

# THE MARBLE HILL PRESS.

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No. 12.

Get ready to attend Lutesville's biggest picnic to be given under the auspices of the Business Men's League

..Friday and Saturday, August 13 and 14..

Bigger and better than ever. Big free exhibition daily.

.....See program for attractions.....

## GET YOUR GUN!

(To Whom It May Concern)  
If you thirst for war my son,  
Get your gun, yes—get your gun;  
If you would have human life  
Perish in some cruel strife;  
Don't say other men should go,  
Start right out—the foremost row

When you think our wrongs have need  
That our citizens should bleed,  
Bleed and die for some great cause;  
Commerce, or for freedom's laws;  
Dash right off, and start the fun,  
Get your gun, sir—Get Your Gun!

When you would have war's mishap  
Push good men clear off the map,  
Place the nation under fire,  
Lose our dignity expire;  
Lead the rush yourself, my son,  
Get your gun, oh—Get Your Gun!

If you deem our president  
Is not wise in his intent,  
That he should do what he's told  
By each rotter young or old—  
Take the front then, no don't run,  
Get your gun, sir—Get Your Gun.  
—Emma N. Carleton, New Albany,  
Ind., in St. Joseph Observer.

## Southeast News.

Fredericktown Democrat-News.

Dave Underwood, one of the parties to the beer drinking at the depot three weeks ago, came in and paid his fine this week. Two or three of the party are said to have left the country.

Fredericktown Democrat-News.

Jacob Pettijohn and John Smith were arrested at Mine la Motte yesterday on a charge of beating a horse in an inhuman manner. They were brought to town and lodged in the county jail.

St. Francois county went "dry" last Saturday by 834 majority, and a private letter to a friend of THE PRESS says that if Parson-Congressman Meeker of St. Louis had made a few more "wet" speeches it is a cinch that every man in the county would have cast a "dry" ticket.

Bloomfield Vindicator.

In an altercation over a pail of beer at Kelso, seven miles northeast of Benton, at 9:00 o'clock Saturday night, Albert Blattel, 21 years old, son of a prosperous farmer, was fatally stabbed with a small pocket-knife. Leo Willman, 21, was arrested by Sheriff Ellis and Deputy Vincent Heisserer.

According to an article in the Cape Republican of July 14, Miss Myrtle Dunn will not teach in the public schools at the Cape the coming year. She will teach at Kirkwood where she will have a wider range of opportunities and the salary is \$25 per month better. Miss Dunn's friends here will be pleased to know of her preference, and hope for her a greater measure of success in her new field.

Ben E. Voelker, a prominent and well to do farmer of Perry county, was run over and killed by a Frisco passenger train the night of July 8, near St. Marys. He is supposed to have been under the influence of

liquor and laid down on the track. The engineer is said to have seen him, but thought his body was a piece of brown paper. He was horribly mangled. He leaves a widow and two sons and was 43 years old. *Dominican Prospector-News.*

Dr. M. M. Lane sent up to this office from Naylor Friday a big radish on which he engraved "Compliments of Naylor, Mo." It measured 17 inches in length. J. J. Seymore took a look at it and walked off down to his garden Saturday morning and returned with a radish of the same length and just about twice as big around. Seymore said to tell the Naylor people when they wanted to grow big vegetables to come to the hills.

Dominican Prospector-News.

Speaking of strawberries, and in the fear that if they are not spoken of now and then they will quit being thought of, it is announced that the southwest Missouri crop of that delicious little fruit amounted to \$400,000 worth. A Pierce City grower picked 335 crates, valued at \$808, from one acre. From six acres of land a Monett man shipped 1,458 crates for which he received \$2,903, and another Monett man grew 720 crates on four acres and was paid for them \$1,421. The average prices over the territory were from \$2.18 to \$2.25 per crate. No price was less than \$1.65 per crate.

Bloomfield Vindicator.

Sheriff George Barham brought John Nelson to this city Monday from Parma where he had been apprehended on a charge of stealing horses. The charge had been hanging over his head for three years, but he had succeeded in evading the law until last week when he returned to Parma to bury his sister, Mrs. Thos. White. The Parma city marshal, who was on the look-out for him, notified Sheriff Barham, who immediately went after his man. Nelson was lodged in the city jail over Monday night and taken to Poplar Bluff Tuesday. The prisoner protests his innocence of the charge.

A Benton, Mo., special to St. Louis Republic, dated July 18, says: "Howard Levan, a restaurant man at Blodgett, eight miles east of here, suspected of peeping through the windows of the residence of M. V. Harris, cashier of the Blodgett bank, was publicly whipped Thursday by angry men and ordered to leave town." Levan was first run down by a blood hound and confronted by the testimony of eye witnesses to his contemptible conduct. Levan is married, too, according to the *Sikeston Herald*. We do not believe in mob law, but this fellow certainly got just about what he needed.

A Charleston special to the St. Louis Republic, dated July 19, says: "The banner wheat crop, which has just been harvested, and the pros-

pects for a record-breaking corn crop, have caused a demand for automobiles never dreamed of in this county. The local dealers are having trouble in supplying the demand for cars and the allotment of more popular cars has long been sold and many orders are held for future delivery. It is significant that a large per cent of the new buyers are farmers of Mississippi county who are experiencing a most prosperous year."

## The Frightful Money Cost of War

Drop entirely the awful cost of the present war in life and suffering, says the *St. Joseph Observer*, and just for a moment think of the financial cost.

If the war runs well into its second year it is estimated that the British national debt will be increased to ten billions of dollars, with annual interest charges of \$450,000,000.

That sum is so stupendous that it is difficult for the human mind to comprehend it. When the expenses for war purposes of other nations are added, the imagination cannot conceive what the burden upon mankind will be, or how it will ever be lifted. There is one thing in regard to Great Britain, however, that should be taken into consideration and that is that this enormous British debt will not all have to be paid by the subjects of that nation. England is financing the war for all of the allies except France. She has made advances to Serbia, her own colonies, to Russia and to Italy, all of which will be paid back, that is, if these war debts are ever paid. There is a growing belief in the highest financial circles that they never will be paid, except in depreciated money.

Some writers point out that this debt will rest wholly upon the eastern hemisphere, while the countries of the western hemisphere will be free from the awful burden. They say the result will be that the western hemisphere will move forward and become the controlling part of the world, while the nations of Europe will gradually decay, just as some of the great nations of antiquity decayed under the burdens of conquest and war. These writers, however, fail to take into consideration the tremendous advancement of the industrial arts and the recuperative power that lies in them, which has been made during the last hundred years. If there were no steam, no electricity, no water power and the people of the different nations were in the same condition that they were at the end of the Roman empire, then there might be another eight hundred years of "dark ages," before a renaissance would appear. The punishment of mankind for war will be terrible, but is hardly likely to be so severe as some men predict.

## Selecting Blue Ribbon Winners

Work in judging local fairs in southeast Missouri has shown that exhibitors are improving rapidly in getting their exhibits together and displaying them.

Beginners often make the mistake of thinking that the biggest is the best. If the premium calls for the biggest, then we must select by weight and size, but the biggest potatoes and apples are not the best. Medium sized, smooth potatoes command the highest price and the big apples are often coarse and tasteless. Weight is important, but no more important than uniformity, color, shape and freedom from blemishes. A very good score card could be made for both grain and vegetables by giving 20 points to each of the above as follows:

Weight	20
Uniformity	20
Color	20
Shape	20
Soundness	20
Total	100

These relative values are changed for each exhibit. That is, color in apples is more important than in potatoes, etc. In general, uniformity is the most important, making second place only to the growing of as nearly a perfect crop as possible.

If you have not already done so, get premium lists now and give special care to the things you intend to exhibit.

—Semi Bascock,  
Department of Agriculture, State Normal School, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

## May Be Best Milk Cow in Missouri

What is believed to be the best three-year milk record ever made by a Missouri cow has just been completed by Carlotta Pontiac, a Folsom, owned by the dairy department of the University of Missouri.

Carlotta Pontiac has made an average yearly production for these three years of 22,658 pounds of milk. During the last year she produced 21,743 pounds, the year previous 21,719 pounds, and 24,514 pounds the first year. Her first year's record is within a hundred pounds of the amount of milk given by the present holder of the world's record for butter production, a cow owned by a dairyman at Findern, New Jersey.

"This is a remarkable three-year record," said W. M. Regan, instructor in dairy husbandry, "and there is little doubt but what it is the best ever made in the state."

The three years of butter production were as follows: 900 pounds the first year, 827 pounds the second year, and 777 pounds for the last year.

Carlotta Pontiac is 12 years old. She was bred and raised on the University farm.

## Let Them Browse

The Buchanan county farmer can

now feel happy—for he has the goods—he has big alfalfa fields.

When Farmer Smith meets Farmer Jones at the line fence, and Jones is feeling blue, Smith will not say, "Come on, cheer up. The worst is yet to come."

He will say, "Too bad, Jones, that you got fired. Go eat some alfalfa!"

Alfalfa, it has been discovered, is a true cure for blues. Not only that, but as an appetizer it has all other ingredients shoved off the platter. Brown will have company for dinner. If it is company he likes to see happy and hungry, he will take them out into his alfalfa patch and let them browse.

Alfalfa will also be taken on ocean liners to bring back appetites and life to the sea-sick.

Dr. Alexander L. Blackwood of Chicago, at the American Institute of Homeopathy, said seventeen men, after taking preparations from alfalfa, grew hungry, their minds grew clear and bright, their bodily functions were stimulated and it was impossible to have the blues.

Regarding this, it seems a shame that alfalfa has been confined to stock. To many farmers this will explain the voracious appetites of their fattening stock. Farms in Missouri where alfalfa is grown may now be expected to climb in price. School students, to ward off torpidness, will carry a pocketful of alfalfa. Long sermons can be made vitally interesting by an occasional nip of the stimulating weed. Indigestion will be only a hated memory and "blue Mondays" will drift into history, if the professor's statements prove true.

While possessing the same stimulating qualities, he said, alfalfa is not as harmful as whiskey. Therefore, haymows will take the place of barrooms and mint beds will give way to alfalfa patches in every back yard.

Truly, to the westerner who is accustomed to seeing big, fresh patches of alfalfa, Dr. Blackwood brings good news.—*St. Joseph Observer*

## Obituary

Mrs. Caroline Mathilda Genovefa Schrock, relict of the late Anton Joseph Florin Schrock, died at the home of her son Berthold Schrock, near Scopus, July 17, 1915, at the advanced age of 97 years, 8 months and 3 days.

Mrs. Schrock was born on November 14, 1817, at Neurode, Silesia, Germany. She and Mr. Schrock were united in marriage February 7, 1843. They emigrated to America in 1852, and came to Missouri in 1860, and settled near Marble Hill and hewed their home out of the forest, and here they reared their children, all of whom are still living. Since the death of her husband, which occurred June 8, 1900, Mrs. Schrock had made her home with

her eldest son Berthold near Scopus, where she passed to the great beyond. Her maiden name was Ruffert.

Mrs. Schrock leaves to mourn her departure, four sons and three daughters: Berthold, Scopus, age 71 years; Charles, Cape Girardeau, 69; John, Morley, 61, and Albert, Marble Hill, 55; Corilla Brodman, Cape Girardeau, 65; Mary Kump, Burfordville, 63, and Hedwig Schwartz, Leutner, Mo., 59, also thirty-six grandchildren and sixty-seven great-grandchildren.

Her remains were laid to rest in the Bieller cemetery in the presence of many relatives and friends.

Funeral.

## Much More to the Point

"Dorothy, why were you away from school yesterday? Was it on account of the inclemency of the weather?"

"No! It was because it rained," answered Doc.

The editor of *The Times* down in Pike county, casting an anxious glance in the direction of Berlin and an angry look at the railway guide on his desk, suggests that Jefferson City ought to be the capital of the nation. Then, in case of war, no enemy could ever capture it, for the reason that it never could get there.—*St. Joseph Observer*

The most surprised woman in the United States was Mrs. Bruce of Independence, when she went out to feed her chickens the other morning. The night before she heard the chickens complaining and fired her shotgun in the general direction of the chicken house. The next morning she found the body of a negro lying dead in the yard.—*St. Joseph Observer*

## Will Learn More Later

The boy today who thinks his "dad" is a back number and the girl who is ashamed of her mother probably never dropped corn three grains in a hill for the old man to cover with the hoe, or helped the old lady gather a mess of beans out of the garden in her apron. Times seem to change, and you may, young man or young lady, be a back number with the next generation.—*St. Joseph Observer*

## Refused to Be Mined

"This world war," said a famous raconteur, "has penetrated everywhere. It has even penetrated into the vocabularies of our children."

"I know a man who wanted to give his little boy a dose of castor oil concealed in raspberry preserves. But the little boy refused the delicious preserves suspiciously."

"Why," said the father, "why have you taken such a sudden dislike to your favorite preserves?"

"Because they're mined," the boy answered.—*St. Louis Times*