Grand Forks Herald

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 28.

ARE WE AT PEACE?

There will be a good deal of interest in the treatment by the courts of the application by a Chicago man for an order directing the secretary of state to promulgate the peace resolution recently passed by congress and vetoed by the president. The complainant asserts that the resolution does not require the signature of the president, but that it became a law on its passage by the two houses of congress. It is the duty of the secretary of state to publish and promulgate the laws enacted by congress, and it is alleged that failure to publish the peace resolution is an omission which the courts should order rectified.

The situation with reference to the authority of the president and of congress in a case of this kind has been somewhat obscure. While the peace resolution was under discussion the opinion was expressed in some quarters that in declaring the existence of a state of peace congress could act independently of the president. In other quarters it was held that the two branches of the government must act in conjunction. This latter view is evidently the one entertained by the president, who vetoed the resolution, and it is also evident that congress held the same opinion, otherwise the resolution would not have been submitted to the president for his approval, and would not have been presented again in the attempt to obtain for it the two-thirds vote after the veto.

The chances are that both the president and the congressional leaders took care to inform themselves as to the legal aspects of the case before acting, and the fact that it was generally accepted that the resolution required the presidential approval, or, failing that, the two-thirds majority, indicates the strong probability of its correctness.

ONE OF THE REASONS.

"In our family," said a Grand Forks business man, "there were eight children. Our father had his business interests, but aside from this, and in addition to it, we had a garden, and it was some garden. Every one of the children worked in it, and no shirking was permitted. In that garden we raised all the small stuff that could be raised successfully in that territory, and we raised a lot of it. A very large part of the family's food came out of that garden. There was no such thing as running to the store for a peck of potatoes or a can of beets. We had the stuff from our own ground fresh all summer long, and there was always a liberal accumulation for winter of the things that would stand storage. Today, of those eight children not one produces a scrap of anything by the labor of his own hands for his own table, nor does a child of the younger generation do so. Every fragment that we eat is purchased out of the general commercial supply.

"Our people are not loafers. We all work, and work hard. I think all of us are engaged in occupations that are useful to society. We owe no apologies on that score. We are earning our living. But we have to rely on other people to produce all our food while we are doing something else. I suppose that experience could be duplicated in thousands of other cases, where those who have been producers of food have quit that particular for one of activity. And in that case, is it any wonder that food prices are high?"

The experience cited is undoubtedly a common one. Its influence would be negligible if it could be shown that there had been a corresponding shift in the opposite direction. But it is quite evident that there has been no such compensating shift. The ranks of food producers have been depleted, and those of the consumers have been augmented. We are consuming more and producing less, therefore we are paying higher prices.

INITIATED BILLS.

Petitions are being signed for the submission to the voters at the fall election of five bills which are intended to correct certain features of our present legislation. Three of these relate to the Bank of North Dakota. The first includes with the Bank of North Dakota all the industrial institutions of the state. It provides that a board of auditors, composed of the secretary of state, the state auditor and the attorney general shall make periodical examinations of the accounts of the state treasurer, the Bank of North Dakota, and all industrial and other boards having charge of the business affairs of the state. There may be no reasonable objection to this bill. There will be no objection to it on sentimental grounds. The people of North Dakota are entitled to information concerning the condition of the institutions which have charge of their affairs, and at present that information can be withheld from them, as it has been under the present administration.

The second bill eliminates the provision in the present law requiring local funds to be deposited in the Bank of North Dakota. If this bill becomes a law the funds of the state must still be deposited in the state bank, but counties, cities, villages and school districts may deposit their own funds according to their own convenience in places of deposit properly bonded and safeguarded. Obviously local communities should be permitted to arrange for the disposition of their own funds.

The third bill is in the interest of the actual farmer as against the real estate speculator. It provides that the Bank of North Dakota shall make real estate loans only to actual farmers who are residents of the state. Whatever benefit there may be in the loaning provisions of the state bank law are nullified if the funds on deposit in the bank are loaned out to promote real estate speculation. This has actually been done. Money has been loaned on non-resident lands to non-residents of the state who hold those lands for speculative purposes only, and loans have been denied to actual formers who needed money for improvements and to aid in the development of their property. This will be made impossible under the proposed law.

The fourth bill removes one of the objectionable features of the present official newspaper law. Under it all the official notices of public bodies will continue to be published in the official paper, but legal notices relating to the affairs of individuals, such as bank statements, foreclosures, probate notices, etc., may be published in any legal newspaper. This bill is intended to relieve individuals of the officious interference of the state in the conduct of their own business affairs.

The last bill of the series is intended to restore to the office of state superintendent of public instruction the powers with which that office was originally invested, and which the Socialist organs of the state declared were not to be transferred. That the statements then made were false has long been apparent, for under the operation of the present laws the state superintendency has been reduced to a nonentity.

These five bills are moderate and reasonable, and if petitions can be secured for them in the brief time now available there is little doubt that the voters will approve them in the fall.

CAPITALIZING THE TOWN PUMP.

It's wise in these brutal days of indictments and blue sky laws to have some sort of property back of the oil stocks which are to make Rockefellers of us all. Down in Kentucky they've capitalized the town pump. The project is described in a serious minded organ of the oil trade as "one of the best jokes of the year." Local talent, we read, secured a thirty-day option with renewal privileges of one year on a thirtyfoot town pump which was recently found to be floating pure gasoline on the water. The well apparently is getting seepage from a nearby garage.

Another abandoned well nearby is reported also to have contained oil. Indications are that some one has planted both wells to sell stock.—The Nation's Business.

Just Folks

By Edgar D. Guest.

IN THE TASK.

There's more in a task than the money it brings,
Each duty comes laden with numerous things,
There's a chance to be proud and a chance to exult,
And the world may be helped by the final result;
Though grim it may seem, if you'll open your eyes,
You may see that behind it your character lies.

There's more in a task than its silver and gold,
The joy of your children it's fashioned to hold,
The dreams which you treasure for all of your years
Are held in the duty which sordid appears;
There's no road to glory save this one for you,
For all men are known by the work that they do.

There is this in a task more than gold at the end—
The respect of mankind and the love of a friend,
For the thing that you fashion shall make you or mar;
By your deeds the world visions the man that you are,
And your hopes for your children depend on the way
You shall finish the work that is given you today.

Do it well! Do it well! Let your task have your best,
For all you hold dear you are facing the test;
The praise of your neighbors, your own self-respect,
And the right to meet all men face front and erect,
The peace of the future, your fortune and fame
Are all in the task that must carry your name.

EFFICIENCY HINTS FOR BUSINESS MEN.

Never hire a young man who is a gang leader, a gunman and an expert safeblower, especially in the capacity of cashier of your establishment.

If you are looking for a floorwalker or a clerk for your department store to sell ladies' goods do not hire one who smokes a corncob pipe continually while on duty.

Never hire a young man who says: "I seen him when he done it," if you are engaging him for the editorship of a magazine.

When employing a young man to act as messenger to carry your bonds to the bank, care should be used not to hire one who is under indictment and out on bail for grand larceny, burglary or highway robbery.

GOOD ADVICE.

(W. S. Adams.)

'Tis very fine to have a fad,
It gives one occupation, lad.

Pick out a fad you can afford,
And just another timely word,

THE SPORT OF KINGS

BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Author of "Loot," Plunder," Etc. Etc. Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Sale Kernan, a racing trainer, who tells the story charges Classon, a wealthy horse owner with crooked colluston with track officials but unable to prove his charges he is himself barred from further racing. He decides to go to Juarez, Mexico, and takes a steamer from New York to New Orleans.

On the boat Kernan meets a Miss Leland, and wins her friendship by his kindness to a horse, erroneously supposed to have a vicious temper, which she is taking south.

The ship is wrecked off the Florida coast. The other passengers escape in the boats but Kernan stays behind to rescue the horse.

Kernan and the horse reach shore safely, although Kernan is injured. He agrees to work for Miss Leland as a trainer.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"Mr. Kernan and his friend are not going to Tampa," said Miss Leland. "I've engaged them to look after my race stable. We'll go as far as Burnham with you, but we'll change there for Stephanie."

The captain looked a bit surprised but said nothing. What he might have said will never be known by me for at that minute Mrs. Clarke, not making a very brave show, what with having lost a few puffs and having her clothes somewhat spoiled by salt water, joined us. In fact, she'd joined us as Miss Leland was finishing her speech to Captain Sanderson, and I'd thought that there was a bit of defiance in the girl's voice and manner. It was needed, for Mrs. Clarke gasped.

"What on earth are you saying, Roberta? You've engaged this man to—"

"To look after my horses, Luella," said Miss Leland crisply. "I've engaged him."

Her round chin thrust forward a trifle and evidently she was prepared to do battle with her chaperon. But Mrs. Clarke seemed to know that she must be worsted in any encounter. She merely sniffed disdainfully, and avoided speaking her opinion.

"They tell us the train will be here in half an hour, Captain."

"Or less," said the captain. "So—you ladies will please get ready."

Miss Leland laughed merrily. She shook out the wrinkled skirt which clung to her slim figure. "There isn't much preparation needed, Captain."

"Yes," he assented, "it's the first time I ever knew ladies to be willing to go on a journey without delaying for packing."

And with a somewhat rueful smile he walked off.

"Poor man!" said Miss Leland.

"Poor us!" snapped Mrs. Clarke. "Think of it! Not a single dress—not even an extra pair of shoes, not—"

"Our lives are saved; let us thank God for that much, Luella," said the girl quietly. Mrs. Clarke flushed at the rebuke and became stiffly silent. But I could feel her disapproving eyes upon me and I repented of the bargain so hastily and incompletely entered into.

"Miss Leland, "I said quietly, "through a mistaken sense of obligation you've engaged me. I—I want to release you from the bargain. Your friend, Mrs. Clarke—"

"I run my own stable," she answered quietly. "And what you say reminds me that we havn't arranged any terms."

"You'd expected to pick some one up down in Florida?" I said.

She nodded.

"Whatever you'd intended to pay any one else," I said.

She looked musingly out at the storm-tossed ocean. "No, that wouldn't do," she said. "You're Sale Kernan."

"But out of employment," I said hastily. I didn't know how rich she was and I'll confess that my repentance of the bargain ceased as swiftly as it had risen. I didn't want too much. It was enough to be near her. She went on as though she had not heard me.

"I think that two hundred dollars a month and a percentage of Vivandiere's—of the stable's winnings would be fair. Fifty per cent," she added.

"The stable? But I thought Vivandiere was your only horse."

"The only horse that amounts to anything, and even she— Before father—" She paused a moment and bit her lip. "Father used to say that he hoped the day would never come when the Leland colors were not represented on the turf. Since he—went away—I've done the best I could."

"I'm going to get some more coffee, Roberta," said Mrs. Clarke icily.

"Sure, I'll be afther gettin' it for ye, ma'am," said Jerry.

She squelched him with a glance and walked disdainfully away. That is, as disdainfully as may a woman who depends greatly on clothing for her effect on others, and whose clothing happens to appear as though it were purchased at some second-hand store and donned without cleansing or pressing. Miss Leland smiled faintly; sympathetically, pityingly, almost. She sat down on the beach and rested her chin on her palm.

"But racing was somewhat of a business with father," she said. "He made money out of his stable, and by buying and selling. I soon found that I'd lose all I had if I did that. So—I sold most of the string. I kept two or three and I've been racing them at the smaller meetings. And last winter I raced at Grantham down here. We have wintered here since my mother died—eight years ago. They've not earned their keep, but—it's what father would have liked—to know that his colors were to be seen on the track, and so—I've done it. And Vivandiere—of course, I shouldn't have bought her, but she sold for such a ridiculous price, because of her temper, thirty-five hundred dollars—that, well, I had sort of a half-formed idea that she might begin her racing career all over down here. She's only a three-year-old, and—now that I've seen what you can do with her—"

It was a queer place for confidences, on the sands near Boca Grande, with the waves pounding to pieces, a mile off-shore, the ship that had grounded in the late night; with a huge open fire but a few rods away; with scantily clothed passengers and crew more or less apathetically awaiting the arrival of the train from Arcadia; with the natives staring curiously at all of us, walking by, pausing, discussing us frankly, and wandering on to other groups. I think the girl realized it. Her voice became suddenly crisp.

"You think Vivandiere can win purses?"

"She can clean up at Grantham right now,—I mean in January," I said. "After that she'll be able, if I know her, to show the best of them up north what a race-mare really is."

"Then—two hundred a month for you and fifty per cent of the purses she wins—down here and up north."

"That's kind of you," I said, "but of course, up north—" I shook my head. "Grantham is an outlaw track. It's not governed by they racing authorities. I can train for you down here, but up north—"

"It is several months till next spring," she said. "It is not impossible that your suspension may be lifted by then. At least I was so informed."

"Who informed you?" I asked amazedly.

"Your friend, Mr. Kenney, is a most interesting gentleman," she smiled.

"Optimistic," I said, frowning at Jerry. "I'm afraid that—well, as you say, next spring is months away. In the meantime—we'll see what Vivandiere can do this winter. At least, Miss Leland, I'll have her in a mood that will enable some one else to look after her, if that some one uses ordinary gentleness and patience."

Far off a whistle blew. A hundred heads turned toward the railroad track. There was a bustle on the beach. "I'll see you on the train," said Miss Leland. "I'm afraid Mrs. Clarke will be sorely offended if I don't join her now."

She was right, I guess. The chaperon was walking up and down a hundred yards away from us, and though I could not tell her expression, from the glances she sent our way I imagine that she did not approve. Miss Leland left us. I turned to Jerry. "Give me your arm, you garrulous old man," said I.

He helped me to my feet. Then he surprised me. "Honest, Misther Sale, I nivir told her that you might be reinstated nixt spring."

"Then who did?" I asked.

"Did ye know," he said, with a grin, "that the young lady sint a tiligram from Charleston? And that she got an answer before the boat sailed?"

"No," said I, "what of it?"

"I just been thinkin' she might have found that out, thin. I nivir thought of it at the time, but—supposin' she'd wired some one that knows the ropes up north—she might have got such an answer. It's all guessin' and—"

"But why should she have wired New York about me? Jerry, you old liar, did you see the address on her telegram?"

"The steward that sint it happened to show it to me," he answered sheepishly. "'Twas addressed to ould Sam Benton, sor. I didn't be afther tellin' ye, for I didn't think it fair ye shud know the lady's int-rest in ye until—"

"You simple-minded, doddering old idiot," I snapped. "Why, any one would think that—that—"

"I mind," said Jerry, grinning, as he put his tough old arm around my waist, "that ye'er father talked just the same whin I tould him, these thirty-five years gone, that ye'er mother that-was-to-be, God rist her sweet sould, would be afther bein' plased to answer a certain question. Ye'er father asked her, and he nivir called me a liar, neither!"

"But Miss Leland said you told her," I said dazedly.

"She said I was a most intherestin' gintleman," corrected Jerry. "More power in her bright eyes and intelligent ears!"

"But why should she have evaded—"

"'Tis not Jerry Kenney that'll be afther gossipin' about a lady, sor," said Jerry. "Sure, I'll be no Cupid for ye, sor."

"Jerry, you may go to hell," said I.

He grinned. We started toward the train that had drawn up a hundred yards from the beach. I remember hearing Jerry explain to me that the houses we saw were but the shanties of laborers employed in finishing the construction of the railroad from Arcadia to the tip of the long peninsula that ended a few miles south of Boca Grande; I remember, vaguely, a man with firm fingers touching my hurt leg; remember hearing him say that I'd have to keep quiet for a fortnight and would be lame for a month; remember him insisting that I drink something; remember, hazily, being lifted into an automobile after our train stopped; cool sheets, blankness. A mile in the Florida surf takes something out of a man.

When I awoke it was day, and Jerry was placing a breakfast tray on a table in the center of a prettily furnished room.

CHAPTER VI.

MISS LELAND GOES RIDING.

The man on the train was probably a good doctor, but he didn't know his patient. A horseman is a pretty hard proposition—physically, of course, I mean. In a week I was able to get around with the aid of a cane and then I insisted on moving from Miss Leland's house to a little cottage down by the half-mile exercise track that her father had built half a dozen years before. For it was awkward living at the mansion. Miss Leland treated me as a welcome guest, but her chaperon—I was dust beneath her feet. She didn't approve of me at all; didn't approve of Miss Leland's hiring me in the first place, and was most open in her disapproval of my living under the same roof with her and her charge. I think Mrs. Clarke thought a trainer was a servant. As for myself—during those seven days in which I was confined to bed or couch I mulled the situation over pretty thoroughly. What if Miss Leland had wired Sam Benton from New York about me? She might even then have been considering offering me a place as her trainer and wanted to make sure of my character. Any interest deeper than that—well, I was a presumptuous fool; that's all! And if I didn't want my fingers burned I'd better get out of reach of the fire!

She came in to see me several times a day while I was confined to my room and was as kind as could be. But Mrs. Clarke was always with her and that woman's attitude was quite the opposite to Miss Leland's. Mrs. Clarke had a way of making one feel out of place. She made me feel, more by her manner than by anything she said, that I was taking advantage of a young girl's kindness in even thinking of remaining as a guest while I was an employe. That alone wouldn't have made me leave and start housekeeping in the cottage with Jerry, but there was the hopelessness of it all. This girl was rich; I was—"poor" puts it mildly. So, though she protested, I made the excuse that when I trained horses I wanted to live, almost, with them and—I went down to the cottage.

Of course, I saw Miss Leland every day—several times a day—but I wasn't under the same roof with her, and I could master—I thought—my rising feelings better. And living down there, with an old mammy to look after Jerry and myself close to the exercise track and stables, apart from the social life of my employer—well, I'd taken the place to be near her. And now I tried to keep myself away from her.

Why, realizing as I did the utter hopelessness of my love—it had come to that—for her, I didn't take my departure and go to Juarez as I'd first intended, is something that can be understood only by those who, like myself, have loved a person unattainable. I was sane enough to realize that I couldn't live in the same house with her without telling her sooner or later, my feelings. I wasn't sane enough to realize that seeing her merely in a business way but added fuel to my hopeless flame. At times I think I'm very human.

But there was, after all, something besides Miss Leland to keep me at Stephanie. That was the mare. Unhurt by her salty passage from the Christina to the Florida beach, the mare took to training, under my supervision, like a duck to water. I'd been out and around, with my cane, but two days when I knew that I'd not spoken idly when I told Miss Leland that next year Vivandiere would show them up north that a race-mare really was!

All she needed was the right kind of handling. And Jerry and I, and the colored stable-boys, gave her that. I gave the negroes the strictest orders about her. I promised a beating that hadn't been equaled since Simon Legree went out of business to the person that mistreated the mare. Inside of a week Vivandiere knew that not only Jerry and I would treat her well, but that others would, and no longer did she show her teeth or lash out with her hind feet when some one approached her stall. Sometimes, seeing how gentle she had become, I wished I had hold of Peter Cranston. It made me wish that, in place of paying so much attention to breeding racers, some attention were given to breeding owners. Simply because his father had left him a few millions Peter Cranston had gone in for racing, just as he'd gone in for playing billiards or bought Steel Common for a rise. He hadn't realized that an owner should be bred to his owning, just the same as his horses. Otherwise—well, an experienced owner would never have let Vivandiere be ruined for racing in the first place. He'd have known that his trainers were careless, incompetent, that his stable-hands were worthless brutes. And then, after silently cursing Peter Cranston for an incompetent fool, I'd rejoice in his incompetence—for I had Vivandiere!

Continued in tomorrow Evening's Herald.

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Man Power and Gasoline Prices

SO LONG as the acute shortage of man-power in the United States continues, the demand for gasoline power will continue to increase.

Every increase in the demand for gasoline power will affect the price of gasoline, because, though petroleum production is continually increasing, it is not keeping pace with the demand for gasoline.

The latest figures available illustrating this point are for March, 1920.

Petroleum Production:	Petroleum Consumption:
Daily Average 1,177,129 bbls.	*Daily Average* 1,417,129 bbls.
Total for Month 36,491,000 bbls.	*Total for Month* 43,930,999 bbls.

If production continues for the rest of the year at the rate established in the first quarter, the total production of petroleum for 1920 will be in excess of 410,000,000 barrels.

If consumption continues for the rest of the year at the rate established in the first quarter, the total consumption of petroleum for the year 1920 will be in excess of 495,000,000 barrels.

Or, for the year 1920, consumption may be expected to exceed domestic production of petroleum by 85,000,000 barrels.

Because of its high-powered organization, trained through years of experience to the interpretation of conditions, the Standard Oil Company (Indiana) is anticipating increased need for gasoline and is bending every effort to supply the people of the Middle West with the gasoline they need.

It means much to the Middle West to be able to use freely that most important of all labor-saving devices—the automotive machine.

The Standard Oil Company (Indiana) believes that its greatest service lies in providing at all times, everywhere, and at the lowest possible prices, the gasoline needed to operate these engines of production.

Standard Oil Company (Indiana)
910 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

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