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## Pretty Lessons Taught By the Elks

### Memorial Services Held at the Opera House Sunday---Gov. John Burke Delivered the Eulogy---Beautiful Decorations

Minot Lodge B. P. O. E. No. 1089, observed the regular annual Memorial services at Jacobson's opera house at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon with exercises most fitting and impressive.

As the Minot lodge is the baby Elk lodge of the United States, having just organized, there are no departed dead, therefore the services were held for those of the other three lodges of the state. Fargo, Grand Forks and Jamestown. The number of departed ones from those lodges comprise forty-eight.

The Exalted Ruler of the lodge, L. J. Palda, Jr., made a few timely remarks calling attention to the object of the meeting. While it is possible that the departed Elks were not conscious of this meeting yet such a gathering will do much to teach the lesson of good fellowship and charity to those living.

The program was opened by several selections by the orchestra, when the Elks marched to the front of the house and were seated. The officers took their regular stations.

Rev. Mr. MacMullen pronounced the invocation after which the male quartette, F. Schull, Dr. Storey, H. Schull and John Marquette sang "Comrades in Arms" in a pleasing manner. The roll of Honored dead was then read, and as each one's name was called, the light of the candle representing his life was snuffed out. The forty-eight candles had been arranged in the form of a cross and the scene was beautiful.

Mrs. R. E. Barron sang "Land of Eternal Light" very sweetly and after Gov. Burke's Eulogy, Miss Blanche Lynch, another of Minot's popular vocalists sang "Lead Kindly Light." The exercises were closed by the benediction pronounced by Rev. N. F. Ellsworth.

The opera house had been beautifully decorated with ferns, chrysanthemums, carnations and lilies and the colors of the Elks were everywhere to be seen. The crowd was just large enough to comfortably fill the house.

The lessons taught by the Elks that afternoon were excellent and might well be followed by everyone. "The faults of our brothers, we write upon the sands; Their virtues upon the tablets of love and memory."

Gov. John Burke of North Dakota, was present and delivered the Eulogy. The governor is a pleasing speaker, and made an eloquent plea for good fellowship, quoting the poets Burns and Moore frequently. He believes that Burns ought to be poet laureate of the lodge of Elks. His speech in full follows.

Dear friends and brothers:

This is a holy day--sacred to the tender memories and holy ties that bind the living and the dead. Sacred to the memory of our departed brothers, who, grown weary upon life's journey, have crossed over and are waiting and watching for us on the other side of the River of Life. Never more will they grace our lodge room with their presence; never more will they lend wisdom to the council chamber, nor mirth to the social session. They are dead--and yet alive in the memory of their friends--and in our heart of hearts:

"Where lilies and roses and violets blue, Bloom in our hearts for the brave and true".

They may not know of these memorial exercises; we do not know; we cannot look beyond the pale of human life, and from the silent, voiceless tomb there comes no response. But whatever their knowledge in the better land may be, we do know, that

while living our friends need that the living members of the benevolent order met once a year in commemoration of their dead. We also know they knew that the changeless friendship of their living brothers would insure the faithful observance of this day.

What a consolation it must be when the last hour comes, to have your friends around you to encourage you with their sympathy, to soothe your pain and suffering, and best of all to know that they will think kindly of you when you are gone.

How beautifully Moore expresses it in the lines:

"Go where glory waits thee, But while fame elates thee,

Oh! Still remember me, When the praises thou meetest

To thine ear is sweetest, Oh! Then remember me,

Other arms my press thee, Dearest friends caress thee,

All the joys that bless thee, Sweeter far may be;

But when friends are nearest And when joys are dearest,

Oh! Then remember me, When round thee dying,

Autumn leaves are lying, Oh! Then remember me,

On the gay hearth blazing, Oh! Still remember me,

Then should music stealing All the soul of feeling,

To thy heart appealing, Draw one tear from thee;

Then let memory bring thee, Strains I used to sing thee,

Oh! Then remember me, Oh! It is sweet to be remembered;

not to be mourned and grieved over, but kindly remembered; to know that when you go, there will be a vacant place; that someone will be sorry;

that your life has not been a failure; that you have not lived in vain; that you have earned the respect, love and esteem of your fellow man and deserve a place in his memory. And so we meet in commemoration of those who deserve a place in our memory; to think of them as we knew them in life; to meditate upon and to emulate their virtues, and as we lift the veil from the past only virtue is revealed.

If there were faults, charity, the white robed sister of faith and hope, spreads over the mantle of silence. And surely if we meet in the spirit of charity, in thus honoring our dead we ennoble ourselves. If we have been negligent or careless, or had misunderstandings or differences with our friends in life, the influences of these memorial exercises will make us more solicitous for and kind to the living. We will not wait until our friends are dead to sound their praises, but they shall know in life that our friendship is theirs, living or dead and particularly while living, for

"Life is a certainty, Death is a doubt-- Men may be dead While they are walking about, Loving's as needful To being as breath-- Loving is dreaming, And waking is death."

The thought here conveyed by the poet is that the person that does not enjoy the loving friendship of someone may exist but does not live--that such a person is dead while walking about--the machine lives; the man is dead. Oh how many such there are in this old world!

How many young men and women might have been saved from a life of crime; how many might have been reclaimed by the friendship and influence of good friends; and, how

many have been lost by the false pride and anger of those who should be nearest and dearest. How much happier and better for those who should be nearest and dearest to say to all the world, in the language of Moore;

"Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,

Though the herd has fled from thee, thy home is still here;

Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,

And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

"Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not for the same

Through joys and through torment, through glory and shame?"

I know not, I ask not, if gull's in that heart,

I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Good fellowship and unselfish friendship is according to God's holy plan. God said, "It is not good for man to be alone." He meant by this that man should have companions to comfort him in his afflictions; to cheer him in his loneliness; and to help him bear his burden in adversity. The holy scriptures are full of admonitions to man to dwell in peace and harmony together, to love one another--and God himself so loved man that He sent His only son to save the world and to bring peace upon earth and good-will among men. There is no poet worthy of the name that has not sang in praises of the friendship that should exist between man and man.

But the intensely human poet, Robert Burns, whose great heart overflowed in song to every living thing that could feel, should be made Poet Laureate for this benevolent order. The good fellowship that this order fosters was the good-fellowship that Burns longed for an immortalized in song. It is the same friendship that he tenders to the world in that tender loving message of deathless friendship which comes to us through the shadows and mists of more than a century in that beautiful old song, that is ever new, that applies to all conditions, ages and stations in life,

"Auld Lang Syne." This grand old song is the most kind and gentle rebuke for the neglect of old friends and old associates ever couched in human language. Burns does not say that "Auld acquaintance" should not be forgot, but in a tone of mild reproach he asks the world the question,

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to min'?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And days o' lang syne?"

The poets answer is easily read between the lines; but upon the world is thrown the burden and responsibility of answering that question.

It is easily answered if we are in sympathy with the reminder that follows.

"We twa ha'e run about the braes, And pu'd the gowans fine,"

Here, with the friends of long ago, he raced over the hills of his native land, picking mountain daisies--that he immortalized in song. Perhaps, for each other, possibly for a more tender and sentimental purpose; but whatever the object the inference is plain that to Burns, at least, the memories that clustered around such days were sacred; that the ties of friendship there woven were firm and lasting as Scotia's hills, and as sweet as the flowers that perfumed their rugged peaks.

What a world of reminiscences this recalls to each of us! For in every land there are hills and flowers, and blue skies and glorious sunshine, and the sunshine of happy, innocent childhood. Oh! the merry, happy days of "Auld Lang Syne."

But there comes a time when we must leave the hills and flowers and enter upon the real and earnest duties of life. This is all summed up in two lines,

"But we wandered mony a weary foot Sin' auld lang syne."

What a pathetic picture of sorrows and joys, of the failures and triumphs of life! But the inference is again plain, that though footsore and weary upon life's journey, there is joy, and happiness, and rest in living over again in fancy the days of long ago. When tired of roaming over the hills in search of flowers,

"We twa ha'e paidt' i' the burn, Frae morning sun till dine,"

What a beautiful and true to life picture! The poet and his early play mates sitting on the banks of the "Bonnie Doon," paddling and splashing in the water with their feet, throwing it about, dashing it up, and watching it sparkle and glimmer in the golden sunlight until it falls in a shower of spray, and the face of the stream is dimpled with laughter as it rushes by. And yet more beautiful than the picture is the thought conveyed that the friendship there born amid the everlasting hills, garlanded with sweet flowers, and baptised in the sacred waters of his beloved "Doon," was pure as the sparkling water and like the "Bonnie Doon" would flow on and on forever. And though

"But seas between us braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne."

No sea is broad enough, or deep enough, or wet enough to wash out or dilute such changeless friendship, nor is time long enough to efface its memory. Here I am reminded that every land has running streams, and running, barefoot boys and girls, that love to sit upon the river's bank with their bare feet hanging over paddling in the water. We have all been there. We all enjoyed it, and some of us

enjoy it yet. Oh! the mirthful, frolicsome days "o' auld lang syne."

"And here's a hand my trustie fiere, And gie's a hand o' thine."

What a wealth of hearty, good fellowship is here expressed. It is expressive of the friendship of Jonathan and David, of Damon and Pythias, of friendship that lasts and of a hand-clasp that is remembered. It is a confirmation of the past, and a pledge for the future. A gentle reproof for the neglect of old friends, it does not preclude the making of new ones, for Burns would have all mankind, not only friends but brothers. And so we love this old song, not for its rhythm nor for its poetic beauty; but because the dear old thing, like Payne's "Home Sweet Home," touches a responsive cord in every heart.

We sing it in our opening ode in commemoration of our dead. They too are "auld acquaintances," and it applies to all acquaintances living and dead, and is the complete expression of the good fellowship that it is our mission to promote.

Such is the mission of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. To reverse the dead, to promote friendship, to dispense charity, to protect the home, to teach patriotism, to love God, to respect all religions--though it teaches none. It requires of each member a belief in God, but is mediated with no man's conscience or religion. It recognizes the great truth that there may be many roads leading to the same place. Some may be shorter and more direct than others. Some may be rugged and rough and some may be beset with danger, but it is better to let each go his own road. The road he is familiar with; the road along which he knows the marks on every milestone; the road his mother showed him when in childhood he knelt at her feet and lisped his morning and evening prayers. It is better

## G. N. Ice House and Cars Burn

### One of the Largest Fires Known in Minot Occurred Sunday Night---Cars Were Loaded With Coal, Lumber and Hay---Fire Department Could do Nothing

The new Great Northern ice house, which was completed last winter, but never yet used by the company, was burned to the ground about nine Sunday night. It is not just known how the fire caught, but several Dago workmen have been camping out in the big building, and it may be that they set the structure on fire accidentally. The new building was located about half a mile east of the Minot flour mill, and altho the firemen were called out, they were powerless to do anything to save the immense building. They strung the hose, which however reached only about half way to the building. The yard was packed full of box cars at the time, and while many of them were gotten out of the way,

eight caught fire and were burned. There were three of coal, one car of lumber, two cars of hay and a couple of old cabooses occupied by Dago workmen for cooking cars. The intense heat from the burning building drew up the rails on the north side in a bow shape, which made it impossible to draw the cars to safety. The ice house was 375 feet long, 50 feet wide and was built of sixteen foot posts. The structure cost over ten thousand dollars. The loss to the Great Northern is considerable inasmuch as they have intended filling the house shortly with ice to supply the cities from Minot to Spokane.

This was the largest building that ever burned in this city.

#### Military Ball.

The Military ball given Thanksgiving night at Jacobson's opera house by Co. D was largely attended and the function one of the most important of its kind ever held in Minot.

Promptly at ten o'clock, the grand march was formed, led by Adjutant General Poole of Bismarck, followed by Major Person and Capt. Blakey. Probably three hundred were present at the ball and every number was thoroughly enjoyed. Great credit is due to Capt. Blakey and his clean lot of men.

A daughter was born Tuesday morning to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. Moore, seven miles northeast of the city.

enjoy it yet. Oh! the mirthful, frolicsome days "o' auld lang syne."

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What a wealth of hearty, good fellowship is here expressed. It is expressive of the friendship of Jonathan and David, of Damon and Pythias, of friendship that lasts and of a hand-clasp that is remembered. It is a confirmation of the past, and a pledge for the future. A gentle reproof for the neglect of old friends, it does not preclude the making of new ones, for Burns would have all mankind, not only friends but brothers. And so we love this old song, not for its rhythm nor for its poetic beauty; but because the dear old thing, like Payne's "Home Sweet Home," touches a responsive cord in every heart.

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#### New Store at Tasker.

F. B. Sowle & Co. opened their general merchandise store at Tasker Monday. This store is well stocked with a first class line of goods, just purchased from the best eastern markets, and the company is in shape to handle the large trade which it is sure to get, very nicely. Mr. Sowle is well acquainted in this portion of the country, having managed the G. E. McClure & Co. store for several years with success. That old timer of Ward county, Charlie Schriber is interested in the new stock. The concern has plenty of backing and the business is certain to be conducted in a straight forward manner. Tasker is a good trading point, as farmers come to that place from a distance of forty miles for coal, and naturally will do a portion of their trading there at the same time.

that each go his own familiar road, but he may not be lost in trying to find a new way, and the man who observes the golden rule, who is true to his friends and his home, who dispenses charity--as the Master did--without letting his right hand know what his left hand is doing, who loves his country and his God and who practices his own religion faithfully, and conscientiously, ought to be reasonably safe on any road.

The great cardinal principle of this order is charity given in secret, for the reasons that when so given it reaches the poor and needy, it teaches humanity and modesty to the giver. It is then given for charity's sweet sake, and not for exhibition and advertisement, and--what is more desirable than all--it saves the recipient the humiliation of accepting aid with the knowledge of others. Pride is usually called a vice, but the pride that refuses public charity or charity contingent on parade, publicity or advertisement, is a virtue.

Every one is rich enough to dispense the charity of human kindness, not in secret but every where and at all times. The kindness that recognizes

"A man's a man for a' that."

"For a' that, and a' that, It's coming yet, for a' that; That man to man the world o'er, Shall brothers be for a' that."

Brothers here and brothers there, for we shall meet again. "Shall we meet again?"

"Yes! I have asked that wonderful question of the hills that looked eternal; and the flowing streams that lucid flow forever; of the stars, amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit hath trod in glory. All were dumb; but now, while I gaze upon thy loving face, I feel the love that kindles through its beauty can never wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemantha."

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