

Train Crashes Into Freight

Sterling N. D., Scene of Fatal Northern Pacific Accident; No. 7 Had Orders to Make Siding; Brakes Failed, is the Report.

Mandan, Oct. 20.—Engineer John Wantland of Jamestown is dead; four persons are in the Bismarck hospitals injured, probably fatally, and 21 others were seriously injured this afternoon as the result of a head-on collision between Northern Pacific train No. 7, westbound, and a through freight. The wreck occurred near Sterling.

Brakes Fail to Work.
The passenger train had orders to take the siding, but according to several members of the crew, the air brakes failed to work. The freight with a large chain of cars, was standing on the main line when the passenger hit it. None of the freight crew was injured.

Engineer Hurlled 80 Feet.
Engineer Wantland was hurled a distance of 80 feet by the impact, sustaining a broken back. He died within five minutes' time. Fireman Farstag sustained a broken leg.

Engines Telescoped.
The engines were telescoped. Conductor Peter Delmore of Fargo was seriously injured by being cut about the head and back. Mrs. J. L. Sinclair of Jamestown, a passenger, was terribly cut about the face and may be disfigured for life.

Well Known Here.
Passenger train No. 7 of the Northern Pacific which collided with a freight near Sterling left Fargo at 7:50 a. m. on time. Conductor Peter F. Delmore of this city was in charge and is reported among the list of injured. Engineer Wantland, who was killed, is well known in railroad circles.

New York, Oct. 20.—Lord Reading's announcement that he would soon seek a huge allied loan, caused a sensation in financial circles today. This would make a second loan in two months. The expenditure of a million dollars by the allies necessitates much red tape. All the allied powers have representatives sitting on a committee at London, which must sanction every purchase before a payment can be made.

London, Oct. 20.—Sir Lionel Carden, who was British minister to Mexico from 1913 until August, 1914, when he was forced to leave Mexico City by Carranza after the overthrow of President Huerta, died in London.

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Potash, Perlmutter and Others

By MONTAGUE GLASS

VI.—JAKIE

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WHEN Jakie Feinberg, at the age of thirteen, attained his religious majority, his father deemed it high time that he should pay for his board and lodging; hence Jakie was withdrawn from the Mangin Street school and instructed to seek a job. It proved to be an elusive matter, and every evening he returned to his father's home behind the delicatessen store on East Houston street with the seal of unsuccess on his chubby face.

"Vell?" his father interrogated. Sorrowfully Jakie shook his head.

"Vodt for a schmardt boy are you?" his father commented, and Jakie choked down the herring and potato which formed his evening meal, while his tears seasoned anew the pungent viands.

By the dawn of the fourth week Jakie had roamed the financial district, and canvassed every office in the skyscrapers of the neighborhood. "Ain't yer got narten for a young feller ter do?" was the burden of his inquiry, and a curt negative was the only answer.

At length he chanced upon the headquarters of the chocolate trust in the Algonquin building. The boy in the outer room was asleep with his head on the desk, and Jakie deemed it best not to disturb him. He tiptoed into another office, where a stenographer sat at her machine, plunged in the concluding chapters of a romantic novel. Thence he passed into a third room, in which an executive meeting was being held. Gathered around a long table were six directors whom Mr. Branscomb, the second vice president, was addressing with impassioned gestures.

"It is an outrage," he declared, "that these duties should have been levied on manufactured chocolate. The goods were raw material, as appears by the statements which I have here." He paused to rummage among the papers on the table just as Jakie opened the door. "Boy," he said sharply, "tell Miss Doty to give you those customs statements."

Mr. Branscomb was totally wrapped up in his argument and had no eyes for the identification of office boys, while the faculty of obedience was strong in Jakie. He turned on his heel without a word.

"Miss Doty," he cried, "dey want dem customs statements." Mechanically and without lifting her glance from the absorbing page she handed Jakie some yellow sheets of paper, which he delivered forthwith to Mr. Branscomb. In the meantime another matter had been mooted, and Jakie stood with the papers in his hands for some moments, until there was a lull in the general conversation.

"Go over to 200 Exchange place," said one of the directors, "and ask Mr. Eckhardt if he will be good enough to step around for a few moments."

Jakie laid the statements on the desk and was off in a flash. He returned a few minutes later, before the legitimate incumbent whose duties he had usurped had awakened from his nap, and repaired immediately to the directors' room.

"He ain't in, sir," he announced. Miss Doty, who had concluded the last exciting chapter of her novel, followed him into the room and arrived in time to hear him deliver his message.

"All right," Mr. Branscomb said; "get Henry Carr on the phone." Miss Doty preceded him from the room, and as soon as he crossed the threshold she clutched him by the shoulder.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Who's that?" she continued. "Mr. Branscomb?"

"Yeh," said Jakie. "Mr. Branscomb. Dat's de wan."

"When did all this happen?" Miss Doty insisted.

"Just now!" Jakie cried, and in the midst of a further colloquy Mr. Branscomb burst out of the directors' room.

"Well," he demanded, "why don't you get Mr. Carr on the wire?" Miss Doty rushed to obey her employer, who held out 50 cents to Jakie.

"Go downstairs and get me three cigars," he said. "Tell the man they're for me. He'll know."

Jakie took the money and descended to the lower hall.

"Gimme 'ree seggars for Mr. Branscomb," he said to the man behind the counter. The tobacconist handed him three cigars with elaborate gold bands and pocketed the fifty-cent piece which Jakie placed on top of the showcase.

Jakie held the cigars gingerly in his left hand, but made no movement toward leaving.

"What are you waiting for?" the man asked.

Jakie laughed raucously. "Say," he said, "wot yer tryin' ter do, kid me? Don't I get no change?"

"You certainly do not," the salesman replied emphatically.

"G'wan. I give yer half a dollar, didn't I?" Jakie rejoined. "Seggars don't cost 't'ree for 50 cents."

"These do," said the salesman.

"C'marn, now," Jakie coaxed. "Cough up dat tirty-five cents. It ain't mine, honest. It belongs ter de laws."

The cigar man came suddenly from behind the counter. "You get right out of this," he cried. "Or I'll fan your breeches!"

Jakie ran up the hall. "Aw right fer youse, yer fat slob!" he cried. "I'll tell Mr. Branscomb on yer."

"Here, what's all this about?" said a voice at his elbow. It was Mr. Branscomb himself who spoke.

Jakie turned quickly. "Here's yer seggars, Mr. Branscomb," he said, "an' dat big stuff dere is tryin' ter hold out tirty-five cents on yer."

gravelly and proffered his hand to Miss Doty. Marrying and giving in marriage is so common an occurrence on the east side that the proper phrase rose blithely to Jakie's lips. Besides, he knew the symptoms, for on summer nights the tenement stoops of Mangin street are crowded with just such scenes, ever greeted with, "I congratulate youse bote," and concluding with a large wedding in a public hall.

The conventional reply of the engaged couple is a blushing thanks, pronounced "cens," but in this case, while Miss Doty supplied the blush, James Walsh emitted the reply, and it was far from conventional.

"Yer dirty, sneakin' kike," he growled. "come outside and I'll knock yer block awf!"

He was a good twenty pounds heavier than Jakie and head and shoulders taller, but as he grabbed Jakie by the shoulders and violently propelled him into the hall nothing remained to the latter but to defend himself. Then it was that his training at the Neighborhood club on Willett street stood him in good stead.

No doubt it was James Walsh's intention to end the matter in one terrific onslaught, for the blows he aimed at Jakie in force and number were sufficient to have reduced him to the



Jakie Brought the Conflict to an Abortive Close.

consistency of beef extract. But Jakie avoided them all. He sidestepped and clinched like a veteran and in the breakaway managed to plant one or two short arm jabs where they would do the most good. Just as Mr. Branscomb stepped from the elevator Jakie brought the conflict to an abrupt close with a stinging blow on James Walsh's upturned nose. It followed three wallops to the same member, and James took the count.

"Here, you young rascal," Mr. Branscomb exclaimed. "what's all this about?"

Walsh rose sullenly to his feet, and Jakie, smoothing his hair with one hand, maintained a discreet silence.

"James," asked his employer, "how did you get into this mess?"

But James was making a desperate effort to cope with his rising emotions and merely shook his head.

"Come inside, both of you," said Mr. Branscomb, and the two culprits followed him into the directors' room.

"Now, what's all this about?" he repeated.

"Well," Jakie commenced, "he called me outer me name. Ain't dat right?" He turned to James Walsh for corroboration, since he deemed it best to make common cause against the loss of their jobs. James nodded sulkily.

"So," Jakie went on, "we got mad an' scrapped."

Mr. Branscomb sat down at his desk with an air of decision. "You'll both leave on Saturday," he announced.

"We can't have any loafers fighting around here."

fortunate lady," his employer continued.

The rest of James Walsh's puffed features assumed the hue of his nose. "Say, Mr. Branscomb," he protested, "I don't know wot dis kid has been givin' yer, but—"

"To put it more plainly," Mr. Branscomb interrupted, "he says that he thinks I ought to give you back your job because you're engaged to be married to Miss Doty."

"Aw, he's daffy!" James Walsh blurted out.

Jakie turned an astonished face toward his conferees.

"Why," he exclaimed, "ain't youse engaged?"

"Aw, cut it out!" James Walsh rejoined and abruptly left the room.

Jakie shifted from foot to foot in his embarrassment. He certainly had made a mess of it, he cogitated; but, then again, weren't their actions those of an engaged couple?

"I guess you'd better go outside," Mr. Branscomb interrupted, "and tell Miss Doty I'd like to see her."

Sorrowfully Jakie departed and delivered his message. Then he repaired to the outer office to sit with the sulky James Walsh, whose presence alone stemmed his impending tears. How was he to know that Miss Doty and James Walsh were just friends and nothing more? Surely appearances were against them; but then Miss Doty was such a lady, nicer than the teacher of 6A grade in the Mangin Street school. Yes, she certainly was a—

Here the tide of his reflection was interrupted by the person herself, who bounced into the outer office with her hat pinned on awry. As she passed by Jakie she kissed the one word.

"Sneak!" and to James Walsh the equally offensive term "Idiot." Then she banged the hall door behind her and was gone. Mr. Branscomb followed on her heels, smiling grimly.

"James," he said, "you're a pretty good judge of women for a boy your age. On your way home tonight stop in at the International Typewriter company and pick out a homely stenographer. Tell her to come early to-morrow morning."

He turned from the hulking James Walsh to Jakie, whose eyes were bright with unshed tears.

"And you, Jakie," he said, "the next time you want to fight pick out a man your own size." He started to enter the inner office. "Oh, by the way," he called out, "I forgot to say that you both keep your jobs until further notice."

Jakie sat on the bench swinging his legs, too stunned to realize his good fortune. Soon he recovered his wits, and again the thoughts chased one another through his brain. If Miss Doty and James Walsh embraced, he reflected, it must have been on account of motives of friendship. On the other hand, he was friends with many girls in the neighborhood of the delicatessen store, but never once had he put his arm around them. Then, like a thunderclap, the true significance of the affair overcame him. He had spoiled it all.

"Say," he croaked, "youse two was secretly engaged. Ain't dat right?"

James Walsh surveyed the agitated Jakie with his remaining useful eye.

"Shurrup," he belittled, "or I'll lift de face of'n yer!"

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