

# Professional Cards

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Postgraduate courses in Berlin, Hamburg, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Vienna, and Bologna. Specialty Surgery. Good Samaritan Hospital.

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**DR. W. H. CUTHBERT**  
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**DR. C. J. MCGURREN**  
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**DR. W. C. HOCKING**  
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Office over Devils Lake Drug Co.  
Office Phone 272. Res. Phone 509

**DR. W. C. FOLLETT**  
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**DR. W. J. BROWNLEE**  
Dentist  
Office over Ramsey Drug Co.  
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**FLYNN and TRAYNOR**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law  
Practice in all Courts.  
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**EDWARD F. FLYNN**  
Specialty, Titles Corporations, and Commercial Law

**FRED J. TRAYNOR**  
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**LOST**—Last Sunday between Devils Lake and Seward water lake or north of the lake, a silver hand bag about 8 inches long. Finder return to The World office and receive reward.  
tues-thurs-sat-w

# Short Circuits

"The old time religion is good enough for me," remarked one of a group of gentlemen that were discussing everything that seemed worth while last night while waiting in Turner's cigar store. "This town and religion forward movement is accomplishing a great work in the evangelization of this wicked world of ours, but the old time camp meeting was not to be despised. They don't have them any more in this country, but when I was a boy in a country town in the northern section of Minnesota, one of the features of our winter life, was the revival season, and as regularly as the leafy month of June came we used to anticipate the camp meeting time. It was time of prayer and penitents, when the old time preachers used to pick the people and shake them over the brim of the bottomless pit. Those were the days of fervent prayers. The man who had the courage to speak out in meeting was lauded by his fellows and the backslider shrank and cringed when the elders got up in meeting to give testimony."

Back in our town there was a bunch of convivial spirits who used to spend a good deal of their time playing poker in the back room of the town's best hotel. One of the shining lights of this gallery was the son of an elder noted for the length, fervency and outspokenness of his seasons of application. He was a grand, good udder, but sometimes his straight-from-the-shoulder shots used to make the people gasp for breath. One occasion, I remember, when he quite exceeded himself in zeal and when his son and his companions were vaulted into the limelight at a time and place when they least expected it.

"The revival season was at its height. It had been a great night and the morning's bench was lined with penitents in various stages of hysteria, when the preacher called on Brother Ike Hodge to 'lead in prayer.' Brother Ike never needed the second invitation. He went to the mat at once. He prayed for the great and the good, the rich and the poor, the chastened and the unchastened, the meek and the exalted and everybody thought he had covered the ground pretty thoroughly when he launched forth in this wise:

"Oh Lord, Thou knowest that my son Ike is down in Hi Coddington's hotel a playin' poker—along with Lab Juckett, Joe Kliffeather, Ab Skinner, Lute Hinman," etc., etc. There were many amens and Brother Hodge's prayer on that revival night did more to put the lid on the town than all the other influences combined. I don't think Brother Hodge forgot to mention anybody who had ever bet a check in a jackpot in that county and after that the evening sessions rather went to rest. Yes, sir, the old time religion was good enough for me."

The local hunters who are preparing for the big hunt to day were reviewing a few of the earlier days when every one didn't own an automobile, dog and a whole gallery of guns.

"Do you remember," said one of the old timers, "the time that Frank Coeburn started out hunting? Frank didn't have a dog but had the desire in addition to an idea. Getting into his buggy Frank tied the large soup bone behind the wheels and started out. Before he had gone a block he had a choice collection of dogs. Everyone else in town waited until the next day when Frank got back so that they could get their dog and go out into the fields."

Miss Bessie Klingel is visiting in Devils Lake.

Frank Hyland of Devils Lake and Ben Baldwin of Grand Forks were calling on prospective gas engine purchasers in our neighborhood last week.

Miss Bessie Klingel contemplates entering Hamline college this fall.

C. A. Dodge and son Harold were looking after farming interests in Cato on Thursday and Saturday of last week.

George Wright of Edmore was looking after his farming interests in Cato Saturday.

Gerald Herrmannson autored to Devils Lake on Sunday.

Several threshing machines will commence work this week if the weather permits.

Dorothy Klingel went to Devils Lake Monday to enter high school.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wright stopped in Devils Lake Thursday.

Mrs. Fred Baker with Misses Stihl and Marguerite and Master Wallace were over Sunday guests at the home of Emil Eich.

Mrs. Cobb, who has been spending the summer at the home of her brother H. C. Klingel, has gone to Grand Forks to visit her son.

E. J. Chamberlain was looking after his house building on his farm last Saturday. His car became disabled, necessitating his sending to Devils Lake for a relief car.

Porke Dunn of Devils Lake passed through here Saturday.

Miss Margaret Baker went to Devils Lake on Monday.

Mrs. Lunaret visited with her sister Miss Margaret Baker over Sunday.

Miss Connor Sundayed with her parents in Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. Gadbarg are entertaining friends from Illinois.

Mr. Vanderheide is rapidly forging to the front as one of our progressive farmers. His latest purchase is a washing machine to be run by gasoline power. Mr. Siegel introduced the innovation into our town. It would be highly creditable to the husbands if they would all follow Mr. Siegel's example.

Miss Minnie Knutson, who is staying with Mrs. Albert Wright, spent last week with her parents near Edmore.

The members of the gun club are anxiously awaiting Thursday morning. Mrs. Siegel is under the doctor's care. Her friends hope it will not be for long.

**WYOM SUPREME COURT.**  
Ben Tillotson of Fargo, has been made stenographic secretary for Judge Spalding. Mr. T. is a Dakota Business College graduate and adds one more to the long list of D. B. C. court reporters. "To get the best position, you see, you must attend the D. B. C."

**OPTICAL SPECIALIST.**  
D. D. Sullivan, Optical Specialist from Fargo will be in Devils Lake Saturday, Sept. 9th. All persons having their glasses changed or renewed should call and see him. Office at the Grand Northern Hotel.

# THE CHILDREN'S HEROISM

By F. A. MITCHEL.  
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

The Breton coast of France is a wild but very beautiful region. Artists go there to get subjects for their pictures, which they find not only in the scenery, but in the simple peasant which lives there. On that coast are lighthouses such as really protect ships from going ashore in every civilized country.

One of these lighthouses was recently the scene of a story—a real story—such as a story full of pathos, of heroism, of a great work in protecting the lives of many who were sailing or steaming over the ocean unconscious of what was going on under the light.

In the dwelling portion of this lighthouse the keeper lay dying. He had that morning been in his usual health, but was suddenly taken ill. Nevertheless he kept at his work of preparing the light against the evening. His wife knew nothing about the lamps or the machinery by which they were made to alternately shine and disappear. His children were a boy and a girl—the boy nine, the girl eleven years old. There was no one near the lighthouse to call upon to take up the light-keeper's duties when the night came.

Nor was there any doctor that could administer to his physical ailments. The keeper grew worse. Still he kept at his work till the afternoon when he was obliged to give up and go to bed. He had cleaned the lamps, filled them with oil and in every way got them ready to be lighted, but either he had not had time or the strength to wind up the great weights that turned the machinery, causing the revolutions—revolutions by which the light was made to flash.

When night came on the keeper was drawing his last breath. His wife was praying by his bedside; his children were standing wondering at their first sight of death—death that made their mother a widow and them fatherless. There were a few long breaths, the intervals between them growing greater, a rattle in the throat and the keeper was dead.

As soon as the widow could sufficiently recover from the death scene she thought of the lives that might be wrecked from her husband's being thus suddenly taken away from his work of protection. It was a dangerous coast. Skippers had been used to seeing the light and counting the seconds between its flashes, and then they knew where they were. If it failed to shine they would run out of their courses.

The widow roused herself, and, taking her children with her, went up into the lighthouse. She lighted the lamps, but she could not make the machinery revolve. A light that did not flash in the place where a flashlight should be would be as misleading to sailors as no light at all.

The little girl placed herself at the revolving apparatus and found that it turned easily. She pushed it around, making the circuit under her mother's direction in the time it was used to revolve, then she said to her mother: "Mamma, go back to father. We children will turn the machinery and make the light flash."

So the mother, whose grief, more than that of childhood, sapped her powers, went back to the bedside of her husband and pray, leaving her children the only barrier between lives out on the ocean and the rocks that were ready to engulf them. The girl turned till she was tired, then her little brother took up the work. When he became tired she relieved him.

And so the children worked on while their father lay dead below and their mother prayed beside him. And the captains and the sailors on the vessels that passed, coming and going, looked at the light and wondered that it now lost, now gained, a few seconds. And persons in their berths below slept soundly, not dreaming that they owed their lives to a girl of eleven and a boy of nine.

Midnight passed, the small hours of the morning came, and the children, tolling on began to think of the rest that day would bring them. How they, especially the boy, kept awake is a marvel. And now a faint but welcome gray streak appears in the east. A dim outline of the uneven land begins to be apparent. But the children work on, turning, ever turning. What though the interval between the flashes lengthen as their little legs grow hard to move and their steps shorter! The dawn lightens, the white breakers first grow plain, then the black promontories against the sky, then both land and ocean.

"Mamma," called the girl, "may we not stop now?"

"Yes, my child; it is light. The sailors can see where they are without you children to tell them."

There come persons who have heard the little story of heroism and ask to see the little hero and heroine. They find a family unconscious of having done anything remarkable. The children open their eyes and wonder what it means. They only turned the apparatus all night because without the light the sailors would be lost on the black ocean.

But they are not their own judges. Their work is heralded in foreign lands—is flashed across the waters and read by millions of people not only in America, but all over the world.

Verily, the human heart may still be touched.

# A BRILLIANT DEFENSE

By GEORGE B. BURTON  
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Joseph Markland, cashier of the—National was on trial for violation of the banking laws. There was no more scrupulously honest man than Markland, but the case against him was complicated. His conviction or acquittal depended largely upon how it would be handled by the state attorney and counsel for defense. Evan McCord, the prosecutor, was a rising young lawyer, ambitious for political preferment. There had been much grumbling by certain malcontents that it was impossible to convict criminals. McCord, in order to make capital for himself, resolved to make a strenuous effort to convict every prisoner who came before him. Markland was among the first and McCord sent him, knowing him to be an innocent man, to the penitentiary.

Years passed and McCord had returned to the practice of the law as an advocate. One day a man accused of forgery sent for him and asked him to take his case. McCord assented and asked the man to tell him all about it.

"Not on my life," said the man. "If you defend me on lines that would appear proper I shall be convicted. I know that you are a brilliant lawyer and I wish to secure my acquittal by some brilliant stroke that will convince the jury of an error."

McCord assented.

Yet there was one criminal to convict whom he would give even a life's success. He had had a brother who had been murdered. The murderer had covered his tracks so adroitly that even the sharpest detectives could not find the slightest clue to his identity. Twenty years had passed since the tragedy, and every year Evan McCord's desire for vengeance upon his brother's slayer increased till it approached manomania.

Stanwick, whom McCord undertook to defend by using his own wits rather than by establishing his innocence, though much run down, gave evidence of once having been a gentleman. He was past middle age and had the hard look on his face of one hardened to crime. He produced a very bad effect on the jury from the start, and McCord saw that the opportunity to show his skill in legal manipulation of a case was a great one. Proud as he was of his powers, he threw himself into the case with all his ability.

A forgery case is necessarily complicated. To convict a person of writing a man's name so like that person himself would write it involves the opinion of experts in chirography, who are apt to disagree. McCord, by cross examination greatly aided those experts who testified that the accused had not, and threw doubt on the evidence of those who testified Stanwick had committed the forgery. From the counsel's prominence a great deal of interest was manifested in the case, especially by members of the bar, who attended the trial in large numbers to witness McCord's ingenious professional devices.

What was especially noticeable was the absence of anything like harmony between counsel and client. The repulsive face of the prisoner was the study of all present and was considered the weakest element in the defense. Moreover, now and again that face was bent upon McCord with a malignant expression. It seemed as if the man was as indifferent to his acquittal as his counsel was eager for it. These features rendered the case supremely interesting not only to attorneys, but to the public. The newspapers were filled with detailed reports of the trial and comments on the brilliant expedients used by the counsel for the defense. Therefore as the legal tournament, as it was called, drew toward a close the interest in it increased. McCord rested a day before summing up, and his speech on that occasion was regarded a masterpiece of legal defensive ingenuity.

When the case was given to the jury it was the opinion of most of those present that had it not been for the strong evidence adduced by the prosecution and the bad impression created by the prisoner McCord would have surely won. As it was, the issue was in doubt. The jury, however, were not out more than an hour when they sent in word to the court that they had reached a verdict. Then they filed in, and before a mute, expectant audience the foreman delivered the verdict:

"Not guilty."

Then occurred the most singular inconsistency of the whole affair. Stanwick, who might have been supposed to get an expression of thankfulness, turned upon McCord a look of one who had taken a malignant vengeance.

However, this was the last of a celebrated case, and in a few minutes after the discharge of the prisoner the courtroom that had been the scene of an interesting struggle was emptied.

For a week McCord was in receipt of constant congratulations upon his brilliant achievement. When the highest encomiums were being heaped upon him he received the following letter:

Go on hunting me as you have been doing for so many years. I hate you and all your tribe. Years ago I got revenge on your brother, and I have now "done" you. I am not Stanwick, but Ben Towner, who disappeared years ago. Markland once did me a favor.

McCord never took another case.

# A PICTURE ON GLASS

By ALLAN C. CARLYLE  
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The residence of the Count Van Arsdale at Rotterdam, Holland, is a very old one. Indeed, it was standing when the first Dutch settlers bought Manhattan Island for \$24. In recent times David, one of the Van Arsdale family, came to New York to make a home there, but he did not remain long.

There were two reasons for his return to Holland. Firstly, he was in love with a member of another branch of the family, Anneke Van Arsdale, the daughter of the man who held the title and the Van Arsdale manor house. Secondly, there was a tradition that David Van Arsdale was the real count. The title and estates had passed from David's great-grandfather to an ancestor of Anneke's, and it had never been clear how the transaction came about. David believed that Anneke's father knew something about it, but the count would not admit that he did. When David first came courting Anneke her father favored the suit, but a very wealthy suitor having asked for her hand, the count, feeling that money was needed in the family, favored the latter. Anneke would not wed him and would not accept David without her father's consent.

There appearing to be no hope that the count would relent, David determined to go back to America. He neither could nor would deprive the girl he loved of his prospective possessions, and since she must eventually pass to another, he did not wish to be near her. The night before he was to sail he was sitting in the great square hall which was once used by the Dutch for a living room, making his last visit to Anneke preceding his departure. The lovers were very despondent.

"I believe," said David, "that the reason your father first favored our union is that he believes me to be the rightful heir to the title and estates he is now enjoying."

"Why do you think that, David?" asked the girl.

"Because there are those who say that I am. There has always been a mystery connected with the death of my great-grandfather, John Van Arsdale, and the assumption of the title by Henry. It is well known that Henry's mind was subsequently affected, and it is rumored that this came from remorse."

"But father has nothing to do with that."

"No; but if there was fraud in the change of the title and estates from his ancestor to mine I am the real Count Van Arsdale. If I married you the two branches of the family would be united and the fraud, if any, would not matter. That I believe is the reason for your father's willingness at first, because there is no other reason. I am poor, and you need a rich husband."

At this moment something singular happened. Winding about the hall to the upper story was a staircase. Midway, where the staircase turned at right angles with the lower and upper parts, was a window. It was of curious construction, the glass being of different thicknesses in different parts. It had been there no one knew how long, and no one knew why an ordinary window or one of stained glass had not been placed there in its stead.

At this time electricity was first converted into and utilized as light. The searchlight had just been invented, and some electricians were experimenting with one of them on the roof of a neighboring building. Suddenly the window mentioned was brilliantly illuminated. David and Anneke looked at it in astonishment. Instead of being ordinary white glass, it was a picture—a picture in black and white—such as we now see hanging in windows that the light may bring out the scene. And the subject, a man in the Dutch costume of the olden time, lay on his back bedstridden by another man who had plunged a dagger into his heart. Below were the words: "The Murder of Henry, Count Van Arsdale."

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The Lightest Draft Plow Made.  
Cuts and Throws and Covers the best Furrow.

P. S.—The only objection the Emerson ever had, the lightness of the plow has been overcome by added weight, which has not caused any heavier draft.

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Our 20 and 25 horse power Engine is a simple 1 Cylinder, and our 45 horse power only a 2 Cylinder Engine. Oceans of power without any trouble.

At the Winnipeg Fair our Engines were in a class by themselves.

**Simple Mechanism**  
**Highest Horse Power**  
**Low Cost of Fuel**

# HALEY & HYLAND

**BODY WAS SCATTERED ALONG THE RAILS FOR DISTANCE NEAR HANKINSON.**

Bismarck, N. D., Sept. 5.—An unknown man was ground to pieces this morning by a Soo railroad train, the accident occurring near Hankinson at Tank No. 208.

The accident occurred early in the morning, the engineer discovering pieces of clothing tangled in the pony truck.

The body was scattered along the rails for a considerable distance and it was with difficulty that the parts were picked up by the train crew.

The man's head was cut to slivers and the absence of letters or papers makes his identification impossible.

**LITTLE CLIFTON BOSWORTH LOST LIFE WHILE BATHING IN THE HEART RIVER.**

Flasher, N. D., Sept. 5.—Clifton Bosworth, aged 7 years, youngest son of Rev. and Mrs. A. R. Bosworth, lost his life while bathing in the Heart river during a Sunday school picnic.

**NARROW ESCAPE.**

Napoleon, N. D., Sept. 6.—The 8-year-old son of Bentley Burghart, living about eighteen miles southwest of here, was thrown from a hay rake he was driving and received some very severe injuries—in fact, it is surprising that he was not instantly killed—but he clung to the lines and stopped the team. One of the teeth of the rake entered his body just above the hips a little to the left of the center of his back and came out through his right hip about six inches from the point of entry. The little fellow extricated himself from the tooth and walked to his home a half-mile or more distant.

He was immediately brought to Dr. C. P. Buzell of this city, who dressed his wounds. The doctor found also a very bad injury of the boy's right leg below the knee, where the flesh was torn from the bone.

The patient is resting as well as could be expected.

**The Widow's Chance.**

"Why is it that a widow's chance to get married is always so much better than that of a girl who has never tasted matrimonial bliss?"

"A widow's chance isn't any better. She merely knows how to take advantage of it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**A Thing of Shreds and Patches.**

"Lady," began Ragged Reginald, hobo, at the back door, "yer unfriendly canine is just after tearin' me raiment in a dozen places."

"Indeed!" snapped the heartless woman, surveying his suit. "Which dog do you mean?"—New Orleans Picayune.

**AUDITOR BICE WILL KEEP OFFICE OPEN THE REMAINDER OF THIS WEEK.**

For the benefit of the laboring men in the city who desire to secure hunting licenses, Auditor Bice of Ramsey county, has arranged to hold his office open at such times as these men can get the official permits.

In talking regarding the matter Mr. Bice said: "There have been a number of men who would like to go hunting either the day the season opens or next Sunday, but they have no time to secure licenses. They are compelled to be at their work throughout the day going to work before the auditor's office is open and not being finished until it is too late to get a license."

"These men are up against it in a way to get a license. It is for this reason that I will keep the office open every evening, except this evening, from 7 to 8:30 to allow anyone who desires to come and get a hunting license."

The men of the city will no doubt appreciate the kindness of the county auditor in having his office kept open for a short time during the evenings to give them the opportunity of getting the hunting permits.

**M'HENRY COUNTY PEOPLE OPPOSED TO RED RIVER VALLEY EXHIBIT.**

Towner, N. D., Sept. 5.—Towner and McHenry county people are making an objectionable exhibit at the North Dakota Industrial Exposition but are rather put out over the fact that it will be necessary for them to compete with the combined efforts of the Red River Valley, where an organization has been perfected to have five counties of the valley join hands in the exhibit. McHenry county people believe that in the Red River valley the competition of all the various soils and climates will have much to do with a varied exhibit with which no one county can compete.

**GRANTED PERMIT.**

A druggists' permit was granted today to J. A. Moran, who had his hearing last Friday.



**Don't Let The Grass Grow**

under your feet when we make a special announcement of a sale of our high grade

**MEATS**

For we never make such an announcement unless the values are really extraordinary. Come now and see what we mean by that term. We warrant you'll be surprised as you never were before.

**F. T. FOX**