

CAPITAL NEWS NOTES
Bismarck, N. D., March 8.—Bill Lemke would appear as a transformed man. In his attempt to manufacture effective political capital, as scarce as radium today in Non Partisan League circles he is making frantic maneuvers to pass himself as a champion of Miss Nielson, the state superintendent of education whom he and his associates stripped of all official duties and passed them over to Neil McDonald, the man the people said they did not want to entrust with those same powers.

Poor Bill Lemke's heart has weakened since he thus dragged democracy in his rotten mire. The majority of the members of the Non Partisan League support Bill Langer, North Dakota's fearless attorney general, in his refusal to be a party to the Lemke-Townley-Frazier plan to steal the office from one of the first women elected in North Dakota to state honors. This independence of thought on the part of the men Townley thought he had trained to have no opinions of their own has terrorized the inner clan of the League and it has had its spy glasses trained for some time to sight a harbor in which it can dry dock its ship and remove the McDonald barnacles.

This accounts for Lemke's attempt to make the decision of Attorney General Langer to the effect that as the state law only provided that women could vote for presidential electors and does not mention delegates to the National Convention that therefore they could not be a delegate to national conventions appear to be an attack on Miss Nielson. The North Dakota law is copied from the Illinois law and this is the interpretation put upon the law by the Illinois courts. With this opinion in hand Secretary of State Hall refused to put the names of the two women on the ballot, Miss Minnie J. Nielson, nominated by Convention No. 2, and Mrs. M. H. Rudd, endorsed by the Lemke gathering.

The supreme court held that delegates were not public officers, but were merely part of the party nominating machinery and that women were therefore entitled to be candidates, but peculiar as it may seem, the court does not hold that women can vote for such delegates.

Bill Lemke's attempt to come out as a supporter of Miss Nielson's will probably not meet with any more hearty support from that state official than did his mad venture to kidnap Senator Hiram W. Johnson and his campaign organization.

Does Townley realize that he is losing his hold on the people? Is he going to attempt to camouflage Townleyism as Progressive Republicanism. Clerk Coghlan of the supreme court, one of Townley's henchmen, has sent a letter to all league office holders ordering them to dig into their breeches and flop the gold and silver over to the contribution box of the Progressive Republican party. Said money he admits however, will all be used to bolster Townleyism. But this letter, like that of Jim Water's "Our prayers have been answered" was not intended for publication. A. H. Galagher who was one of Frazier's mining superintendents and a former organizer of the World War Veterans, is now out organizing Progressive Republican clubs, the purpose of which he declares is to bring Governor Frazier out for governor.

Brinton's "newspaper trust" bill comes up before the state supreme court March 18. Governor Frazier intervened through W. A. Anderson, Minneapolis Socialist lawyer, now attorney for the North Dakota state bank and the secretary of the state industrial commission, and this will cause considerable delay.

Manager Waters and Director General Cathro should have more rehearsal hereafter before they come out in the public print or maybe their prima donna temperaments make it impossible for them to get together and make their stories fit. Whatever the trouble is, each of them has an altogether different explanation of the reason why the state bank has loaned so little money to needy farmers. The former livery stable hostler maintains that it is because Attorney General Langer's office does not o. k. the abstracts rapidly enough and the esteemed director general who permits the state to pay his expenses while he is at home, gets all indignant vore it and charges it is because Eastern capitalists will not buy the state bonds. Boss Townley is having as much trouble with them as attorneys do with alibi witnesses. Two-headed management doesn't even make for efficient falsifying.

R. Selden Wilcox, state manager for Senator Hiram W. Johnson, has sent word to all his county managers, urging them to get out a big vote for Johnson March 16. The opinion is practically unanimous all over the state that Senator Johnson's tour was a remarkable demonstration and greatly strengthened his hold on the progressives and won to his camp the majority of the conservatives of his state who liked his firm stand on his record and principles, his refusal to compromise and his refusal to allow any organization to climb on his band wagon.

Attorney General William Langer on invitation of numerous farmers, most of them League members, spoke last week to large crowds at Harvey, Fessenden, Carrington and Wimbledon. The last named town is the home of Nelson A. Mason, secretary to Governor Frazier, and other state league officials.

Simon J. Nagel, president of the State Federation of Langer Clubs, has announced that the organization of the clubs is now proceeding rapidly in every county of the state. A surprising number of former leaguers, he declares, are joining the Langer organization. "The people realize that Bill Langer, if he is elected, will give them the best administration any governor ever did," says the former member of the Board of Control, "and without any financial backing we are enrolling thousands. It is a great spontaneous movement. The voters have decided that this time they are going to be the ones to select the state's chief executive."

A recent issue of the Appeal to Reason (League leaders bible) praises Governor Frazier for his attempt to secure the pardon of Kate Richards O'Hare.

Geel! but Lynn will have a bunch of friends throughout the United States when he retires from the gubernatorial chair next January.

LIBRARY NOTES

The public library gave out a total of 2509 books during December, 3084 during January, a gain of 800 for December over December of 1918, and 632 for January, over January of 1918. New members registered were 58 for December, 60 for January.

The library has increased its magazine list almost one-half in the past year. The new magazines subscribed for are as follows: American Boy, Country Gentleman, Country Life, Good Housekeeping, Independent, Industrial Arts Magazine, Living Age, Musician, Primary Education, Red Cross Magazine, Reliable Poultry, Successful Farming.

The World Trade Club favors the use of the meter in place of the yard for measurement, the liter for the liquid quart, and the gram for the pound. How do you stand on this? Call at the library, examine the late issues of the Weekly Meter-Gram and form your own conclusions on the subject.

Sam and Rastus were in a Jim Crow car en route to a plantation. They were discussing politics. Rastus was a partisan of the incumbent representative.

"Well," said Sam, "Ah likes him all right, Ah guess, but his platform ain't no good."

"Platfo'm!" snorted Rastus. "Platfo'm! Say nigger, don't you know dat a political platfo'm is jes' like a platfo'm on one o' dese yere railroad cars—hit ain't meant to stan' on' hits jes' meant to git in on'—Ex."

Belgium Sketches
In Government Service
By Katharine Eggleston Roberts

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The striped cat sat on a broken stone in an old Flanders battlefield. She fluffed her tail and glared across her whiskers at Bibi, the pup. "Everybody's always talking about a 'dog's life,' as though it were the hardest in the world. Huh! I wonder how they'd like to be a government cat out here in this devastated country. The rest of you animals don't have anything to do except sit around."

The gloomy dog didn't attempt to answer. His drooping eyes stared down the street of newly built huts. "Oh, stop it, Mina; you're always fussing." Siska, the goat, wrinkled her nose in disgust. "Why do you suppose the government gives all of us animals to these people who've come back to rebuild Dixmude and other places if we aren't good for something?"

"It's all very well for you to talk, Siska. There's no effort in merely giving milk; and as for Bibi, all he does is bark if he hears a stranger coming at night."

Bibi got up and turned around a few times and dropped down on another spot. He was tired of being responsible for everyone's safety, but he didn't feel like arguing about it.

"When I was drafted," continued Mina after a pause, "my mother said: 'Mina, it's a fine thing to serve your country, but I hate to see you going to live in those awful places.' Even then she thought I'd get a little milk once in a while. But no! No!" Mina



Goats—Reconstruction Animals Ready for Great Task.

grew oratorical. "Siska gives all her milk to the people. There's none for a poor, hard-working cat. Hard-working—that's it! I'm overworked. Do they expect me to catch all the rats and mice in Belgium? These shell holes are full of them. Talk about their underground tunnels. I don't know which has made the most of them, the rats or the Germans. And the homes they've made in those dead trees—I mean the rats. I tell you I'm just worn out, working night and day."

"Well, at least you can eat them. You don't have to live on what little food people can give you, as we do," Bibi finally spoke. "You're not always hungry."

"Eat them!" Mina snarled. "They are all I get to eat. I'm sick and tired of mice—and such poor quality, too. Ugh! You've no idea."

"Yes, yes, I know. It's the same with what little grass I find. It's rank and weedy. The best kind grows on the edge of the shell pits, but even a



Where He Used to Live.

goat has trouble to keep from slipping over the brink into the water. The ground is so loose around here. I wish they would raise some vegetables, but with all this iron cluttering the earth, I guess it's impossible. How I would love a good cabbage! As for work—you talk about working! Don't you know I'm supposed to help clean up the place, as well as give milk? Back home I used to be awfully fond of shirts and shoes, but I simply can't make myself swallow those I find out here."

"Now don't go getting morbid. You always get morbid. As if things aren't bad enough without talking about them all the time. Have you seen the new

pigs that came yesterday?" Bibi began a new conversation.

"No; how many?"

"Five."

"I wish they'd send more goats," moaned Siska miserably. "I'm lonely. There's no society at all. It's hard on a well-born goat."

"Well, I like that!" Mina's stripes stood out. "I'll tell you, I'm not used to associating with goats. I hope the next obus you nibble is loaded. Certainly—"

"Now, Mina, you know I didn't mean that. I'm really fond of you and Bibi; but a goat's different, that's all. There are certain things peculiar to a goat—"

"Thank heaven, yes," interrupted Mina.

"Oh, let Siska finish what she's saying."

"Well, as I was saying, I have ideas and desires with which you have no sympathy, because those things hold no interest for you. Now another goat would understand my attitude toward those red flags that mark the ammunition piles. There's an irresistible fascination in them—"

"I heard the captain of the camp over there say that the next time you ate one, and left the explosives unmarked, he was going to feed you a grenade," Bibi warned.

"That's just it—no one understands a goat. I'm homesick," Siska bowed her head.

"Poor old Siska; so am I," Bibi confessed, the tears running down his long brown nose.

"Oh, well, I guess that's why I'm grouchy. I simply can't forget my home, and be content," Mina blinked.

"I heard Jan Struyf say that's why he came back here. It's where he used to live. His home was down there where the old tank stands."

"Uh-huh, I know. He's clearing up the place to build again. Imagine being homesick for this scrambled land!" Siska wagged her beard from side to side.

"Still they're all alike," Bibi went on. "They work from dawn till night, and we reconstruction animals were sent here to help. I suppose we

shouldn't fuss. Wasn't it some old Greek who said, 'The world is only my idea.' If that's the case—"

"He's getting philosophical; I'm going to leave," Mina stretched her long, slim body.

"Oh, look!" The joy of living returned to Siska's eyes. She flitted her short tail and ran. "It's a nice new red flag!"

"Do you know," observed Mina to the pup, "sometimes I think that Siska must be Russian."

GRAVE HUNTERS STILL BUSY

Gangs of Searchers Wander About in Quest of Overlooked Bodies of Fallen Heroes.

Ypres is today as she was in 1918. To the east, south and north stretches an ugly, shell-chopped lifeless terrain, where gangs of "body snatchers" (the Tommys' name for grave hunters) are still wandering. Now and then, in some out-of-the-way, grass-stuffed crater they still find a weather-soaked uniform, gray or khaki, with a human skeleton inside it. They gather the bones together in a sack and carry them back to headquarters.

Or, they find a forgotten grave, probably marked by a little rain-blackened wooden cross. The battle area is dotted with these crosses—the only epitaph, on some being a rusty trench helmet. The "body snatchers" job is to dig up the bodies, put them in sacks, too, and bring them away for reburial.

Wrecked tanks, wagons, trucks, ammunition dumps, pill boxes are scattered up to the horizon. Four miles down the Menin road from Ypres many British tanks lie in one field, called the "tank cemetery."

Shortage of American Leather.

There is much complaint on the part of Belgian shoe manufacturers because of the recent heavy purchases from abroad. At the same time local manufacturers are greatly handicapped because of a shortage of all materials, particularly of American leather. With a view of ameliorating the situation the Syndicate of Shoe Manufacturers of Belgium has taken up with the government the question of producing a national standard shoe at a standard price. It is thought that in this way the home manufacturer may be able to produce an article to sell at not more than 50 francs, thus fulfilling an urgent public demand and at the same time stimulating and protecting the national industry.

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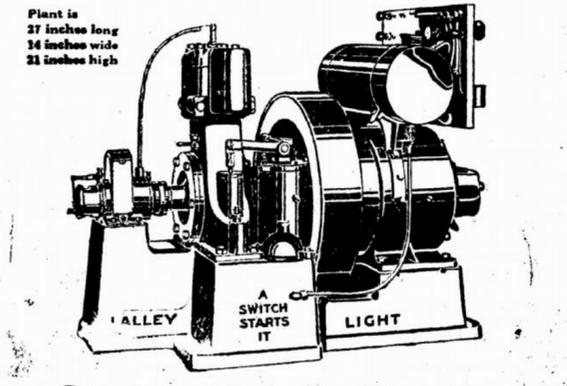
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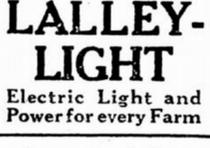
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MILLERAND ARRIVES FROM PARIS
Rome, March 8.—Premier Millerand, who arrived here today from Paris, after attending the session of the peace conference in London, immediately went into conference with the king, presumably to report on the foreign situation and to discuss the serious internal unrest. Disorder was reported today from all sections of the country.