

Little Falls Herald.

PETER J. VASALY, - Mng. Editor
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FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1914.

Little Falls is honored this week in being host of the Northern Minnesota Editorial association. The brethren have left their homes to experience the far famed hospitality of Little Falls. They are welcome. Our citizens will meet as splendid a lot of gentlemen, as could be found anywhere. They are earnest, hardworking men, promoters of everything good in their respective communities, good citizens and boosters of the North Star state. Moreover, they are men who believe that the newspaper business, as a business, should be conducted in a business way, and that journalism, as a profession, should have a code of ethics in which there appears nothing mean or low. No more important visitor can come to Little Falls than the country newspaper man. It is our pleasure and our good fortune to have many of them with us today and tomorrow. Let us show them the heart of Little Falls and the good will such visitors deserve. Had and welcome to the Northern Minnesota Editorial association.

Little Falls comes mighty near being the hub of the universe today. The newspaper boys are with us.

Wisconsin has two aspirants, it is claimed, for congress on the republican ticket. Some aspirants become exponents.

Some of the newspapers are engaging in conflict as to whether Lindbergh is a republican. They ought first to define what is meant by the word. The significance of the name of a party, whether republican or democrat, depends on more than the mere title.

Wells Mirror.—In the fall of 1892 the writer saw 14 head of as fine large cows as ever fed in Minnesota pastures, sold to Blue Earth stock dealers and the average price paid per head, realized for same, was \$7.50. Last week the Elysian correspondent to the Winnebago Enterprise reports that John Kane, marketed his turkeys that week and among them was a Mammoth Bronze that weighed thirty-six pounds and brought \$6.12. These two incidents demonstrate most forcibly the changed condition of things in the past twenty years. A turkey sells for almost as much money today as a cow did at that time.

St. Peter Free Press.—At last the twin cities admit that the Cashman distance tariff law threatens to take away from them some of the heretofore enjoyed special privileges and they have now organized in opposition to that law, in order to either have it modified or repealed altogether. At first they contended that the law would not hurt the cities at all, but it is a bad thing for the country and they painted a gloomy looking picture of the probable effect of the law upon the country trade. This, however, was merely a pretext. The cities knew and so did the country that the new law was designed to eliminate special privileges granted to certain central shipping points, and that this would put an end to freight discriminations in favor of the cities. While this means the loss of an undue advantage to the cities as intended, it is not very clear how it can hurt the farmers and the smaller cities by giving them equal freight rates with their big competitors.

AN INSULT TO OUR CONSTITUTION

Duluth Labor World.—It is recorded in the history of Greece that one day at the court of Pericles of Corinth a question was proposed, "which was the most perfect popular government?"
"That," said Bias, "where the law has no superior."
"That," said Thales, "where the inhabitants are neither too rich nor too poor."
"That," said Anacharsis, the Scythian, "where virtue is honored and vice detested."
"That," said Pittacus, "where dignities are always conferred upon the virtuous, and never upon the base."
"That," said Cleobulus, "where the citizens fear blame more than punishment."
"That," said Chilo, "where the laws are more regarded than the orators."
But it was the opinion of Solon, the wisest and justest man of all Athens, that seemed to have the most weight. He said that the most perfect popular government was one "where an injury done to the meanest subject is an insult upon the whole constitution."

This remarkable opinion was given in the year A. M. 3350, almost twenty-five hundred years ago, and over in the state of Michigan last week, a state claiming to be a part of "the most perfect popular government of all the ages," a humble but resolute leader of the mine workers' union, accused of violating no law, was forcibly, brutally and illegally ejected from the state, and not a single voice of protest has been raised against such unlawfulness from a public official in state or nation, or from scarcely an influential newspaper in the land.

SO LIKE MINNESOTA

Chicago Daily News.—Despite the widespread popular prejudice against old style political bosses. Tom Taggart remains in undisputed control of the democratic party in Indiana. According to news dispatches from Indianapolis, Taggart and his supporters were victorious on Monday in the district conventions throughout the state. Every man elected to a chairmanship was a Taggart sympathizer. Efforts of groups of democrats, fighting under the banner of Wilson and Bryan were unavailing against the Taggart machine.

The democratic party cannot be permanently successful under the leadership of bosses of the Taggart type. Monday's battle in Indiana was primarily for control of the party organization. In that kind of battle the old style leaders are more often successful than in other kinds. It does not necessarily follow that organization control means the power to dictate nominations, especially in states having direct primaries. But organization control by the Taggart type of leader is a serious handicap to any party.

President Wilson has helped indirectly to curb the power of one dangerous boss—Murphy of Tammany. In allowing his chief appointee in New York City—John Purroy Mitchel, at the time collector of the port of New York—to run for mayor in opposition to the Murphy candidate, who was the democratic nominee, the national leader of the democratic party did much to check the growing power of Murphy. His example should be followed by progressive democrats throughout the country whenever the question of party leadership involves a fight on spoilsmen.

In many states contests are in progress between the progressive elements of the democratic party on the one side and the old style spoils leaders on the other. Upon the outcome of these contests depends the future of the democratic party.

PRISONERS MEET MEN BEHIND BARS WHO HELPED SEND THEM THERE

Prison Mirror.—Many are the peculiar incidents that happen in a prison and many are the unexpected meetings and greetings of former friends and enemies who have been leveled to one rank behind these stone walls and bars.

The most singular incidents of this character usually happen on holidays when the inmates are permitted to freely intermingle and converse with each other, and New Year's day was productive of some very extraordinary meetings.

One man serving a five year indeterminate sentence shook hands with the man who acted as foreman of the jury which convicted him and who has lately come to spend double that time as a resident of the silent city.

Another inmate exchanged New Year's greetings with the minister who married him; and still another was comparing his misfortune with that of an attorney who helped send him here. All of them are wearing the grey uniform of a disgraced ward of the state—one no better than the other in the eyes of society and judgment of the law.

THE STEADY SUBSCRIBER

How dear to my heart is the steady subscriber, who pays in advance at the first of each year; who sends in his money and does it quite gladly, and casts round the office a halo of cheer. He never says, "Stop it, I cannot afford it," nor, "I'm getting more papers now than I read," but always says, "Send it, the family likes it; in fact we all find it the thing that we need." How welcome his letter whenever it comes to us, how it makes our heart throb, how it makes our eyes dance. We outwardly thank him, we inwardly bless him, the steady subscriber who pays in advance.

If you will carefully re-read the foregoing you may discover a certain typographical peculiarity which is intended as a gentle reminder to a few of our readers. A word to the wise (and good) is sufficient—Exchange.

SCARED THE LION.

Bravery and Daring Displayed by an African Woman.

In "Hunting the Elephant in Africa" the author, Captain C. H. Stigand, in telling some lion stories, admits that there is a certain thrill in connection with the king of the jungle. The Somali says that a lion makes you jump three times—first, when you hear him roar; secondly, when you unexpectedly meet his spoor, and thirdly, when you first sight him. They say that even a bold man is thus frightened three times by a lion, but after the sudden shock of seeing him is over he is no longer afraid. And in this connection he tells us a good story of female heroism:

"At a village near Fort Mungoche, also in Nyasaland, a man was sitting one night at the door of his hut drumming while his wife was cooking food inside. The hut was an isolated one, being several hundred yards from the rest of the village.

"Suddenly the woman heard the man call out, 'A lion has got me.' She took a burning fagot from the fire, ran out and smacked the lion in the face. The astonished animal let go, and she dragged her husband into the hut and hastily put up the poles which form the door. The man died a few minutes after, and the woman sat there with the dead body.

"Presently the lion returned and scratched gently on the door. This he repeated several times till it got on the woman's nerves. At last she could stand it no longer, so she took another fagot from the fire, unbarred the door and fled to the village, leaving the dead man. The lion then walked into the hut and took him."

CAUSED JOY IN EBERHART CAMP

Announcement of Peterson's Candidacy of Governor.

ARE HOPING FOR LARGE FIELD

Administration Backers Would Like to See Additional Aspirants for Executive Office.

St. Paul—(Special)—Large bunches of joy and much glee is the chief asset of those persons who acknowledge Governor Eberhart as their leader and provider. James A. Peterson of Minneapolis is responsible. "Jim," be it known, announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for governor, all of which prompts the query: Why shouldn't those who are now enjoying the spoils make merry? As they argue, it means the usual gumming of the cards for the opposition, with another two years for his excellency. Two more announcements for governor and their cup of joy will be overflowing. Mr. Peterson's entrance into the game, which came with a column statement for the Twin City dailies, was characteristic of the Minneapolis man. It bristles with invectives. In his announcement Jim flayed Governor Eberhart because of alleged executive shortcomings and the gall that



JAMES A. PETERSON.

flowed from his pen was even made to include S. G. Iverson, who filed for the governorship a month ago. Sam, he argued, was smeared with the same pitch. In the matter of newspaper reception two Twin City organs gave Mr. Peterson front page position, while the third ignored him entirely. In St. Paul both dailies gave him space. All around it was a day of merriment, but those who smacked their lips in anticipation of hot things to come did not have it on those at the state capitol, whose feet are in the trough and have been for the last four years. In reality it was their day and they celebrated accordingly. All that remains now is for Mr. Peterson to put up his \$50 and officially file his candidacy. That, the Minneapolis man assures his friends, will be done in due time.

As W. E. Lee of Long Prairie, another gubernatorial possibility, and S. G. Iverson probably view it. Mr. Peterson, to use a bit of slang, has "crabbed" the opposition game in ejecting himself into the fight. This may be true from their point of view and his entrance undoubtedly has caused a similar feeling on the part of the administration crowd, who feel that they are due to profit, but just the same neither the opposition nor the administration want to take Mr. Peterson too lightly. There is no better campaigner in the state than Jim Peterson. He is a fighter from the ground up and the man that has him as an opponent is made aware of the fact every minute of the time. Jim received his political training long ago and it was in a school where hard knocks were the rule. I think it might be well to keep an eye on Jim.

Now comes "Bill" Lee of Long Prairie with a hunch. "Bill" argues that all there is to the gubernatorial game this year is a centralization of efforts, with the defeat of Governor Eberhart as the chief object. It cannot be done, he says, with a half dozen or more ambitious politicians offering themselves as individual sacrifices and he therefore proposes a new line of tactics. Let the members of the opposition or duly accredited representatives of the same get together, he advises, and agree on one man. Draw straws, he says, until all but one man is eliminated and then let the others get behind him. If this is not possible call a public meeting and put the matter up to it. All this and much other advice is contained in a public statement which Mr. Lee gave to the press, but so far the other candidates have not seen fit to fall for it. As Mr. Lee points out a crowded field

simply means Governor Eberhart's election; all of which is true, but he will have a hard time trying to convince the other fellow that he is the one who should withdraw.

For the second time the state board of control has put its foot down on a scheme hatched by members of the State Historical society to purchase at what the board considers an exorbitant price a tract of land near the state capitol for a site for a new Historical Society building. A site nearby, which can be bought for a figure nearly \$38,000 less, they consider much better and at the same time more in keeping with that spirit of economy which, the board says, is due to the taxpayers of the state. The appropriation for the new building was practically "rammed" through the last legislature. There was trading all down the line and since then on more than one occasion I have heard remarks to the effect that if the appropriation was not taken advantage of before the next legislature met efforts would be made to repeal it.

State Insurance Commissioner Preus has not yet filed for the nomination of state auditor, but this fact need not be taken as meaning that those behind his threatened candidacy have dropped the matter. Mr. Preus, to the surprise of many, has taken his proposed try at the auditorship seriously and for several days last week the rumor was rife to the effect that he would file. Since then the gossip his way has not been so lively and this is taken to mean that he may not get into the game after all. While the talk was on Henry Rines of Mora, who already filed for the office, dropped in at the capitol. Mr. Rines, like his friends, knows that Mr. Preus would be a formidable rival. Mr. Rines, however, refused to discuss in any way the Preus rumors. He said he was satisfied with the way his own candidacy was catching on and that was sufficient for him.

Another prominent "cit" who is due to enter the auditorship lists is A. W. Thompson of Fillmore county. Mr. Thompson also was a state capitol visitor and he said that he had decided to get into the game. He will file some time the latter part of the month. As state capitol circles take it Mr. Thompson's threatened entrance into the auditorship contest is in a large measure a slap at both Mr. Rines and S. G. Iverson, the latter whom he hates cordially. The happiest moment of his life would be to "get" Iverson and anyone he stands for. Thompson, you probably know, used to be chief deputy under Mr. Iverson until the two fell out and Thompson was compelled to walk the plank.

As the story goes Mr. Thompson, after his forced retirement from the state auditor's office, met former State Auditor Dunn on Robert street in St. Paul. Bob and Mr. Iverson were generally supposed at that time not to be the best of friends and Thompson, full of his own grievances, figured that he had a sympathetic ear in Bob and he proceeded to tell his troubles. Bob, they say, listened patiently and when the end was reached replied: "Well, Thompson, I am darn glad of it. Some people have to get kicked darn hard before they know who their friends are." The old warhorse was then smarting under a defeat that had been administered by certain persons from whom support should have come instead and the Thompsons were listed among those who had helped in bringing it about.

Speaking of Mr. Dunn, word has been received that the old Roman has been quite sick at his home in Princeton. He is reported much better now, and is contemplating a visit to St. Paul. In a way Bob has injected himself into the coming campaign in the interest of close friends and he will likely be heard from in a characteristic way at no distant date.

Here are a few things which have happened at the state capitol the past week that may be of interest. Attorney General Smith has ruled that the use of the communion cup is not a violation of the common drinking cup law and that the purchase of bloodhounds with which to track down suspected criminals is not a proper charge against a county. In the supreme court the weights and measures act and the Johnson cream bill, two products of the last legislature, have been held constitutional. The latter prohibits the shipment of cream for a greater distance than sixty-five miles unless the same is pasteurized or carried in refrigerated cars.

Governor Eberhart is of the opinion that the unifying of the Republican party and a return by it to its former position as the leader in things political lies in the adoption by the states of the presidential preference primary law adopted by Minnesota last winter. His excellency aired his views on the question in a column article furnished the Twin City dailies last week. He believes the future of the Republican party to be particularly bright.

St. Paul is engaged in filing candidates for positions under its new commission form of government, which will become effective next May. To date the list is close to the 100 mark.

State Forester W. T. Cox was married last week at Quebec, Can., to Miss Myrtle Gould. They will reside in St. Paul.

THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN.

JOE BAKER'S GIRL

By M. QUAD
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That was the way she was referred to in a general way—"Joe Baker's girl"—and there were plenty of soldiers, teamsters and others who did not know that her name was Mary.

A girl of about eighteen when I knew her—slight, blue eyes, short, curly hair, a strong face, dressed for climbing, riding and walking, and one who commanded both admiration and respect the moment you laid eyes on her. She had a handshake for officer and private alike, and to us and all others who came that way she was a border queen.

For weeks the Indians of Idaho had been sulky and sullen and threatening. We had not seen the girl for a month when a sergeant's guard was dispatched to East Butte to cut and haul telegraph poles for the line which was to connect the fort with the outside world.

Two miles east of the cabin we made our camp and began work, but the Indians were ready sooner than we had planned for. On the second night of our stay we were fired into at midnight and routed out of camp with the loss of two men killed. We were falling back in the direction of Baker's cabin when we were joined by Mary. The Indians pressed us every foot of the way, and but for the darkness of the night and the girl's familiarity with the lay of the ground not one of us would have escaped. We were no sooner sheltered by the cabin than it was clear that we must stand a siege before the door could be opened again.

"Well," said Joe Baker's gal when we had canvassed our situation and its chances, "we must put up with things as they are and do our best. The Indians have encircled the cabin and will be on the watch the rest of the night, but they will make no move till daylight comes. Let us sleep if we can."

She went to her room, and the four of us lay down on the floor and napped until daylight came. In the larder there were about five pounds of bacon, nothing else. There was no telling how long we should be cooped up to live on those scant rations, and by common consent we went without breakfast. The Indians cooked their morning meal in a leisurely manner, and it was some time after sunrise before they made their first move. It was a band with Chief Charlie in command, and he knew Baker and the gal even better than we did. Baker had hunted with him and on one occasion had saved his life, and he called at the cabin on various occasions and had been hospitably received. He was therefore probably in earnest when he advanced alone and unarmed to within a few feet of the cabin and said to Mary:

"We are on the warpath against the whites, and we mean to kill, kill, kill until all are dead or driven away. Your father saved my life, and an Indian never forgets. I do not want harm to come to you, and you shall take your horses and ride away to the fort in safety."

"But what about the soldiers?" she asked from one of the loopholes.
"They cannot go," he replied. "The soldiers are here to make war on us—to shoot us down, to make us obey orders we do not like. We have only hatred for them. I know how many there are in there—four. They have their guns and will fight, but we shall kill every one. Come out, and we will send you safely away."

"I shall remain here and help the soldiers to fight you," answered the girl. "Then you will be killed with them!"
The chief turned away and went back to his warriors, and ten minutes later there was a circle of fire all about the cabin. It was not long before two of the soldiers were dead.

With only three of us left to guard the cabin, another attack must overtake us. It was hours before we heard from the Indians again, and we were almost certain that they had drawn off, when, an hour before sunset and without the slightest warning, they rushed for us as before. The demons were on the roof and battering at the door and firing in upon us from some of the loopholes, when suddenly things turned dark with me.

There was no more fighting that night. Consumed by thirst and racked with pain, I remember nothing except that Mary spoke hopeful and sympathetic words now and then, and that she had the guns distributed around so as to cover as many loopholes as possible in case of an attack. When morning came the Indians asked for a parley and offered to send her to the fort. I did not know it, being out of my head with fever. She scorned the offer, and for three hours the cabin was under a heavy fire. A rush would have followed the fusillade, but as they were gathering for it a half troop of cavalry from the fort, headed by Joe Baker, came galloping to the rescue, and the Indians were routed. It was ten days before I knew all about it.

A great Indian war was upon the land, the girl had been sent hundreds of miles away for safety, and when peace came again she did not return. It is like a dream to me three dead men, one grievously wounded, a white faced girl moving about and making ready to fire a last shot, the crack of rifles and the fierce warwhoops—but I know that it was all real, and a humble private soldier whippers:

"God bless Joe Baker's gal wherever she may be!"



If You Like Good Syrup—

Here it is. A syrup that is simply good in every sense of the word. Made from the sweet Kansas sorghum—all the goodness and the richness possible to extract from its pure, healthful juices boiled down into a blended perfection never before attained in syrups.

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Use it in Farmer Jones Pie
One teaspoon Farmer Jones Syrup, two eggs, one pint sweet milk, one tablespoon melted butter, one teaspoon vanilla. Beat the eggs well, add the milk, sorghum, butter and vanilla. Makes an open pie crust and bake ten minutes in hot oven.
FREE—Farmer Jones Recipe Book on request.

Try it on your pan cakes or waffles. You never tasted anything so delicious—so satisfying. We grow all our own sorghum and are independent of any trust or combine. We prepare the same, and treat it differently from any other sorghum syrup in the country. We boil it down in vacuum pans—no contamination is possible. We include cane syrup with an addition of corn syrup to prevent fermentation. Packed in 5 and 10 pound friction-top tins—easy to open—easy to close up again.

Ask Your Grocer
If he shouldn't happen to have it—he'll get it. Send us 5c in stamps to pay postage and we will forward you a sample can of FARMER JONES SYRUP and a Recipe Book—see above.



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Get Your Coffee FRESH

We roast every day and you can get it fresh from the roaster. Try it and see the difference in taste and flavor.

Our Rosabelle Brand comes out in a large even roasted bean. There is nothing better on the market that will beat it for the price. 1 lb. bag, fresh 30c roasted, the pound 28c 5 lb. lots, the pound... 28c

Our Hummer Brand, the coffee we roast and pack fresh every day and something that we know is good. 1 lb. bag, fresh 25c every day, the pound 23c 5 lb. lots, the pound... 23c

Special Snaps

1 lb. pkg. Corn starch, good corn starch, per pkg..... 5c

Peaches, good grade per lb. 10c
Come in and look them over.

1 lb. pkg. Raisins, nice and clean, per pkg. 10c

Soap Specials

7 bars Santa Claus for—25c

8 bars Electric Spark— 30c

8 bars Galvanic Soap— 32c

These are special prices and are below cost.

100 lbs. Sugar, \$4.85
The Best

Come in and get acquainted

Firnstahl, Vadnais & Co.
Near Moeglien's Meat Market