

### On Full Rations.

Meyer Post had another delightful meeting Saturday of last week. The Post were the guests of their comrade, Dan Burrier, of the 14th Kansas Cavalry, and 19 comrades answered roll call. It was a cloudy, damp, chilly, disagreeable afternoon—the roads bad—so bad that the auto brigade had to forego the trip, and the members secured the necessary accommodations from the Simerly barn, and they, somewhat delayed, arrived in good season.

On arrival at the Burrier home they found old glory waving from the approaches to the home; the trees and exterior of the home front gay in colors of red, white and blue. Mr. Burrier was on the outside extending a cordial welcome to each and every one of the "old boys," as they alighted, and on entering the home they were as cordially greeted by Mrs. Burrier, and several other ladies, who had come to extend to her a helping hand, to feed a sergeant's detail of hungry fellows, who had gone to the home with appetites fully prepared to do justice to the spread, they felt sure was in store for them—and there was no disappointment in this feature of the visit.

The large family room, nicely decorated, was set apart for the use of the Post, and Commander Fuller called the Post to order, and then its business was transacted, with "neatness and dispatch"—some, if not all, were hungry.

The members were then invited into the dining room, two tables having been spread and loaded with so many good things—things fresh from the farm; cooked to reliable perfection, and enjoyed to the fullness of every old soldier present.

The tables were beautifully and nicely decorated. The center piece being a large cake, the felings being in a correct imitation of an American flag, 10x14, and the colors red, white and blue, were represented by layers, and the result was each fellow got a piece of red cake, white cake, blue cake—it looked good, tasted good, and every comrade said it was good, and the reporter for this sheet knows it was good.

Following the feast of the good things to eat, they adjourned to the family parlor, where Daniel Kunkel, Robert Montgomery and Daniel Zachman led in singing old war songs, and the comrades joined in the choruses.

The Post felt the absence of their Chaplain, Rev. L. C. Powell, who was absent by reason of illness.

Handsome silken flags were distributed to each comrade, and pinned to his lapel, before he took his leave, and the thanks of the Post was extended the host and hostess for their generous and cordial greeting, and the Post's salute of three times three given them standing at the tables.

Those who came and assisted Mrs. Burrier were Mesdames Andy and Hugh Burrier, Joe Mitchell, Selourm Carson, T. C. Fuller; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Meyer.

Owing to the uncertainty of the weather at this season of the year, the Post we understand has concluded to abandon further visits with comrades for the winter, after which and with the coming of April, will visit their old comrade, August Waegel, and in May with Nathan South.

The Post will meet at the home of the adjutant, the fourth Saturday in October.

The roll call was answered by: Daniel Zachman, 82 Ohio Inf. F. S. Morgan, 1st Penn., Cav. Daniel Kunkel, 4th M. S. M. Cav. Jacob Frye, 14th Kansas Cav. Wm. Turnham, 4th M. S. M. Cav. P. W. Cunningham, 11th Minn. Inf. W. H. Hardman, 64th Ohio Inf. Robert Montgomery, 23d Ky. Inf. Samuel Hughes, 10th Kansas Inf. G. W. Cummins, 64th Ohio Inf. T. C. Dungan, 170th Ohio Inf. Nathan Smith, 25th Michigan Inf. Earl Cooper, 5th Missouri Cav. Fred Markt, 4th M. S. M. Cav. Jacob Markt, 4th M. S. M. Cav. Daniel Burrier, 14th Kansas Cav. D. W. Thuma, 15th Iowa Inf. T. C. Fuller, 83d Indiana Inf. D. P. Dobyns, 40th Missouri Inf.

### Beeves Reach \$11.

Sales of cattle last week at \$10.95 and \$11.00 per hundred weight have passed beyond prices ever before paid in the history of the Chicago market, yet there are many men of long experience in the trade who believe \$11 does not mark the limit of this year's flight of values of beef cattle on foot.

Wednesday, Sept. 18th, marked a new high top in the history of cattle selling in the open market. Armour & Co., were the buyers of these first cattle to reach the \$11 figure and A. W. Ebersold, of Union Star, Mo., was the feeder who put a high finish on a

load of 1,577 pound mixed Hereford and Short-horn steers that lured the buyers to pay a price that has long been battled against as too much money to pay for beef on foot.

These cattle had been fed since last November, but were not put on full feed of shelled and ear corn, with timothy hay as roughage, until January. That the market was not badly strained to reach the price is indicated by the fact that there were Angus cattle averaging 1,550 pounds fed by Ray & Russell, of Berwick, Ill., that sold the same day up to \$10.95 and a two-load bunch of Short-horn steers from the feeding of Frank McCutcheon of Alexis, Ill., one load averaging 1,490 and the other 1,540 pounds that made \$10.90.

In a recent interview, W. L. Nelson, assistant secretary of the Missouri State Board of Agriculture, calls attention to the fact that Missouri cattle have repeatedly topped the Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago markets during this remarkable era of record breaking prices. So rapidly have Missouri steers smashed the records that it is hard to keep up with them. On August 5 and 6, steers from this state topped the Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago markets and broke existing price record of at least two of these places. At St. Louis thirty-three head of 1,519 pound steers sold at \$10.10 per hundredweight. The same day a load of 1,577 pound steers from another Missouri county sold at \$10.95 per hundredweight on the Kansas City market. At the same time another load of cattle shipped from Illinois, but bred in Missouri, made the Chicago top at \$10.10. On September 12, three loads of prime beeves from Monticau county, Mo., established a new price record on the St. Louis market by selling at \$10.70 per hundredweight. The same feeder had previously sold a load of 1,822-pound steers at 10 cents per pound, or \$182.20 per head, believed to be the highest price per head ever realized on any market. The record price, \$10.30 per hundredweight made on the Chicago market September 11, must be credited to a load of 1,704-pound steers shipped from Illinois, but bred in Missouri. On September 11, a car load of cattle was shipped from Columbia and sold on the St. Louis market for \$59,248. Missouri easily ranks as the greatest cattle feeding state in the union.

The sales at \$11.00 was again repeated Monday and Wednesday of last week, September 23d and 25th. Iowa fed beeves averaging 1,498 lbs., landed \$11, against 1,550 to 1,595 pounds for all other steers to land that high this year. One year ago, Sept. 24th, 1911, the range price at Chicago was \$7.10 and top 1,531 lbs., natives at \$8.35; only a few loads brought \$8 or better. The high price of last week went to Illinois feeders.

### Death of S. I. Bunker.

It is with keen sorrow we announce the sudden and unexpected death of S. I. Bunker, of Minton township, which occurred at his home Monday, September 23, 1912, at the ripe age of 59 years. Mr. Bunker died suddenly from heart disease, and his sudden demise brings great grief to relatives and friends. For nearly thirty years he had resided in the Fortescue section, and as each year of his residence he grew in the esteem and regard of neighbors and friends, living each day to the teachings of the "Golden Rule."

He was a native of Clinton county, Indiana, and in October, 1873, married Miss Kate Gourley, and in 1883, he and family located in Minton township, near Fortescue, where they have since resided.

His wife together with seven children survive—the children are: Elfred, of Mound City; James, of Elkton, South Dakota; Yes, Thomas and Jud, of Fortescue; Mrs. A. D. Griffin, of Falls City, Nebraska, and Mrs. F. H. Binder, of Rushville, Nebraska. He is also survived by three sisters and a brother.

The funeral services were held from the family home, and conducted by Rev. Day, of the Craig M. E. church, and the body was laid to rest with the rites of Odd-Fellowship, conducted by Mound City lodge, in which lodge he held his membership.

—A pleasant note comes to us from James N. Murray, who with his brother, Avon, are attending the State university, states they are nicely situated, and that school work has begun with enthusiasm, and the "college spirit" is in the veins of all. Over 1000 are enrolled in the Freshmen class, and the university enrollment will be the largest in its history. The Oregon contingent is too busy with their studies to get home sick.

### Loves A Shining Mark.

Our entire community is grief stricken—few homes that the fathers and mothers, boys and girls, have not wept, and still weep, over the death of Hugo Geil, which occurred a few minutes before midnight Saturday last, September 28th, 1912, in the 20th year of his age.

A senior of the 1913 High school class; captain of the school football team; a young man, just at the promising and beautiful period of life, in the twinkling, his life is snuffed out, and he is ushered into that great unknown. He was a real live student, full of life and energy, and knowing the needs of an education made good in his studies, and met his work with all the force and determined purpose in him—he never lagged. In his school sports he was there to win and did his part to bring victory to his class.

Never in the history of our little city has so unfortunate an accident occurred; never have the hearts of our people been so touched with sympathy and sorrow as that which caused the death of Hugo Geil.

On Saturday last, the football season was opened here by a contest between the St. Joseph and Oregon High school teams. The teams were unevenly matched, by reason of the home team being much the highest. The game was called about 3 p. m., and was a spirited one. Just as the game was coming to a close, Hugo fell to the ground, and his companions going to him found him in an unconscious condition. His mother being on the ground rushed to the side of her dear boy, and was frantic, fearing he had been seriously injured. Physicians were also on the grounds, and they went to his relief.

Emergency restoratives were used but to no avail. He was placed in an automobile and removed to his home, where Doctors Wood, Proud and Evans rendered all the assistance known to their profession, to bring relief and restore consciousness, but without avail, and a few minutes before 12 o'clock, the spirit of Hugo Geil took its flight to the God that gave it—death being caused by hemorrhage of the brain, by over-exertion.

An enthusiast as he was, not of rugged build, but active, and full of that spirit, to help to win, he entered the game in a somewhat weakened condition, caused from over-exertion in a practice game the week previous, and it is likely this overwork in practice caused a leakage, that brought the fatal results in the game of Saturday.

He was the second son of Adam and Minnie Kramer-Geil, and was born in Omaha, Nebraska, February 28th, 1893. The father died October 21, 1903, leaving three sons, Adolph, Hugo and Henry, since which time Mrs. Geil and her little family have been residents of this city. She is a woman greatly esteemed by all our people, and a mother who has sacrificed only as mothers can to equip her boys that they may fight life's battles honorably and well. The eldest, Adolph, is a student at the State university, making his way by his own exertions; Hugo was the second and Henry the third, and were here in school.

Hugo was one of the most lovable of young men who ever grew to young manhood in our midst. He was a school enthusiast, full of the college spirit, and possessed of an active brain and warm heart. His intellect was keen as a Damascus blade; his ambitions were high; his energy unbounded; he was as sympathetic and tender of heart as a woman and the optimism of his cheerful nature always caused his countenance to be illumined with a sunny smile. One of his principal characteristics was his honest, fearless, candor. He was as frank a young man as one could find in 10,000. He aimed to live up to such ideals as would bring happiness to him and mother. In vacation he did what his hands could find to do that he might lighten mother's burdens. He tried to make the widowhood of mother as light as possible. To her he was the dutiful son, her chum and companion—because of his wealth of love for her. In his relations with his schoolmates and everyone, he showed all the elements of genuine manhood and intrinsic worth. He grew into the affections of all who knew him, because of his rugged virtues of head and heart.

The old bell in the school house was silent during the day of his funeral—its mute silence told the story too of the passing of this splendid young man. The large concourse of friends and neighbors—his classmates—the Freshmen, the Sophomores, the

Juniors, the Seniors, the teachers in line to pay their last loving tribute—all bore ample testimony of the love and high esteem in which Hugo was held by all who knew him.

The funeral services were held Monday afternoon, September 30th, from the Evangelical church, the funeral discourse being delivered by the family's pastor, Rev. Weidmeyer, who was assisted by Rev. Clagett, of the Presbyterian church who read the scripture lesson, and the invocation was offered by Rev. Powell, of the M. E. church. A beautiful song service was rendered by a mixed choir.

The church was decorated with potted plants. The altar was beautifully draped in the class colors, gray and pink. The white casket was draped in the High school colors, purple and gold, and six of Hugo's classmates acted as pall bearers.

The funeral was perhaps the largest ever witnessed in our little city. The funeral procession was led by the faculty, and the students of the High school, the young ladies wearing white, as the procession passed the school house, the bell was tolled, and into the silent city the sad procession wended its way, and here they laid away in a grave lined with white and trimmed in the High school colors, purple asters and yellow dahlias, with a bow of the class colors at the head, the body of Hugo Geil, a senior of the High school class of 1913, who was an ideal student, dutiful son and one greatly beloved by all our people.

The church decorations were in charge of his classmates. Many beautiful floral tributes came, among which was a large pillow from his classmates; a wreath from the faculty, and the football team of the St. Joseph Central High school sent a large cluster of American Beauty roses.

The chain of the Senior class has been broken and one link has been removed. His bright, pleasant smile will be missed by classmates and teacher, and the vacant chair in the classroom, as well as the one in the Sunday school class room must remain vacant.

Our entire community sympathize with this dear heartbroken, self-sacrificing mother in the great sorrow that has come to her, mourning the loss of her dear, good, bright and soul of honor boy. But as human words of sympathy are unavailing in the alleviation of such sorrow, we commend her and the surviving brothers to His keeping who knoweth the mysteries of life and death. He has use for Hugo in heaven whence he cannot return, but whither they may go to meet him.

Lead kindly light; amid the circling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see; The distant scene; one step enough for me.

### Broke His Ribs.

Col. Elliott Marshall, surveyor of customs at St. Joseph, has been up to his fruit farm south of Oregon for a month, and he returned Saturday to his home, suffering from two broken ribs, and several ugly bruises as a result of an accident, the Thursday previous. The accident occurred near Forest City, when one of a team of horses which Colonel Marshall was driving shied and ran one wheel of the wagon over a stump, upsetting the vehicle, and throwing its occupant on his head and left side. Colonel Marshall was given medical attention by Dr. Bullock, of Forest City, and then returned to his farm, where he is having his crop of apples picked.

### Woman's Union Program

SATURDAY, OCT. 14, 1912.  
Subject for the year: "Ireland and Noted Authors."  
Roll call—Quotations from Thomas Moore.  
"Primeval Ireland"—Mrs. Rebecca Allen.  
"Biography of Thomas Moore"—Miss Libian Austin.  
Irish song—Mrs. Mattie Bridgeman.  
"Irish Legends and Myths"—Mrs. Cora Burgess.  
General discussion.

—The shooting season for ducks and geese, brant and snipe is now open. With the coming of cooler weather and the consequent arrival of wild fowl from the North, our local nimrods are beginning to look forward to the fall shooting season with some anticipation, as last season was a very poor one for ducks and geese, owing to the heavy fall of snow late in the season and the sudden arrival of warm weather shortly afterward. The open season for quail begins November 1 and ends December 1.

### Favors the Single Tax.

We have received a lengthy communication from our young friend, Will M. Maupin, who favors the Single Tax proposition, and says the Antis are supported by the "Big Business" interests. We are assured by those in charge of the Anti-Single Tax campaign, that this is not true, in a single feature. He claims Single Tax means the equalizing of tax burdens; instead of shifting the burden from city to country, the reverse would be the result if the Single Tax were in operation.

The Antis claim that the purpose of these amendments is to destroy the commercial value of land. Mr. Maupin would have us believe that it is leveled only at unused land. Such is not the case. The amendments make no exception in favor of the man who uses his land. The object is to confiscate the economic rent of all land. Thus the commercial value would be destroyed and the state be made the "universal landlord." Land has value because it yields economic rent to the owner. Economic rent is defined by Henry George as follows: "Rent is determined by the margin of cultivation; all lands yielding as rent that part of their produce which exceeds what an equal application of labor and capital could procure from the poorest land in use."

Now if this rent be taken from all land owners, let us see what would be the difference between the owner who uses and the owner who does not use land. Let us consider the two cases mentioned by Mr. Maupin.

One of them invests his all \$8,000 in land. The other invests \$5,000 in a city lot. The farmer, having nothing but bone and muscle, and brains, works hard for a living. The latter, being rich, takes a pleasure trip to Europe. Then we put Single Tax into effect. The farmer's investment of \$8,000 is wiped out. The rich man's investment of \$5,000 is wiped out. The farmer loses the result of a life of hard work and economy. The rich man in Europe loses what is a mere trifle to him. When it comes to paying the taxes, the rich man can pay his out of the easy coming dividends of his stocks. We have increased the dividends of those stocks by exempting them from taxation, or if he does not care to pay the taxes, the rich man can let his lot revert to the state, without seriously crippling himself or injuring his income. But if the farmer must pay his exorbitant tax out of the sweat of his face, having bought the land, he yet is but a tenant of the state. And he cannot let his land sell for taxes. He has but \$5,000 worth of houses on it, and if the land sells, the houses go, too. Also if he does let the land go for taxes, where can he earn a living? If he keeps it, the state confiscates all it yields above the poorest land in use. If he does not keep it, he has nothing. He must either be a serf or starve.

The increased value of the city lot, Mr. Maupin says, comes without effort on the part of the owner. The increased value of the farm comes from the labor of the owner. He cleans off the timber and underbrush, drains the swampy ground, and hauls off the rock. He fertilizes, rotates his crops, fills up the washes, and by care and hard work, maintains the fertility and productiveness of the soil. These improvements cannot be separated from the soil. They are a part of it.

Now, when the state becomes a universal landlord and goes into the confiscation of rent, destruction of land value, and taking of land for taxes, as a public business, who is hurt most—the rich man whose added value represents no effort on his part, or the farmer whose added value represents his life's work?

Section 2 of the proposed amendment makes no exception of the value added by reclamation and conservation. And of such improvements Henry George says: "These improvements which, in time, become indistinguishable from the land itself; very well; then the title to the improvements becomes blended with the title to the land; the individual right is lost in the common right."

So the hand of confiscation is not to stop at raw land, but is to gather within its grasp, all improvements added by years of culture, care and conservation.

Now suppose the state does tax land alone, and taxes it high enough to destroy the value of the rich man's city lot. At the same time she taxes the farm high enough to destroy its value. True, he says, the houses on the farm won't be taxed, but would the untaxing of them enhance their value so as to make up the loss? A house is worth \$5,000, because it cost that to

build it. A farm is worth \$8,000 because it yields economic rent. Untax the house and its value is still determined by the cost of reproduction. Take the economic rent of land by taxation and the land has no commercial value. Does friend Maupin think that when the \$8,000 land value is destroyed by taxation, the \$5,000 house will be enhanced in value to \$13,000, by exempting it from taxation?

When the rich lot owner has lost \$100,000 by Single Tax, who is any better off? Has \$100,000 been taken out of their pockets and put into the public treasury? No. Has that sum been distributed among the citizens? No. The values have simply been destroyed. Mr. Richman and Mr. Farmer are worth \$108,000 less than they were before; \$108,000 of value which might be used as security to bring money into this state for use in its development has been destroyed; no one is any richer, but two men are \$108,000 poorer and the community has lost that much in the way of resources to back up the enterprise.

If any one else wants to use the lot, or the farm, he will have to pay more than the taxes amount to. The Single Taxers complain that they have to pay interest on Mr. Richman's \$100,000 if they occupy his lot. Well, under the Single Tax, the tax would have to be just as high as the interest is now, or else the system would fail of its object to destroy the commercial value. And when Mr. Richman or Mr. Farmer pays this high tax to the state, he will turn right around and collect it from the tenant in the form of rent.

It is not "Big Business" that would be hurt by Single Tax. As we see it, the safest investments for the savings of the public are land or first mortgages on land. Destroy land value by Single Tax, and where would these savings go for investment? There would be but one other place into industrial stocks and bonds controlled by Wall street. By Single Tax the great money interests would drive future savings from investment in land into investments where they could control them. Thus the grip of "Big Business" would be tightened on this country.

Another thing: "Big Business" controls practically every field of industry save land. They cannot gain control of it because it has too great an aggregate commercial value. Destroy that value by Single Tax, and we predict that in ten years the lands of every state where the system existed would be gobbled up by "Big Business." The next step then would be to repeal Single Tax and rejuvenate land values. In such a way "Big Business" could juggle the land market as successfully and profitably as they now do the stock market.

Friend Maupin may be sincere in his advocacy of the Single Tax proposition, but we cannot see it as he does. Hence this will close the subject.

### Like a Stamp Album.

Kodak pictures, which Dr. J. F. Loffer has had taken of his leg on which eighty pieces of skin have just been grafted, might easily be mistaken for a page from a boy's stamp album. His leg is just that much patched up.

Dr. Loffer is proud of the photographs, but he isn't nearly so proud of them as he is of his wife, who gave up the patches that will make the patient a well man, with a whole and useful leg.

Mrs. Loffer, who is suffering more than her husband as a result of the operation, lies on another bed in the same room with her husband. And she smiles across at him with a dazzling smile that is good to see.

Dr. Loffer was terribly burned in the explosion of a threshing boiler on the Murphy Brothers' farm, six miles northwest of Maryville, August 16. Steam and hot water, burned his left leg terribly, taking off all the skin from the inside of the limb from the middle of the thigh to the ankle.

With Mrs. Loffer under the influence of chloroform on one operating table and her husband, also anesthetized, on another, the operation began. Dr. L. E. Dean, with a sharp razor, stripped off the skin, which was taken from her thighs, operating quickly and taking a strip an inch wide and from one to two inches long at a time. These were passed over to Dr. K. C. Cummins, who placed them in position on Dr. Loffer's leg, being merely laid upon the raw surface, which had been cauterized so as to insure adhesion and growth.

Dr. Loffer's left leg was the one affected. It was so badly scalded that the entire inner surface, from the inside of the thigh to the ankle was denuded of skin, the muscles being exposed in one place and the bone in another.

The skin for covering all this surface was taken from both Mrs. Loffer's thighs. The operation lasted an hour, and was entirely successful, and both patients are expected to recover speedily.—Maryville Tribune.