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FRIDAY JANUARY 3, 1908.
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The city of Raleigh, N. C., is the latest large town to vote out the liquor traffic. The Southern wave is still rolling on.

Our guess is that Vice President Fairbanks will be the republican presidential nominee. With Bryan on the other side, wonder who T. R. would really feel like supporting.

The St. Cloud Times has reached the threatening stage. In 1904 that attitude helped elect two delegates to the national convention who were not favored by the Times. History often repeats itself.

The cotton mill owners of New England have agreed to shut down and cut production 25 per cent until March 1st. 160,000 employes are affected, and at an unfortunate time, with winter in full blast.

If certain plutocrats favored W. J. Bryan for president, the average man would have a right to distrust Bryan's candidacy, whether W. J. B. wanted plutocratic support or not. Don't you think so, Mr. Albert Lea Standard?

Senator Clapp is quoted in the Minneapolis Journal as saying that "the drift now seems to be in the direction of a government guaranty for bank deposits." The local republican organ will read Moses out for that remark.

W. J. Bryan, no relative of the Nebraska, is the new senator from Florida. There are also Senator Jeff Davis of Arkansas and Congressman Wm. McKinley of Illinois. George Washington, Andrew Jackson, and Abe Lincoln are likely to show up most any time.

It gives some of the pundits and grammarians in the press such a pain to read of the grammatical errors of Jeff Davis. We recall the Roman exquisite who was thrown into a perspiration over a mistake in Latin verse, but could unmoved see a Christian tortured.

The Rochester Democrat, the leading democratic paper of Olmsted county, published at the home of the Mayors, says: It is easy to see that the movement to boost Johnson as a presidential candidate is simply an effort to sidetrack Bryan, and emanates with those identified with the "conservative and financial interests."

We are still inclined to think that Andrew Jackson, when he told the managers of the U. S. Bank to go to — and went it and them there, did right, understood conditions, and that the people who believed in him, did not have their confidence misplaced the Pioneer Press, Minneapolis Journal and A. B. Stickney to the contrary notwithstanding.

People who will read the speech of Senator Jeff Davis, and not rely on the prejudiced accounts in the big papers will be surprised to see the amount of good sense, wit and truth which are revealed in the address of the "uncouth" man from Arkansas. Some of the senators who are only comfortable under the light of Rockefeller's or Morgan's eyes may have shivered, but Jeff Davis told the facts.

The St. Cloud Times republishes an article from one of the chief monopolistic organs of the East which speaks of Bryan as a "body of death" chained to the democratic party. No man in the history of American politics, not even Jackson or Jefferson, has been as much traduced and maligned as Bryan, and this cheap insult is a small matter. The classes who hated Jefferson for his ideas on equality of opportunity, who despised Jackson because of his independence of the money sharks, in this age have a horror and a hatred of the man from Nebraska. Without a single exception, the organs of plutocracy, who always assume to know what is best for the dear people, are abusing Bryan in all the various ways which malice can inspire and hatred indicate. But the common people are with him, and they are still in a majority.

Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson, an English writer, says:
 "I went into a glass factory in Pittsburg the other day, and saw children working in that dreadful place. In Pennsylvania you have very small children for 14 years of age. The manager wanted me to take a souvenir. He offered me a pitcher. I said, 'I do not want to remember your place.' Then I saw a little broken crucifix. I said, 'I will take this, if I may. I have that crucifix. It bears the figure of One who loved children. I say to you that thousands upon thousands of children are being crucified in America today and that these crimes would not be if women had the ballot.'

A civilization built upon the blood and crucified souls of little children has nothing good about it, yet Joe Cotto says the steel trust wants Minnesota to be another Pennsylvania. God forbid.

Frank Renick and family and Miss Cora Signor attended the Woodmen installation and dance at Royalton New Year's night.

SPECIAL

For one week, Commencing Monday, Jan. 6, 1908.

No. 2 Cold Blast lantern
 regular price \$1.00
 special 69c

No. 1 Tubular lantern
 regular price 55c
 special 39c

Julius Jetka
 The hardware man sells them
 119 B. W., Little Falls

B. Y. McNairy spent New Years at Lake City.

Miss Mary Rodney has returned to Staples after a visit with Mrs. Chas. Sylvester.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Bergstrom of this city were the guests of Mrs. Bergstrom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rylander at Wausau on New Year's.

Dr. Frank C. Close of Spokane, Washington, was in the city this week visiting friends, enroute to Chicago, where he goes to take a post-graduate course in a veterinary college. Frank was a former resident here.

Charles Cawley of Minneapolis, formerly of his city, visited in this city the guest of friends. He had gone to Brainerd the latter part of last week with the state University Mandolin and Glee club, where they gave a concert.

An interesting article appears in the December number of "The Outer Book," written by Miss Nannie Gouley Oglevee of St. Paul, in which under the title of "Among the Pine Trees of Northern Minnesota," she tells of Leech Lake, its attractive spots and resting places, also about the Indians, who have their hunting grounds there, and some of their legends. Miss Oglevee is a sister of Mrs. E. H. Tanner of this city.

R. F. D. NO. 3.

Jan. 2.—Ignatz Kanieski went to Little Falls Monday.
 Albert Rudolph and daughter, Mary, of Opole were out here Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Rudolph.
 Mr. and Mrs. Joe Walogurski of Royalton were here Thursday visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Woldula.
 Miss Mary Jelenki returned home from Little Falls Tuesday.
 Mr. and Mrs. Anton Kosiol of Ledoux visited Mr. and Mrs. John Motchko last Sunday.
 A party of young folks gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. August Kaiser Sunday evening. The evening was spent in playing games and cards.
 A party of old folks gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Woldula last Thursday. They spent their time in playing cards and telling stories.

JUSTICE VALLEY

Jan. 1.—Chas Rick has his mill in shape to grind for the farmers.
 Mat Eisel, who has been camping at Mud lake, has moved camp.
 Joe Vanhercke was up through here buying up a few horses for the spring sales.
 Louis Brummer and Vanderhuvel are busy making cord wood north of the town.
 Our mail carrier is a busy man. He goes through the town on his daily trips and very seldom he is five minutes behind or ahead of time.

WANTS

One cent a word. No ad taken for less than ten cents.

FOR SALE—Ten acres land near city. Stephen C. Vasaly.

WANTED—Everybody to have some of those fine photos made at Nelson's photo studio.

FOR SALE—Work horses, guaranteed as represented. Can be seen back Farrow's livery barn.—M. J. Jacobson. 89

LOST—Green leather pocketbook, containing five dollar gold piece, 25 cent piece, 10 cent piece and a penny. Finder please leave at this office and receive reward. 44 1/2 pd

"OPPORTUNITY"—Is knocking at your door.—A nice cottage close to business centre, suitable for newly married man, or man with small family. Only \$300. Houses for sale at all prices. Apply at once.—G. W. Massey, Room 5, Buckman blk. 49 3

FOR SALE—The north west quarter of the north east quarter and the east one-half of the north east quarter of north west quarter of section thirty-one in township one hundred and twenty-nine, north of range thirty, west containing sixty acres more or less, according to the United States government survey. W. H. Mains, 901-904, Unity building, 79 Dearborn street, Chicago. 26

Bids Wanted

Bids will be received by District 138 to build a school house 20x80, 12 feet high, stone foundations, on January 31st, 1908, at the home of Frank Novack, district clerk, Polishk. Minn. Job, to be let to the lowest bidder. 44 38

The Trust Buster.

[Original.]
 "How y' goin' to vote this year?" asked the keeper of a country store of an old "hayseed," with a wink at the bystanders.
 "Ain't goin' to vote at all," grunted the old man.
 "What, not exercise your duty as a patriotic citizen?"
 "Patriotism be hanged! A man's patriotism is really what he considers his interest to be. You fellows know that for years I've watched the trusts reachin' out, legally, illegally, bribin', corruptin', as the case required, to rob people. You know how when they want a judge they buy him; when they want a legislature they buy it. They was tryin' to buy the government of the United States, but they run up agin somep'n stronger'n they was themselves. They got persecuted under the law.

"Then my patriotism was bollin'. I seen a chance for honest men to get their dues. I seen the time comin' when all the money a man could earn needn't go into beef and oil ud be plenty as bad whisky, and we cud all live on what we used to live on afore the trusts sucked the life out of us.

"I thought this was patriotism. It wasn't. It was nothin' more'n kickin' agin the other fellow gittin' the better of us. If anybody'd give me money to pay for things I wanted and have a good sum left over I wouldn't 'a' kicked. I'd kicked the fellow that tried to interfere with the system. How did I find that out? I'll tell y'. My brother Dan went to New York when he was a boy to go into business. Now he's a stockbroker.

"Waal, Dan he was allus writin' me to come down to the city to see him, an' last summer I went. He's got a big house 'n lots o' hired help. I asked him if there was much prejudice agin the trusts in New York. He didn't say nothin' except, 'Oh, you're a trust buster, are ye?' I hadn't been called by that name before, and I didn't like it nor his way o' sayin' it. 'Well,' he went on, 'if you stay here long enough we'll take that out o' you.' 'Never,' I said. 'I'll never lose my reverence for law, for equity, for justice and above all the poor, who suffer from havin' to pay exorbitant prices for what they need.'

"I used to loaf down in Dan's office durin' the daytime. There was allus a lot of fellers there lookin' at a clickin' machine they called a 'ticker.' It told 'em what their stocks was a sellin' at. When their stocks went up they lafied; when they went down they looked sour as green apples. One day John told me that a pool-whatever that was—a goin' to put up 'Blood-sucker Oil' an' if I wanted to make some money he'd give me a chance. All he wanted was some margin, as he called it—that is, a per cent o' the cost o' the stock—just as a matter o' form. I wrote a check on my bank for the amount, and before the ink was dry on the paper he told me the stock was bought.

"Bloodsucker Oil went up and up and up, and my profits went up with it. Then news come that the company had been fined enough money to buy most o' the farms in this yere state. I saw my profits wiped out, and then most o' the money I'd give Dan for that blamed margin was wiped out too. All the fellers around the 'ticker' begun to howl that the gov'ment was ruinin' the business o' the country. And what d'ye think? When Dan told me that if my stock went down a few more per cent he'd have to sell me out an' I'd lose all I put in I jest riz up and I cursed and I swore.

"'Consume a gov'ment that'll interfere with what it don't know nothin' about!' These attorney generals and judges hed better confine 'emselves to punishin' men for boss stealin'. The Bloodsucker Oil company has been cheapenin' kerryensene for years, an' now a corrupt set o' men who want to turn the country into an empire like Russia air tryin' to stop 'em. It's a conspiracy to rob the people and make 'em pay more.

"The men around the ticker didn't any of 'em pay any attention to what I was sayin'. They was all swearin' at the administration themselves except one man, who says to me, he says: 'But, my friend, don't you want some power able and ready to see that the men who manage the company whose stock you own don't wreck it and swindle you?'

"'No,' I says; 'I don't. What good's the stock to me if my margin is all et up and I git sold out?'

"When I started for home, a ruined man, gratin' my teeth and cussin' the gov'ment, Dan he handed me a check, smilin'. 'I didn't buy you no Blood-sucker Oil,' he says, 'but when I saw the decision of the court finin' the company I sold some shares short for you. Your profit is \$7,600. Here it is.'

"Waal, now I was out of it I could feel the patriotism oozin' right back into me, fingin' in my fingers, my toes and my ears. 'Y' calls me a trust buster, Dan,' I says, 'an' I am. I wish they'd fine Bloodsucker Oil all its capital, an' you'd sell it all short for me.'

"But when I got home and thort it all over I made up my mind that I couldn't conscientiously consider myself a patriot any longer. You fellows kin do the votin'. 'Em goin' to stay at home.' ARNOLD VAN HORN.

THE NEW-BORN YEAR.

WESTERNIGHT the year lay dyin' /
 By his lowly couch we met,
 Bringing ivy-leaves, and trying
 Some with smiles and some with sighing
 To remember—or forget.

Now the nursing year is waking,
 And we gaze into his eyes,
 Headless of his sire's forsaking,
 In his cradle he is taking
 Gifts from earth and sea and skies.

Dawn of gold and sunset gleaming,
 April eve and Juneteide morn
 Things of truth and not of seeming,
 These have glorified his dreaming,
 He the heir, the newly born

In his tiny grasp he treasures
 Riches that may soon be ours—
 Sunlight gold in brimming measures,
 Meadow fragrances and pleasures,
 Honeyed wine distilled of flowers.

Soon the child will frolic lightly
 O'er his father's grass-green grave;
 Day shall be his playmate brightly,
 And his sleep be sweetened nightly
 By the songs of wind and wave!

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

his protestations. The lover who promises all things without reserve is too often like the fellow who doesn't question the hotel bill nor ask the price of the wine, because he doesn't intend to pay it anyway. The fellow who is prodigal with his vows and promises and poetry is generally the one to whom such things mean nothing and, being of no value, can be flung about generously to every girl he meets. The firm with the biggest front office is likely to be the one with the smallest deposit in the safe. The man who swears off loud-est on New Year's is usually the one they have to carry home the morning after. And the chap who promises a girl a life of roses is the one who will let her pick all the thorns off for herself.

"Perhaps," sighed the widow, chewing the stem of a violet thoughtfully, "the best way to cure a man of a taste for anything, after all, is to let him have too much of it instead of making him swear off. If you want him to hate the smell of a pipe insist on his smoking all the time. If you want him to sign the temperance pledge, serve him wine with every course. If you want him to hate a woman, invite her to meet him every time he calls, and tell him how 'suitable' she would be.

"And if you want him to love you," finished the bachelor, "don't ask him to swear it, but tell him that he really ought not to. The best way to manage a donkey—human or otherwise—is to turn his head in the wrong direction and he'll back in the right one."

"Then," said the widow decisively, we ought to begin the New Year by making some irresolutions."

"Some—what?"

"Vows that we won't stop doing the things we ought not to do," explained the widow.

"All right," agreed the bachelor thoughtfully, "I'll make an irresolution to go on making love to you as much as I like."

"You mean, as much as I like, Mr. Travers," corrected the widow severely.

"How much do you like?" asked the bachelor, leaning over to look into the widow's eyes.

The widow kicked the corner of the rug tentatively.

"I like—all but the proposing," she said slowly. "You really ought to stop that—"

"I'm going to stop it—to-night." The widow looked up in alarm.

"Oh, you don't have to commence keeping your resolutions until tomorrow morning," she said quickly. "And are you going to stop refusing me—to-night," continued the bachelor firmly.

The widow studied the corner of the rug with great concern.

"And," went on the bachelor, taking something from his pocket and toying with it thoughtfully, "you are going to put on this ring"—he leaned over, caught the widow's hand and slipped the glittering thing on her third finger. "Now," he began, "you are going to say that you will—"

The widow sprang up suddenly.

"Oh, don't, don't, don't!" she cried. "In a moment we'll be making promises!"

"We don't need to," said the bachelor, leaning back nonchalantly, "we can begin by making—arrangements. Would you prefer to live in town or at Tuxedo? And do you think Europe or Bermuda the best place for the—"

"Bermuda, by all means," broke in the widow, "and I wish you'd have that hideous portico taken off your town house, Billy, and—"

The rest of her words were smothered in the bachelor's coat lapel—and something else.

"Then you do mean to marry me, after all!" cried the bachelor triumphantly.

The widow gasped for breath and patted her hair anxiously.

"I meant to marry you all the time!" she cried, "but I never thought you were really in earnest and—"

"Methinks," quoted the bachelor happily, "that neither of us did protest too much." They haven't made any promises, you know."

"Not one," rejoined the widow promptly, "as to my flirting."

"Nor as to my clubs."

"Nor as to my relatives."

"Nor my cigars."

"And we won't make any vows," cried the widow, "except marriage vows."

"And New Year's irresolutions," added the bachelor.

"Listen!" cried the widow softly, with her fingers on her lips.

A peal of a thousand silver bells rang out on the midnight air.

"The chimes!" exclaimed the widow. "They're full of promises."

"I thought it sounded like a wedding bell," said the bachelor, disappointedly.

"Maybe," said the widow, "it was only Love—ringin' off."—Los Angeles Times.

New Year Irresolutions

The Widow Discusses Them With the Bachelor.

By HELEN ROWLAND

I SNT it hard, said the widow, glancing ruefully at the holly-wreathed clock on the mantel-piece, to know where to begin reforming yourself?"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the bachelor, "you are not going to do anything like that, are you?"

The widow pointed solemnly to the hands of the clock, which indicated 11:30, and then to the calendar, on which hung one fluttering leaf marked December 31.

"It is time," she sighed, "to begin mental house-cleaning; to sweep out our collection of last year's follies and dust off our petty sins and fling away our old vices and—"

"That's the trouble!" broke in the bachelor. "It's so hard to know just what to throw away and what to keep. Making New Year's resolutions is like doing the spring housecleaning or clearing out a drawer full of old letters and sentimental rubbish. You know that there are lots of things you ought to get rid of, and that are just in the way, and that you would be better off without, but the minute you make up your mind to part with anything, even a tiny, insignificant vice, it suddenly becomes so dear and attractive that you repent and begin to take a new interest in it. The only time I ever had to be taken home in a cab was the day after I promised to sign the pledge," and the bachelor sighed reminiscently.

"And the only time I ever overdraw my bank account," declared the widow, "was the day after I had resolved to economize. I suppose," she added pensively, "that the best way to begin would be to pick out the worst vice and discard that."

"And that will leave heaps of room for the others and for a lot of new little sins, beside, won't it?" agreed the bachelor cheerfully. "Well," he added philosophically, "I'll give up murdering."

"What!" the widow started.

"Don't you want me to?" asked the bachelor plaintively, rubbing his bald spot. "Or perhaps I might resolve not to commit highway robbery any more or to stop forging or—"

"All of which is so easy!" broke in the widow sarcastically.

"There'd be some glory and some reason in giving up a big vice," sighed the bachelor, "if a fellow had one. But the trouble is that most of us men haven't any big criminal tendencies, merely a heap of little follies and weaknesses that there isn't any particular virtue in sacrificing or any particular harm in keeping."

"And which you always do keep, in spite of all your New Year's vows," remarked the widow ironically.

"Huh!" The bachelor laughed cynically. "It's our New Year's vows that help us to keep 'em. The very fact that a fellow has sworn to forego anything, whether it's a habit or a girl, makes it more attractive. I've thrown away a whole box of cigars with the finest intentions in the world and then gotten up in the middle of the night to fish the pieces out of the waste basket. And that midnight smoke was

the sweetest I ever had. It was sweeter than the apples I stole when I was a kid and the kisses I stole when—"

"If you came here to dilate on the joys of sin, Mr. Travers," began the widow coldly.

"And," proceeded the bachelor, "I've made up my mind to stop flirting with a girl, because I found out that she was beginning to—to—"

"I understand," interrupted the widow sympathetically.

"And, by Jove!" finished the bachelor, "I had to restrain myself to keep from going back and proposing to her!"

"How lucky you did!" commented the widow wistfully.

"But I wouldn't have," explained the bachelor ruefully, "if the girl had restrained herself."

"Nevertheless," repeated the widow, "it was lucky—for the girl."

"Which girl?" asked the bachelor. "The girl I broke off with or the girl that came afterward?"

"I suppose," mused the widow ignoring the levity and leaning over to arrange a bunch of violets at her belt, "that is why it is so difficult for a man to keep a promise or a vow—ever a marriage vow."

"Oh, I don't know." The bachelor leaned back and regarded the widow's combed braid through the smoke of his cigar. "It isn't the marriage vows that are so difficult to keep. It's the fool vows a man makes before marriage and the fool promises he makes afterward that he stumbles over and falls down on. The marriage vows are so big and vague that you can get all around them without actually breaking them, but if they should interpolate concrete questions into the service such as, 'Do you, William, promise not to growl at the coffee—'

"Or, 'Do you, Mary, promise never to put a dab of powder on your nose again?'" broke in the widow.

"Nor to look twice at your pretty stenographer," continued the bachelor.

"Nor to lie about your age, or your foot or your waist measure."

"Nor to juggle with the truth whenever you stay out after half-past ten."

"Nor to listen to things that—that anybody—except your husband may say to you in the conservatory—oh, I see how it feels!" finished the widow with a sympathetic little shudder.

"And yet," reflected the bachelor, "a woman is always exacting vows and promises from the man she loves, always putting up bars—for him to jump over; when if she would only leave him alone he would be perfectly contented to stay within bounds and graze in his own pasture. A man hates being pinned down; but a woman doesn't want anything around that she can't pin down, from her belt and her theories to her hat and her husband."

"Well," protested the widow studying the toe of her slipper, "it is a satisfaction to know you've got your husband fastened on straight by his promises and held in place by his own vows and that he loves you enough to—"

"Usually," interrupted the bachelor, "a man loves you in inverse ratio to