. Louis and studied Italian diligently with one man and took vocal lessons of another. One day last week Robert Nutter sent his wife a thousand dollar check. She had it cashed and now accuses a 16 year-old girl, of whom she has made a pet, of stealing the thousand dollars in cash out of her mash bag. Robert Nutter's wife picture is in all the papers in connection with the story, and it looks as the Robert Nutter, of St. Louis has made a mistake in marrying a girl with a voice.

* * * *

Five years ago Miss Louise Nutter, a young English woman met Herman Hood, French horn player in Sousa's band. The two were aboard a steamship, bound from Capetown to Australia, when they first met. Miss Nutter declares the French horn player was very kind to her, and asked her to marry him. The horn player says he was kind to her, that she attempted to jump overboard one day, and he saved her life, but he did NOT ask her to marry him. Miss Nutter has sued the bandman for breach of promise and chased him half around the world in an attempt to get him for her own. The telegraph calls Miss Nutter's pursuit of the French horn player a "Love Chase," that's not love, its hate.

* * * *

"The Hypocrites," a moving picture in which a nude woman plays a part is too gay for Boston, and so was shown there only once. Guess where? It was not shown to the congregation, but the picture censors, who decided the picture would not do for Boston.

* * * *

Women are free in Oregon: They can vote, run for police and raise the dickens generally, but when Mrs. May Ellis, of Portland, Ore., lit a cigar, and smoked it, her husband, George W. Ellis, decided that was going Too Far, and has sued May for a divorce.

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Mrs. Paul Breaux, living in Thibodaux (overheard of that town before?) La., declared she is 110 years of age, that she has 1,000 immediate relatives, and her baby is 70 years of age. That ought to hold Methuselah for awhile.

THE MAN WITH THE THRESOME MESSAGE

Walt Mason: Who is not tired of hearing of "the Man with a message?" The expression did some force when it first came into general use. Then it was used sparingly as the too expensive for every day. Now it is applied to all the wind-jammers in the world. Every chauffeur is a man with a message. The colporteur who comes to the town hall to display his line of bunk is the man with a message. The book agent, who comes to your door to sell the complete works of Laura Jean Libbey in twenty volumes, is down and in a month for a week, claims to be a man with a message. Words and phrases are taken up by writers and speakers and worked and overworked until they are hagged at the knees and too worn to do the work for which they were intended. Take the word "thresome" for instance. Before years ago a schoolboy "with outlook" could be considered a good student if he had but a smattering of Latin. If he knew all the best conjugations and could wrestle with the dag and subjunctive mood, he was a "thresome" student. Then the term went into disuse and was supposed to be dead and buried. Then it was resurrected to describe the action of taking the rest of a thresome of the hand of adversity, a man who has been robbed by a thresome thief, or a thresome woman, who is dead sure she is entitled to more than a thresome of the world. Thresome is a good word, but it is not to be used in every case. It does not fit the case of the