

TO OPEN FARGO'S NEW AUDITORIUM

JAMES J. HILL WILL DELIVER FORMAL DEDICATORY ADDRESS JAN. 5.

DEMANDS OF CONVENTIONS

Need of Building Forced on Citizens by Growth of Tri-State Grain Growers Association—Interesting Program.

Fargo.—The exercises opening Fargo's new fireproof Auditorium will be held in the new structure Jan. 5, 6 and 7, and recognizing the importance of the occasion the Hon. James J. Hill has consented to deliver the formal dedicatory address on the evening of Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 7:30 o'clock. The need of this Auditorium was forced on the citizens of Fargo by the ever increasing demands of the conventions of the Tri-State Grain Growers' association, which has its original inspiration at the hands of Mr. Hill, whose untiring efforts for the agricultural interests of the northwest have done so much to advance that industry to its present efficiency. It is particularly fitting, therefore, that Mr. Hill should speak the words formally dedicating the building to the purposes for which it was built. Mr. Hill has expressed a desire to meet the people of the state on this occasion, saying that he had a message for them, that the occasion would afford him an opportunity to deliver.

Following Mr. Hill's address a magnificent production of the play "Milestones" will be given and will be repeated the following evening. The third evening the "Milestone" will be sung by the Fargo-Moorhead Philharmonic society, assisted by capable soloists.

Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8 and 9, the annual meeting of the North Dakota Press association will be held in the Auditorium, the first convention to be held in the new edifice. It promises to be the most largely attended and one of the most interesting meetings ever held by the organization.

72 ARE KILLED ON RAILROADS

Only Two Passengers, However, Were Lost in North Dakota in 1913.

Bismarck.—There were seventy-two deaths in rail accidents in the past fiscal year, according to the report of the state railroad board. Of this number only two were passengers.

There were thirty-two trespassers, thirty employees and eight classed as non-trespassers who were killed.

The injuries included 111 passengers, 740 railroad employees, 41 trespassers and 51 non-trespassers.

Banker's Illness Delays Trial.

Mandan.—When the calendar in the district court was called Attorneys for E. H. McHugh filed affidavits urging a continuance of the three separate charges of embezzlement. McHugh's son is about to undergo a serious operation and the father's presence is needed, the attorneys said.

McHugh, former cashier of the Farmers' and Merchants' bank here, is alleged to have juggled funds, causing the failure of the bank in June. Continuance was granted.

Tobacco Test Case Begins.

Fargo.—A suit was commenced in the Federal court in Fargo for an injunction against Professor Ladd to restrain him from prosecuting dealers who handle W. B. fine cut chewing tobacco. The suit is a test case commenced by the manufacturers of W. B. fine cut chewing tobacco to obtain a decision from the court as to whether the sale of this fine cut is prohibited in this state. The action will probably not be decided until January next.

Mandan Bakery Burns.

Mandan.—The building of the Peerless Bakery company was gutted by fire. The damage to the building was \$1,500; insurance, \$1,000; damage to equipment, \$4,000; insurance, \$1,000. Charles Edwardson, the proprietor, just finished putting in entire new machinery.

Bootlegger is Sentenced.

Fessenden.—Alfred St. Peter, who was arrested at Wellsburg by the Wells county officers recently upon a charge of bootlegging, pleaded guilty before Judge Coffey of this district court at Jamestown and was sentenced to six months in the penitentiary at Bismarck.

Badly Burned, But Saves House.

Sherwood.—Mrs. Albert Lundby was badly burned about her hands and face when her oven in which she was cooking a pork roast caught fire and exploded. She smelled the burning grease and went to open the oven just as the explosion occurred and the grease was thrown over her and scattered about the room. With rare presence of mind, she phoned the neighbors for help, threw the children out through the window and bravely went to work to save the house.

CORN PRODUCTION INCREASES

Income From Cereal in North Dakota This Year Estimated at \$7,860,000.

Grand Forks.—Thirteen million bushels of corn were raised in North Dakota this year, according to the North Dakota Development league bureau in Grand Forks.

The value of the corn is fixed at approximately \$7,860,000 or \$2,784,000 more than a year ago. The total production of this year is approximately 2,300,000 bushels more than last year. In the last four years the increase in corn has been exceptionally great and is largely the result of the widespread better farming movement.

There is a growing desire among farmers to diversify, and although there will be strong arguments in favor of a greater wheat acreage next year, because of prices created by the European war, still there is every indication of a corn increase.

FRANE DECLINES POSITION

Asserts Other Duties Will Prevent His Becoming Adjutant-General of State.

Bismarck.—Thomas Tharaldson, present deputy state treasurer, will succeed Adj.-Gen. A. I. Berg, of Grand Forks in command of the State Militia.

While Col. J. H. Frane, of Grafton, is really next in line for the appointment he will not accept the position when it is proffered him by Gov. L. B. Hanna, as must necessarily be done under the state law governing the conduct of the militia.

Colonel Frane definitely stated that he would not occupy the position. On January 1 he becomes lieutenant-governor of the state, and that fact, together with his desire to remain in active command in the militia, is responsible for his announcement that he will not take the adjutant-generalship.

SPRAGUE WILL NOT ACCEPT

Refuses Appointment as Regent of University of North Dakota, Tendered Him.

Grand Forks.—Frank H. Sprague, of Grafton, recently tendered the appointment of regent of the University of North Dakota by Governor L. B. Hanna, will not accept.

While it has been known for some time that Mr. Sprague would not take the position, definite announcement to that effect has been withheld.

Mr. Sprague, in his letter to Governor Hanna, refusing the appointment, pleads business reasons. He says it would be impossible for him to devote the time he feels should be given up to such position.

As yet there is no indication of who will be chosen for the place.

Bids For New Mandan Postoffice.

Mandan.—The treasury department of Washington, D. C., announced the following bids received for the construction of the new Mandan postoffice:

Stiles Construction company, Chicago	\$47,000
Mott Construction company, Mott, N. D.	49,000

These are the supplementary bids called for some time ago when it was decided to include additional fireproofing of the plans. Postmaster John Foran stated that he looks for an announcement of the successful bidder in a few days. He does not believe work will commence on the foundation until the severe weather of winter has passed, however.

Discover Many Thefts.

Mandan.—Heronimus Rodmaier, who claims to be a Hungarian and who came here recently, is in the city jail and has admitted the theft of a lot of valuable goods from different parties. He has been employed by Frank Fisher delivering coal and has evidently been picking up everything he could find.

Joe Fredericks and the chief of police went into the Rodmaier home and searched it and found an \$85 shotgun stolen from John Yunck, about \$75 worth of tools taken from Halder & Frederick's hardware store, a pair of hunting boots stolen from the rear porch of Dr. Altnow's residence and other things. Rodmaier's wife is said to have left him.

Pleased With Grain Yield.

New Rockford.—Daniel L. O'Connor, one of the hustling and progressive young farmers of the Munster section, was in the city looking after business matters. Mr. O'Connor states that he was well pleased with the returns from his fields the past season, all his grain yielding well. The Marquis wheat gave the best returns, however, his field returning thirty bushels of No. 1 grain to the acre.

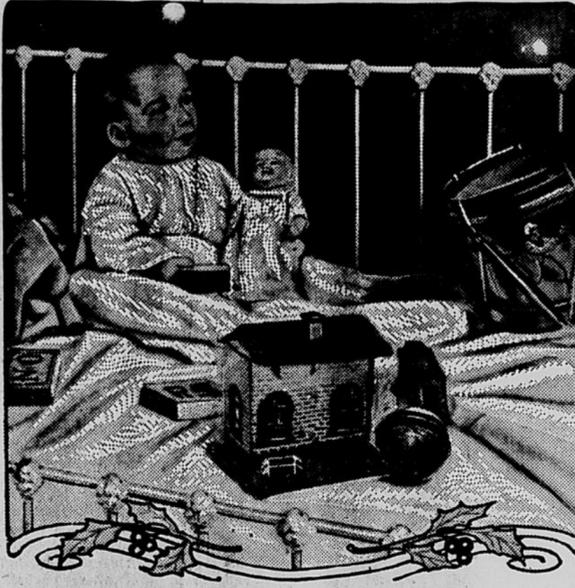
Flour For Belgians.

Minot.—At the meeting of the Belgian relief committee it was decided to gather enough flour in Ward county to ship two carloads to the war sufferers.

Druggist Takes Own Life.

Napoleon.—O. J. Larsen, of the Larsen & Dreves drug store, of this city, committed suicide in a prison cell here after he had been acquitted of the charge of second degree manslaughter and discharged from custody, only to be re-arrested by the sheriff on a charge of keeping a common nuisance. Larsen used cyanide of potassium which brought death almost instantly. About November 1, Larsen was arrested on a charge of second degree manslaughter.

A Nautical Christmas Tale



A ship came in from the Land of Nod, Its deck was white as snow, It bore no tow'ring masts above, No anchor chains below, Its small, spring-bottomed mattress-hull Was laden high with wealth, Which strangely had been placed aboard, En voyage—hst!—by stealth.

The skipper of this freighted craft Was quite a careless sort, The cargo he did not espy, Till he hove into port, And then upon the portside bow, In raptures he did kneel, For Santa Claus is no mere dream, And Christmas toys are REAL!

—GENE MORGAN.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM

By J. A. WALDRON.

I DREAMED a dream on Christmas eve that no one, surely, will believe. All will discredit it because in it I was with Santa Claus and witnessed many things so queer I hesitate to tell them here.

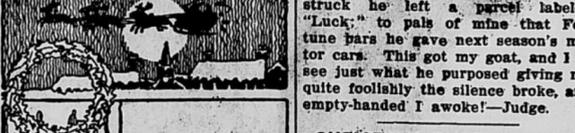
Old Santa had just filled his pack and made it ready for his back. It holds a million things or more from Santa's rare and endless store, and like some basket magical, though taken from 'tis always full.

Though I saw Santa plainly, he seemed not at all to notice me. He sat in silence with a map spread out upon his ample lap to mark his course o'er land and sea while waiting for his evening tea.

His cook—He has no wife, you know—came in and said she meant to go. She said her job did not quite suit and he must find a substitute. Cooks everywhere just grump and gad, and what most folks they get in bad.

Well, Santa's smile quick left his face and he ripped up a dress of lace perhaps intended for this cook, who gave him then a wrathful look; and

Fantastic tricks, too, Santa played on men and women, boy and maid. In one old spinster's stocking thin I saw him slip a manikin; in one old bach's dingy blouse a woman's form of wondrous grace. 'Twas wax, of course; but 'twas a hint that ought to stir a heart of flint. A man with millions strangely made Old Santa left a hoe and spade; so one I knew I had had struck he left a parcel labeled "Luck;" to pals of mine that Fortune para he gave next season's motor cars. This got my goat, and I to see just what he purposed giving me quite foolishly the silence broke, and empty-handed I awoke!—Judge.



CHRISTMAS SUPERSTITIONS

If you will go to the crossroads between eleven and twelve on Christmas night you will hear what most concerns you in the coming year.

If on Christmas eve you make a little heap of salt on the table, and it melts over night, you will die the next year; if, in the morning, it remains undiminished, you will live.

If a shirt be spun, woven and sewed by a pure, chaste maiden on Christmas day it will be proof against lead or steel.

If you are born at sermon time on Christmas morning you can see spirits.

If you burn elder on Christmas eve you will have revealed to you all the witches and the sorcerers of the neighborhood.

If you eat a raw egg on Christmas morning, fasting, you can carry heavy weights.

It is unfortunate to carry anything forth from the house on Christmas morning until something has been brought into it.

If the fire burns brightly on Christmas morning it betokens prosperity; if it smolders, adversity.

A Husky Fowl. Willie came in from the shed where Uncle Rufus was picking a Christmas chicken for his small city nephew's dinner.

"Aunt Sue!" he cried as he entered, "what do you think? Uncle Rufus is out in the shed husking a hen!"

Bessie's Plea. "Say, mamma, please don't make any fire in my bedroom grate," begged little Bessie.

"Why, you'll freeze."

"I don't mind being cold, just so long as Santa will be able to get down the chimney all right."

St. Nick in the City

By GEORGE JAY SMITH

IT WAS the night before Christmas, and through the apartment the rooms were so still you could hear how your heart went; The janitor banked all the fires ere he slept, And the heaters no more hissed and hammered and wept. The stockings were hung by the steam-pipes with care, In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there, And in their small bed, in a room eight by ten, The children dreamed Christmas had dawned once again. And now on the roof from his air-sleigh alighted Dear Jolly St. Nick, who no good child e'er slighted. He turned off the sparkler and slowed down the motor— His reindeer he'd sold for a new auto-floater—



And then looked around for a chimney to enter, And seeing but one let himself down the center. 'Twas a pretty tight fit for a saint of his size, And the soot made him smutty and got in his eyes. But when used to flying one won't mind a sneeze, So he kept on a sliding that long chimney through. Then he paused, for the dolls in his pack shrieked "You'll burn us!" Alas! he'd arrived at the steam-heating furnace! In fright all the Teddy-bears squeaked out in chorus, "A too warm reception! What fate is before us?" The toy cars and engines all rattled and bumped, The stuffed cows and lambs moored and bleated and jumped. "A pretty scrape, this!" said St. Nick; "but before Giving up let me see if I can't force the door!" Happy thought, for the door opened outward with ease, And he wriggled right through, as neat as you please! Then he rushed up the steps to the hallway above, And stopped at each door where lived children to love, And selecting their gifts, whether useful or handsome



He hurled them with skill right in through the transom; And what is most strange—all untruths, I think shocking— A lot of them landed in each small one's stocking! At length to the flats next the roof he ascended, Where he paused when his last distribution was ended, And, laying his finger aside of his nose, And winking one eye, he struck a gay pose, And burst into laughter that shook his round belly— You remember, of course—like a bowlful of jelly: "Apartment-house architects truly are clever, But can they contrive to keep me out? Never!" He climbed to the roof, sniffed the air, made a dash, Bounced into his sleigh, and was off like a flash! (Copyright, Frank A. Munsey Co.)

The Christmas Stocking.

St. Nicholas seems to have been the original of our Santa Claus. He was the bishop of Myra about the year 300 and was very popular because of his good deeds and kindness, especially to children, whose patron saint he is supposed to be. An old legend says that he wished to secretly bestow a gift upon an old nobleman who, though poor, did not want anyone to know of his poverty. When the good bishop reached the house he saw the old gentleman asleep by the fire, so he climbed to the top of the chimney and dropped his gift into it, thinking it would fall on the hearth. But it happened that the money fell into one of the old gentleman's stockings, which his daughter had hung up to dry, where it was found and used as a dowry for his eldest daughter. And the story goes on to say that St. Nicholas never failed to put a gift in the stockings which were hung up for him thereafter when a daughter of the house was to marry.

FIND TIME FOR KINDNESSES

Two Stories of Courteous Conductors Who Looked After Their Passengers.

"Once I was down in Louisiana," a traveler began, "on a little railroad that runs from Franklin to Week's Island. It took five hours to go 28 miles. The most amazing thing to me was that the conductors stopped the train anywhere he was asked to, and if there were no one to meet a woman passenger with innumerable bags and the inevitable baby, he helped her across a plowed field or sent a brakeman to carry her traps to her own gate and the train waited until he came back."

"Nothing surprising about that," returned a born New Yorker. "The Madison avenue cars stop every day for reasons quite remote from a regular schedule. I was on a car this afternoon and a little boy dropped his mother's umbrella out of the window. The conductor stopped the car and ran back a block and a half, got the umbrella, delivered it to the woman and incidentally advised her not to let her son have it again. "Besides, I've known of more than one eye being punched out of a careless baby with such a plaything."—New York Times.

Mexico's Salt Producing Lake.

Though Mexico offers many wonders for the inspection of the traveler none is more interesting or peculiar than the salt-producing lakes near Salinas station, on the Tampico division of the Mexican Central railway, 72 miles west of San Luis Potosi. It may well be termed a two-story lake, for at times there is a lake of fresh water overlying the salt lake. A water-tight roof of green mud separates the fresh from the salt water. For a large part of the year there is no fresh-water lake there. The sun licks it up soon after the rainy season is over. The salt accrued from this lake goes all over Mexico. The lake has been worked about sixty-five years. The whole town of 5,000 people makes its living from the salt. The property is owned by a family or estate, but it is said that not one of the owners has lived there for years.

Like Bread on Water.

He—I gave a poor man a dollar yesterday and told him to come around and let me know how he was getting on.

She—That was good of you; like casting your bread upon the waters.

He—Yes, something like that. Anyway, he came back this morning "soaked."—Boston Transcript.

A Doubtful Frame of Mind.

"Do you believe in unpreparedness for war as a powerful influence for peace?"

"I'm not sure about that," replied Senator Sorghum. "I can't see any evidence to the effect that no monarchy would have the heart to shoot up an unarmed nation."

Up-to-the-Minute.

"He has a modern ballroom in every way."

"That so?"

"Yes. The smoking-room has been enlarged three times to accommodate the husbands who don't dance the new steps."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Reversible.

Stella—I take my husband along to help choose a hat.

Bella—I take a hat along to help choose a husband.

It isn't always love that makes a man attentive to his wife. Maybe he is afraid of her.

MESMERIZED

A Poisonous Drug Still Freely Used.

Many people are brought up to believe that coffee is a necessity of life, and the strong hold that the drug, caffeine, in coffee has on the system makes it hard to loosen its grip, even when one realizes its injurious effects.

A lady writes: "I had used coffee for years; it seemed one of the necessities of life. A few months ago my health, which had been slowly failing, became more impaired, and I knew that unless relief came from some source I would soon be a physical wreck."

"I was weak and nervous, had sick headaches, no ambition, and felt tired of life. My husband was also losing his health. He was troubled so much with indigestion that at times he could eat only a few mouthfuls."

"Finally we saw Postum advertised and bought a package. I followed directions for making carefully, and added cream, which turned it to the loveliest rich-looking and tasting drink I ever saw served at any table, and we have used Postum ever since."

"I gained five pounds in weight in as many weeks, and new feel well and strong in every respect. My headaches have gone, and I am a new woman. My husband's indigestion has left him, and he can now eat anything."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages. Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. —sold by Grocers.