

ROOSEVELT SUPPORTED BY N. Y. TRIBUNE

BELIEVES HE IS ONLY MAN COMPETENT TO HANDLE PRESENT SITUATION.

New York, April 19.—The editorial announcement today by the New York Tribune that it will support Theodore Roosevelt for the presidential nomination on the Republican ticket is taken to mean the shelving of any shadow of an Elihu Root movement, for the Tribune has been aggressively pro-Root. It is the understanding here that Mr. Root opposes Justice Hughes for president, and that his ambition would be satisfied with the secretaryship of state under Roosevelt, with an opportunity to participate in the settlement of the European war.

The editorial in the Tribune is headed: "Colonel Roosevelt For President."

It says: "Colonel Roosevelt and no 'pussy-footing'. The Tribune likes this candidate and this issue."

Regards Root Eliminated

"It regards Senator Root, its favorite so long as he had a chance of nomination, as now practically eliminated. It cannot interpret any more hopefully the failure of the 'oxygen treatment' which his candidacy received in the shape of the manifesto with 75 signers. The party thinks that Mr. Root would not be so likely to win as either Colonel Roosevelt or Justice Hughes, and it wants him as secretary of state in the next Republican administration, since it cannot have him as president."

Country Needs Him.

We are for Colonel Roosevelt because we believe the country needs him. No one else will quicken the pulse of the nation as he will quicken it. No one else will stir the conscience of the people as he will stir it. No one else will inspire patriotism as he will inspire it.

"No one else personifies the issue which the Republican party must make as he personifies it. No one else presents so effective an antithesis to Wilson as he. If we are Americans, real Americans, the Colonel is our man."

While timid politicians were consulting the census books and counting the German vote he spoke and the country hearkened. He is the leader in the fight for Americanism and we don't believe in changing leaders when we are going to the front.

Formerly Against Him.

"We are for Colonel Roosevelt in spite of the fact that we were against him four years ago. No one fought him harder than we. No one will fight harder for him. It has not been easy to put aside our pride, our sense of resentment at what occurred in 1912 and the hundred other things that tend to keep alive divisions. But we have put them aside and are putting them aside because we feel that they have no place in a crisis like this. We come out for Colonel Roosevelt as a Republican newspaper, intending to remain Republican, and we feel that in doing so we are doing the best thing not only for the nation but for the Republican party."

Is No Other Leader.

"We might have preferred another leader, but there is no other leader. Justice Hughes might have spoken if he had been free to speak. Indeed, we feel sure he would have spoken, and for Americanism, had silence not been imposed upon him, and then we should have preferred him. But the plain fact is that he did not speak, that he could not speak."

"The colonel stands for the things the Tribune stands for. These things will be advanced more by his nomination than by any other nomination that can be made. The Tribune must support him."

"We are doing more this year than choosing a president. We are choosing which way the country shall go in the era that is now opening, just as our fathers chose the nation's path in the days of 1860."

Forecasts in the Almanac.

While in modern times almanacs commonly concern themselves only with the known facts of the year with which they deal, for many years after they came into general use, about the middle of the sixteenth century, predictions not only with regard to the weather, but also concerning the supposed planetary influences, were a vital part of their contents. The "prognostication" generally dealt with "the varieties of the year and also of the winds throughout the whole year, with unfortunate times to buy and sell, take medicine, sow, plant and journey, etc." In France a decree of 1578 forbade all makers of almanacs to prophesy concerning affairs either of state or of individuals.—London Chronicle.

Two Sharp Tongues.

"Now, what do you want?" asked the sharp tempered woman.

"I called to see if I could sell you some bakin' powder, ma'am," said the seedy gentleman with the staggering whiskers.

"Well, you can't sell no bakin' powder here, and I ain't got no time to waste on peddlers anyway."

"Come to think of it, ma'am," said the seedy gentleman as he fastened his bag, "I wouldn't care to sell you any powder. This poky little kitchen of yours is so low in the cellin' that the bread wouldn't have no chance to rise." —Pittsburgh Telegraph.

Amusing, Yet Pathetic.

Benjamin Constant's first picture to attract attention was called "Too Late" and represented Fortune and Glory visiting an artist just as he had breathed his last. The figure of Death stood near the door through which Fortune, carrying a box of money, and Glory, bearing laurels, had just entered.

The artist received many letters from those who had seen the painting. One was written by a professor of music, an old man, who expressed in touching words the emotion he had felt at the sight of the artist's work. He asked Constant to visit and talk to him about "Too Late."

The invitation was accepted, but as soon as the old professor saw the artist he uttered an ejaculation of surprise and anger. "Why, you are quite a youth!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were old and, like myself, had spent your life in vain endeavor to obtain recognition of your abilities. I conceived that picture to be the last despairing cry of a man as unfortunate as I am. I find you are quite young and your eyes are full of hope. You are a humbug, sir, and I request that you leave this house immediately."

The National Passion.

An Englishman of means staying in New York was talking with one of his Yankee friends.

"Old top," he said, "I've done it! I've done it at last. I've bought a section out in Australia, and I'm going out there and settle."

"That's fine! How many acres?"

"Oh, thousands and thousands!"

"Great! And what are you figuring on raising?"

"Oh, sheep; nothing but sheep. I'm going in for sheep extensively. 'Spect I shall raise millions of the bally things. 'Spect I shall get a lot out of them. 'Spect my mother-in-law, what?"

"You bet! There's a lot of money in wool the way the market is."

"Wool? Hang the wool, old top! I'm thinking of the kidneys." —Saturday Evening Post.

We will pay cash for any clean old cotton rags you have. The World.

A DOUBLE MISTAKE

By ELINOR MARSH

"Ah, Mr. Edmonds! Happy to see you. But I confess that I am surprised."

"At what, may I ask?"

"Mother wrote me that you were very young looking for your age, but I did not expect to see a man who cannot have reached middle age."

"And I have been told that you, too, do not look your age."

"I? Why, how old do you think me?"

"A man has no right to think at all about a lady's age. I was given to understand that you do not look forty."

"Forty!"

"That's what I was told. To me you don't look over twenty. But perhaps there are two of you about twenty each."

"You speak in riddles."

"Did you never hear of the man who said that a woman of forty should be like a bank bill that may be changed for two twenties? Ha, ha!"

Mr. Edmonds was the only one of the two who laughed at his own joke. Miss Fielding looked at him, wondering if he were not a trifle daft. Her mother, who was a widow, had written her that she was engaged to be married to a Mr. Edmonds, who would call upon her; that he was of suitable age for the mother and she hoped Gwen would be pleased with him. Was her mother to marry a man who appeared to be fifteen or twenty years younger than herself, who cracked jokes about changing the woman he was to marry for two girls? What did it all mean?

As for Edmonds, his father had written him of his engagement and had asked him to call on his fiancée, who would be at home after a certain date. He supposed he was calling on his future stepmother, and Gwen supposed she was receiving her future stepfather.

"I must confess, Mr. Edmonds," said Gwen coldly, "that you are quite a different man from the one I expected to see."

"And I confess," was the smiling reply, "that I am very agreeably disappointed in you."

Gwen looked at him with a blank stare. "What kind of a person did you expect to meet?" she asked.

"A woman twice your age."

"And I expected to find in you a man from fifty to sixty."

"My father in that case would be from eighty to a hundred."

"I am not considering your father. I am speaking of a man of suitable age."

"But would you consider a man three-quarters of a century old a suitable match for a girl?"

"Girl! Do you consider my mother a girl?"

It was now Mr. Edmonds' turn to be astonished. "I was given to understand that both your parents were dead," he said.

"My father is dead, but I assure you that if you are to talk as nonsensically to my mother as you have been talking to me you'll find her very much alive. I assure you she will not brook a proposal to change her for two young girls."

"All I have to say," rejoined Mr. Edmonds, with a puzzled look on his face, "is that, while I know nothing whatever of the prospective mother-in-law, the bride to be is very charming."

"What mother-in-law?"

"My father's. I fear that if she is disposed to be cranky there will be trouble in the family. My father is a well disposed man and I am sure will be able to get on with his bride, but as for a mother-in-law, if she is like the most of them it will be a monkey and a parrot business between them."

Miss Fielding stood looking at Mr. Edmonds with amazement and growing anger for a few moments, then swept out of the room, saying as she went that her mother must have gone stark, staring mad. Resisting the temptation to go out, she shut the door behind her not over carefully.

"I wonder what the governor would say," said Mr. Edmonds to himself, "by lying himself up to a young thing like that and evidently with a fine temper. And won't she make it hot for me?"

He waited until Gwen had had time to get some distance from the house, then went into the hall, took his hat, crumpled it down on his head, and went his way.

The next day Mrs. Fielding returned, learned that Mr. Edmonds had called and asked Gwen if she was pleased with him.

"Pleased with him!" said Gwen. "Mamma, have you gone mad to engage yourself to a young fellow who says he would like to change you for two girls, each twenty years old?"

"Gwen! What do you mean?"

"Why, mother; he's young enough to be your son."

"He is sixty-two."

Mother and daughter looked at each other without speaking.

"Are you sure that it was Mr. Edmonds who called?" asked the mother.

Gwen went to a dresser, took a card from it and handed it to her mother.

"Why, this is Harry's card."

"Harry?"

"Yes, stupid! Didn't you see the junior on it? Harry is Mr. Edmonds' only son. He is worth \$250,000 in his own right and would make a good catch for you."

"Catch!" cried Gwen in dismay. "I expect he considers that he has caught a tartar."

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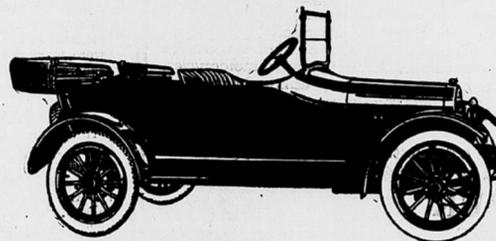
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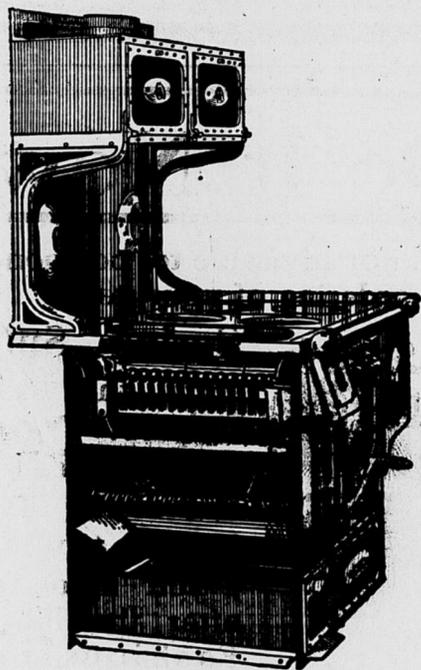
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