

World's Short Story

The Satanic City was asleep. So were the policemen. The clear cold air hung like a shroud of mystery over the city. Here and there a stray dog awoke the echoes with a bark which could be but faintly heard by the pedestrians who crowded the empty streets. Dusk had fallen with loud report. The buildings like ghostly shadows took on a spectral appearance and the smell of bad spirits issued from every basement. Fearless Jack, the boy detective, was on the job. Hardly a sound but what escaped his attention and concealing himself behind the smoke from the light plant, our hero, for it is no other, held his breath which was by this time so strong that he was well nigh exhausted before he had completed his task.

Suddenly a scream pierced the air leaving it's ugly wound behind. The boy detective jumped to his feet. "A woman's voice," and with but a moment's thought, "she must have cried aloud." Rushing down the street and concealing himself as best he could behind the street grade, he reached the Seville. With concerted action he tore from his mouth his chewing gum and throwing it three times at the window, the prearranged signal, he waited. Four times he waited and becoming weary sat down. Again the shriek appeared in the pale moonlight, which by this time had assumed a brilliancy that made it possible to see its every quaver. "Not a moment to lose, one mistep and Bashful Bessie, our heroine will be lost." Stealing down the street, a crime for which he had been tried before, he crept up the stairs of the Athens Cafe. Shrieks of terror followed each other in rapid succession through the narrow halls, treading on each others heels. Silently our hero crept along, not making a sound except for his college yell, which he gave vent to at frequent intervals. Reaching the door of Bury Brownlee he glued his eye against the keyhole. The sight that met his gruesome gaze petrified him. Bound and gagged, Kirchoff, the sweet songster, lay shrieking in the chair. With incoherent whispers he shrieked in a loud voice, "This false. 'Now for the pull,' hissed Bury Brownlee. Grasping his forepaws in his mighty right and planting his foot in the rigid form of his squirming victim, he paused, as he energetically searched his helpless foe. With one cry of horror fearless Jack burst down the door and silently crept into the room on a dead run. "What wouldst thou now, thou fool fiend," he hurled at the by this time cringing villain, who stood erect and faced him. "An Elk's Tooth," was the reply as with a bound and two leaps the Daring Doctor plunged through the window and fell—fell—fell—"Asleep in the Deep."

The Jolly Elk, the best Elks' paper published in the country, barring none, had the following mention of Frank Kent during the year 1909. Mr. Kent is the man who will lead the fawns to-night through the bewildering wilderness out onto the green pastures where fodder is abundant and those that are thirsty will want not. Brother Eldridge said:

We had three kinds of weather on



the 1th of the month—snow in the morning, more snow and then not so much snow.

Along in the afternoon the sun came out, then Frank V. Kent of Grand

Forks, N. D., dropped in. Kent used to wear a red moustache, and some said he was red-headed. I never noticed it.

For fifteen years Frank Kent has been Esquire of his lodge—bearing one year when he was Exalted Ruler. Some said Frank was not sufficiently dignified to hold the mallet, but he threw off the comedy for twelve months and emerged with a "dignity" record second to none.

Since that time Kent has been the means of allowing Grand Forks lodge No. 255 to boast of having an Esquire that takes off his hat to but one man in this part of the country—Henry, L. Bryant of St. Paul. It's real kind of Kent to make the admission.

Under Grand Exalted Ruler, Jos. T. Fanning, Frank V. Kent was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler. He also established a record in that capacity.

Kent's strong point, however, is that sunny disposition, with an inclination to kid on any subject; then he'd go down in his jeans at the drop of a hat and give every nickel in his possession to a fellow that's on his uppers—and no questions asked.

"Give 'em the flowers now, when they can enjoy the perfume," says Kent, "for when a man's dead, he'll be dead a long time."

I consider Frank V. Kent a gud-Elk. And I make this public acknowl-

Professional Cards

W. M. ANDERSON
Attorney at Law
Brennan Block
Devils Lake, North Dakota.

DR. H. G. ROMIG
Dentist
Suite 6 and 7, Mann Block, Phones:
Office 216, Residence 496.

DR. W. D. JONES
Physician and Surgeon
Office in Bangs Block
Phones: Office 2; Residence 117

DRS. SIHLER and McINTOSH
Physicians and Surgeons
Mann Block
Devils Lake, North Dakota.
Tel. 157. Private hospital in connection

DR. W. C. HOCKING
Dentist
Office over Devils Lake Drug Co.
Devils Lake, North Dakota.
Office Phone 272. Res. Phone 609

DR. P. DAHL
Physician and Surgeon
Bell Block
Devils Lake, North Dakota.
Day Phone 234. Night Phone 498

FLYNN & TRAYNOR
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law
Practice in all Courts,
State and Federal

EDWARD F. FLYNN
Specialty, Titles Corporations and
Commercial Law

FRED J. TRAYNOR
Litigated Cases, Probate Practice
Office over 1st Natl. Bank.
Devils Lake, North Dakota.

DR. W. J. BROWNLEE
Dentist
Office over Ramsey Drug Co.
Devils Lake, North Dakota.

DR. W. C. FOLLETT
Dentist
Office in Locke-Gram Block

CLINTON SMITH
Physician and Surgeon
Bangs Block
Phone: Office 143, Res. 186
Devils Lake, North Dakota.

DR. W. H. CUTHBERT
Physician and Surgeon
Special attention given to diseases of
Women and Children
Phones: Res. 400, Office 324
Devils Lake, North Dakota.

P. J. McCLORY
Attorney at Law
Practice in State and Federal Courts
Brennan Block
Devils Lake, North Dakota.

MIDDAUGH & CUTHBERT
Attorneys at Law
Practice in State and Federal Courts
Office in Locke-Gram Block
Devils Lake, North Dakota.

DR. C. J. MCGURREN
Physician and Surgeon
Special attention given to diseases of
the eye, ear, nose and throat, and fit-
ting glasses
Office in Locke-Gram Block
Phones: Office 240, Res. 349
Devils Lake, North Dakota.

edgment with regard to the fact that the Kent was called me a skinny old fellow, otherwise taunted me with sunning in lilac farm.

As for Kent's other peculiarities, he has a very large and admiring following. He forgave him for that, 'cause I was to a weakness in that regard, 'I'll never forgive him for calling me a skinny old fellow.

That is a sliver, anyway? "I want to make a speech before a convention next week, and I want to know what will I do about it?"

Col. Creel: "What's the matter with you?"

Wasn't there a fire in your office Wednesday? "No, not last Wednesday, but the day before."

Bill Heinze: "I'm a politician, but I want to tell you that I have my eye on the Presidency."

Bert Moran: "Yes, but you can't get Taft has on it."

Engebretson: "Did you hear Dr. Sihler's arrest?"

J. E. Dunn: "No, what?"

Engebretson: "He didn't know eye on a seat and the..."

Gus Furstneau: "Say General, what must a man be to be buried with military honors?"

General Creel: "He must be a Captain, young man."

Gus: "Then I lose my bet." Gen. Creel: "What did you bet?" Gus: "I bet he must be dead."

They say that when people die they will follow the same occupation in the hereafter as they did on earth.

Chas. Meyers: "Well, if they do, I won't serve anything but hot drinks at my fountain."

Ed. Gilbertson: "How do you like Devils Lake now, Bryant?" Wm. Bryant: "Oh, pretty well, but I don't think it's laid out as nicely as Minot."

Gilbertson: "No, but it will be when it has been dead as long."

It was agreed between two Jews that whichever died first the other would put \$5,000 in the coffin. Epstein died first—Cohen put in a check.

Ed. Gilbertson.

Martin Mayer: "Say, Callinan, how did you know that the Farmer's line was ten minutes ahead of time yesterday?"

Callinan: "Oh, I saw Ed. Jones' dog running into the station."

"Do you belong to any secret society?" "Yes, the Devils Lake Improvement company."

"What's a Nabisco?" "A Nabisco? Well, that's a bit of frosting, lather, and plastered."

When the lion eats oats like an And the fishworm swallows the male; When the robins knit woolen socks, And the hare is outrun by the mail.

When sea-serpents stand upright like me, And middle bugs travel like dogs; When shoppers feed like lions, And when are found on...

When cats fly through the air, And when a sunset on the sea; When the sun in summer is red, And when a new year is found...

When humming birds fly like an eagle, And a burger smells like cologne; When shares are made out of gold, And when Elks are found...

When a man is bald, And when a woman is fat; When a man is drunk, And when a woman is not...

When a man is poor, And when a woman is rich; When a man is old, And when a woman is young...

H. B. Walker: "This car is just what you want. It will last as long as you live."

Jack Duis: "In other words you mean it will be the death of me."

Naughty! Naughty! O. H. Johnson, of Knox, is authority for the following: A Swede girl working in the suburbs of a nearby town was sent to the butcher shop the other day to get a soup bone, but as she could not speak the English language very well she couldn't get the butcher or understand what he wanted until she lifted her skirt and exposed her lower extremities.

When she was on the land, she made the butcher understand the girl's idea. Then she said, "It's a good idea, and you're round."

He Did, She Didn't. A woman last night, who is known as Bert Moran, and his acquaintance Mr. Berg, were conversing the other morning about a woman who is well known in the city.

"Has she been for you?" inquired Mr. Berg. "No, she didn't know me," said Mr. Berg. "I didn't know you," said Mr. Berg. "I didn't know you," said Mr. Berg.

At a card table sat a ward heeler, Who was shot in the heel by the dealer, A doctor was called, And somebody bawled, "Oh, he'll heal the heel of the heeler."

Another Version. Mary had a little lamb, A butcher was her pop, One day he got his cleaver out And made the mutton chop.

Something Nough. He lived on the edge of a slough, And whenever he felt a bit blough, Both he and his daughter Would sail on the waughter And shoot at the ducks as the slough. Adough Tough yough.

An Elk's Wish. If any little word of mine May make a life the brighter, If any little song of mine May make a heart the lighter, God help me speak the little word And take my bit of singing And drop it in some lonely vale, To set the echoes ringing.

The True Elk. "Let me sit in my house by the side of the road, Where the race of men goes by; The men who are good and the men who are bad— As good and as bad as I.

A Cinch. Little bows of ribbon Little grains of rice Make the new wed couple Spotted in a trice.

We Wonder? What is it makes our friend Gil Stout, And why do Ormonds Burn And if all Brainers Irish were, Would that make Alex. Stern?

When Diplomacy Failed. Thomas B. Murphy, one of the charter members of Minot Lodge No. 1089 and its first esquire, who is one of the guests in the city today, acquired a reputation during his residence in the Magic City as a diplomat. No occasion ever arose that was too much for Tom and he was never found wanting when the proper thing was to be said or done.

Mr. Murphy was married last year and his friends delight in telling of the only time when Tom said the wrong thing. Mrs. Murphy was getting ready to go out, while Tom stood in the doorway, watching her complete her toilet. By the extraordinary contortions of her neck, he concluded that she was trying to get a glimpse of the back of her new blouse, and by the tense lines about her lips he concluded her mouth was full of pins.

"Ump—goof—suff—wuff—shiffspg?" "Yes, dear," Tom agreed. "It looks all right."

"Ouff—wun—so—gs—mf—ugh—ight?" was her next remark. "Perhaps it would look better if you did that," he nodded, "but it fits very nicely as it is."

She gasped and emptied the pins in her hands. "I've asked you twice to raise the blinds so that I can get more light, Tom!" she exclaimed. "Can't you understand plain English, you crumb?"

Anton O. Anderson. A member of the Grand Forks team who will outline the duties of the Fawns.

When Diplomacy Failed. Thomas B. Murphy, one of the charter members of Minot Lodge No. 1089 and its first esquire, who is one of the guests in the city today, acquired a reputation during his residence in the Magic City as a diplomat. No occasion ever arose that was too much for Tom and he was never found wanting when the proper thing was to be said or done.

Mr. Murphy was married last year and his friends delight in telling of the only time when Tom said the wrong thing. Mrs. Murphy was getting ready to go out, while Tom stood in the doorway, watching her complete her toilet. By the extraordinary contortions of her neck, he concluded that she was trying to get a glimpse of the back of her new blouse, and by the tense lines about her lips he concluded her mouth was full of pins.

"Ump—goof—suff—wuff—shiffspg?" "Yes, dear," Tom agreed. "It looks all right."

"Ouff—wun—so—gs—mf—ugh—ight?" was her next remark. "Perhaps it would look better if you did that," he nodded, "but it fits very nicely as it is."

She gasped and emptied the pins in her hands. "I've asked you twice to raise the blinds so that I can get more light, Tom!" she exclaimed. "Can't you understand plain English, you crumb?"

Anton O. Anderson. A member of the Grand Forks team who will outline the duties of the Fawns.

When Diplomacy Failed. Thomas B. Murphy, one of the charter members of Minot Lodge No. 1089 and its first esquire, who is one of the guests in the city today, acquired a reputation during his residence in the Magic City as a diplomat. No occasion ever arose that was too much for Tom and he was never found wanting when the proper thing was to be said or done.

Mr. Murphy was married last year and his friends delight in telling of the only time when Tom said the wrong thing. Mrs. Murphy was getting ready to go out, while Tom stood in the doorway, watching her complete her toilet. By the extraordinary contortions of her neck, he concluded that she was trying to get a glimpse of the back of her new blouse, and by the tense lines about her lips he concluded her mouth was full of pins.

"Ump—goof—suff—wuff—shiffspg?" "Yes, dear," Tom agreed. "It looks all right."

"Ouff—wun—so—gs—mf—ugh—ight?" was her next remark. "Perhaps it would look better if you did that," he nodded, "but it fits very nicely as it is."

She gasped and emptied the pins in her hands. "I've asked you twice to raise the blinds so that I can get more light, Tom!" she exclaimed. "Can't you understand plain English, you crumb?"

Anton O. Anderson. A member of the Grand Forks team who will outline the duties of the Fawns.

POET'S CORNER

The Substituted. Smith has a lovely baby, The stork left it for me, Smith named her Oleo, For he hadn't any tea.

Fatal Mistake. There was a precocious young fellow Who met a young girl, But to his dismay he found When she drew up her skirt, He found she was his Sr.

Why He is Lame. I once had a doggie named Spark, Who met with an auto at dark, It gave him a glance That pressed out his pants And tore off a part of his bark.

Sure. The place to hold A summer school Is some place where The summer's cool.

Miss Anna, who halls from Savannah Once slipped on a peel of banana; Someone said with a grin Dr. Van was called in, Say, Van, oh, save Ann o' Savannah.

At a card table sat a ward heeler, Who was shot in the heel by the dealer, A doctor was called, And somebody bawled, "Oh, he'll heal the heel of the heeler."

Another Version. Mary had a little lamb, A butcher was her pop, One day he got his cleaver out And made the mutton chop.

Something Nough. He lived on the edge of a slough, And whenever he felt a bit blough, Both he and his daughter Would sail on the waughter And shoot at the ducks as the slough. Adough Tough yough.

An Elk's Wish. If any little word of mine May make a life the brighter, If any little song of mine May make a heart the lighter, God help me speak the little word And take my bit of singing And drop it in some lonely vale, To set the echoes ringing.

The True Elk. "Let me sit in my house by the side of the road, Where the race of men goes by; The men who are good and the men who are bad— As good and as bad as I.

A Cinch. Little bows of ribbon Little grains of rice Make the new wed couple Spotted in a trice.

We Wonder? What is it makes our friend Gil Stout, And why do Ormonds Burn And if all Brainers Irish were, Would that make Alex. Stern?

When Diplomacy Failed. Thomas B. Murphy, one of the charter members of Minot Lodge No. 1089 and its first esquire, who is one of the guests in the city today, acquired a reputation during his residence in the Magic City as a diplomat. No occasion ever arose that was too much for Tom and he was never found wanting when the proper thing was to be said or done.

Mr. Murphy was married last year and his friends delight in telling of the only time when Tom said the wrong thing. Mrs. Murphy was getting ready to go out, while Tom stood in the doorway, watching her complete her toilet. By the extraordinary contortions of her neck, he concluded that she was trying to get a glimpse of the back of her new blouse, and by the tense lines about her lips he concluded her mouth was full of pins.

"Ump—goof—suff—wuff—shiffspg?" "Yes, dear," Tom agreed. "It looks all right."

"Ouff—wun—so—gs—mf—ugh—ight?" was her next remark. "Perhaps it would look better if you did that," he nodded, "but it fits very nicely as it is."

She gasped and emptied the pins in her hands. "I've asked you twice to raise the blinds so that I can get more light, Tom!" she exclaimed. "Can't you understand plain English, you crumb?"

Anton O. Anderson. A member of the Grand Forks team who will outline the duties of the Fawns.

When Diplomacy Failed. Thomas B. Murphy, one of the charter members of Minot Lodge No. 1089 and its first esquire, who is one of the guests in the city today, acquired a reputation during his residence in the Magic City as a diplomat. No occasion ever arose that was too much for Tom and he was never found wanting when the proper thing was to be said or done.

Mr. Murphy was married last year and his friends delight in telling of the only time when Tom said the wrong thing. Mrs. Murphy was getting ready to go out, while Tom stood in the doorway, watching her complete her toilet. By the extraordinary contortions of her neck, he concluded that she was trying to get a glimpse of the back of her new blouse, and by the tense lines about her lips he concluded her mouth was full of pins.

"Ump—goof—suff—wuff—shiffspg?" "Yes, dear," Tom agreed. "It looks all right."

"Ouff—wun—so—gs—mf—ugh—ight?" was her next remark. "Perhaps it would look better if you did that," he nodded, "but it fits very nicely as it is."

She gasped and emptied the pins in her hands. "I've asked you twice to raise the blinds so that I can get more light, Tom!" she exclaimed. "Can't you understand plain English, you crumb?"

Anton O. Anderson. A member of the Grand Forks team who will outline the duties of the Fawns.

When Diplomacy Failed. Thomas B. Murphy, one of the charter members of Minot Lodge No. 1089 and its first esquire, who is one of the guests in the city today, acquired a reputation during his residence in the Magic City as a diplomat. No occasion ever arose that was too much for Tom and he was never found wanting when the proper thing was to be said or done.

Mr. Murphy was married last year and his friends delight in telling of the only time when Tom said the wrong thing. Mrs. Murphy was getting ready to go out, while Tom stood in the doorway, watching her complete her toilet. By the extraordinary contortions of her neck, he concluded that she was trying to get a glimpse of the back of her new blouse, and by the tense lines about her lips he concluded her mouth was full of pins.

"Ump—goof—suff—wuff—shiffspg?" "Yes, dear," Tom agreed. "It looks all right."

"Ouff—wun—so—gs—mf—ugh—ight?" was her next remark. "Perhaps it would look better if you did that," he nodded, "but it fits very nicely as it is."

She gasped and emptied the pins in her hands. "I've asked you twice to raise the blinds so that I can get more light, Tom!" she exclaimed. "Can't you understand plain English, you crumb?"

Anton O. Anderson. A member of the Grand Forks team who will outline the duties of the Fawns.



TRACY BANGS of 265 Who will pass judgment on the feed, A man was arrested for stealing a handful of peanuts off the stand. The charge was impersonating an officer. —Billy Belford.

THE OPERA CAFE
Opera House Block
Is a HOME FOR The Farmers of Ramsey County.
Chop Sueys delivered free of charge to all parts of the city
OPEN From 11 a. m. to 1 a. m.
Phone your orders to 364

LOOK
Your Auto Tires Over for Cover Cuts and Do Not Let the Spring Wet Spoil the Fabric and Cause Blow Outs. Bring Them or Send Them Before the Spring Rush.
DEVILSLAKE AUTO TIRE REPAIR CO.

American Plan Rates \$1.50 Per Day Steam Heat
Hotel Western
Cor. Arnold Avenue and Fourth St.
One Half Block North of Depot
"The Farmer Home."
Devils Lake, N. Dak.

Elk's Buttons
Plain and Studded, \$1.00 to \$25.00
THE OFFICIAL BUTTON FOR \$1.00
Elk's Charms
With Single and Double Teeth; From 7.50 to \$25
Unmounted Elk's Teeth From \$1.50 to \$20.00
See Our Window Display
FRANK LUECK
Kelley Avenue