



Freitag, den 13. Oktober, 1922.

W o o l l a m.

Am Freitag hatten wir einen schön
en Regen der unseren Farmern sehr
willkommen war.

Frau J. C. Strehmann und Ella
Weithöfer reisten letzte Woche nach St.
Louis, Ersterer um sich dort unter
ärztliche Behandlung zu stellen.

Frau Aug. Kottwitz brachte letzte
Woche ihren kleinen Sohn nach St.
Louis um wegen eines Augenleidens
des Kleinen einen Augenarzt zu Ra-

the zu ziehen.

Den Kurelmeier und Albert Kur-
elmeier und Familie traten letzte
Woche eine Reise nach Erie Springs,
Mo., an, um ihren Verwandten J.
Schneider und Gattin, einen Besuch
abzustatten.

Stony Hill.

Christ. Mann und Christ. Traub
und deren Familie waren am Sonn-
tag auf Besuch bei der Familie Rich-
ard Bollmann.

Dier ist man immer noch fleißig
am Weizenfäen, da es bisher zu
trocken war.

Geo. Stolte und Gattin waren
am Sonntag besuchswise in der
mann.

Frau Henry BonBehren, von
Washington, verweilte letzte Woche
hier auf Besuch bei Verwandten.

Jeder Leser kann hinter sei-
nem Namen auf der Zeitung sehen,
wie weit er für dieselbe bezahlt hat.

Augen untersucht, Gläser angepaßt
G. W. Richter, M. D.

Optometrist und Optiker

Kasse Gebäude.

Ecke der 3. u. Schillerstraße.

Hermann, Missouri

POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT

Your vote
for him
will be
gratefully
appreciated.



T. W. HUKRIEDE

Republican Candidate for Congress, Ninth Congressional District of Missouri.

SEND HUKRIEDE BACK TO CONGRESS

The time will soon be here when
the voters of this congressional dis-
trict will be called upon to select the
man who will represent them in con-
gress the coming two years. We are
sure the district could make no mis-
take by re-electing Congressman
Theo. W. Hukriede, of Warrenton,
who represented the district very
ably the past two years. During his
first term in Congress he made a
record such as few first term mem-
bers are able to make. His ability
as an organizer, and his insight into
the problems of the nation soon won
for him the esteem of his fellow
members in congress, and also won
for him positions on some of the
most important committees. His ap-
pointment to the Committee on For-
eign Affairs is almost without a pre-
cedent for a first term member, and
shows the esteem in which he is
held in our national legislative body.

In the important legislation that
has been before Congress the past
two years, he always kept in mind
the interests of his own district and
state, and also of the nation. He
has letters from various farm orga-
nizations commending him for the
stand which he took when bills af-
fecting agriculture were before the
House. On all other matters before
the House, he always kept in mind
the best interests of his own people.

The Republican administration will
be in power at least two years long-
er, and it would be most unfor-
tunate to elect a congress that is not
in accord with the President and his
cabinet. When the dilemma in which
the country was found two years
ago is considered, the present admini-
stration has done wonderful work.
If a Democratic Congress is elected,
it will take just two years longer to
get conditions back to normalcy.
Therefore it will be to our best in-
terest to send Hukriede back to Con-
gress from the famous Ninth Mis-
souri District, and we are sure he will
represent the people of the district
as well and better than any man
that can be considered for this im-
portant position at the election in
November. He has had two years
experience; made a good record; is
in accord with the administration,
and we can see no good reason why
he should not be sent back to Con-
gress with a greatly increased vote.
The indications are that he will be
elected by a larger majority than he
was two years ago when he defeated
former Speaker Champ Clark.

Warrenton and Warren County,
where Mr. Hukriede spent his en-
tire life, ought to give him a unani-
mous vote. He deserves it, and we
believe he will get a bigger vote at
home than he has ever before re-
ceived.—Warrenton Banner.

Widerstreitende Interessen.

Das Vismard über die „Begehrlich-
keit der arbeitenden Klasse“ sagte.

Die sehr belächelten die jetzigen
industriellen Zustände in Deutschland
doch was Vismard im April 1890
zu Herrn v. Harzler, dem damaligen
Vizepräsidenten im Zentralverband
der deutschen Industrie, sagte. Die-
ser berichtete über das Gespräch:

Der Fürst kam hierauf auf die
Verhältnisse der Industrie und sag-
te, in früheren Zeiten, — er wolle
nicht einmal auf Friedrich den Gro-
ßen zurückgehen, sondern auf die
Zeit nach den Freiheitskriegen, —
habe man die Entwicklung der In-
dustrie sehr gerne gesehen und in-
denken, welche mit ihrem Gedeihen
verbunden waren und damit Arbeits-
gelegenheit schafften, den Kampf mit
einer mächtigen fremden Industrie
aufzunehmen und das Geld dem Lan-
de zufließen, Wohlstand des Volkes
erhielt. In neuerer Zeit sei dies
leider anders geworden, man sei
nur zu geneigt, die Fabrikanten als
gefährliche Menschen, als Ausbeuter
und Auswucher des Volkes zu be-
trachten, man sehe siech dazu, wenn
sie zu Wohlstand und Ansehen kom-
men und die Grundursache dieser
veränderten Anschauung liege in ei-
nem leider bestehenden Charakter-
zug der Deutschen, in dem Neide,
und zwar nicht nur in dem Neide
der unteren Klassen, sondern auch in
dem der Beamten, welche häufig die
Industrie um ihren lohnenden Er-
werb beneiden, und doch sei es nur
natürlich, wenn jeder vorwärts stre-
be und sein Leben durch seinen Er-
werb schöner und besser zu gestalten
trachte.

Nach das dahin gerichtete Bestre-
ben der Arbeiter erkenne er als ein
beredichtigtes an, und es könne ihn
nur freuen, daß sich die Lebenshal-
tung der unteren Klassen in den
letzten Jahren so weitgehend gebessert
habe. Noch vor 50 Jahren sei in
Schönhausen, einer sehr wohlhaben-
den Gemeinde, ein einziger Bauer
gewesen, der eine Uhr besaß und sich
nicht wenig darauf eingebildet
habe; heute habe jeder Bauernknecht
seine silberne Uhr in der Tasche und
die Bauernmädchen, die damals bar-
fuß gelaufen wären, trügen jetzt
lederschnürte Schuhe. Er bezweifle
jedoch, daß es jemals gelingen wer-
de, dieselben zufrieden zu stellen,
denn Unzufriedenheit und Weiter-
streben liegen einmal in der mensch-
lichen Natur. Dies habe ich auch
dem Kaiser gesagt, und habe ihn
gefragt: „Majestät, sind Sie denn
zufrieden?“ und wenn der Arbeiter
heute durchschnittlich 5 Mark und
morgen 7 Mark und übermorgen
10 Mark verdiente, und das er
träumte Millennium endlich da wäre
und man dann vor einem dead lock
stände, so wäre damit auch der Fort-
schritt des Menschengeschlechtes zu
Ende, was eben gegen die Natur der
Menschen und somit unerreikbaar ist.

Alles das habe er dem Kaiser
vorgelegt und ihm gesagt, er irre
sich, wenn er glaube, mit seinem
besten Willen die Arbeiter zufrieden
zu machen, ein allzu rasches und
stürmisches Vorgehen an diesem Be-
treff sei vielmehr nur geeignet, die
Begehrlichkeit der arbeitenden Klas-
se zu steigern und Erwartungen in ih-
nen zu erwecken, die nicht in Erfül-
lung gehen könnten, was für die
Sicherheit, ja für das Bestehen der
Staaten geradezu eine Gefahr sei.
Die Arbeiter verstehen dann, daß
alles seine Grenzen habe, daß mit
ihren Löhnen auch der Preis der
Waren in's Unangemessene steigen
müsse, daß die Abnehmer sie dann
einfach nicht mehr bezahlen können
die Produktion demnach einge-
schränkt werden müsse, und daß dem
Arbeiter der höchste Lohn und die
für seine Arbeitszeit nichts mehr hel-
fen, wenn die Gelegenheit zur Ar-
beit fehlt. Er erinnere sich, was der
alte Harcourt einmal gesagt habe
der Kredit, das öffentliche Ver-
trauen, seien gleich einer Maus, die
bei dem geringsten Lärm in ihr Nest
schleiche und er sagte, daß infolge
der jetzigen Aufregung eine Un-
sicherheit, ein Mangel an Vertrauen
in den Bestand der jetzigen wirt-
schaftlichen Verhältnisse sich der In-
dustrie bemächtigen, und die Ar-
beitsgelegenheit schwinde und an-
statt des geträumten Millennium
eine geistige Unzufriedenheit bei
der Masse eintreffe.

In allen diesen Darlegungen
wäre er jedoch von seinen Kollegen
nicht unterstützt worden; er habe
dann eine Enderklärung des Staat-
rates und internationaler Konfe-
renzen zur Beilegung der Ar-
beitsverhältnisse vorgeschlagen, hö-
rend, daß dadurch Wasser in den
Wein gegeben werde. Diese Hoff-
nung habe sich leider nicht erfüllt,
und nur Herr Zende habe unge-
achtet und unerschrocken dem Kaiser
die Wahrheit gesagt. Der Fürst
habe sich schließlich zu alt gefühlt,
um seine Meinung zu ändern, und
demgemäß seine Entlassung genom-
men, bzw. erhalten.

W. v. M.

Mag sich eine Frau etwas in
den Kopf oder auf den Kopf setzen
haben, es kommt dem Mann immer
zu stechen.

A Square Deal

By MARTHA McWILLIAMS

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

“Torment! Where in the world are
you?” Mrs. Reed half-shouted, half-
whined, her head cocked sideways on
her long thin neck.

“Next door to right here! Here! Here!” a gay young voice chanted, the
while a very handsome leg and a pret-
ty foot became visible below the
spreading branches of the apple tree
in the Miller yard. “You know waste
is wicked,” it kept on. “Haven’t you
told me so ever since you came here—
making me eat things I hated because
there wasn’t a pig. And these streaky
Junes just cry out to be eaten. I had
to come over and help them. See
what a beauty basket I’m bringing
home?” she cried, swinging down de-
tily in spite of her bureau.

“Take your pick of ‘em—then you
can’t say I’m stealing—you know re-
ceivers are as bad as thieves,” step-
ping lithely through a gap in the di-
vision fence.

Mrs. Reed sighed acidly. “To think
your dear father was a minister,” she
said primly.

“He was—I’m the reaction from his
painful piety,” the girl lunged back. “So
guileless he never saw through people
—not even you.”

She merely thought the postulate.
Since she must stay a while longer in
the house with this insufferable saint,
she would keep at least a gloze of
decency over the association. She had
not always been so wise—earlier,
there had been years of battle—it was
in them she had earned the nickname
of Torment, which she had stopped re-
sented when her father died. He had
gone from life clinging to her hand,
and murmuring softly: “Daddy’s com-
fort,” so low other ears did not hear.
She had understood—here in face of
death he was rendering her the jus-
tice love for her had withheld in life.
He had not wished to sharpen the
edged antagonism already existent
betwixt his child and the misfit new
wife. Needs must they live together
till Dare was one and twenty—then,
coming into her grandmother’s money,
she could do as she liked. But she
was not quite sixteen—Ella for all her
castron hardness would keep her in
safe comfort. She was rigidly just,
according to her own lights, which never
took account of the mad distor-
tions of jealousy.

“Ain’t none of the new apples can
match old streaked Junes,” Mrs. Reed
mumbled, her mouth crumpled, survey-
ing as he spoke a deeply bitten core.
Dare nodded, then sprang up, saying
briskly: “By your leave or without it
—apple dumplings. I feel in my bones
they fit the situation—not quite sure
though just what it is.”

“Who’ll make ‘em? I won’t—you
can’t,” Mrs. Reed sniffed. Dare
laughed softly, saying over her shoul-
der, “You watch me. Or rather—
don’t. Wait till you see results. In-
deed play company—I’ll get the whole
dinner. Supper we ought to call it, to
save scandalizing the neighbors.”

“I’m afraid you’ll need a pig worse’n
ever one needed,” Mrs. Reed inter-
rupted. Dare out in the passage
laughed provokingly, then banged the
kitchen door and bolted it fast.

Three hours later—they had been
strenuous ones indeed—she called
from the cool dining room, “Dinner is
served, ma’am.” And at just that in-
stant came an intrepid knock on the
front door, undervoced by the im-
patient rat-tat of small high heels. Next
half minute Mrs. Reed ushered in a
tall young fellow and a small, very
pretty, very cross young woman, who
all but fell upon a rush-bottomed chair,
saying petulantly, “I’m here to get
whatever it is that smells so good.
Motoring always makes me wolfish.”

“We have had a blowout—here half-
way to our dinner,” the man explained.
“While the repair man is coming could
you, would you, be good enough to
save me from being eaten alive? This
young person,” nodding at his compan-
ion, “has been threatening it for half
an hour—”

“If I can feed you, too,” Mrs. Reed
said with a wide, hospitable smile.
“Just as soon as you wash the dust
off I’ll promise to find you a smack.”

For the very first time she felt dis-
tinctly proud of Torment, who stood
unflinchingly, faintly flushed and beam-
ing proudly over broiled chicken, baked
cold ham, several manners of vege-
tables and relishes, hot biscuits, brown
bread, wafer thin, fresh butter and
crisp radishes set out in the best china
upon spotless linen, with the real old
silver gleaming in the low sunlight.

How had the girl done it? Mrs. Reed
had never suspected any such capacity
in her young antagonist. But she was
glad beyond words for this sudden de-
velopment of it. She had placed the
strangers—young Thomas Clair and
the rich Miss Murray he was due to
marry shortly. Clair had given names
—no more—ears attentive to gossip
had done the rest. Years back Mrs.
Reed—then Miss Green, high school
teacher—had had tea at Clairston, and
shaken hands with its owners. Mighty
fine, it had been, but nothing to com-
pare in the matter of food with what,
through Torment’s uncanmy prevision,
she was able to offer in return.

“Heavens! Nothing was ever quite
so good,” Rhoda Murray murmured,
sinking back in her chair after a sec-
ond dumpling.

“Right-o!” Clair echoed. “I’m so
glad we missed the roadhouse—it’s
quite impossible the dinner could have

come in miles of this—as for the com-
pany,” bowing to his involuntary hos-
tesses, “it is likewise outclassed.”

“Ah! But you’ve got your own
father’s way of talking,” Mrs. Reed
gurgled, beaming. Then of course it
came out—the story of the tea—
the house, the conservatory, the flow-
ers each teacher had taken away with
her. “If we’d dreamed you’d be here,
we’d have had some garden flowers on
the table,” the elder lady ended. “But
I was lazy—busy with my sewing—and
Torment—I mean Dare—couldn’t spare
time. She did everything—”

“Then she must be a worker of mir-
acles,” young Clair commented, heart-
ily. Rhoda Murray sprang up and
caught Dare’s hand, saying: “Why—
tell me—is it possible to cook so
beautifully—and look as you do?”

“Be careful how you answer, Miss
Dare,” Clair laughed: “Rhoda has
half a mind to throw me over for love
in a cottage. If you encourage her,
you may have my broken heart on
your conscience—”

“Broken for joy at getting rid of
me?” Rhoda said, making a face at
him. “But tell me true—did you do
all this? Just by your lone self?”

“No! I think mamma sent her
astral body to help me—feeling in her
bones what was going to happen.”
Dare said laughing. “But really,” she
went on, “cooking isn’t such a job if
you like to do it. I do like it—not for
every day, but now and then it’s a real
lark. Still, I don’t want to mislead
—try as you might, you’d hardly ever
touch my dumpling! Stolen apples,
you see—”

“Forbidden fruit! I quite under-
stand,” Clair interrupted. Rhoda
waved him aside, saying determinedly:
“Well! Can’t I come here and
learn how to do a few things? I am
so tired of all the rest—dressing, dan-
cing, eating what I don’t care for—and
never feeling I’ve really done anything
worth while.”

They drew apart, talking eagerly,
Clair eyed them joyously—and when
the motor siren interrupted the con-
ference, made a great ado over its
impertinence. He shook Mrs. Reed’s
hand with quite vehement heartiness
—Dare got only a deep reverence and
a beguiling smile. But if she thought
she had seen the last of him she was
sadly mistaken—he came again, yet
again—to bring Rhoda to her les-
sons, flowers, fruit, new books to
Mrs. Reed—presently he was taking
her for spins up and down the post
road, what time the girls laughed and
worked in the big kitchen. His people
were away—else he would certainly
have the Reeds at Clairston. But that
could wait; meantime he wanted coun-
sel, advice that might be the turning
point of his life, namely, as to wheth-
er an old bond and family comity
should prevail against new love—new
on both sides. Rhoda had truly set
her heart upon a young engineer,
who had nothing but youth, strength
and a big brain and the blood of gen-
tlemen to offer her; was he justified
in letting her break troth that had
been pledged in their cradles for such
uncertainty? Mrs. Reed pondered
deeply. At last she broke out. “De-
pends on how you feel. Don’t seem to
me you can give her up easy—after all
this time.”

“It seemed so to me—until a month
back,” Clair said a trifle huskily:
“She is so pretty, so winning, so sweet
when she isn’t all spice and pepper,
I thought myself daffy about her.
Now—I know better.”

“How did you find out?” Mrs. Reed
demanded.

“I think—through apple dumplings
and the girl that made them,” Clair
returned smiling. “If only I may have
her, I’ll call it a square deal.”

The answer to which is too obvious
to need writing down.

PART OF GUTENBERG BIBLE

Section of Earliest Piece of Printing
With Movable Type Recently on
Exhibition at Washington.

A part of the Gutenberg Bible, the
earliest piece of printing from movable
type in the world, was a short time
ago placed on exhibition in the division
of graphic arts, Smithsonian building
of the National Museum.

This piece of work was among the
first to be done by Johannes Guten-
berg, who by general consent is given
the credit for the invention of the
art of printing from movable type. It
is estimated that this Bible was print-
ed between 1450 and 1455, in the town
of Mainz, or Mayence, Germany.

The book on exhibition contains 24
chapters of the book of Joshua, in ad-
dition to an introduction to the book
of Judges.

The text of each page is set in two
columns of 42 lines each which ac-
counts for the name sometimes given it.
“Forty-Two Line Bible.” It has
also been known as the Mazarin Bible,
because while it was believed to exist,
no copy was known until it was dis-
covered in the library of the great
French cardinal of that name.

The last complete copy of this fa-
mous book to come on the market is
said to have been sold for \$50,000.

The book gives no information as to
when it was printed and, there is
also no record of the number of copies
made. The copy in the museum is
printed on pages which measure 15 1/2
by 11 1/2 inches. It was loaned to the
museum by Gabriel Wells, an art dealer
in New York.

Plane Flies Uncontrolled.

For two hours the pilot of an air-
plane had his hands off the control-
ling wheel on a flight from Paris to
London—a distance of about 200 miles.
The directional steering was done by
means of the rudder, the machine
otherwise flying on an even keel un-
controlled.

Frank H. Neumann

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Humoristisches

Der Bruder. — Hausfrau (zum
neueingekommen Mädchen): Haben Sie
eigentlich auch Geschwister, Marie?
Mädchen: Nur einen Bruder, Ma-
dam, aber den hab' ich schon lange!

Modern. — Gnädige: Was höre
ich, Mina, statt die Zimmer zu reini-
gen, spielen Sie Klavier?

Mädchen: Aber, gnädige Frau,
Sie haben mich doch als Mädchen für
alles gemietet!

Zeichen von Intelligenz. — Som-
merfrühling: Ob die Schweine wirk-
lich so dumm sind, wie man sagt?

Bauer: Ja wo; ist das denn so
dumm, wenn man den ganzen Tag
weiter nichts tut als fressen und
faulenzgen?

Nachmeh. — Am Stammtisch des
Dorfmisshauses renommiert der Hans,
bei seinem Besuche in der Stadt mit
dem Automobil gefahren zu sein.

Dies ist halt gar nicht, spricht we-
gerend der Franz, o, do schau' her,
mir hat schon a Luftschiff den Sau-
stall umgeworfen!

Ein Geschäftsgenie. — Ein Willio-
när hatte seinen Töchterchen zum Ge-
burtstag ein prachtvolles, mit allen
Erregenschaften der modernen Tech-
nik ausgestattetes Puppenhaus ge-
schenkt. Es war elektrisch beleuchtet,
hatte Badezimmer und Garage, —
kurz alles, was man sich nur wün-
schen kann.

Nun, mein Kleines, gefällt dir
dein neues Puppenhaus? fragte nach
einigen Tagen der gärtliche Vater.

O, Papa, ungeheuer! erwiderte
die Kleine. Aber ich habe es an An-
gela für zwei Taler monat-
lich möbliert vermietet!

Viel verlangt. — Ich habe, Gott
sei Dank, ein vorzügliches Gedäch-
tnis!

Ad — können Sie mir dann viel-
leicht sagen, wo ich meinen Regen-
schirm vorige Woche habe stehen las-
sen?

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Alfred Graf, One of Publishers.
Sworn and subscribed before me
this 2nd day of October, 1922.

L. G. Graf, Notary Public.

(Seal)
Commission expires Dec. 7th, 1924.

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