

FOREST CITY PRESS.

"The Inquiry of one is the Concern of all."

Vol. XXXIV—No. 24

FOREST CITY, POTTER CO., SO. DAKOTA, OCT. 4, 1916

\$1.50 PER ANNUM

An instance of how some big companies keep close watch on the details of their business is furnished in the Edison Phonograph Co. writing to Messrs Rowland Jones & Co., criticising the latter for using the expression "Talking Machines" in their adv. which has heretofore been running in The Press. The Edison Machines are no comparison with the cheap "talking" machines put on the market by other companies

It is said there will be another frost about the middle of the month—if none occurs then, there will sure be one the 7th of November

After trimming the feathers and otherwise disguising their mascot eagle, the United States Marines attached to the American Legation at Peking China, recently succeeded in matching their bird of freedom to fight a previously undefeated cock which was the pride of the Chinese sporting element.

Upon being placed in the pit, the eagle went to sleep. The cock full of pepper, bravely handed his adversary two blows. This was too much for the Marine mascot; he awoke from his dream of the snow-capped Sierras and deliberately pulled the chicken's head off. Our sea-soldiers anticipate no further challenge.

"The Great Conspiracy of the House of Morgan Exposed" and a practical plan to prevent its consummation, is a new book just off the Press, by H.L. Loucks, Watertown South Dakota.

In view of the recent legislation changing our financial system from Government money to that of national bank credits, the conferring on a small group of men the special privilege of a monopoly, for private profit, of the constitutional power to issue and control the money of the nation, and to charge such rates of interest for the use of money or credit, as will satisfy the demands of private monopoly; the study is a timely one.

The author handles the subject in a clear, concise and convincing manner; giving the official evidence upon which he bases his charge.

The price in cloth cover will be one dollar, and in paper cover sixty cents.

Order from the Press office.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. J.G. Antrim of Cheyenne Agency and J. B. Vesey of Pocatontas, Miss., for renewal of their subscriptions, and to J.W. Cass, Fairbank and W.O. Huffman, Gettysburg for new subscriptions

The second annual foot ball game between the state University teams of South Dakota and Montana will be played in Aberdeen, on Saturday, Oct. 7th, 1916, called at 2:30 p. m. These are two of the best teams of the west, and this is one of the big games of the season. The Montana team is the heavier, but the Dakota team is said to be faster. Reserved seats may be had for the game by addressing the Aberdeen Commercial Club.

A "JOY RIDE"

It is not so much the incidental details of a long journey that linger in one's memory when they take a long hike—as, for instance, to Kansas City "or bust"—as it is the view of the trip as a whole, that enables one to compare local obscurity or backwardness with the enterprising, the beautiful, and progressive, of older communities. It is with this thought in mind that the writer rehearses the following story.

It was bright and early on a Friday morning when Comrade Samuel M. Howard's Overland car pulled out of Gettysburg, with an editor and Will French, chaff., for Onida, to pick up Comrade Henry C. Spencer, bound for Kansas City to attend the fiftieth encampment of the National G.A.R. On the suggestion of friends previous to starting, it was decided to go thru Arlington, Brookings and Sioux Falls, to get best roads, which came near being our undoing. In addition to meeting with inferior roads, our chaff. got called down by a blue-coated "cop" in the city of Sioux Falls, when rounding a street corner, thru a misunderstanding of his lordship's gyrations.

From Onida we went to Blunt, thence east along the "Black and Yellow Trail" as far as Brookings where we turned South and went down the Sioux valley. We were at Arlington at 7:30 p.m. the far end of the first day, after making a run of 210 miles, reached Sioux Falls at one o'clock the second day, arriving at Jefferson S.D. on the Sioux river, 17 miles from Sioux City, at 9 p.m. where we spent our second night. Thus far we had two "blow-outs." Coming down the Sioux valley we must have crossed the river five times, over its tortuous course, seeing some fine scenery and a thrifty country, however. Here we crossed the river again as we entered Iowa, and were delighted to find a paved road for the next seven miles which took us into and thru Sioux City.

For the second day's run our "speedometer" registered 186 miles. Only about twenty minutes were spent in Sioux City, the third day of our hike, the time being limited if we made Kansas City before the middle of the encampment, even. After leaving S.C. our first town was Sloan, next came Onawa, then came Sioux river and Little Sioux two towns a mile apart, after which we decided to stop to see how or what Iowa watermelons and muskmelons tasted like. As luck had it we stopt hard by the orchard of a good Woodman and his family; this was not discovered, however, till after we were compelled to adjourn further proceedings by the right front wheel of our car "busting" and compelling a stop to get repairs. Unfortunately these were not to be had short of Council Bluffs, some fifty miles away. "Uncle Sammy" and our chaff.—(after deciding the merits of the case while filling up on watermelons, muskmelon, apples etc)—were fortunately favored by our host, Neighbor W. M. Conyer, having some business at the next R.R. station of Mondamin Iowa, where they got the train the same evening. The "rest of us" (the writer and Comrade Spencer) were most agreeably entertained by Neighbor Conyer's estimable family, when we were not strolling thru the orchards or along the avenues overhung by walnut, maple, or cottonwood trees. At this place the road laid not far from the Old Muddy, while elsewhere the river bottoms did not seem to be populated, the highway being laid along the foot of the bluffs at these places. The corn here was from ten to thirteen feet in height, a sample being brought into town measuring the latter figure. Here

we found nearly every farmer plowing, much of the threshing being yet to do. The road was lined by tall trees almost continuously, orchard, corn field or woodland making the view seem like one continuous park.

It was not till 3:45 p.m. the following (fourth) day that we got started again. After passing Mondamin and Missouri Valley, we had a fine stretch of some twenty miles of paving, or rather rock road, which took us into Council Bluffs. Here the writer does not know just what happened—we'll "solemnly affirm" that Chaff. Will French and Uncle Sammy had not had anything stronger than water to drink for several hours (they occupied the front seat all the while); but they ran into the city park, which laid at the top of a bluff overlooking the city, and after making several turns up hill and down hill came to the point at which they entered the park. None of us knew which way to turn next to get down into the business section. Luckily we found at last a couple ladies to put us on the right road. (We would suggest to the city dads of Council Bluffs, by the way, that they should put up more guideposts in their charming park.)

The night of the fourth day found us in Glenwood Iowa, another beautiful little city, with paved streets, many handsome residences electric lights etc. From here we diverged off southeast to Burlington Junction, to visit an old comrade-in-arms of "our boss", where we had many narrow escapes from getting "balled up" again. This side trip was also made returning, when we had a sight of a flying machine, off at some distance. The hills were so numerous covered with their big trees that we were unable to tell the point at which it came slowly down. Residents of the little town (Platte City) a short distance north of Kansas City, informed us that it was one of the features of their county fair.

Getting back again on the "O.K. (standing for Omaha Kansas City) Trail" at Shenandoah, we rapidly passed the pretty cities of Maryville, Savannah, St. Joe and one or two others, Tuesday, entering Kansas City, our destination, at a little after nine o'clock, thirty minutes later finding fine accommodations at the Sexton Hotel, which was the headquarters of the G.A.R., also So. Dak. department. This made us a journey of nearly or quite 800 miles. No effort was made to keep a record of the distance after the speedometer played out, on our third day; the other reason for not doing so, was our long detours, which did not give us a true record of the direct distance from our starting point to K.C.

The writer decided from the start that it was two much of a contract for him to chronicle the adventures of our chaff., so we can't say what he was doing in the meantime, while we—the writer—was taking in the city. Wednesday forenoon was taken up with watching the preparations for the "Grand Parade" of the G.A.R., being the first the writer had ever witnessed. With packed streets and dense humanity, this came off in the forenoon, two hours being necessary for the marchers to pass a given point. One of the most noted features in the parade was the drum corps from the Sioux Falls post, who were dressed in costume representing the colonial days of 1776. Our "Comrades" in the afternoon had business and visits aplenty with their chums of '61 to '4; the writer never learned what our chaff. was doing (in the afternoon); but when we heard a city-chaff. "crying" for passengers for a 20-mile ride out to the bluffs—this time, cliffs—we bethought ourselves of the "Old Muddy" at home (also that we would not have any trouble in finding our way out this time), so we were game, provided we would be taken past the Union depot and then left at the

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steamboat pier. This being satisfactorily arranged, we easily got our \$'s worth—to make a long story short. Luckily we were just in time to catch the excursion boat "Chester" at 2:30 o'clock about to start on a twelve-mile voyage down the river and back. This fine steamer somewhere near a hundred feet in length, double deck, electric lighted, burned oil for fuel, and had its upper deck furnished with an orchestra of three musicians, also refreshments of various kinds, including sandwiches, ice cream, soft drinks etc. There was nearly a hundred excursionists on this trip, which only cost 25c. We were quite sorry we had to leave K. C. the following day, which fact prevented us from having a chance to get our Chaff. Willie into another predicament. Here we also had the pleasure of seeing a freight boat (commerce carrier) unloading a quantity of iron which was transferred into a railroad car standing beside the dock.

Wednesday evening came the campfire, when an immense audience, claimed to be over ten thousand people, heard a number of speeches, music etc., including one of Billy Sunday's favorite songs, and a speech by Corporal Tanner, ex-Commander-in-Chief.

Thursday morning Comrade Howard had a chance to attend a reunion of the Shiloh veterans, a light but steady rain lasting for some three hours preventing the writer from seeing more of the city. By 1:30 our party was ready to start for home again, the rain by this time having ceased. For two days thereafter the roads and weather were perfectly delightful. In

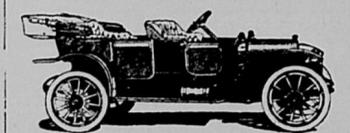
Missouri and southern Iowa it was up one hill and down another, especially in going to and from Burlington Junction; but everywhere the hills were cut down to easy grades, the streams bridged by solid masonry and wide grades, so that there was no stopping when meeting or passing another car, while everywhere native timber

[Continued on last page]

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