

THIS MAY INTEREST YOU

The First National Bank of Devils Lake has a large amount of money to loan on grain in granaries or in elevators. It has loaned money to the people of this vicinity for years at 8 per cent, and will continue to do so.

If wheat is stored in an elevator according to the Federal Reserve Bank requirements, it will cost a man \$52.50 if he borrows \$1,000.00 for ninety days at 6 per cent as follows:

Interest \$15.00
Elevator charges . . 37.50: On 1500 bushels \$52.50

A loan of \$1000 on 1500 bushels of wheat would be at the rate of 66¢ cents a bushel, which is a liberal loan.

A loan of \$1000.00 from The First National Bank of Devils Lake for ninety days at 8 per cent on wheat in the farmer's granary would cost him \$20.00, or \$32.50 less than it would cost at 6 per cent if borrowed on money obtained from the Federal Reserve Bank on wheat stored in an elevator.

To borrow money that comes from the Federal Reserve Bank will cost a man \$52.50 for \$1000 for 90 days at 6 per cent, which, added to elevator charges, makes rate 21 per cent as grain must be stored in an elevator if he makes the loan.

To borrow money from this bank will cost a man \$20.00 for \$1000.00 for 90 days at 8 per cent as we do not require grain to be stored in an elevator.

GOOD FEATURE AT THE UNIQUE

Mrs. O'Brien, newly rich, vainly aspires to social prominence, an ambition in which her common, chess-loving husband does not sympathize. Pretty Mary Ellen, the daughter, and a Jap butler constitute the household.

One day, Mrs. O'Brien sends out invitations to a party which the Van Dusens and Van Astorbills refuse to attend. While she is mourning this loss, an automobile breaks down in front of the house, and a slender young man who introduces himself as Lord Algy who St. Clair seeks refuge, while the car awaits a repairman, Mrs. O'Brien sending a noble match, promptly invites him to stay for the party.

Meanwhile a tough looking character alights from an automobile, and after a careful inspection of the house, rejoins his friends and disappears. An hour later, immaculately groomed, he enters the club of which O'Brien is a member, and finding the solitary old Irishman playing a lonesome game of chess, offers himself for partner. In this way he obtains an invitation to attend Mary Ellen's party.

In due time the guests arrive, consisting of the good-hearted but illiterate Flannagans, their two children and the stranger. There immediately commences a vigorous suit for the hand of pretty Mary Ellen on the part of Lord Algy and the stranger. Mary Ellen shows preference for the stranger.

That night weird things happen. The stranger who has been invited to spend the night, slips into the library in time to see O'Brien much excited over the appearance of a white hant that has deftly poked through the portiers in search of the electric switch. In another instant the stranger throws O'Brien to the floor, and Algy, revolver in hand, stands over them. There is a scuffle and the stranger disappears, gun in hand, through the French window. An hour later Lord Algy, in his room, cautiously draws a string of pearls from his pocket, only to turn and face the gun of the stranger, who raises his head from back of Lord Algy's bed.

There follows explanations and the stranger shows his badge as a government secret service agent, long in the search of the crook known as Lord Algy. O'Brien rejoices and Mary Ellen slips her hand into that of the "stranger's" while Mrs. O'Brien, thoroughly disgusted, hurls a volume of "Who's Who in Society" into the waste basket.

At the Unique, Friday and Saturday.

Our experience in auction advertising insures you that if you will allow us to get out your posters and offer suggestions along the line of advertising, you will have a crowd at your sale.—THE WORLD.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE WORLD.

THE END OF THE WAR WILL SEE OUR TRIAL

The most serious problems to confront the United States will come after the conclusion of European peace. Though often brought to the point of embroilment in the present struggle, the fixed determination of the American people to keep out has averted that calamity.

But as Congressman Mann points out: "While we are adopting means and measures for our trade and industrial development, let us also, in view of the conditions in foreign lands, put our house in order to defend and protect ourselves against any foreign nation or nations. Our wealth will soon excite the envy, if not the cupidity of the outside world."

The war is costing Europe \$60,000,000 a day. It has cost the nations involved not less than seventeen billions for its first year, according to a group of Europe's most eminent statisticians. The property loss incurred exceeds fifty billions.

The war is now being, and for some time has been, fought on credit. The interest on the bonds like those now being placed in the United States must be met by the producing industries of the indebted nations. The property destroyed must be replaced. Industry will stagger under the load thus piled upon it.

New markets will be sought. What are more attractive than that of the United States? But how can European industry, crippled with interest charges and debt, compete with our free labor? The contest will be unequal, and the study of every European government will be to equalize it. One way, the obvious way, to attain equality will be to force us into a war which will burden our people with taxes as those of England, France and Germany will be burdened. A short, sharp war would leave our country defeated in the field, still financially strong enough to pay a war indemnity that would put the conqueror on its feet again.

This is no vain imagining. It is the obvious course for the nations now at war—any of them—to pursue. But if our people awake to the necessity to complete preparedness such a sequel to Europe's war may be averted.

New York, N. Y.—"Safety First" said Mrs. Arthur Maclean as she put two diamond earrings into her pillow case and went to sleep. The next day there were clean slips on the pillows. Mrs. Maclean was frantic. She besieged the laundry, but the pillow slips had been washed and ironed. Finally one earring was found gleaming in the bottom of the washtub and the other about to enter the drain pipe. They were valued at \$2,000.

Delights of Camel Riding.

It was my first experience of camel riding and therefore interesting if not altogether charming. The saddles used on this journey were formed of large pads, one in front and one behind the hump. The driver climbs into place in front, with a huge peaked pad to keep him from falling off when the camel rises. Then the passenger mounts behind the hump, and the camel is with difficulty persuaded to rise. This he does hind quarters first, and the passenger finds himself thrust up in midair as if on a tower. The huge pad offers no possible support, and he can scarcely overcome his desire to prevent a fall by putting his feet on the driver's shoulders. That worthy, however, soon comes up to join him, and the expedition starts. The first sensation is of being astride a table, and as the miles go by the table increases alarmingly in width, and the passenger on the back begins to despair of ever getting his legs acquainted again.—Wide World Magazine.

Discontent.

Success is a disease, if the reasoning of those who give the identical definition for poverty is to be followed. An excellent preventive is idleness or inertia; another is satisfaction. Find the man who is satisfied and you need look no further for human putty. Content breeds Indias and Chinas. Discontent sends Mayflowers across oceans—not the sullen discontent that does nothing, but the discontent that manifests itself in striving to better conditions, the discontent that means hard work and plenty of it. Some firms are so contented with the volume of business they have that they do nothing to increase it. But the discontented competitor is doing something, as the first firm generally finds out before going into bankruptcy. You go ahead or you go back in this world. You cannot stand still. Satisfaction too often means just that—doing nothing.—Philadelphia Ledger.

June and Matrimony.

The first people to adopt the month of June as sacred to Hymen, the god of marriage, were the ancient Romans, who considered June the most propitious season of the year for entering upon matrimonial relations. The Romans held that June weddings were likely to be happier than alliances contracted in any other month of the year, especially if the day chosen were that of the full moon or the conjunction of the sun and moon. They also held that of all months May was to be most avoided, as in that month newlyweds would come under the influence of spirits adverse to happy households. These ancient marriage superstitions were retained by the Christians in the middle ages, and even today June is considered by many to be pre-eminently the month of marriages.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Pretty Thin Milk.

Old Captain Joshua Ketchum of Amityville, N. Y., was very much beloved by the summer residents who used to sail with him on the bay and catch bluefish. There was always a refreshing flavor of the sea in his talk. One day, when a party of city men were sailing with him, the conversation turned on the difficulty of getting good milk in Amityville, and they appealed to the captain to know why that was the case.

"Well," said Captain Joshua, "it's been that way as long as I can remember. My wife made me buy a cow once. I bought her from Elbert Hoff, up on the north turnpike, and gave him \$40 for her. Elbert said she'd give twenty quarts of milk a day, and I guess she did, but you could see bottom in six fathoms."—Youth's Companion.

It Didn't Work.

The crowded car was overflowing. "Get off the step," the conductor cried. "I've got to close the door." "Don't mind me," replied the man on the step. "Close it if you like. It's true that I have a couple of sample packages of dynamite in my overcoat pockets and the windows might be broken and the roof blown off, but don't hesitate on my account. I haven't many friends, anyway, and I don't think many would sorrow over my early demise. Go ahead and close your door."

Then the conductor closed it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Reply.

A gentleman, for what he called a lark, advertised for a wife and requested each candidate to inclose her carte de visite. A spirited young lady wrote to the advertiser in the following terms: "Sir, I do not inclose my carte, for, though there is some authority for putting a cart before a horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass."—London Tit-Bits.

Clashing Dates.

"It must take a deal of care, I should imagine, to arrange a baseball schedule." "Yes, so many attractions conflict. Now, in Boston we have a lot of trouble avoiding dates on which there are symphony concerts."—Puck.

Semi-official.

City Editor—What do you mean when you wrote "The statement is semi-official"? Reporter—Mrs. Blinks wouldn't talk, so I got the story from her husband.—Philadelphia Ledger.

It Always Is.

Sympathizing Friend—Didn't you find it hard to lose all your money? Hardup—No; easiest thing in the world.—Town Topics.

They serve God well who serve his creatures.—Mrs. Norton.

Languages.

The verse found in Genesis II, "And the whole earth was of one language and of one people," has given rise to much speculation as to the language spoken on the earth previous to the "confusion of tongues." According to many authorities, Hebrew was the language spoken by Adam, while others state that Hebrew, Arabic and Chaldee are simply dialects of the original tongue. The Persians assert that there were three primitive languages. The Arabic, being the most persuasive, was used by the serpent in addressing Eve; the Persian, being the most poetic, was spoken by Adam and Eve, and the Turkish, being the most menacing, was employed by the angel when driving the guilty pair from the garden of Eden.

Herodotus says that Psummetichus, king of Egypt, wishing to learn the language that would naturally be spoken by a person, caused two infants to be carefully guarded and kept from all verbal intercourse. When brought before him the first word the children uttered was bekos, the Phrygian for bread, whereupon it was at once asserted the Phrygian was the primal or oldest tongue.—Philadelphia Press.

For the Ultra Precise.

Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury said at Cambridge in a talk on English: "But precision can be carried too far. The ultra precise, even when logically right, are really wrong." "An ultra precise professor went into a hardware shop and said: "Show me a shears, please." "You mean a pair of shears, don't you?" said the dealer. "No," said the professor. "I mean what I say. I mean a shears." "The dealer took down a box of shears. "Look here, professor," he said. "Aren't there two blades here? And don't two make a pair?" "Well, you've got two legs. Does that make you a pair of men? And the professor smiled at the dealer triumphantly through his spectacles. "He was logically right, but, really, he was wrong."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

What It Is Like to Fly.

In "Air Craft in the Great War," by Claude Grahame-White and Harry Harper, an answer to the question "What is it like to fly?" is brief: "The question has lost novelty, yet it has never been answered—never, that is to say, in a manner wholly convincing. The reason is that the sensation is indescribable—'like nothing else on earth,' has a passenger has said. If you can imagine yourself gliding over a smooth surface of ice on skates you cannot feel and which make no noise, that may convey some faint idea perhaps of the feelings you experience after leaving ground. You are supported on something, yet you are not supported. You look down, and there is nothing below you but an empty void. Yet the machine rides firmly and securely, as though you were in a motor-car on the smoothest road."

What Is a Placer?

A placer is an unconsolidated deposit accumulated by mechanical processes, carrying one or more minerals in commercial quantities. All placers are secondary deposits—that is, the material of which they are composed was originally derived by erosion of bed-rock. Although it is undoubtedly true that under certain conditions nuggets of placer gold have been enlarged through chemical precipitation, yet this action is a negligible quantity in placers. Placers may be derived solely by rock weathering without water sorting, but more commonly are the result of water transportation, sorting and deposition. Many of the richest placers are those formed by the erosion of older placers and the reconcentration of their gold.

George's Father.

Augustine Washington, the father of George Washington, was engaged in 1732 in making pig iron at Accokeek furnace, in Stafford county, Va., about fifteen miles from Fredericksburg, when his famous son was born. This furnace had been built by the Principals company, composed of English capitalists, as early as 1726 on land owned by Augustine Washington, aggregating about 1,000 acres and containing iron ore. Mr. Washington becoming the owner of one-sixth of the furnace property in consideration of the transfer of his land to the company.

A Chinese Gutenberg.

There is pretty good evidence of a Chinese Gutenberg, one Pi Ching, who in 1041 carved cubes of porcelain paste with Chinese characters, afterward baked them and "set" the porcelain type by help of parallel wires on a plate of iron in a cement bed. It is certain that the art of printing was known in the Celestial empire for centuries before it came to light in Europe.

Feminine "Short and Ugly."

"You say Mrs. Gadders and Mrs. Pimply exchanged the short and ugly word?" "That's what they did." "Shocking! Was it 'lar?'" "No. 'Cat.'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Paradoxical Condition.

Mrs. Exe—Your maid is too familiar. You should make her keep her place. Mrs. Wye—If I made her keep her place she'd quit her job.—Boston Transcript.

True.

"Misery loves company." "Yes, and some folks persist in acting as though they were married to it."—Detroit Free Press.

TAKE "CASCARETS" IF HEADACHY, BILIOUS AND CONSTIPATED

Best for liver and bowels, bad breath, bad cold, sour stomach.

Get a 10-cent box.

Sick headache, biliousness, coated tongue, head and nose clogged up with a cold—always trace this to torpid liver; delayed fermenting food in the bowels or sour, gassy stomach.

Poisonous matter clogged in the intestines, instead of being cast out of the system is re-absorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue it causes congestion and that dull, throbbing, sickening headache.

Cascarets immediately cleanse the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist means your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months.

SEED CORN TO BE A PROBLEM

Owing to the August frosts practically all corn was killed in this part

of the state before it matured sufficiently so that seed for next year could be secured. However, we have heard it reported that there are some fields of corn which have matured so that good seed has been selected, and if such is the case this corn should be carefully handled and kept for seed. The matter of seed corn is a serious one to the farmers of North Dakota, and more especially in this part of the state, where for years farmers have been breeding up corn and acclimating it for seed. It looks as though this work would all have to be done over, but possibly there is seed enough if it is carefully saved so that acclimated seed can be supplied, from points in the state.

Get your "No Hunting" signs at the World office.

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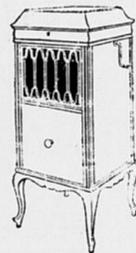


Two Wonderfully Good Violin Records by Albert Spalding

Do you love the violin? The sadness, the joy, the tears and laughter, the pathos, the fire and warmth, the wonderful technique that all lies hidden in its slender, delicate shell waiting for the master touch to give it life.

Does that appeal to you? And have you paid one dollar to five dollars to sit through a few short numbers by one of the great artists? No? Then read no further! Yes! Ah, then you will enthuse over the two selections by Albert Spalding, the famed virtuoso, just made into records for the

Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph



One is "Rondo Capriccioso" and the tone, technique, and marvelous execution of this piece will thrill you.

On the reverse side is "Meditation." Such a combination! Wouldn't you like to hear those two every evening?

You would if you knew the almost marvelous fidelity with which the new Edison Disc reproduces these selections. The violin, most difficult of all instruments to record from, has yielded itself entirely to the master work of Thomas A. Edison. You hear the true violin tones. Close your eyes and you can see the violinist.

What more convincing proof than to hear these two selections yourself. Call any time, any day, and ask to hear Spalding's records.

WHO IS SPALDING?

Albert Spalding, a native of Chicago, began playing at seven years. Studied under Chiti, the Florentine master, Buitrago, in New York, and Lefort at Paris. At ten he played before the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. At fourteen he qualified for professorship at Bologna Conservatory with 96 per cent. He made a very successful debut two years later in Paris, then appeared with Patti. His success since has been continuous and phenomenal. Now only twenty-five years of age he has appeared at all the world's music centres, and is conceded by critics to be one of the greatest violinists of the day. He makes records exclusively for the Edison Phonograph.

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