

New Ulm Review

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The recent auto accidents at Comfrey and Springfield lead one to wonder whether there may be some very good and potent reasons for the extreme anti-non-partisan league feeling existing in those two towns. Their saloon traffic with the people from the surrounding desert is probably quite lucrative and it would be a pity to have it cut off. Governor Burnquist and the Safety Commission must be kept good natured and assured of the loyalty of those two places in order that they may not close up the booze joints which are supplying the boot-leggers. An easy way to prove one's loyalty — to Gov. Burnquist — is to fight the non-partisans.

"Satan finds mischief still for idle hands to do" is still true, evidently, and this was proven again when young Wartha of this city stole an automobile and sold it last week. Wartha had been an employee at the Review office for about four years and we never found the slightest indications of thievery in his make-up. He frequently had opportunities to make away with cash or with other materials in the place but never was anything ever missed during the whole time he was working here. Last fall he thought he saw a chance of advancement by working for the Lisch Printing Company and left our employ. From that time on he has worked only intermittently and frequently has been off duty. This gave him time to run around and to think up mischief and that he used his spare time for this purpose appears very plain since he managed to get into what was very serious mischief. The work or fight order may do away with such escapades. A lively, spirited youngster needs to be kept employed for he's got to be doing something every minute and if he's handled right he'd just as soon expend his efforts to some good end as not. Wartha was not a bad boy, not naturally dishonest and not nearly so foolish as his act would lead one to think. Joy riding has been looked upon with tolerance by many and it is very doubtful indeed whether he had any intention of making away with the car for keeps when he drove it out of the yard at Wagner's. Probably if he had been working at a steady job he wouldn't have thought of such a thing as a joy-ride to Minneapolis in a car not his own on a working day.

The Proper Spirit

If all County Attorneys would publicly denounce acts of vandalism and other such doings as County Attorney A. L. Young of Sibley County recently did in the "Winthrop News" there would be fewer acts of violence and less personal spite work committed in the name of loyalty.

To enforce his arguments for decency, the County Attorney quoted as follows from President Wilson's address delivered before the labor convention at Buffalo, N. Y. last fall:

"We are in the conflict across the waters in support of Americanism, American ideals, good morals, obedience to law and the good order of society, the right of every individual to all freedom and liberty which do not tend to deprive any other individual of the same right. How inconsistent it is and how highly improper then is it not for persons and individuals, claiming loyalty, good American citizenship, and to be law-abiding to prowl about in the night time and in a cowardly way under the cover of darkness mar and injure other people's property and to discoler and take delight in making it seem abnormal.

"And then again, what good does conduct of that kind accomplish? It would seem that the least thought on the subject ought to dictate that it cures no evils, but, on the contrary, kindles new ones, arouses animosities, and stirs the victims to resentment and dispositions to retaliation. And it is positively true that these results are brought about. How decidedly wrong, then, is it to do these things!"

Young is to be commended for the stand he takes and it is to be sincerely hoped that others may follow suit.

A stranger visiting New Ulm for the first time one last week commented on the beautiful, well-kept thoroughfares. However, it would not for him to see some of our back alleys. There is one right in the heart of the business district that certainly needs a cleaning up and there really is absolutely no need for the accumulations of paper and other refuse there. Whose business is this?

A PICTURE OF RUSSIA

We are in Russia. The Neva is frozen. Heavy carriages roll upon its surface. They improvise a city. They lay out streets. They build houses. They buy. They sell. They laugh. They dance. They permit themselves anything. They even light fires on this water become granite. There is winter, there is ice and they shall last forever.

A gleam pale and wan spreads over the sky and one would say that the sun is dead. But no, thou art not dead, oh Liberty! At an hour when they have most profoundly forgotten thee; at a moment when they least expect thee, thou shalt arise, oh, dazzling sight! Thou shalt shoot thy bright and burning rays, thy heat, thy life, on all

this mass of ice become hideous and dead.

Do you hear that dull thud, that crackling, deep and dreadful? 'Tis the Neva tearing loose. You said it was granite. See, it splits like glass. 'Tis the breaking of the ice, I tell you. 'Tis the water alive, joyous and terrible. Progress commences. 'Tis humanity beginning its march. 'Tis the river which retakes its course, uproots, mangles, strikes, together, crushes and drowns in its wave not only the empire of the upstart Czar Nicholas, but all of the relics of ancient and modern despotism.

That trestle work floating away? It is the throne. That other trestle? It is the scaffold. That old book, half sunk? It is the old code of capitalist laws and morals. That old rookery just sinking? It is a tenement, house in which wage slaves lived. See these all pass by; passing by nevermore to return; and for this immense engulfing, for this supreme victory of life over death, what has been the power necessary? One of thy looks, oh sun! One stroke of thy strong arm, oh, labor! — Victor Hugo.

TO GET THE GOODS

That exceptionally clever woman, Miss Agnes Laut, writes two strong pages in the *New Republic* on the subject of "Averting Famine". She says many good things on the subject. But she doesn't seem to see that the way to avert famine is to produce food. She doesn't see that food has to be produced from land, and that food cannot be produced from land that is held out of use. She doesn't see that all land held out of use can be taxed into use. A heavy tax upon unused land would force its use and that would get us more food, oil and minerals. Such production would stimulate manufacture generally. A tax such as referred to would not only produce food. It would produce revenue. By such taxation everything could be done that price-fixing has tried to do. If we untaxed the farmers' barns and houses and machinery and improvements we'd keep down his operating cost. So if we untaxed factories and machines and tools we'd increase the supply of manufactured goods. A heavy tax upon land held out of use will increase the supply of everything and do it sooner than any other device yet suggested, if indeed any other device will do it at all.

PLATFORM OF LABOR'S NON-PARTISAN LEAGUE

- Sec. 1. Public ownership of public utilities.
- Sec. 2. Home rule, the power for the municipality to legislate for itself.
- Sec. 3. Equal rights to all; special privileges to none.
- Sec. 4. Efficiency and economy in city government, all municipal work to be done by day labor instead of by contract.
- Sec. 5. The restriction by law of the use of the injunction process in labor matters.
- Sec. 6. Trial by jury of contempt cases, arising from alleged violations of injunction orders.
- Sec. 7. Direct legislation through the initiative and referendum and the recall, including the recall of judges.
- Sec. 8. Minneapolis for a hundred per cent "Americanism" which stands behind President Wilson in the war for freedom abroad, and insistence for Democracy at home.

A MATTER OF MISTAKES

When a plumber makes a mistake, he charges twice for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake, it's just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake, it becomes the law of the land.

When an electrician makes a mistake, he blames it on induction; nobody knows what that is.

But when an editor makes a mistake in a story, he gets (censored) for he's got no excuse.

DID YOU EVER TRY?

Ever sit at a typewriter and try to see what matter of public interest you could write about, how you could say something nice about that one, give some idea on a popular topic, make some suggestions which might be carried out by someone in the community who had the time and money to do so, smooth over someone's mistakes which had reached the public ear, try and explain why such and such things are not so, make a hero or heroine out of someone who had done something a little unusual, give the proper space to the life of a departed citizen, laud the beauty and grace of a bride, see that every organization that has met has its name mentioned, give the names of all the new officials of any order, announce the events which are planned, write up

the programs of entertainments, omit everything that should be omitted from publicity, write everything which everybody wants you to write about, and withal make no enemies? Then you're partly fitted to be an editor of a small town newspaper. — *Mitford (Mass.) Citizen.*

YOUTH

(The writer of this letter, printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is a boy of nineteen, who at the time was making his third flight without guidance.)

January 3, 1918.

Dear Aunt Lot:

Where on earth do you think I am? To tell you the honest truth, I'm not on earth at all. I am 5,000 feet in the air! All alone! The engine is making such a noise that I can't hear myself think, but it is very smooth up here at 5,000 feet, so I can run the 'bus with my left hand and write to you with my right! I am beginning to think I am some aviator now, because I can go up and write letters in the air.

I just received your Page & Shaw's chocolates to-day. They have followed me all over England, and finally got here. There is a little box on the instrument-board of this plane, and in it are six or seven chocolate gumdrops which I shall eat.

The flight commander sent me up and said, 'Fly around for an hour'; so here I am, with a board on one knee to write on. Isn't this a novel letter? I see another machine over the town doing circles. I guess it's Tom. We were told to meet at 2,000 feet over the town and fly around together. I'm at 5,000, and I'm going to dive to 2,000 and wave at him. Wheel! Motor off, stick forward, and down we go! Gad, it's bumpy down here at 2,000! It's Tom all right, because I know the number of his machine. He waved — I waved. I shall climb.

I hate this bumpy strata of air I'm in now. Smooth again. I'm now at 6,000 feet, still climbing. Tom is about 6,000 feet, but passing directly under me.

I'm now at 8,500, and have completely lost sight of the aerodrome. I've lost sight of Tom also. I'll let him go, because it's too wonderful up here. I guess Tom has had engine-trouble or run out of petrol. He sees me and is waving with both hands. Down I go after him, over 100 miles an hour. I'm now at 3,000 again. Tom has landed in a field about half a mile from the aerodrome. A lot of people are running to his machine from some little farm houses. No, he hasn't crashed. I can see him getting out of his machine. Out of petrol, I guess. They must have forgotten to fill his tank up before he went. I hope he has had sense enough to telephone to the aerodrome for some petrol. He's now sitting calmly on top of his 'bus.

I've been up half an hour. I shall climb to 10,000 feet and spiral to the aerodrome, just for practice. On the way up there I shall eat the chocolate gum-drops.

I've lost the aerodrome again! I'm now at 9,000 feet, and am getting very cold, so I'll turn around and glide in. I'll stall first, just for the sinking sensation. Going only 30 miles an hour, motor off, and about to sink — sinking, nose level. Controls have very little effect at this speed. I'm merely dropping, nose down, and get up speed — 50, 70, 90, 100 miles an hour. Flatten out, 90, 80, 70, 65, motor on again, and away we go — 7,000 feet now. All chocolate gum-drops eaten!

Ah! — I see the aerodrome again. Tom's machine is just leaving the ground; it's getting further and further away from its shadow. I'm all alone in this aeroplane, with one empty seat in front. I wish you were in it; I'd give you some wonderful thrills that would make 70 miles an hour down a crowded street in an automobile seem like riding in a baby carriage!

Do I dare try a loop? I believe not — not yet anyway. I'm right over the 'drome at 6,000 feet, so I'll try a spin. Wheel! Three times wing over wing was all I did, but what a sensation — dropping all the time! There are three other machines trying to get into the aerodrome, and they are all below me, so have right of way. They're in now, so down I glide — need right hand for landing, and so I must stop.

Now at 1,000 feet. Bumpy again and can't make the aerodrome from here, so must fly around it and try again.

Well, I've got to do to the rest with my right hand! Much love, and how I miss my dear old aunt!

Your loving nephew,

(200 feet from ground)

JOHNNIE.

P. S. — I'm now on terra firma, engine stopped (my fault), and calmly stranded in the middle of the field, waiting for someone to come and swing my propeller again, so I can "taxi" back to the sheds. Had a great flight — 1 hour and 10 minutes, with a very good landing, except for letting the engine stop. Well anyway this is some letter. My poor hand is cold as ice, but I had a great time.

JOHNNIE.

NO MORE OILING OF STREETS THIS YEAR

FEDERAL REGULATIONS FORBID USE OF ROAD OILS BY MUNICIPALITIES

NEW FIRE TRUCK WILL COST NEARLY EIGHT THOUSAND DOLLARS

From \$7000 to \$8000 will be expended for the new auto fire truck which is to be supplied the Fire Department of the city of New Ulm. Bids have been asked for and will be received up to Monday evening, July 29. The new machine is to be a combination truck with chemical engine, hose carrier, and pump.

The capacity of the pump is to be 300 gallons per minute with a pressure of 125 pounds. 1200 feet of hose will be carried in addition to the 200 feet of hose belonging to the chemical engine.

Complete Apparatus.

Some time ago a committee consisting of Mayor Eibner, Chief Henry Engel and his assistants Jos. F. Groebner and Fred Pfander and Councillors Fred Behnke and Christ Filzen made a trip to the Twin Cities to look over various kinds of trucks and it was their report to the council which brot about the call for bids.

The machine will be a complete fire apparatus in itself and will be of great advantage in case a fire should occur at any of the large outlying institutions, such as the hospitals, college, mills, breweries and brick yards.

No More Road Oil.

The application of the city made to the State Highway Commission to allow the purchase of road oil has been denied. Federal regulations prevent the sale of this oil to municipalities. This leaves the city practically without any road oil and no more work in this line will be done during this season. It is possible that the request for Tarvia may be granted but this will depend upon the decision of a representative of the Highway Commission who is to visit New Ulm some time soon.

East Enders Praised.

Representatives from the east end of town appeared at the meeting to make sure that their Fourth of July parade would not be interrupted and also to request the use of lights for their park both for their Fourth of July celebration and their Red Cross benefit which is to be given Saturday evening this week. The request was granted cheerfully and the people from that section of town were commended for their patriotic spirit.

Routine Business.

The Chicago & Northwestern Railroad has been notified by the City Council to construct cement crossings on First and Third North Streets. Hose house Number 3 will be repainted. Andrew Saffert was granted a building permit to improve his property on North Minnesota Street.

MINNESOTA LAKES THE PLAYGROUND OF THE NATION

Ten thousand lakes is not a mere figure of speech — it is a concrete fact, and the lakes are the prettiest in the world. The hills and valleys, great timbered stretches and the rivers and streams all combine in the greatest picture of natural beauty to be seen anywhere.

Even our own people have no real conception of the grandeur of the scenery of northern Minnesota, and now that we are building good roads and otherwise providing for the tourist it is reasonable to believe that the efforts of the association will meet with speedy response, and that soon the fame of northern Minnesota as a playground will be known the country over.

We have but to make our wonderful domain known to have it appreciated by the thousands upon thousands who are looking for exactly what we have to offer — people who would be satisfied with much less.

Vermilion, Pelican, Pokegama, Leech, Red, Winnibegoshish, Rainy and Lake of the Woods are the best known lakes of the ten thousand, because of their size, but there are thousands of lesser bodies of clear, sparkling water that are just as attractive, and are awaiting the pleasure of the people who long for the real beauty in nature.

A consistent advertising campaign will bring people to us from afar, and they will bring others with them, because there is no other locality that approaches northern Minnesota.

This week's Review contains evidence that some of the people in the lake regions of the state realize the value of advertising and have decided to do their share to build up their section of Minnesota. The three advertisements this week's paper contains all tell but a mere fraction of the pleasures to be found in the resort regions so near to us and yet so far because no one has ever before asked us to visit them. Try to get time this summer for an outing that will show you the beauties of your home state. There is no fairer or more wonderful state taken as a whole in the Union. Get acquainted with it. Don't let people from Kansas and Nebraska and Chicago and other places to the south know more of our own section than we do ourselves. In writing to the advertisers be sure to tell them you saw the advertisement in the Review. This will help both you and us.



Hotel Idlewilde, AN OLD AND

well known Summer Resort on Osakis Lake; under present management for seventeen years has proved that the best advertising is to satisfy its patrons — They tell others. Write for rates, stating when you would like to come, and that you have read this advertisement and if we have the room we will be glad to accommodate you.

E. R. Ruggles, Osakis, Minn.

Pleasant Lake Lodge

S. H. DUNTON, PROP. ANNANDALE, MINN. New Cottages with Screened Porches. Everything New. Equipped for Light House-keeping.

Pike, Pickerel, Bass, etc., fishing. Boat free with each cottage. Tennis and croquet grounds. RATES \$12.00 PER WEEK

Spring Dale Resort

Lake Augusta, South Haven, Minn.

An ideal place to spend your summer vacation. Best of fishing, excellent bathing, good, roomy, screened cottages, boat free, farm in connection where fresh eggs, milk and vegetables can be had. Two mails daily and first class telephone service. Rates \$1.00 per day for cottages. For full particulars write GEORGE W. RUDOLPH, Prop.



SERVICE SECURITY COURTESY

TODAY

Yesterday has gone into the discard forever. Tomorrow may never be allotted to you. Today is the only certainty. What you do not do today may never be done. Many things may happen before tomorrow, someone may sell you some worthless securities at exorbitant interest rates — better stick to farm mortgages. We have on hand a fine list of them of various denominations.

FIRST MORTGAGE FARM LOANS

6 per cent net. PHONE: OFFICE 102 RESIDENCE 106 (ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS)



N. HENNINGSEN AGENCY New Ulm, Minn.

THE MEN'S STORE AWAITS YOU,

READY NOW, AS NEVER BEFORE TO CLOTHE YOU SATISFACTORILY AND ECONOMICALLY.

If you want the refinement of customer and the price of a ready to wear, get acquainted with

"OUR CLOTHES"

fifteen to forty dollar suits for every taste, every figure, every age and every pocketbook.

The Fred Meine Clothing Co. NEW ULM, MINNESOTA

Save Your Dime For Tag Day