

THE WARD COUNTY INDEPENDENT.

—THE INDEPENDENT HAS THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY WEEKLY PAPER IN THE STATE—

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LITTLE STORIES OF THE STREET

DAVIS IS CHESTY.
Judge Davis, congressional aspirant returned from a tour of the stopp country, met a group of friends on the street.

"Well how goes the battle, judge?" one of them asked. The judge took a hitch in his suspenders, tightened his belt up a notch and in a pompous manner ejaculated: "Well, I've got 'em all licked forty ways for Sunday. Boys you are gazing at your next congressman. Why, down on the Slope they tell me that I look like a congressman. My picture you may see nailed up in every livery barn and blacksmith shop and groups of people can be seen gazing at it, their Moses who is going to lead them out of the wilderness. Even the school children halled me as the next congressman from the 'Third,' and the judge wended his way to round up a few stray votes to put them in his corral along with hundreds of thousands of others.

BACON QUIETED THE KID.

They tell this story on A. F. Bacon, manager of the Jacobson opera house. During a recent attraction, a child in the gallery started crying and threatened to keep up its yell incessantly. Bacon, who takes a delight in quelling disturbances stepped up to the front of the opera house and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped, the child cannot possibly go on."

NEEDED A NEW PITCHER.

While Doc Spillane was pitching for the Magicians two years ago, John Maloney, one of our most popular old timers, was induced to go down to the park to see a game. Doc was in the box and the way he fanned out the visitors wasn't slow. John sat there with a look of disgust on his face.

"How do you like the game, John?" said a fan who sat next to him.

"It's all right, I reckon," said Mr. Maloney, "but they ought to get another man to throw them balls. That there man can't throw a ball so's the boys can hit it."

KNEW HOW TO GRAFT.

A Ward county commissioner applied for a job in a nursery. He declared that he knew all about setting out trees, and spraying them, and many other essential things.

"Do you know anything about grafting?" asked the nurseryman. "Vell," replied the applicant, "Ay tank ay ju; ay bane county commissioner for bout fem years."

GREENLEAF'S DECLARATION.

"In 1916, when President Roosevelt again looks for someone to succeed him," declared Dank Greenleaf, Democratic congressional aspirant, he will be careful to select a slender, unjudicial man who never played golf in his life."

DR. McCANNELL'S LATEST.

Dr. A. J. McCannel who generally has a good story on the end of his glib Scotch tongue is telling this one: "Two of the churches in Minot are located close together, and recently while someone was passing between the two churches on prayer meeting night, he heard this spirited dialogue in song: 'Te congregation of one church was singing, 'Will there be any stars, any stars, in my crown, when at evening the sun goeth down?' And the congregation of the other church apparently answering the question, were singing, 'No, not one; no, not one.'"

MINOT'S PHILOSOPHERS.

Minot has more philosophers to the square inch than any other city in the state. The Independent man fotted down a few wise sayings that he heard on the street in a day's travel:

R. H. Emerson: "Some men remain



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"By fours—right—march!" rings down the line.
From troop to troop it flies.
The bent forms straighten; there comes the shine
Of the old light in their eyes.
"Ta-rat-tat-tum!" throbs the turbulent drum,
While the wild fife shrill and blow,
And the tunes they cry as the ranks go by
Are of fifty years ago.

Old "John Brown's Body"—"Guide right there—
hept!"—
And "Rally Round the Flag!"
The hearts of the marchers keep in step,
Though their old feet halt and lag.
"The Girl I Left Behind Me"—say,
I never hear that air
But I think of the day I marched away
And left Her standing there.

"The Battle Cry of Freedom"—Bill,
Do you mind how the band blared out
"The Battle Cry" when we charged the hill
And took it with a shout?
"Yankee Doodle," "The Picket Guard,"
"Gone at Their Country's Call"—
How they take us back through the years, old pard,
And how we love them all!

"We're Coming, Father Abraham"—
Yes, coming as of yore,
And when we pitch our final tents
Upon the farther shore
We're sure "Old Abe" will greet us there,
And the boys we used to know,
And we'll hear above the songs we love
Of fifty years ago.

poor all their lives, only because they stay broke trying to make other people amount to something—when they don't."

Hart Swailead: "It is strange that girls who cannot swim a lick, should be so willing to embark on the sea of matrimony, without either life boat or life belt."

Dad Marsh: "Men who carry it in

a bottle, should use a flask. The round quarts bulge one's coat out of shape."

OUR LUCKY DAY.

We presume that we've deserved a licking more times than once, but for some reason or other, we've always managed to just escape, altho

time and again some irate citizen has for the moment felt like doing dire things to us. Staale Hendrickson, who is making a whirlwind campaign for the legislature, up in Burke county, tells a good story (we don't know whether its on Staale or the editor). By the way, Staale and the editor are now the best of friends, explanations having been in order months ago. Staale is quick tempered and he doesn't care who knows it. He had secured a copy of the Independent, walked down to the G. N. depot and had just five minutes to wait for his train, when he chanced to read something that riled him up. He looked at his watch. He declared to himself: "I've got just time enough to run back to the Independent office, whale the editor within an inch of his life, and catch my train." Staale is some sprinter. How he did come up over that viaduct. He rushed into the Independent office, and fortunately, we were out interviewing some delinquent subscriber or other. Staale just had to catch that train and couldn't wait. He got back to the depot just in time, and by the time he came to Minot again, he had that the matter over and concluded that we might just as well be friends. If we lived in Staale's district, and could stuff the ballot box, we'd surely give him a dozen votes, for he's a first rate fellow and will make a good legislator, even if he is a little quick-tempered.

JOHN I. MOORE AGAIN.

Inquiries were made in Minot last week concerning John I. Moore, who is in Minneapolis, to learn if he had sufficient funds in a certain bank to cover a check he gave.

A Minot farmer was seen hauling a boat out of town one day last week. We presume he was in a hurry to finish his seeding.

Glenburn raised \$300 for the better farming movement. We don't know of a town in the state, for its size, that has such a record.

Tom Jones, a transient grocery peddler, who worked the Glenburn country for two months, couldn't square his hotel bill and was allowed to go in peace.

NINE SILOS FOR WARD COUNTY FARMERS

Material for Money Makers Arrives in Minot Tuesday—More Will Be Ordered.

Nine Ward county farmers received the material for silos Tuesday to be constructed on their farms in the vicinity of Minot. The silos vary in capacity up to 100 tons. The staves of some of them are 32 feet long, sawed from the best Washington fir and with scarcely a knot. The farmers intend to turn in and assist each other to construct them. Those who have already received the material for the silos are J. E. Elsberry, Al Erb, E. S. Person, H. J. Hecht, M. A. Monigan, all north and west of Minot, and F. E. Cook of Logan; W. E. Myers of McHenry township, and C. D. Lambert and J. H. Cover of Surrey. Others will order stock later.

It will not be long until we can stand on top of either the north or south hill and count scores of silos scattered about the country.

E. J. LANDER CO. LOCATES IN MINOT

H. C. Lander is in charge of Minot Offices Which Are Now in Readiness—Will Look After Business in Northwestern N. Dakota.

The E. J. Lander Co., land and loans, has located in this city, with H. C. Lander, formerly manager of the Rugby office in charge. The Minot office will look after the extensive business of the company in the northwestern part of the state, the Kenmare office having been closed. J. C. Webster, who had charge of the Kenmare offices, comes to Minot as field man. Several families will be added to Minot on account of the location of the company here, which is one of the strongest concerns in the state. The company still maintains offices at Rugby and Williston.

The E. J. Lander Co.'s main office is at Grand Forks, where it was organized in 1883.

CLARK'S CHARGES OUSTS DOCTOR

Organizer of Medical College of Minnesota University Has Resigned.

Minneapolis, May 23.—Dr. C. H. Hunter is no longer a member of the faculty of the school of medicine at the University of Minnesota.

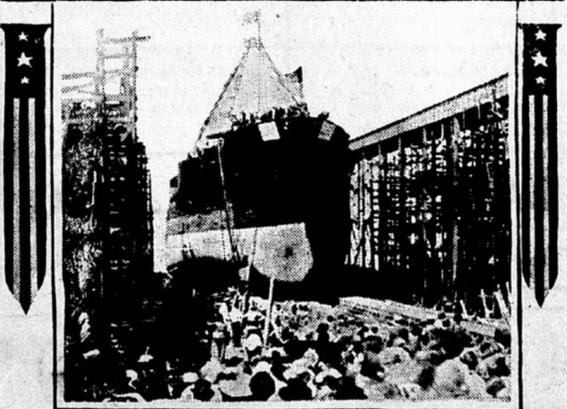
His resignation was requested. This action by the regents followed charges against Dr. Hunter by Sam H. Clark of North Dakota. The unprofessional conduct alleged was one of the organizers of the medical college.

Tony George, the 418 pound sheriff from Grant county, Ind., is compelled to remain in North Dakota two weeks, having arrived at Rugby for Broom, one of the murderers of Wade Robinson, the Hoosier merchant. He regretted that he could not return to Indiana in time, for he was sure of landing the prize for the largest Elk attending the big convention held in that state.

Jack Charmley of Mott was surprised because there are no prisoners in the Hettinger county jail. He says: "Coming from Ward county where we have found the S. R. O. sign at Sheriff Kelley's palatial quarters often out, we came to the conclusion that Hettinger county was indeed a good peaceful place to live in."

"Little Mac" of Fisher, who is boosting Hanna, advises the voters to give Hanna their first choice vote and "Joe Bush" or Herman Madsen their second.

Launching of the Texas and Portrait of Her Sponsor



Photos by American Press Association.

CLAUDIA, the ten-year-old daughter of Colonel Cecil Lyon, Republican national committeeman from the Lone Star State, had the coveted distinction of christening the battleship Texas at the recent launching of the navy's biggest man-of-war at Newport News. The ceremonies of the launching were successfully carried out in spite of the fact that there were some heartburnings over the choice of a sponsor, and the flaxen haired, blue eyed miss whose portrait is reproduced above broke the bottle of champagne across the prow as accurately as if she had been of twice her age and experience. The Texas is the superior of any other warship yet built. She cost \$14,000,000, has a full load displacement of 30,000 tons, a length of 573 feet, a speed of twenty-one knots and 30,000 indicated horsepower. She carries ten fourteen-inch breechloading rifles of the latest and most improved design. Her sister ship, not yet built, will be called the New York.

The Dope That Judge Davis Is Peddling

The Independent understands that Judge Davis, a congressional aspirant, is peddling a new kind of dope that he thinks will win some votes. Very greatly peeved because the four Minot papers favor the nomination of Alfred Blaisdell, he is traveling up and down the highways and byways crying "Bought."

To the Independent editor, the judge said today: "Of course I cannot prove that Blaisdell bought the Minot papers, but it looks as though that is the case. I intend to put this up to the voters in this manner, anyway, and I feel sure that I can best

Blaisdell easily."

The judge simply cannot conceive of the four Minot papers supporting one candidate without there being some graft connected with it. We know Blaisdell didn't hand the Independent anything for its support, and we don't believe that he "bought" any of the other papers. The main reason that all of the Minot papers supported Blaisdell, was because the editors wanted to see Minot have a congressman, and Blaisdell appeared to be the candidate most likely to win.

GIFTS FOR SPRING BRIDES

SPRING,

The season of roses and brides, finds us ready to meet all demands with a splendid array of beautiful and useful wedding gifts.

The gift you buy testifies to your taste and judgment. Our splendid collection of wedding gifts in

Silver, Glass and Haviland China awaits your critical inspection. It includes all the requisites of fine table appointment.

W. H. REIGHART

THE EXCLUSIVE JEWELER

SELLING AGENTS FOR SOUTH BEND WATCHES