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WILSON WINS GREAT VICTORY TOWARD PEACE WITH HONOR

The War Clouds Have Been Brushed Aside and the Sun Shines Again

His Stupendous Achievement the Diplomatic Triumph of the Age

President Wilson has scored an achievement which has no parallel in the history of the last generation.

It is an achievement which places him at the head of the world's diplomatic class.

It is an achievement such as the world views with wonder—and with thankfulness.

It is an achievement such as puts to the blush the stereotyped excuse of those who do not possess the qualities such as those possessed by America's great president, "It can't be done."

It is an achievement which humanity will bless—every mother, every father, every son and every daughter—for it removes the horrible spectre of devastating, destroying war.

It is an achievement more grand than any other through the fact that it has brought peace with honor.

The Triumph of Genius

President Wilson has been successful in his demands upon Germany, and that great nation has agreed that there shall be no more sinking of American ships by the submersibles of that power. The whole world scoffed at the idea that President Wilson could secure such a concession without force—but he did—and it is now an accomplished fact.

And the proof lies in the following communication from the German ambassador, Count Von Bernstorff, who on Tuesday submitted to the state department the reply of the German government to the United States note—and it is made in writing—and is not verbal. The German government readily agreed to put it in that form in order that there could be no mistaking its purport, and that there could be no discussion as to its import and meaning. And here is the text as delivered by Count Von Bernstorff, and accepted by the president and the state department:

Count Von Bernstorff's Letter

My Dear Mr. Secretary: With reference to our conversation of this morning, I beg to inform you that my instructions concerning our answer to your last Lusitania note contain the following passage:

"Liners will not be sunk by our submarines without warning and without safety of the lives of non-combatants, provided that the liners do not try to escape or offer resistance."

Although I know that you do not wish to discuss the Lusitania question until the Arabic incident has been definitely and satisfactorily settled, I desire to inform you of the above because this policy of my government was decided on before the Arabic incident occurred.

I have no objection to your making any use you may wish of the above information.

I remain, my dear Mr. Lansing,
Yours very sincerely,
J. VON BERNSTORFF.

And it is Satisfactory

Secretary Lansing, in speaking of the note, expressed his gratification and said:

In view of the clearness of the foregoing it seems needless to make any comment in regard to it, other than to say it appears to be a recognition of the fundamental principle for which we have contended.

And this is the result of the determination of America's president that there should not be war—and that there should be no more destruction of American life on the high seas.

And he has carried his point against the odds of the world—and this is not all, for this procedure will have much to do with the bringing to a close of that most awful harvest of death and destruction in war-enshrouded, hell swept Europe.

THE PEOPLE'S GREAT PRESIDENT

TROUBLES OF BLUMERS

Now the Doctor Has An Inning and Asks $25,000 for Alienation of Her Affections

The marital troubles of the Blumers, which are being aired at Cook, Neb., mention of which—on account of the prominence of his wife, who was Miss Nettie Stewart of this city—was made in this paper last week, have had a new detail added when charging that Willard W. Wertz and

(Continued on Page Four)

EVEN FROM COUNTRY

Comes Condemnation of the Reformers for Revenue Who Try to Build Fences Around Cities

This paper is more than glad to find that there are a few other papers not afraid to lift up their voices in condemnation of the gang of reformers for revenue, who are busy trying to build high fences about good cities and towns. That excellent journal, the Forest City News, in its last issue

(Continued on Page Four)

THE OPENING OFFERINGS

Billy Sunday Told His Advance Agents at Omaha That They Were the Essentials

Billy Sunday, who will open a meeting at Omaha next Sunday, is urging his advance agents, who are in Omaha getting things ready, to look after the opening "offerings." The World-Herald of Tuesday says:

William Sunday, who objects to being called Billy, spent seventeen minutes in Omaha last evening. With him was his family, including Mrs. William Sunday, who objects not one whit to the prefix "Ma," and their two children, Paul and William, jr. They arrived at 8.15 o'clock over the Union Pacific and were met by a large body of workers in the local Sunday campaign. The Sundays are on their way to the old home at Winona Lake, Ind., and will return to Omaha for the big program a week from next Saturday.

Upon alighting from his train at the Union depot, Mr. Sunday was seized by his advance agent, the Rev. J. W. Welsh, who presented a wad of telegrams and uttered a hurried mass of information as to the progress of the campaign. The great evangelist's first words to the impromptu committee of clergymen and other local campaign toilers were:

"What arrangements have you made for the opening offerings? What have you done about the first offerings? You should push these first offerings right along—push 'em hard! You ought to have all that expense business cleared up in the first week! Be sure and look after the offerings right away!"

INSURED 4TH CLASS MAIL

A Valuable Adjunct to the Service is the New Order of the Postmaster-General

Postmaster-General Burleson has promulgated Order No. 9099, which will be of great benefit to the patrons of the service, inasmuch as it gives them immunity from loss at a most trifling expense. The order became effective Wednesday, and in full is as follows:

Fourth-class mail shall not be registered, but may be insured against loss in an amount equivalent to its actual value, but not to exceed $5 in any one case, on payment of a fee of 2 cents; not to exceed $25 on payment of a fee of 5 cents; not to exceed $50 on payment of a fee of 10 cents, or not to exceed $100 on payment of a fee of 25 cents, in addition to the postage, both to be prepaid by stamps affixed, but indemnity will not be allowed in cases of loss of such mail addressed to the Philippine Islands, unless the loss occurred in the postal service of the United States.

GOOD BYE OLD STRAW

You Have Been About as Valuable to Mankind This Year as a Fan in Greenland

At the stroke of midnight Tuesday the unwritten law that straw hats should not be worn after the close of August 31 went into inoperative effect. Since there is a possibility that humankind may fry under a super-torrid sun after this date, the law itself seems ridiculous, but under present conditions it would appear that the panamas have about as much business in St. Joseph this year as would a Japanese fan in Greenland.

Adieu—Straw hat! You have proven naught but a mockery this summer! Whilst you have adorned the classic skull of many an astute Missourian, he has meantime shivered, as shivers the mighty elephant as he rubs his nose against the North Pole! As the daily rain has woped down over your drooping terraces, the wearer has freely cursed the day that you were born, and likewise the hour in which he will be required to pay for you.

Cheerfully, and with an ever-growing belief that you would some day shelter the human cranium from the burning darts of a 100 per cent Missouri sun, you have been permitted to perch aloft upon this pallid brow. Gladly you have been hung upon the family hatrack each evening and affectionately removed therefrom each morn. You have ever been regarded as a saving grace—but now you have proven yourself an unavaing disgrace!

Where are the hot winds of Missouri that have made your reputation? Where is the scorching sun that would beat unnoticed upon your sturdy crown? Where is the reason for your presence in this community?

There is no reason. Fur caps and wristlets have supplanted you on this new September day, and it is very, very easy to place you upstairs among the old magazines and broken-down velocipedes for at least another summer.

Adieu—a fond adieu—thou faithless and useless straw hat!

PASSING OF SENATOR M. G. MORAN

St. Joseph's Familiar and Unique Figure Called to the Great Beyond

FINAL SUMMONS CAME LAST MONDAY EVENING

As the Sun Sank Below the Western Horizon the Spirit of a Man Who Had Been Much in the Public Eye and Who Had Made His Name a Household Word in the Platte Purchase, Was Summoned From Its Earthly Tenement and Michael Gallis Moran Joined the Silent Majority

"Mike Moran is dead."

That was the exclamation with which every other person in St. Joseph greeted the other when they met on St. Joseph's streets Monday evening. Had they been told that peace had been declared in Europe there would have been but little more concern expressed, and if Andy Carnegie or John D. Rockefeller had been the one touched by the cold hand, there would not have been one-tenth the regret so sincerely expressed.

Michael Gallis Moran was a man—a manly man.

Taken to Maryville

Thursday morning the remains of the departed were taken from the residence of his brother, Bernard Moran, 731 South Fifteenth street, and

SENATOR M. G. MORAN

followed by nearly all the members of the St. Joseph bar and many sorrowing friends, the flower-covered casket was taken to the Union station, where it was placed on board the Creston branch train and escorted by a bodyguard of members of the bar, was conveyed to Maryville, where all that remains of St. Joseph's unique and manly resident was laid to rest eternal by the side of the father who loved and the mother who had adored him in life. There were no ceremonies of any kind in accordance with the wish of the deceased as expressed in life.

(Continued on Page Five)

FOR A GRAND PAGEANT

Charles K. Soper Advocates Huge Celebration of the Platte Purchase in St. Joseph

Charles K. Soper, who is advocating a pageant and masque in celebration of the Platte purchase, to be fittingly staged in St. Joseph on a gigantic scale some time in the future, gives several reasons why the project should become a reality. Principal among them is that "We want this pageant to become the dawn of a greater day, the source of our awakening; we want it to mark the beginning of our self-expression and self-assurance, to inspire a future solidarity which will insure co-operation for years to come, and we want it to be a milestone, showing us how far and to what purpose we have progressed."

The idea is to combine the six counties of the Platte purchase—Platte, Buchanan, Holt, Andrew, Nodaway and Atchison—into an organization with headquarters in St. Joseph, to be

(Continued on Page Eight)

GOV. ALTGELD TO YOUNG MEN

"Young men, life is before you. Two voices are calling you—one coming from the swamps of selfishness and force, where success means death, and the other from the hilltops of justice and progress, where even failure brings glory. Two lights are seen in your horizon—one the fast fading marsh light of power, and the other the slowly rising sun of human brotherhood. Two ways lie open for you—one leading to an ever lower and lower plain, where are heard the cries of despair and the curses of the poor, where manhood shrivels and possession rots down the possessor, and the other leading off to the highlands of the morning, where are heard the glad shouts of humanity and where honest effort is rewarded with immortality."

FOITIK GAVE HIMSELF UP

A St. Joseph Young Man Is Under Arrest in Omaha for Robbing a Bank of $6,410

V. V. Foitik, formerly of this city, but lately of Omaha, has at last returned to face the music and is now under arrest at that place, charged with the embezzlement of $6,410 from the Live Stock National bank of that city, of which he was paying teller up to the time of his disappearance last year. Since that time he has been constantly sought by the detective agencies of the country, and his relatives in this city have been much annoyed by the energies of the detectives who have been searching for the missing teller. Foitik returned to Omaha of his own volition, saying that the imaginary hearing of the voice of his three-year-old son had brought him back from Australia. He furnished bond and will, he says, plead guilty and take his medicine.

According to reports received here, the shortage in his accounts as paying teller of the Live Stock National bank amounted to $6,410, but Foitik said that when he bought a ticket to Kansas City, January 20, he had but $12.50, the embezzled money having been squandered during the year and a half the peculations continued.

"Sometimes I didn't eat," he said, in answer to a question. "There for three days and another time for four days I didn't have a bite. I never looked over my shoulder and never had any impulse to use a gun or a club until then. It occurred to me to hold up a man for something to eat, but I couldn't see and I only had two meals given me—one by a hobo who had begged enough for two, and another by a fireman in California, who found me on the tender when he came to water up.

"I docked, but he saw me. 'Did you eat today?' he said. Then he brought me his whole lunch. 'I can go without one meal,' he said, but I only ate half of it, hungry as I was."

Foitik said he traveled back and forth over the southwestern section of the United States a dozen times looking for work, beating his way and being carried hundreds of miles by autoists, but the job of marker and sorter in a laundry and driving a wagon a few weeks was all he found to do. He was at Chihuahua and heard the guns of Villa and Carranza forces in March. He visited a former South Omahan, Charles Chichard, at Oakland, Cal., and from Portland shipped on a freighter to Sidney. There the war had destroyed the labor market.

"My nerves were about gone," he said. "The day I landed was my boy's

(Continued on Page Eight)

GREATEST IN HISTORY

United States Revenue Statistics Will Give the Standpatters Food for Reflection

Those standpatters and knockers who have been howling that the government internal revenue receipts under Democratic rule would fall away down the scale had to take a back seat this week when Washington announced that the greatest total of internal revenue receipts in the history of the government had been recorded in the annual report of the commissioner of internal revenue just issued.

The aggregate receipts during the fiscal year ended June 30, including the corporation and individual income taxes, reached $415,000,000, against $380,000,000 for the previous year.

RUSHED NEWS OF CUSTER'S DEATH

Captain Marsh Brought It to the Telegraph Line by the Steamer Far West

NOW AGAIN TRAVELED OVER THE SAME ROUTE

The Steamer Dakota Ties Up Here Over Night, and Is in Command of Capt. Grant Marsh, Who Raced Over the Big Horn, Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers in the Old Far West to Bring the News of Custer's Wiping Out to Civilization

Tuesday evening at 5 o'clock a pretty river steamer, the Dakota, hove in sight around Belmont Island and headed for this city. Hardly had she come in good view when around the bend followed another graceful river craft, the Montana. Both made fast at the government landing opposite the foot of Olive street, where they remained until the next forenoon, when they started down the river.

The boats had not more than landed and made fast when Captain Stewart of the Eldridge Sand Company's fleet paid his respects to the captain of the Dakota, whom he found to be an old friend and one of the most noted captains who have navigated the Missouri and its tributaries in the past half century. He was no other than Capt. Grant Marsh, who over forty years ago was in command of the steamer Far West, one of the boats in which St. Joseph took great pride as well as in her captain. Captain Marsh is not the man who "carried the message to Garcia," but he is the man who forty years ago taxed his good ship Far West down the Missouri to a telegraph office, bringing the news of the wiping out of General Custer and his command to the famous fight on the Little Big Horn. Captain Marsh is now engaged in taking the Dakota and the Montana from Williston, South Dakota, to Minneapolis, via St. Louis—a 1,000-mile journey.

First Trip for Years

Captain Marsh told Captain Stewart and a reporter that this was his first trip to the lower Missouri since he brought the news of the Custer fight. Since that year of 1876 Captain Marsh has been on the upper Missouri, but when it was decided to send the steamboats Dakota and Montana down the Missouri and up the Mississippi, Captain Marsh was chosen as one of the most careful skippers on the river.

At the time of the annihilation of the Custer column, Captain Marsh and his boat, The Far West, were not far away. The Far West was engaged in bringing supplies to the army. She had come down the Missouri, thence up the Yellowstone and had pushed her nose into the Big Horn, where she had tied up to the bank awaiting word of the Custer army. The word came, but in an entirely different way from that in which it had been expected.

Being in the heart of the Indian country, it was the custom of Captain Marsh to maintain guards on the deck of his boat just as punctiliously as did the army officers on land. In fact, these guards were United States soldiers, and each boat engaged in transporting government supplies was furnished with soldier guards.

Indian Brings News

Shortly after daylight one morning in the summer of 1876 an Indian came tumbling over the high bank where the Far West was tied up. He was absolutely naked. A sentry raised his gun. The Indian raised his arms high in the air as a sign of surrender.

(Continued on Page Eight)

COL. DAN PAGE VISITS THE CITY

Col. Dan Page of Hardy, Neb., was here Tuesday, and the sun shone all day. It smiled because Col. Page had his genial good nature with him, and the sun had to smile, as did every other mother's son who met him. Col. Page is stock dealer, farmer, merchant and postmaster of his home city, and lastly but not leastly, he is one of the soundest, most substantial and most uncompromising Democrats who ever walked down Swift avenue at the St. Joseph stockyards. That good fellow, True Davis of the Davis & Son Commission Co., projected that genial bundle of Nebraska sunshine around this city and helped to disseminate his sunny rays.