

CAPE GIRARDEAU TRIBUNE

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"WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN."

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
 And you hear the kyooek and gobbe of the struttin' turkey-cock,
 And the cackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
 And the rooster's hallyloyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
 O, it's then the times a feller is feeling at his best,
 With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
 As he leaves the house, bare-headed, and goes out to feed the stock
 When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like about the atmsphere
 When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
 Of course we miss the flowers and the blossoms on the trees,
 And the rumbles of the hummin'-birds and the buzz'n' of the bees;
 But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze
 Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days
 Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
 When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty rassel of the tassels of the corn,
 And the raspin' of the tang'd leaves, as golden as the morn;
 The stonnie in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but still
 A preachin' sermons to us of the barns they grew'd to fill;
 The strawstack in the meeder, and the reaper in the shed;
 The hossa's in they stalls below—the clover overhead—
 O, it sets my hart a-tick'n' like the tickin' of a clock,
 When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

If the styles of trousers and coats changed as often as hats, the average man would invariably look like a last year's bird-nest.

Congressman Sloan says he is tired of the United States playing Santa Claus for the whole world. When the various nations get through plucking Uncle Sam he will resemble a shanghai rooster in the middle of the molting season.

We should like to hear some of Col. T. Roosevelt's private remarks to the home-folks about President Wilson's reception in France.

If a league of nations means that the United States must send an armed force to Europe every time anybody kills a duke, Uncle Sam had better not join the union.

THE ROCK LEVEE BRIDGE.

The destruction of the bridges over the drainage ditches last week, the third time during the present year, once more illustrates the urgent necessity of providing permanent spans. Under the drainage law, which has been upheld by the courts, the county must bridge these artificial streams. The movement to revise the drainage law and place the burden of bridge construction on the drainage district, may be successful and it may not. But nothing beneficial can be accomplished by delaying the work of constructing a permanent span until the Legislature has acted or refused to act.

It is the duty of the people in this township to provide bridges over the Rock Levee road, which is the only highway leading to this city from the counties to the south of us. The railroad bonds, which consumed a large portion of the township's income for a generation, have finally been liquidated and this township will now get approximately \$25,000 for good roads each year. If it is impossible for the Township Highway Commissioners to obligate the township for a sum sufficient to provide a bridge over the Little River Ditch, the Commissioners can appropriate all of the road funds due this township for one year in order to build a bridge that will resist the floods.

If this sum were spent and the Legislature eventually decided to amend the drainage law, the township could recover from the Little River Drainage District, the money expended on the bridges. It is certainly not to the credit of the township or the highway commission to permit present conditions to continue indefinitely.

The township has already squandered too much money on bridges over this canal without accomplishing anything. To build another cheap span that will be washed away in the spring is almost equal to embezzlement. The township commissioners should use every dollar of the coming year's income to provide the best bridge it can for the money and then invest a liberal portion of the township's income during the next few years to improve and add to the permanency of the structure. Cape Girardeau should cease to be longer soothed to sleep by the murmur of the wind. It has stood still for four years.

THE RAILROAD NIGHTMARE.

The recommendation of Secretary McAdoo that the railroads be taken over by the government for a period of five years does not bear out the statement made by President Wilson in his annual message to Congress. In referring to the railroads, the president said:

"The question which causes me the greatest concern is the question of the policy to be adopted toward the railroads. I frankly turn to you for counsel upon it. I have no confident judgment of my own."

In Secretary McAdoo's recommendation, he concludes: "The President has given me permission to say that an extension of time for turning back the railroads is the only practicable alternative and that this conclusion accords with his own view of the matter."

The agreement between President Wilson and Secretary McAdoo to recommend governmental control of the railroads for a period of five years after the war must have been reached before President Wilson delivered his message to Congress, because the President departed for Europe as soon as he concluded his message.

But it matters little whether the agreement was reached before Mr. Wilson addressed Congress or not, the one question is how long is the Government going to mismanage the railroads at an enormous loss to the people. According to a report given out last week in Congress, the Government will lose \$20,000,000 this year in operating the railroads in spite of the fact that the Government has arbitrarily raised the rates almost 25 per cent.

The railroads were taken over by the Government presumably for war purposes. It was denied then that they were taken over to make a test of government ownership. Can Congress take over the railroads in time of

peace simply for the purpose of experiment. The greatest lawyers in the United States say the Government must pay to the owners the full value of the railroads. Confiscation of private property in peace times would be an unusual procedure, and it would be a calamity just now. The financial burden placed upon the nation as the result of the war will not be liquidated during the next generation. The officials charged with managing the nation should seek to relieve rather than add to the burdens that the people must bear. Government ownership of railroads has proved a nightmare thus far, and if we can release our grip on the bear's tail, the sooner we can do so the better off the railroads and the nation will be.

Punishing War Makers

(By L. R. Johnson)

The stand that we see taken in some quarters against holding to a personal responsibility the men who directed and sanctioned the barbarous atrocities of this war will not commend itself to a majority of the American people. It is a futile argument to declare there was no precedent. We are not looking for a precedent. This war itself constitutes a precedent. Its mere reality is a phenomenon. The men who ordered and encouraged the countless savageries of which our souls have sickened, proved themselves pagans with conscience utterly devoid of moral instincts. Christian civilization stood against.

To meet the situation without precedent we proceed to create precedents. Precedent must be met by precedent and the precedent we create is the doctrine of personal responsibility, the doctrine that neither official position nor orders of nobility nor the person of royalty itself shall be considered any exemption for responsibility, for crimes that violate not only international laws of humanity, but the fundamental decencies of civilization. Germany in her brutalities created a precedent and civilization must stand prepared to deal with it, not by debasing retaliation but by invoking the equable majesty

of the law to which civilization itself bows. The spirit of the law as high as the ideals of man can conceive it, is personal punishment for the malefactor who sheds innocent blood. Shall men who murder or cause to be murdered women and children, who torture defenseless prisoners, who scoff at moral sentiment and jeer at mercy, shall they be permitted to shelter themselves behind the impersonal shield of war?

This feeling of pity for the enemy after the war, this sentimental concession, was to be expected and it must be fought with resoluteness. The justice to which we bow we cannot afford to allow others to violate. As a matter of fact the doctrine of personal responsibility for crimes of state runs through all history. Our English ancestors tried, condemned and executed Charles I for his resistance to democracy and tyrants have always lived in fear of personal vengeance. Our own Federal Government brought to trial and hanged the officer commander of Andersonville prison like a common felon on charge of inhumanity that were trivial to what this war has produced and had Jefferson Davis soiled his hands with a tinge of the cruelties of which the Kaiser has been guilty there is not a doubt that his life would have been forfeit.

Why The Buffalo Vanished

Everybody has heard about the buffalo and how numerous they were on the plains years ago, but to day there are not many men left who know from personal observation how these ungainly wild cattle bred.

Fifty years ago they migrated with the seasons up and down the country from Alberta to Mexico, west of the Missouri river almost to the Pacific coast, their principal range, however, being just east of the Rocky Mountains and extending to about middle Nebraska. Once they ranged clear east to New York at least, but that was before the white man came.

Sixty years ago they ranged the plains in many thousands and practically ceased to exist in 1885, except in Yellowstone Park and one or two other isolated spots where a few herd still survive, as in the case on the Plattehead river, where some of the Algonquin herd got away and into the mountain while enroute to Canada several years ago. In the old days the herds drifted north in the spring and south in the fall, following the feed, which grew with the season.

All the plains Indians depended on the Buffalo for meat, clothes, tepee coverings and about all else that they needed for every day life. Plenty of buffalo in the country meant happiness and plenty in the Indian camps, while lack of buffalo in the country meant starvation for the Indian except for what little meat he could get by hunting deer, elk and other such animals. Antelope usually migrated about the same time and along with the buffalo herds, so the Indians could not usually get antelope when he couldn't get buffalo.

One day the plains would be black with feeding thousands of the big humpbacked animals; the next day they might all begin to move south and they then would flow by a given point in a steady, living river of huge cattle; the next day it might be impossible to find a single animal within a day's ride. They came and went, drifting over the land as the feed and water conditions dictated. In summer they lived on the high, grassy plains of Montana, Saskatchewan, Alberta and the north, thousands and thousands of them. In the winter they drifted to the panhandle of Texas, Mexico and the arid Southwest.

Nowhere in the world has there ever existed, so far as man's knowledge runs, such an immense herd of magnificent food animals—yet we, as a nation, threw away this supply of beef by killing the herds for their skins. Think of it! And buffalo leather was about the poorest excuse for leather that ever was known, as it was porous as a sponge, though it would wear, if rightly tanned, like alligator hide.

The buffalo was a very methodical animal; if left undisturbed. Slow moving, stupid in a way, he asked nothing of life except that he be

given plenty of grass and water, and sunshine. Given these he would feed, then work his way by the easiest grade to the nearest water (and anything wet was water to a buffalo), drink, rest, feed, drink and rest never ending cycles from the day he was born to the day some Indian gathered him in and dried his flesh in the summer sun to eat when winter came.

Indians killed buffalo by the thousands at a time by running them over cliffs, (called "piskun" by the Blackfeet), but they never wasted any meat or hides. These big killings by the Indians were simply harvests of meat and skins which they took when they could from migrating herds, and cured to last until such time as the herds should drift back—but the Indian never wasted or killed needlessly.

The feeding habits of buffalo resulted in their moving over the same ground many times, therefore they made deep trails from water to feeding grounds, and these trails were always in the shape of a branching tree with the roots to the water and the tops or "limbs" stretching out on the ridges and feeding grounds.

By instinct the big animals followed a low, easy grade from the highest point of feeding grounds to water, and this grade was always maintained, so buffalo trails always looked as though they had been laid out by a civil engineer—there was never any abrupt rise or falls in any trail and they were always good roads to follow. Indeed the Union Pacific Railroad is practically "built on top of a buffalo trail" from Omaha to Ogden and somewhat beyond.

We've always hung about the herds readily to pull down sick or disabled animals. A wounded buffalo always went to water to die if he could so every water hole was surrounded with beached bones. They perished by thousands sometimes in crossing high or icy streams, but they came and went like the tides until the white man came and killed them needlessly as he does everything.

COW TESTING ASSOCIATION.

The county agent is making an attempt to organize a cow-testing association in his county. It will be necessary to find about twenty-five farmers who are interested enough in their cows to allow the tester to come to their farm one day every month and see their cows milked, and to weigh their milk and make a butter-fat test.

It is a fact that many farmers are milking cows that are not paying their way. The scales and the milk test is the only method of finding these slacker cows. The sooner they are taken out of the herd the better off will the owner be.

A Timely Hint



The Job Graft In Washington

(From the Congressional Record.)

Senator Smoot: I will suggest one thing that I think ought to be done, and done immediately; by every department of the Government. I am told that in some of the recently created bureaus there are today employed over 10,000 people, and I know of one of them as to which I stated upon the floor of the Senate the other day that the head of a division of the bureau told me that if he were allowed to select 40 per cent of the employees, and had the absolute right of directing their work, he would accomplish more than is accomplished now by the 100 per cent.

Mr. Thomas: The Senator made that statement a day or two ago, and I am very much surprised to hear it. I should like to ask the senator why the head of this bureau has not the power to do what he would like to do?

Mr. Smoot: Mr. President, the head of the division is not the one who directs the employment of the person under him.

Mr. Thomas: That is true of a person under him.

Mr. Smoot: They are sent to him by officials over him, and he is told to put them to work; and the head of this division says there are so many of them that they are in each other's way, and some of them never ought to be employed in any department of the Government as they are totally ignorant of the work that they are called upon to do.

Mr. Thomas: Mr. President, I think there is no doubt about that; and yet I am satisfied that there are bureau heads of which have ample powers both of employment and of discharge. That is the reason why I am surprised at the statement of the Senator. I fully concur in the statement so frequently made here that there are in this District perhaps 50 per cent more employees, so called, than are necessary. I do not think there is any question about it. The chances are—and I understand that they are organizing for the purpose—and that means political power—that an effort will be made to secure their permanent retention in office.

Mr. Smoot: That, Mr. President, is the danger we have to meet today.

Mr. Thomas: The chances also are that each of the great political parties will enter into that situation, because it will be a political asset.

Mr. Smoot: In answer to that suggestion, I want to say that, so far as I am concerned, I shall not be in the future approve of an appropriation unless it is shown to the members of the Appropriation Committee, and by them to the Senate, that it is absolutely necessary that the money be expended; and when a request is made for a horizontal increase of employees, as has been done in the past, I want to say to you that the first thing we ought to do is to go into an investigation of the request and find out whether they are needed or not.

Mr. Thomas: The Senator knows that a bill is now pending in the Senate which does that very thing—the so-called Nolan bill, which has passed the House. I am very glad to hear the Senator take that posi-

tion, because I am in full sympathy with it.

Mr. Penrose: Mr. President, I should like to call the attention of the Senator from Utah to a characteristic phraseology. On page 4 of the report of the committees, in the letter over the signature of Franklin K. Lane he says:

"A million or two dollars, if appropriated now, will put the work well under way."

It is a case of throwing around millions. It does not much matter whether they get one million or two millions in Mr. Lane's opinion.

Mr. Thomas: May I ask the Senator what the work is?

Mr. Smoot: Survey and classification of unentered public lands.

Mr. Penrose: It is an ingenious scheme to get money out of the Treasury for a very great purpose.

Mr. Thomas: It is not that purpose connected with the proposed homestead policy for soldiers?

Mr. Penrose: Yes; it is the bill that we are discussing, but it is so absurd for the Secretary of the Interior to say: "Give me a million or two million; one or two million will help along."

Mr. Thomas: The Senators know that in these days a million is not chicken feed when it comes to national appropriations.

Mr. Penrose: I am hopeful, now that the war is over, that it will not be chicken feed.

Mr. Thomas: I hope so, too.

Mr. Smoot: Mr. President, it took us a long time to learn to use the word "billions." Members of the Appropriation Committee would be discussing a question upon the floor, and it was next to impossible for any of them to use the word "billions," but we have got to using the word so flippantly and so often that nothing short of a billion has been thought worthy of consideration. As the Senator from North Carolina (Mr. Overman) suggests, if any member of the appropriations committee undertook to save a hundred thousand dollars he would be laughed at; and he might just as well have gone farther and said that a mere question of a million dollars was not worthy of a moment's passing thought.

Mr. President, we have got to return to normal conditions. A reconstruction is to take place. As I've said in public many times, I have not been afraid of the outcome of the war. Success to the arms of America and her allies was as sure as that the sun would rise on tomorrow. I have said that we would have no trouble raising money or enforcing laws and regulations during the time our armies were fighting the enemy of civilization; but I always had a fear as to our future after peace was declared.

"THE GRAY MAN OF CHRIST"

The religion of William Hohenzollern has been one of the most active topics of the whole war. It has only been in his very latest utterances that the German Emperor has not contented himself with himself as an equal, an abettor, or perchance a servant. One picture of the Kaiser sent out by the watchful Boswell, Karl Rosner, showed William in the act of communion, and we are distinctly told

that in that Belgian church with a waiting audience of German officers the worshippers never bent the knee.

There is a strong contrast between him and the figure the Los Angeles Times draws of his conqueror, Gen. Ferdinand Foch—"The Gray Man of Christ." "This has been Christ's war," says the Times, "Christ on one side, and all that stood opposed to Christ on the other side. And the Generalissimo, his supreme command of all armies that fought on the side of Christ, is Christ's man."

The Times brings forward the reminder that "it is the business of the newspaper to get at facts," and "if the fact is a supernatural nature, it is still the business of the newspaper to get them and to record them." When this was written the full pan of Gen. Foch's achievement had not been covered, but the end was then clearly in sight. We read:

"A California boy, serving as a soldier in the American Expeditionary Forces in France has recently written a letter to his parents in San Bernardino in which he gives as well as any one else could give, the answer to the question, we ask: "This American boy—Evans by name—tells of meeting General Foch at close range in France.

"Evans had gone into an old church to have a look at it, and as he stood there with bare head satisfying his respectful curiosity, a gray man with the eagle on a general on the collar of his shabby uniform also entered the church. Only one orderly accompanied the quiet gray man. No glittering staff of officers, no entourage of gold-laced aids, were with him; nobody but just the orderly.

"Evans paid small attention at first to the gray man, but was curious to see him kneel in the church praying. The minutes passed until three quarters of an hour had gone by before the gray man arose from his knees.

"Then Evans followed him down the street and was surprised to see soldierly salutes; this man in great excitement, and women and children stopping in their tracks with awestricken faces as he passed.

"It was Foch. And now Evans, of San Bernardino, counts the experience as the greatest of his life. During that three quarters of an hour that the Generalissimo of the allied armies was on his knees in humble supplication in that quiet church, 10,000 guns were roaring at his word on a hundred hills that rocked with death.

"Millions of armed men crouched in trenches or rushed across blood-drenched terraces at his command; generals, artillery, cavalry, engineers, tanks, fought and wrought across the map of Europe absolutely as he commanded him to do and in no other manner, as he went into that little church to pray.

"If young Evans could have followed the General to headquarters, where reports were waiting for him, and pews of victory upon victory was piled high before him, he would doubtless have seen a great gladness on the General's face, but he would have seen no look of surprise there. Young Evans, just an every day American boy, from under the shadow of O'd Gorgonia, spent nearly an hour with Foch in an old French church, and not even one bayonet was there to keep them apart.