

Bismarck High School Enters 69 Students in State May Festival

ENTRANTS IN FARGO CONTESTS LEAVING HERE ON THURSDAY

Ten Branches of Interscholastic Competition Will Be Contested by Locals

TRACK TEAM IN SPORTS

Girls' Glee Club, Band, Vocal Sextet, Tennis Club and Soloists on Program

Sixty-nine Bismarck high school students are entered in 10 branches of the annual May festival which will be conducted at the North Dakota Agricultural college at Fargo Friday and Saturday.

This was announced today by William H. Payne, principal of the local high school.

Bismarck students are entered in the following contests: Girls' glee club, band, violin solo, piano solo, declamation, tennis, vocal sextette, vocal solo, saxophone solo, and track and field meet.

The local school is not entered in the dramatic contest.

Most of the students will go to Fargo Thursday afternoon, the remainder going Friday morning.

Those entered in the May festival events from Bismarck high school follow:

Girls' glee club—Marjorie Ackermann, Lillian Boepfle, Lucille Coghlan, Mary Cave, Genevieve Crose, Denney Dickinson, Cyd Hill, Evelyn Hermann, Isabelle Humphreys, Rachel Johnson, Alice Kilpstein, Bernice Klein, Inez Landers, Arlen Loehrke, Marion Melville, Frances Marcovos, Ione Noggle, Fay Roberts, Ethel Sandin, Iris Schwartz, Dortha Walker, and Frances Whitely.

Band—Thomas Beutrous, John Cowan, William Davis, Victoria Dunn, Paul Faber, Virgil Goddard, John Hapstrom, Einar Husby, Marvin Kjelstrup, Edward Lehr, Guy Larson, Donald Lund, Nina Melville, James Mills, Alpha Nelson, Elsie Nelson, Nellie Nelson, Ralph Rand, Marlen Loehrke, Russel Savvik, Edward Spriggs, Omer Walla, Ralph Wenzel, Harold Yeasley, Merle Schwantes, Marion Warner, Carl Svaeren, Myron Benser, Elmer Kilpstein, Robert Larson, August Schwartz, and Ralph Goddard.

Violin solo—Lamont Hoskins.

Piano solo—Marguerite Kennedy.

Declamation—Harold Schafer.

Tennis—Robert Larson and John O'Hare.

Vocal sextette—Cyd Hill, Evelyn Hermann, Denney Dickinson, Lucille Coghlan, Lillian Boepfle, and Isabelle Humphreys.

Vocal solo—Denney Dickinson and Lucille Coghlan.

Saxophone solo—Elmer Kilpstein.

Track—Leo Benser, Fay Brown, Lester Dohn, Wallace Green, Earl Hoffman, Ben Jacobson, Elmer Kilpstein, Ted Meinhover, John O'Hare, Robert Paris, August Schwartz, Eddie Spriggs, John Spriggs, Harold Tadt, and Frank Walz.

There are about 1,000,000 square miles of lake and river surface on the land, and 1,810,000 square miles of islands in the seas of the earth.

Weather Report

Temperature at 7 a. m. 31
Highest yesterday 51
Lowest last night 20
Precipitation to 7 p. m. 0
Highest wind velocity 8

Weather Forecasts

For Bismarck and vicinity: Fair tonight and Thursday; not much change in temperature. Temperature near freezing tonight.

For North Dakota: Fair tonight and Thursday; not much change in temperature. Temperature near freezing tonight.

GENERAL WEATHER CONDITIONS

The high pressure area is centered over western South Dakota this morning and cold weather continues over the Northwest, although a slight rise in temperature occurred at most of the Canadian stations. Precipitation occurred in the central and southern Plains States and in Washington state, while elsewhere generally fair weather prevails.

North Dakota Corn and Wheat Sun. May 7, 1929.

For the week ending May 7, 1929.

Night temperatures were too low for best results for germination of spring wheat, and field work was delayed somewhat by frozen ground. Grain seeding is well advanced and plowing for corn well under way. Pastures, ranges and meadows have improved. Much highway work is under construction. Livestock are mostly in good condition.

ORIS W. ROBERTS, Meteorologist.

SIDE GLANCES - - - - By George Clark



"But you understand, Mr. Van Brush, I only want to pick up enough of this so I can teach it this summer."

Cayuse Which Took Boy to Coolidges Goes Back to Texas

Duluth, Minn., May 8.—(AP)—"Molly" has said farewell to Duluth and the cool climate of northern Minnesota and northern Wisconsin.

"Molly," you remember, is the little Indian pony that Boyd Jones, young Amarillo, Tex., lad rode 1,600 miles to greet President Coolidge when the latter was vacationing last summer at the Brule.

"Molly" is on her way back to her home state and her little master, with the experience she gained in the last year never to be forgotten.

A winter in northern Minnesota is vastly different from the winters that "Molly" enjoyed in Texas, but for the most part the little cayuse showed no ill effects from her being in this section of the country for more than eight months. The last three months "Molly" has been giving "service" to Duluth children, having been placed at the Duluth zoo to give children rides. Before she was taken to the zoo she was in the custody of the Wisconsin national guard.

Boyd's father, Wason Jones, drove to Duluth to make arrangements to have "Molly" taken back. Boyd, he said, was "homesick for Molly," and undoubtedly, he added, "Molly was homesick for Boyd and Texas."

AT THE MOVIES

ELTINGE THEATRE

Alice White, Louise Fazenda and Doris Dawson will be heard for the first time when "Hot Stuff" is shown at the Eltinge today and Thursday.

"Hot Stuff" was adapted from "Bluffers," a collegiate story by Robert S. Carr. It deals with two very devilish students, a college sheik and a co-ed, who pretend to be a lot worse than they are, who eventually discover each other's secrets.

Robert Carr, who wrote the story, is a college youth who has a special gift for writing about youngsters of his own age, and "Hot Stuff" proves to be something more than entertainment. Carr, in his story, does not take the attitude that modern youth is going to pot, but rather advances the more cheerful idea that the speedy pace they maintain is a bluff and that most of them are just regular boys and girls after all.

In addition to the feature, the El-

tinge program for today and Thursday includes news pictures, the two-reel "Rocking Horse" (not with sound), and the Vitaphone vaudeville act, Joe E. Brown in "Don't Be Jealous." The feature has talking sequences, sound effects, and musical accompaniment.

CAPITOL THEATRE

"The Broadway Melody," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's first all-talking, all-singing, all-dancing picture, which will open at the Capitol theatre Monday, is interesting because its makers are reported to consider it the best possible advance messenger for their all-dialogue films.

Those whose ears are close to the tickings of the hidden machinery of motion pictures have heard reports about this particular film for some time. First there were the usual confidences. Would a stage play or musical comedy be translated to the screen? Then there was word that Edmund Goulding had written an original story with "Tin Pan Alley" and the stage, both behind the footlights and behind the scenes, for a setting, and that Harry Beaumont, who did "Our Dancing Daughters," would endeavor to get motion picture to the eye and sound not entirely unpleasant to the ear out of a cast headed by Charles King, Anita Page and Bessie Love.

Apparently on the theory that too many cooks can not spoil a meal, when each is engaged upon his special dish, James Gleason, author of "Zat 100" and "The Shannons of Broadway," and Norman Houston were given the job of writing smart dialogue, and Arthur Freed wrote the lyrics, and Nacio Herb Brown wrote the music for the songs, which include "Broadway Melody," "You Were Meant for Me" and "Love Boat."

Stephen was bewildered at this latest turn of events. How, he had asked himself over and over, had Pamela been able to induce her father to have him released?

"It is Mr. Judson's wish that you go directly to his hotel," Oerndorf told him as they made their way out to a waiting taxicab.

Stephen nodded, thinking that he was soon to have the mystery of Mr. Judson's cleared up.

"Mr. Armitage, Mr. Frean," the lawyer pronounced tersely, introducing Stephen and the plainclothes man who had remained in the taxicab while Oerndorf had gone inside to wind up the final bits of red tape that opened the door to freedom for Stephen.

Stephen climbed in, and the other two men saw to it that he sat on the left side.

It was some little time before he had proof that she had not been lightly making promises. Mr. Judson's lawyer, Arthur V. Oerndorf, had important business on hand which he could not drop at the moment his client appealed to him to conduct Stephen safely to the Judson Hotel.

But he got around to it as quickly as he could and when he arrived at the jail he was, at Mr. Judson's earnest request, accompanied by a detective in plain clothes.

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RICH GIRL-POOR GIRL

by RUTH DEWEY GROVES

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

MILDRED LAWRENCE falls in love with STEPHEN ARMITAGE, who is lured away from her by PAMELA JUDSON when she tells him that Mildred is trying to marry her brother, HAROLD.

Harold had once confessed his fear of Huck to Mildred and said that he threatened to "get Armitage" to keep him from marrying Pamela. With this as a clue, she determines to force Harold to aid Stephen and tell her story. Pamela ends her to MR. JUDSON, who takes her to headquarters to repeat her suspicions about Huck. He puts up bail for Stephen's release and Pamela goes to see him and ask forgiveness.

A lawyer and detective come for Stephen and the taxi they leave in is followed.

It was a lovely day, clear blue sky and sparkling sun. Stephen had been too quickly hustled into the cab to pause on the sidewalk and savor his liberty as he'd been moved to do.

But he glanced through the windows with the expression of a man seeing a new world, a world that pleased him very much.

A hurdy-gurdy on the street corner sent out notes of sweet music and the torn newspapers that littered the sidewalk were but evidence to Stephen of a life that was not hemmed in by three small walls and a row of bars.

Bars! He'd hate the shadow of one as long as he lived. But it took bars, mortar and steel and locks and keys to make a man appreciate his liberty, he told himself.

So far as he knew the shadow of bars still hung over him. But for that, how could he marry Pamela until he proved his innocence?

Something of the glory of the day faded, but Stephen was too confused to know whether it was because he knew himself to be still under a cloud or whether it was because he saw an impediment to his marriage with the girl whose love had overcome her pride and doubt at last.

At least Stephen believed it was like that with Pamela. He believed her reason for coming to him was the one she had given—that she loved him. He was not plunged into any great, sudden, admiration for her nobility, but he did believe that she was being honest. And she had secured his freedom. He must not forget that.

The taxicab rolled away from the curb while these thoughts traveled through Stephen's brain with more speed than clarity. He was overloaded with impressions.

One of them was that a tenseness creased with his companions in spite of Oerndorf's brief comments, made to relieve the awkwardness.

Stephen did not feel like talking. His thoughts and his opportunity to renew his acquaintance with the world were enough for him.

Frean sat in silence, with only now and then a mumbled syllable uttered in response to something Oerndorf had said.

"I've directed the driver to go up First avenue," Oerndorf explained, looking at Frean, who showed some surprise when the car proceeded to cross Fifth avenue, eastward bound. "The traffic is too heavy on Fifth; I haven't the time for it," the lawyer added.

"First" was all Frean said, but something in the way he spoke caused Stephen to look at him in surprise. Who was the fellow, anyway, he wondered?

Oerndorf had not seen fit to enlighten him.

As the car edged forward into a cross-town traffic jam between two parked trucks Stephen saw Frean lean over and glance into the driver's mirror, saw him draw back quickly and sit tensely erect in his seat.

His action made Stephen nervous. What the deuce was going on? Oerndorf may have sensed his uneasiness. At any rate he put a question that Stephen himself would have liked to ask.

"Is there anyone trailing us?" the lawyer inquired in a low voice.

Frean nodded. "Believe so."

"Are you sure of this man?" Oerndorf asked, indicating the driver of the taxicab with a slight motion of his hand.

"He's O. K.," Frean replied, not troubling to lower his voice as Oerndorf had done. "One of our men."

Oerndorf's expression showed relief not unmingled with concern. He had not relinquished this assignment, but, being a junior partner in the firm of prominent attorneys that represented Mr. Judson in legal matters, he had not been in a position to refuse to undertake it.

And Mr. Judson had most explicitly insisted that he accompany Stephen to the hotel. Oerndorf had been inclined to consider such guardianship unnecessary and the idea of having a detective along had seemed a crankish idea in view of the fact that Mr. Judson, compelled to telephone in his orders, had not been in a position to relate the full facts in the case to the lawyer.

But he had not failed to warn Oerndorf that Stephen was the victim of relentless criminals; that his life might reasonably be considered in danger.

"Keep a sharp lookout," the lawyer said to Frean, who considered it an unnecessary admonishment since he "knew what he was there for," as he said to himself.

Oerndorf turned to Stephen. "Are you aware that the men behind us, if they are following, are undoubtedly your enemies?" he asked.

Stephen whistled. "Mr. Judson informed us that you are in danger," he explained. "Stephen added nothing to the whistle."

Suddenly Stephen clenched his fists. "Let's get them," he exclaimed hotly. "Anyone of Huck Connor's men might lead us to him!"

"Who is Huck Connor?" Oerndorf asked.

Stephen glanced at him sharply. "I thought you knew," he said, soberly.

"You only know that Mr. Judson warned us your life might be in danger."

Stephen had nothing more to say about Huck. He did not know that Mildred had gone to Mr. Judson or even that Mr. Judson suspected his son had been killed.

He believed he'd better have a talk with Mr. Judson before saying anything even to Oerndorf.

But he wanted to get Huck if there was a chance. He and Mildred knew the man was guilty. To prove it was the only way Stephen saw to clear himself of the framed-up charge that still stood against him.

He turned to Frean. "Who's in that car?" he asked. "Did you see?"

"A bird I once ran in," Frean answered, "and the driver."

"Know anybody by the name of

Lefty Flint or a fellow who owns a place out on Long Island called J. B.'s Place?"

Frean grunted a negative answer. Stephen was disappointed. He'd hoped Huck had sent the men he knew to get him.

"If we could nab that guy we might learn something of importance to Mr. Judson," he said to Oerndorf.

"We had no orders to arrest anyone," the lawyer returned, disinclined to act in the dark at Stephen's instigation. "Besides, if they mean trouble it would come before we could bring about their arrest."

Stephen was silenced. After all it was chiefly for his own sake that he wanted to get his hands on one of Huck's men.

"You want to be prepared for trouble," the detective said after they had crossed another north and south thoroughfare and the car behind them was still following. "Those birds aren't taking any interest in the scenery."

Oerndorf stiffened at the words and Stephen felt a prickling along his spine. The detective's voice was cool and matter of fact, but his listeners knew that he was not talking just to exercise his vocal cords.

Stephen saw him draw a gun and rest it in his lap. He started to look around.

Frean held him back with an elbow. "We don't want to wise 'em," he said and Stephen settled back in his seat.

Frean leaned forward and spoke to the driver. "Keep to the right, Bill," he said. "We're tailed. Don't get in their way." Then he turned back to Stephen and Oerndorf.

"They'll probably pull their stuff on First avenue," he said grimly. "Be ready when you see they've got a chance for a getaway."

(To Be Continued)

Fire Responsibility Extends to Burning Of Litter on Farms

Persons who burn straw stacks and permit the fire to get out of control so that it damages the property of other persons are liable for the loss so caused, the state supreme court has held in the case of Layton E. George vs. Oscar Oerndorf, appealed by the defendant from the Dunn county district court. Its action affirms that of the lower court.

Expounding the law on the subject, the high court held that anyone who starts a fire, however proper his purpose may be, is liable if it escapes to any wood, marsh or prairie and thereafter does damage.

CHEAP FOR A CASTLE

London, May 8.—If you would hobnob with royalty you should have a royal dwelling. Ludlow castle, Ludlow,

can be had for a song and dance and can be rented for even less. A first class castle, "fitted with every convenience," it can, it is said, be rented for about \$50 a week. It has 16 bedrooms and central heating.

"They're all good cigarettes, chief—but this one is a pippin"

115 B & O MEN TEST 4 LEADING CIGARETTES

"Why should I change?" says the average smoker, when someone suggests another cigarette.

"I'm used to my brand . . . and it's a good smoke."

Of course it's good. Not even Old Man Habit can hold a smoker to a poor smoke. But being used to an old thing often keeps a man from getting acquainted with a better one.

That's the reason for these "concealed name" cigarette tests now going on all over the country. To give a man a chance to find out, on the level, which cigarette his taste really does like best.

Look what happened at the Mt. Clare shops of the B & O in Baltimore, the other day. Most of the fellows there had been smoking that old favorite (let's call it Brand Y) for years. But when Chairman of Machinists, James E. Poulton, handed out the four leading cigarettes with paper "masks" over the names, 57 out of 115 picked OLD GOLD as the best cigarette. It was a walkaway for OLD GOLDS!

"That only proves," said a chief mechanic, "that a fellow misses a lot if he gets too set in his ways."

OLD GOLD CIGARETTES

THE TREASURE OF THOMAS

On your Radio... OLD GOLD—PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR... Paul Whiteman, King of Jazz, with his complete orchestra, broadcasts the OLD GOLD hour... every Tuesday from 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over entire network of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Daily Cross-word Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Legume
4. Fiery particle
9. Taper of some dogs' tails
11. European mountain
13. Ancient
14. Eversence
17. Spurt
18. Card game
19. Ardent
21. In the direction of
22. Degree
23. Glowing
24. Incursion
25. Thus
26. An ancient people
27. Rotten
28. Indo-China Kingdom
29. Conspiral
30. At a subordinate time
31. Fen
32. Greek letter
33. Intermission
34. In addition
35. Walking stick
36. Greek god
37. Foolish
38. Bartered
39. Rants
40. Bartered
41. Wild goat
42. County in Ohio
43. Foolish animal

DOWN

1. Sleeping garments
2. Component part