GRAND FORKS HERALD

GRAND FORKS HERALD CO., Owners and Publishers.

Published every morning except Monday morning and every evening except Subday evening in the Herald Building and entered as second class matter at the Grand Forks postoffice

NEW YORK OFFICE.....286 Fifth Ave.
CHICAGO OFFICE.....Steger Bldg.
BOSTON OFFICE.....Globe Bldg.

Official City, County and State paper for Grand Forks County, North Dakota.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—BY CARRIER.

MORNING OR EVENING HERALD, by carrier, in Grand Forks and East Grand Forks, if paid in advance: One year, $7.00; Six months, $3.75; Three months, $2.00; One month, 75c. If not paid in advance, $1 per month.

MORNING AND EVENING HERALD, by carrier, in Grand Forks and East Grand Forks, if paid in advance: One year, $13.00; Six months, $7.00; Three months, $3.75; One month, $1.50. If not paid in advance, $2 per month.

EVENING AND SUNDAY HERALD, by carrier, in Grand Forks and East Grand Forks, if paid in advance: One year, $12.00; Six months, $7.00; Three months, $3.75; One month, $1.50. If not paid in advance, $2 per month.

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SAFETY RAZORS OR FUEL?

Amazing as it would probably seem to many senators and congressmen there are a good many people in the northwest who are more interested in knowing where their winter's fuel supply is to come from, and what it will cost, than in whether the tariff on German safety razors and other surgical instruments is to be three cents or five cents.

News dispatches on the coal strike situation are not particularly encouraging. We learn that there is a strong probability of a further spread of the strike in the anthracite fields. Furthermore dispatches from Superior, Wisconsin, state that coal is moving eastward from the head of the lakes instead of accumulating there to fill the needs of the northwest during the winter months as should be the case at this time of the year.

Since the opening of navigation only 40,000 tons of bituminous coal have reached the Superior docks, while 100,000 tons have been shipped east. In other words the northwest is being drained of the reserve left over from last winter to fill the immediate needs of the east. This does not make the prospect appear very cheering.

The coal strike has now continued for over two months. During that time some of the government officials have made feeble and spasmodic efforts to promote a settlement, but these have very apparently been mere side issues, while the main interest of the national officials and legislators has been concentrated on the tariff, ship subsidy, and other measures, especially the first named.

The senate for example took something like a week in discussing the tariff rate on certain chemical products, and as already mentioned the peril of the German safety razor has been a burning question for two months or more, and promises to continue so well into the fall.

Isn't it about time that the people of the northwest should demand that the government and congress take cognizance of the fact that, ot put it mildly, the question of winter fuel is a matter of very vital importance, to the people in this section of the country, and quit tinkering with, and talking about, the safety razor tariff long enough to take some definite, and efficient steps to ensure a sufficient supply of coal at a reasonable price, to prevent real suffering in the northwest during the coming winter?

NESTOS ENDORSED.

Governor Nestos received a deserved endorsement Thursday from the members of the North Dakota Retail Merchants' association in convention here. The association praised his conduct of the affairs of the state and went on record as favoring every legitimate means of making that endorsement good.

That this endorsement was well deserved has been especially apparent of late from reports coming from other cities in other states in which the governor has spoken. The universal report is that these addresses have been a powerful factor in restoring to North Dakota the confidence of the country at large. In every case the remarks of the governor have been given the highest praise by those who heard them.

Under the administration of the Nonpartisan league North Dakota lost the confidence of the business men of the nation to a large extent. Governor Nestos has done much to restore that confidence, and the result of his work is plainly evident to the business men of the state. Hence the endorsement which the governor has now received from a gathering of representative business men.

VANISHING PARTY LINES.

Secretary of War Herbert Weeks is somewhat pessimistic over the tendencies in American government today and especially over the "bloc" movement which has recently developed in congress. He sees in this movement a blow at responsible party government pointing out that when a party assumes office pledged to carry out certain policies, the breaking away of groups when the party policy does not happen to fit their individual views makes it impossible for the party to live up to its responsibilities.

In presenting these views Mr. Weeks fails to recognize the causes of this tendency including the fact that regardless of what the theories of American government may be, the fact is that we are governed by personalities, not by party platforms. In any election it is almost invariably the personality of the candidates and their personal records which are the deciding factors in determining the result.

In recent years at least the chief permanent issue between the Republican and Democratic parties has been the tariff, but the only election in which that has had any real bearing on the result was that of 1912, when President Taft's support of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill was undoubtedly one of the big factors in his defeat.

Moreover, under the present conditions members of one political party may differ more widely from one another in their political creeds than from members of the opposite party. The line of cleavage between the two chief parties is often more traditional than real, and so more and more voters refuse to be bound by party ties, on lines of division which they feel to be obsolete.

Under these conditions organization of bipartisan blocs is inevitable, and may be expected to continue until some new line of cleavage of real overwhelming national interest developes between the two present parties of the United States or a new party alignment along more natural lines than the present arises.

HUNGARIAN ELECTION METHODS.

From time to time reports are sent across the Atlantic to the effect that everything is lovely in Hungary, and that the chaos which followed the mutilation of the former Austrian-Hungarian empire has given place to rigid order. But apparently such reports must be taken with a big dose of salt, for during the election held in that country about two weeks ago, methods were used that certainly do not indicate any striking stability of the system now prevailing.

Admiral Horthy's government felt that it might be rejected by a popular vote, and to forestall such a catastrophe it resorted to a rather unique election method. Claiming that the term of the national assembly had practically expired, Horthy very simply issued a decree which substituted a new election law for the one hitherto in force. The result was that the precincts were re-grouped in such a manner as to insure the government candidates two seats in the assembly where they, ordinarily, could expect but one.

In practice, the system worked like this: Precincts which were known to be safe for the Horthy ticket, were, by a mere stroke of the pen, divided into two precincts, each one having the right to send a representative to the national assembly. Those precincts in which the opposition appeared to be very strong; were not divided, and could, in consequence, send only one member.

Also, the government decreed arbitrarily that only citizens who paid a certain tax amount each year and measured up to certain educational standards, would have the right to vote. Women above the age of 30 might vote, provided they had gone through six grades of the government schools. And, finally, Horthy's new election law prescribed that balloting in the country districts must be public; this means that some of the very wealthy agrarians would have an opportunity to terrorize the farmer of smaller means. In Budapest and a few other cities only was secret balloting used.

When to all this is added the fact that there are at present twenty-four political parties in Hungary, it is clear that considerable confusion was bound to prevail.

Horthy enjoys the reputation of being a wonderful organizer. His strategy, as illustrated by his autocratic election decree, will add to his peculiar fame.

It need not, of course, be added that the government was returned with a safe majority. If the election law just decreed is to be sustained in the future, the Hungarian people will experience the novel thrill of being the only nation in the world enjoying life under a self-perpetuating republican form of government.

And it becomes easier to understand why the royalist faction in Hungary still is strong. For even during the darkest days of imperialistic tyranny, the Hungarian citizenry had never been faced with such unblushing, such unscrupulous corruption as that now in vogue.

ABOLISHING THE CONSTITUTION.

Proposals made at the convention of the American Federation of Labor, that organized labor institute a drive for a constituted amendment giving congress power to veto decisions of the United States Supreme court, should be opposed by all thinking men either within or without the ranks of the federation. This proposal seems to have been made by Senator LaFollette of Wisconsin and is about on a par with many other half-baked ideas advanced by that gentleman.

The function of the supreme court is to interpret the constitution of the United States, and its application to the laws passed by congress. To give congress the power to veto the supreme court's decisions would mean that congress would have the right to amend the constitution whenever a majority of its members might see fit to do so. Such power would remove absolutely the protection of the constitutional rights of the minority which is now afforded by the courts. In fact no one would have any constitutional rights except such as a majority of each successive congress saw fit to allow him.

The federation of labor especially should realize that the conferring of such power on congress would be putting into the hands of that body a two-edged sword which is quite as apt to be used against labor as against its opponents. Given a congress with a majority opposed to organized labor, and the most outrageous and unconstitutional measures for the oppression of labor organizations or individuals might be passed and enforced. There would be no protection in the courts, because the congressional majority, hostile to labor, could simply veto the decisions of the court.

In short, to give congress power of veto over court decisions means the abolishment of every guarantee of the rights of the citizen contained in the constitution today.

PAST PERFORMANCES.

In an address given here a few days ago, Lewis F. Crawford, secretary of the state industrial commission called attention to some of the problems which the state must solve in connection with the mill and elevator now nearing completion, and laid emphasis on the fact that the construction of the plant was a simple matter compared with its successful operation after its completion.

That the mill and elevator will be completed is now an established fact, and is no longer a political issue. The question that the voters of the state must answer at the polls this year is, "Who is to manage and operate the plant after it is completed?" Shall it be managed and operated by the Independent administration headed by R. A. Nestos, or shall its control be returned to the Nonpartisan League?

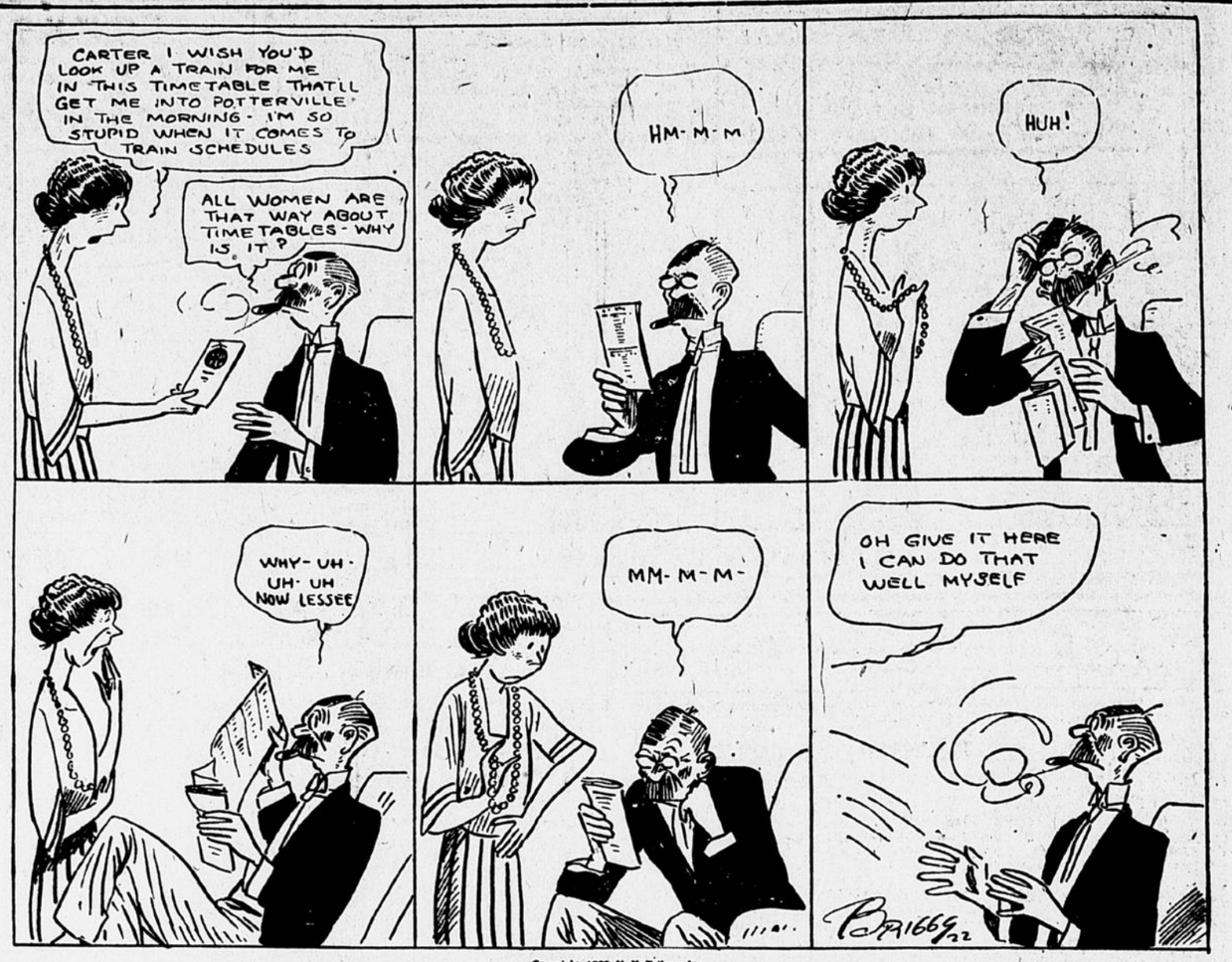
Before ansyering this question every voter should consider the record which each party has made in the past connection with mill and elevator management.

The Drake experimental mill was managed and operated by the Nonpartisan League administration for over two years. In that time under the league management it lost over $75,000. It's failure was so apparent that the Equitable Audit Co., a concern generally regarded as being favorable to the Nonpartisan League, after making several audits of its affairs recommended that it be closed, sold, and no longer operated by the state.

This was the condition when the Independent administration came into power in November, 1921. Since that time the Drake mill has been operated under the direction of the new industrial commission with the result, that during the last six months its operations showed a profit of some $400.

These are the records made by the two administrations. With these facts in mind can the voters of the state even seriously consider turning the management of the two million dollar plant in Grand Forks over to the same element which made such a ghastly failure of the small plant at Drake?

OH, MAN! - - - - - - - - BY BRIGGS



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MR. DAVID

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

SYNOPSIS.

"Mr. David," a mysterious stranger in London is saved from arrest by the secretary of a cabinet minister with whom he is dining. She takes him to call on her employer.

In his interview with the minister it developes that David is in reality the Prince of Balkanland exiled as the result of a revolution following the world war, and now in England studying labor conditions. The revolutionaries of Balkanland are seeking his life. He attends a dinner at the minister's house.

Virginia Martin, whom David sees at the factory, comes to his home, and they set off for a Saturday tramp. She interests him strangely.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

She looked at him curiously, and shrugged her shoulders as he held the door open for her to pass out.

"Especially," she murmured, "skin-sorter at three pounds, seven and sixpence a week."

They boarded a motor-bus—a journey of an hour or more—until the long streets, with their rows of villas and small shops, came to an end. The occasional hedges were no more white with dust, and the green in the fields became rich and vivid. All the time the air which they were so eager to breathe, grew sweeter. Then the bus at last reached its terminus, they wandered away up a country lane, and across some fields until they came to the top of the ascent. With a little sign of content, Virginia threw herself down upon the grass. Their backs were towards the pall of London. They looked out over an open park, flower starred meadows, and a belt of common. Beyond rose the woods which enclosed a great estate. "At last!" she murmured. "For five minutes I shall rest, while you smoke a cigarette."

She had closed her eyes in silent and intense content, stretching herself out with the lazy grace of a beautiful animal come to repose. David, by her side, rolled his cigarette but forgot to light it. It was the opportunity for which he had been longing. He could study her more closely, make sure that she was no dream creature born of his lonely hours. He studied her pensively, almost doggedly. Her clothes, like his, were people's clothes, but like his they were well-chosen and neat. She wore no ornament of any sort. The soles of her shoes were thick, and her stockings were not even of the cheaper silk material affected by the young ladies of the machine room. She lay just as she had sunk on to the grass, stretched at full length, the delicate shape of her body easily manifest, notwithstanding the crumpled folds of her skirt and her ready-made white blouse. Her neck was long and slender, the skin about her throat pale and satiny, her mouth a little large and tremulous, her eyes soft and full, a deep, strange shade of blue. Her forehead was inclined to be high, the forehead of a thinking woman; her ungloved hand wonderfully shapely. She had thrown her hat on one side, and her masses of dark, glossy hair had escaped from their bondage. David, as he watched her with an intense and ever-increasing satisfaction, realized two things about her face—first something which seemed to lie behind her eyes, which was there even in these moments of repose, a gift of passionate introspection; and secondly, the fascination of her mouth, the full lips, tremulous and delicate, yet the lips of a woman.

Presently she turned a little toward him, without, however, abandoning her attitude of rest.

"And now," she suggested, "shall we talk"

CHAPTER VII.

"I think," she began, "that we must be friends. Do you agree?"

"With all my heart," he assented.

"Very good, then. You shall call me Virginia. And your Christian name?"

"I like best to be called David."

"David it shall be," she acquiesced. "Tell me, how old are you?"

"Somewhere around thirty."

"Tell me why, at your age and with your education," she questioned, "you are engaged in sorting skins in a shoe factory? Do you know that I feel very much inclined to agree with the others. They think that you are not a genuine workman, but that you are masquerading in the factory for some purpose of your own."

He spent some moments considering his reply.

"What purpose could I have?" he asked her. "Do they think I want to burgle the safe or steal trade secrets?"

"Nothing of the sort. I suppose you know that the factory is a hotbed of labor unrest?"

"I have noticed it," he assured her. "I've been too interested in my job."

"I hope you are telling the truth," she said. "The Grunby shoe factory is one of the only great industrial concerns in this country where the workpeople are not trade unionist. The trades unions are bringing great pressure to bear upon them every day. Are you a spy from these people, David, because if so you may find your task more dangerous than you think?"

He smiled at her reassuringly.

"On my honor," he declared, "I do not care in the least whether we belong to the trade union or not?"

"Then I must still ask you," she persisted, "why you have come to Grunby's factory as a skin sorter?"

"I am one of those people who have drifted all over the world," he told her, "seeing life from many standpoints. When the war came I was a soldier."

"You are not an Englishman?" she asked him bluntly.

"I am not," he admitted. "I was educated in England and my mother was English.

"Of what nationality are you, then?"

He hesitated.

"I belong to one of those unfortunate countries," he replied, "who fought with the Allies during the war, but suffered so disastrously before the end came that reconstruction has become a terrible task. I am a Balkanlander."

She nodded sympathetically.

"I suppose you lost a great deal of money during the war?"

"I lost a great deal," he admitted, "but I should like to be frank with you, if I may. I am not sorting skins here because I am compelled to work for my living. I think that some day I shall return to my country, and I have made it my business, during the last few years, to study the various industries which I think might be developed there. Boot manufacturing is one of them."

"Have you influence there?" she asked.

"I had once," he admitted. "I may have again."

"I am afraid that I do not know much about Balkanland, although curiously enough I have indirect connections with the country," she confessed. "I have heard it said, though, that Metzger is a very ambitious and domineering man."

"That is quite true," David assented. "He is also a bad patriot. The people will find him out in time. Then, perhaps, a new era will come. I belong to those who hope for a different form of government. Meanwhile, I am preparing myself to be a useful citizen when the time for a change arrives."

She was silent for some moments, her fingers straying in the cool grass by her side. A little breadth of soft wind fanned their faces. She stretched out her limbs and body as though filled with the voluptous pleasure of the sunshine and the wild-rose-scented air.

"What do you know about me?" she asked.

"Very little," he replied. "I am not a gossip. I know that you are a sort of overlooker of the female labor, that you have a great influence over the girls and women, and that you have administrative gifts."

"Anything else?"

"That you live with a stepfather who is one of the firm's travelers. I gathered from a conversation I overheard one day, that he is a better scholar then boot salesman."

"Israel Blackman is very clever, but I am afraid he will never succeed in business," she admitted. "He is too reticent and too much immersed in his books. Even I, who have lived in the same house for years, know little of his ulterior ambitions. I will tell you one singular thing about him, though. My mother married him in New Jersey, but although he has lived in America most of his life, he is not an American at all—he is a fellow countryman of yours."

David was genuinely surprised.

"That is strange," he observed. "So few Balkanlanders ever emigrate to America. Is Blackman his real name?"

"I do not think so," she answered. "He was about the age of a student when he came to the states, and I have always thought it possible that he left because of some political trouble. Then again it might have been because he was a Jew."

David nodded.

"There was a time," he assented, "when Balkanland was not very tolerant to her Jew subjects. He probably dabbled in socialism—became one of these theorists who evolve great thoughts for others to put to a mischievous purpose."

She leaned on her elbow and looked at him. There was a smouldering uneasiness in her eyes.

"Where did you learn to talk like this, David?" she asked.

"I told you that I had received the benefits of a good education," he reminded her with a faint smile. "If you want to have a true idea about me, you must not dwell too much upon my present occupation."

"You must come and see my stepfather," she said. "Come tomorrow night and have supper with us. He is a very deep thinker and very much in earnest. At the same time, I am not free from trouble concerning him. We have very little money, and I am afraid that he does not sell enough boots to please Mr. Grunby. It will be a great joy to me if I am able to confide in you. Until that time we must be comrades."

"I will come tomorrow night, with pleasure, Virginia," he answered. "And am very happy to be your comrade."

She raised herself a little from her recumbent position, and leaned towards him. A more enterprising person might well have supported her waist with his arm. David, though the thought flashed through his brain and left his pulses thrilled, made no attempt to do anything of the sort.

"Virginia," he repeated to himself softly. "I love your name. You are American, are you not?"

"I was born in New York," she replied. "My father was a professor in one of the smaller universities of the Southern States, but my mother was a Russian. She was one of the exiles at the time of the Terror."

"She is alive now?" he asekd.

Virginia shook her head.

"I am an orphan," she said. "My father died when I was quite young, and I always think that my mother married Israel Blackman because he was able to talk to her of the countries she loved. When she died she made me promise to do my best to look after him. He is such an unpractical person. For instance, I have known him as a schoolmaster, a journalist, a lecturer on modern sociology. At the present time, as you know, he is traveler for the factory here, but I am afraid that he is not very successful. I am alone a great deal, and although my work at the factory interests me, I am sometimes very lonely."

The sunlight, filtering its way through the trees, and lying in golden fragments around them seemed to bring for a moment warmth into her heart, a deeper softness into her eyes. That complete composure which amounted almost to coldness, passed away. She touched his hand.

"Put your arm around my waist for one moment," she begged. "I am tired."

Her head fell a little back as he leaned towards her, and her lips met his frankly, a warm, womanly kiss, full of the promise of passion. Then, as he would have taken her more completely into his arms she rose with a little laugh, shook out her skirts, and led him away towards the farmhouse where they had ordered tea.

"You must not think too much of that," she enjoined. "It means—well, I do not know exactly what it does mean, but it does not mean what it might if I were any other of those six hundred young women whom I am supposed to overlook. You see, I am rather a serious person," she went on, "but the most serious person who ever lived, of my sex, remains always a woman. I am rather ashamed of that moment, but I am not sorry."

He remained silent. The touch of her lips had let loose a rush of unfamiliar and unexpected sensations. She smiled at his bewilderment; it appealed even then to her sense of humor to find his brain striving to deal with the emotion of that moment.

"Dear David, I have terrified you," she murmured, almost caressingly. "You must not be afraid I am not like other girls. That was just a natural woman's kiss. It may mean nothing, or again it may mean a great deal. That, if you wish, we shall find out."

They had tea in an arbor, with thick bread an dbutter and homemade jam, and afterwards they wandered down a lane, where here and there an early hedgerose hung from the high hedges, and the hawthorn blossom made the air almost faint with its sweetness. They seemed by common consent to have abandoned all definite conversation, to be content to change just those chance remarks and reminiscences which pave the way from acquaintance to friendship. They walked so slowly and lingered so long that the sun had set before they reached the top of the hill, and from the great smoky blanket of horrors which stretched away almost from their feet to the far horizon, the lights were stealing out like smoldering pinpricks of fire. They ascended the onibus and took their places outside.

"So we turn our faces homeward," she murmured. "Do you know, David, that this has been rather a wonderful afternoon?"

"It has been very wonderful," he agreed in a low tone.

She passed her arm through his as the vehicle started.

"Let us subscribe thus far, at least," she said, as she leaned back contentedly, "to the etiquette of our position. We have worked in the same factory all the week. You have taken me out for a waly and paid for my tea. I shall probably hold your arm all the way to Tottenham."

(Continued Tomorrow Evening.)

Cast-iron of excellent quality is now being made from the iron sands that abound on the shores of New Zealand. On over a hundred miles of coast there are millions of tons of this iron sand, but it is only during the last few years that it has been utilized.

Just Folks

by Edgar A. Guest

THE PURPOSE OF TRIAL.

I sometimes think June ought to be
Grateful to April and to May
And every stormy winter day,
For had they failed their duty, she
Would find no bud upon a tree
And have no beauty to display—
For all that was, prepares the way
For every flower that mortals see.

And so, perhaps, it is with men.
Our trials and our griefs and tears,
So very soon forgotten when
The June-time of success appears,
Should own our gratitude—for they
Made possible our strength today.

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HERE ARE THE TICKETS INDEPENDENTS SHOULD SUPPORT IN PRIMARY

If You Are A Republican, Vote For

STATE TICKET

Governor, R. A. Nestos.
Lt. Gov., Frank Hyland.
Secretary of State, Thomas Hall.
Attorney General, George Shafer.
Commissioner, Agriculture and Labor, J. A. Kitchen.
Auditor, H. C. Johnson.
Treasurer, John Steen.
Insurance Commissioner, H. G. Carpenter.
Railway Commissioners, F. T. Gronvold, C. E. Knox, A. D. McKinnon.

FOR CONGRESSMAN

O. B. Burtness, First District.

STATE LEGISLATURE

For the House, P. G. Hanson, Fifth district; John K. Freeman, sixth district; Elmer Vietch, Emerado, seventh district.

For the Senate, W. S. Whitman, sixth district.

If You Are A Democrat, Vote For

United States Senator, J. F. T. O'Connor.

STATE TICKET

Governor, Charles Simon.
Lt. Gov., W. P. Porterfield.
Secretary of State, Mrs. John Gammon.
Attorney General, D. J. O'Connell.
Commissioner Agriculture and Labor, Nick Nelson.
Auditor, Hans Anderson.
Treasurer, Isac Hegge.
Insurance Commissioner, [illegible] Lillibridge.
Railway Commissioners, William O'Leary, C. W. Pollock, Arthur Dickson.

FOR CONGRESSMAN

First District, R. E. Smith.