Grand Forks Herald

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TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 23, 1920.

THE BUSINESS SITUATION.

One of the leading financial institutions of the country, commenting on the pronounced movement toward lower and more stable prices, finds in the situation no cause for worry, and points out that this process of deflation has been foreseen and has been known not only to be inevitable, but to the restoration of sound business conditions. Of the outlook it says:

"There is so much in the present situation to inspire confidence and hope for the future that it is little short of criminal for anyone to paint the picture so blackly, through either ignorance or intent, that these vital facts are obscured. To cite a few pertinent facts: This country will harvest this year one of the largest crops in its history; its transportation congestion has been relieved and its railroad system is for the first time in a decade on a sound financial and operating basis; we have passed through a national election and assured four years of sane administration of public affairs; our banking system has withstood the greatest credit strain in its history and is on a sound and workable basis; the accumulated surplus of five years of splendid prosperity is stored in many ways for our continued use; the markets of the world demand our products and a great mercantile marine is prepared to transport them; this country has not been over-built or over-extended in any of its underlying activities, and faces no program of readjustment along these lines such as usually precipitates panic conditions. We are in the soundest financial, industrial and political condition of any important nation in the world.

"These are the simple fundamental facts of our business situation, and to consider the present reaction as anything but a temporary setback from the destruction, inflation, extravagance and unsound economic conditions precipitated by the war is simply not to reckon with the truth. It remains true today, as it has since this country was first settled, that 'any man who sells the United States of America "short" is in the long run certain to lose.'"

COUNTING BALLOTS.

County Auditor Tucker, of Cass county, makes a suggestion with reference to the counting of ballots which is interesting, and which may attract some attention. It is that in addition to the election board which we have now there be created a sort of duplicate board whose business it shall be to count the votes while the election is in progress. Our present practice is to deposit the ballots in a sealed receptacle as they are handed in, and to open the box and begin the counting only after the polls have closed. Mr. Tucker proposes that when 50 ballots have been deposited the counting board shall open that box and begin the count immediately, counting the contents of the next box as soon as 50 more votes have been cast, and so on through the day. In this way only a small number of votes would remain to be counted when the voting is over.

A plan similar to this has at times been discussed, and we have an impression that it is actually in use somewhere—where, or with what success we are unable to say.

It is evident that were such a plan adopted attention would have to be given to a number of details. For instance, our election laws require that the counting of ballots shall be performed in public. If each batch of 50 votes were counted publicly as soon as cast it might be possible for persons having interests to serve thereby to arrange certain voters in groups of 50 and time their voting so that all their ballots would go into one box. If the votes had been purchased it would then be easy to prove delivery, and the lack of ability to provide this proof is one of the things which has almost eliminated direct bribery.

Mr. Tucker proposes to avoid this difficulty by having the count made in secret, the counting board being in charge of a bailiff during the count, and prohibited from giving out information until the close of the election. Aside from what we believe to be a very strong and very general sentiment against secrecy in anything pertaining to an election except the voting itself, there are some very practical objections to this plan.

In spite of all the provisions to the contrary, we know that information does occasionally trickle from a jury room. Information would leak occasionally from an election counting room. And it would leak just about often enough to keep the situation on every election day nervous with the apprehension of scandal.

Our elections are conducted, quite necessarily, in most cases, in improvised quarters—country school houses, [illegible], city basements, garages, and all sorts of buildings intended for other purposes. It is [illegible] to find habitable quarters for the election board. It would be [illegible] to find room for [illegible]

A more satisfactory way to facilitate the count would be to simplify the election by reducing the number of offices to be filled by election and by eliminating the encumbrance of party tickets in state elections. Then, perhaps, some one will oblige by bringing forward a voting machine which will make a printed record of each vote and count each vote as cast, which will be simple and certain in operation and durable and inexpensive in construction.

PANAMA CANAL TOLLS.

The references made to the subject of Panama canal tolls in the Republican platform, and in at least one of the speeches of Senator Harding have created the impression that this subject is to be brought up in some form for consideration after the new administration assumes control. It has been sggested that Mr. Harding has chosen to visit the canal zone at this time in order to familiarize himself with the subject. This notion seems to be rather far-fetched. It seems more reasonable to suppose that the president-elect was chiefly concerned in finding a pleasant place in which to spend his vacation after the strenuous experiences of the campaign, and of combining with this the inspection of a great engineering work of which every American may be proud. He could learn more about the tolls question by sitting in his office and examining documents than by visiting the canal in person.

The construction of a ship canal to join the waters of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific became the subject of discussion almost immediately upon the discovery by the followers of Columbus that their way to the Indies was blocked by a mass of land which stretched out inconveniently and apparently interminably north and south. For the new continent itself they had little use. Their first desire was to avoid it or to drill a hole through it.

As the years passed it became evident that two nations, the United States and Great Britian, had vital interests, surpassing those of all other nations, in the construction of an interoceanic canal. Such a canal would facilitate communication between the eastern and western sections of the United States and between like sections of Canada, and would afford Great Britain an alternative route to the far east. In 1850 the two nations entered into an agreement in what is known as the Clayton-Bulwer treaty whereby each waived the right to separate control of any canal to be constructed, binding themselves jointly to maintain the neutrality of the canal and its use on equal terms to the shipping of each other and of the world.

In 1901 the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was superseded by the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, under which Great Britain agreed to the construction of the canal under the sole auspices of the United States and to its exclusive control by that country, subject to a continuation of the former conditions for neutralization and use on equal terms, these provisions being further elaborated to conform to the provisions of the convention governing the use of Suez canal. In both treaties the particular canal in mind was that across Nicaragua, but both are made to apply specifically to any other canal across the Isthmus or any part of Central America, and it is declared that the purpose is not merely to prescribe exact conditions, but to establish the general principle that any canal constructed shall be for the benefit of all mankind, to be used on equal terms by all nations subscribing to the conditions set forth in the agreement.

The Panama route was chosen, and prior to the completion of the canal congress made provision for its operation. Provision was made for the collection of tolls from all vessels using the canal, American and foreign, except that American vessels engaged in the coastwide trade were exempted from the payment of tolls. Diplomatic representations were made by Great Britain, to the effect that such exemption would be in violation of our treaties. A movement was started for the repeal of the exemption provision, and after much discussion this provision was eliminated from the law. Tolls are collected from all vessels using the canal.

Among the men who held that the exemption from the payment of tolls of American vessels of any class would be a direct violation of treaties to which we had agreed and upon which we had acted were Elhiu Root and Henry Cabot Lodge, and it was upon the principle that the United States cannot violate its contracts that the exemption clause was repealed.

One influential Republican paper the Chicago Tribune, has just declared emphatically against exemption, first on the ground that it would be a violation of contract, unless reached through satisfactory negotiation, and second, that it would be unwise. The Tribune declares that exemption would be unfair as no benefit would accrue to "inland cities, agricultural interests and manufacturers who helped to pay, and are still helping to pay for the construction of the canal." The Tribune holds that "It is not good judgment, good diplimacy, good economics or good politics to exempt American ships from the Panama canal tolls.

STOPPING CIRCULATION.

Perhaps as good an answer as any to the charge that the business interests of the country are engaged in a conspiracy to depress the price of wheat is to be found in the fact that the business interests—meaning particularly the commercial, manufacturing and banking interests, those not engaged in farming—are losing money hand over fist with every drop in grain prices, and in addition to the direct loss which they sustain in the shrinkage of the purchasing power of a large section of the population, they are losing still more money through the withholding of grain from market.

The Herald has just received a letter from a man who covers a large part of the state in a connection with a business which brings him into contact with merchants everywhere. He says that everywhere he finds the same conditions outstanding bills several months and in some cases two or three years old, on which not a dollar is being collected, merchants unable to meet their payments, credit impaired and business stagnated.

The present situation is one of retarded circulation, which, if not corrected, is fatal to the business community as to the individual.

WILL OPEN FEDERAL PROHIBITION OFFICE

A federal prohibition office will be opened in Grand Forks within the next few weeks, according to an announcement made by Paul D. Keller, supervising prohibition agent for the northwest. The prohibition office reopened at Fargo last Saturday will be the center of the North Dakota district, and offices will be opened in Grand Forks, Bismarck, Devils Lake Minot and Jamestown, as soon as the sufficient number of workers is available.

The Fargo office now reopened, was closed some time ago because of certain alleged irregularities in its work and a new man, Lane Maloney, formerly of the federal office at Sioux Falls, S. D., has been placed in charge.

TO INITIATE BIG CLASS

Local Knights of Columbus to Hold Services on January 16.

Grand Forks council Knights of Columbus is making preparations for another big initiation session on January 16, when it is expected that a class of 75 will be taken in.

The council also is making an effort to have the fourth degree assembly convene here in June, 1921, at which time candidates initiated during the summer of 1919 will be given an opportunity to take the fourth degree.

The local council is considering the erection of a permanent home, and it is expected that at the next meeting a committee will be appointed to arrange for the issuance of stock.

WILKERSON SPEAKS TO STUDENT GROUP

At a meeting of the student conference committee held at 5 o'clock Monday, J. W. Wilkerson, business secretary of the university, explained that it would be impossible for the university to lend any money to ex-service men on their bonuses during the present year. He said, however, that students perhaps could obtain money on their bonuses through a bank in which they are known.

The proposition of opening a cafeteria in the Commons building in connection with the regular serving of meals, will not likely be attempted this year, Mr. Wilkerson said.

POLICE SEARCH FOR MURDERER OF HENRY PIERCE

Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 23.—Local authorities today continued their investigation into the death of Henry T. Pierce, eastern manager of the Insley Manufacturing company, whose body with the head crushed by blows from an iron wrench, was found yesterday in the rear of his office.

They have succeeded in tracing his movements up to 10:30 o'clock Saturday night, but, with this exception, little progress has been made toward a solution of the mystery.

The condition of the body indicated, according to the police, that he was killed late Saturday night or early Sunday.

The police are looking for a man and a woman, who Pierce is said by a business acquaintance, to have picked up in the center of the city Saturday night and driven to his office in his automobile.

This man said he left the trio when they entered Pierce's office.

McCORMICK TO ENGLAND.

New York, Nov. 23.—Senator Medill McCormick was a passenger on the steamship Aquitania sailing today for England. He will spend five weeks in England and France in a study of conditions there before the meeting of the next session of congress.

Why I Live In Grand Forks

C. N. Barnes, of Barnes & Nuss, hardware dealers, has some very good reasons for living in Grand Forks. He is one of the pioneer residents of the city, and for years has been a successful business man. He is prominent in Masonic and Shrine activities, and has been recorder of Kem Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., since its inception.

"I have lived in Grand Forks so long," said Mr. Barnes today, "and have made so many friends here that it is impossible for me to think of living elsewhere. This always has been a good city; it is not large, but it is a thriving, successful place, and its residents and business men all are boosters. I came here years ago, made my home here, established my business here and made my friends here. There were a number of reasons for doing so. The city was well situated, its facilities were splendid and it offered remarkable opportunities for the young business men. Since then it has grown and thrived and branched out till today it is one of the best cities in the northwest. It has educational facilities such as no other city of its size can claim. It is situated in the heart of the Red River valley, the most successful farming section in the country, and it has the finest class of men and women imaginable. What more can I say?"

C. N. Barnes, of Barnes and Nuss and Recorder of Kem Temple.

LO, MICHAEL!

BY GRACE LIVINGSTON HILL LUTZ.

AUTHOR OF "THE RED SIGNAL," "THE BEST MAN," "THE SEARCH," "DAWN OF THE MORNING," "THE ENCHANTED BARN," "MARCIA SCHUYLER," "PHOEBE DEANE."

SYNOPSIS.

Having saved the life of the baby daughter of Delaven Endicott, a millionaire, Michael, a ragged newsboy is taken charge of by Endicott who sends him to a boarding school, and later to college.

The boy finally graduates, and returns to New York, falling holelessly in love with Starr Endicott, whose life he had saved as a baby now grown into a beautiful girl, but conscious of his humble birth, which the girl's mother makes him feel, he says nothing of his love, and she finally leaves on a trip to Europe. Endicott, however, is deeply attached to the young man and continue to aid him in every way possible.

While studying in a law office Michael decides to do what is possible to aid the former newsboys who were his friends before Endicott took him up. Many of these are rapidly becoming criminals. With this idea in view he gets possession of an old farm near New York, and also establishes a sort of club room in the city. This proves successful to a large extent in getting the confidence of his former friends, but one of them, "Buck," he has so far failed to get in touch with.

Endicott sends for him and tries to make arrangements to further the young man's future.

Buck holds up a train, and is captured and wounded. Michael goes to see him. He finds buck in prison, but is unable to do much for him, and goes back to New York to continue his work there.

Starr returns from Europe. She meets Mikky and invites him to call. He does not call much as he would like to, owing to her mother's bitterness against him. Starr is angered at him for not coming to see her and cuts him out entirely.

CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

So the winter passed in a round of gaieties, transplanted for a few weeks to Palm Beach, then back again to New York, then to Tuxedo for the summer, and Michael knew of it all, yet had no part any more in it, for now she had cut him out of her life herself, and he might not even cherish her bright smiles and words of the past. She did not wish to know him. It was right, it was just; it was best; but it was agony!

Michael's fresh color grew white that year, and he looked, more like the man-angel than ever as he came and went in the alley; old Sally from her doorstep, drawing nearer and nearer to her own end, saw it first, and called daily attention to the spirit-look of Michael as he passed.

One evening early in spring, Michael was starting home weary and unusually discouraged. Sam had gone down to the farm with Jim to get ready for the spring work, and find out just how things were going and what was needed from the city. Jim was developing into a tolerably dependable fellow save for his hot temper, and Michael missed them from the alley work, for the rooms were crowded now every night. True Hester and Will were faithful, but they were so much taken up with one another in these days that he did not like to trouble them with unusual cases, and he had no one with whom to counsel. Several things had been going awry and he was sad.

Hester and Will were ahead walking slowly as usual. Michael locked the door with a sigh and turned to follow them, when he saw in the heavy shadows on the other side of the court two figures steal from one of the openings between the houses and move along toward the end of the alley. Something in their demeanor made Michael watch them instinctively. As they neared the end of the alley toward the street they paused a moment and one of the figures stole back lingeringly. He thought he recognized her as a girl cursed with more than the usual amount of beauty. She disappeared into the darkness of the tenement, but the other after looking back a moment kept on toward the street. Michael quickened his steps and came to the corner at about the same time, crossing over as the other man passed the light and looking full in his face.

To his surprise he saw that the man was Stuyvesant Carter!

With an exclamation of disgust and horror Michael stepped full in the pathway of the man and blocked his further passage.

"What are you doing here?" He asked in tones that would have made a brave man tremble.

Stuyvesant Carter glared at the vision that had suddenly stopped his way, drew his hat down over his evil eyes and snarled: "Get out of my way or you'll be sorry! I'm probably doing the same thing that you're doing here!"

"Probably not!' said Michael with meaning tone. "You know you can mean no good to a girl like that one you were just with. Come down here again at your peril! And if I hear of youre having anything to do with that girl I'll take means to have the whole thing made public."

"Indeed!" said young Carter insolently. "Is she your girl? I think not! And who are you anyway?"

"You'll find out if you come down here again!" said Michael his fingers fairly aching to grip the gentlemanly villain before him. "Now get out of here at once or you may not be able to walk out."

"I'll get out when I like!" sneered the other, nevertheless backing rapidly away through the opening given him. When he had reached a safe distance, he added, tantalizingly: "And I'll come back when I like, too."

"Very well, I shall be ready for you, Mr. Carter."

Michael's tones were clear and distinct and could be heard two blocks away in the comparative stillness of the city night. At sound of his real name spoken fearlessly in such environment, the leader of society slid away into the night as if he had suddenly been erased from the perspective; nor did sound of footsteps linger from his going.

"Who was dat guy?"

It was a small voice that spoke at Michael's elbow. Hester and Will were far down the street in the other direction and had forgotten Michael.

Michael turned and saw one of his smallest "kid" crouching in the shadow beside him.

"Why, Tony, are you here yet? You ought to have been asleep long ago."

"Was dat de ike wot comes to see Lizzie?"

"See here, Tony, what do you know about this?"

Whereupon Tony proceeded to unfold a tale that made Michael's heart sick. "Lizzie, she's got swell sence she went away to work to a res'trant at de sheeshole. She ain't leavin' her ma hev her wages, an' she wears fierce cloes, likee de swells-" finished Tony solemnly as if these things were the worst of all that he had told.

So Michael sent Tony to his rest and went home with a heavy heart, to wake and think through the night long what he should do to save Starr, his bright beautiful Starr, from the clutches of this human vampire.

When morning dawned Michael knew what he was going to do. He had decided to go to Mr. Endicott and tell him the whole story. Starr's father could and would protect her better than he could.

As early as he could get away from the office he hurried to carry out his purpose, but on arriving at Mr. Endicott's office he was told that the gentleman had sailed for Austria and would be absent some weeks, even months, perhaps, if his business did not mature as rapidly as he hoped. Michael asked for the address but when he reached his desk again and tried to frame a letter that would convey the truth convincingly to the absent father, who could not read it for more than a week at least, and would then be thousands of miles away from the scene of action, he gave it up as useless. Something more effectual must be done and done quickly.

In the first place he must have facts. He could not do anything until he knew beyond a shadow of doubt that what he feared was true absolutely. If he could have told Mr. Endicott all would have been different; he was a man and could do his own investigating if he saw fit. Michael might have left the matter in his hands. But he could not tell him.

If there was some other male member of the family to whom he could go with the warning, he must be very sure of his ground before he spoke. If there were no such man friend or relative of the family he must do something else—what? He shrank from thinking.

And so with the sources open to a keen lawyer, he went to work to ferret out the life and doings of Stuyvesant Carter; and it is needless to say that he unearthed a lot of information that was so sickening in its nature that he felt almost helpless before it. It was appalling—and the more so because of the rank and station of the man. If he had been brought up in the slums one might have expected—but this!

The second day, Michael, haggard and worn with the responsibility, started out to find that useful male relative of the Endicott family. There seemed to be no such person. The third morning he came to the office determined to tell the whole story to Mr. Holt, senior, and ask his advice and aid in protecting Starr; but to his dismay he found that Mr. Holt, senior, had been taken seriously ill with heart trouble, and it might be weeks before he was able to return to the office.

Deeply grieved and utterly baffled, the young man tried to think what to do next. The junior Mr. Holt had never encouraged confidences, and would not be likely to help in this matter. He must do something himself.

And now Michael faced two alternatives.

There were only two people to whom the story could be told, and they were Starr herself, and her mother!

Tell Starr all he knew he could not. To tell her anything of this story would be gall and wormwood! To have to drop a hint that would blacken another man's character would place him in a most awkward position. To think of doing it was like tearing out his heart for her to trample upon.

Yet on the other hand Michael would far rather go into battle and face a thousand bristling cannon mouths than meet the mother on her own ground and tell her what he had to tell, while her steel-cold eyes looked him through and through or burned him with scorn and unbelief. He had an instinctive feeling that he should fail if he went to her.

At last he wrote a note to Starr

"Dear Miss Endicott:

"Can you let me have a brief interview at your convenience and just as soon as possible? I have a favor to ask of you which I most earnestly hope you will be willing to grant.

"Sincerely yours,
"Michael."

He sent the note off with fear and trembling. Every word had been carefully considered and yet it haunted him continually that he might have written differently. Would she grant the interview? If she did not what then should he do?

The next day he received a ceremonious little note on creamy paper crested with a silver star monogramed in blue:

"Miss Endicott will receive Mr. Endicott tomorrow morning at eleven."

A shiver ran through him as he read, and consigned the elegant communication to his waste-basket. It was not from his Starr. It was from a stranger. And yet, the subtle perfume that stole forth from the envelope reminded him of her. On second thought he drew it forth again and put it in his pocket. After all she had granted the interview, and this bit of paper was a part of her daily life; it had come from her, she had written it, and sent it to him. It was therefore precious.

Starr had been more than usually thoughtful when she read Michael's note. It pleased her that at last she had brought him to her feet, though not for the world would she let him know it. Doubtless he wished her influence for some position or other that he would have asked her father instead if he had been at home. Starr knew nothing of the alienation between her father and Michael. But Michael should pay for his request, in humility at least. Therefore she sent her cool little stab of ceremony to call him to her.

But Michael did not look in the least humiliated as he entered the luxurious library where Starr had chosen to receive him. His manner was grave and assured, and he made no sign of the tumult it gave him to see her thus in her own home once more where all her womanliness and charm were but enhanced by the luxury about her.

He came forward to greet her just as if she had not cut him dead the very last time they met; and Starr as she regarded him was struck with wonder over the exalted beauty of manhood that was his unique dower.

"Thank you for letting me come," he said simply. "I will not intrude long upon your time——"

Starr had a strange sensation of fear lest he was going to slip away from her again before she was willing.

"Oh, that is all right," she said graciously; "won't you sit down. I am always glad to do a favor for a friend of my childhood."

It was a sentence she had rehearsed many times in her mind, and it was meant to convey reproach and indifference in the extreme, but somehow as she fluttered into a great leather chair she felt that her voice was trembling and she had miserably failed in what she had meant to do. She felt strangely ashamed of her attitude, with those two clear soulful eyes looking straight at her. It reminded her of the way he had looked when he told her in the Florida chapel long ago that nobody but herself had ever kissed him—and she had kissed him then. Suppose he should be going to ask her to do it again! The thought made her cheeks rosy, and her society air deserted her entirely. But of course he would not do that. It was a crazy thought. What was the matter with her anyway, and why did she feel so unnerved? Then Michael spoke.

"May I ask if you know a man by the name of Stuyvesant Carter?"

Starr looked startled, and then stiffened slightly.

"I do!" she answered graciously. "He is one of my intimate friends. Is there anything he can do for you that you would like my intercession?"

Starr smiled graciously. She thought she understood the reason for Michael's call now, and she was pleased to think how easily she could grant his request. The idea of introducing the two was stimulating. She was pondering what a handsome pair of men they were, and so different from each other.

But Michael's clear voice startled her again out of her complacence.

"Thank God there is not!" he said, and his tone had that in it that made Starr sit up and put on all her dignity.

"Indeed!" she said with asperity, her eyes flashing.

"Pardon me, Miss Endicott," Michael said sadly. "You do not understand my feeling of course!"

"I certainly do not." All Starr's icicle sentences were inherited from her mother.

Continued in tomorrow Evening's Herald.

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