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NOW MOAN AND GROAN, CALAMITY HOWLER!

For You Are a Pest and a Fabricator and Your Reprehensible Avocation is Gone

No More Can You Shout That the Democratic Administration Has No Work for Unemployed.

Take down your shingle, Mr. flat-mouthed leather lunged calamity shrieker—pack up the furniture—close the office door and fade away to the prairies—for the sun of prosperity is rising and your avocation is gone.

Better still go and get one of the jobs and go to work for once and earn an honest living—that will do some little toward bringing you back within the pale of respectability—from which through your deceit, reckless slander and lying words you have been banished. Go to work and earn an honest living—and be once more—a man.

Ever since the Democratic administration took the reins of government you have kept yourself in the limelight and bled, jeered and exulted because the tremendous conflict began in the Old World and cut down the revenues of Uncle Sam, and the same score added to other uncontrollable conditions put many men out of work—you yelled that this unemployed state was caused simply from the fact that Woodrow Wilson was president—didn't you?

Well then if that is the case, how does this strike you, especially when it is printed in every Republican daily paper in the country and it comes to them through the medium of your own Republican Associated Press? Read it and then tell us what you think before you slink out into the shadows of the gloom that you have created and disappear with its fast fleeting vapors—as you should:

Here Is the "Medicine."

Chicago, April 8.—Employment agents in many cities between Chicago and Denver have been asked to supply ten thousand unskilled laborers for railroad work, it was announced here today. The Burlington will put two thousand men to work in May 1, and the Union Pacific four thousand by June 1. The Rock Island, Missouri Pacific and Northwestern systems are named as seeking the other four thousand.

Because of expected heavy tourist traffic, hundreds of miles of tracks and roadbeds are to be put into the best possible conditions and many miles of sidings are being constructed to take care of the extra number of trains.

And More Is to Follow.

And this is not all—there are hundreds of manufacturing plants that are now arranging to put on double and thrice as much force as they are now employing—the steel and iron industry is asking for more men—1800 men were added to the daily payroll at Indiana plant Thursday as an instance—and from all over the country come the same report—business is waking up—men are wanted.

Right here in St. Joseph there is demand for labor for the farm and dairy. The state free employment agency has more calls for farm labor than it can fill—and yet men complain that they cannot get work. The trouble is that the fellow who now complains that he cannot get work is the fellow who will only work indifferently, if he can pick his job—if not, he won't work.

And then again, it is as certain as fate that this will be a great year. The European conflict will soon end and with its cessation will come a demand for help to work our manufactories and industries such as never before has been known.

Stand aside, Mr. Calamity Howler, and let General Prosperity enter.

VETERINARIANS' BANQUET.

Tenth Annual Dinner at Hotel Robidoux Given Class of 1915.

The banquet rooms of the Hotel Robidoux was the scene of a brilliant gathering Wednesday evening, when over 125 persons gathered by special invitation of the St. Joseph Veterinary College to attend the tenth annual dinner of the school and to do honor to the 78 members of the 1915 class of the institution.

Dr. F. M. Cahill acted as toastmaster and compared the first banquet of twelve years ago with only eighteen students to that of this year with seventy-five students.

Dr. Burton R. Rogers, dean of the college, made a pervent, logical talk in which he reviewed the work of the college, its trials and discouraging features prior to the ——— that has recently come as the result of kindly sentiment, the awakening of the city to the importance of the college and the timely financial aid of a few stalwart citizens, backed by Claude Madison. Dr. Rogers beamingly announced that owing to the friends the school had made that it had pulled out of the difficulties and a movement is now on foot that will result in the building of a modern college, second to none in the middle west, and of which St. Joseph can feel proud, the building to be completed in time for the next school year. We may add, in passing, that but for the indomitable spirit of perseverance of Dean Rogers, assisted by Dr. R. C. Moore, this would never have been possible.

Dr. Moore, one of the foremost veterinarians of the country and while president of the Kansas City college built up that splendid school and erected a building that will ever stand as a monument to his brains and energy—in response to much praise of himself on the part of Dean Rogers and others, modestly waved aside the bouquets and got down to facts and figures, and stated that St. Joseph offered the best natural advantages for a great veterinary school and that future years would verify him in the statement and that he was glad to cast his lot here and help in the work.

M. O. Anderson, head of the government inspectors at the packing houses, Eugene Ernst, president of the Commerce Club, Claude Madison and others made short talks.

Now it is up to St. Joseph and we feel that her enterprising citizens will give what support is necessary to the completion of the college building and maintaining and encouraging and assisting this enterprise that means much to the city.

Last night at the Scottish Rite Cathedral the tenth annual commencement exercises of the college was held and an elaborate program was carried out.

SHORT THAT MUCH CASH.

Not Enough Money on Earth to Pay Chain of Letters Claims.

The old "chain of letters" idea is being invoked to raise funds for European Red Cross work. A Hamilville man received such a letter numbered "27" the other day, asking him to send a dime to headquarters and write to four friends numbering their letters "28." Being of a mathematical turn of mind, he figured it out that if the "chain" had not been broken, up to him, there would have already flowed into the Red Cross coffers the sum of—now take a long breath—$1,000,000,000,000,000,000—one sextillion, five hundred quintillion dollars. Can you conceive of any such a sum?—no, you can't for there is no such thing.

There is not this much money in the world in hard portable cash.

"QUIT YOUR JOSHING."

That Is What Mary Tumulty Told President Wilson.

Washington, April 8.—Mary Tumulty, eldest daughter of the secretary to the president, was 13 years old last night. President Wilson called her on the telephone at night to offer birthday felicitations.

"This is President Wilson," he said. "I want to congratulate you."

"Quit your joshing," responded little Miss Tumulty.

When Mr. Wilson insisted that it really was the president she sent back an incredulous

"Oh, go on."

Secretary Tumulty got to the telephone in time to avert further embarrassment.

HOW PERFECTLY LOVELY.

It is to Spend Sunday in a Quiet Kansas Town.

The pleasures of spending Sunday in reform Kansas towns is one that must be experienced to be appreciated. No doubt there are some whom it would just suit, but there are others who—— But to shorten the prelude just a trifle it is well that the following letter received by this paper from a well known traveling salesman who resides in St. Joseph and represents one of its largest wholesale houses, tells all the joys of a Sunday in Kansas in his epistle which says:

"Sunday afternoon in the western part of Kansas, in a town of ten thousand souls, isn't the most thrilling thing in the world, but it has one very distinct advantage over some other places in that one has plenty of time to think, write letters or otherwise occupy himself without the disturbing intrusions of absolutely anything outside of himself. Kansas is a state of laws, several of them strange, quite a few unique and a good many that are utterly foolish. Among the foolish ones, the most absurd, in the opinion of a traveling salesman, is that which makes picture shows and all other places of public entertainment (except the churches) keep themselves closed throughout Sunday. Last Sunday in Wichita a Miss Woodson, an English pianist, was advertised to play in conjunction with some symphony orchestra, to the local "opery house." I had heard about her good performance in Kansas City, and so at the appointed hour I strolled over and had in mind spending an hour of so very pleasantly. But twenty minutes later I came to the conclusion (aided and abetted by one of the Kansas laws) that I'd rather get along without my musical treat. The "beauty and chivalry" of Wichita rolled into the welcoming portals of said temple of music, but when I, modest, and becomingly aesthetic, attempted to purchase my admission, I was informed that to sell tickets on Sunday was agin the law. I suggested that I subscribe for membership to the club under whose auspices this female piano stretcher was to perform, but again I was told that membership could be obtained only on week days.

"Then, in desperation, I told the man at the door that I was related to Miss Woodson, and simply had to hear her play—that I owed it to our family pride. He said of course I should have told him that at first, "it would have saved time." He said he would speak to Miss Woodson's husband at once, and undoubtedly it would be arranged so that I might listen to Miss Woodson practice at her hotel the following morning—but as for getting into that recital, I might just as well "get along and peddle my papers," for there was nothing stirring.

"I went over to the drug store (it stays open—the drug stores in Kansas never close), bought a nice little twenty mouth organ, and up to my room I had a real musicale, and while some more did try to get into my room, every pounding on the door, I told them it was "agin the law" to let them in. I was safe that way.

"This morning, in company with a friend, I went to Sunday school, now a Bible class and church. I'm told that the young people's meeting brought at 8 o'clock is a "regular dinger," and as I don't want to miss any of Newton's excitement, I'll be there."

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY.

Here Are the Dire Things That She Promised Should Happen.

A Maryville subscriber who evidently is figuring on the future asks that Mother Shipton's prophecies be reproduced. They were first printed in 1481 prior to the discovery of America and it might be well to—passing that all events predicted have happened with the exception of that predicted to the last two lines. Here is her predictions:

Carriages without horses will go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.

Around the world thought shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.

Waters shall yet more wonders do,
Now strange, yet shall be true.

The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at root of tree.

Through hills man shall ride,
And no horse nor ass be at his side.

Under water man shall walk,
Shall talk, shall sing, shall talk.

In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.

Iron in water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.

Gold shall be found (mid alone,
In a land that's now unknown.

Fire and water shall wonders do,
England shall at last admit a Jew.

And this world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

SECRETARY GARRISON NOT HUNTING PROHIBITION.

Washington, April 8.—When Secretary Garrison's views were sought today on the subject of prohibition in the army, he said he was so busy placating a reorganization of the country's military defenders that he had not even considered what he would "prohibit" when he had brought the army up to what he thought its proper size. To introduce a "dry" order into the army regulations at present, Mr. Garrison said, "would be like taking a bottle from a baby."

THE ADVICE OF AN ENGLISH PHYSICIAN

A MORE TOLERANT SPIRIT MORE APPROPRIATE TO CONDITION S

IS A MOST EXTRAORDINARY STATEMENT

He May Have Exposed Himself to the Criticism and the Condemnation of His Fellow Practitioners, For His Ideas and the Frank Expression of His Views, But While so Doing He Has Established the Fact That He Had Courage and Was Not Afraid to Express His Convictions.

An English physician, at a recent medical conference, advises his fellow practitioners to exercise a more tolerant spirit toward Christian Science, which "has come to stay," and may some day become "not only the universal religion but the universal healer."—An extraordinary statement from an orthodox physician whose training has led him so far away from the principles upon which Christian Science is founded as atheism is remote from accepted orthodoxy.

That Christian Science will endure, no one who has observed its development will deny, though doubtless there are those who find it difficult to bring themselves to admit it, much less believe. It is not essential that its numerical strength should assess with its growth, since authority is not necessarily expressed in numerals, though even in that respect it perhaps compares proportionately with any of the established denominations. Indeed, one of its most cherished safeguards is the care exercised by admission to membership, and one of its strictest injunctions the discouragement of proselyting.

Of Their Own Free Will.

In other words, the man or woman who becomes a Christian scientist does so of his or her own free will. He or she must be convinced of the truth taught by Christian Science, and give demonstrate a knowledge thereof before being duly accepted and given standing as a member. There will be unusual effort made to attract indifferentists, no specious methods resorted to to the hope of a great harvest. To the Scientist all religion has its place in the world, everything that is, is right, and this believing, other beliefs are safe from molestation. Nor in all Christendom can there be found greater tolerance.

Christian Science will endure, not simply because of the principles upon which it rests, but because of the effect of those principles upon those who profess it. Nor is its power to beat the tools the secret of its success, though that is a potent factor, rather is it the sense of spiritual security imparted to its adherents, remarks the San Jose Mercury Herald. One may be prejudiced to the point of indignation against the claims of Christian Science, some may attribute its success to a form of hypnotic suggestion, and still others contend it is wholly mental, yet the fact remains that the adherents of no cult or religion manifest the same degree of enthusiasm, the immovable faith in the fundamentals of their religion and the unbounded optimism in their outlook upon life and its vicissitudes.

Its Roots Planted Deep.

Strip Christian Science of its health and spiritual claims, endeavor its doctrine hold upon what it contends is the truth, call it hypnotic suggestion or any lure that may be suggested, and you have still left the most vital word in our common language, namely, toleration. Without it no religion is worthy of the patronage of intelligent men and women, no sect is capable of representing human delinquency. It teaches the infallible truth that with in every human soul is the germ of divine power which under development define human limitations and makes all things possible. This truth every man recognizes every hour of the day, his triumphs and defeats proclaim it, his yearnings for light and learning indicate it, his joys and sorrows, infallibly due to his spiritual condition, whatever it may be, leave no doubt of it.

No, we cannot agree with the view that Christian Science is doomed to failure. Its roots are planted too deep to be cut away and destroyed, either by other beliefs or the antagonism of individuals or professions. It has enough truth to warrant its permanent archorage, and enough accomplishment to keep fresh and powerful its appeal to mankind.

The English physician may have exposed himself to the anathema of other physicians, but his courage and thoughtfulness deserve commendation.—From Marysville (Cal.) Appeal.

LET HIM STAY RETIRED.

Victor Murdock, the Red-Headed, a Failure as a Democratic Killer.

What Victor Murdock says about the murder of John H. McManus in the City of Mexico is worth thinking about. "McManus was killed," he says, "because he was gringo, because he was American. And he died with the American flag flying above him and believing with his last breath in its potency. He would have fought for it; he expected it would fight for him. But the greaser Indians who murdered him do not believe in the flag or its potency. They have lost their respect for it. Glutted with disorder, drunken with anarchy, and with a barbarian hoodoo that has fattened on a long period of diplomatic timidity and namby-pambyism, the greasers are showing all the hell that was in the Spaniard and all that was native to the Indian. We handled Weyler and we handled Aguinaldo. And the day is here to handle the greaser. And incidentally it might be remarked here that when we get all of that it will not be much more than an Apache job."—Kansas City evening paper.

That is what Victor Murdock, the red headed Kansas Republican publicist and leader, Bull Moose, has to say—and it would come from an editor of such a narrow minded creature such as he would use talk every Kansan knows and fail in order to get into office from which to be now forever retired.

Why does this red headed Kansas freak not tell the truth and say that Mr. Wilson is not at fault and that the place of showing cowardice as to Mexico has participated are almost unprecedented work and keep the country out of war and the slaughter of our men and boys? Why does this red headed calamity howler not say that all that ails him is that all of the Kansas "F" lies whom he was in line to affiliate with have now this have discovered what a poor stick he was in congress, dropped him like a hot potato? Why does he not tell the truth and acknowledge that he is a calamity howler for what there is in it?

And why does he not give the Mexican the benefit of the fact that civil war is now demanding that carrancistas and that men will get killed? And why does he not say that McManus had shot and killed three Mexicans before he had himself shot and cut down Mexicans friends because they fought?

And why does he not tell who Mr. Marion did not shoot and of Mexicans who was killed by the United States government when shooed off of the American Indian "native heath"?

He does not because McManus was there to get Mexican dollars and helped to have the United States to allow him to remain there and protected by Mexican soldiers.

Murdock is a screamer and howler to the excited crowd who is not and repudiated by his own people. Would to his place and power destroy all are now in utter standing, with special reference and hatred to the administration and to the Democratic party which has saved thousands of lives and millions of money by not being drawn into a useless and unnecessary war with Mexico in order that the gain income, the job hunters and the office seekers in the latter class to which he belongs might rear reward for themselves through the medium of military tears and orphans' wails.

GEORGE ALLEN LIVES THERE.

This is a Hard Record for a Real "Dry" Town.

Our new George Allen—brother of Punch Judge Allen, Cook County—no does Sam Carson and several other prominent St. Joseph boys. Can it be possible they are to be so misinformed by the Herald?

Bellingham, Wash., April 8.—In the trial of one L. S. Mason, on an assault charge in the superior court here the defendant raised a flurry of amusement in his examination. Mason said his business was gathering empty bottles. He said he had been operating in Bellingham, but was advised to shift to Bellingham, a dry town. He said he did so, and soon after his arrival here he made a shipment of fourteen tons of "dead soldiers" picked up in alleys and divers places about the city.

AS SUNG BY LEW GARBERT

Said a friend to a Bowdoin-loving Zibbie:

"Go back home and fight out and don't quibble.

The war needs a lot
Of men to stay shot."

But the Bowdoin replied: "Teh ka bibble."

WALL STREET HAS SURRENDERED

AND NOW IT WANTS TO JOIN THE ENEMIES WHO WHIPPED IT.

HAS RECOGNIZED CONDITIONS AND REPENTED

That Great Aggregation of Note Shavers and Money Changers Who for Two Generations Had Under Republican Rule Controlled the Country, Has Seen the Light and Now in the Days When Its Advisers See That There is no Chance to Stop the Onward Sweep of Democratic Prosperity, Come and Knock for Admission to the Party Which Has Made This Prosperity Possible.

"If you don't lick 'em, join 'em," is evidently by the old darkey preacher when he told his flock what to do with their enemies, has a new interpretation in the minds of the Democratic party, for always fought, has recognized conditions and quit fighting what Democrats have always contended for, and now Wall street actually wants to "join 'em." It would be treat to, for Tuesday, as its spokesman says, they note signs of prosperity the same beginning under Democratic rule which as this country has never yet known. And they see it so strong to and so firmly that break into that prosperity they must. It is their own.

And Republicans Wall street, which always horrifyingly has called the Polk and states under its own tutelage to this condition and is not found after the calamity howler—think of that!

When the last week in March came the New York stock exchange became once more an open market. All restrictions on trading were removed by the establishment of the minimum prices on stocks which were put up to protect the recreations in business last December.

It would be impossible to deal in money in the usually concerned in these bids. And if New York finds from Wall street there is no fear to generally recognized by the press of the country as to their position of a wages that indicate to immediate and widespread that Uncle Sam Kinney expressed. Try example the New York Sun says:

Took Up at the Shining Sun.

"The conditions of this unlimited introduction prices and the discharge of the market a positive confirmation of the exchange's old wide confidence.

"As the New York stock exchange was the last of the world's great bourses to close its doors eight months ago, so it has been the first to restore an open and free market for securities. Nothing could better advertise the country's economic strength than the open market for American securities which now exists. It is Wall street's vote of confidence in conditions and prospects and the entire business community cannot fail to interpret it as an encouraging invitation to a return to general confidence."

Did you get that?

"Wall street's vote of confidence in conditions and prospects." "An encouraging invitation to a return of general confidence." And this admission from the New York Sun!

A western newspaper of somewhat more liberal tendencies but, like the Sun, Republican, is equally frank and its tone is just as cheery. Reference is had to the Chicago Herald, which says:

Listen to the Herald's Warble.

"The fears during the early weeks of the war that Europe would dump our securities on us in quantities far beyond our power to absorb—thus creating a panic and financial havoc on all sides—has some like a dream. The complete closing of the stock exchange has already taken its place as a detached historical fact, without present significance.

"And now, with the force prevailing of minimum trading prices adopted December 12 in order to prevent a rush to unload those securities in the reopened stock exchange, has gone to join the more drastic provision that preceded it. It is no longer necessary. The country has found its financial moorings and feels confident of its position.

"The removal of this minimum trading price is, of course, a sure result of cast and beneficial causes. Behind it we see the substantial evidence of returning business and prosperity. The trade balance is growing to enormous proportions. America has become the world market and the nations are eager to buy its product.

"Truly it is a far cry to August 1, 1914! Americans, you and all have reason to be thankful for it and to face the future with renewed courage and confidence."

Getting Up Steam Everywhere.

Confidence in Wall street is not a mere partisan shout, confidence we all. Which would be heard of merely hopes. It is a reflection based on assured facts. Everywhere the country indicates and [illegible] are getting up steam. Not to speak the railroads are [illegible] eyes and greeting the world [illegible] Atlantic [illegible].

The Chicago [illegible] Herald that on April 1 [illegible] pads Steel [illegible] open hearth furnaces [illegible] national Steel Corporation [illegible] employment [illegible] the Joliet and [illegible] mills, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]