

THE CAPE WEEKLY TRIBUNE

AND THE CAPE COUNTY HERALD

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ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

SECRETS OF NEWSPAPER STORIES

The public which reads magazines often wonders, innocently, how it is that a prize-fighter who discusses sports, a member of Congress who discusses the making of laws and an explorer who tells about his explorations are at a common level in point of literary ability.

To those who know what are the functions of the "rewrite man" there is no mystery about it. But the magazine readers, with few exceptions, are ignorant of the fact that there are "rewrite men." The recent testimony before the House Committee on Education relative to the doctoring of articles to be published under the signatures of Dr. Cook and Rear Admiral Peary discloses nothing that will surprise writer folk who have served upon the staffs of magazines or newspapers.

The "rewrite" men upon daily newspapers make over and put into good English articles written by beginners in journalism, or write articles from news transmitted by telephone. There are a few yellow journals who employ "rewrite men" for the same purpose that magazines employ them, namely, to write readable articles which are to appear to the public as having been written by persons of prominence.

Many magazines, and a few newspapers, are willing to pay liberally for the right to use a well-advertised name, and will supply a writer whose work will save the celebrity the manual, or even the mental labor of composition.

If the Czar of Russia, for example, should be willing to let one of the popular magazines tell his story of Russia's part in the war and should he be willing, in the parlance of magazine makers, to "stand for" a thrilling article written by a professional supplier of articles by well-known men, he could easily sell the use of his name for a fat figure, and he would be allowed to read and sanction the proofs of the article.

So long as both the magazine and the distinguished, or notorious, contributor, are scrupulous, the public gets in the article what the contributor is willing to say and gets it in better literary form than, in many cases, the man of prominence would be able, unaided, to express it. That is why men from various fields of endeavor, ranging from diplomacy, statesmanship, art, science and religion to prize-fighting, wrestling, gambling and even crime, all seem to magazine readers to be equals in literary talent.

The "rewrite man" may have his peculiarities of style, of course, but his minimum ability is fixed by the requirements of the employer at a reasonable level, and the range between the minimum and maximum is not high because writers who are especially capable can make more money writing under their own names.

THE GERMAN-AMERICAN CRISIS.

Reports from Washington forecast a break between the United States and Germany over the sinking of the Arabic which caused the death of two American citizens. Similar predictions have been made on an average of once every four weeks during the past eight months, but the war is still being fought a few thousand miles away, with the United States participating only as a spectator.

Washington newspaper correspondents succeed in a measure, in their efforts to create a belief that the President of the United States hastens out of the White House to consult with reporters everytime he receives a note from one of the European Powers or sends one back.

Dispatches from Washington are, of course, as near the facts as the newspapers are able to get, but it is doubtful if the statements that have been accredited to President Wilson actually originated in the White House.

The freedom of the press is frequently overdone. It is right for newspapers to be free to express their opinions, but they accomplish no good when they speculate upon proposed steps of the Government in dealing with a foreign Power, especially when their facts are merely inventions.

President Wilson probably has made up his mind as to what he proposes to do in the case of the sinking of the Arabic, but he has made no announcement. It seems unreasonable to believe that he has furnished advance information to the Washington newspaper men simply to assist them in taxing their imagination.

Of course it is possible to sever friendly relations with Germany, but there is no occasion to get down the muskets or call the squirrel hunters in from the woods.

ARMOUR ON THE BEEF SUPPLY.

There have been numerous prophecies and pronouncements with regard to the beef supply of the future. The number of cattle is diminishing, while prices are advancing and the era of "beefsteak at 50 cents a pound and shoes at \$10 a pair" draws measurably nearer.

J. Ogden Armour is among the latest authorities to discuss the question. Mr. Armour says the time has come for all persons concerned "to give heed to the menace of the growing beef shortage in this country and to realize that the situation will become more acute instead of improving in years to come."

The farmer, Mr. Armour adds, must receive every practical encouragement to put beef cattle on his lands and to conduct his business in such a way that the cattle and agricultural branches will be balanced.

Further decrease in the number of cattle will cause a further increase in prices and there is small hope of checking the decline under several years. The prevalence of cattle diseases in many parts of the country is not calculated to help the cattle-growing industry.

Tuberculosis, the cattle tick, the foot and mouth disease, are all powerful factors for reducing the beef supply. The Federal Government is spending millions of dollars for the elimination of these diseases, but they continue to subtract enormously from the livestock wealth of the country.

The cattle industry cannot be built up in a day or a year. Its rehabilitation depends upon the farmers in the mass rather than upon the individual cattle grower here and there. The day of the Western cattle king has gone by, and the future beef supply will have to come from the farms rather than from the ranches with their cattle, literally "on a thousand hills."

WILL MR. JUDEN BECOME POSTMASTER?

The petitions of the various candidates for Postmaster that have been sent to Congressman Russell will render no service to him in his efforts to choose a candidate whom a majority of the patrons want.

Fully one half of the men who attached their names to petitions to Mr. Russell signed two and some of their signatures are on three of the documents. This renders them valueless and leaves Congressman Russell in the dark.

Mr. Russell should ignore these petitions and select the candidate best qualified to render efficient service as Postmaster. And in ignoring the petitions, he should also give little heed to the indorsement of the Democratic County Committee.

This joke organization, which plays politics like a blacksmith handles a fiddle, is using what little influence it may possess to secure the appointment for Mr. Juden. Its indorsement of Mr. Juden was brought about by tactics that render the organization hopeless. It notified two candidates for the office that the Committee would not give its indorsement to any one, and then violated its promise and recommended the appointment of Mr. Juden.

A party that can officially approve of such gross misuse of power, such disregard of duty, can best serve the people by being kept out of office.

What has Mr. Juden done that entitles him to preference over other men in town?

If the Democratic party in this county hopes for a future, the postmaster-ship must not go to Juden.

FIGHT WINS MAN A NIGHT IN JAIL

Edward Barnes is Knocked Cold Before "Enveloping Movement" Reaches Him.

When Edward Barnes determined to start a "German" drive on J. Estes last night at John Stoll's livery barn at 110 North Spanish street, he failed to reconnoiter Estes' position and take into consideration a large, heavy iron bolt lying near at hand, which was thoroughly capable of use as a deadly weapon.

As a result, he was knocked cold when the drive was half started and later caught in an "enveloping" movement on the part of Patrolman Whitener and Beeve, who carried him prisoner to the City Jail.

Barnes attempted to start an altercation with Estes outside the livery barn, the police were told. The two men had taken widely diverging opinions on various matters heretofore, and consequently had often taken sharp issue with one another.

In fact, it was said, they possessed an "old grudge."

Estes retired from the front of the barn, admonishing Barnes not to bother him any more. He told Barnes he didn't even want to talk to him.

Estes' withdrawal seemed to Barnes to be an indication of weakening defenses on Estes' part, so he concluded the most strategic thing to do under the circumstances, would be to pursue his partial victory.

Estes, meantime had retired to a position beside the telephone and had unhooked the receiver for a call.

He had a presentiment, and executed an admirable "turning movement" in time to see Barnes coming. Barnes was armed with his "Busy Bertha," a large wicked looking pocket knife.

The long shining blade looked like "business" and so did Barnes. It was up to Estes to do something real quick.

He cast a hurried glance about him and saw a large iron bolt close at hand. It was about 18 inches long and thicker than a man's thumb. One end was armed with a square head.

If he could bring one corner of that bolt head down on Barnes' head, the chances were good for stopping the onslaught. Barnes, meantime, was getting closer.

Estes caught up the bolt and let Barnes have it where it would do the most good. It did. Barnes went down like a sack of bran, and Estes, after dropping his weapon, ran out of the barn and down to Main street where he found Whitener and Beeve.

He sketched the affair for the policemen by saying there had been a fight and the two patrolmen started for the barn.

On their arrival, they found Barnes recovered and standing in the doorway with the cause of his late fall firmly grasped and looking for Estes. His conversation indicated that he wished to reciprocate the experiment.

Beeve wrested the bar away from Barnes after which he was taken to jail. He will be arraigned before Police Judge Frisette tomorrow morning. Estes will appear against him.

Estes lives in Norvell City Heights and Barnes came to town from a farm a few miles north of the Cape on the Bend road.

CHRIS STIVER WILL BUILD MODEL \$4,000 BUNGALOW

Building to Rise Beside Home of Maj. James F. Brooks on Jackson Road.

Chris Stiver, City Engineer, yesterday morning let the contract for the construction of a new \$4,000 bungalow which will embody a departure in bungalow construction in the Cape. The new home will be on the lot east of the present home of Maj. James F. Brooks, Mr. Stiver's father-in-law. Work will commence today.

The contract was given to W. W. Taylor and Sons, contractors and builders, and the home is to be completed within 90 days.

Mr. Stiver drafted the plans himself and made out the complete specifications for his home. He adapted a feature of the construction of the new High school building, in the erection of his bungalow.

Some of the outside walls of the High school building are of tile construction with a wall of brick—a brick veneer—outside the tile. Stiver has arranged to have the walls of his home made in the same fashion. It is said that the veneer with the tiles makes a better arrangement than solid brick.

The bungalow will have six rooms and bath, all finished in oak. It will be a story and a half high. The entire front part of the house will be made into a large living room with at one end, a large brick-mantled fire place.

The home will be on a lot 46 feet by 257. Workmen yesterday cleared the lot in preparation for starting the grading today.

Col. T. Jeff, Is Threatening To Snatch P. O. Job

Man Who Taught Vice-President Marshall How to "Figger," May Snatch the Position and Run.

S-h-h-h! Colonel T. Jeff Shorb is going to bat again!!

He is hankering to become postmaster of Cape Girardeau, and he informed friends confidentially yesterday that he virtually had a strangle hold on the position. It may get away from him, but he doesn't think so.

Col. Shorb is the man who taught Vice President Marshall to read, write and to "figger," and if that isn't enough to land a good fat job, then T. Jefferson's political judgment has slipped right off the Christmas tree.

The Colonel did not seriously consider making the race until he looked over the list of candidates. "If either of these men gets the place," he confided to friends, "then Democracy in this neck of the woods is going to be split up the spine."

He waited for several months, expecting that one of his close friends would become a candidate, but when none entered the race, he decided to capture the plum.

Col. Shorb's reasons for believing that his opponents would not make good postmasters, are: He is against Tom J. Juden because he says Mr. Juden copies Roosevelt and kisses all the babies he meets. Mr. Lewis would not help the Democratic party, Col. T. Jeff contends; and he considers D. A. Glenn too old. Dr. J. C. Vorbeck opposed Col. Shorb's candidate for mayor last spring, and for that reason the Colonel is determined to spike the physician's candidacy.

Col. Shorb contends that his training made a man of President Wilson's assistant. When Col. T. Jeff took charge of Tom Marshall, over in that little red Indiana school house, the future looked pretty hazy for the present Vice President. But Col. Shorb was determined to do what he could for the boy.

"This youngin' has something in him," was Col. Shorb's statement after he had been spreading information before young Marshall less than three weeks. "Yes, sir, this kid is a cookoo," remarked the Colonel after tutoring Marshall two months. At the close of one term in that "destrickt school," Tommy Marshall could read, write and "figger." Col. Shorb believed then that Tom Marshall could never forget what his teacher did for him in that term of school, and he is still under that impression.

A short time ago the Colonel dropped a few lines to the Vice President, just to rake up that old acquaintanceship and to mention incidentally that a vacancy was soon to occur in the postmastership here. "Anything you can do for the man who started you on the road to Washington will be appreciated by yours truly," was about the way the Colonel concluded his letter.

About a week later the Colonel received a letter from the United States capital. "Pretty soft," remarked the veteran contractor, as he began tearing the letter open. It began: "Mr. Thomas Jefferson Shorb." That "Thomas Jefferson" part gave the Colonel political standing. While the Vice President didn't say that he would "go to the front" for the Colonel he did say he was glad to renew the acquaintanceship, but that looks pretty good when put in black and white.

Col. Shorb is making what might be regarded as a home-spun race. He has kept his movements a secret in the past, but he hinted yesterday that he may decide to call upon Congressman Russell and whisper something into his ear that will decide the contest in the Colonel's home town.

But if he does, there'll be no brass band accompanying him, he said to publication.

SEEKS TO SELL LAND

Mann-Garanflo Truste Asks to Dispose of 200 Acres.

J. F. Gordon, cashier of the Commercial Bank of New Madrid, and trustee for the Mann-Garanflo Land & Lumber Co., which is in the bankruptcy court, yesterday filed a petition with United States Referee in Bankruptcy Oscar A. Knehan asking permission to sell 200 acres of land belonging to the bankrupt concern.

The land is situated in the Brainsage district and is considered very valuable. Knehan yesterday issued a call for a meeting of creditors of the Mann-Garanflo concern for August 31, when the sale proposition will be placed before them for their approval, before an order will be entered granting Gordon the permission.

NORMAL TO GET FIRE WATER MAINS

A. M. Tinsley Says Utilities Company Has No Idea of "Renigging"

The Missouri Public Utilities Company is not trying to evade the installation of high pressure water mains for the fire protection of the Normal school yesterday was the statement of A. M. Tinsley, local manager, following President W. S. Dearthmont's assertion that the company was trying to "get out from under" a part of its franchise stipulations.

Professor Dearthmont's statement was based on the written notice the utilities company sent to the Mayor and City Council, June 11, advising them that the school authorities had notified the water company city water no longer would be needed at the school after a system of wells had been completed there.

This notice from the school was used as a vehicle whereby the utilities company told the city it might become necessary to abandon the proposal to put in high pressure water mains to the school.

In the first place, the new franchise stipulates that the water system to be installed in the Normal school district was to be of a character that would give fire protection there.

The rights of way and easements on property were to be obtained for the utilities company by the city. To date these had not been asked or delivered. Most of the privileges would emanate from the Normal school itself.

Tinsley yesterday said the notice which stirred President Dearthmont was meant as a "bona fide request for permission to lay the mains."

He said the utilities company had no intention of abandoning the work.

"In fact," he said, "we have had the pipe ordered for that improvement since April 8. On April 4 I sent the orders to Mr. H. Wurdock, president of our company, and he approved them."

"The pipes were ordered at Birmingham, Ala., and are ready to be brought in here at any time. We have two car loads of pipe on the way here now."

"We would have been further along with the new mains had we not been delayed by inclement weather and mandamus proceedings we encountered that held us up for about three weeks."

Tinsley said he anticipated the commencement of work in the Normal school district very soon. He exhibited drawings showing where all improvements are being made and declared his company had done about half of the improving demanded by the new franchise.

The company has until February, 1916, to complete its work, he said. The installation of the high pressure service to the Normal school district, he said, would be done probably in October. The company hopes to have it finished at that time anyway, he declared.

President Dearthmont told a reporter for The Tribune that the assertion that the school would not need city water after completion of a well under course of construction, concerned only the supply of drinking water.

He charged that the notice of the Mayor and City Council was a misrepresentation of facts, in that it openly said such a well would do away with the necessity for the high pressure mains.

When Tinsley was asked about this part of his company's notice to the city, he said his company only had given the city such facts as they had.

He declared he was not sure that the school authorities meant only water for drinking purposes when they advised him of the coming installation of well water in the Normal school.

Pursuing the Normal school's fight to have the water franchise carried out, Russell Dearthmont and Allen Oliver, attorneys for the school, yesterday began an investigation of all the public records bearing on the situation.

SEAGRAVES CUTS TIMBER

H. and Partner Ship Walnut Logs to Memphis.

Deputy Sheriff W. J. Seagraves yesterday returned from Patton, Mo., in Bollinger County, where he and his partner, Henry Colett, of the Cape, have been directing the shipment of walnut logs to Memphis where they are sold for fine lumber.

Seagraves declared that he and Colett have shipped 14 carloads of the logs so far and have considerable more land to clear before they complete their job. The walnut trees cover a vast acreage of timber land. They are cutting the walnut from the other kinds of timber.

Walnut logs bring top prices and are much in demand, he said. Seagraves expects to be in the Cape all this week while the Court of Common Pleas is in session.

Judge and Mrs. Willer Hold 43rd Wedding Anniversary

Judge and Mrs. William Henry Willer Sunday celebrated the forty-third anniversary of their wedding nuptials which were held Aug. 22, 1872, at the old Engelmann homestead on North Middle street, a little north of Broadway.

The Judge, who is known to everyone in Cape County as the "veteran Justice of the Peace," has been living in his present homestead since 1853, when he came to the Cape with his father. He was a five-year old boy at that time.

Since his marriage he has been City Councilman, City Assessor and Squire, holding public office continuously from the year following his marriage.

The Judge and Mrs. Willer spent the day quietly at their home, greeting friends who passed their place, and in the afternoon, both talked with a reporter for The Tribune about their wedding and the Judge discussed changes that have taken place in the Cape, changes that have passed before his scrutiny in panoramic manner.

The Cape was a town of about 4,000 when the Judge was married. It was in the "steampoint" days after the war. The days of "wild-cat" banking in the Southwest.

"There was only one bank in the Cape then," the Judge remarked, "the Sturdivant Bank, and it was the financial power of Southeast Missouri."

"There were lots of banks in those days scattered around. A man had to carry a little book around with him to tell how much paper money was worth."

"Some banks over here in Illinois put out money that was worth about 50 cents on a dollar, some 25 cents, and some of them down in Tennessee weren't worth anything."

"A lot of that fractional currency still was passing around from the Confederate Government—'shin plasters,' we called them."

The Judge is 67 years old and Mrs. Willer is 63. He was born on a farm about 7 miles southeast of the Cape, June 29, 1848, and Mrs. Willer was born just over the line in Perry County, at a place known as Disson, on December 7, 1852.

The Judge says he recollects pretty well when his father moved to the Cape and took up the place now in Haagir, because it was Groundhog Day, Feb. 2, 1853. Mrs. Willer came to the Cape when she was 10 years old and lived at the place on North Middle street.

"Our wedding was a great event," Mrs. Willer related. "They don't have weddings like that around here these days, do they, Henry?"

"No, that's right, they don't," the Judge assured his spouse.

"There were more than 400 people there," Mrs. Willer went on. "People came from all over the city and county and it was a big event."

"Had eight kegs of beer" interpolated the Judge, "and the celebration kept up till about 4 o'clock in the morning."

"We all went to the church at 4 o'clock—the Lutheran Church—," Mrs. Willer continued as she smiled at the Judge's interruption.

"It was where the old tobacco factory used to be, round the corner here on Williams street."

"Rev. Pollack did the job," the Judge said. "What was his first name?"

"Gustave! Rev. Gustave Pollack," his wife told him.

"We had a big celebration on our silver anniversary," Mrs. Willer continued again. "There must have been 200 people there and the tables filled most all the front yard."

The Judge was a son of William Willer and he was named for his grandfather who died at the age of 88, a few years ago.

Mrs. Willer was Miss Helena Engelmann, daughter of Edward D. Engelmann, former Mayor of the Cape, and for 20 years Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas.

At the silver anniversary of the wedding, all the bridesmaids returned and all except one of the groomsmen were there. Judge William Paar, presiding County Judge at Jackson, failed to get in town for the celebration.

The bridesmaids were Sarah Engelmann, the bride's sister, Annie Holtz, Augusta Bohnsack and Amelia Rache. The groomsmen were Charles Allers, Henry Willer, the Judge's brother, who has been dead for two years, Otto Frederick, the jeweler, and Judge Paar.

In those days they didn't call 'em bridesmaids and groomsmen. They simply were the couples who "stood up" with the wedding couple.

A peculiar feature of that wedding was that three of the couples who "stood up" subsequently were married. Sarah Engelmann now is Mrs. Allers; Annie Holtz is Mrs. Willer, and Augusta Bohnsack is Mrs. Frederick. Amelia Rache married the late

Judge Joe Koehler, and Judge Paar, of course, was married.

In the year following the marriage, big things happened on April 7, 1873. The Judge's first son, Edward Willer, who now is assistant chief clerk for the Frisco at Chaffee, was born; Judge Willer, at the age of 25, was elected to the City Council for the first time, and his father-in-law, E. D. Engelmann, was elected Mayor of the Cape.

When he was married, the Judge ran a store in Haagir. All of his contemporaries in the City Council now are dead. There were only four Councilmen at that time.

The Judge yesterday recounted how Haagir got its cognomen.

"There were a couple Germans who just came from Haagir, Germany. One was Godfrey and one Christian Joerns, but they were not related to one another."

"They used to keep things going at a high pitch between them and everyone out here first called them the Haagir Joerns, then the locality where they had their places of business, up the street there, got to be known as Haagir."

"That was away back before the war."

The Judge served in the City Council for 13 years. He was City Assessor for 18 years and was elected Justice of the Peace for the first time in November of 1890. He never has failed of re-election since.

The Judge is as robust as ever. He prescribes regular hours for successful work. He goes to bed at 9 o'clock and arises regularly, winter and summer, at 4 in the morning.

Withal, however, his hair is growing white. It flows in even, undulations back from his forehead and his full beard and heavy mustache are silvery.

Mrs. Willer also is becoming silver-haired, but yesterday her voice and manner had all of the freshness and sparkle of youth.

The couple have three children in addition to Edward Willer: William F. Willer, known in the Cape as "Pottier," Fred and Henry Willer. Two daughters, Adelaide and Helena, are dead.

Both the Judge and Mrs. Willer commented on the changes in the times. A large black automobile passed noiselessly by the house on the paved street. The Judge looked up and remarked:

"I believe like the feller in the story—'The Lord made dumb animals as a beast for man, but those automobiles are an invention of the devil.'"

"No, sir. In those old days we didn't have any sidewalks and paved streets around here like we have now. You had to take a lantern on a dark night and walk, and it was walk through the mud if it was on a bad night."

The wings on the Court House were completed shortly before the Judge's marriage. Steamboats plied the river in far greater numbers than now and steamboat stocks sold for more than twice the face value.

There was just a dirt landing at the foot of Themis street instead of the cobble-stone levee of today. Once there was a wharf boat, but it didn't last long.

Mrs. Willer told how in those days before she was married and still was a pupil in the school, the teacher forced the class to go to see a man hung to a tree limb about a block and a half south of the Willer home on Middle street.

The man had killed an army officer. The girls in the class, of course, didn't want to witness the spectacle but the boys were anxious to get in on.

Mrs. Willer looked up just in time to see the man drop.

EXPLOSIVE CAPS ON CAR TRACK AROUSE OFFICER

Several scores of men and women on Good Hope street and in the moving picture theater in Haagir last night were startled by a mysterious "shooting" affray that took place about 9 o'clock.

Business men saw Patrolman Groce run down Good Hope street toward the theater and a crowd quickly followed him. Groce made record time to reach the front of the show house to catch the "gun man" in the act.

Three sharp reports had been heard just as a car passed down the street, and it was believed for a time the "fun man" might have escaped on the car.

On Groce's arrival, he was unable to find anyone injured with a bullet wound. His following similarly was baffled until someone who had been standing in front of the theater at the time of the "shooting" explained to the excited crowd that some humorist had placed three dynamite railroad caps on the car track.