

★ THE CALL of The NORTH ★

"Eternal Vigilance is the Price of Liberty"

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KLANSMEN PARADE at ALBERT LEA

HEAVY DOWNPOUR OF RAIN DOES
NOT STOP K. K. K. CEREMONIALSKLANSMEN COME FROM FAR AND WIDE BUT BAD ROADS
KEPT MANY AWAY.

We knew it would rain after one peep at the clouds that hung low last Friday. But we hoped it wouldn't and so sang "Rain, rain, go away. Come again some other day." Nevertheless it rained—and rained—and rained. Over the state thousands of Klansmen were debating whether or not to start for Albert Lea. Many must have felt like the poet who sang:

"The rain, the desolate rain!
Ceaseless and solemn and chill!
How it drips on the misty pane,
How it drenches the darkened sill!
O scene of sorrow and death!
I would that the wind awaking
To a breeze and gusty birth
Might vary this dull refrain
Of the rain, the desolate rain."

We decided to go in spite of dark clouds and spasmodic downpours. We climbed into a waiting automobile and turned the gasoline wagon towards southern Minnesota. At a merry clip we traveled until we passed out of Faribault, where we struck soft-surfaced roads. At Owatonna we made some unkind statements concerning the road. A man was hearing us speak about the road in terms that were anything but flattering called our attention to an item in the editorial column of the Owatonna Journal-Chronicle that hit us as painfully true.

Drunk Highway No. 1
The editorial read in part as follows:

"After staggering over the road between this city and Faribault in his motor car last week and jarring thru the maze of pitch holes one tourist said, 'They ought to call it Drunk Highway No. 1, it's jagged enough.'"

"And it is—we've tried it ourselves. The present condition of the main highway leading into Owatonna from the north is nothing less than a disgrace." Nobody should boast about the highway between Owatonna and Albert Lea either. We managed to get into Albert Lea alive even though the road threatened death with every turn the wheels of our car made. The beautiful and friendly city of Southern Minnesota, a Klan mecca for a day, was one hostile and bustling when we slammed into a curb.

We were hungry and looked around for some place to eat with a satisfactory atmosphere. At the "eatery" we found many Klansmen from St. Paul and Minneapolis. We had just swallowed the last hunk of a mighty good steak when in walked a gang all wearing buttons on their coat lapels that measured four inches in diameter. On the buttons were three large black K's, with an explanation around the circumference that revealed the Klansmen as members of North Star No. 2, Minneapolis, Minn. Tell the world, we were glad to see them.

Klansmen Assemble at County Fair Grounds.

Around seven o'clock Klansmen began to assemble at the county fair grounds. The rain drizzled and poured and drizzled and poured, but still Americans kept coming.

Officials of the Ku Klux Klan debated whether or not to go ahead with the plans as laid out during the week. All Klansmen agreed that a little moisture wouldn't hurt anybody, so the orders for action were sent forth. The grandstand filled rapidly to the surprise of many. Nearly three thousand people were seated waiting for "things to start" when the King Kleagle for Minnesota stepped forward and signalled to the band. At once the leader of the musicians took his place and most splendidly the Hayward band played a number of selections. Then Dr. Harper, national Klan lecturer, offered prayer. The audience now arose and lustily sang the first verse of "America." "Twilight" Orn, editor of the Call of the North, was introduced as the speaker of the evening.

Klan Lecturer Well Received
For more than an hour the Klansman orator held his audience nearly spell-bound. The speaker was cheered at frequent intervals, urging him on and on. In a masterly way he outlined the principles of the Klan and urged a keener interest in the affairs of the nation. Mr. Orn defined

anyone to prove that the Ku Klux Klan is not a sound American movement, seeking only that which is good for the United States. When the Klansman ended his address a wild tumult of applause burst forth. The cheering had hardly ceased when white-robed figures were seen moving rapidly in the open area in front of the grandstand. As they moved red-glow candles sent out crimson rays of light. There were heard a sharp command—two robed horses on which were mounted Klansmen in full regalia, appeared. The band played "Onward, Christian Soldiers" as white-clad figures figures marching two abreast filed before the assembly to the rear of the altar-platform which had previously been arranged. Another order was given, the Klansmen turned facing the grandstand. Several white figures mounted the altar-platform and stood at attention. The altar cross was now ignited. Three ground-shaking explosions came one after the other. Every Klansman in robe saluted the flag with the firing of the last shot. It was a beautiful scene and most impressive—the white-robed figures, the red-lit sky, the fiery cross, the flag draped altar, unfurled Old Glory waving in the breeze.

It rained incessantly, but the Klansmen didn't seem to mind or even notice that they were getting wet.

Only Two Candidates Asked to Stand in Rain

An announcement was made to the effect that only two of the candidates for initiation would be asked to stand in the rain during the ceremony of naturalization.

There was a lull lasting only a few minutes.

Just as the two selected candidates came into view around the grandstand a stentorian voice started repeating a part of the Ku Klux Klan ritual. "God, give us men," was the prayerful appeal made most dramatically. The ceremony moved on without a "hitch" of any kind. When the third section of the Klan oath was reached, the Klansman administering the oath called for all citizens of the Invisible Empire within the reach of his voice to again pledge his loyalty to God, country and flag. There was an immediate movement of arms and every Klansman stood with his left hand over his heart and his right arm raised toward heaven. In unison the Klansmen again took the following oath:

Part of Klan Oath
"I most solemnly assert and affirm—that to the Government of the United States of America—and any state thereof—of which I may become a resident—I sacredly swear—an unequalled allegiance—above any other and every kind of government—in the whole world—I hear and now pledge my life—my property—my vote—and my sacred honor—to uphold its flag—its constitution—and will protect—defend—and enforce same unto death.

I most solemnly promise and swear—that I will always, at all times and in all places—help, aid and assist—the duly constituted officers of the law—in the proper performance of their legal duties. I swear that I will most zealously—and valiantly—shield and preserve—by any and all justifiable means and methods—the sacred constitutional rights—and privileges of—free public schools—free speech—free press—separation of church and state—liberty—white supremacy—just laws—and the pursuit of happiness—against any encroachment—of any nature—by any person or persons—political party or parties—religious sect or people—native, naturalized or foreign—of any race—color—creed—language or tongue whatsoever.

All to which I have sworn by THIS oath—I will seal with my blood—be Thou my witness—Almighty God—

AMEN!
Baptismal Ceremony Given in Full
The beautiful Klan baptismal ceremony followed. The three large

wooden crosses standing far back were given to the flames. Rockets flashed across the sky. Bombs burst in the air. A spectacular scene unlike anything ever seen in Minnesota was presented. The white-clad Klansmen knelt in prayer. A voice of deepest devotion lifted a plea unto the Grand Architect of the Universe. Can you see the picture that is at once one of awe inspiring grandeur and thrilling beyond words? Well, such a picture was painted on the mind-canvas of every person who saw the open-air Klan ceremony at Albert Lea last Friday night.

After the conclusion of the naturalization ceremony the robed Klansmen went to their automobiles and drove into the down-town section of Albert Lea and there organized the first Klan parade in Minnesota. It is a significant fact that two Protestant women led the parade. As the Klansman marched they sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers." From the sidewalks and closely parked cars came not a single word or contempt or antagonism. No efforts of any kind were made to cause the least possible trouble. The whole affair was peaceful and orderly and of never-to-be-forgotten impressiveness.

MOBS ENDANGER U. S. A.

HYPHENATES AND ADVOCATES OF A MONGRELIA
UNITE FORCES AGAINST KLAN.

"THREE CHEERS FOR THE IRISH"

ADVANCING MOB CHEERS WILDLY

Newcastle, Del., Sept. 1.—The enemies of America are insanely attacking one Klan gathering after the other. Again the Irish-hyphenates and the "nigger" advocates of mongrelism united their forces. Here last night a mob fiendishly made another onslaught on Klansmen. The cross which in one is the symbol of the life and death of Jesus the Christ, and the Light of the world, was torn down and broken—broken by the ungodly hands of hate, broken by the brutal, unjust, inhuman spirit of hell—broken by the intolerant, ferocious destroyer of human happiness. The white robe of purity, the Klansman's regalia, was stripped and torn in shreds by unholy fingers. Americans, driven before a mob, were beaten and stoned, assaulted and shot. O America, may Jehovah strengthen the hearts of all that love thee. Christians, Protestants, gird thy loins and stand firm for God, Home and Country. The grisly forces of terrorism are seen everywhere in market-places of this country. Black treachery is skulking around the corridors of our Temples of National Glory. High-handed banditry lurks in the shadows seeking to strike low every

real American who stands unyieldingly for Old Glory and what it represents.

The news dispatches tell the story as follows:

Two were shot and mortally wounded and 50 more or less injured when a mob broke up a meeting of the Ku Klux Klan who were initiating a class of 350 late last night. A burning cross was torn down, robes were stripped from Klansmen and the disrobed men were driven from a field under a barrage of shots and stones.

The two seriously injured are: Harry Husabek, 17, Newcastle, shot through the abdomen, and William Clark, 31, Newport, shot through the neck.

Fifty more were hurt by the rain of stones and stray shots.

The riot began when the Klansmen lighted their crosses. With shouts of "Down with the Klan," and "Hurrah for the Irish," a mob of 1,000 mostly young men, accompanied by about 100 Negroes, charged the Klan.

The first shot is thought to have been fired by the mob when they heard a Klansman firing blanks as the cross burst into flames.

LAWLESS CROWD STORMS KLAN

K-K-K

Mob Faces Tear Gas, Night Sticks and Fire Hose in Assault on Perth Amboy Hall

Perth Amboy, N. J., Aug. 30.—A crowd of 5,000 persons broke up a meeting of the Ku Klux Klan in Odd Fellows' hall tonight, 75 policemen and 150 firemen being unable to drive back the throng that stormed the building. The mob was so completely foreign that odors of garlic and stale fish filled the air for blacks in the vicinity of the lawless, anti-Klan heathens.

Firemen drove trucks into the mass of people, but of no avail.

A hurry call was sent for State police in Trenton.

Patrolmen fired shots in the air, threw gas bombs and swung their night sticks, while the firemen turned streams of water on the fighting throng.

The leaders of the mob were knocked down by patrolmen when they first started to advance toward the hall, but after they had been carried away another attack was started. This time stones were thrown and all windows in the Odd Fellows' hall, as well as many others in nearby buildings were broken.

Hurl Tear Bombs in Vain

Police Chief Tonneson then ordered his men to throw tear gas bombs, and 18 of these, the town's entire supply, was exploded. The crowd fell back, but advanced again, hurling more stones. It was then that a riot call was sound and 150 firemen dashed to the scene.

After the firemen had run their apparatus directly at the surging mass of humanity and had failed to disperse the crowd they attached base lines to every available hydrant and drenched the rioters with several streams of water. Daunted for a few seconds the crowd fell back. Several of the more sturdy, however, braved the water and cut the base lines with axes and knives while those in the crowd threw stones at the firemen.

Klansmen Assailed
Chief Tonneson, in the meantime, had ordered the Klansmen to leave the building. Clambering out of windows, down fire escapes and through every available exit, they were met by their assailants and many hand-to-hand fights ensued.

As one man darted from the crowd some one shouted, "That man has a gun." To save the Klansmen a patrolman grabbed him, shoved him into an automobile and rushed him to the police station. Other cars loaded with mobbers followed, but the Klansman was rushed through the hall and hid him in a stable at the rear. After searching the station, those who had followed returned to the scene of the fight.

As some of the Klansmen broke away from the fighting mass they shouted, "We're coming back—10,000 strong." "All right," came the answer, "we'll be waiting for you."

Meeting Widely Advertised

The Klan meeting had been widely advertised, notices having been posted in Perth Amboy and vicinity for the past few days that it would be held. Chief Tonneson took some precaution against possible trouble as the result of a somewhat lesser disturbance that occurred at a Klan meeting several months ago. He stationed uniformed patrolmen and plain clothesmen on the inside of the hall and at several other points in the vicinity.

The Klansmen gathered soon after 8 o'clock, donned their robes and began their ceremonies. Soon little groups began to form in front of the building, the number being augmented until it was estimated that at least 5,000 persons were in the crowd. Men in the front ranks demanded admittance to hall and when they were refused, the fight began.

Chief Tonneson declared, after quiet had been restored, that he knew the investigators of the mob action and promised the arrest of prominent local men.

Perth Amboy, N. J., August 31.—Battling between the Ku Klux Klansmen and mobs was resumed on the streets of Perth Amboy this morning as members of the order tried to escape from Odd Fellows' hall, where they had sought refuge during an at-

tack on a Klan meeting Thursday night, in which more than 100 persons are reported to have been injured.

A hundred men, armed with clubs and stones, attacked thirty Klansmen who dashed from the hall this morning.

The Klansmen were beaten severely before they escaped their pursuers.

Perth Amboy resembled a community under martial law today as the town's entire police force, large detachment of state policemen and 150 firemen doing duty as special officers patrolled the streets to quell any possible renewal of clashes between members of the Ku Klux Klan and the mob which throughout the night held the city in a grip of riot.

Number of Injured Unknown
It was impossible early today to ascertain the number of persons on both sides who had been injured in the night's fighting. Every physician in the city had treated one or more cases, while a considerable number of injured had been attended to in hospitals.

Battling started shortly before midnight when a crowd estimated at more than 5,000 men broke up a widely advertised Klan meeting. The entire police force of seventy-five, with drawn guns and clubs, and reinforced by the entire fire department, made a desperate effort to protect the 500 Klansmen whose meeting had been surrounded by the clamoring mob.

Mob Engulfs Victims
Klansmen withstood the onslaught until greatly outnumbered, when many of them fought their way to doors, windows and fire escapes, only to be engulfed in the crowds below. Those who had not had the foresight to remove their Klan regalia were distinguishable easily and received rough treatment before they escaped to the woods bordering the city.

Police Chief Tonneson had summoned a detachment of state troopers, whose arrival was greeted by renewed activities of the muttering mob. Aided by the state troopers, the police began the removal of the imprisoned Klansmen. Several of them were loaded into three automobiles, which the crowd immediately overturned, administering severe beatings to the occupants. A patrol wagon load of rescued received similar treatment. The crowd intercepted a number of escaping Klansmen who were being led to safety over adjoining roofs. They also were beaten.

K-K-K
A BIG SURPRISE

K-K-K
FIERY CROSS AT STEEL COUNTY FAIR

Owatonna, Minn.—A sensational surprise not on the Steele county fair program was included in the features presented to the people who packed the grandstand. The various advertised "stunts" were being offered as scheduled when just at the conclusion of a trapeze performance, about the middle of the regular evening fair program, a large fiery cross burst into flames.

Unseen some men of unknown identity, erected a thirty-two foot cross with a ten-foot cross arm on the far side of the race track. A fuse was so placed that no one could possibly see any person who might set off the cross—and nobody did see who lit the cross. To this day no person has been able to learn the identity of the men who added so incrementally to the fair program. All agree the burning cross was one of the most beautiful sights ever offered to a county fair crowd in Minnesota. A number of negroes, members of a fair attraction, were standing against a wall of the grandstand when the fiery cross illuminated the sky. People standing near the Africans stated the sudden flash of the cross nearly caused the eyes of the negroes to "pop" out of their sockets.

A hundred fifty trade tourists from St. Paul, guests of the Steele county fair board were in the grandstand when the Klan's cross was ignited.

The Letter

Albert Lea, Minnesota, Sept 2, 1923

Ku Klux Klan:

We had two small children with us when we attended the demonstration and speech at the fair grounds, and so, did not hear everything. Are women taken into the Klan?

I am just the busy mother of a growing family. I perhaps would not be able to help much. But the wonder and happiness of beholding a group of men binding themselves together for the protection of our homes, the betterment of our schools, and for the high ideals set forth by the speaker, were such that I'll have a higher opinion of the male sex hereafter. In the words of the song, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord" in that gathering last night. After all, mankind is not all unworthy when such ideals are carried on.

If women cannot enter the Klan, or if you have any doubt of any motive in writing, you may, of course ignore this letter. But, if possible, I'd like to know more of this organization whose ideals will alone save our country from utter ruin, and what is closer yet to a mother's heart, make the world a better place for our children.

We are poor, I could not give much, but perhaps, some way I could help.

AN ALBERT LEA MOTHER.

The Open Answer

Dear Albert Lea Mother:

Your delightful letter came to my attention a few minutes ago. What Klansman wouldn't be thrilled by such a message—a message of hope, of faith, of love, filled with the gentle touches of a devoted mother, a mother whose heart cries aloud for her children's welfare.

Can any man stand idly and indifferently by the side of the road where humanity moves in a continuous stream without making some effort to stem the tendencies that blight the soul, warp the intellect, destroy the ideals, color the vision, and distort Christian standards. The message in one, is a stirring plea and a mighty challenge. I pray God on my bended knees for the awakened man, so that the angelic words of American mothers fall not by the wayside.

There is a Protestant woman's organization where the wife, the mother, the sister, the sweetheart may work side by side with her husband, her son, her brother, her "man" for the perpetuation of the inalienable rights, Christian standards, the true home and all real American institutions. Enthusiastically and earnestly the womanhood of this country is responding most encouragingly.

Dear "Albert Lea Mother," you need not bemoan the fact that you, haven't much time for the many things beyond the walls of your home that you feel should receive your attention. As a mother your heart, your hands, your mind are kept busy transforming the plastic clay of childhood into beautiful, eternal marble of adulthood. What a glorious task is yours. You may never get earthly wealth as measured by the meterstick of gold, but I know that you can exhibit your children as precious jewels that the riches of a Midas could not buy.

Sincerely yours,

P. J. ORN,

Editor, Call of the North.

THE CALL of the NORTH

is published every Friday by the Call of the North Publishing Co., St. Paul, Minnesota, and will stand for American institutions, principles, ideas and traditions without fear or favor.

Edited, not to make up people's minds, but to shake up people's minds; to help mold active public opinion which will make America a proper place to live in.

News of truth kills more false news and shrives up more "bunk" than all the earnest arguments in the world. Truth helps to clarify opinions on serious questions by serious people.

The CALL OF THE NORTH will strive to give the American viewpoint on published articles and separate the dross from pure gold in the current news of the day.

P. J. ORN, Editor in Chief
REV. W. SMITH HARPER, D. D., Associate Editor

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ANTI-KLAN MOBS A REVELATION

The Hibernians, in their convention held at Montreal where booze is plentiful, denounced the Ku Klux Klan in vitriolic terms. Later the Knights of Columbus gathered at Montreal and also shot a broadside of vituperation on the Klan. I have examined a large number of Roman Catholic publications and found hundreds of abusive items centered against the Invisible Empire. Also in many periodicals published for and by foreigners that hailed from Southern Europe were published most bitter words of condemnation aimed openly and directly at the wonderful American organization known as the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. It is needless to state that most of these spoken and written statements were intended to influence certain foreign, ignorant, superstitious, glib, hot-blooded, un-American elements in the United States. Now then, let us show you the very clear connection existing between the foreign propagandists, the hairy instigators of mob violence, the age-old enemy of Protestantism, the leather-eared Knights of Catastrophe, AND the outrageous, murderous, dastardly attacks on peaceful, law-abiding Americans, Klansmen.

At Steubenville (Ohio); Carnegie (Pennsylvania); Perth Amboy (New Jersey); and New Castle (Delaware) blood thirsty mobs attacked assembled Klansmen without any real provocation whatsoever. Even the most biased newspapers must admit that there were no acts on the part of Klansmen at any of the before mentioned localities to justify under any American condition the action of the attackers.

The foreign-minded assassins and crazed fanatics partaking in the assaults on Klansmen had been blinded beyond all reason by the unbalanced, lying, heated, intolerant words of Hellish Hate written and spoken against the Klan. The mobbers had been taught to hate the Ku Klux Klan by priests, by officials of Roman Catholic societies, by non-Protestant hyphenates, by leaders of unassimilable nationalities, by assassin editors such as Hapgood, by web-footed pettifoggers like Parker of Louisiana, by demagogic politicians playing for the organized vote. It is easy to accurately gauge the individuals and organizations that took an active part, and are still actively about their satanic business, in the inoculation of murder-breeding poison.

Any person, organization or publication that has advocated in unmistakable terms the destruction of the Ku Klux Klan is guilty of murder—the assassination of Tom Abbott, American and Klansman. It is alleged that one Paddy McDermott of Carnegie, a rattle-brained Irishman, fired the shot that killed Abbott, but let it be said here and now that statements against the Klan—which incited the clay-piper to the doing of the terrible act contributed directly to the execution of the deed—cold-blooded murder. At the doors of those standing in the background urging mob action I lay the responsibility for the killing and maiming of Klansmen. They are most guilty, yes, more guilty than the ignorant, green-blooded and wop-eyed individuals making up the un-American, anti-Klan mobs.

Careful observers studied the make-up of the anti-Klan mobs and found them to be composed of foreigners from southern Europe and Irish-Americans. A "white-mule" guzzler has brains enough to know that these people are NOT Protestants. When you know that nearly all the oral and written condemnations concentrated against the Ku Klux Klan come from Roman Catholic sources, AND when you know that the anti-Klan mobs are composed nearly entirely of men who are anti-Protestant, it is very easy to make a true connection between the instigators of lawlessness and the perpetrators of lawlessness.

If the oral and written attacks on the Klan showed merely differences of opinion, I would have little to say. But, when the anti-Klan agitators cry for the destruction of the Invisible Empire the complexion of the whole matter is of serious import. The advocates of sabotage and mob violence must be dealt with fearlessly by the courts of America. When foreignism runs with such a high hand in this country that real, honest-to-God Americans cannot assemble and go about their peaceful and lawful business without being attacked and brutally beaten, clubbed, stoned and shot, yes, murdered, conditions have grown in America that menace out national solidarity. Every red-blooded American must take a stand with the Klan for the right of assemblage without the dangers of mob attacks. Some person said to me the other day that the Ku Klux Klan was indirectly the cause of the riots in the east, because if they (Klansmen) had not held their meetings there would have been no mob-activities. That view of the matter gave me a clearer understanding of how grave the situation really is. If the Ku Klux Klan can be mobbed out of existence the very perverse forces that are back of the anti-Klan violence would, flushed with success, turn on other Protestant organizations and re-enact their programs of terrorism. Let all Protestants thank God that the Klan is no longer in swaddling clothes. The great American organization grows stronger under every blow delivered against it. Jehovah protected the Ku Klux Klan when it was an infant so that the scaly hands of Herods might not strangle the child, and now the adult has strength, with God's help, to fight effectively for America and Protestantism. I am convinced that a Higher Power than any earth-born power has made possible the marvelous growth of the Invisible Empire. All Americans can say with that venerable lady of Southeastern Minnesota, "Thank God, the Klan has come."

The Ku Klux Klan did not cause the riots of Steubenville, Carnegie, Perth Amboy and New Castle, but the Klan did reveal to the people of the United States the claw-filled paws of foreignism which seek to tear out the heart of America that the ravenous Beast might devour it. Over the entire nation we hear the cheers of Americans shouting, "Long live the Ku Klux Klan." Rapidly a realization is spreading that awakens the lovers of the United States to this fact: if the Ku Klux Klan had not come when it did, the glory of America would have been destroyed and buried in the ashes of the ages.

K-K-K

A POLITICAL OBSERVER WHO IS A PREVARICATOR

An article entitled "Minnesota Spills the Beans," by one Harrison Hervey, described as a "political observer," appears in the September issue of the "Success" magazine published in New

York city, contains some ridiculous statements. Read the following and laugh: "The overwhelming number of voters of German extraction who held the balance of power in Minnesota, moved by the plight of their Fatherland, distressed by the plight of their kindred who see their national existence slipping into history, bolted their party and sought the only way out that they could visualize, through the avenue of a third party. They charge the Democratic party with having brought on the war with Germany and the Republican party with standing in the way of Germany's rehabilitation. The controlling purpose behind the organization of the third party—and you may believe that the third party has been organized and now is—was to gain the balance of power which would enable them to help Germany re-establish herself, recover the Ruhr and get back on her feet."

No one knowing P. J. Orn would accuse me of being pro-German for a second, but I certainly will say here and now that the statement by Mr. Hervey is nothing more or less than a dirty lie. When I read the quoted statement I thought I had a copy of "Life" or "Puck" before me. It certainly was hard to believe my eyes when I looked a second time at the cover of the magazine and saw in big red letters the word "Success" and noted that Orison Swett Marden was still editor of the publication.

I don't know who this man Hervey is and I can't find a political writer or politician who does. Anyway, as a political observer Harrison Hervey is a cold-storage goose egg. He knows as much about Minnesota politics as an Australian bushman. Mr. Hervey missed an accurate explanation of Magnus Johnson's election to the United States Senate so far that he stands qualified as a writer of Charlie Chaplin foolishness.

K-K-K

REAL REASONS FOR ANTI-KLAN ATTACKS

1. The Ku Klux Klan is a militant organization that is earnestly and effectively working for the perpetuation of American ideals, traditions, principles and institutions. There are forces in the United States that do not love this country, and the very things that have contributed directly to its greatness. These imported forces hate the Klan because it is preventing further encroachments on our national blessings, and saving from the talons of the alien vultures the American glories that indifference has left a prey.

2. The Ku Klux Klan is a Protestant organization. As never before Protestantism is a united power in America. You know there are organized minorities that do not want to see Protestants standing together a solid phalanx. The Ku Klux Klan has made possible a seemingly impossible thing—organized, operative Protestantism—and is hated for what it has accomplished.

3. The Ku Klux Klan is threatening the peace of corrupt politicians and seeking cleaner politics. Those who have waxed fat on the spoils of office naturally turn their avaricious eyes upon the Klan as they shout, "Down with the Klan!" Gluttonous greed, with Klansmen on the job, is being driven out of the temples of Americanism and crushed under the heel of public opinion. Special privilege feels the goad of awakened citizenship and flees, cursing the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan.

4. The Ku Klux Klan is stalking the hydra-headed monster—lawlessness, and making it dangerous for the beastly creature to live in the United States. The crooks, thieves, bootleggers, keepers of dives—all law-violators, big and little, know well that the Klan is endangering their safety. So you find all individuals and organizations that live by violating law, fighting the citizens of the Invisible Empire at every turn of the road.

Higher Education and the Constitution

The time was when students at colleges and universities were taught to reverence and obey the Constitution—all of it—whether they agreed personally with it on all points or whether they did not. Now a deplorable condition exists in many of the large institutions of learning—a condition that calls for the exercise of intelligence as well as stubbornness upon the part of our patriotic citizenry. It is a fact beyond dispute that class reunions connive at the serving of liquor at their dinners and wink at practices which occlude the working of good government in connection with the enforcement of the 18th amendment. Nay, more, even the alumni shield themselves and their fellows, it is said, from the results that should follow certain lawless and unpatriotic performances in which wine and whiskey flow to tickle the palates of those who have lost sight of the fact that the breaking of a single line of the law of the Constitution is as bad as kicking the whole document into the wastebasket.

Is it not really true that many of our colleges are not preparing men to live, but are merely teaching them to make a living—regardless of ethics and morals, and with "pleasure" the uppermost thought in mind? Is it not true that in a broad sense the life of the average under-graduate is little more than dull, stupid, meaningless, save where it is "brightened" by "athletics" and "dived" by the false hilarity that grows out of "wine whizzes" and like violations of federal laws? Universities, it would seem, are enlarged nowadays to provide an artificial life for young people—a life where originality of thought is not so much encouraged as an original and strained mode of living. Information seems to be ladled out like soup at a cafeteria, as some one has said, and the entire force of the teaching staff of many a university appears to be spent upon superficial and vain studies of questionable cultural value rather than upon those leadings and lessons which will make good citizens out of the youths that are ground into the educational machine.

Is it not true that a considerable number of our successful (?) university graduates have so far failed in absorbing true ethics, that they appear to be more interested in their own stolen or perverted pleasures and modes of life and support than they are in the eternal welfare of their children and that of the wonderful country of their election and destiny? And yet, back of this general instability of purpose remain, within the hearts of a great people, the ideals for which all reasonable patriots toil and from which they receive sustaining power. With these ideals behind us as a living force the truth becomes clear and beautiful. We shall believe that it is possible for American genius, education, and patriotism to create a system of great universities in which young men and young women shall be of their country—in which patriotism shall be the motivating power behind all class room effort; in which liberty shall be the light of all free-born youth and its ethical life; in which the Constitution of the country shall be the guide, the royal will and pleasure and rule of life, of a proud and glorified young America!

K-K-K

THE KREED OF THE KLAN

Klansmen, have you pondered the meaning

Of all you have heard and been told?

Have you strengthened your heart for its wearing

From the voices and faults loved of old?

Will you honor in hours of temptation

Your promises, noble and grand?

Will your spirit be strong to do battle with wrong,

"And, having done all, to stand?"

Will you ever be true to your brother

In actions as well as in creed?

Will you stand by his side as no other

Could stand in the hour of his need?

Will you boldly defend him from peril

And lift him from poverty's curse?

Will the promise of aid which you willingly made

Reach down from your lips to your purse?

The world's battlefield is before you;

Let Wisdom walk close by your side;

Let Faith spread her snowy wings o'er you;

Let Truth be your comrade and guide;

Let Kindness, Charity, Christianity,

Direct all your conduct, and then,

Let each word and each act tell the world the proud fact,

You are worthy the name of

KLANSMEN!

SCHOOL HISTORIES

K-K-K

HISTORY TEXTS NOW IN SCHOOLS NOT ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY.

The Sons of the American Revolution and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, as one of their contributions for the benefit of our people and country, have engaged in the work of scanning the present-day histories of the United States, used in many of the schools, other organizations are taking some action in this respect, and one called The Patriot League for the Preservation of American History, of which Charles Grant Miller, Rosebank, New York City, is director, is devoting its endeavors to this particular and very important work.

Mr. Miller, who has made a study of modern United States histories, gives the following information, which is of great interest to Masons because those mentioned, we believe without exception, have been members of the Masonic Fraternity. Of course, and perhaps rightly so, their Masonic connections should not have been mentioned in the United States histories any more than their church affiliation, but it is rather strange that so many of them have not been mentioned at all, or else slightly mentioned, with some slurring or critical allusion.

Slurs Injected to Discredit Great Americans

West, in his "History of the American People," said to be widely used in high schools, teaches:

George Washington as a youth had been refused a coveted commission in the British Army. Sam Adams' father had been ruined by the wise British veto of a proposed Massachusetts "Land Bank." The older Otis had failed to secure an appointment on the Massachusetts bench. Alexander Hamilton was a penniless and briefless law student, with no chance for special advancement unless by fishing in troubled waters.

All these distinguished patriots were Masons, yet note the slur—not one of them given any credit for patriotism, but the insinuation is that disappointment or opportunity was the reason of their taking the stand against Great Britain.

Prof. Hart, in his "School History of the United States, Revised," calls Samuel Adams "a political boss," and both Hart and McLaughlin and Van Tyne in their "History of the United States for Schools, Revised" attribute to Alexander Hamilton the sentiment, "The people are a great beast."

"Everett Barnes' "Short History," Part II, page 9, says: "John Hancock, a rich merchant of Boston, who at a later day was President of the Continental Congress and the first signer of the Declaration of Independence was a smuggler; so had been his father." This is the only mention of Hancock in the Barnes school history. Whether he was maligned because he was a conspicuous patriot or because he was also a conspicuous Mason, who knows?

Many Great Americans Not Mentioned

Dr. Joseph Warren, who was Provincial Grand Master, leader of the Sons of Liberty, and the first patriot of distinction to lay down his life in the Revolution, is not mentioned in any one of the ten modernized school histories.

Paul Revere, who was Grand Master of Massachusetts Grand Lodge, got scant mention from any of them for his notable services to the patriots cause.

Gen. Richard Montgomery, whom Washington placed in chief command of the Northern Army; Gen. Harry Lenox, who was the head of Washington's artillery; Gen. Daniel Morgan, the leader of his infantry; Gen. Edward Hand, his adjutant general; Gen. Joseph Reed, his secretary; and the distinguished Generals John Sullivan, Anthony Wayne, John Stark—every one a Mason—all fare sadly at the hands of these revisionists.

Hart gives to Benedict Arnold sole credit for the attack on Quebec, with no mention whatever of General Montgomery, who commanded, led the attack and lost his life there.

General Knox's outstanding services throughout the Revolution are ignored by every one of the modern revisionists, and the only mention of him and by any of them is passing note of his being Secretary of War in Washington's cabinet.

Like neglect is accorded to General Sullivan, who was Washington's right-hand man in the victory at Trenton, won at Quaker Hill what Lafayette pronounced "the best contested battle of the war," served with great distinction on Long Island, on Staten Island, in West Chester, at Brandywine and at Germantown, and even when breaking in health led the expedition that drove the Tories and Indians out of western New York. Yet Everett Barnes seems never to have heard of General Sullivan, and McLaughlin and Van Tyne, Hart and Guitteau refer to him only as leading a march against the Iroquois.

Gen. Anthony Wayne gets barest mention by Hart, Guitteau and McLaughlin and Van Tyne, and Everett Barnes does not name him at all. Nor does Muzzey mention him or take any notice of the battle of Stony

Point, which saved New York from annexation to Canada. The Masonic Fraternity has appreciated the importance of Stony Point enough to erect a monument there, and Congress deemed Wayne worthy of a special medal. But modern historical revision eliminates both.

Masons in History Seem to Have Been Purposely Omitted

Gen. Daniel Morgan, though admitted by both Barnes and Guitteau to have crushed Tarleton and freed the south of the British and Tories, and also admitted by Barnes to have played a leading part in the capture of Burgoyne, is not mentioned by either of these elsewhere, nor at all by Hart, or McLaughlin and Van Tyne or Muzzey, or West.

There is little mention of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, Gen. John Stark, Gen. Philip Schuyler, Gen. Nicholas Herkimer, Gen. Peter Grassevoort, or Col. Ethan Allen, in any of the ten revisions. They were all Masons.

Barest mention, if any at all, is made of the invaluable assistance rendered by Steuben, De Kalb and Kosciuszko—Masons all.

All the names cited were illustrious ones in our old-time school histories. It cannot be said that their services were not of sufficient importance to justify their continuance. There is some other reason for the almost simultaneous and uniform defamation, minimization or elimination of all these heroic patriot and Masonic characters.

Few studies are of more importance than history in molding the character of boys and girls into the kind of men and women that they should become. The memory of heroes, the brave men and women of the Revolutionary period, as taught in the histories of the old school days, has been a greater incentive for making the best class of men and women than almost any other force that could be mentioned.

What kind of histories are your boys and girls being taught? Have you read them yourself? The safety of this republic lies in its schools, and it is the duty of every citizen to watch over them carefully.—New Age.

K-K-K

WHAT KIND OF SYMPATHY?

England reports that the twelve-mile limit is being sympathetically considered. The nature of the sympathy is not precisely defined. Many sailors would sympathize with anybody on shore who is twelve miles away when the hour for grog arrives.—Washington Star.

K-K-K

FROM MR. FORD'S PAGE

If our officials feel that they are able to go over and straighten out Europe, what can they do for the United States? Unselfishness should begin at home. This country has a number of problems to solve and it does not look well to run away from them nor to obscure them with a smoke-screen of foreign politics. A swing around the country would reveal that nearly every section has a serious, unnecessary and unjust burden to carry. Not merely a political dissatisfaction, a partisan prejudice nor a conversational grouch, but a daily painful burden originating in some form of government action or neglect of action—and nothing is being done about it. While Europe is getting into the shape where it will accept the only kind of help that will really help it, our officials should keep their hand in by doing something for the United States.—The Dearborn Independent.

K-K-K

THE CLIMBING DIVORCE RATE

AMERICAN HOMES BEING TORN TO PIECES

—K-K-K—

The American home is getting more hard wallops than the one that is involved in relaxed supervision of parents over their children, and the ones that are being delivered by the ultra-radical Russian cult. One of the stiffest assaults it has to stand up against is the divorce business.

We have it from Judge W. H. Thomas, former associate justice of the California District Court of Appeals, that the rate of increase in divorces between 1870 and 1917 for the country was exactly 400 per cent. In 1870 he informs us, there were 28 divorces for every 100,000 population. In 1916 the ratio was 112 for each 100,000. Divorce has grown three times as fast as the population. The annual output of divorces is now about 160,000, or at the rate of one divorce each four minutes.

In all of Canada in 1913 there were 69 divorces, and Canadians have social, political and governmental ideas very like our own. The United States has only one competitor in its class—Japan, where the recognized code of morals is not acceptable under the ostensible American test. Divorce in Europe was greatly stimulated by war and its aftermath, but it hasn't any such dizzy pace anywhere across the Atlantic as it has gained here, unless it be in Soviet Russia where (Continued on next column)

Righteousness a Direction

K-K-K

THE PURITAN AND A MODERN MAN.

K-K-K

Robert M. Gay, one of the pleasing essayists of the Atlantic Monthly, thinks it must have been delightful to live back in an earlier day, when moral standards were so fixed and clear. To the Puritans a thing was either right or wrong, and there was an end to it. To them it was right for a father to use the rod, lest he spoil his child. The modern father, on the other hand, has more compunctions about it. In deciding whether a thing was right or wrong, the Puritans had no modifying considerations delivered to them from biology, psychology or sociology. They had little trouble about heredity, environment or the neurotic complex.

But to the modern man, right and wrong are far more complex affairs. He may think he knows what the right is, but at the same time he must know what Freud says on the question, and Nietzsche and William James. Even theology has become somewhat scientific and morality hobbos with the new psychology. Much is confused, uncertain and debatable.

Much of the thought of the world has been spent trying to map the exact lines where right ends and wrong begins. The idea has been that right and wrong were distant territories divided by definite boundary lines. On this theory it was safe to approach close to the territory of wrong, if one did go too far. So men who did not really want to be thieves, did not hesitate to take advantage of their fellows when they got a chance. This theory has been responsible for much of the half-hearted goodness, honor and courage in the world. Many were lured to view the territory of evil, even if they did go clear over.

It can hardly be said that people today are less moral than the Puritans, although they are moral with a different vision. Boundary lines are no longer so hard and fixed. Is there an exact line that can be drawn in the matter of truth-telling, for example, or of temperance in all phases of life? A man's first duty is to be self-supporting, but when does this become selfishness? It is evident that good and evil shade into each other by degrees, and yet in the end they are as far apart as light and darkness.

In modern thought righteousness is a direction, rather than a position or territory as it was with the Puritans. The test of conduct is its drift, its implications. Would a deed, if generally repeated, conduce to the general good and welfare? If it would, then it is safe and sound. If it would not, then something is wrong with it.

Righteousness, in other words, is not a position or a location, but a tendency, a direction. It is not static, but dynamic. It is not a narcotic, but a motive power. It is not so much a matter of condemnation or self-pride as a challenge and an inspiration. It is a moving ideal, a flying goal. The prophet Daniel summed the thing up when he said: "I set my face upon the Lord God." The life set forward honesty, kindness, unselfish service cannot go far wrong, because it is moving in the direction of the greatest good, the greatest righteousness.—Minneapolis Journal.

a new school of moral or immoral prophets: in control.

Judge Thomas is convinced as a result of extensive study that the great single need is for a uniform law throughout the country governing marriage and divorce. He would erect legal barriers in every state against marriage by the immature and the unfit. He is right, however, in adding that we cannot look to statutes, federal or state, as a complete solvent for the divorce evil. Right ideals of marriage and parenthood and of the accompanying responsibilities and obligations must be inculcated in the youth of the land. There must be education to the end that marriages shall be undertaken with something of the good sense and understanding that is applied to every-day dealings.

If the home lies at the base of a Christian nation, then it follows that that nation, if it hope to survive, must preserve the integrity and sanctity of the home. There must be an acceptance of domestic responsibilities and a thinking of sex in terms of potential parenthood, and not in terms of animalism. Earlier civilizations went to ruin largely because they did not sustain the proper sex relationship and because they let selfishness and the carnal senses dislodge regard for the home as a sacred and basic social institution.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

K-K-K

Uncle Sam's Acres Vanish

K-K-K

By 1933, if the present rate of decrease goes on, the last acre of the once immense "public domain" of the United States will have been allotted. In the last fifty years there has been a decrease from 1,160,000,000 to 122,800,000 acres, and the remaining acreage is being disposed of either through the establishing of reserves or by land entry at the rate of 10,000,000 acres a year.

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The SON SPOT A MESSAGE TO FATHER

BY G. CLARENCE HOSKIN

In every boy's heart there is a spot. It may be more prominent or pronounced in some boys than in others. It may be a deep, silent longing in some hearts, and in others it may find expression in a frank, whole-hearted, boisterous, good fellowship. But it is there. For the lack of a better name, and I doubt if there is a better, I call it a "pal" spot.

That spot in the boy's heart keeps growing with the boy, and, as he develops into manhood, it keeps calling until it receives a response that fully satisfies. If I had not answered that call from my boy's heart, he would have gotten the answer from some other boy or some other boy's father; and, too late, I would have awakened to a realization that I was missing the one great privilege of my life by not being a "pal" to my boy.

In due course our boy made his appearance. When he arrived, his father resolved that he would make him his pal. He was determined that no boy or man should usurp that place in his boy's life. Of course the boy could be chummy with his mother and sisters, that was their right and privilege, and it was duly cultivated and enjoyed. He could have his friends and playmates a plenty; but for his pal, that place was claimed by his daddy, and he counted the cost, and was ready to pay the price.

Play Square With the Boy
As the boy grew older I found him ready to meet me more than half-way on every proposition that gave him a part in the game, and we became real pals. He played square with me and I played a square game with him. I found that he was not just a mischievous scamp who wore holes in his stockings, soiled the towels, and ate everything in reach. He was a human being with muscle and bone and an understanding. He wanted to do things,—wanted to learn. He was a son of his father. He was my boy. He wanted a father. He just naturally wanted a pal that he could go to for counsel, for knowledge, for help in the very same problems and perplexities that his father wanted help in when he was of that age.

The boy is now twelve years old, and the other evening we were walking home from the office, where we had been on a late errand. The conversation was on an item of mutual interest in business and recreation combined. I swung my left arm across the lad's back and let my hand rest on his left shoulder. Immediately his right hand went up to my right shoulder, even though he had to stretch for it. After a few efforts I succeeded in dislodging a troublesome lump that had made its appearance in my throat. I realized anew that my boy and I were pals.

He was three years old when we first noticed in him a hankering to do things. We were having a new house built, and the wife and I had gone over to see how the work was progressing. Of course the boy and his little hammer went along. Our attention was directed elsewhere, and the wife looked back just in time to see a little white head disappear between two floor joists. He had tried

to make the step like the big folks, but his legs were not quite long enough. When we got around to the basement entrance, we saw him crawling up the incline, hammer in hand, occasionally rubbing the back of his head. A few days afterward I had gone up the ladder to the roof to talk with the shingler. A few minutes later we heard a little noise in the direction of the ladder, and there was a little head and chest in view, and a small voice said, "Me want to help, too, papa." He wanted to do everything he saw anyone else do, and was ready to try. You see he was just a normal boy. He only needed to be taught,—needed to be guided.

As he grew older he wanted to make things,—tables, chairs, etc.—for his little sister, three years younger. His little saw would get the parts all fixed for him, but they would not fit together just right. Then he would come up from his little workshop in the basement, and lay the situation before his pal. Down to the basement they would go, those "two big boys," (for that was what they always called each other when working together.) New pieces would be secured where necessary, and the job soon completed.

Then the radio game came on. He wanted a set. So we "chipped in." We always do, we two boys. He got his wire and parts and put them together, but the thing wouldn't work. Then he came to his pal for help. But that was a new thing for his father, who soon discovered that he couldn't just look at a coil of wire and a few rig-a-ma-gigs and solder them together and get the desired results. I saw that if I was to hold my record with that boy, it was for me to master the amateur radio game.

He had the journals and I went at it. After a few evenings I knew a few of the things by their first names, and thought I could connect up the set for him. Together we worked one evening, rewinding coils, and finally had the set completed. We hooked it up, but all we could coax out of that aerial was what the boy called "static." I'll not soon forget the look in that boy's face when he realized that, for the first time in his experience, something his pal had made for him had failed to accomplish that for which it was designed. We both agreed that it was put together according to specifications. The next day a new crystal was secured to replace the one in the set, still nothing but that static came to our ears. A finer adjustment, however, soon brought the music, but it was the boy who was tinkering with the set at the time results were obtained.

It may be arithmetic, or carpentry, or radio, or boats, or bicycle, or roller-skate or coaster repairs; whatever it is, the boy goes as far as he can. Then he knows, when he has reached his limits, he can get help from his pal. That help is never denied him.

Stepping in Daddy's Tracks
The teaching is not all one-sided. It is about fifty-fifty, I think. A few years ago we were walking down the street. He tried to catch step with

me, but I am a six-footer and he was only ten years old. I shortened my step and began to whistle a military march. He joined in the march, with shoulders back and heels snapping. Then he said, "We're keeping step, Daddy." Keeping step with father! That is still filtering. It challenges me for a pace well chosen. Last winter we were on our way home, tracking through the snow. I was in the lead, with my usual stride. Then I heard, "I'm stepping right in your tracks, Daddy." Following in his father's footsteps! That means not a single misstep of that father for the son to follow. That lesson is still soaking in.

For some time he has been talking about getting a job during vacations. He wants to work and earn more money,—wants to do the thing himself. He wants something steady. I think of the stationery and the time my secretary and I spend in writing letters of recommendation for other fathers' boys. My boy is worth a little of my time. Not that I find the job for him, but we have had several chats as to manner of approach and conduct. Last summer he burst into the house, all excitement. He had been on a trip to the community grocery for his mother, and came home with the announcement that the grocerman wanted him to deliver with his bicycle. He had made the sale himself, and he was a happy lad.

I made an appointment to meet him at home one day at 4:30, and did not disappoint him, even though it inconvenienced me at the time. At another time he made an appointment with me at the office for five o'clock, but he stopped a few minutes with a boy friend and was late. He had to wait another day for his new needs, but he appreciated the situation.

He was down at the plant one day, with a number of neighbor children. Hearing suppressed voices outside, I looked, and discovered him sitting astride another boy, holding his hands. He was sent home. I arrived home as usual, but nothing was said about the episode until bedtime, then he and I, in our pajamas, stepped into his bedroom for a little chat. This particular boy had been chiding him about his friendliness toward one of the girls, and the girl being present, they were both quite embarrassed. The next evening, when I returned home, he greeted me with the announcement that he and Bob had made up. When questioned as to how it had been brought about, he said, "I went down and stuck out my hand and said, 'Come on, Bob, let's shake,' and we both grinned, and it's all right." He had followed counsel.

Proud of His Muscle
The other evening I had beaten him into bed. He came into my room, dressed in the lower part of his pajamas, his trunk being bare. He walked up to the bed, and with his face aglow, wanted me to feel his muscle. There he stood, a miniature Jess Willard. He then showed me how the athletes stand when they have their pictures taken. Many a time he and his pal may be found in bed together early in the evening, his daddy's head on his arm, talking over the events of the day, and plans for the future. That evening is lost, from the popular viewpoint, but it is of priceless worth from the pal standpoint.

At certain times during the year, I am required to spend several weeks away from home. On these occasions, when taking my departure, the boy and I have a confidential chat together. My appeal to him is after this fashion: "Now, son, Daddy is to be gone several days. There will be no father here to look after things. You are my big boy, and I can only leave the responsibilities with you. You will have to watch and see that everything is all right. Mother will need your help, because Daddy will not be here. We will have to depend on you. You will have to take my place. Be a big boy and see that everything goes all right. We will depend on you, mother and I." His answer to me usually is, "All right, Daddy, I'll do it," and the little man seems to sense his position, and he seems to grow just a bit taller, and he walks around with his shoulders back, just like us grown-ups. When I return from the trip there is, invariably, a good report of his conduct.

It would not be fair to him to tell of many of our chats over purely personal affairs. Those interviews are confidential. We have pledged each other to play fair and square in everything. We are real pals, this boy and I. He is not too small for me, neither am I large for him. May it never come when he cannot come to me with his problems, his perplexities, his confidences, and find me in a mood for an open and consistent hearing. I have time for kites, fishing, a few minutes catch with the ball before dinner, hikes, with camp fires, boiled eggs and roast potatoes, with this boy of mine. He is worth it.

Nothing. We are real pals, this boy and I. He is not too small for me, neither am I large for him. May it never come when he cannot come to me with his problems, his perplexities, his confidences, and find me in a mood for an open and consistent hearing. I have time for kites, fishing, a few minutes catch with the ball before dinner, hikes, with camp fires, boiled eggs and roast potatoes, with this boy of mine. He is worth it.

Punch Him in the Ribs
Some day your boy will take the initiative in the game. A few years later he will be competing with a million other fathers' sons in the business game, while you may be a spectator. See that he gets started right. Coach him now to win. Make your boy your pal. It will pay you to go more than half-way, if necessary, but, if he sees the right disposition on your part, he will meet you before you get there. It will surprise you how quickly he will begin to carry the load, if you give him half a chance. Whatever you do, play fair with him.

Does your boy ever want to sit on his dad's lap? Does he grab you around the thighs and lift your hundred and eighty pounds into the air just to show you how stout he is? Does he ever measure himself on your vest buttons? Does he ever tie your pajamas into knots, and stuff things into the toes of your shoes, when you do the same for him? Does he ever throw his arms around your neck and put a kiss on your cheek,—an expression of love, confidence, respect, trust, and loyalty that is far above anything that this world has to offer? Does your boy walk up to you, with a twinkle in his eye, and square himself for a playful sparring match? Does he ever lock holds and challenge you to go to the carpet with him for a tussle? Does he ever drive into you and muss up your hair? Do you ever come back at him in the same way? Do you ever give him a squeeze, punch him in the ribs, and slap him on the shoulder just like real pals? Do you ever show your love and respect for him and your confidence and interest in him in any other way than by a casual notice or reluctantly handing him a few dollars to spend?

Or, is he just the ordinary youth whose father is too busy making a few paltry dollars to know that he has a son of his own,—a possible and probable rival in the business game, a few years hence?

The Rod and the Pal
Paling your boy is a real tonic. It is a good recipe for keeping yourself young. It will show him that he is part of the family. It will solve many of the problems, difficulties, and perplexities in the administration of home affairs in which he is interested. Through that intimate association, he will get a correct vision of the responsibilities of home and business and national life.

The wise man said, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." That is the way with disciplinarians, but he only said part of it. You can get away from a lot of that rod stuff, and make a real man out of your boy, if you will just be a genuine, whole-hearted pal to him. Probably, nine chances to one, it is not a rod that the boy needs, as much as he needs a father with a little of the milk of human kindness in his heart, and an understanding and appreciation of the boy spirit. You experience an enjoyable consciousness of pride and satisfaction as you develop the association and tie the bands of palship a little tighter as the son grows older. If you have been delinquent in this, and want to test out your tact and diplomacy, tackle that boy of yours.

He is the best pal I have ever had, or ever expect to have, and I do not know that I want a better,—is my own son. I have paid the price, and how cheap is that price! It is not reckoned in coin and chattels, but it is counted in something that will mean more to him in the ultimate, my time.

Can I be his pal when he is twenty and in college? Can I still be his pal when he enters upon life's new problems at twenty-five? My body is worthy, and he is worth my time and closet, most intimate palship.—The Watchman Magazine.

How to Keep a Man's Love.
A young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affections went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love powder. The mystery woman told her: "Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about an inch thick. Slice an onion in two, and rub the meat on both sides with it. Put on pepper and salt, and toast it on each side over a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley and get him to eat it." The young wife did so, and her husband loved her ever after.

The Blood of White America

K-K-K

IT MUST BE KEPT PURE AND UNCONTAMINATED.

Diversity is Deity's delight. You cannot find two leaves exactly alike upon the same tree, nor two roses exactly alike upon the same bush. The same is true of human beings. All belong to the one species, but there are myriad races and types. The main need is to keep pure and unmixed, in the human kingdom, the superior and all-conquering group of the White. There is but one species of man, with numerous races and countless crossings, the latter producing the hybrid and the mongrel. The great purpose of the Ku Klux Klan is to preserve in America, as far as possible, the purity and power of the White Race, to keep our country from becoming a vast Mongrelia. This is the basic purpose, under the Sacred Obligation.

Mongrels a Menace
It was high time for the effort to be made. Mongrel hordes already have flooded our country, until groups have formed, composed of millions, which not only cannot speak English, but cannot read or write their own native language of jargon and interjection. Contact between these hordes and the whites of America resulted naturally in diverse crossing and mixing, with all indications pointing surely to the ruin of our race and country. Contact and crossing with the negro was had enough and sufficient to cause racial alarm, but the intermingling with the mongrel hordes threatens the wholesale ruin of the white race in America and the destruction of the republic of our forefathers. In this national emergency, with which we were brought face to face by the selective draft disclosures during the world war, it was providential that the Ku Klux Klan should be revived, with its rigid and uncompromising tenets and requirements. The Klan, sublime in principle and purpose, is defending with all its might the welfare of the white race and the Constitution of the republic. It is a counteracting product of unwise and suicidal immigration laws.

In a few more years, without counter activity, the mongrels would dominate and rule America. In South America, where whites, blacks and natives long have been in contact, intermingling freely, there are whole states in which mongrel half-breeds are in the majority, and in which it is extremely difficult to find a native of pure blood. These states are weak, degenerate and backward, easy victims to alien exploitation.

Is For White Race
The Klan represents the soul of America, and it deserves the active support of every white citizen.

A few days ago a white woman and an Asiatic were married in a Western state. Throughout the Northern and Eastern states, miscegenation under the form of marriage is permitted and practiced between blacks and whites and Asiatics. This is an awful crime against the race, and it continues a curse of ever-growing horror. In all of the Southern states intermarriage of the white with any other race is prohibited under drastic penalties. A few of the other states, including Oregon, have adopted similar legislation. The law is good, as far as it goes, but the imperative need is to prevent miscegenation and crossing in any form and without exception, everywhere in America. To this noble task the Klan is dedicated. Reform already is general in some sections. California is enforcing her drastic statute, adopted in 1861, under which any white person convicted of having cohabited with or married a negro, mulatto, Asiatic or Indian, forfeits all rights, and becomes subject to all the constitutional incapacities imposed upon inferior races. The object of the law is the purpose of the Klan—to preserve the white race, by preventing fusion and amalgamation. The lawmakers simply act like the proprietor of a flock of pure breed which he is anxious to keep free

from all mixture. They are right in ejecting from legal society not only the offspring of the cross but also the transgressing parents of the white race.

Will Shout Klankraft.
The mongrelization of America by the cross-breeding hordes from Europe, and Asia has gone so far that the Klan's great constructive purpose in behalf of the white race is opposed actively by organized groups which are strong enough, financially, to either silence the press or to prostitute it for their base defense and uses. Every American editor, with any love of race and country in his heart, knows well that the Klan in principle is right and that its purposes are constructive, wholesome and patriotic. Some day they will shout klankraft from the house-tops.

Vast masses of our population, in the congested centers, have no more pedigree than the street dogs and cats; they are the product of innumerable crossings with the mongrel hordes. This intermixture leads straight back to the different primitive types. Even today we see on all sides the horrible examples of atavism. "Throwbacks" are common everywhere. A single crossing several generations back may be responsible. "The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children."

Darwin quotes the case of a poultryman who having crossed his fowls with Malay birds, wished afterward to free them from this strange, inferior blood. After spending forty years in the attempt he still was unsuccessful, the Malay blood always appearing in some of his fowls. Atavism attests the physiological bond which unites all mongrels. The resourcefulness and vigor of the opponents of the Klan, their unity of action and purpose, prove also that there is a psychological and ethnic bond between the mongrel groups which have invaded our country.

If you are a white man, with a white man's mind and soul, you cannot withhold approval of the Klan, giving it at least passive support, whatever your religion may be.

K-K-K
What Is It All?

What is it all when all is told, This ceaseless toiling for fame or gold,

The fleeting joy or bitter tears? We are only here a few short years; Nothing our own but the silent past; Loving or hating, nothing can last. Each pathway leads to the silent fold,

Oh! What is it all when all is told, What is it all? A grassy mound, Where day or night there is never a sound

Save the soft low mourn of the passing breeze, As it lovingly rustles the silent trees. Or thoughtful friend with whispered prayer;

May sometimes break the stillness there, Then hurry away from the gloom and cold.

Oh! What is it all when all is told?

What is it all?—just passing through— A cross for you and a cross for me. Ours seem heavy while others seem light, But God in the end makes all things right;

He tempers the wind with such loving care, He knows the burden that each can bear, Then changes life's gray into heavenly gold.

Ah! That is all when all is told.

K-K-K
On being asked in court: "What does your husband earn?" a woman's unexpected reply was: "I am glad to say he is not such a nunny as to tell me."

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MINNEAPOLIS K. K. K. IN ALBERT LEA RITES

RAINSTORM STALLS 250 KLANS-
MEN WHO MISS INITIATION
BUT MARCH IN PARADE

Albert Lea, Minn., Sept. 1.—Two hundred fifty Minneapolis members of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan participated in a parade through the streets of Albert Lea last night, at the close of a public initiation ceremony on the Freeborn county fair grounds, north of the city.

The Minneapolis delegation was stalled between St. Paul and Albert Lea on the Jefferson highway by a heavy rainstorm and failed to arrive in time for the ceremonial rites. All of their cars were marked "K.K.K., Minneapolis."

The ceremony took place on a large platform in front of the grand stand. The whole inside of the race track was filled with klansmen in full uniform on horse and on foot, forming a circle around fiery crosses 35 feet in height. The display of fireworks falling over the platform and burning crosses, the red fire turning the great raindrops a deep red as they fell, made an impressive and spectacular scene.

All through the rain, the klans officers and men in full regalia were drenched to the skin, their flag hung wet and the water ran off the platform as off the roof of a house. Even the racetrack was covered with a lake of water and poured off along the side and under the grandstand and automobiles. Many cars at the end of the meeting were stalled in a sea of mud and water and had to be hauled out.

The meeting opened with the Klansmen and the whole audience singing "America," led by the band. This was followed by a fervent prayer by Dr. Harper, national lecturer for the Ku Klux Klan.

"Twilight" Orr, editor of the Call of the North, newspaper of St. Paul was introduced as the speaker of the evening. For two hours in full uniform he stood in the rain. He was cheered by the crowd until he grew hoarse. He explained in detail what the Klan stood for, its principles and teachings.

SPECTACULAR KU KLUX KLAN MEETING AT FAIR GROUNDS WITNESSED BY THOUSANDS

In Spite of Downpour of Rain Public Initiation and Naturalization Took Place Before Grand Stand at Fair Grounds Friday Night Amid Fireworks, Burning Crosses, Red Fire and White Robed Klansmen on Horses and Afoot—Full Ceremony Takes Place With All Klansmen and Candidates Unmasked—Great Crowd of Men, Women and Children Applaud "Twilight" Orr as He Tells the Principles and Teachings of the Klan—Audience Led by Hayward Band, Sings "America" and Dr. Harper Offers Fervent Prayer.

(Albert Lea Evening Tribune)

It rained in torrents. Water covered the platform and run off its sides as the roof of a house. The race track filled full until it resembled a river. Then it spilled over into rivulets which ran beneath the grandstand under and between the hundreds of automobiles parked two or three deep in a great semi-circle extending from the feed barns on the north to the main entrance gate leading to the Jefferson highway to the southeast. And still it rained drenching to the skin the finely robed officers and members.

But the ardor of these men, members of the Ku Klux Klan could not be dampened for they had called a meeting for Friday night to give to the populace the first public initiation and naturalization of the order ever given in the State of Minnesota. They had advertised it to take place on the Freeborn County Fair grounds north of the city on Friday evening at eight o'clock. And it was staged just as scheduled.

Shortly after six o'clock automobiles from all over the city and nearby territory began to arrive at the fair grounds. The grandstand quickly filled and the occupants of the cars coming later remained in their parked cars to see—if not to hear—the ceremony.

After the presiding officer, in full regalia, excepting his mask, had called the meeting to order, the audience rose and sang "America." They were led by the Hayward band. Dr. Harper, national lecturer for the Ku Klux Klan then offered prayer. On the platform was a flag decorated table and beside it a large burning cross. To one side of the table was the Stars and Stripes.

"Twilight" Orr, Editor of the Call of the North, the official newspaper of the Klan published in St. Paul, was introduced as the speaker of the evening. For nearly an hour and one-half this robed man with his powerful voice, explained the teachings and principles of the order. He said:

"Any 'Native Born' American citizen is eligible to become a member who has the best interest of his community, city, state and nation at heart, owing no allegiance to any foreign Government, political party, sect, creed or ruler, and engaged in a legitimate occupation, and who believes in the Tenets of the Christian Religion, white supremacy, protection of our pure womanhood, just Laws and Liberty, closer relationship of Pure Americanism, the upholding of the Constitution of these United States, the Sovereignty of our State Rights, the Separation of Church and State, freedom of Speech and

FLAMING CROSS AT MEDFORD

VILLAGERS STARTLED FROM
THEIR SLUMBERS

(Owatonna Journal-Chronicle)

The residents of this village were startled from their slumbers about eleven o'clock Monday evening by a terrific explosion and on rushing to windows or doors beheld a huge flaming cross on the hill east of town. From reports it seems that the cross was erected on the hill and then a heavy charge of dynamite exploded nearby to attract attention to this spectacle. Following the appearance of the flaming cross it is said that several men were seen running down the hill, at the foot of which they jumped into waiting cars and rapidly drove away. No explanation has been forthcoming as to the perpetrators of this scene but it is generally assumed to be the work of the K.K.K. It is not known whether there is a local Klan.

WHAT ONE FAMOUS CRITIC
SAYS ABOUT THE KLAN
(George Jean Nathan in "The Smart Set.")

Not a single solitary sound reason has yet been advanced for putting the Ku Klux Klan out of business. If the Klan is against the Catholics, so are the Masons. If the Klan is against the Jew, so are half of the good hotels of the Republic and three-quarters of the good clubs. If the Klan is against the foreign-born or hyphenated citizen, so is the National Institute of Arts and Letters. If the Klan is against the negro, so are all the states south of the Mason-Dixon line. If the Klan is bent upon political control, so are the American Legion and Tammany Hall. If the Klan wears grotesque uniforms, so do the Knights of Pythias and the Mystic Shriners. If the Klan holds meetings in the dead of night, so do the Elks. If the Klan conducts its business in secret, so do all the college Greek letter fraternities and the Department of State. If the Klan holds idiotic parades in the public streets, so do the police, the letter carriers and the firemen. If the Klan's off-teachings.

(Continued in next column)

GALA DAY AT AUSTIN

—K-K-K—
ANOTHER BIG KLAN CELEBRATION PLANNED

—K-K-K—
Austin, Minn.—We wish the Call of the North would call the attention of Klansmen in Minnesota and nearby states to the big K. K. K. celebration which will be a gala day here on the 15th. The boys here are working overtime to complete all arrangements, so a big time is assured.

Many local Klansmen went to Albert Lea and enjoyed the Klan meeting there so much that they decided definitely to pull off a celebration that will be a humdinger in every proper way. We are praying for fair weather and sunshine on the 15th of September.

We want all Klansmen who have robes, to bring them along. We hope in the meantime that many Citizens will purchase robes so that a thousand men at least may take part in the parade. All roads lead to Austin on the 15th. It's Austin or bust. There is considerable Klan activity around here and Protestants are awakening as never before, which puts a stiffness in the spine that makes us lift our heads higher and cheers us to greater efforts.

cers bear ridiculous names, so do the officers of the Lamb's club. If the Klan constitutes itself a censor of private morals so does the Congress of the United States. If the Klan lynches a Moor for raping someone's daughter, so would you or I.

—K-K-K—
Subscribe for—
The Call of the North

MURDER SAYS KING KLEAGLE

—K-K-K—
Declares Constitution Was "Struck Foul Blow" In Carnegie Shooting.

—K-K-K—
Sam D. Rich, king klegale of the Ku Klux Klan of Pennsylvania, issued the following statement regarding the attitude of the Pennsylvania Klansmen following the death of one of their members at the hands of a bigoted mob.

"The tenets of the United States Constitution have been struck a foul blow by the action Saturday night of a mob of Carnegie residents in attacking parading Klansmen during which Klansmen Thomas R. Abbott of Burgettstown, was murdered. When conditions come to such a stage in this enlightened age that peaceful Americans banding themselves into a patriotic organization are prevented from exercising the same rights as Catholics, Jews and negroes, and which are guaranteed by that Constitution formed by our forefathers, it is high time action is taken.

"Catholics, Jewish, Italian and negro people have paraded the byways of this Pittsburgh community and not once has a participant been harmed in the least by a Protestant spectator. The regrettable and certainly ruthless action of the un-American element of Carnegie's citizenry Saturday night is just cause for a great concentration on the part of 100 per cent American citizens with a view of preventing its recurrence. And we, as Klansmen, pledge ourselves to this just cause.

MONTANA KLANS HOLD BIG MEET

—K-K-K—
ST. PAULITE SPEAKER OF THE DAY.

—K-K-K—
Lewistown, Montana, Sept. 3.—The largest out-door ceremonial ever staged by the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan in Montana was put on here Sept. 2.

All Klans in the state had been invited and it is estimated that there were 2,000 visiting Klansmen participating in the initiation. A lecturer of national reputation was present and delivered an address on "Beacon Light of Civilization."

—K-K-K—
ATCHITOCHE, LA.—More than 5,000 persons witnessed a Ku Klux naturalization near here last week. Dr. Coomb, of Little Rock, addressed the audience, among whom were approximately 2,500 Klansmen. Two hundred and seventeen candidates were initiated. During a part of the ceremony the Klansmen unmasked.

—K-K-K—
BINKLEY, TEX.—A large open-air meeting of the Ku Klux Klan was held here last week when Sherman Klan, No. 105, with visitors from neighboring Klans met for the initiation of a large class of candidates. About 1,000 Klansmen were present.

—K-K-K—
PORTLAND, ME.—Thousands of persons witnessed the out-door initiation ceremony held at Klan headquarters here last week. The class of candidates was said to number 400.

Application Blank

I am a "Native Born" American-Citizen, having the best interests of my Community, City, State and Nation at heart, owing no allegiance to any foreign government, political party, sect, creed or ruler, and engaged in a legitimate occupation, and believe in—viz.

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Sept. 15

7:30 P. M.

Open Air Ceremonial
Public Naturalization