

"SWEETNING" APPLIED TO WEST FOR G. O. P.

BY JAMES R. GARFIELD

Col. Roosevelt doesn't seem to care much for President Wilson. It can probably be said without fear of contradiction that the militant ex-president is against the present executive. Here is a portion of a press report of Roosevelt's speech at Detroit, Mich.:

"He (Roosevelt) charged the president with having 'debauched the civil

used his rapid-fire castigation of the president, swatting fiercely when he got to the 'surrender' to the labor leaders."

(Outside of which Mr. Wilson is doubtless alright.)

Garfield, the Sweetener.
George F. Authier, Washington political writer for The Minneapolis Tribune, states that James R. Garfield is the Republican "sweetener"—whatever that is. Here is Authier's exact language:

"James R. Garfield is now in the west on an errand of study of the situation as it applies to the question of harmony between the Progressives and the standpatners in states where admittedly there was a good deal of bitterness. From messages that are received at western headquarters it is apparent that the bitterness has been sweetened, and that, excepting two or three cases where local matters are provocative of friction, affairs between Progressives and the old liners are what they should be. The national ticket in no place seems to be threatened by troubles between the Republicans and the Progressives."

Minneapolis Tribune: The Minneapolis branch of the Hughes Business Men's league, an organization national in scope, was organized yesterday, the object of the league being to enlist all business men for Hughes and the Republican party.

The following make up the executive committee that will have charge of the work here: Joseph Chapman, Fred B. Snyder, A. R. Rogers, W. D. Washburn, Carl L. Wallace and H. R. Clarkson.

The Minneapolis headquarters of the Republican state central committee were opened at 409 Marquette avenue, yesterday. O. M. Peabody will be in charge.

Let's see. These are the same gentlemen—Washburn, Rogers, Snyder, Wallace, Chapman, Clarkson, et al., that the Nonpartisan league has been fighting.

William Loeb, Jr., ardent booster for Candidate Hughes, is the same Loeb who, representing the American Smelting and Refining company, headed a delegation of mining and smelting men that appeared before the Mexican-American joint commission to protest against what they called "confiscatory decrees" in Mexico, arguing that the old style of taxation be returned. Rather significant.



John Burke.

service for congressional votes on behalf of some measures which he had solemnly promised to oppose," and it was under such circumstances 'only' that the president turned his words into deeds.

"The nation, he declared, has assumed an attitude of 'gross cowardice, which we owe to Mr. Wilson's substitution of adroit elocution for straightforward action."

"He pictured Mr. Wilson as shifty, unreliable in his word, a political opportunist, a persistent employer of 'weasel words,' a hypocritical man, whose administration had brought the 'decision of mankind' upon this country by the 'policy of bluster, hypocrisy and unpreparedness."

"For two hours the colonel contin-

WAR BREDS FICTION.

"Peace hath its victories no less renowned than those of war," but war can come right back at peace and give it good long odds in the matter of encouraging fiction. The two years of the war so far have marshalled more words to express purely imaginary statements than any similar period in all history, says Omaha Bee. It once was possible for the gifted war correspondent to re-enforce his vivid accounts of battle with some favor of facts, but nowadays, under the tender but ceaseless vigilance of the censor, he is reduced to producing romance exclusively. No irrefragable fact is permitted to buttress a column of eloquent description, for that might give the enemy some information. Even the official reports of the belligerents vie in nervous competition at disseminating, if not actual distortion, of facts. The practice of trilling with truth is not common to one side. Each is bent on getting its own version of happenings to the world ahead of the other fellow's, and in the best light possible. Truth is hidden away in secret records, where it will ever remain, while the world outside is fed on well-prepared accounts of battles that rest on claims rather than accomplishments. This is vividly emphasized just at present, while interested readers still blame the newspapers for not printing the "truth."

The British bank of South America reports that the amount of coffee carried forward from last year's crop in Brazil is very small, which is expected to facilitate the sale of the coming harvest, estimated at 3,000,000 bags Rio and from 10,000,000 to 11,000,000 bags Santos. The new crop will be marketed earlier than usual. The present demand from the United States is small, owing to high prices. The European demand is spasmodic, but there are almost no steamers available to carry coffee. Argentina reports that money is a drug in the market, and that the discount market shows no improvement. Importers who can obtain goods are making satisfactory profits, but both imports and exports are hampered by lack of tonnage. The fall in grain has produced heavy losses in the country districts and may produce failures there, which will mean losses to Buenos Aires firms who sell or make advances up country. Grain shipments have been behind those for a year ago.

In this tropical temperature it is easy to imagine one's self in Hawaii merely by grinding one of those weird records through the household music mill.

Keeping cool by mental suggestion is not half as comfortable as taking a summer vacation in one's mind during the month of January.

For the benefit of those persons who take two bites at the word "film" congress might be induced to give it another vowel.

In the middle farming zone of Peru, at an elevation between 8,000 and 11,000 feet, the Cuzco type of corn is the principal crop. It is characterized by very large kernels, sometimes nearly an inch broad. Cuzco is a native of the cool tablelands of Peru rather than the tropical valleys, says National Geographic Magazine. This fact throws new light on its behavior in the United States. In the hot summer climate of the eastern states it usually fails to set seed, but it may be of use on the Pacific coast or other parts of the United States where there is too little heat for our varieties to mature.

What has become of the banjo? It was a barrack craze once. The mouth organ seems a decadent thing compared with the "filly-willy-winky, poppy" of the banjo on the march or in the camp. Once it was the "war drug of the white man round the world," says London Globe. It seems that there is room for enterprise in this direction, and perhaps we shall yet hear the banjo twanging "From Delos up to Limerick and back!"

According to Rider Haggard, after the war England's 2,000,000 superfluous women now working will decline to give up their jobs to the men they have displaced. However, if it comes to the worst, the men can marry them.

Fate is an excuse for folly and fast living.

Good fortune does not walk with Fate, for good fortune is the outcome of careful planning and incessant energy.

The convicted man says his conviction was Fate; that Fate was against him. Fate had nothing to do with it. He had neglected the law of averages.

He moved contrary to 100 million people. He had opposed public opinion. He could not afford to make one mistake. The detectives and the police made a thousand and yet they caught him. He erred, and afterwards called it Fate.

Fate has nothing in common with facts, Fate is the enemy of mathematics and all exact science.

Fate is the outcome of the omission of a factor in a calculation and never the act of God or man.

Fate is a weak word not down in the dictionary of Big Business. Moreover, Fate is a broken crutch and never a valid excuse.—From Star of Hopa Sing Sing Penitentiary.

FOOLISH FACTS

The barber's comb is equal to many parts.

It's possible for a plain cook to be a pretty one.

An ounce of assistance is worth a pound of advice.

The Real Man

By Frances Elizabeth Lanjon

(Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.)

"Marie, this is simply awful!"

"Oh mamma, mamma, why did you ever discover it!"

"Lucky I did!" snapped Mrs. Leeds.

"Do you wish to have your husband up to all kinds of misdoings and you ignorant of it?"

"Yes, I do, rather than have my heart broken. Oh, he is false, false and I wish I was dead!" and pretty Nellie Brierly, the bride of a year, burst into a torrent of sobs and tears.

"Don't get hysterical now," chided her practical, hard headed mother. "We don't know that its all as bad as we think. Of course, the evidence looks conclusive, but we must watch and wait. Leave it to me, I'll soon know more. Trust me!"

This had happened: Mrs. Leeds had come to visit her daughter. She was a fussy, meddling individual. She had come across a coat of her son-in-law in his wardrobe and set at work to sew on a loose button. Then, feeling something in one of its pockets, she investigated to find a part of a written sheet and a photograph tied together with a bit of pink scented ribbon.

The portrait was that of a charming faced young girl. The fragment of paper read: "I go away believing that you love me. I shall come back firm in that same faith. I only hope my parents will see your proposal in a more favorable light, for if I do not marry you I shall not marry any other."

Both photograph and letter were crumpled and looked time worn.



Written Sheet and a Photograph.

Jarently Walter Brierly had loved someone besides Nellie in the past, had never told Nellie about it and still cherished those mementoes of his old love.

Nellie tried to keep cheerful and not let Walter see that she distrusted him, for, as she came to think of her own old-time beaux she did not consider a past flame of her husband so highly reprehensible, after all. But her mother stirred up things. One day she came to her daughter duly excited.

"Nellie," she said, "I'm sorry to disturb your peace of mind, but it is necessary."

"What now, mamma?" inquired Nellie.

"Among the letters which came for your husband this morning one was addressed in a feminine handwriting. I steamed it."

"Oh mamma, never!" cried Nellie. "And read it. Don't look at me as if I was a thief. I'm your own mother and I'm going to protect your interests. It was signed 'Lucia Davenant,' it gave her address. It's in the same handwriting as the scrap I found in Walter's coat and it asks your husband to call upon her at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"Oh, why do you resort to these underhanded methods?" wailed poor Nellie, "and what good does it do for me to know all this?"

"Well, if you have any womanly spirit," retorted Mrs. Leeds tartly, "it will lead to your finding out who this mix is. Now don't go to wearing a long face so that young husband of yours suspects that we are advised as to his misdoings. Tomorrow both you and I will see this artful temptress."

Nellie was nearly crushed. She mourned and wept. She could scarcely keep from utterly breaking down before Walter. He received his letter, read it quietly, coolly pocketed it, looked a trifle sad, the watchful Nellie fancied, but he said nothing whatever as to its contents.

"He's done it—we've got him!" rather impudently proclaimed Mrs. Leeds an hour later.

"What do you mean?" wearily questioned Nellie.

"The letter and the photograph. I searched his old coat. They are gone

Now then, you pluck up nerve and let me work out this problem."

In her masterful way Mrs. Leeds directed all details. She was in her element, meddling and muddling in the affairs of others. With a quiver of vague pain Nellie noticed that her husband was more particular than usual the next morning as to his attire.

At two o'clock that afternoon she and her mother left the house for the vicinity of the address given in the note to Mr. Brierly. Both were deeply veiled. They found safe covert in the doorway of an unoccupied house and watched the one where the writer of the note resided.

"Don't squirm or get hysterical," directed Mrs. Leeds, as Nellie shrank back with a pitiful whimper.

Her husband was coming down the street. He ascended the steps of the house opposite. He was admitted by a servant. In a few moments he came forth accompanied by a beautiful but sad-faced girl whose general appearance indicated the invalid.

He was the courteous gentleman complete as he offered the girl his arm. They walked slowly along. Walter seemed to do most of the talking. His companion listened with bowed head and more than once applied her handkerchief to her eyes, as though the tears were there.

"For mercy's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Leeds, at the end of half an hour's cautious pursuit of the pair.

"Why, they are going into a cemetery!" marvelled the bewildered Nellie.

"Strange place for a rendezvous!" pronounced Mrs. Leeds. "This is getting beyond me, I must admit."

Walter and his charge wandered on until they reached a secluded part of the cemetery. There was a rustic seat and there they sat down. From some sheltering foliage concealing them near by, Nellie and her mother saw Walter hand the girl something. They saw, too, that it was the ribbon secured photograph and letter.

The girl cried over them, kissed them. Then, as Walter pointed to a little mound near by, she proceeded alone over to this, knelt beside it and was lost in deep grief.

In a little while the girl, looking subdued and heartbroken, rejoined Walter. They returned the course to her home. As he left the girl she clasped his hand and seemed to be brokenly telling of some overwhelming grief. Then gravely Walter lifted his hat and with somber mien left the vicinity.

"H'm!" observed Mrs. Leeds, palpably puzzled and disappointed. "Here's a mystery I can't fathom."

"Don't try to," murmured Nellie. "I feel sure we are misjudging Walter."

"He shall confess the truth this very night or I shall take you back home with me!" declared Mrs. Leeds.

But there was no occasion for that. After dinner, as they sat in the living room and Mrs. Leeds was primed for her attack, Walter spoke.

"My dear," he said to his wife, "I had a sad mission today. You remember the old friend I told you of, Gerald Price, who died six months ago?"

"I think I do," murmured Nellie.

"He loved a beautiful young girl, whose parents objected to his addresses. They sent her away for a year and it broke my friend's heart. She returned to the city a few days since and I have executed the mission my friend in dying entrusted to me. It was to tell her how sacredly he had treasured a few words she had written and a photograph of herself she had given him, to his last moment. It was a sad task. I took her to his grave today and told her of his constancy. Poor soul! her heart is broken. She is a hopeless invalid and will not long survive the man she loved so devotedly."

"Oh! why did her parents interfere?" breathed Nellie, almost crying.

At this her mother "spunked up." She gave her a withering glance. Next morning she terminated her visit.

Nellie never told Walter of the ordeal through which she had passed. Only, a greater tenderness and strengthened faith came into her heart for the man whom she doubted never more.

Flowers and Leaves.

Flowers are produced by the sacrifice of stem and leaves, which subordinate their own functions to the making of seed to carry on the species. In the late summer time, when plants have flowered and set their seed, the leaf spirit seems again to assert itself; and, in many instances, becomes so strong that the miracle of its self-sacrifice is revealed. One often sees roses, after producing perfect blossoms, producing some which push out a small bunch of green leaves from the heart; or, perhaps, the axis of the aborted stem grows right out from the middle and bears a small secondary rosebud. This secondary rose is generally smothered in a calyx more like a conglomeration of leaves than any ordinary calyx, the calyx showing a strong tendency to revert to the leaf form.

Slaves in New England.

It may surprise many of our readers to learn that at one time upward of 3,000 colored persons were held as slaves in Connecticut. The thrifty Boston traders went further than the Connecticut men. They brought sugar from Jamaica, turned it into rum at Boston and Medford, sent the rum back to the west coast of Africa and exchanged it for black men, whom they jammed below decks, transported them to Jamaica and then traded them for more sugar to be made into more rum to be traded for more slaves. And so the traffic continued.—Hartford Courant.

NATIONAL BANK
OF WAPPETON

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Your financial liberty in the future will depend on your ability and consistency in saving a part of what you earn.

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The National Bank

Of Wapeton

Wapeton, North Dakota

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

STATE OF NORTH DAKOTA, COUNTY OF Richland, In County Court, Before Hon. George VanArman, Judge

In the Matter of the Estate of John J. Chezik, Deceased, Lizzie Chezik, Petitioner

vs.

Jessie Chezik, Lettie Chezik, Alice Chezik, Archie Chezik, George Chezik, M. H. McDonell, Special Guardian of said Archie Chezik and George Chezik, Minor Children of John J. Chezik, Deceased, St. John's Church of Wapeton, North Dakota, St. Adalbert's Church of Wapeton, North Dakota, St. Mary's Church of Breckenridge, Minnesota and St. Louis' Church of Dunsenith, North Dakota, Respondents

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Lizzie Chezik, Executrix of the Last Will and Estate of John J. Chezik, late of the Township of Summit, in the County of Richland and State of North Dakota, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, said decedent, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within six months after the first publication of this notice, to said Executrix at the office of Purcell & Divet in the City of Wapeton, in said Richland County, North Dakota.

Dated September 12, 1916.

LIZZIE CHEZIK, Executrix

First publication on the 14th day of September, 1916.

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Tart Repartee.

Of Sir William Harcourt, Disraeli once said in his affectedly cynical way, "He has the three essential qualifications of success in politics—a fine person, a loud voice and no principles."

To this when it was repeated to him Harcourt rejoined, "Leaving out the first two qualifications, it might almost be applied to 'Diszy' himself."

MAYR'S WONDERFUL REMEDY
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE
ONE DOSE WILL CONVINCE

Gall Stones, Cancer and Ulcers of the Stomach and Intestines, Auto Intoxication, Yellow Jaundice, Appendicitis and other fatal ailments result from Stomach Trouble. Thousands of Stomach Sufferers owe their complete recovery Mayr's Wonderful Remedy. Unlike any other for Stomach Ailments. For sale by H. Miller & Co., and druggists everywhere.

SUMMONS

STATE OF NORTH DAKOTA, COUNTY OF Richland, ss., In District Court, Fourth Judicial District.

Mary Kouba, Plaintiff

vs.

John A. Kouba, Defendant

THE STATE OF NORTH DAKOTA TO THE ABOVE NAMED DEFENDANTS:

You are hereby summoned to answer the complaint in the above entitled action, a copy of which is herewith served upon you and to serve a copy of your answer upon the subscriber within thirty (30) days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service; and in case of your failure to appear or answer, judgment will be taken against you by default for the relief demanded in the complaint.

C. J. KACHELHOFFER, Attorney for Plaintiff

Residence and Postoffice Address: Wapeton, North Dakota

To the Above Named Defendant: TAKE NOTICE: That the complaint in the above entitled action was filed in the Clerk of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District in and for said Richland County, at Wapeton, North Dakota, on the 18th day of September, 1916, and is now on file therein.

C. J. KACHELHOFFER, Plaintiff's Attorney, Wapeton, North Dakota

Sept. 21, 16

City Property

If you have a house for sale
If you have a lot for sale
If you have a house for rent
If you want to buy a house
If you want to buy a lot
If you want to rent a house

SEE

E. S. Cameron

For a Loan

ON

City Property or Farm Lands

CALL ON THE

Peoples State Bank

Wapeton, North Dakota