

D. M. DELOZIER CLAIMED BY DEATH

Well Known Painter and Decorator
Passed Away Tuesday After Long
Illness From Bronchitis.

D. M. Delozier, a well known Minot painter and decorator, passed away at St. Joseph's hospital Tuesday evening, following an illness of nearly three months from bronchitis.

The funeral was held this morning from St. Leo's Catholic church, Rev. Fr. Raith in charge, and the remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery.

Mr. Delozier was born at St. Augustine, Pa. 61 years ago but left that state when he was 21 years of age and spent many years in the west. He came to Minot 14 years ago and had been engaged at his trade since.

He is survived by his mother, who is 89 years of age, and living in Pennsylvania, and three brothers and a sister, all residing in that state. He had been married and is survived by a son. Mr. Delozier lived on a homestead near the G. N. bridge west of Minot in the early days.

He was a quiet, unassuming man, and a man who stood high in his work. He leaves a host of friends who sincerely mourn.

YANK U-BOAT RAMMED BY STEAMER WRITES DAKOTAN

Bismarck Boy, Wireless Operator on
Submarine, Tells of Thrilling Ex-
perience When Boat is Taken
for Enemy.

Bismarck, N. D., Aug. 31.—Albert Blumer, son of Mrs. A. J. Nathan of Bismarck, under date of August 21, tells his mother of the American submarine on which he is serving as wireless operator, having been rammed by an ocean liner, which believed it was attacking a German U-boat.

"Back here again after a rather strenuous trip," writes the Bismarck boy from an Atlantic port. "We went to Norfolk, Va., and from there conveyed a French cable ship out a ways from the northern coast of Virginia. One day last week we heard three large guns fired. About fifteen minutes later an S. O. S. came by wireless saying that a U-boat had fired at them and that they were sinking. We

expected a call any minute, but none came."

"On the way back we had the excitement. About 10:30 P. M. an ocean liner was sighted astern of us. She must have sighted us at the same time. It was so dark that they were only a hundred yards away when we first caught sight of them. During war time no lights are visible on any ship at sea. They turned right for us and struck us on the port side of the bow with enough violence to knock most of us out of our bunks. Well, we lost no time in going to the opposite direction as soon as we learned that we had not been damaged. Thank goodness! there was no moon, or we might have got an additional shot or two.

"Today in a Philadelphia paper the Navy department gave out a statement that an ocean liner had come into port with a hole in her side from trying to ram a U-boat. It was the one that struck us."

SHERIFF LOSES MONEY BOARD- ING PRISONERS

Bill for August Was Only \$61.75
Whereas at One Time Sheriff Made
As Much as His Salary From
Board.

Sheriff Nedreloe's bill to Ward county for boarding prisoners for the month of August was only \$61.75. There have been but two or three jail birds in the county bastille during the month.

There aren't many bad folks around any more. People are so busy with war work, that no one has any time to get into mischief. While all of the booze has not been exhausted, there are very few drunken people to be seen any more. Blind pigging and bootlegging have gone out of style. Wages are so high that it's easier to get out and earn a few dollars than it is to steal them. There has been but little crime and our police officers even find time to do some harvesting. The war evidently has reduced crime at home to a minimum.

Some years ago it was not uncommon for the sheriff to have a bill of a thousand dollars a month for boarding prisoners, and he was able then to make as much by boarding prisoners as from his salary. At the present time, the sheriff has to do some tall figuring to keep from going into the hole.

Lumber Superintendents Hold Meeting.

The four superintendents of the Piper-Howe Lumber Co. held the first of their regular monthly meetings at the general offices in this city Tues-

day followed by a dinner and a social time in the evening. The superintendents are:

L. P. Bancroft, Havre, Mont.
E. O. Helgeson, Columbus, N. D.
F. Lenhart, Lansford, N. D.
H. H. Bragg, Minot.

Minot-Burlington Road in Bad Shape.

The south valley highway between Minot and Burlington is reported to be in very bad shape, with little chance of having any more work done on it this season. This is the piece of road that the state highway commission is supposed to grade and gravel. The work for some reason has been delayed and the road is in such condition that it is hard to travel over it with an auto or a load of any kind.

The highway commission at first planned on putting on 900 cubic feet of gravel to the mile, but later decided that 1500 cubic feet would be necessary, yet no work has been done at all. The county commissioners say they are powerless to do anything for whatever they might do in repairing the road would be simply throwing the county's money away.

Since writing the above we learn that the Association of Commerce has been active in trying to get the necessary appropriation from the county commissioners in order that the work may proceed, and at a meeting of the directors held at noon today action was taken to have petitions circulated amongst the businessmen of the city asking that the county commissioners make the necessary levy. This will be done immediately and there is every likelihood that the appropriation will be made. The county commissioners are all progressive men and realize that good roads leading into Minot are essential to all residents of the county, but they also realize that they are public servants and are subject to criticism at times, and they do not feel like taking action in this matter until some expression from the taxpayers has been received.

In case work is started on the new road it will be straightened out in a few places and one of the best highways in the state will be built.

L. E. Gregorson from north of Burlington was in the city Wednesday. Lawrence says he has solved the farming game right. He sowed his farm to rye last fall, spent the winter in the Twin Cities and returned about a month ago in time to harvest an eight or ten bushel crop.

The county fathers are in session this week.

BERTHOLDITES HAVE THE RIGHT SPIRIT

Berthold, N. D., Sept. 4.—Both men and women from Berthold go into the harvest fields each day at 4 o'clock when all places of business close, and have done good work shocking the grain. The village appears deserted after that hour each day. Berthold's harvest is fairly heavy and this is the only way that much of the grain can be saved.

KNIGHTS OF ROAD

By MELLICENT BLEYER.

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"Well, that's the limit! What's come over you—gone clear daffy?" Course-grained and hoarse-throated as he was, there was more of wonder than ridicule in the tones of Big Reddy, professional hobo. It was at the camp of a group of wandering ones that Reddy had come across Mystery Blair gazing fixedly at a photograph. With a quick flush Blair thrust the picture out of sight.

"Just honest admiration of a pretty face," was the reply given, with a forced laugh. "I had quite an adventure last evening and the original of that picture had a part in it."

"Hello—there's trouble! Make for cover!" spoke Reddy sharply. There had come from one of the group preparing breakfast a birdlike cry, a signal, a warning with which every schooled tramp was familiar. Two strangers had suddenly intruded. One wore an official badge. "That's the man," spoke his companion, and he pointed to Blair.

Instantly there was the closing in of the circle. The presentment was that of the law against a comrade. The group were staunch and loyal for defense.

"This is no arrest," announced the marshal.

"No, it is just contrary," added his companion. "I would like to have you accompany me to my office," he addressed himself to Blair. "You were something better than a hero last night. As legal adviser of Miss Ina Trescott, whose life and property you saved, I am asked to talk over matters with you."

"I don't see the use," replied Blair. "I'm glad if I did all you say."

"He did something, you can count on that!" broke in big Reddy. "For he tossed all night with that burned hand of his."

Mystery Blair for a moment looked as though resentful of patronizing or reward. Then his hand closed on the half-burned photograph in his pocket. In the current of unusual circumstances, he decided to allow it to drift him whither it would.

He had been dubbed "Mystery" Blair by his comrades. He had joined the hobo contingent one day, asking the favor of companionship and variety, telling them he had made a failure of business life and envied them their unconventional existence.

The evening previous, passing a charming little bungalow, Blair had seen smoke and flames issuing from its front. Cries for help echoed from the interior. He had burst in a locked door. Continued cries for deliverance hurried and guided him. He came upon a young girl lying upon a couch, evidently an invalid. Blair seized a counterpane, wrapped her up in it and breast the blaze. Neighbors had gathered and he had placed the girl in their charge. Then the memory of that confiding face, the soft, clinging arms, seemed an ideal, forcing him to further effort.

Three hours after the call at the hobo camp Mystery Blair was a new being in appearance. The lawyer had insisted not only on medical attention but a complete rehabilitation.

"You're spoiling me for the road," Blair had remonstrated, with a quiet smile.

"Why hit it again?" challenged the attorney. "I fancy, Mr. Blair, that line is not your natural bent. Again, we must be presentable when we call upon Miss Trescott."

When he was in the presence of the fair young girl, just recovering from a spell of sickness, and her hand lingered gratefully in his own, there stirred within him new and vivid emotions. He had arisen to depart when his eye fell upon a little framed photograph on the medicine stand. He gave quite a start.

"Will you pardon me," he spoke interestedly, "but I have seen this young man, I am sure."

"Oh, Mr. Devon!" instantly cried Miss Trescott, greatly excited, "tell him! Can it be possible, that at last—"

The lawyer silenced her eager revelations with a gesture. He took up the photograph and led Blair into an adjoining room. It was a graphic story that he related—of wild, reckless Julian Trescott, the brother of Ina, getting into trouble foolishly, fleeing from friends who could protect him and losing himself among tangled highways.

Blair recalled the original of the picture. He was sure that nearly a year back he had met its owner in his wanderings. He was sure of it when he showed the picture to Reddy.

"You know every knight of the road," Blair said to him. "Can this one be found?"

"It would take some financing and it may be a long, long trail," submitted Reddy, and this was provided for and two months later Blair reappeared with the brother of Ina.

Blair had bade good-by to the road and his old hobo comrades. As Waltham Blair, author, he now set about utilizing the experience he had gone through. He was at the new Trescott home one day.

"Miss Trescott," he said, "I am glad to say that I have made arrangements for the publication of 'The World's Highway.' It was my first meeting with you that gave its plan an impetus."

"I am glad," spoke lovely lips and eyes.

"And later love made me successful in my ambition, love for you," he said.

GIRLS BUILDING PLANES FOR OUR NAVY



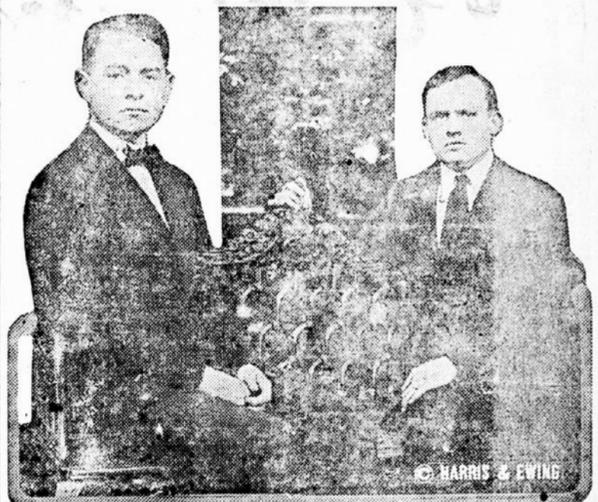
The work of women and girls in airplane factories has proved a boon to the nation's war industry, since the making of planes involves the fitting and assembling of a great many small parts. These girls are helping to build hydroplanes for the navy in a factory near Washington.

EXAMINING A CAPTURED GERMAN SOLDIER



The captured German soldier is being examined by the military officer. The officer is trying to get the movements of the enemy before they send him to the prison camp.

QUIT WHITE HOUSE JOBS TO FIGHT



Charles Swain (on the right), the only stenographer who has taken the president's dictation since Mr. Wilson was first elected, and Warren Johnson, personal stenographer to Joseph P. Tumulty, the president's secretary, have joined the army. Swain, who has a wife and a child, will go into the aviation service, while Johnson will be assigned to some other branch. Both have been anxious for some time to get into uniforms.

BRITISH TOMMIES ON ITALIAN FRONT



A group of British Tommies during a moment of leisure from the fighting on the Italian front. They are seen in rather a comfortable dugout with three of them, not forgetting their mascot, kneeling on top.

The Saving Element in the Household

The responsibility of saving, ultimately, rests with the wife. It may seem impossible to save with the high prices of today—but, you could get along with less if you had to, if suddenly your income were cut down.

Outline a definite plan of making expenditures of all kinds—so much for items of necessity and so much for items of luxury. And by all means so much for the item of saving which really is a necessity.

A savings account opened today will help cut down needless expenditures.



The Union National Bank

Minot, N. Dak.