THE ST. JOSEPH OBSERVER

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LOUIS V. STIGALL THE NEW HEAD OF THE FIGHTING MONROE CLUB

And He Will Shape Its Destiny To Certain Victory In April And November

Twelve Most Progressive Democrats Are Selected to Hold Up His Hands

As usual that sterling Democratic organization, the Monroe club, did something—and as it always does—did it right.

On Thursday afternoon and night it elected officers and directors—and elected the right officers and the right directors.

And as usual it did so without the help of alien and hostile newspapers who always seek to proffer the club advice and graciously offer to frame its policy for it—but the help and advice was not taken.

And the club elected without outside aid and interference one of the strongest directories since its organization—and as good and careful and capable and competent and democratic a bunch of officers as ever voted a ticket or sounded the war cry against the common enemy.

LOUIS V. STIGALL

Stigall Is President

That already rising and continually growing young lawyer, Louis V. Stigall, was unanimously elected president. At first Thomas J. Smith decided to contest for the place with Stigall, but remembering that Democrats do not do as gopites and bullmoosities do—start a row and split the party—stepped gracefully out of the way and gave a clear field for Stigall.

There are few better known or more capable young attorneys in the West than Stigall. As an orator he has but few equals and as an organizer he is up with the best of the old heads. He will give the club a business administration and will see to it that it develops its full strength and its full efforts in the spring and fall campaigns.

And in the person of Richard M. Duncan the club will have a most efficient secretary. So well was Mr. Duncan's candidacy considered, that no one made the race against him and he received the full vote of the club.

The same applied to Harry Overbeck, who was reelected treasurer without the scratch of a ballot against him.

Of course no one would run against that old war horse, Lyman W. Forgrave, for sergeant-at-arms, and he received every vote of the membership. He will keep order even if he has to call out his fife and drum corps to do so.

A Strong Directorate

And the crowning feature of the election was the splendid directorate selected. It is one of which the club members are justly proud, for it is made up of those Democrats who do things to the other fellow, and do it first.

No business organization could select a more competent board of directors and the wisdom of their choice will be manifest when the spring and fall elections roll around and their plans with the aid of the executive department win in both cases.

The directorate as selected is made up of Edw. C. Burke, Louis Roesle, George Allison, John J. Downey, Austin J. Ready, L. C. Gahbert, Herb. Felling, Frank Zumwalt, Ben L. Helsley, Joe Reed, Walter Edson and C. L. Coy.

At the first meeting of the newly elected officers and directors, the vice-presidents of the club will be selected and then all will be ready for the victories of April and November, 1916.

MADAM MELBA, MONDAY

She Will Be Heard At the Auditorium By the Lovers of Good Music

The great Australian prima donna, Madame Melba, will be the attraction for the music lovers of this section at the Auditorium Monday night when she appears under the direction of Mrs. Francis Henry Hill. The advance sales indicate that she will draw a record house. Madame Melba is a queen of song, and John P. Scanlon of the New York Globe, recognized as one of the most painstaking of American musical critics, but pays her justice when he writes:

When a thing is supreme, it differs in more than quality from all lesser things: being perfect, it differs from the imperfect, not in degree, but in kind. To one who had not heard Madame Melba for many years, her singing in "Rigoletto" last night at the Manhattan opera house must have come as a new kind of sensation. He might have said that it awakened a new sense. The music of other voices one feels as existing in a sequence of time. It begins, grows, wanes and ends. Its beauty is momentary, subject to the change that moment after moment brings. The voice of Madame Melba one hears in a different way.

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A MODERN DECALOGUE

A New Set of Commandments Formulated by a St. Joseph Pastor, for the Present Nameless

Here is the new decalogue, for which a St. Joseph minister, whose modesty—or, more possibly, his fear for the wrath of the fair sex—prevents the publication of his name, is sponsor. St. Joseph ladies may now read:

1. Thou shalt have no man except thy husband.
2. Thou shalt place no club, social circle, pleasure organization or missionary society before thy home.
3. Thou shalt not waste thy husband's substance on gay raiment and vain show.
4. Thou shalt not let the petty vexations of the household disrupt the family harmony and harrass thy tired husband.
5. Thou shalt not feed thy family with idle gossip and neighborhood scandal.
6. Thou shalt not fret thyself because thy neighbor's house is greater than thine, neither shalt thou repine when she smiles condescendingly from her limousine to thee in a trolley car.
7. Thou shalt not serve punch to thy guests nor put up prizes at thy whist parties, lest thy moral advice to thy sons and daughters become a mockery.
8. Thou shalt not pronounce thyself delighted to see an unwelcome

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THE "CLEVELAND PANIC"

The Tariff Act Did Not Become Effective Until the Trouble Was Was Almost Over

A Nodaway county subscriber, who is interested in the financial and tariff questions, asks this paper to tell what was the cause of the panic of 1892, commonly referred to by Republicans who daily veraciously with the truth as "Cleveland's Panic." He also asks if a single incident or event makes it possible to bring on a panic. After assuring the Nodaway man that panics, now that a Democratic congress at the last session passed the federal reserve bank bill which absolutely makes them an impossibility, his question is answered as follows:

No panic was ever caused by a single event or incident. Panics grow out of injudicious speculation and investment on a large scale, which finally culminates in distrust and hasty effort to obtain cash or its equivalent. The panic of 1893 was primarily due to this condition. In seven years national bank loans had expanded 70 per cent and railroad mileage had increased 20 per cent. Many enterprises proved to be unprofitable. A setback was inevitable, but it was aggravated by several causes. One was a purchase of silver by the government on such a large scale as to raise doubts about the maintenance of the gold standard. Another was an abrupt drop in exports of merchandise, which were $18,000,000 less than imports in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, necessitating large exports of gold to settle trade balances. These gold shipments were increased by the return of American securities held abroad. The net exports of gold were $87,000,000 in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893. Another factor was a slump in government revenues, so that there was a deficit of $152,000,000 in the six succeeding years. Demand for gold was so great in the final months of the Harrison administration that the issue of bonds to replenish the treasury was under consideration before Cleveland's inauguration. The Tariff Act did not become a law until August, 1894, so it could not have been a factor in the panic of 1892.

COLUMBIA "DRY" BUT WHISKEY PLENTIFUL

Jefferson City, Nov. 27.—The supreme court today affirmed the authority of the state board of health to suspend licenses of physicians who write whiskey prescriptions. Dr. A. M. Conway of Columbia was brought before the board on this charge and his license was revoked for ten years. Evidence showed that in one month he had written 561 whiskey prescriptions filled at one drug store. His practice was very limited, according to the testimony, until Columbia adopted local option; then he began to prosper.

THE McPHERSON

Under Captain Fred Farlee the Snag Boat Did a Great Amount of Work the Past Season

Captain Fred Farlee, in command of the government snagboat the John B. McPherson, which devotes its energies each year to clearing the Missouri channel of logs, stumps, trees, and other impedimenta, is now at home here for the winter, he having last week tied up the steamer at the government dock at the mouth of the Sioux river, where the government maintains a harbor and repair yard. The boat will remain there until next spring, when she will again resume operations.

During the season just passed, Capt. Farlee has piloted the McPherson four trips over the upper reaches of the Missouri—two round trips between Sioux City and Pierre, S. D., a distance of 362 miles each way, and four round trips between Kansas City and Sioux City, a distance of 416 miles each way. The steamer has made over 4,000 miles of travel, pulled and destroyed 1,176 snags, cut and destroyed over 1,100 trees, and all this was accomplished between April 9 and Nov. 23. The boat is one of the best in the government service.

SOME ADJECTIVES

A Missouri Newspaper Man Who Can Sling Them Around Promiscously

For one long sentence of "word slinging"—for much verbiage—much juice and unction—permit us to present to The Observer readers the following from the Hale (Mo.) Rustler:

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BIG BUSINESS LINES UP AGAINST WILSON

Wall Street Does Not Like His Sort of Rule—Prosperity Is Not What It Wants

WOULD RATHER HAVE CONTROL OF NATION

The Same Set of Men Had Control of the Government Several Years Ago and Ran the Ship of State so Close to the Rocks of Adversity That the Crew Could Not Stand for Such Conditions and Rose Up in Open and Successful Mutiny.

Our old friend Wall Street must be reckoned with again the coming election, and Democrats and good citizens should take early cognizance of the now known fact.

"Big Business" is going to—and in fact has already all preparations completed to line up solidly against President Wilson. The signs have been plain to all who read the Wall street papers.

The plan was at first disclosed through the fact that the Wall street press showed itself by short paragraphs containing an innuendo or slur of some sort on the administration. These have lately broadened out in extended editorials, full of expressions like the following: "But for the somewhat factitious prosperity created by the enormous demand for munitions of war, it is not rash to say that 1915 would have been a bad year for this country in spite of the great crops."

"Big Business" Must Run It

It is declared that we must have the country in the hands of those who do the "real work," identified as those who "run the mills and the railroads." In plain words, big business itself aspires to run the government once more, and the way to get back into power is to advocate high tariffs and a tremendous increase in the army. They say the two things go together. If we increase the army and navy there must be high tariffs, to pay the bill.

If there is danger of this nation being attacked, as these men say, and war should result, revenue from tariffs would immediately cease. How much revenue does Germany get from her high tariffs, or for that matter, France, Italy or any of the belligerents who relied upon high tariffs for revenue? The true statesman who prepares for war will look to other sources of revenue to pay the cost of war. In the present stage of the world all such revenues would stop at the very beginning of war.

Not Prosperity But Control

Just to tell the plain unvarnished truth about the whole matter and to make it so plain that anyone may understand it, it should be said that what Wall street wants is not a prosperous nation, but the control of the government. There is abundant prosperity, but Wall street wants to overthrow the administration under whose guidance it occurred and substitute for it the control of the men who "run the mills and the railroads."

That same set of men had control for several years and came so near running the ship of state upon the rocks that the officers and crew mutinied.

BOOHER TO WASHINGTON

Left Thursday for His Post of Duty and Will Be There Until the Close of the Session

Congressman Charles F. Booher left Thursday night for his post of duty in Washington and to attend what will without doubt be one of the most momentous sessions of congress held since the Civil war. He was accompanied by Mrs. Booher. The congressman will arrive at Washington in time to attend the house caucus.

Mr. Booher looks for a long and hard session, and he proposes to stay there until the work is concluded. "I feel that my place is where my constituents want me to be," said he, "and I propose to do exactly to the best of my ability what they want me to do." Congressman Booher will not be at home for the holidays and proposes to stay at the capital until the gavel falls at the expiration of the session.

THE FORD JUNKET

It Is Considered to Be the Prize Joke of the Present War Season

St. Joseph's opinion of the Ford peace commission's visit to war-devastated Europe is that it is too solemn for a joke and too foolish for a business undertaking. It is thought a little strange that Henry overlooked St. Joseph in making up his entourage for this city is infested with a whole parcel of people who fully understand the method of putting a stop to the European slaughter. The general opinion of the people of St. Joseph, however, can be best summed up in the words of one of the best bankers, whose name, for business reasons, is withheld, who said yesterday:

Isn't it a little inconsistent of Henry Ford to sell thousands of his automobiles to the allies for war purposes and then send over a commission to plead with the warring powers for peace? Aren't the Germans apt to say, "Well, Henry, suppose you begin at home; stop selling automobiles to the allies." He will also be met with the proposition that the place to end the war is here in America. If Henry will stop the sending of munitions of war from the United States to Europe the war will die out.

Is it surprising that the English press ridicules this move of Henry's and calls it an advertising fad? We all know that Ford is the greatest advertiser in the country. He pays less money for advertising than his smallest competitor in the business and he gets more free advertising in reading matter than any other living man.

It does seem as though this peace attempt on the part of Ford is ill advised and bound to do more harm than good. I can see him telling Sir Edwin Grey and Premier Asquith why they should stop the war. It would be a sight fit for the gods. I quote from "Mr. Dooley," who states it better than anyone else:

"Hinnery Ford is the richest livin' tinsmith, an' ivery time he turns out a new kettle he gets another idee f'r roonin' th' universe. His present scheme is a midget submarine that can be dhropped into th' water where it will move around until it finds an army's battleships which it will destroy. If he sells enough iv thim deep-sea dwarfs to th' government he will return two dollhrs spance at th' end of the war."

LOUIS FUELLING NO MORE

One Of St. Joseph's Best Beloved and Respected Citizens Is Laid To His Long Rest

Under a flower-covered mound today rest the mortal remains of Louis Fuelling. At his home—in the busy places of commerce—in the hotels and in the toilers' shops there is grief and sorrow over the taking away of a man beloved and respected by all.

He was called from pain and affliction at an early hour Tuesday morning. The loving children and relatives could do naught to stay the onward march of the destroyer. Thursday afternoon these relatives and all of the friends who could gain access to the home, sat and stood in tearful silence while Rev. C. M. Chilton, the pastor whom he loved, told of the life of him who lay cold before them. Then they followed in silent sorrow to Mount Mora, where the last word was said and the last song sung.

Louis Fuelling was eighty years of age, and over fifty of those useful years were spent in St. Joseph in a business capacity, and every one of those years witnessed good that he did. In 1874 he was married to Miss Julia Augusta Arndt, who three years ago was carried over the dark river. Four daughters survive him: Mrs. W. H. Constable, Los Angeles; Mrs. T. C. Word, Los Angeles; Mrs. F. P. Zillee and Miss Amelia Fuelling, St. Joseph, and two sons, Otto and Henry, both well-known business men of this city. He leaves two sisters, who reside in Germany, and a nephew, William Fuelling, of this city. The pall bearers who carried their friend to the grave were Perry F. Slade, Harry H. Fleming, James S. Ellingwood, Hugo Grebel, Henry Kruz and A. L. Bartlett.

St. Joseph can ill afford to lose such men as was Louis Fuelling. He was a man among men—a manly man.

FORD'S PLAN A JOKE

Amuses Lord Derby, and Billy Sunday Calls It "Visionary and Impracticable"

London, Nov. 29.—"Oh, what a chance for a submarine!" exclaimed Lord Derby today, discussing Henry Ford's prospective peace cruise.

The Ford plan amuses Lord Derby immensely.

One Place They Are Advancing

Anyhow, the allies are advancing in West Africa.—Kansas City Times.

LATTER-DAY RESURRECTION

John Albus Receives the First of the Newly Issued Bull Moose Creed Disseminators

Just as all St. Joseph people had complacently felt that Teddy the Terror was not to be among those to be reckoned with next year—that the Bull Moose leaders of Nebraska had already formally met and declared for another—just when it was supposed that all was serene—here comes along the information that the Bull Moose leaders have met at Kansas City and declared for Theodore and Hi—and worse than that, here is the further evidence of it in the fact that our own John Albus has received his personal copy of the "Bull Moose creed." Among other evidences of faith, it says that the penitent and protestant must repeat:

"I believe in Theodore Roosevelt, maker of noise and strife, and in ambition, his only creed, (my Lord).

"He was born of the love of power and suffered under Wm. H. Taft, was crucified, died and buried.

"He descended into Africa; the third year he arose again from the jungle and ascended into favor and sitteth on the right hand of his party, whence he shall come to scourge the licked and the dead.

"I believe in the holy Outlook, the big stick, the Ananias, the forgiveness of presidential ambitions and the third term everlasting.

"Amen! Amen! Amen!!!!!!"

"VICE SQUAD" ARRESTED

Kansas City Vice Seekers Seem to Have Been Thrifty While Purifying the Public Morals

Those St. Joseph people who are always yelling about vice and urging their methods to eradicate it, and who also are continually baiting the St. Joseph police force, should read this from the Kansas City Times, which talks about its "vice eloquents," as follows:

Two members of Kansas City's "vice squad" were arrested yesterday by detectives acting under instructions from Chief Hamott. C. V. Moore, a special investigator employed by the Society for the Suppression of Commercialized Vice, and Patrolman William Anderson were taken before the chief and are said to have made signed statements in regard to a raid on a negro pool hall on Baltimore avenue.

A mink fur, said to be valued at $150, was found at the home of Patrolman Anderson, 2507 Montgall avenue, by Detectives J. K. Butler and David Todd. It is understood that complaint was made that a similar set of furs was missing from a locker at 1219 Baltimore avenue immediately after the "vice squad" had paid the place a visit on Wednesday night.

At the home of Moore, the detectives found two large electric light bulbs and a half pint of whisky. Large electric light bulbs and whisky are said to have been reported as missing from the Baltimore avenue address.

LICENSE FOR BRISBANE?

The Famous Writer of Scorching "Dry" Editorials Tries to Get a Beer and Whiskey License

According to a dispatch to the New York Sun, Arthur Brisbane, editor of the New York Evening Journal and author of the most rabid editorials in favor of prohibition, is being taken to task by the W. C. T. U. for seeking a liquor license for a tavern in the colony which he largely owns. The Sun dispatch from Manasquan, N. J., follows:

Arthur Brisbane, editor of the New York Evening Journal, applied on Oct. 5 to Judge Rulif V. Lawrence for a liquor license to run in Allaire Inn, the tavern of the colony which Mr. Brisbane largely owns. He was persuaded to make the application because many of the Allaire colonists are German toymakers who were not quite happy without their beer, or, rather, they wanted a chance to get their beer in the home village. Much opposition developed and Mr. Brisbane withdrew his application.

However, the W. C. T. U. of this town wasn't content to keep silent even after Mr. Brisbane gave up the project. There appeared in the Asbury Park Press today an advertisement which was signed only with the initials of the W. C. T. U., which put the question:

"Where is the consistency of the anti-whiskey editorials in the New York Journal and the application for a liquor license for Editor Brisbane's little colony on the editor's property at Allaire?"