

FRANK BIGLEN ENDS CAREER

(Continued from page one.)

desiring to go out to the ranch at Maginnis in the morning, he looked up his brother to see if he could take him out. He found the inspector at the carnival about 11 o'clock and soon made the arrangement. They came up town together and when the witness, after a considerable time, started to leave for the hotel, Frank at once suggested that he spend the night with him and he consented to do so, but said he would like to turn in at once. Frank agreed to this, but instead of doing so he dropped in at one place and another until it was getting along in the morning, when John said he would not wait any longer and again started for the hotel. Again Frank called him back and they went up the street to go to Frank's apartment on the street back from the Bank of Fergus and which was shared by Albert Johnson. But Frank was not ready to go to bed yet and insisted upon going to the noodle parlor for some noodles, John accompanying him. When they came out John criticized the inspector for, as he put it, "drinking and acrouching around" and other things and when they reached the room Frank was replying with some heat. After they retired this talk went on, although John wished to terminate it, and Mr. Johnson called out, asking why they didn't go to sleep. At this stage, John arose, dressed and left for the hotel, Frank referring to some personal matters. Frank must have followed quickly, as John had been in his room but a few minutes when the inspector appeared at the door.

The Funeral.

A large concourse of mourning relatives and friends attended the funeral from the Catholic church Saturday morning, and there were numerous beautiful floral tributes. Rev. V. J. van den Broeck conducted the services.

His Career.

Frances Biglen was the son of Patrick and Mary Biglen, both deceased, and was born at Malden Dec. 3, 1882, being under thirty-one years of age. He spent his youth at Malden, Gilt Edge and in this city. At Malden he attended E. M. Drinkard's school and in Lewistown attended the school presided over by H. A. Moulton. From childhood he was used to horses and cattle and when still wearing dresses would ride with the men at a roundup. He developed into one of the finest riders in the country and prior to his appointment as deputy stock inspector frequently participated in riding and roping contests. He was very kind hearted, always willing to go the limit for a friend. He was a very sensitive man, although he hid this quality. Besides his brother John, he is survived by two sisters, Mrs. G. P. Burnett and Mrs. Peppard, of Gilt Edge, and a number of nieces and nephews. The pallbearers were all lifelong friends, L. P. Slater, Edward Martin, Tommy Mason, Firmin Tullock, J. E. Pinkley and John Crowley.

ROAD BUILDING IN WINNETT SECTION

PEOPLE GREATLY PLEASED AT WORK OF THE COMMISSIONERS.

Register Harry J. Kelly, of the land office, and A. Hogeland made an auto trip Sunday through the Winnett section and were surprised at the extent of the grain acreage down there this year, as well as the remarkably fine crops, some of the winter wheat fields showing 40 bushels to the acre, with oats running correspondingly high.

The completion of the road to Grass Range has had a stimulating effect on the whole country as far out as Winnett and the satisfaction of the residents is further increased by the work done by the county commissioners in building new roads. They are particularly pleased at the plan about to be carried out for constructing a good road from Grass Range to Winnett. A fine road is now being built from Winnett to Elk creek, a distance of seven miles. Another road to be constructed is from Winnett to Flatwillow, and the efforts of the commissioners are fully appreciated.

Sweitzer Returns.

E. C. Sweitzer has returned from New York and other eastern cities, where he went to purchase stock for his new store in the Crowley block.

SUMMER SCHOOL IS COMPLETE SUCCESS

ENROLLMENT IS VERY LARGE—PROF. DAVEE GIVES A LECTURE.

The summer school, which opened last week at the Lincoln school under the direction of County Superintendent O'Hara, is the most successful one now being conducted in the state. The enrollment is eighty and the teachers in attendance are all much pleased with the school.

From Rev. E. W. Wright.

Rev. E. W. Wright is attending the session of the National Training School for Sunday School Workers at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Mr. Wright writes the Democrat that it is pretty warm there, but that he is enjoying it all.

Labor Day Celebration.

Everything is now in readiness for the big Labor day celebration next Monday. It will open with the parade, to be followed by sports and speaking at the ball park and a dance at Armory hall in the evening.

Sons of Herman Picnic.

The Germans will have a picnic next Sunday, under the auspices of the Sons of Herman, at Meyer's Grove. Vehicles will leave Main street in the morning, providing transportation for all. At the grove addresses will be made by Mayor W. D. Symmes, Judge Roy E. Ayers, Hon. John A. Coleman and others, and a very fine concert program will be given by the Lewistown Concert orchestra.

Davee Lectures.

State Superintendent H. A. Davee lectured last evening at the Methodist church, there being a large attendance, although there had been but limited opportunity to advertise it. Mr. Davee's idea is expressed in the sentence, "Make the school fit the children and not the children fit the school." His address was listened to with the closest attention and proved both interesting and profitable in the highest degree.

GOSSIP OF THE TOWN

W. W. Johnson, of Omaha, father of James E. Johnson, deputy in the office of the clerk of the court, is in the city visiting his son.

"I was in Lewistown eighteen years ago," said Mr. Johnson yesterday. "I came in here by stage looking for wool and beef shipments and never dreamed of seeing such a city as this here. There was no farming in those days, practically the whole country being used to range stock. I've seldom seen a town that has so much back of it as this one. A high-grade farming country is the best possible backing for a place like Lewistown. Your city has just commenced to grow."

"Lewistown is looking fine," said H. M. Packard, of Stanford, who is in the city on jury duty. "Pack" is an old-timer and was formerly engaged in business here.

"We've got some city on the west side, though," Mr. Packard continued. "Stanford now boasts of five miles of cement sidewalks and a \$27,000 school house and in a little while we expect to have a good waterworks system in operation. The future of our town is very bright and Stanford looks mighty good to me."

When Dave Hilger was in Washington the last time he took a taxi ride about the capital one afternoon to see if he had overlooked any of the sights. The driver was onto his job and to interest the party was continually pointing out famous men, relying, of course, upon the fact that his patrons were all strangers in order to get away with it. He had pointed out senators and representatives, heads of departments and famous diplomats galore, but it only took David about one minute to size up the talk. Finally the driver, in an excess of confidence, pointed out an old geezer, with flowing, snow white lambskins as Senator Isaac Stephenson, of Wisconsin, "the oldest and wealthiest member of congress." Dave immediately saluted the supposed senator.

"Know Senator Stephenson?" asked the surprised guide.

"Sure," replied Dave, "I'm his grandfather."

There was silence for the space of a minute and then the guide concluded, "Well, anyway, that's the Washington monument over there."

HILGER CELEBRATES MONDAY AND TUESDAY

BIG CROWD WILL GO FROM LEWISTOWN TO PARTICIPATE.

A big crowd will go up to Hilger Monday for the celebration to be held there. A very interesting program has been arranged, with a drilling contest and a ball game between Roy and Hilger the first day and between Moore and Hilger the second day. The Hilger Herald says of the preparations:

Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 1st and 2nd, will be red-letter days in the history of Hilger. There will be no county fair this year and as a consequence exhibits from all over the county will be in place by noon of the first day. The booths for the housing of the agricultural display are about completed and arrangements have been made to take care of the livestock exhibits. Handsome premiums have been hung up for the various entries and competition promises to be keen. The state agricultural college will have men on the ground to judge the entries, so everyone may feel sure of disinterested judgment.

DEATH OF CHRIS C. JEFFREY YESTERDAY

WELL-KNOWN BUSINESS MAN IS CALLED—FUNERAL THURSDAY.

Chris C. Jeffrey, one of the best-known business men of this city, died yesterday morning after an illness of two weeks. He was operated on for appendicitis eleven days ago and for over a week had been in a serious condition, his daughter, Mrs. Arthur Laflar, being called here from Salem, Oregon. Mr. Laflar is now on his way here and the funeral will be held Thursday morning at 9:30 from the residence. Mr. Jeffrey is survived by the widow, one son, Bert, and one daughter.

A native of New York state, born in 1858, Mr. Jeffrey came to Lewistown eighteen years ago, and except for a period of two years, when he resided in Red Lodge, had made this city his home ever since. In 1907, with the late Alf. J. Stephens, he bought the harness business of G. M. Stafford and was conducting a large establishment on Main street at the time of his death.

A quiet and unassuming man, Mr. Jeffrey was a good citizen in the full sense of the term and enjoyed the respect and confidence of all who came in contact with him.

The Elliott Prizes.

Boys and girls who intend to compete for the Elliott prizes for the best potatoes and the best cornet cover should bear in mind that their exhibits must be at the high school a week from Friday morning. Prof. Cooley will be here Friday, Sept. 5 to judge the potatoes.

Mrs. Stout Leaves.

Mrs. Tom Stout and children left last week for Washington, where they will join Mr. Stout. When Mrs. Stout came back from the capital at the beginning of summer it was supposed that the representative would be here this month, but it now seems probable that he will not be able to leave Washington at all this year.

Opening of Schools.

The city schools will open Sept. 8. The date for the opening of the high school has not been definitely fixed yet.

McLAUGHLIN'S TRIAL BEGINS.

(Continued from page one.)

assault by Duffy, which she did not see. The shotgun stood by the door and he caught it up, wheeled, turned to the door and fired.

Lawrence McLaughlin, the young son of the defendant, testified that he was at the barn when the assault on his father took place, but came out and saw his father dart into the house. When the defendant appeared in the door the witness called, "Don't, papa," thinking he was coming out his call being to warn the defendant to keep in the house.

The state closed about 4 o'clock and the defense is now putting in testimony. It is expected that the case will reach the jury tonight.

Extra Clearance Sale on Boy's Suits

Wooly boy's suits in Norfolk and plain, made from all-wool fabrics, fast in color, buttons sewed on with pure linen thread. All linings fast in color; pants full bloused lined throughout, taped, reinforced and over cast.



This is an opportunity to buy your boy a good suit cheap. All sizes from six to sixteen; every one a ten-dollar value. Your choice

\$6.00



Boy's Knickerbocker pants, all sizes and colors, sizes from 5 to 15 Your choice..... 50c

Mens' Khaki pants for hard wear, regular \$1.25 values. Special..... 90c

Power Mercantile Co.

OF INTEREST TO FARMERS

Geraldine Review: L. V. Smith, whose homestead is east of Clear lake, was in town last Sunday with samples of the improved winter Emmer wheat, a cross between the different grains which the government is introducing and is especially adapted as a fine feed for hogs and horses.

The new variety was propagated in Wyoming and is a semi-arid grain. The government bulletin says that seven pounds of the Emmer is equivalent to 10 pounds of oats and that the yield is prolific, going as high as 80 bushels to the acre. In color, the heads have a dark blue appearance, are bearded and threshes like wheat. It weighs about 10 pounds more than ordinary wheat.

Mr. Smith has in about 25 acres and the yield is quite heavy. This is the first of the new grain grown in this section and the samples attracted much attention.

Melodies of Golden Grain.

The well-preserved octogenarian whose youthful days may have been passed on some New England farm may now, as he butters his white bread while gazing through a window of a swiftly rushing dining coach, look out upon harvest scenes calculated to arouse a grim smile over some contrasts between methods and conditions of the present and those of sixty or seventy years ago.

The wheat field in harvest time tells wonderful stories; it will sing a mid-summer idyll to one who may think upon it. Our sturdy old friend may recall the days when much lime was mixed with the seed wheat to supply the deficiency in the soil; when the strong hand sowed it broadcast to the measured tread; when he clutched the sheaves to his body and cut them with a sickle possibly before his father bought a cradle.

A wisp of the wheat straw was used for binding; twine was not in common use. And then the thrashing with the flail and the sacking of the grain and the long, slow drive to the old water-power mill down by the lively little stream; the return with flour and the weekly baking in the big oven. Presto! The few acres become vast fields of hundreds and thousands in the middle states, the Ohio valley, the middle west, the great northwest, and in states whose names were unknown in his youth he beholds now the greatest potentialities in giving the whole world the staff of life. The drill succeeds the hand. Steam and gasoline drive the cunning machines that plow, sow, reap, thresh and sack. It is the song of wheat through many decades that rings in the old gentleman's ears

as his eyes flash to memories of a humble past and realization of a proud present.

Over seven hundred million bushels of wheat produced in the United States in the one year 1912! Yes; of winter wheat whose green velvet emerged from its downy blanket of protecting snow there were 399,919,000 bushels. The most important producers with over twenty millions each of winter wheat to their account were Kansas, with 91,450,000; Nebraska, 50,850,000; Washington, 27,269,000; Missouri (notwithstanding its pest of the Hessian fly), 23,750,000; Pennsylvania, 22,220,000; Oklahoma, 20,096,000 bushels.

And of the 330,348,000 bushels of spring wheat the most important producers (over twenty millions each) were North Dakota, 143,820,000; Minnesota, 67,068,000; South Dakota, 52,185,000; Washington, 26,459,000.

Washington, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Oklahoma—our old student of wheat culture never heard of them in those days when, with each advance of his left foot, his good right hand methodically scattered the seed broadcast.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Bushels or Pounds.

Marvelous Montana: Some one asks the legal weight of speltz per bushel. We are unable to give the regulation amount in all states, but speltz (or emmer) weighs forty pounds to the bushel in Montana.

This is a good time to swat the bushel. In some places they have begun divorce proceedings against this ancient, outworn and altogether clumsy standard of measure. For example, potatoes (or spuds, to be locally accurate), oats and some other articles are bought and sold openly by the hundred weight.

All farm products might better be sold and measured by the pound or hundred pounds, rather than by keeping up the old superstition that we measure by the bushel. In fact, that is exactly what we do with corn, wheat and almost everything except eggs. Even eggs should be sold by weight instead of by the dozen.

In Montana we say "oats are worth \$1.50 today." By this we mean \$1.50 per hundred pounds. We avoid handling the term bushel altogether. But we also say, "You have on your wagon sixty bushels of wheat." By that we mean we have 3,600 pounds, or sixty sixties by weight. Nobody really measures by the bushel any more. Most grains are measured in terms of "legal weights per bushel" and then translated back again into terms of actual pounds.

This necessitates a roundabout way of computing instead of by the direct and simple way. To make matters more complicated each state has its own notion of what constitutes a bushel. Oats, for example, weigh 32 pounds to the legal bushel in some states and 30 in oth-

ers. As a matter of fact, the writer has seen oats in Iowa that only weighed 25 pounds to the bushel, while he has seen them weigh 52 pounds to the measured bushel in Montana. In no case do we stick to the bulk bushel, but we go by the bushel in pounds, which varies legally and actually.

So the sooner we get our decree of divorce and abolish the old measured bushel, the better we will all feel about it.

Luke McLuke Says

There isn't an awful lot of difference between luck and horse sense.

A woman has a better time talking about it later than she does when she is having a good time.

A woman can always tell whether a green baby is a boy or a girl. But they all look like "it's" to a man.

Most men would rather be big failures than small successes.

Man has made so many fool laws that it ought to be an easy matter to keep the Ten Commandments.

Every married man is boss of his household when he isn't home.

No matter how old a woman may grow nor how hopeless her case, she always wants to stop in front of a millinery window and admire the hats.

The trouble with telling a white lie is that you have to repeat it so often that it turns black.

Every thin woman likes to believe that she has a broad outlook.

Slit trousers for men are nothing new. After a man has been married long enough he is afraid to take off his coat.

The reason why you can't get a fat woman near a pair of scales is because she brags that she only weighs 175.

When father doesn't want a pin he will find 61 of them in his shirts. But when he has to have a pin there isn't one in the house.

A barkeeper is only human after all. He spends his day off standing on the outside of other bars.

If father carries no life insurance mother always leads the way downstairs when she hears a burglar in the house.

Every married woman knows a whole lot more than she can find out. Most women know that they landed blockheads long before they celebrate their wooden weddings.

A man never wants to trespass until he sees the "No Trespassing" sign. That's why married women are so interesting.

Every lazy man gets a lot of satisfaction out of quoting the fact that Rome wasn't built in a day.

If a man could know as much about any one thing as a woman knows about dress, he could corner the market in a day.

We always praise a dead man because we know a knock couldn't hurt him.

We have a hard time getting along ourselves, but we can all see where our neighbors are making mistakes.

LEWISTOWN DENTAL PARLORS

Health and Beauty Hinge on Good Teeth

Let us inspect them and if they need our care, we will do the work **SKILLFULLY** and at a **REASONABLE PRICE.**

DR. H. L. MILLS, ROOMS 7-8 EMPIRE BANK BLK.
TELEPHONE 730
LEWISTOWN, MONTANA