

# MRS. ROOSEVELT IS STRICKEN ON PASSENGER TRAIN

### Wife of Former President is In Critical Condition in Nebraska.

### TRAIN IS SPEEDING TO HER NEW YORK HOME

### Illness Due to Fall From Horse—Colonel Roosevelt Refuses to Talk.

Omaha, Neb., July 31—Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, wife of the former President of the United States, is critically ill, the nature of her ailment is not publicly known.

She passed through Omaha tonight on a Northwestern fast train, enroute to her home in New York. She is accompanied by Col. Roosevelt, who refused to be interviewed as the train paused at the station to be switched on to a track for the East.

The train, which came in from the West, was given the right-of-way through every station. From what can be learned from passengers, she became ill on the train.

She has been in ill health for several months, and her visit to the West was intended to benefit her health. According to railroad officials, who were asked by Col. Roosevelt to assist the train in its dash east, her illness is but a recurrence of the trouble from which she has been suffering for months.

Her condition is believed to be critical.

Mrs. Roosevelt before her marriage was Edith Kermit Carow. She was born at Norwich, Conn., Aug. 5, 1861, the daughter of Charles and Gertrude Elizabeth (Tyler) Carow. The Carows are an old New York family which came over from La Rochelle on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes and the consequent persecution of the Huguenots.

It is often erroneously stated that Mrs. Roosevelt is an Englishwoman. This was partly because she has English relatives of prominence, including Lord North, and partly on account of her marriage to Mr. Roosevelt taking place in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London.

She is Mr. Roosevelt's second wife, his first wife having died, leaving one child, now Mrs. Nicholas Longworth. Mrs. Roosevelt is the mother of five children: Theodore Jr., Kermit, Ethel, Archibald, and Quentin. She married Mr. Roosevelt Dec. 2, 1885.

Throughout the long public life of her husband while he was successively New York Police Commissioner, Governor of New York State, Federal Civil Service Commissioner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Vice-President of the United States and for seven years President, Mrs. Roosevelt has managed to escape with little publicity.

This is as she wished it. Those who visit the Roosevelt home, however, know her as a capable hostess, a woman of charm in her social relations, and an excellent mother.

Her trouble is believed to be partly due to a fall from her horse she received while riding with her husband many months ago. The nature of her illness has never authoritatively been made public. She was taken to Roosevelt Hospital in New York in April, 1915, for an operation.

## "BILLY" HARRISON IS NOW 5

### Five Little Boys Help Him Commemorate His Anniversaries.

"Billy" Harrison, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Harrison, yesterday celebrated his fifth birthday anniversary with a party arranged in his honor by Mrs. Harrison. Five little boys were present, each representing a year, and there were five candles protruding from the big birthday cake that was baked for him.

"Billy's" full name is William Henry Harrison. William in honor of his grandfather Harrison, and Henry for his grandfather Rozier.

After the party lost its interest "Billy" invited two of his guests to inspect his sand pile, and the invitation was accepted. "Billy" and Max Koeck Jr., alternated in smearing cement on each other. When discovered they resembled a pair of wasp nests.

## NEGRO CONFESSES TO MURDER OF MURPHYSBORO WOMAN

### Joe Deberry Tells of Killing Attorney J. H. Martin's Wife in Her Home.

Murphysboro, Ill., Aug. 2—Joe Deberry, the negro under arrest at Harrisburg for the murder of Mrs. J. H. Martin, wife of an attorney, confessed

# COUNCIL ORDERS BROADWAY AND THEMIS WIDENED

### Hanover, Henderson and Painter Must be Revamped For Big Sewer.

### WHITELAW TO DRAW CONDEMNATION LAWS

### R. W. Frissell Spends First Day at Post of New City Clerk.

The City Council last night made initial provisions looking toward the construction of the proposed \$100,000 sewer to serve the western part of Cape Girardeau by empowering City Attorney R. H. Whitelaw to employ a secretary to aid him in preparing ordinances to have streets along the line of the sewer widened.

The resolution providing for Mr. Whitelaw's secretary was approved unanimously by members of the Council, after it had been introduced by Councilman Kaess.

The streets which it is proposed to widen are Themis, Broadway and Hanover streets, Henderson and Painter avenues. The alteration will make a difference of several feet in many places in the West End.

The resolution provides that Whitelaw appoint the new secretary with the advice of the Judiciary Committee. The length of service and compensation will be fixed by Whitelaw and Charles Armgarit, chairman of the Judiciary Committee.

It is expected that an appointment will be announced within a short time and the City Attorney will commence dictating the ordinances necessary to obtain the widening of the streets.

In connection with the sewer construction, property condemnation proceedings will follow the street alterations. The proposed sewer system will run from the northern limits of the West End, follow a southerly course and empty into the river south of the city.

R. W. Frissell, who formerly was a member of the staff of The Tribune and who was sworn in as City Clerk by Mayor Kage yesterday morning, performed the duties of clerk for the first time at the council meeting last night.

Mr. Frissell was busily occupied yesterday with the duties of his position as well as receiving many callers to extend congratulations.

The council voted to retain for an additional 30 days Miss Clara Reed as Mr. Frissell's assistant.

A petition presented to the council by property owners in the vicinity of Sprigg and Locust streets asking for a street light, met with prompt action. The council unanimously voted to have the light placed.

The petition was signed by the following: L. L. Dalton, Louis Houston, F. C. Schwaker, Louis Houck and August Vogelsang.

The plea of several life insurance agents in the Cape which was made to the council several days ago that the license fee of \$10 with which they are now charged be "quashed" was summarily refused by the council.

The Committee on Propositions and Grievances composed of Arthur C. Bowman, chairman; Charles Kaess and Jay E. Fowler, investigated the matter of licenses for city life insurance agents and, according to their report, learned that cities similar to the Cape in size and characteristics, are charging them a fee from \$10 down.

The insurance men argue that their companies pay a blanket fee of about \$25 for the privilege of operating in the city and that consequently, the agents should be allowed to work without an additional fee.

Following the report of City Sexton M. F. Nothdurft announcing that the present potter's field in Fairmount Cemetery is almost completely exhausted as well as the section in which graves have been available at a cost of \$2.50, the council last night authorized the Committee on Cemeteries to make a thorough investigation into the situation at Fairmount Cemetery with a view to making extensions.

According to Nothdurft, the grasses on the new addition to the cemetery have been allowed to go beyond the stage where it might have been available for hay, and now presents a desolate and unsightly appearance. The roof of the cistern house also is leaking and the council committee expects to ascertain what repairs will be necessary.

Only a few lots remain that are available for negroes, according to Nothdurft's report.

The crime today.

Mrs. Martin was slain in her home here Friday.

# Cape Girardeau Has The Goods, Says G. P. Marsh

### Reporter from St. Louis Describes What He Saw as Train Pulled into City.

### By Geo. P. Marsh.

It was a good deal like getting back home once more—my coming to Cape Girardeau!

A good many of my happiest years found me in a small Kansas college town which nestles beside the Kaw River—a place where there are lots of fine breath-stealing hills just such as I found here at the Cape.

There the trans-continental trains pause at a small station on the river's bank and invariably gather a small crowd to witness its departure.

In like manner, the Memphis Limited passed on the edge of the broad Mississippi early yesterday morning when I clambered down. Every step I took, the movement became more realistic.

Here was a motor bus waiting to whisk me to a hotel, a magnificent cold plunge and a "forty winks" such as metropolitan people don't even know how to recognize.

There seemed to be a sort of personal interest taken to see that I was received hospitably.

Vastly different, this, I thought, from the reception that awaited my friend Louis LaCoss, of Kansas City's Tavern Talk, when he arrived in a small Missouri town in the northern part of the State while enroute to St. Louis from Kansas City by motor, not long ago.

The town was set forth in black type on the road map. LaCoss and his companions had visions of just such a cold plunge as I found. Their car needed attention also.

When they believed they were near their haven, they paused to ask for information. Their prospective informant was an old dorky. His matted, kinky, gray hair alone was sufficient evidence of his wisdom. More than that, he was sitting atop an old rail fence at the roadside whittling and singing "Old Black Joe."

Across the highway was a typical country blacksmith shop. On the dorky's right a few paces down the road was a grocery.

"I say, how far is it to Jonesville?" The old dorky trudged to the side of the automobile, lay his hand confidentially on the seat of the machine and drawled:

"Well, sah, boss! You-als sub-round-ed by Jonesville, right now?" Jonesville is not the real name of the town—but anyway I find things different here.

To sum up in slang parlance, the Cape has the "goods" and it seems to me that business men here are busy right now delivering them. They seem to be disposed to take a new-comer in and make him one of the "gang" and I am tickled to join!

## PLANS FOR SIX BIG AMERICAN DESTROYERS IS APPROVED

### Design Influenced by War in Europe; Maximum Sustained Sea Speed of 30 Knots.

Washington, Aug. 2—Plans for six big cruiser destroyers, authorized by the last Congress, have been approved. They will be the first vessels the design of which will have been influenced by the war in Europe and the department's statement says that naval information from abroad was closely scrutinized by the constructor before the plans were drawn.

The vessels will have a maximum sustained sea speed of 30 knots; they will displace 1125 tons, measure 310 feet over all, have a width of 30 feet seven inches and a mean draft of eight feet. Provision has been made for a design to decrease rolling and pitching at sea.

Each destroyer will carry four triple torpedo tubes, a main battery of four 4-inch guns and two 1-pounder anti-aircraft guns. Bids for construction will be opened Oct. 6.

## MAN GETS 10 DAYS IN JAIL FOR STEALING 2 LAPROBES

Bob Vaangiller, of the Ben road near Egypt Mills, yesterday was sentenced to 10 days in jail by Justice of the Peace W. H. Willer on a charge of stealing two laprobes from the John Stoll livery stable, July 2.

Vaangiller was charged with taking the laprobes from the livery barn when he and two companions came to Cape Girardeau and left their own buggies there.

Vaangiller admitted that he had taken the laprobes and told Judge Willer that the job was "pulled" as he was leaving the barn with his own buggy. He implicated two men against whom warrants have been issued and who still are at large.

# MAN LOCKED UP IS SUSPECTED OF ROBBING HAARIG

### Morris Huttman Learns He Is Suspected, Surrenders To Chief.

### DENIES HE HELPED TO ROB 3 STORES

### Chief Hutson and Aids Are Looking for Confederates—Money Overlooked.

One man whom the police were looking for in connection with the robbery of three Haarig stores early yesterday morning, last night went to the police station, where he gave himself up and now is being held pending further investigation. More than \$50 in cash was taken, \$132 cash overlooked and considerable property damaged by the burglars.

The police are looking for a second man, who is believed to have been involved in the robbery, and late last night they were unable to find him, although they are confident that he had not been able to make his get-away from Cape Girardeau.

The man who is being held after having given himself up is Morris Huttman, well known to merchants and the police in Haarig.

"I understand you've been looking for me," Huttman remarked as he walked into Chief Hutson's office in the evening. "I want to give myself up and find out what you want me for."

The chief explained to him that he would be held as a suspect in connection with the robbery of Mueller's Meat Market, the Deever Bros. Feed Store and F. F. Braun Bros. Grocery between 2 and 5 a. m. yesterday.

When the police began their investigation of the robbery yesterday, it was learned that Huttman, in company with a negro whose name and description has been furnished to them, were seen on Good Hope street about 2 o'clock in the morning. They were seen about 5 o'clock in the vicinity of the stores by another man who reported to the police.

"Yes, I know I was over near the stores in the morning," Huttman told the chief, "but I didn't have anything to do with the robbery."

He hesitated as he told the story of his night's actions to the police and on one or two occasions, the chief declared he made disconcerting slips.

"I was asleep part of the night in a shed in the rear of a bakery nearby," Huttman said. "I slept there till about 5 o'clock when I got up and caught a train to Commerce. I went down to Commerce and came back later in the morning."

"I didn't have anything to do with the negro that I was said to have been with."

The burglars who forced an entrance into the three stores first tore the screen from the transom window over the front door of the Mueller branch meat market. The window was opened inwardly and the men made their way around back of the counter to the cash register.

All three drawers of the cash register had been opened and cash amounting to \$1.15 was taken. In another compartment covered with a sack, lay \$32 which had been untouched by the burglars.

The men departed through a small door leading from the rear part of the meat market into the Deever Bros. Feed store. Three cents in money and 7 cents in stamps was all the loot that was obtained there.

The cash drawer in the feed store had been forced open. One of the men picked up a 24-pound sack of flour on the way out a door in the rear part of the building and spilled its contents on the outside of the building.

It is believed the men thereupon ran down the alley till they reached the rear part of the F. F. Braun Bros. grocery. There they climbed over a lattice fence about 8 feet high and after forcing a window at the side of the grocery store, bent a half inch iron bar in order to allow room for a man's body to pass between two of the bars and gain an entrance to the store.

Mr. Braun's office is inside the window and when he arrived at the store yesterday morning, he found muddy footprints over his desk, leading to the cash register. About \$20 in cash was taken out of the cash drawer and the footprints appeared to show the burglar's escape through the window again.

A safe which was standing nearby in the office was untouched and none of the stock in the store had been molested.

The series of burglaries first was discovered by Louis Bierschwal, who opened up at the meat market at 5

# Kimmel's Crack Trotter Beaten By An Unknown

### Joe Fuel Paces Away From Famous Edward S in Mile Heat at Fairgrounds—Kimmel Flabbergasted.

### Deputy Sheriff Seagraves and Frank Kimmel yesterday settled a dispute of long standing. No, neither was injured. It was just a friendly argument.

Mr. Kimmel and Mr. Seagraves are race horse men. Edward S is to Frank Kimmel what a bankroll would be, and when one mentions the name of Mr. Seagraves, it is, of course, understood that Joe Fuel, his horse, is included.

Mr. Kimmel has for the past two years boasted that Edward S was the speediest thing that moved on four legs. Mr. Seagraves, who has always looked upon Kimmel as a jakesmith, considered Edward S as being nothing more than a nag.

Yesterday morning, while discussing the speed of their two animals, Mr. Seagraves suggested that they drive out to the Fairgrounds and have a showdown. "I got you," answered Mr. Kimmel, as he started for the barn.

The two men reached the racing course at about the same time, and to make the contest interesting, they made up a purse of \$25.

It was agreed that the horses race for one mile. Seagraves drove Joe Fuel, but one of Mr. Kimmel's coterie of servants was in charge of Edward S. The two speed merchants jogged around the track a few times to warm up. Then the starter gave the signal to "go."

For the first quarter they were nose and nose, but as the distance lengthened, Mr. Seagrave's pacer began to take on speed and when the first half was finished, the trotting champion of Mr. Kimmel appeared to be hitched to a post.

At the end of the mile Mr. Seagraves, far in the lead and going so rapidly that he could not bring his horse to a stop until he reached the stakeholder.

"Well, what you know about that ol' peckerwood of Bill Seagraves, anyway?" asked Mr. Kimmel of the starter.

"Some horse, Frank," he replied.

## MAN FRISCO TRAIN KILLED IDENTIFIED AS AN ARANSAN

### Frank Leonard Asleep When He Was Beheaded, Railroad Men Believe.

The body of the man which was found lying beside the Frisco tracks in the yards at Caruthersville yesterday morning with the head completely cut off at the neck, was identified as that of Frank Leonard, of Leachville, Ark., according to advices received by wire from Caruthersville by the local Frisco agent.

The body was found while it still was warm by Conductor Will Bruscher and Brake-man James Shy of No. 802 as they were pulling out of Caruthersville returning to Cape Girardeau. It is believed that the man was killed by train No. 821 which had passed by shortly before. The head was inside the rails and the trunk lay several feet down the tracks and on the outside of the rails.

The body was held at Caruthersville and turned over to county authorities for an inquest. The man was clothed in working garments and it is believed that probably he fell asleep on the track.

## AUTOISTS FIND ROADS TO ST. LOUIS MARRED BY RAIN

### One Party from Arkansas and Another from Iowa Here.

Two parties of automobilists who stopped at hotel Idanha yesterday afternoon reported that recent rains had made the road between St. Louis and the Cape rather heavy for fast over-land traveling.

The first party that arrived was composed of J. G. Cox, S. T. Smith of Little Rock, Ark., H. Meyers and John Vann of Jonesboro, Ark. It took them two days to make the trip by automobile from St. Louis to the Cape.

J. V. Michalek, of Victor, Ia., said on his arrival at the Cape yesterday evening after a day's journey by motor car from St. Louis that roads were still heavy from rains.

At 10 o'clock. When clerks at the grocery store reported for work they discovered the loss.

The police were notified at once and all trains leaving Cape Girardeau were watched as well as various other kinds of public conveyances for traces of the men who were suspected.

# C. C. BORCHERS PLANNED DEATH SEVERAL YEARS

### Morning Before He Killed Self, He Expressed Hope He'd be Slain.

### COURTED BOLT FROM CLOUDS IN STORM

### Note Found Beside His Body Asks That He be Cremated—Kin Finds Him.

By ending his life early yesterday morning, Charles C. Borchers, one of the best known men in this city, kept the promise he had made to scores of his acquaintances. His deed the result of an incurable illness from which he had suffered for more than ten years.

Wednesday morning, while walking down Broadway with Joel T. Nunn Sr., he expressed a longing to end his life. "I wish some one would creep up behind me and blow my brains out," he said to Mr. Nunn as they walked along together.

But during the early evening, he seemed in unusually good spirits. He was accustomed to taking long walks shortly after dusk, and Wednesday night Mr. Borchers and Hugo Lang took a stroll together. After they had been walking almost an hour, Borchers said he wanted to retire early and left Mr. Lang and started home.

Instead of going home he went to the Krueger Hardware store on Broadway and asked where Everett House, the contractor, lived. Martin Krueger asked why he wished to know, and Borchers stated that he wanted to pay the contractor for hauling some gravel for him.

"Well, don't worry, Charley, about that," said Mr. Krueger, "when he wants the money, he will send you the bill."

"But I am going to pay him tonight," said Borchers, and he left the store.

After learning that Mr. Borchers had ended his life, Martin Krueger telephoned to Mr. House and found that the dead man had paid the bill before taking his life.

Borchers, who was a close friend of Mayor Kage, often discussed his illness with the Mayor, and frequently threatened to end his life. Mayor Kage tried to console him, but Borchers expressed the belief that his illness was hopeless.

He told his friends that he would have committed suicide years ago, but he didn't want to bring sorrow to his aged mother and her family. To his intimate friends he talked freely of his desire to die, and only recently he told a friend that he always sat in an open window during an electrical storm in the hope that he might be killed.

Borchers' body was found by Will Bergmann on a cot in the rear of the Bergmann-Bartles store on Broadway. Mr. Bergmann went into the yard to get his automobile and noticed Borchers. He thought he was asleep, but upon investigation he discovered blood and then realized that he was dead.

An examination revealed a bullet hole in his forehead and another in the left breast. He was found shortly after 6 o'clock, several hours after he had fired the fatal bullets.

Beside his body on the cot was found a note, apparently written a short time before he killed himself. It requested that the Elks be given charge of his funeral, and that his body be prepared for shipment to St. Louis by the Walther Undertaking establishment. He asked that the body be cremated. And these last requests will be carried out.

Two notes found in his pocketbook were yellow with age, indicating that he was on the verge of committing suicide some months ago. One of these advised his mother and sister where his insurance papers and his will could be found. He left a large insurance, and property and money amounting to a small fortune.

Mr. Borchers was especially fond of N. C. Weiler, the Main street jeweler, and spent much of his time at the jewelry store. He was a great reader and a man of intellectual attainments.

As a druggist he was not surpassed in this part of the State. For many years he was the purchasing agent for all the drugs used by the Missouri Pacific railway. With Dr. G. B. Schulz he opened the drug store now owned by Bernard Gockel on Broadway.

Mr. Borchers was born in Cape Girardeau in February 1862. His father, Henry Borchers, was a well-known physician in this city at that time. He died in 1871, but his widow, who is about 80 years old, is still living in this city.

Mr. Borchers was a pupil in the first German school in Cape Girardeau. He also was graduated from the Normal

# MARCUS PRINCE, SHOT SPARKING, DIES OF WOUND

### Negro Character Succumbs After Week to Injury Sweetheart Inflicted.

### MADE FRANK CARROLL LEAP OUT WINDOW

### Black Threatened Black Rival and Fatally Wounded, Whipped Him.

Marcus Prince, the negro who was shot by Ida Abbott last Monday night while he was trying to force his attentions upon her, died at his home yesterday afternoon. The slayer is a prisoner in the City Jail, where she was taken by Patrolman Groce after admitting the shooting.

Prince, who was a well-known negro character, had been courting the Abbott woman for several months, but when she met Frank Carroll, the former fruit peddler, a few weeks ago, Prince was ordered not to call upon her again.

Prince, the Abbott woman told the police, threatened to shoot Carroll if he did not remain away from the home of the Abbott woman. Carroll, who is looked upon as a "charmer" among the colored ladies, continued to call upon the woman, and one week ago, Prince learned that Carroll and Ida Abbott were going to be married.

"Frank Carroll must die within another week," announced Prince. "He has robbed me of my sweetheart."

When Carroll heard that he was doomed to die, he notified his sweetheart that the engagement was broken. She begged him to carry out his promise to her, but Carroll insisted that he would rather be a live bachelor than a dead bridegroom.

Finally Mrs. Abbott induced this modern Lavinia to call on her and talk the matter over. They were in the midst of a reconciliation when a gruff voice at the side window cried out: "Frank Carroll must die tonight."

"Pardon me, Miss Ida," chirped Carroll. "My bedtime has come. You know I am compelled to get up early and cook breakfast for a big household."

"Scuse me, Miss Ida, I mus' be gettin' back to nuth' baid," chirped Carroll. "Yo' knows Frank cooks fo, a big house w' important folks. Yas 'em, Miss Ida, dis heeb black boy mus' be goin' now."

By that time Prince had reached the steps and was in the act of entering the house. Ida Abbott drew her revolver and ordered him to reverse, but he kept on.

Just as he attempted to carve Frank Carroll with a razor, the woman began firing. Four bullets went wild, but the fifth entered Prince's stomach. Though fatally wounded he bowled Carroll over, but just as he attempted to begin assaulting his rival, Mrs. Abbott struck him with a small table. Then she threw a skillet at her former sweetheart.

Before he could reach Carroll for the second time, the frightened swain leaped out of a window, taking sash with him. Prince ran out of the door to pursue him, but Carroll had made his escape. Prince went to George Bollinger's cafe before he realized that he had been injured.

A physician was summoned, and after an examination, ordered the negro to bed. The bullet had perforated the intestines, but for a few days it was believed he would recover. Prince began sinking yesterday morning and the greater part of the day he was unconscious. He died shortly after 4 o'clock.

## PRESIDENT TO WORK ALL DAY

### Receives Pouch Full of Documents From State Department.

Cornish, N. H., Aug. 2—President Wilson slept late today, but started shortly after 10 o'clock to devote the whole day to a pouch full of documents received from the State Department.

The President continued today to receive protests from Chicago against the conduct of the Federal investigation into the Eastland disaster.

school and later went to St. Louis, where he received a diploma from a school of pharmacy.

For the past several years he had retired from active life in an effort to regain his lost health. His ailment, which was a kidney affection, aggravated by stomach trouble, kept him in a highly nervous state almost constantly.

While definite funeral arrangements have not been made, his body will be taken to St. Louis and cremated Sunday.