

THE PRODUCERS NEWS

A PAPER OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE

Continuing the OUTLOOK PROMOTOR

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1918

Real Aid to the Enemy

The attempt of certain reactionaries in the United States senate to tie the hands of the president in diplomatic affairs, is about the worst move to interfere with the prosecution of the war the country has yet seen. It is direct interference, because the plans which President Wilson has been working out to destroy the home support of the German junker class, are nearly as important as the military operations. Already he has had marked success. The spirit of revolt is abroad in Germany and is getting bolder all the time. In the very near future it may be strong enough to overthrow those autocratic elements which now make the continuance of the war necessary. The resolution introduced by the reactionaries in congress, on the other hand, making it unlawful for any American official to answer in any way any efforts toward peace until the German armies have surrendered, can have no other effect than the strengthening of the hands of the German autocrats. The pan-Germans have always told the people that the allied plan is to crush them. Now important members of the American senate reassure the German people that the German junkers were right. If the resolution goes through what can it mean but that every radical practically in Germany who has been putting faith in the democratic announcements of America, will again get behind the war lords for the defense of the country and put off re-

form to a more convenient season? And this loss of democratic support within the German lines is not a matter of small moment. From the news accounts we might gather that all is over but the victorious shouting and the march to Berlin, but the press has edited its accounts, to some extent at least, to give our people what they most wanted to hear. We can be fairly certain that as a defensive force on the shorter line, with the solid support of every citizen at home, the German army can be more formidable than our jingoes think. Suppose the war can be ended now on the basis of the president's 14 principles, will we not have gained all we went into the war for? On the other hand, if we continue to fight for a year or more, as Roosevelt demands, with the consequent added sacrifice of men and means for something beyond those 14 principles, what can be the result but some hidden capitalistic advantages? America went to war to kill off Prussianism. Are we ready to pay the price of adopting our own brand of it? If so, the way to do it is to tie the president's hands in negotiation and to yell for what our own junkers call "capital punishment of a nation." The organized farmers are making a first-hand inquiry into the long-standing question of why they have to bear so much of that original curse which Adam is said to have been responsible for, for so little.

Reverse Form In America

When the kept press calls the organized farmers of the Northwest "radical," it is a case of calling white black. The press would be right in Europe, where autocracy has always held the boards more or less, but fortunately in America we had a turn-over about 142 years ago which made the rights of the common people the rule. The forebearers of America were George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Tom Paine, etc.—all strenuous foes of autocracy—and fortunately they tried as well as men could to

make the absence of it here the regular thing. Our real radicals, therefore, are not the men aiming to maintain American institutions, but those scheming persons and interests aiming to make monopoly and industrial autocracy supreme. In America Lincoln was not a radical because he warned against the growing danger from corporate wealth, but John D. Rockefeller, with his foul, un-American means of establishing the oil monopoly, was certainly decidedly radical and anarchistic as well. Let us keep the "bad names" straight.

IF GERMANY SIGNS NOV. 8 DRAFT WILL STAY AT HOME

Washington, Nov. 8.—Provost Marshal General Crowder called into conference today the heads of all sections of his office to discuss possible suspension of the November draft calls under which more than 300,000 men have been ordered to army camps.

While General Crowder would not discuss what recommendations he might make to the general staff, it is understood that his advisers will advocate warmly withdrawal of the November call, at least if the Germans accept the American and allied armistice terms before the movement to camps begins.

With four million men already under arms overseas and at home, the feeling is growing that no more will be needed, even though it may take a long time before American forces can be recalled from France and some additional men may be sent over.

NO LICENSE IS NEW RULING ON GIFTS SENT TO SOLDIERS

Washington, Nov. 7.—Parcel post packages of Christmas gifts for American soldiers and members of the Red Cross and other civilian organizations serving with the British, French or other armies in the field, will be accepted by postmasters up to Nov. 20, and the senders will not be required to furnish a war trade board export license of their mailing. Postmaster General Burleson today announced this ruling, which does not affect the special rulings made for Christmas shipments to the American expeditionary force.

FALSE REPORT OF SIGNING ARMISTICE STIRS NATION

Washington, Nov. 7.—Secretary Baker says: "We have no confirma-

tion on the subject and the information that we have is that the commissioners when we last heard of them were on their way to Marshal Foch's headquarters and it would seem hardly probable that the meeting could have taken place at the time the announcement was first made. The minute the war department has any authoritative news on this subject I will give it out at once."

"DER" KAISER WILHELM AGAIN TO ABDICATE

London, Nov. 8.—The German majority parties have held a final discussion on the question of Emperor William's abdication and will without doubt demand that he abdicate, according to a Berlin dispatch to the Copenhagen Politiken, forwarded by the Exchange Telegraph correspondent. The abdication, it is added, will probably occur tomorrow.

EVERYBODY IN COUNTY TO CELEBRATE VICTORY

As soon as the news reaches the people of Sheridan county that Germany has signed the Allies armistice terms, there should be a general celebration. As soon as you hear the whistles and bells, you will know that it is the announcement of victory. Do something to add to the general rejoicing.

AMERICAN FIRST ARMY CAPTURES 250 PIECES

Washington, Nov. 8.—The guns of all calibres captured by the American First army, since November 1 now exceed 250, while a partial count of captured munitions and materials was more than 2,000 machine guns, over 5,000 rifles, 75 trench mortars and many anti-tank guns.

The Producers News—\$2.00 a year.

HOW DOG LOVERS CAN SAVE SHEEP

Owners of Canines Can Aid by Supporting Fair State Laws Regulating Menace.

Most Serious Loss Is Fact That Farmers Are Kept From Engaging in Sheep Business—Dog-Proof Fences Described.

Thousands of sheep are ruthlessly killed every year by dogs. The monetary loss of more than a million dollars a year to sheep owners does not cover the most serious aspect of the damage. The fact that the dog menace keeps many farmers from engaging in the sheep business, even at this time when there are urgent demands for more wool and meat, is the most serious result which may be attributed to sheep-killing dogs. Specialists of the United States department of agriculture are urging efficient state legislation as one of the best ways to deal with the sheep-killing dog problem. Dog-proof fences also are described and advocated in a recent publication of the department of agriculture dealing with this subject, "The Sheep-Killing Dog," Farmers' Bulletin 933.

Hindrance to Industry. That dogs are a real hindrance to the sheep industry is not only acclaimed by the testimony of thousands of sheep owners but is verified by actual conservative statistics. An investigation by the United States department of agriculture among sheep owners in 15 states east of the Rocky mountains shows that out of a total of 6,836,492 sheep in the 502 counties reporting, 34,683 were killed by dogs in one year—1913—and paid for by the counties. At the same rate of loss in other farm states the total annual destruction of sheep by dogs would be 107,700 head. But these figures are based only upon the number actually paid for, and specialists of the United States department of agriculture say it is more than probable that the true losses far exceed this. It is known that many sheep are killed which are never reported to the county officials.

Sheep-killing dogs work both singly and in groups, but usually in twos or threes. They do not limit their attacks to the flocks of the immediate vicinity in which they are kept, but travel for miles in all directions, spreading destruction in the flocks with which they come in contact. Because their work is so often done under cover of darkness it is almost impossible to catch them in the act of worrying sheep, hence they can seldom be positively identified. The ways in which different dogs attack and destroy sheep vary greatly. Some dogs simply kill one or two in a flock, while others continue to attack until all the sheep are either destroyed or crippled. In many cases where large numbers are killed they are neither bitten nor wounded but simply chased until they die from exhaustion. After a dog has once formed a habit of killing sheep it seemingly becomes a mania with him and he is seldom, if ever, broken of it. He not only destroys sheep himself but leads other dogs to the work. No consideration should be given such dogs; they should be killed as soon as their habits are known.

Rehabilitating Industry. The desirability of a maximum increase in the number of sheep is generally admitted and steps now are being taken toward a rehabilitation of the sheep industry. But it is recognized that one of the most effective means of insuring the farmer a profit on sheep is to make and enforce laws which adequately protect the farmers' flock, but in most of the states the present dog laws fall in their purpose.

MAJOR'S CHANCES GOOD FOR CLERK & RECORDER

With the total vote of the county in his favor at the present time, A. A. Major has a splendid chance to hold the reigns of the office of Clerk and Recorder for the next term.



A. A. MAJOR

COUNTY TREASURER MOVIE TO BE ON THE JOB

Rex M. Movius will conduct the affairs of the county treasurer's office for another term. His splendid record of the past has been appreciated by the taxpayers of the county when he received an overwhelmingly large majority over Ella Bostwick. "Little Joe" nearly lost one thousand round hard "rocks" on the race between these candidates, but he wouldn't put up the "spun."



REX M. MOVIOUS

JOHN S. NYQUIST WILL REPRESENT FARMERS

John S. Nyquist of Homestead, according to the election returns, will represent the farmers in the legislature. He leads his opponent by a large majority and is the right man for the job the farmers endorsed him for.



JOHN S. NYQUIST

BEATRICE K. O'GRADY PROBABLY NEXT AUDITOR

When the ballots are finally counted and the official returns are given out, Beatrice K. O'Grady will undoubtedly be the next auditor for Sheridan county.



BEATRICE K. O'GRADY

JOHN ANDERSON WILL BE MEMBER OF THE BOARD

It is conceded that John Anderson, of Froid, is the elected League candidate for county commissioner and will be a member of the present board.

Taking counsel from the opposition on your candidates and political issues is like a general asking and taking the suggestions of his opposition regarding the choice of his own subordinate staff. A case of mighty poor generalship and falsity to his own side. A poor way to win.



TALC Monteel 25¢

To expect to pay a high price for talc perfumed with an odor that cost thousands of dollars to produce would be natural. But to be able to obtain such a superb perfume at a low price is a delightful surprise. This surprise awaits you in the Talc perfumed with Monteel—the New Odor of Twenty-six Flowers.

For Sale by PLENTYWOOD PHARMACY, INC. Plentywood, Montana

REPORT TODAY

By KITTY PARSONS.

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The strains of the Mendelssohn wedding march pealed out majestically as the bride and bridegroom came slowly down the aisle.

Eleanor had always declared that she would not race out of the church, the way some couples did, and she smiled happily at the many friends who were so eagerly watching the bridal procession.

"You were beautiful, my dear, perfectly beautiful!" declared one of the guests at the reception, a little later. "And the bridegroom in his uniform is quite the handsomest thing I have ever seen. I don't wonder you married him. Has he a long leave?"

"A whole week," returned Eleanor, "and we've planned such a wonderful trip!"

The happiness of the newly married couple seemed to be shared by everyone else, and the entire bridal party sat down to the wedding breakfast amid much laughter and merriment. The best man was just proposing a toast to the bride and groom when someone handed the captain a telegram.

"Bad news, dear!" asked Eleanor apprehensively.

"The worst possible. They want me to report at headquarters today. Something important has come up, I suppose."

"Oh, Allen, how cruel! Right in the middle of our wedding, too! You'll have to hurry, too," she added, smiling to the occasion like a true soldier's wife. "There's a train that leaves at one-thirty and it's after one o'clock now. Come on and I'll drive you to the station."

"You are the most wonderful girl in the world," Allen told her for the thousandth time on the way to the station.

"It won't be for long, darling—it just can't be," she choked, as for a moment she clung to him helplessly.

But it was not until the last guest had gone that Eleanor threw herself on her bed and sobbed bitterly. It had been so sudden and unexpected, and they planned everything so carefully. Her trunk had gone and Allen had paid for their rooms at the little mountain inn, where they were going. Suddenly Eleanor sat up on her bed, with an inspiration.

"I'll go just the same," she declared, "just to see what it is like. Everything's ready and I can come back tomorrow if I want to. It may be queer to go off on a wedding trip alone, but it's a lot nicer than staying here and having all the neighbors condole with me. I'll do it!"

In a few moments Eleanor appeared before her mother, dressed for her journey, and the astounded lady looked at her in amazement. But Mrs. Osgood was a sensible woman and not easily disturbed, so she made little objection to her daughter's plans. "If any word comes from Allen before I get back, please wire at once, mother dear. I'll be a good girl, so don't worry. Good-by."

On the thirty-mile train ride Eleanor allowed herself little time for thought, but knitted frantically all the way. The inn was some distance from the station, and the drive in the crisp winter air was delightful. There were few guests, and the kindly little old lady who kept the house did not bother her with useless questions, but took her to a cheerful sitting room where a great wood fire lay blazing on the hearth.

"Drink this tea, my dear, and rest yourself a bit. It's five now, so you'll not want dinner till seven. If you want anything, ring."

"I don't wonder he loved it here," thought Eleanor, and her eyes filled with sudden tears.

After a while her tired lids drooped and she fell asleep. It was almost seven o'clock when Eleanor was awakened by a sound in the room.

"It must be Mrs. Green, to tell me supper is ready," she considered drowsily, and sat up on the couch. Then her eyes almost popped out of her head, for sitting in a big chair by the fire was her husband.

"Allen!" she cried, "am I dreaming again?"

"Not a bit of it!" he assured her, taking her in his arms. "It was all a mistake—the telegram was supposed to read: 'Report at headquarters in a week from today.' Stupid, but it might have been worse. I telephoned you at once and your mother told me you had come here, so I took the next train after you—are you glad to see me?"

"Glad? Why, I can't believe my eyes or ears, it's so simply wonderful. I don't honestly believe I ever appreciated you before. But I do now, and I'm too happy for words." Allen kissed her tenderly and they sat down and talked as if they had not seen each other for years. At last Mrs. Greene actually did come to announce dinner.

"Could you eat anything?" asked Allen.

"Could I! I'm simply starved. It may not be romantic, but I am."

"So am I," admitted the bridegroom. "Then we'll make this the wedding breakfast that we both missed today. Come on, Captain Scaries." And taking him by the hand, the bride pulled him willingly towards the dining room, where they did full credit to the inn's cookery.

A WELCOME GUEST

By ARNOLD WARRENTON.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Syndicate.)

"I saw it first!" shouted Robert Leslie, brother, Martin.

"And I heard it first!" roared the first speaker. "Suddenly taken to humanity, that you want to get a poor little abandoned skit of a girl—"

There Robert Leslie paused. An acute expression in his brother's face checked him. He was sorry, for there had been a passage in both lives where anger had led to injury and this, in turn, to sorrow deep and lasting.

Into their lonely lives this sunny afternoon there had come a startling experience. Their home was a modest house, with a common porch. Robert lived alone in his quarters. Martin had a housekeeper, a Mrs. Wade. Three years these two rare old bachelors had lived, daily sinking deeper into a life of uneventful existence.

"See here, Robert," spoke Martin, after a pause during which the two gazed down at the little huddled figure snugly ensconced in a padded chair. "I see we are of one mind. Some cooler, heartier or driven to direct or, frankly, has left the child here. We she selected two crabbled old crabs to take in the little refuge I cannot understand. Here it is, though, and we are like two schoolboys with all our toys. All right—we'll adopt the child."

"Yes, it will break the loneliness," responded Robert; "but what do we know about babies?"

"That's just it," said Martin, eagerly. "But I have Mrs. Wade. She's got a baby and she knows a thing or two. Don't you see?"

"No, I don't!" growled Robert. "I have as much right to the child as you have."

"Granted, and we'll make it a mutual adoption," pacified Martin, persuasively. "I've thought for a long time how senseless it was for us to maintain separate establishments. Close up your joint and lessen the expense by taking a room with us, and share the baby among us."

So the little founding was carried into the house, each of the queer characters jealously insistent on having a handle of the basket all to his self.

"Here's a visitor, and we're going to adopt the little fellow," announced Brother Martin, and Mrs. Wade went into ecstasies over the tiny stranger. Never was such a lovely, smiling, blue-eyed angel! Why, she—he would be chubby fingers around her wrist—hand and actually laughed up at her. Oh, this was such a rare gift from heaven! And Martin grinned and chuckled, and Robert hopped from foot to foot in a state of high excitement. And Mrs. Wade cried and laughed while the baby cooed and crowed.

In the following irrational week Martin sneaked down town and came back with all kinds of baby goods. Robert contributed a high chair and a rocking horse. The two fond and foolish guardians hovered about the cradle on all occasions possible.

"I've been thinking that baby ought to have some one to care specially for him," suggested Mrs. Wade. "I have my other duties, and I'm old and slow, so search was made and a Mrs. Martin hired to take charge of the baby. Sissy Martin had a baseball and bat, a kite and a pocketknife. Robert secretly went him one better. He had a toy wagon and a sled under the bed."

The days went by pleasantly and peacefully, the infatuated brothers covering daily some new excesses of intelligence in the baby, always crowing and snoring. One day the nurse was wheeling the little child along the street when a lady, peering in face and form, stopped her to look over and cradle the baby. The nurse was attracted by this interest. The lady fell into conversation and the nurse mentioned that she would have to give up her charge, as some relatives had asked her to make her home with them.

"Oh, can I trust you? Will you take my life by one simple act?" broke in the strange lady, and into the nurse's ear she whispered a story that brought tears of sympathy to her eyes.

It came about that when the nurse left the Leslie home she recommended "a friend." As Mrs. Bell, the lady who succeeded her. The boy was supposed to love her from the start. She was to love the brothers and Mrs. Wade.

One day Martin called his brother into the library, closed the door carefully and extended to him a letter. "Read that," he said soberly. "Why, what is it about? Who wrote it?"

"Mrs. Bell, otherwise Mrs. Arnold Leslie, wife of the nephew you know, has drifted eight years ago. She has been in a sanitarium for a year. She has to work to keep him there and had to give up the baby. The letter tells of the story, and Arnold is well and waiting for her."

"Not to take the baby away?" queried Robert.

"Unless—"

"I understand," spoke Robert, rolling and leaving the room. He drew a roll of banknotes from his pocket. He found Mrs. Bell in the garden. "Daughter," he said, "treating the money, his voice quivering with the most emotion, 'send for my nephew and tell him wife, and baby and home and love are all waiting for him—home!'"