

YOU MISTER FARMER

When YOU buy a binder, where do you go to get it? and what do you get?
 You go to the home merchant who sells a standard machine, keeps repairs, and can take care of you promptly, if necessary.

Why Buy An Automobile On A Different Plan?

The automobile costs more money—is a finer piece of machinery, and naturally needs better care.

THE MINOT AUTO COMPANY HAS BUILT UP THE BIGGEST AUTOMOBILE SERVICE ORGANIZATION IN THE NORTHWEST.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DEALERS in our territory, with ample stocks to take care of immediate needs and \$60,000.00 WORTH OF OVERLAND PARTS AT MINOT.

WHY?

So every OVERLAND owner will have quick repairs and adjustments if anything happens to him—and wherever he finds himself.

When you buy a WILLYS-KNIGHT or an OVERLAND from

WILLISTON-OVERLAND COMPANY

You not only have a live local dealer back of you, but you have

BACK OF THEM THE MINOT AUTO COMPANY

MAINTAINED AT AN EXPENSE OF \$86,000.00 A YEAR—SO YOUR CAR WILL GIVE YOU THE BEST SERVICE.

WITH THE "BETTER ACQUAINTANCE" CROWD IN WILLIAMS COUNTY

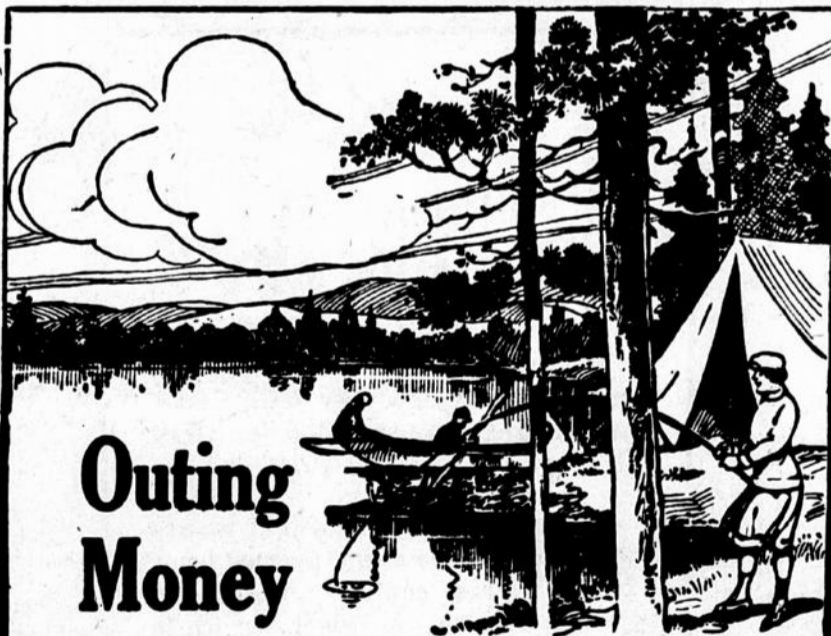
By M. F. Greeley of The Dakota Farmer

If you cannot in the harvest Gather in the richest sheaves, Many a grain both ripe and golden Will the careless reapers leave. You can glean among the briars Growing rank against the wall, For it may be that their shadows Hide the heaviest wheat of all.

"Shoor will, sah!" replied the cheerful porter, "unless you is dead." Then suddenly recalling that live men, as a rule, are more liberal with quarters than dead ones, the thrifty Senegambian, with appropriately drawn face, added, "I shoor hope you won't be dead, sah!"

With these cheerful words ringing in my ears and cuddling down to dream of the morrow the sudden

"Williston, remember! Don't fail to get me up."



Outing Money

Have you ever had the price to take a real vacation—away from everything you're tired of and all the old places?

YOUR VACATION

this year can be the best you've known if you begin now to save for it. Start an account with us today and watch the pile grow—truly an inspiring sight!

WILLISTON STATE BANK

changing of my quiet berth into something akin to the hurricane deck of a North Sea liner seemed unexplainable till, "Mighty neah forgot you, sah; barely time to brush you off, sah—Williston!" sounded in a familiar voice. A few moments later we were off in the rush and roar, autos and crowds of one of the most up-and-a-coming towns in all the northwest.

A beautiful undulating prairie stretches away on every side, broken by the bends and bridges of the great Missouri and its tributaries, with the constantly recurring groves and woodlands along their borders. With all of these we would like to get better acquainted too, but it is with the people who inhabit these far northern stretches we would like to become better acquainted, their farming, their homes and themselves.

A Pioneer

John Bruegger you must not fail to meet if you would know one of the very best and busiest men in the whole state. "Thirty years I have been here," said this merchant, farmer and town builder, as he sat in his private office and talked of the ups and downs of frontier life. "Great changes have come over these prairies and to these people since I first saw them," he went on earnestly, "but we are now changing for the better fast. Our creamery was at one time about the poorest in the state, but now with an excellent man in charge of it there are few ranking ahead of us. Our farmers for many years kept little stock and paid less attention to corn and other diversification and weeds and blowing soil was the result. We are on the right track now, and though it may be slow for a time we are bound to get there."

We learned afterward, from others, that much of the improvement, particularly with the creamery and stock matters, can be traced to the persistent efforts of this indefatigable worker.

At the Picnic

Out to the picnic grounds—15 or 20 miles away—this busy man insisted upon taking us, although a dozen or more things seemed to demand his attention. Have you ever noticed it? It is the really busy man and woman who always have time to do things.

There were hundreds of people at the picnic grounds—one of them on a steer which was wildly charging in and out of the crowd, greatly to the delight of the younger portion of it. My! what a bright cheerful lot of people they were. Not a dull one among them and all bent upon a good time, although just then drought of such severity threatened. Copious rains fell soon after, we are glad to know.

Many old readers shook hands with us here, many new ones also, and we wish we had room to tell here the many good things we learned from them in the short time we and they could spare. But we are going back to Williams county some day and have a visit all our own—and more will be written then.

Williston's Way

We reached the town late and tired, only to find Mr. Bruegger had arranged for us to meet with the farmers' club of the surrounding country and that Hon. U. L. Burdick was ready to take us out to his beautiful bottomland stock farm. Talk about horses and cows, alfalfa and hogs! We have seldom seen better and four of the latter had eight small porkers each—32 in all. In fact the alfalfa seemed fairly alive with small four-legged fortunes. On this farm we saw 125 acres of alfalfa almost ready to cut, fully 12 to 16 inches high, and—but Bruegger and the butter factory calls, and soon we are back and over at Mr. Anderson's cozy home, close to his work in the creamery and "getting acquainted" with another as fine a bunch of people as we ever met.

Talk? Oh, yes, we—Mr. Chamberlain and I—talked a little, but after supper the first named gentleman was decidedly "too full for utterance," and the other certainly felt like apologizing for the little time he did take, for there was not a man or woman present who did not know more about their local condition and needs than he did or he could possibly tell them. They listened very patiently, however, and were very kind.

As we ate of the bountiful supper spread, listened to the beautiful music and to the chatter and cheer of it all, it certainly was hard to believe it is more blessed to give than it is to receive. The singing was especially beautiful. Mrs. (how we wish we could recall her name), a farmer's wife "nine miles out," sang and played "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and two other selections which we heard last by Melba herself, and we do not hesitate to say that in clearness of utterance, sweetness and modulation this world-famed singer did not much, if any, excel this sweet singer of the northern prairies—and again we recall, "For it may be that the shadows hide the heaviest wheat of all." And of Williston and her people we would like to say much more, but—Glen-dive, Mont., by auto tomorrow, more than 100 miles away, and another hundred or two to Sentinel Butte and Dickinson the next.

Where Rolls the Yellowstone Mr. Bruegger and wife are going

as far as Sidney—over 60 miles—and insist upon our riding with them—glorious luck—and so we learn more of pioneering days and other things.

"Our roads up here are fine," said this observing man, adding, "when they are not worked." And before the day was done we heartily agreed with him. Wise remarks like these and many quaint bits of early history enlivened the trip and with the ever-changing and beautiful scenery along the lower Yellowstone and Missouri made it one long to be remembered.

Crossing a deep coulee near the state line, we learned it was named Blank's Coulee because that gentleman, returning from a border town where he was accustomed to go to assert his "personal liberty" and having rather over-done the thing, once spent a long chilly night cooling off in the secluded spot. Though not a very romantic way of handing one's name down to posterity, it compares favorably with the way not a few westerners have attached their names to certain hills and hollows by first being attached to a tree growing on or in them.

The Lower Yellowstone Irrigation Project

It is well worth a trip out there to roll for more than 50 miles through the abundant grain and alfalfa fields of the Lower Yellowstone Irrigation Project. It is, we think, by far the best lying one the government has so far undertaken and some day soon we believe it is going to carry a very heavy population. The greatest, almost only, drawback with the many new projects of this kind is the fact that to be a successful irrigator one has a very complicated and difficult trade to learn; ordinary farmers are not good irrigators nor can they be made so at the drop of the hat. It is too much like learning to swim from books, or trying to make a good farmer by spending years in an agricultural college only—it cannot be done.

KILLING CANADIAN THISTLE AND SOW THISTLE

Canadian thistle and sow thistle are hard to kill as they have underground stems from which new plants are sent up. A piece of this stem if cut off and given the right conditions will form a new plant. The first step in the eradication is to mow the plants, then plow them under and disc the land as often as new shoots appear. Keeping the top from growing will in time kill the roots and underground stems. Growing a crop of corn in hills and cultivating thoroughly both ways and hand hoeing the hills is another way of eradication.

Getting rid of the patches of Canada thistle and sow thistle now, will save a lot of work a little later.—Agr. Ex. Dept. N. D. Agr. College.

RUN LIGHTNING INTO GROUND

Lightning will follow a wire fence. Stock are apt to stand in a fence corner or along the fence when it storms. If near enough to the fence that has been struck by lightning a number of animals are likely to be killed. The lightning can be run from the fence into the ground by running a wire No. 8 or No. 10 from each strand of the fence and into moist soil.

Near the buildings and where the stock stand a good deal these ground wires should be closer together than on the fence along which the stock do not congregate so often.—Agr. Ex. Dept. N. D. Agr. College.

An Inside Bath Makes You Look and Feel Fresh

Says a glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast keeps illness away.

This excellent, common-sense health measure being adopted by millions.

Physicians the world over recommend the inside bath, claiming this is of vastly more importance than outside cleanliness, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, causing ill health, while the pores in the ten yards of bowels do.

Men and women are urged to drink each morning, before breakfast a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, as a harmless means of helping to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels the previous day's indigestible material, poisons, sour bile and toxins; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Just as soap and hot water cleanse and freshen the skin, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the eliminative organs.

Those who wake up with bad breath, coated tongue, nasty taste or have a dull, aching head, sallow complexion, acid stomach; others who are subject to bilious attacks or constipation, should obtain a quarter pound of Limestone phosphate at the drug store. This will cost very little but is sufficient to demonstrate the value of inside bathing. Those who continue it each morning are assured of pronounced results, both in regard to health and appearance.