

EDITORIAL

Here's a pleasing thought for our local democrats—the longer the republican party has in which to restore sound economic conditions, the higher liberty bonds are selling in the market.

An exchange says: "Pickets armed with yellow banners paraded in front of the armaments conference building in Washington urging the release of all slackers, conscientious objectors etc." We'll say the color of their banners were good.

John Skelton Williams, Comptroller of Currency under Wilson, complains of the high salaries paid to officials of the Federal Reserve Board. We have always thought that John Skelton received too high a salary when he was in the treasury department, although we never knew just what he was paid. A member of the Wilson administration complaining of extravagance is our idea of real high class humor.

We note that F. L. Watkins, of the state license department recently suffered the loss of a Thompson sub-machine gun which was stolen from him while in Minot. This machine gun is the property of the North Dakota National guard and is valued at \$270 which sum the license department will be required to make good to the national guard. It would seem to us that Mr. Watkins should have a guard appointed to see that none of these bold, bad men take his weapon away from him. Adding this item of \$270 to the \$400 repair bill on Mr. Watkins' Cadillac car makes this gentleman a rather expensive employee of the state.

At a meeting of the state auditing board at Bismarck yesterday the board passed a resolution requiring the Workmen's Compensation Board to submit their obligations to the board for approval before paying same. It seems that it has been the custom of this bureau to audit their own salary and expense vouchers without regard to the auditing board, which is contrary to laws governing the operation of the bureau. Commissioner of Insurance Olness was the only member of the board voting against the resolution. In this action he ran true to training. It would seem that our late friends of the socialistic persuasion framed laws that would look good to others but with no intention to obeying them. What's a little law between friends anyway when there is nothing involved but state money?

The C. N. this morning carries an article announcing the reported impending appointment of A. B. Denault of Jamestown as director general of the Bank of North Dakota and notes that Mr. Denault is agent for the Wells-Dickey Trust Co., of Minneapolis. They close their article as follows: "As the Wells-Dickey Trust company are heavily interested in North Dakota securities it is the belief of local people familiar with financial affairs that as the result of the appointment of their agent as director general of the bank, that they will make the biggest 'cleanup' that has ever been witnessed in the state." We'll say that if they can find anything to clean up or can teach us anything new along that line after our past five years experience, they will be dandies. Latest reports from Bismarck are to the effect that there is very little of the filthy lucre left to be cleaned up.

We give below a list of homes built in Fargo by the Homebuilders Association together with their cost as estimated by Mr. Baker, superintendent of construction, and their actual cost as shown by the books of the association. We quote these figures from a statement by Mr. Adams, present manager of the association:

Table with 3 columns: Name, Estimated Cost, Actual Cost. Lists names like Knutson, Wood, Brett, Hull, Johnson, Aardal, Lemke, Boeing, Bonquist, Follendorf, Potter, Adams, Wimer, Erickson, Anderson, Graham, McClintock, Borg, Anderson, Seeley with corresponding cost figures.

Although this is given as a complete list of homes built in Fargo we find no mention of the house built for Totten. It is a sad commentary on the efficiency and integrity of the Homebuilders Association officials to note that in only one of the homes built did the actual cost come within \$2,000 of the estimated cost, more especially when we consider that the homes were built at the time of falling prices of materials and labor. Construction not being started until June, 1920. We also note that, while the law governing the operation of the Homebuilders Association plainly states that no money shall be furnished for any home to cost in excess of \$5,000 there are eight of the houses listed whose estimated cost was in excess of this amount. The only conclusion which we are able to draw from these figures is that an attempt has been made to evade the law for the benefit of parties friendly to the administration, possibly as payment for services rendered.

PAPERS OF STATE RECEIVE THANKS

Fargo, N. D., Nov. 26, 1921. The Times-Record, Valley City, N. Dak. Gentlemen: With the installation of the new officers and the work of the Joint Campaign Committee with reference to the recall election was completed. The election and installation of these officials would not have been possible without the splendid co-operation on the part of the daily and weekly newspapers of the state. The daily papers have contributed thousands of dollars worth of space in the effort to carry the truth to the people. Permit me, therefore, in behalf of the Joint Campaign Committee to extend to the Times-Record and its staff the sincerest gratitude for its splendid co-operation in the campaign that closed with the installation at the state capitol of Nestos, Johnson and Kitchen. Sincerely yours, JOINT CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE Theo. G. Nelson, Sec.

V. C. CLUB GOOD ROAD MEETING

Tuesday evening, Dec. 6th, the Valley City Commercial Club will have a feed and good roads meeting. The feed will be put on at the Hotel Rudolf, seventy-five cents per plate. Will E. Holbein, secretary of the North Dakota State Good Roads Association will be the principal speaker. He comes with a message to the people of Barnes County and how the Townsend Bill which recently passed Congress will effect Barnes County. The road building game during the next couple of years will be one of the main industries of practically all of the states of the nation and in order for Barnes County to be able to get Federal aid it will be necessary to pass a constitutional amendment in this state. At the Tuesday meeting this and many other questions will be taken up. In order to get the most out of this proposition, and get what Barnes County is entitled to in the way of Federal aid under the new law we should get into the game early and learn where we are at. All will be welcome, only make reservation with Secretary Moe. Tuesday evening Dec. 6th, at 6:30 Hotel Rudolf, seventy-five cents per plate. Good roads for Barnes County and North Dakota.

ANNA CASE RIDES OVER 20,000 MILES

The country-wide appeal of Anna Case, the popular concert soprano who appears in recital on December 8, in the College Auditorium, may be judged from the fact that during the past season this beautiful artist traveled more than 20,000 miles filling engagements, and appeared at such widely scattered points as Tampa, Fla., Los Angeles, Cal., Seattle, Wash., and St. John, N. B. Canada. But the test of a singer's ability is



MISS ANNA CASE most to be found in her re-engagements in a city. Miss Case has appeared in Detroit, Mich., for four years in succession, in Canton, Ohio five times in three years, Montreal, Canada, for four years in succession. Des Moines, Ia., five times in three years. In Dallas, Texas, Miss Case gave such a startling recital to a crowd of 5,000 that four different organizations in that city immediately wired her managers after the concert for a booking. In fact there is scarcely an exception to the rule that once an audience hears Miss Case, it must hear her again. Rare beauty of voice, radiant beauty of person, keen musical understanding and the interpretive power of a genius, magnetic personality, and a carefully selected program account for Miss Case's unending successes.

Assistant librarian, Miss Bess Lowry, informs the editor that a very readable article on the talent of Miss Anna Case may be found in "Woman's Home Companion" for March, 1918. Since Miss Case is to sing in the College Auditorium the evening of December 8 there may be those of the student body who would be interested in reading a more or less intimate story of this charming singer.

GETCHELL PRAPRIE ITEMS Mrs. Savadies and daughter Helen Phillips of Hillsboro, N. D., is visiting her sister Mrs. Levi Getchell. The Annual Thanksgiving dinner was held at the church Thursday. A splendid program was given by the school children under the direction of their teacher, Mrs. Skidmore, and a collection was taken up for the children's home at Fargo. Mrs. Jay Rogers entertained Mrs. Savadies and children, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Getchell, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rogers and Mrs. Chas. Whitcher and daughter Harriet Saturday for dinner. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Harper and daughter Helen, Mrs. Skidmore, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Martin and Gussie White, enjoyed a turkey dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Harper of Valley City Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Grube entertained Mr. and Mrs. Herman Grube of Oriska and Mr. Martin Grube of Valley City for Thanksgiving dinner. Sunday school at 2 p. m., church 3 p. m. at the Chas. Whitcher home. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Martin and John Martin spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Grube. Dorothy Rogers spent Saturday night with Harriet Whitcher. Malhon Ronzheimer spent Thanksgiving at home, returning to Fargo Sunday afternoon where he is attending the A. C. Donna Grube enjoyed dinner with Jean Getchell Sunday evening. Miss Hoke and Miss Richardson were callers at the Fred Getchell Home Sunday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Maresh and family were callers at the Gust Yule home Sunday evening. Mrs. Ayres spent Saturday afternoon with the Mrs. Wilsons. Roland White of Eugene, Oregon who has been very sick with pneumonia is improving slowly. Mrs. Wm. Ronzheimer is spending a few days at the Riverside hospital from an operation on her tonsils. Edna Schultz of Hillsboro, N. D. who is attending the Teachers College of Valley City enjoyed dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Levi Getchell and Mrs. Savadies. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Maresh and family were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Maresh of Valley City Thanksgiving. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Taylor and giving Day. Family of Valley City enjoyed dinner Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Jay Rogers.

The Missing Letter

By HAROLD SINCLAIRE. Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.

We all looked upon Libby Arliss as an old maid, absurdly old, although her age could not have been more than thirty-five. But after her mother died she ceased to go about much in our village society; and by the time she was out of mourning she had settled down into a lonely life in her little home. She had a fine garden, and we boys and girls used to steal her pears and mock at her when she came out and threatened us.

"I'd like to get even with Miss Libby for being so mad about our taking her worny old pears," said Steve Marks, the "bad boy" of the village.

None of us liked Libby. That was how we came to concoct the love letter.

Why we hit upon William Tabor I can't quite remember. The Tabor had once been the most respected family in our village, but William was wild when he was a young man and went West, returning broken down in health, a year or two before.

Three of the high school scholars concocted the letter. It ran like this: "My Dearest William:

"May I—dare one whom the world calls a sour old maid, avow to you something against which I have fought for many months in vain? William, I love you! There, I have avowed it, and you cannot guess how shrinkingly I write down these words which my hand is powerless to stay. I love you—and now I have told you all. The rest is with you.

"LIBBY ARLISS." Why not send Libby a letter by the same post? I asked. No sooner thought of than acted upon. William's letter ran in this way:

"My Dearest Libby Arliss: "Because my tongue is weak and falters in your presence, I would fain write down the words I long to say to you. Libby, I love you. May I call to see you and tell you of the fatal passion which you inspire in my heart?" WILLIAM TABOR.

We dropped these epistles into the letter box and waited with bated breath, metaphorically speaking. We saw Mr. Tabor's buggy coming at breakneck speed down the road in a cloud of dust. He pulled in the horse outside the gate and hitched it to the fence. Then he got out and went in, walking very quickly. He rang the bell and Miss Libby came to the door. And as she stood there looking at him and smiling up at him, he took her in his arms and kissed her. That was enough for us. We were all thoroughly scared. We took to our heels and ran home. "Well, lady, there's news in the village," said my father, when he came home that night. "I know, dear," said my mother, smiling. "Libby Arliss and Will Tabor have made up again."

"Trust a woman for finding out these things," my father said. "Well, I'd always hoped it would come to pass, but I never thought it would be in just that way. It seems that she had written him a letter two years ago, when he returned, and he found it, unopened, yesterday evening, among a lot of old papers that his father left."

The next morning I met Steve Marks and he caught me by the wrist. "What do you think?" he exclaimed, indignantly. "Sylvia Temple has just confessed that those letters never reached them at all."

"What? Why?" I shouted. "Because she sneaked back to the postoffice after we had gone, and fished them out with a piece of stick with a fish hook in the end, and tore them up—that's why."

"Then how did it happen?" I asked. "I'm blessed if I know," he answered, scratching his head, and at that moment who should come along but Miss Libby herself. She looked ten years younger, and she smiled so prettily she gave me quite a scare.

"So you boys know all about it, I see," she said, when we blurted out our congratulations. "I can't begin to tell you how happy I am and—well, I guess I've been a pretty crabbed sort of woman for a long time. But now I want you all to come into my garden this afternoon and pick as many pears as you can carry away. They're just about ripe."

Well, you could have knocked me down with a feather, for I had had those pears on my mind all day.

Soap and Water. The Icelandic word geyser, meaning vehement, or impelled, has been so adopted as a household word and, in general, connected with heating water, that it is scarcely recognized as coming from the volcanic districts of Iceland, where the natural formation of fountains of boiling water thrown into the air to a height of more than 100 feet are a feature in the landscape which is as picturesque as it is interesting.

In order to induce the largest geyser in the most important group of volcanic springs in Iceland to "show off" during the visit of the king of Denmark and the royal party who accompanied him, a large quantity of soap was placed in the basin because for some years this particular spring had shown no activity of an explosive kind and this method of inducing an eruption is one that has always found favor.

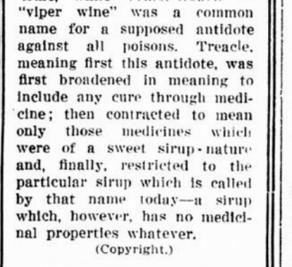
THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"TREACLE."

THOSE who have stumbled across the reference in Waller's ode to Charles II to "treacle yielded by your vipers" have naturally been puzzled to see the connection between a poisonous snake and the English name for sirup or molasses, a connection which dates back to the days of legendary lore. "Treacle" was originally a Greek word and, wrapped up in it, was the once popular belief that the best antidote for the sting of a snake was a concoction made from the tissues of the snake itself—a sort of "hair of the dog is good for the bite" idea. Milton speaks of the sovereign "treacle of sound doctrine," while "Venice-treacle" or "viper wine" was a common name for a supposed antidote against all poisons. Treacle, meaning first this antidote, was first broadened in meaning to include any cure through medicine; then contracted to mean only those medicines which were of a sweet sirup-nature and, finally, restricted to the particular sirup which is called by that name today—a sirup which, however, has no medicinal properties whatever. (Copyright.)

Eugene Walter recently told the story of an obstreperous actor whose anxiety over his billing far overshadowed his histrionic talents in a forthcoming production. "What's this?" the player demanded just before the opening, hearing the producer in his den and pointing to a three-sheet being prepared to advertise the show. "What about my name?" "It's on there," answered the manager, wearily, displaying the bill. "Yes," protested the actor, "only you seem to have forgotten I am to be featured. This sheet must read 'with' and my name directly after the title of the play."

"No," the response came. "I've decided to change that word 'with' to 'but.'"



A TIE GAME Sister: What was the score? Bobbie: Two black eyes on each side.

MID-WINTER FESTIVITIES URGE EVENING DRESS



Contrasting these are the Spanish lace gowns of midnight blackness. Right here let it be said that lace frocks are quite the prevailing fashion. Straight line dresses vie with the bouffant-fitted waist modes. Chiffon velvet, also brocade, divides honor with crepe for the former. In gowns of this sort, décolleté is no more extreme, the bottom of the skirt is irregular and for formal wear the sleeves are nil. Speaking of flower garnitures, the latest idea is to accent the left hip with a huge cluster or chou of petals. The thought is featured in the alluring orchid-crope frock of our illustration. The beads are iridescent and are artfully patterned in simulation of a broad ceinture (girdle) effect.

When mere man says in describing her frock, "She was dressed in simple white," do not be misled, for it is almost a certainty that the "simple white" was a rare French creation, wherein "art concealed is revealed the most." This prepares for what we are about to say, that simple white is the latest whim of fashion for evening gowns. For instance, white chiffon velvet is classically draped without a trace of ornamentation, except pearl garniture, after the princess style. With this is carried a marvelous mauve ostrich fan. The slippers are of silver brocade with rhinestone buckles. Another dainty white frock for a young girl is of gleaming ivory satin, made bouffant.

Americans Lose by Collapse of Mark

COLLAPSE of the German mark to a point below 1 cent, for the first time in financial history, has caused a loss of millions of dollars to American investors and speculators. The exact amount of this loss is difficult to even approximate, for marks have been sold in this country, as well as in all other countries, in every conceivable manner, and through hundreds of varied channels.

The guess of one banker is that no less than \$100,000,000 worth of marks have been disposed of in the United States since the armistice, and that the average price paid for these marks was approximately 2 1/2 cents. On that basis, and at the present quotation, approximately 60 cents of every American dollar put into marks has been lost.

It was not until mid-summer, after the armistice was signed, that quotations in the German mark were resumed. They started at 7 1/2 to 8 cents per mark.

The appeal of the traffic in German currency was directed at those familiar with Germany and her industrial and financial efficiency in pre-war days. With the mark selling at 5, 4, 3, or 2 cents, the point was made that the

German government would soon be on its feet, and that her financiers would quickly bring the mark back to 23.8 cents, its pre-war worth. The bait was attractive.

The decline in marks is due to the oversupply furnished by the German printing press, including treasury notes and other forms of paper currency. The German circulation now outstanding is in excess of 100,000,000,000 marks. The gold held by the reichsbank is only about 1 per cent of this sum.

Germany is already virtually bankrupt as to its internal debt. Is it the thought anywhere in Berlin that by causing or pleading bankruptcy as to the external or reparational debt the situation could not be worse and something might turn up to make it better?

World War Isn't Over for These Two

CHEYENNE, WYO.—It's a far call from the war-torn Germany of 1916 to the peaceful Chugwater Flats, Wyo., of 1921, but Adolf Pfänder made it in his confession here of an attempt to rob the state bank of Chugwater by himself and his ally, Herman J. Kusel, in a declaration of war against America and all things American—grim, taciturn, fidgeting from the sting of more than 300 birdshot in his back and arms—listened to his young confederate's disconnected narrative and affirmed outstanding points by interlarding guttural sentences.

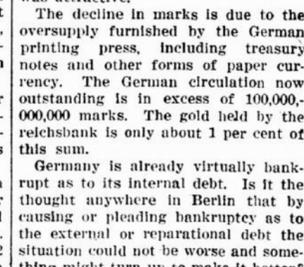
Kusel, fifty-five years old, Swiss by birth, was shot down and captured at Chugwater. Pfänder, plunging into a thicket, escaped for the time, made his way afoot, by automobile and by train 110 miles to Bushnell, Neb., in 26 hours, and there was arrested by pursuing officers in a clothing store which he and Kusel had established as a base for their campaign against American law and order.

Kusel, when the war broke out, was a tailor at Sterling, Colo.; Pfänder was a student in Germany. They were acquainted, but how they became so the story did not reveal. Kusel, the Swiss, was intensely pro-German in

sympathy; so strongly so, in fact, that eventually after the United States entered the war, he was adjudged an enemy alien, it is alleged, and his little property was confiscated. Before that took place, however, he admitted that he had conspired with Pfänder for the latter to come to America and engage with him in securing information which might aid Germany in combating America. He joined Kusel too late for consummation of their plan to aid Germany by acting as spies, but their mutual hatred of America and everyting American inspired them to combine revenge with profit by striking at what they conceived to be the Americans' pocketbooks; and this, they decided, best might be accomplished by the robbery of banks.



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