

(Continued from page one.)  
Union services are being planned for the month of August.

### Christian Church

100 out for Sunday School. Rev. Darnell was here for his appointment. Brother Darnell's son has been critically ill the past week but after submitting to a blood transfusion, he is improving nicely.

The Sunday school enjoyed a picnic at Lake Maurer Wednesday evening of this week.

### Baptist Church

Sunday School-10:00 o'clock  
Morning Worship-11:00 o'clock  
B. Y. P. U.-7:00 o'clock

Evening Worship-8:00 o'clock  
110 present for Sunday School.

At the preaching hour three Sunday School teachers and the Elementary Superintendent made short talks and several musical numbers rendered. The program was as follows: Two numbers by the orchestra, Scripture read by Miss Artie Lewis, vocal solo--Dudley Kiets, vocal solo--Blanche Alice Klepper. Miss Mildred Sabens then presented the speakers--Miss Mildred Riley who spoke on "Need of Workers," Mrs. S. T. Kelly--"Every saved person ought to be a worker for the Lord," Mrs. S. Chapman--"There should be co-operation in bringing the lost to Christ," and "Laborers together with God" by Mrs. W. R. Klepper, vocal duet by Eleanor Francis and Kathryn Chaney. Closing song by audience the benediction by S. T. Kelly. The audience appreciated the program very much and feel anytime the pastor is away there is plenty of talent at home to render a good program.

Final plans for the Sunday School picnic which will be August 1 will be announced next Sunday.

The Int. R. A.'s will meet this Friday night with Mrs. Oscar Francis.

The attendance at B. Y. P. U. remains high these warm Sunday evenings.

### The W. C. T. U. Holds Interesting Meeting

Mrs. Oscar Francis and Mrs. Edgar Tapp had charge of the unusually interesting program in which the L. T. L. had a part. Special music "He is the Savior for Me" was sung by Mrs. Carl Grubbs and Mrs. Ralph Riley with Miss Erma Nell Riley at the piano this being followed by music "Billy Boy" by the L. T. L.

and several of them gave interesting stories dealing with temperance and were -- "Different Viewpoint" Mina Ruth Barr; "Bent Nails" by Eldon Morris; "When Ted Lost all" Louis Francis; "Birthday Party" by J. W. Barr then Albert Francis and his mother presented a dialogue "Clergyman and Layman" -- story given by Georgia Whipple and a song by the L. T. L.

The W. C. T. U. then presented their part, first a song--then devotional given by Mrs. Tapp; reading from Deuteronomy, prayer by Miss Roxy McGinnis, Mrs. Tapp led a very interesting discussion on Temperance, which was very profitable.

Following this splendid program Mrs. McConnell called for a surprise quartette which was granted. Mrs. Anna Morris presided at the piano while Mrs. Edgar Tapp, Mrs. Ralph Riley, Mrs. Oscar Francis and Mrs. Carl Grubbs sang "Open Thine Eyes."

The list of candidates for state and national offices was carefully studied but no man was endorsed. The meeting adjourned hoping to have favorable returns from the coming election.

### Swarming Time

"All these delegates for me?"  
"Those are candidates, friend."--  
Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Another Edison Memorial

A fourth memorial to Thomas A. Edison at his birthplace, Milan, Ohio, is being planned. Edison's estate has taken over the birthplace, a small cottage, for memorial purposes. The state highway department has designated part of the Edison highway that is to cross the state. Seeds from the cherry tree on the estate have been scattered throughout the nation by the Boy Scouts and the United States Department of Agriculture. Now a 2,000 foot bridge across the Huron river to be crossed by the Edison highway, known in his boyhood as the "wheat road," is being planned.

### Find Crustaceans

Discovery of five species of small crustaceans hitherto unknown to science, almost microscopic in size, inhabiting Chesapeake bay, is announced by Dr. Charles B. Wilson in a Smithsonian institution report. They are copepod crustaceans, distant relatives of the crab and the lobster, and constitute the chief food supply of many fish eaten by man. These discoveries resulted from a biological survey of the bay conducted under the direction of the bureau of fisheries. Vast multitudes of the small creatures were found to swarm the bay waters.

### Romany Justice Original

Gypsies living in the County Tihonovce, near Kosice, Slovakia, with the consent of the state authorities, have established a direct council headed by a mayor of their own nationality. Some months ago the council which enjoys judicial authority tried a man who had whipped his wife. He was sentenced to crawl home on hands and knees, carrying his wife on his back, and to publicly beg for forgiveness. As a further punishment he was ordered to stand all night before his hut, bearing a pail of water on his head, stirring the water occasionally with his hand to prevent it from freezing.

### Time to Retowel

Landlady--And what's wrong now?  
Lodger--I just want to say that you get too much mileage out of this roller towel.

### In Good Standing

"How do you stack up with the boss?"  
"Well, he only cut my salary twice this year."

Perhaps the reason a man may not care for fiction is because his business adventures are more exciting to him than any novel.

### Child's Death Result of Inhaling Feather

An inquest was held recently on a child, aged five months, who died under unusual circumstances, says the London correspondent of the Journal of the American Medical association. The child was under the care of a foster mother, who stated that it was well until one evening she heard it move and, on going to the child, found it lying on its face and looking unnatural. When medical aid arrived the child was dead. The necropsy was performed by the government pathologist, Sir Bernard Spillsbury, who said the child was a fine one and appeared to have been well cared for. He found a feather in the child's larynx and attributed death to laryngeal shock, which he said was rare. Apparently the child got the feather in its mouth and then inhaled it. Death was not attributed to asphyxia.

### Cause and Effect

Teacher--Don't you know that punctuation means that you must pause?  
Willie--Certainly I do. A guy in a flyver punctuated a tire in front of our house Sunday and he paused for half an hour.

### Sunflower Windbreak

A ton and a half of sunflower seed was planted east of San Benito, Texas, with the idea that the plants would serve as a windbreak and absorb excess moisture.

# The Kearney Courier



Vol. 1

Kearney Mo., Thursday, July 28, 1932

No. 17

### Rain Spoils Barbecue.

Rain just after distribution of the Barbecued meat had begun spoiled what otherwise would have been a splendid success.

Mr. Edgar Boggess has been working almost night and day for about two weeks to make sure this event a success. In fact but for his promoting the affair there would have been no Barbecue.

1250 lbs. of meat, consisting of 4 large quarters of beef and 11 sheep were Barbecued and ready for free distribution. This was as we stated made possible by the untiring efforts of Mr. Boggess through the co-operation of Kearney business men others of this vicinity, and a number of the candidates.

Mr. "Bub" Reynolds was in charge of the gang who cooked the meat and he did a good job of it.

Had the rain held off a few hours a most enjoyable time would have been had by all who came.

The ladies brought well filled baskets and a feast fit for Kings as well as candidates and we common mortals was in the making.

Later in the day speeches by Judge Parkes and others were enjoyed by those interested in the coming primary.

### Rather Gruesome Experience

Claude Walker had an unusual experience the other day as he was coming north of Lexington. He drove up to a filling station and as no one seemed anxious to wait on him, he started to get out of his car a man stepped out and said, "I don't know anything about selling gas. The proprietor just committed suicide."

The proprietor had committed suicide by drinking carbohic Acid.

### Do You Know?

The total cost of enforcing the prohibition laws from 1920 to 1931 was \$283,156,524. However, this is only a little more than half of the total collected from fines and penalties and revenues on distilled and fermented liquor.

### Friends Draft Scudder for Committeemam

W. R. Scudder, who for the past several years has been a Democrat Committeeman for Kearney Township, has consented to let his friends place him in the race for reelection.

Mr. Scudder did not file for this office and his name will not appear on the Ballot, anyone wishing to vote for him will have to write his name in. He has been active in his duties as Committeeman and his friends feel that his acquaintance with the voters of this township and the duties of his office justify them in asking that he again be given the honor of being our Democratic Committeeman.

Kearney, Missouri  
July 22, 1932

The Kearney Courier,  
Kearney, Missouri

Dear Editor:

I have been wondering what is the matter with you and the telephone rate editorials. I failed to see anything in your paper about telephone rate reduction the last few issues.

Your start in this direction was good and I hate to see it stop before anything has been accomplished and I am sure others are of the same opinion.

Respectfully yours,  
A Reader

In reply to A Reader I will say I am still of the opinion that telephone rates are too high and plead guilty to letting the matter drag along without doing anything for several weeks.

This has been done for several reasons:

First--Mr. Parker, a representative of the company, called on us and explained that the rates were not out of line but promised to look into the matter of free exchange between Kearney Holt, and Lilly and we have been waiting to hear from him.

Second--because there seems to be a great deal talk about the high rates but there seems to be no plan of action on the part of those most interest-

ed and desiring a reduction.

Now A. Reader and others I could write articles indefinitely and until some concerted action is taken nothing can or would be accomplished. Show me you are willing to do something and I will show you that I'm still alive.

I too, hate to see this matter drop before anything has been accomplished and assure you it has not been dropped but if anything is accomplished you as well as others must put your shoulder to the wheel and push.

I would suggest that a meeting be called for the purpose of formulating a plan to work to, and I will do my part in any reasonable plan so made.

Editor

## With Our Churches

### Methodist Church

A friendly church

J. W. Nelson, Pastor; J. E. Mathews S. S. Supt.; Miss Thelma Thompson Pres. Epworth League.

Preaching 1st and 3rd Sundays.  
10:00 Sunday School 2:30 Junior League  
7:00 Senior League 8:00 Evening worship

Fourth quarterly conference will meet with the Kearney Methodist church August 7 at 8 p. m. All are urged to do their best that we may have the best report possible.

### Warning!

Write it on the work-house gate,  
Write it on the school boy's slate,  
Write it in the copy book--  
Where there's drink, there's danger.  
Write it in the nation's laws  
Blotting out the license clause,  
Write it on the ballot white--  
Where there's drink, there's danger  
Write it on the ships that sail  
Blown along by storm and gale,  
Over every land and main--  
Where there's drink, there's danger.  
Write it over every gate,  
In the church and halls of state,  
In the heart of every band--  
Where there's drink, there's danger.

(Continued on last page)



## The Kearney Courier

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23, 1932 at the post office at Kearney,  
Mo., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

### Political Announcements

We are authorized to announce the  
the following candidates for the Demo-  
cratic nomination at the primary  
election to be held on Tuesday,  
August 2, 1932 :-

#### Sheriff

L. D. Pence.

John F. Clark.

Robert E. Martin

#### Assessor

W. W. Hay.

#### Judge of Eastern District

O. G. Ballard.

#### Surveyor of Clay County

A. J. (Pete) Thompson

#### Constable Kearney Township

J. C. Thompson

## Want Ads

Courier Ads pay try them.

Dykes Cafe for picnic eats.

Cheapest place in the county for  
screen wire and screen doors. W. R.  
Klepper.

FOR SALE:- 1 Siberia refrigerator  
200 lb., 1 Heric 60 lb. capacity  
Mrs. C. C. Smith, Kearney

Will keep your children while you  
go. References. Call 603 R.

Helen Sum mers

\$1.50 Chicken Coop \$1.15, at Kleppers

We will send you the Courier one  
year for 8 pounds of country lard de-  
livered to the Courier office.

Building material for every  
need. Major Bros.

## Folks You Know

Anyone wishing to buy or pay any-  
thing on account at Nathan Carey's  
while he's away threshing, see either  
Claude or Ray Carey at Carey Brothers  
filling station.

Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton and daughter  
Mrs. Essa Lee Hicks attended the re-  
union of Mrs. Maggie Ellington of  
Gower Sunday. The Dr. stated that  
from Arley to Gower a good rain had  
fallen.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Perrin and  
Allen spent Sunday in Kearney with  
relatives.

Col. Mathews sold a couple of fine  
yearling steers to Gilbert Barr this  
week.

John and Stanley Ervin spent Satur-  
day night in Kansas City with their  
uncle, Theodore Perrin.

9x12 Pabco rugs formerly \$6.00 now  
\$4.50 at the KLEPPER HARDWARE

Gilbert Barr shipped several truck  
loads of cattle to Kansas City Monday  
night and some to Chicago the same  
night.

Mrs. Zena Sabens returned home  
Thursday from several weeks stay near  
Chandler.

Mrs. Harry Smith spent Tuesday in  
Chillicothe, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cooper and children  
of Kansas City spent Saturday night  
and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Charles  
Henderson.

Mrs. Grover Crossett and daughter  
Bernice of near Bethel church spent  
Tuesday with her parents Mr. and Mrs.  
James Dagley.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa Thomason, Miss  
Evelyn Weakley and Marvin Thomason  
enjoyed a motor trip to Bagnall Dam  
last Thursday. Miss Weakley has  
given us an article on the trip which  
we will print next week.

R. C. Eddins is on a camping trip  
near Galena Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert James were  
playing Golf at Richmond, Wednesday.

Mrs. V. R. Ellis is visiting her fath-  
er at Santa Rosa, this week.

Yates Pierson was in Kearney a little  
while Tuesday.

Clarence Hall, Paul Morris, Leonard  
Neff and Wesley Holt were fishing on  
the Missouri river, Saturday.

You tell us the news, we'll print it.

Mrs. J. H. Shadden and family enter-  
tained several friends Friday; Mrs.  
Lottie Russel and daughter, Fern of  
Kansas City, Mr. and Mrs. McAmos,  
Mrs. Lyda Gillespie, Wilton Gillespie  
and Mrs. Effie Smith of Holt.

Miss Nora Lee Shadden is enjoying  
a pleasant time with schoolmates and  
friends in and around Holt.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Peters and three  
children of Harrisonville spent last  
week with her parents Mr. and Mrs.  
James Hulet and with her sister Mrs.  
Roy Ketron and Mr. Ketron.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Weakley, Raymond  
Ketron and Mr. and Mrs. Mack Hunt  
visited with Mrs. Mollie Ketron Sunday

Mrs. Will Major and Miss Eleanor  
visited Excelsior Springs friends last  
week.

Mr. George Denny is on the sick list  
again.

Miss Clarissa Hulet who has a po-  
sition in Kansas City spent her vacation  
with her parents and other relatives,  
returning to her work in the city Sunday

Miss Ella Jean Bradley of Excelsior  
Springs spent part of last week with  
great grandmother, Mrs. Mollie Ketron

Wilbur Bruner and Roy Irminger of  
Liberty spent Saturday morning at the  
Courier office.

Next week the ranks of the candi-  
dates will be thinned out considerable  
and the final lap leading up to the gen-  
eral election begins. May the best  
man win.

Five members of the Hill Billies cro-  
quet court in Kearney went to Liberty  
Monday and won 13 out of the 16  
games they competed in. Those going  
were: Pat Harmon, Vernon Dagley,  
Forest Dagley, "Curly" Thompson, and  
Marvin Gentry.

Hey Gang! Let's get some sand-  
wiches at Dyke's Cafe and have a picnic.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Harris and son of  
near Lawson spent Sunday with her  
parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Barr.

Floyd Moore and family of Kansas  
City visited Mrs. Henrietta Moore Sun-  
day and found her feeling much better.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coates and  
daughter spent Sunday with Mr. and  
Mrs. Adam Barr.

As it has been reported in certain sec-  
tions that the W. C. T. U. has indors-  
ed a certain man for sheriff, the local  
W. C. T. U. wants it understood that  
they, as a unit, have indorsed no man  
for this office, each making their own  
individual choice.

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### NORTH KANSAS CITY

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*"Chiropractic Adds Life to Years and  
Years to Life."*

### Pleasant Grove

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Thompson and  
son and Mrs. Ed Musbach were shop-  
ping in Excelsior Springs last Saturday

Misses Mary and Hazel Shanks enter-  
tained the G. A. girls of New Hope  
church Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bogart and family  
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bogart and son  
attended a surprise birthday dinner at  
the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Jaccard  
at Bethel, Kansas last Sunday. The  
dinner was in honor of Mr. Jaccards  
41st birthday. About forty guests wore  
present.

The revival meeting is in progress  
at the New Hope Baptist Church. Good  
crowds have been attending.

Rev. Arthur Crumm of Liberty is  
the preacher. The Crumm twins have  
been assisting with the singing which  
is enjoyed by all present.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Holman of Kan-  
sas City spent Friday night and Satur-  
day with her parents Mr. and Mrs. John  
Bogart and family.

You tell us the news, we'll print it.

The Progressive Sewers met Thurs-  
day afternoon with Mabel Doris Odell  
in her home at Excelsior Springs all  
members were present and three visit-  
ors after the meeting they drove down  
to Lake Maurer and enjoyed picnic  
supper.

A miscellaneous shower was given to  
Mr. and Mrs. Rolland Gow last Sunday  
at the home of Mr. Gow's father, C.M.  
Gow. A very large crowd attended and  
they received many useful and beautiful  
presents which they appreciated very  
much.

Let the KLEPPER HARDWARE figure  
on your tin work, pump work and  
plumbing.

### Wagy Community

Mrs. Nell Ellington and Betty Jean  
of North Kansas City and Mrs. Etta  
Wagy of Liberty spent Wednesday and  
Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest  
Wagy helping with threshers.

Joe Anna Wagy returned to Kirwin  
Kansas last week to take up her school  
work in cosmotology. We miss her very  
much.

The women's club met with Mrs.  
White Wednesday.

A double header ball game was played  
at Toonerville Sunday. The first game  
was with Ravena Gardens. The score  
was 16 -- 4 in favor of Toonerville. The  
next game was played with Paradise  
with a score of 6 -- 7 in favor of Par-  
adise. A large crowd witnessed both  
games.

Mrs. Sam Smith and John Courtney  
spent Monday night and Tuesday with  
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wagy and family.  
Mrs. Artie Courtney spent Tuesday with  
them.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Schmidt and son,  
Richard, took Sunday dinner with Mr.  
and Mrs. Jacob Sautter.

Jacob Sautter, M. D. Logan and  
Fred Wagy attended the Farm Bureau  
picnic Monday.

Marjorie Wagy spent Sunday at the  
home of her grandparents, Mr. and  
Mrs. John Petty.

The rain kept several from this  
neighborhood from attending the bar-  
becue.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Hill expect to  
leave some time this week for Okla.

Mr. John Ecton and J. B. were in  
Kearney, Tuesday, on business.

*IT will pay  
you to get  
our prices be-  
fore you order*

**SALE  
BILLS**

**THIS OFFICE**  
is the place to have  
your printing done, no  
matter what kind it may be.

Anyone wishing to buy or pay any-  
thing on account at Nathan Carey's  
while he's away threshing, see either  
Claude or Ray Carey at Carey Brothers  
filling station.

We Make a Specialty of Pumps  
and Pump Repairs

Bring Us Your Work and We Will  
Appreciate It. All Work guaran-  
teed Prices Right

G. M. Brown

### At an Early Age

Two men driving to Indianapolis re-  
cently spoke of entering Hancock  
county as they passed through Fort-  
ville.

"So this is Hancock county," one re-  
marked.

"This is it," said the other. "Why  
are you interested in Hancock county?"

"Well," said the first speaker, "You  
see, my wife was born here when she  
was a little girl!"—Indianapolis News

### As Einstein Remembers Us

Landing at Rotterdam, Professor  
Einstein remarked: "Ach, nice peo-  
ple, those Americans . . . When  
some one dies, he doesn't exist any  
more. No one talks about him. An-  
cestor worship, it is not there. Some-  
times the Americans are like children  
. . . flocking to see me, as if I were  
a miraculous animal."

### Thoughtful Editor

"I really think my poem should be  
published in your paper."

"Why so?"

"Because I am an old subscriber."

"My dear friend, we have a number  
of other old subscribers. Their feel-  
ings must be considered."

### Choosing a Course

"You must try to see both sides of  
every question."

"I do," answered Senator Sorghum.  
"But the effort to do so will make it  
hard to go straight ahead if you per-  
sist until it renders you cross-eyed."--  
Washington Star.



"And so it should, Senor, had I been thinking less of my own affairs. Forgive me, Polito, I am thinking, as usual, only of myself. I shall see that a medico comes to attend you at once."

"I would repay you." He thought a long moment. "You cannot hold the advantage you have gained, Senor, for Paez and Plaza, having failed, will permit our wings to close in upon the city."

I nodded. "Your lines of communication, once broken . . ."

I nodded again, for I knew then why Monahan awaited the pleasure of Colonel Pini, and I realized the danger of the dillatory tactics of our colonel.

## CHAPTER VIII

### The Bugle of Maracay

Emerging again into the sunlight I found the Irish captain still offering sturdy support to the adobe wall. "Every time our colonel wins a battle," said he, "he thinks he's Alexander."

"You speak in parables, Monahan; Pini falls a deal short of Alexander." He grinned, and bent his red head to indicate a massive rock house a stone's throw to the north of us. "That's his headquarters—or will be until the Spaniards run us out again. He has lately entered it, with a lady . . . a reluctant lady, it's true, but the manner of Pini was gently but firmly coercive, so . . ."

"I shall apprise him of our danger at once; we must re-form, and we must keep in touch with the main body of Bolivar's army, else we are lost, for our ammunition—"

"Sure," he said. He caught hold of my arm as I turned away. "Is your pistol loaded, Garde?" There was a strange light in his blue eyes, and under his air of seeming indifference I read a definite tenseness.

"Do I require a pistol to approach our colonel?"

He shrugged. "Go ahead; you went in Caracas without a gun—and out again. This lion's den should be vastly simpler. A Providence watches over you."

The heavy wooden door with its exquisite carvings stood open and as I would have entered, a sentry put a gun across the doorway. "The colonel has issued orders that he is not to be disturbed; will the major wait?"

"The major won't; will you tell the colonel—?"

He showed white teeth in a wide grin. "I cannot; it would be as much as my life is worth to disturb him."

While I waited, wondering what should be done, the colonel's tenor,

(To Be Continued.)

## Folks You Know

Furniture Polish in 15 and 25 cent size at the Klepper Hardware.

Rev. Nelson and family were in Liberty Monday and they enjoyed the Farm Bureau picnic while there.

Raymond Cummins of Kansas City has our thanks for a subscription to the Courier which he orders sent to his grandmother, Mrs. Rachel Grissom.

Raymond had bad luck with his car Friday evening and had to be towed in by Carey Brothers.

O'Cedar Mops and Polish at the KLEPPER HARDWARE

Many from this locality attended the farmer picnic in Liberty Monday.

The W. M. S. of the Baptist church will have an ice cream social Tuesday evening Aug. 2nd. While waiting for the election returns you can enjoy ice cream and cake.

Special prices on paint at the Klepper Hardware while it lasts.

Regular meeting of the Rebekah lodge Tuesday evening, August 2. Delegates to the District meeting will be appointed, plans be completed to enter tain the state officers here August 10 at a call meeting. A good attendance is asked.

In addition to the cattle shipped out Monday night, Gilbert Barr loaded out two cars for Chicago market Tuesday night.

After a most enjoyable visit, of several weeks duration, with relatives in Clay County, Mr. and Mrs. D. Brimer and family will return to their home in Rochester, Minn. They will motor through leaving here early Friday.

Sunday, Mrs. J. H. Shadden reached her 76th birthday, friends and neighbors thought it an opportune time to surprise her. Willard Pence, whose second anniversary it was, celebrated with her. Those present to help the honored guests enjoy the bountiful dinner at the Shadden home were: Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Newman of Kansas City Mrs. A. A. Gillespie, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bush and family, Alva Bradley and family, Mr. and Mrs. Walford Gillespie, Mrs. Marion Cheek and nephew, Earl Cheek, all Holt, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Howard and family, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Decker and son, and Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Pence and children. Callers in the afternoon were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Neudeck and son Kenneth. Late

afternoon guests departed wishing the honor guests many more happy days.

Floor coverings marked down from 47 cents to 37 cents per square yard at the KLEPPER HARDWARE.

Several have asked us how to get items to us as we have no phone and live so far out. Just leave them at any store in town.

## IF YOU NEED

Letterheads Cards  
Invitations Folders  
Statements Circulars  
Envelopes Billheads

or anything else in the printing line, come in and see us.

## WILL USE POISON TO CHECK HOPPERS

With an unusually heavy infestation of grasshoppers believed likely this summer, the value of a new device developed by experts of the Department of Agriculture to poison the hoppers will be tested.

With weather conditions such as to facilitate the hatching of the myriads of hopper eggs laid last fall, the hopper menace will be really serious this year in Montana, Wyoming, Minnesota, Iowa, Colorado, the Dakotas and Nebraska, where more than 9,000,000 acres are infested.

The new devices developed to combat the hoppers are adaptations of the ordinary seeder and sower in common use on the farms in that area. The poison fed the hoppers is mixed with bran and fed in a very thin layer in strips 20 feet wide, which are laid in such a manner that there are no open ends. The bait is usually laid between six and ten in the morning on clear days, for it is then that the young hoppers feed the most.

With proper care given to the laying of poisoned bran, experts believe that the infestation of hoppers, however heavy, may be kept down without serious damage. Much diligent care is needed, however, to make the poisoning successful.

### Foiled Again

Movie Actress—Did you explain to that newspaper editor that I detest publicity?

Her Press Agent—Yes, and even that failed to make him give you any space.

## A Headless Monster

Uncle Zeke: "They say that prophesy does not come true but it did, didn't it?"

The huge funnel began its suction power when everything was so still that it could not be stiller, when someone was pitting cotton for spit and when many were swallowed up in slumber. And, according to the prophet of old, "one was taken and another was left." Then was begun the panorama that shall make our wonderful community a place of beauty and perfectly safe for men, women and children to glide along our thoroughfares. I marveled when saw and beheld in a vision the wonderful suction power of the peculiarly constructed funnel. It seemed to keep on with its dentist-like extraction until every poisonous fang had been removed from the headless monster and all our citizens became sober total abstainers.

"I am a total abstainer from alcohol liquor. I always felt I had a better use for my head." Thomas Edison

"The most successful men in America today are those who never lift a wine glass to their lips." Edward Bok

"The excessive use of intoxicating liquor is the cause of a great deal of poverty, degradation and crime of the world, and one who abstains from the use of such liquor avoids a dangerous temptation." Abraham Lincoln

"Taking a small quantity of liquor in the form of beer, wine or whiskey is taking a slow poison and drinking men in office has occasioned more trouble to the public and more trouble to me than all other sources." Thomas Jefferson

Uncle Zeke

## MISSOURI WELDING CO.

We weld any break in any metal  
Radiators, Tanks, Boilers, Farm  
Machine Castings Repaired.  
All work guaranteed.

FRANK HOLSBURG  
123 E. 3rd., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Meats Fruits and Vegetables  
Clover Bloom Full Creamery  
Butter, None Better. Also Nutola  
Butter which carries a good percent cream kept pure and sweet by Electric Calvinator process

## Brooks and Major

## MERRY QUIPS

### Simple Calculation

"How long have you had your maid?"  
"Three sets of dinner dishes."

### The Actual Trouble

"Algy's trouble is that he's always acting the fool." "No, my dear. The real trouble is, he's not acting!"

### Always Some Drawback

A—Well, my rheumatism's cured.  
B—How will you tell the weather now?

### A Heavy Weight

Packe—You're looking downcast, old man. What's on your mind?  
Pecke—A piece of my wife's.

### Just Supposition

"Yes, my new maid came to me from a very good family." "Really? I suppose the girl wanted a change."

### Must Be Awful

Wigg—How is that candidate?  
Wagg—Oh, his jokes are poorer than his cigars!

### No Wonder

"She says she is very lonely in the evenings."  
"Yes, her husband never goes out!"

### Easy to Believe

"He is the flower of the family."  
"Possibly. He seems to be a blooming idiot."

### Hubby in His Place

Dick—Does your wife love you still?  
Harry—She must, for she never gives me a chance to talk.

### Officially Busy

"What's the matter—can't you get central?"  
"No—she's in conference."

### Hardly

"Did you notice the situation in China?"  
"No; is it worth applying for?"

### Curious

Caller—Does that dog bite?  
Housewife—We just bought him, so I can't tell. Come in and see if he does.

### Those Dear Girls

"My husband says he married for beauty and brains." "Oh, I didn't know he'd been married twice, darling."

### Applying at Headquarters

Little Girl—Oh, Mister Policeman, I've always wanted a police dog! Won't you save me one when you have any?

THIS OFFICE is the place to have your printing done, no matter what kind it may be.

Anyone wishing to buy or pay anything on account at Nathan Carey's while he's away threshing, see either Claude or Ray Carey at Carey Brothers filling station.

You tell us the news, we'll print it.

Old age is always enjoyable, so long as there is something new in this world to see. Don't see it all when you're young.

## EXPERT SCOFFS AT THE "FAMILY TREE"

Persons who like to trace their ancestry back to William the Conqueror, or to some other famous hero of history, were ridiculed in a recent address before the Society of Genealogists in London by the British genealogical expert, T. R. Thomson. The majority of such claims rest, Mr. Thomson explained, upon similarity of surnames, but this is of no value at all, since the general use of surnames or "family names" dates back only a little more than 200 years.

Another difficulty is the fact established by all genealogical researches that families and family names invariably tend to become extinct in a relatively few generations. The family blood may survive, more or less diluted by intermarriage, but this usually is extremely difficult to trace, since the necessary exact records are lacking.

Mere similarity of names means nothing, the speaker emphasized, because the same names frequently were assigned over and over again to different families merely because of accidental ownership of the same piece of land, holding of the same office or minor title or work at the same occupation.

Among persons known to have been present at the battle of Hastings in 1066 A. D., only seventeen, it was stated by another speaker at the meeting, now can be identified. Twelve of these can be connected with surviving families, but not even one of these has had an unbroken descent in the male line.—Baltimore Sun.



# THE VALE OF ARAGON

By  
FRED McLAUGHLIN

Author of  
"The Blade of Picardy"

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(WNU Service.)

CHAPTER I.—At nightfall, in the old city of New Orleans, in the year 1821, Loren Garde, recently an officer under General Jackson, is surprised by the appearance of three figures, in ancient Spanish costume, two men and a woman whose beauty enchants him. Representing the arrogance of the elder of the two men, Garde fights a duel with him with swords, and wounds him. Afterward he learns his opponent is Adolfo de Fuentes, colonel in the Spanish army in Venezuela. Garde flees from gens d'armes, taking refuge in a garden, where he overhears a plot to overthrow Spanish rule in Venezuela. Discovered and threatened, he fights, but is overpowered.

CHAPTER II.—Garde finds himself a prisoner on the Santa Lucrecia, Spanish ship bearing contraband arms and ammunition for the Venezuelans under Bolivar. On board are the conspirators he had overheard, the lady of his love, her brother Polito, and De Fuentes.

CHAPTER III.—Garde, making his way inland, meets a man who introduces himself as Monahan, captain in the British legion under Bolivar. He sees Dulce, with De Fuentes and Polito. Learning his history, Monahan urges Garde to join the Venezuelans, but his mind is set on reaching Caracas and again seeing Dulce, though on his way inland he has passed through the village of Tucayan, burned and pillaged by the Spaniards and every inhabitant massacred. Monahan directs him to friends in Caracas.

CHAPTER IV.—At Caracas, Garde, supplied by Monahan with the secret sign of the patriots, and disguised, is welcomed at the Cantina Merida, revolutionary headquarters. He reveals his purpose, and with a companion, Manuel, who had been on the ship, goes to the cathedral, where the wedding of Dulce and De Fuentes is in progress. Dulce recognizes him and leaves De Fuentes at the altar. She is torn from Garde's arms and in the confusion he escapes.

CHAPTER V.—Dulce makes her way to Garde. She tells him her wedding to De Fuentes was to have been the price of Garde's life. They reveal their mutual love. Garde is seized by Spanish soldiers led by De Fuentes, and learns that Dulce has disappeared. De Fuentes reveals the presence of the conspirators. An attempt to seize the ship fails. From the girl, Garde learns her name is Dulce Lamartina. He does not tell her of his love, but feels she is not indifferent to him. The vessel is wrecked during another attempt to seize it, and Garde, thrown overboard, reaches the Venezuelan shore, alone.

CHAPTER VI.—Garde is rescued by Manuel, and with Polito sets out for Bolivar's camp. They are intercepted by a party of Venezuelan soldiers. Garde discovers his companion of the night has been Dulce, and is dismayed by his lack of perception. Dulce escapes, but Garde is seized. His captor is Colonel Pini.

CHAPTER VII.—Garde tells his story to Bolivar, and through a letter of recommendation from General Jackson, is enrolled in the patriot army, with the rank of major, which he had held in the American army. Garde is with a force under Colonel Pini which captures the town of Maracay. The Spaniards threaten its recapture, while Pini is dilatory.

broke in: "May I speak a word for this man, General, who, because of an overwhelming love for the Senorita Lamartina, has blundered into trouble and out again a dozen times? I have told you about Garde, the young Americano—and Capt. Monahan, I am sure there is Monahan now. He will tell you also."

The red-haired Irish soldier turned at the two stone posts that had once been a gate and approached. It was good to see that freckled, smiling face again. He saluted General Bolivar, then he took my hand in an iron grip. "The Viking!" he cried. "I knew you would come to us, some time. Where's the girl?"

"The girl?"

"Sure; the Senorita Lamartina. Didn't you tell me that you'd bring her?"

I laughed. "So I did, Monahan—and sent her back again."

Monahan turned to Bolivar—whose knowledge of English was limited—and went back to Spanish again: "I met this man on the Maracay road, General, and showed him a way to enter Caracas because, as a rival of Colonel Fuentes, he could help us. I even gave him money. He promised, with typical American boastfulness, that he would not only disarrange the wedding of De Fuentes, but that, when he left the city, he would bring the lady with him."

"He tells us that he did," said Bolivar grimly; "yet the tale that he brings—"

Now Monahan looked at me with wonder in his eyes. "Garde," he gasped, "can such a thing—"

"I did disarrange the wedding," said I, "and the Senorita, disguised as her brother, accompanied me. Why Manuel should have sent her is a thing I cannot fathom, yet I know she desired to leave Caracas. If I cannot find belief—" I shrugged my shoulders hopelessly.

A silence fell upon us, a deep significant silence that was broken suddenly by the swift drumming of a horse's hoofs upon the hard road. The speeding mount came to a sliding halt and a swarthy figure dropped to the ground.

"Manuel rides a horse as well as he does a ship," said Francisco, relief in his dark eyes.

"Aye, friend of mine," I whispered,

"he is most opportune." For I felt that Manuel would save me.

The sailor pushed through the crowd of curious Indians who had gathered to look upon the great general, and Bolivar, striding forward to meet him, threw his arms around the broad shoulders. "My ugly angel," he cried, deep affection in his voice, "I have not seen thee for months! What brings thee in such haste from Caracas?"

Manuel grinned at the rest of us. "Caracas, General, is boiling." His dancing eyes considered me. "Where is the Senorita?"

"Aye," said Monahan laughing, "did he not boast—?"

"The next man who asks me about the Senorita, Manuel, shall feel the weight of my fist."

The sailor's keen insight read the menace in the air. "This man, general, belongs to us, he is one of us."

"Yet he comes in the garb of Spain."

"A garb that I myself procured. You should have seen me." He laughed. "I am perched like a rooster, on the comb of a roof in the moonlight, a piece of heavy tiling in my hand, waiting for a tall Spanish officer to pass beneath me. I was amazed to discover that Caracas is filled with short fat officers." He stopped to laugh again. "Finally one, a captain, approached. Upon his head I deposited the piece of tiling, and upon his flattened body I deposited myself. In two minutes he was minus the uniform the Americano now wears, which, in truth, is grievously inadequate."

Bolivar laughed, a rich, ringing laugh that meant life to me. "And the city," he said, "is boiling because of that? What more?"

"There is little more, General. The beautiful Senorita Lamartina is lost, and all the forces of Caracas have failed to find her. My part of the escapade of the Americano—who has aided us tremendously, and who comes to offer service to our cause—was too evident, so further stay in the city was impossible. Lastly, La Torre plans a move against the armies of Your Excellency."

"It is good news, Manuel, for we shall be ready." Bolivar considered a long moment. "What of the Spanish officer who rode last night with this Americano?"

"There was no Spanish officer, General, who rode with him. The resemblance between the Senorita and her brother, Lieutenant Polito, is a very striking thing."

"You mean to tell us, Manuel, that she—?"

"Aye, General." The swarthy sailor laughed. "She used Polito's broken head, and his cold, and the all-enveloping cloak to hide her identity; and she rides a horse as well as anyone."

Bolivar smiled. "Yet the tale that

he brought us was so impossible."

I turned to the Liberator: "If His Excellency, having forgiven me, cares to make use of a stupid clod I would offer service to him. I can, at least, furnish a man's portion of brawn."

Now Bolivar took me by the hand and smiled into my eyes. "Francisco has told me much of you. If Andrew Jackson has looked upon you with favor—"

Francisco interrupted. "I have the proof, Excellency, here in my pocket." He drew out the thin leathern wallet that had been in my possession when I had played so poorly the part of San Isidro. In that wallet I had carried, since a few days after the battle of Chalmette, a piece of paper torn from the fly-leaf of my French grammar, upon which Gen. Andrew Jackson had written a statement the night he had stayed at my father's house; a statement, which, worthless in itself, has been my dearest possession. "May I read, Excellency, what I have found in the wallet of young Garde?"

Bolivar turned to me. "Aye, Excellency, if it will make of me a soldier under your banner."

So Francisco, bearing in mind the general's limited knowledge of English, read it very slowly:

"Major Loren Garde has offered valiant service to his country; he has fought with conspicuous gallantry at Talladega, at Horseshoe Bend, at Pensacola, and at Chalmette. A worthy son of a worthy soldier father."

"It is signed, Excellency," Francisco said, "Andrew Jackson."

"One could not have come to me," said Bolivar, "more highly recommended. If General Jackson has seen fit to commission you a major, surely I can do no less."

"But, Excellency," I cried, "it is too much—it is more than I deserve. I cannot hope—"

"It shall be done, Major; Francisco has said you will make a good soldier, and Francisco's judgment is never at fault."

Such was my first meeting with the Liberator, to whom half of South America owes its independence, and all of the western world offers homage.

Colonel Pini, the sophist, extended his hand. "I congratulate you, Major."

Intuition told me that Pini would never be my friend, a contingency which worried me not at all.

The weeks that followed my first meeting with General Bolivar were busy weeks indeed, for La Torre was massing the forces of Spain to break the ever tightening republican lines, and the Liberator moved to meet him.

My days, filled with feverish activity, went by, and quiet nights under the stars were given over to worship at the shrine of Love, for the face of Dulce was ever before me. She seemed to be calling, calling, and I

have awakened—crying out her name—from dreams that were so real I could almost have touched her. And, because of the desperation of my love, I became a better soldier, knowing that this nightmare of murder—as she called it—would be over only when Bolivar had won, for he was not a man to stop short of victory. Then I could seek her out.

I met, during those days, Gen. Daniel O'Leary, Irish soldier and outstanding figure of the British legion, to whom Venezuela today renders homage; Moore, Bolivar's doctor, a vivacious English gentleman; Marino, his chief of staff, Gen. Belford Wilson, veteran, and son of Sir Robert Wilson of Peninsular fame; Paez, chief of the llaneros, and later President of Venezuela more than once, and Cedenio, Bermudez, Plaza and Urdaneta. The high-sounding rank and titles that they carried took the place of pay they didn't receive.

Under us were English, Irish, Portuguese, negroes, half-breeds, Indians, lean llaneros, the mixed riffraff of cities, and a few American adventurers from the States. A motley crowd indeed, and hardly one that a man might pick to win an empire, yet the genius of Bolivar won them over, touched them with the divine spark of patriotism, and made of this composite crew an army that finally crushed the power of Spain in Venezuela.

One mild May morning, as the sun stood an hour above the heights of San Casimiro, we broke through the Carabobo hills and descended upon the little city of Curra. Having no garrison it fell readily into our hands, then we deployed, east and west and north, to invest the town of Maracay, for that was our goal, that the first long stride in the race for Puerto Cabello. I remembered well the last words of Bolivar to him who commanded the center of our attacking lines. He had embraced our colonel and had said, "Remember, Pini, we take the town of Maracay—and hold it." And Colonel Pini had saluted, proud of this glorious mission, for Pini, however much he may have failed, had no lack of courage.

On the broad fertile valley that lies to the east of Lake Valencia we met the enemy; Paez, east of us, and Plaza, to the west, attacking at the same time. The history of Venezuela calls this battle only a skirmish, for it failed of its goal because the body cannot go forward if the wings are dragging. In our unit were two hundred of the British legion and over four hundred Indians, and despite the dragging wings, we pushed onward until we touched the town, which, after an hour of fiercely contested fighting, fell.

Our Indian soldiers, out of hand with joy over this hard-won victory, ran, yelling and shooting, through the narrow streets. In an hour they had

"ound wine and rum, and other drinks to satisfy them, and so became, at last, more tractable under the commands of their officers.

I had given strict orders to my battalion that no captives, wounded or well, should be murdered, which had been, up to this time, the general procedure in the frightful "war of death" that Morales had inaugurated and that both sides were waging; so squads were roaming over the city, carrying to the nearest available houses wounded men for treatment.

At one of these houses I found Captain Monahan. He was leaning against an adobe wall, hands in the pockets of his tan and gray jacket, noisome pipe tilted at a rakish angle and idle eyes upon a western sun.

"Why do you stand there," I laughed; "will the poor walls fall if you remove your support?"

"I am waiting," said he, disregarding my levity, "for Colonel Pini to come to his senses."

"Then you have a long wait, my captain, for Pini will never arrive."

"The Lamartina boy is inside." He pointed over his shoulder with an indifferent thumb. "He wants to see you."

"Is he wounded, Monahan?"

"Not much."

"Did he say anything about his—?"

"To me?" The Irishman grinned again. "I'm not chasing moonbeams, Garde, I'm no sighing Romeo; I'm a soldier."

"And a good one, my friend," said I, stooping to pass the portal.

Polito—very pale, very frail—lay upon a crude bed of straw. His eyes lighted up when he saw me, and as he raised a left hand, I assumed that his right was useless. "The—the moon-wraith," he said.

I opened his jacket, thrust the shirt aside, and found a bullet wound below the collar-bone. "Not so bad," I assured Polito; "It missed the lung, I am certain. You should be out in a month. Who was in command of this sector, Polito?"

"Adolfo." He tried to smile . . . a very sorry effort. "Why did—did you not keep her, Senor, when you had the chance? She rode away from Caracas with you."

"And I sent her back to the lines of Spain, realizing too late that she was not yourself. The revolutionists approached, and her life would have been endangered. My love for her should have seen through so simple a masquerade. I seem always to fail. Did she?"—I had some difficulty with my voice—"did she marry Colonel Fuentes?"

He shook his head, sighing the while. "Adolfo waits." He offered another feeble smile. "Dulce is difficult, Senor."

"Does she speak of—of me, Polito?"

He nodded. "I think she feels that your regard should have read a mere disguise."