

# THE DEVILS LAKE WORLD AND INTER-OCEAN



PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

E. M. CRARY, Publisher.

Subscription, One Year in Advance.....\$1.50

Advertising Rates Made Known Upon Application

Entered at the Postoffice at Devils Lake, N. D., as second class matter.

Many retail grocers do not appreciate the possibilities of newspaper advertising as a means to increasing the volume of a business. Too often advertising is doled out to the local newspaper in the manner of a charitable contribution. Too little attention is given to the copy, and the most powerful adjunct to modern business—advertising—gets a black eye because the results do not seem commensurate with the expense.

There is no other form of advertising that will bring such big returns upon so small an investment as the local newspaper. If you want people to know who you are and what you have for sale you must tell them. It is not sufficient for you alone to know that your merchandise is of high quality and your prices and business methods fair and reasonable. You must get this information into the minds of the people whose dollars you seek. It is a poor idea to put one's cents worth of thoughts into ten dollars' worth of space. Space that is worth buying is worth filling with carefully thought out copy. The old style of flamboyant bragging is no longer used by good merchants. "For good goods and low prices go to Smith's Emporium" no longer is looked upon as filling the requirements of business-compelling copy. "Knocking" competitors is also out of date. Space costs too much to use it for anything but simple, direct and logical appeal for patronage.

Before writing an advertisement ask yourself the question:—"Why should people come here and buy this merchandise?" Then put the answer into your copy. Place yourself in the position of the prospective buyer, try to see the reasons which will appeal to him and influence him to the point of coming into your store and trading his money for your goods.

Sensational advertising is seldom justified, and only under special circumstances will it bring business. A store that continuously runs "scareheads" and circus poster copy will find that such advertising wears itself out. The boy cried "Wolf! Wolf!" so many times that when the wolves really did come the people heeded him not. They had grown indifferent to his wild alarms. It is infinitely better to understand one's case than to overstate it. Let your advertising possess a certain dignity and sincerity. Let people find in time that your goods are really better than you claim and your prices always fair considering quality.

There are comparatively few people to day who still believe the earth to be flat, and yet there are multitudes of people who believe that advertising does not pay. Advertising does pay, and the form of advertising that pays best, most continuously and most certainly is the local newspaper. People read the newspapers and they read the advertisements in the newspapers. They buy what they see advertised in the newspapers. For the retail merchant newspaper advertising is the best, first, last and always.—Ginger.

## ISN'T THIS TRUE?

That the Chautauqua has been of a very great benefit to this community is beyond a question. It has brought the outside world of thought and inspiration and of clever, clean entertainment directly to us. It has brought us men and women whose influence is national and world-wide, leaders in politics, science, religion, social progress, business and domestic economics. No one can estimate its permanent value for the implanting of good purposes, and the inspiration for service to humanity in the minds of our young people will bear fruit for generations and the enrichment of adult lives means a constant increase of the joy of living. We love our country and our homes more because of it. The finer things of life are so seldom brought to mind and the enjoyment of wholesome laughter and splendid music so rare that the Chautauqua is the brightest time of the year. Its well worth the effort to make the Chautauqua not only successful, but better, bigger than ever. Let's do it, if for no other purpose than to have a good time, benefit ourselves, friends and family.

Men whose political memory runs back twenty years are finding a close and curious parallel between the political conditions of 1895 and those of 1915. The country then had a Democratic administration—Cleveland's. The country today has a Democratic administration—Wilson's. The country then had a tariff law—the Wilson-Gorman bill. The country today has a Democratic tariff law—the Underwood-Simmons bill. Then, as now, there was widespread unemployment and deep discontent all over the land. Then, as now, the country had just experienced a sweeping Republican victory in the elections of the previous "off year." Then, as now, the municipal elections of the springtime showed the continued sweep of Republican ascendancy. Then, as now, the country was looking forward with eagerness to its approaching relief from Democratic administration and to the restoration of the Republican party to power. The political indications of 1895 found their fulfillment in the election of McKinley in 1896. The political indications of 1915 will find their fulfillment in the election of another Republican president in 1916.

At the last session of the legislature, the law pertaining to bounty for tree planting was amended, and under the new law any person who plants or causes to be planted trees on the farms of the state is entitled to a bounty of three dollars per acre for trees planted and cared for, so as to keep them in a healthy condition. The requirements are for 400 trees to the acre, the amount of the bounty cannot exceed the amount of the tax on the quarter of land on which the trees are planted, and the acreage for tree bounty is limited to ten acres. It costs more than most people estimate to plant and care for a large grove, but nothing adds more to the general appearance of the country or the farm homes. Those who have spent their time and money should make application to the county for the tree bounty. The assessors are supposed to examine the groves when they are around taking the regular assessment.

## ONE OUT OF EVERY FIVE.

When the national congress at Washington adjourned recently after being in almost continuous session for two years, or ever since Woodrow Wilson's inauguration as president, ONE OUT OF EVERY FIVE working people in the United States was in enforced idleness, millions of them actually suffering the torments of starvation.

And this is the prosperity the Democratic party promised to deliver to the people on its accession to power!—Ex.

In the death of A. W. Burt, Ramsey county has lost one of her best and most honored citizens. The writer has known Mr. Burt for over a quarter of a century, and as a loyal friend and good citizen and a man, who fulfilled every duty to his fellow man he had no superior. He has gone to his last reward, and if living a good life on Earth entitles him to the best in the hereafter, there is no question but what he will have an honored seat in the great hereafter.

The local Democratic Daily is doing considerable political talking these days, but do you notice that they are not saying a word about the Democrats relative to the coming state election next year. They are making an awful fuss over the supposed political factions of the Republican party. They talk about "stalwartism", "progressive Republicans", "corporations", "standpats," and reactionary Republicans, and about a dozen other different kinds of Republicans. They caution the people of North Dakota that they are facing a "critical struggle," and string a lot of rot, which even a half-witted person can see it is for only one purpose, and that is to try and create a split in the Republican ranks. This is the only salvation for the Democratic party in the state. If the Republicans stand with a solid front there is not a "look in" for the Democrats, and they know it, hence they are busy trying to mix medicine which will keep up a factional fight in the Republican ranks. Now, Mr. Republican, are you going to swallow the pills that the Democrats are mixing for you? Are you going to gulp them down and like them, or are you going to stand up to the rack and let the Democrats fight their own battles, while you support the men and ticket of your party?

The Democratic machine down at Washington must be in good working order and John Burke and the Postmaster general seem to be able to handle things to their liking. They seem to be able to make and unmake postmasters at will, and the first of the week the Devils Lake postoffice changed hands, without the people of this city or the patrons of the postoffice knowing anything about it until the match was made. Monday evening's local daily announced that the resignation of Mrs. J. H. Bloom had been accepted by the "department" and J. H. Bloom had been appointed and had assumed the duties of postmaster here that day.

That President Wilson will handle matters with Germany to the satisfaction of a large majority of the American people goes without saying. Could we expect less of him? It is not a complicated situation, and if Mr. Wilson is not big enough a man to get over this matter, would we feel that he is qualified, to any extent, for the position which he holds at the head of the nation?

Mr. Burbank predicts that the thornless cactus will soon be used for food. With two more years of Democratic administration before us, the prospects of this prediction coming true are excellent.

## THE BATTLE OF THE TIRES

(Agricultural and Commercial Press Service) It is interesting to watch the forces of civilization battling for supremacy. The struggle now going on between the rubber and the iron tire promises to be the liveliest contest of the Twentieth Century.

The struggle is a silent one and there are no war correspondents to write vivid descriptions of the conflict but the results are more far reaching to present and future generations than the war of Europe.

The rubber tire has been maneuvering for point of attack for several years and has captured a few important positions in traffic, but it has now pitched a decisive battle with the iron competitor by hurling a million "jitneys" at the street railways and the battle is raging from ocean to ocean. Upon the result of the struggle depends the future of the rubber tire. If it is compelled to retreat, its doom is sealed, but if it wins the battle it will revolutionize the transportation methods of this nation.

If the rubber tire conquers the street traffic its next struggle is with the railroads of the country, and then the greatest battle between economic forces ever fought out on the face of this earth is on, for iron is the undisputed master in transportation, and is fortified behind billions of dollars, and millions of men.

Stephenson applied the steel tire to an iron rail in 1814, but it was 1868 before the golden spike was driven at Promontory Point, which bound the country together with bands of steel. It took the iron tire fifty-five years to creep from ocean to ocean, but the rubber tire while warm from the creative mind of the inventive genius sped across the continent like an arrow shot from the bow of Ulysses. The roadbed was already prepared and therein lies the power of the rubber tire over that of iron, for government builds and maintains the public highway.

But iron is a stubborn metal and it has mastered every wheel that turns; has fought battles with every element above and beneath the earth and has never tasted the wormwood of defeat, and when rubber hurled its full force against this monarch of the Mineral Kingdom, it may rebound to the factory stunned beyond recovery.

The rubber tire first made its appearance on the bicycle, but it proved a frivolous servant and was dismissed for incompetency. It has always been too much inclined to revel in luxury to be taken seriously as a utility machine and its reputation is not one to inspire confidence in heavy traffic performance.

But to those who care to wait into dreamland, it is enchanting to note that there will be a marvelous difference between a rubber and an iron age. The rubber tire will scatter the cities throughout the valleys for with transportation at every man's door, why a city? It will traverse the continent with a net work of Macadam highways as beautiful as the boulevard built by Napoleon. It will paralyze the law making bodies of this nation for how could the legislatures run without the railroads to operate on?

## FEDERAL INDUSTRIAL COMMISSION

By Peter Radford. The recent investigation of the United States Commission of Industrial Relations brought together the extremes of society and has given the

public an opportunity to view the representatives of distinct classes, side by side, and to study their views in parallel columns.

Capital and labor have always been glaring at each other over gulfs of misunderstanding and if the Federal Industrial Commission attempts to bridge the chasm, it will render the public a distinct service.

The farmer has been sitting on the fence watching capital and labor fight for many years and incidentally furnishing the sinews of war and it is quite gratifying to find them talking with, instead of about, each other. When honest men smile and look into each other's souls, it always makes the world better and far more satisfactory to the farmer, who in the end, bears the burden of conflict, than resolutions, speeches or pamphlets containing charges and counter-charges.

The love for justice makes the whole world kin. Understanding is an arbiter far more powerful than the mandates of government, for there is no authority quite so commanding as an honest conscience; there is no decree quite so binding as that of the Supreme Court of Common Sense and no sheriff can keep the peace quite so perfect as Understanding.

We suppose the time will never come when capital and labor will not be occasionally blinded by the lightning flashes of avarice or frightened by the thunder peals of discontent. But Understanding is a Prince of Peace that ever holds out the olive branch to men who want to do right. A man's income is always a sacred thing for it is the hope, ambition and opportunity of himself, and family, but there is nothing in a human heart quite so divine as Justice and Understanding is its handmaiden.

## AN AGRICULTURAL COUNCIL

By T. N. Carver, Professor of Economics, Harvard University.

Every city has its chamber of commerce or its Board of Trade. The purpose of such an organization is to study economic and business opportunities of the city and promote enterprises which will help to build the city. Does any one know of a good and sufficient reason why every rural neighborhood ought not have a similar organization?

In Germany they already have such organizations. They are generally called the "landwirtschaftsrath" or agricultural council. Some students of the problem of rural organization are strongly of the opinion that such an agricultural council is necessary before much can be done for the bettering of rural credit or the marketing of farm produce. There is no object, for example, in having more capital in a farming neighborhood unless the farmers know without any guess-work just how to use that capital so as to increase the production and the profit of their farms. If all the leading farmers of a neighborhood would lay their heads together and talk over the situation and study the opportunities for new investment, they would be less likely to make mistakes than if they work secretly, as separate individuals.

## CIVILIZATION'S GREATEST TRAGEDY.

Extract from article by W. D. Lewis, president Texas Farmers' Union, opposing woman's suffrage:

"We are willing to join in every effort to elevate woman but will assist in none to drag her down. The descent of womanhood is the most awful tragedy in civilization. As she sinks she may, like the setting sun, tint the horizon with the rays of her departing glory. She may tenderly kiss the mountain tops of her achievement farewell; she may, like the sinking sun, allure the populace with her beauty as she disappears for the night but when she steps downward, the earth is as certain to tremble and plunge into darkness as death is to follow life."

## Scaring the Conscience.

Of all her curious customs London cannot boast of a more singular one than that formerly so strictly adhered to at Holland House, one of the most historic old mansions in the British capital. The last of the Lords Holland shot himself during a fit of despondency. Everything pointed to a clear case of self murder, yet the Holland family could never be dissuaded from the notion that the old man had been murdered by some unknown assassin. Accordingly every night for years it was the custom for one of the family to go to the rear of the house punctually at 11 o'clock and fire a gun for the purpose, it is said, of "scaring the conscience" of the murderer. This curious practice is a relic of medieval days in continental Europe, and the case in point is probably the only instance where it has been noticed since the days of the crusades.

## When Men Powdered Their Faces.

The use of powders for the hair and face, which began in the sixteenth century, infected the men. Henry III had the habit of parading the streets of Paris, his face covered with white and red paste, like a faded coquette, and his hair filled with violet powder and scented with musk. Powders were made of all colors, and the infatuation was such that servant girls were afraid to be seen in public with their hair of the natural color and, not being able to buy that used by their employers, employed sawdust as a substitute.—London Mirror.

All kinds of legal blanks at the World office.

## Dialect.

Miss Ritta—Aren't you fond of dialect poetry, Mr. Drestbeep? Mr. Drestbeep (of the Chicago Browning society)—Well, James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field do very well, but I came across some poems by a fellow named Chaucer the other day, and he carries it too far.—Life.

## As a Class.

"Are all pawnbrokers on the water wagon?" "What do you mean by such a question?" "Well," they're always taking the pledge, aren't they?—Baltimore American.

True merriment may be distinguished from false by the fact that it bears reflection. We can think of it with pleasure next day and next week.

## A True Report.

"I heard you had a big blowout at your house yesterday." "So I had. Two tires on my auto burst."—Baltimore American.

## Gentle Hint.

He—Once for all, I demand to know who is master in this house? She—You'll be happier if you don't find out.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mr and Mrs. J. L. Rosholt and Miss Irene Cunningham and Ella Omland of Edmore, came over in an auto and spent Friday visiting and shopping here, returning home in the evening.

Station left blanks at the World office.

## Official Denial

### NO WAR TAX ON HOME-STEAD LAND IN CANADA.

The report that a war tax is to be placed on Homestead lands in Western Canada has been given considerable circulation in the States, this is to advise all enquirers that no such tax has been placed, and there is no intention to place a war tax of any nature on such lands.

(Signed) W. D. SCOTT, Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can. Mar. 15 1915.

### NOTICE OF ELECTION

Notice is hereby given that on Tuesday the first day of June, A. D. 1915, an annual election will be held at the City Hall building for the purpose of electing the following members of the Board of Education: Two members for a term of three years, for the city of Devils Lake, and the polls will be open at nine o'clock a. m. and closed at four o'clock p. m. of that day.

By order of the Board of Education, A. E. Parshall, Clerk, Dated May 17, 1915.

I have put on a bus to meet all trains, and if the same receives sufficient patronage to justify I will continue to run it.

A. D. TUTTLE.

We are putting in a full line of legal blanks, and if you are in need of any blanks you can get them at this office.—The World.



Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

Nobody's "hard to fit" in Hart, Schaffner & Marx clothes

STOUT MEN; tall slender men; short stocky men; men who think they are hard to fit; lots of such men are going without the advantages of ready clothes because they believe they cannot be fitted.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx designers classify the human figures under twelve types; and models are produced for each type; men and young men

At \$18 to \$25 you can find clothes here that will fit you; there's not the slightest doubt about it.

## MANN'S

This store is the home of Hart, Schaffner & Marx clothes