

H. E. BAIRD, PRES. H. WHIPPLE, VICE PRES.  
F. H. ROUTIER, CASHIER N. J. HALEY, A. CASHIER

# First National Bank

Devils Lake, N. Dak.

Capital - - \$75,000  
Surplus - - \$35,000

## Devils Lake Inter-Ocean

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There is still a relic of barbarism in the village or rural community. While it is a social center of some renown it is also headquarters for professional loafers who spin dirty yarns by the rod and contaminate tender youth with vulgarity and profanity, mingled with smoke from pipes and cheap cigars, and amber of the strongest type, directed towards offensive knot-holes in the floor. The country store is an abomination, but it carries with it a lesson that ought to suggest better things. The fact that men and boys gather there is not indicative of a depraved desire for mingling with unwholesome companions but it does point to the absence of social equipment in the rural districts. Years ago spelling schools, debating societies and the like held at stated intervals at the little school house at the cross-roads afforded young people and older ones as well advantages of both intellectual and social qualities. The wholesome recreation and the stimulating rivalry in spelling contests accorded rural communities elevating pastime that has almost wholly disappeared in these latter days.

Stretching across Canada, north of the St. Lawrence, and ending in the regions about the source of the Mississippi, is a range of low granite hills called the Laurentian Highlands. These hills are really mountains that are almost worn out, for they are the oldest land in America and according to Agassiz, the oldest in the world. In the days when there was nothing but water on the face of the globe these mountains came up—a long island of primitive rock with universal ocean chafing against its shores. None of the other continents had put in

their appearance at the time America was thus looking up. The United States began to come to light by the gradual uplifting of this land to the north and appearance of the tops of the Alleghanies, which were the next in order. Later, the Rockies started up. The United States grew southward from Wisconsin, and a long thin tongue of this primitive rock sticking down from Canada into Minnesota, and these two growing states looking out over the waters at the mere beginnings of mountain ranges east and west. They were waiting for the rest of the United States to appear.

The flareup over the O'Leary cow and whether she did, as believed these many years, "kick Chicago over" by starting the great fire by a kick, has made this historical idol totter. Old Mrs. O'Leary's son, no other than "Big Jim" O'Leary of gambling fame at the Stock Yards, declares at this late date that he has been forced to unseat his lips, arise to the defense of his parents, their live stock, and the honor of the O'Learys, past, present and future in order to denounce the new version of the fire's cause. O'Leary claims spontaneous combustion of green hay. But Rev. J. D. Leek has sprung a new one, based, he says on the words of Andrew Bird, an 82-year-old inmate of the Methodist Old People's Home and formerly a teacher in the Maxwell Street Sunday School. "Sam and Christopher O'Neil were boys in my Sunday school class," Mr. Bird has said. "They came to me in great fear and said they had taken a bottle of whiskey and a lamp into the O'Leary's barn and were going to milk one of the cows so as to get milk to make whiskey punch. The cow got frightened at their rough handling and kicked over the lamp. I never told this before because I was afraid it might hurt the boys." To all of this Mr. O'Leary brings the countercharge that "the cow yarn" is the most monumental fake of the past century. He says: "Nobody was in the barn that night at all. The 'Old Man' had laid in a stock of 'green hay' a few days before and it was spontaneous combustion, that's all." Between the

two disputants stands the Chicago Historical society which merely raises its eyebrows with a request to "show me," while the prohibitionists claim they have here still another "duly qualified blow against the whiskey trust."

A new grain for feeding purposes and an improved alfalfa that will add \$200,000,000 to Uncle Sam's crop values will be submitted at the meeting of the American Breeders' Association in Omaha next week, and later to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Boston, by Prof. B. C. Buffum, for fifteen years head of the agricultural department of the University of Wyoming, who left Chicago to exhibit the finished results of a series of experiments in grasses and grains secured at the experiment farm under his supervision at Worland, Wyo. The feeding grain is a new variety of emer, a hybrid wheat, which is superior to corn in bone nourishment and flesh-producing power, and yields from 80 to 150 bushels per acre, or about double the best Russian speltz. It is a beardless wheat of large size and fixed hull, especially fitted to production in the arid, semi-arid or irrigated country west of the 100th Meridian, including all the elevated plateau of the Rocky Mountains and the valleys of the mountain ranges. This region, from the Gulf of Mexico, to the Canadian boundary has an average elevation too great for the maturing of corn. Stock raising of all kinds is still the dominant interest throughout the whole of it, and the discovery of this new feed-grain promises to relieve the stockmen from the cost and trouble of importing corn from the middle western states for use in fattening or finishing the animals for market. This will mean an almost incalculable economy in all branches of animal husbandry, and a corresponding increase in profits. As supplementing it, Professor Buffum has succeeded in producing a new variety of alfalfa, possessing the quality of the best known alfalfas as a balanced ration, but having an increased rapidity and weight of growth that will give a yield of one to two and a half tons an acre. This new alfalfa has reached a height of nine feet in a single season, and will easily enable four cuttings a year, instead of the present practice of three. Alfalfa has a minimum ton value of around five dollars, and there are millions of acres of it in the part of the west described, so that the addition of only one ton per acre, if this new variety were exclusively grown, would mean five times as many millions of dollars as there are acres, earned by the farmers every year.

Efforts to foster public thrift in the United States have caused the state board of trade of Massachusetts to join the powerful commercial organizations which, after investigations, have endorsed postal savings banks. The Postal Savings Bank League, with headquarters in Chicago, has been notified that this association some time ago appointed a committee on postoffices and postal laws, its chairman being Alfred W. Donovan, of Rockland, a leading shoe manufacturer, who has also been one of the energetic pioneers in the movement

for old age pensions and industrial life insurance at cost to be issued through the savings banks of Massachusetts. At the annual meeting of the board, Mr. Donovan's committee made a report, which was adopted, on postal savings banks as follows: "Postal savings banks would foster thrift and increase the habit of saving in many state and localities where opportunities for depositing savings do not exist. They would be a real benefit not only for the people, but to the existing financial institutions. Practically all the leading nations of the earth have adopted this plan. Why should the United States, which has such a foremost position among the great nations lag on a question that would mean a great benefit to the general public?" There is no antagonism between the saving and insurance banks of Massachusetts and the proposed postal savings system in spite of the American Bankers Association's protest appears from the announcement in the opening address of the president of the board, Judge Lloyd E. Chamberlain, of Brockton, Mass.: "A year ago I called your attention to a plan of savings bank insurance, and annuities then recently inaugurated in the commonwealth, and suggested that its workings might well be watched with a view to urging its more general adoption as a possible solution, in part at least, of a problem yearly assuming larger proportions. I believe we can now with profit to the state, and in the interests of a large number of our people, take a more pronounced position."

Gov. Haskell, of Oklahoma, must stand trial for fraudulently obtaining the title to some lots in Muskegon. The federal courts have refused to quash the indictment against him. For the sake of the public weal we hope he will be able to clear himself of the ugly charges. We have no particular liking for his political belief nor for his grand stand plays as a reformer but he holds an important office, the governor of the newest state in the sisterhood of the union and the conviction of men holding such positions is demoralizing in that it shows that corruption in high place is still prevalent, even in the fact of a wonderfully aroused public conscience. Men in the humbler walks of life may commit crimes and bring reproach upon themselves and their families but for a public official to be guilty of a misdemeanor is far reaching in its influence upon the hearts and consciences of men. Cleveland uttered a great truth when he declared that public office is a public trust and while there are no charges against Gov. Haskell in his official capacity, nevertheless his honor is at stake. For the sake of public morals we hope he will make a showing for honesty and uprightness that will put to flight his defamers.

Dr. Cook, the arctic explorer, is on the verge of a collapse and his friends are distressed over his unfortunate condition. No man has ever been pursued by as desperate and determined a gang of narrow and envious men as has Dr. Cook. Nothing has been left undone to humiliate and harass him ever since he announced that he had reached the north pole. Peary, narrow and conceited, began the assault the minute he got near enough to an electric current to transmit his jealous screed of civilization and other fellows big and little, have left nothing undone to embarrass him, even unto bribery and perjury. So desperate became the human hyenas that Cook was forced to secrete himself while preparing his evidence for the University of Copenhagen lest his data and instruments might be stolen from him. After he had completed the work his secretary was dispatched for Copenhagen with a dummy that conspirators might be trapped if they sought to perjure the documents and the package containing his manuscript and evidence was dispatched by another vessel. All through the trying ordeal Dr. Cook has acted the part of a gentleman, and it is to be regretted that he has not been permitted to enjoy the fruits of his wonderful achievement.

Being married to too many women at a time has landed one man in the New York penitentiary, where he will become attached to his surroundings by a chain with a heavy weight on the end. Another man has married one of the former's wives and finds the weight at the end of the apron strings about as heavy as the other fellow's.

It takes a lot of clothes to court and marry a girl. First, you have to pay suit, then you have to suit her, and you have to address her papa in language clothed with diplomatic verbiage. Then you have to have a wedding suit, and if you find you are unsuited you get a law suit.

Peary's shouts of "Lari! Lari!" remind one of the story of the thief who mingled with his pursuers and shouted "Stop thief!" at the top of his voice to divert suspicion.

# Xmas Suggestions

## Holiday Gifts for Men and Boys

Bath Robes Smoking Jackets  
Slippers Mufflers  
Neckwear Handkerchiefs  
Gloves Fancy Waistcoats  
Suspenders Hosiery  
Collar Bags Cuff Cases

Handkerchief Cases and Everything in Men and Boy's apparel

# White & Henderson

TWO STORES  
Devils Lake, N. D. and Jamestown, N. D.

2 Per Cent. Off on Outside Fur Coats

Those who peddle gossip ought to be licensed like any other peddler.

Have you discovered whether the pole has really been found or not?

If time is money, there are some awful spendthrifts in this old world.

Those who think Speaker Cannon will resign are pushing the optimist business to the limit.

The man best qualified to judge of the value of a dollar is, peculiarly enough, is the man who hasn't one.

It seems now that the Journal has let up on the drug stores and gone to chiding the children.

If you want to be a society man, be the presiding officer of your home circle—and don't miss a meeting.

The reason we speak of our rich men leaving so many "cool" millions, is because they used the freezing out process in acquiring them.

We wouldn't mind Uncle Sam charging us that extra two cents on registered mail if we didn't feel he was giving it to the railways.

A Russian editor has died, after forty years spent in the newspaper business in that country. He must have been prepared for death.

Good fortune seems to reach out and help those who have already climbed quite a way up the ladder. That's a way good fortune has.

When hubby tells wifey about what pretty hair some other woman has, it is decidedly improper and unlady-like for her to exclaim, "Rats!"

When paper is made from cornstalks, the farmer can feed his newspapers to the cow and let bossy digest the news for him. In that way he will get the cream without wasting time looking through a lot of stuff he don't care about.

Potatoes are quoted at 20 cents a bushel in some places. If a wise congress hadn't been inspired to put a 25-cent duty on the tubers, it is presumed the farmers would have to pay 5 cents a bushel to get people to take them away.

Some women are petitioning to have a woman's head put on the two-cent postage stamp. Of course, a woman can carry the news fast enough, but we rebel at the thought of having to lick one every time we want to mail a letter.

A sweetly spoken refusal of a request is more satisfactory than a begrudged acquiescence.

Tetrasini paid \$50 a pound for a New York dog. He's a sausage!

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

### MISTAKEN ZEAL.

THE man who wanted goldenrod. When in the pasture waving. Was not a chap of very large. And ample observation. He never nursed hay fever through. A fearful, sniffling season. With forty handkerchiefs a day. And that may be the reason.

The goldenrod looks very fine. When in the pasture waving. But still, in spite of that, it does. A lot of mischief bring. You wouldn't guess to see it there. Its modest colors wearing. That it would cause a line of speech. That sounds so like swearing.

For, in the breeze lightly swayed. It sits abroad its pollen. And there are many tales of woe. And eyes are red and swollen. And the afflicted can but flee. Away to other places. Where blossoms that are not so rude. In autumn days keep cases.

To landscapes that were dull without. It gives a pleasant brightness. It is, although, on closer range. Not noted for politeness. To view it from a railroad train. The bright effect is pleasing. But, little fishes, how it does. Induce a world of wheezing!

Try a Change. Have a good lawyer draw up your will to prevent contests, advises a great lawyer. That is not a new idea. The world has been trying it out for some time, and where is it now? Where but in a wreck of broken wills that would reach from the earth to Mars if strung out in a straight line.

Why not try something else for a change? Why not have a comic opera librettist or the man who writes patent medicine testimonials draw up a few? Then the contents could be set to music and perhaps it would keep the jury awake when the will was being broken.

Out of a Job. "There is terrible distress in Switzerland, I hear." "What's the matter?" "Old men with just one tooth can't find work any more." "Why not?" "A machine has been invented to make the holes in Swiss cheese."

Reliable Guide. "How could the explorer tell when he got to the north pole?" "That was easy." "But there were no signs." "Weren't there? That shows what you don't know about it. There were signs of a hard winter everywhere."

Quite a Risk. "Do you know Doose?" "Yes, and he is taking awful chances." "In what respect?" "I understand he is running about without a dog license."

Insomnia Victim. Unhappy lies the head that wears the crown. For, though his pillow may be made of down. How could he slumber in an iron jacket. His ear attuned at all times for a racket!



## Patron Pulling ...News...

Our Stock  
Is...  
Complete

Persistent selling of the highest standard of merchandise at the lowest prices has gained for us the confidence of discriminating shoppers. The progressive policy of this store is conducive to profitable shopping. Our prices are always just a little lower than anyone else—and the goods we sell always prove satisfactory. Our Jewelry is distinctive in appearance—and there is a newness about it that will surely appeal to you. Watches, Diamonds, Sterling Silver, Cut Glass, Opera Glasses, Gold and Silver handle Umbrellas, Silver Deposit Ware, Copper and Brass Novelties, Agate Jewelry. To a greater degree than ever before, the coming Shopping Season will find LUECK'S to be the STORE for you to do your Christmas Shopping.

# FRANK LUECK

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