



**BUYING IN PERSON.**

Among the causes which contribute to the high cost of living that of ordering goods by telephone undoubtedly has its place. The telephone is so convenient that it can be used on a moment's notice, and its use naturally tends to encourage the habit of buying in small quantities, which is the most expensive way to buy. Then, when goods are ordered by phone or otherwise, to be put up and delivered later, the customer cannot be certain of getting goods of the right quality in all cases. Fruits, meats, fowl, and many other articles of food, vary greatly in quality, and if the customer does not make her own selections she may or may not get as good service as if she did.

But, while it is well enough to analyze the conditions, and to locate the causes, if possible, it is not at all likely that we are going to abandon the telephone, or return to the old practice of personal marketing. The market basket belongs to a former age, and it is not likely to have a renaissance. In the large cities, and to some extent in the small ones, people live in apartments which have no conveniences for keeping perishable goods without waste, hence the purchasing of such things in small quantities is forced upon them. Then the whole conditions of our life have changed, and the time of our housekeepers is largely occupied with other things than going to market.

Personal shopping, personal inspection of goods before purchase, buying in large quantities, all of these will aid in lowering the cost of living, and these methods are possible to a few people. But to the vast majority they are impossible, and hence can have no important effect on changing the cost of living as a whole.

The Independent would like to see the "country" printer have a fair share of the county job work. For the past three or four years the work has been let to the "lowest bidder" and some of the prices are so low that no printer in the county can turn out good work at such a figure. Of course the successful bidder isn't expected to lose any money. He makes up for it in some way. For instance, suppose that he should agree to print letter heads for the county at \$2.00 a thousand, which is less than half what he would charge any other customer; he stands to lose fully \$1.50 on the job providing he is given an honest count and his paper is up to schedule. There are classes of job work that he receives which are not covered by the schedule, and its only reasonable to expect him to make up on this class of work what he loses on the other.

So you see, the county is really not ahead of the game by giving this work to the "lowest bidder." How much better it would be to distribute the work here and there about Ward county. There are fifteen newspapers, we believe, in Ward county besides one exclusive job plant. These concerns all have to pay taxes and its only fair to give each of them a share of the work. It is not right to ask one of these concerns to do the work for the county for less than it would charge any other patron. We'd like to see some of this money distributed with the "boys" who'd appreciate a job now and then.

All kinds of English in papers and magazines. Lillian Russell speaks of a "sight to see." Ah, Lillian! Not certainly to hear. Well to do circumstances, writes a reporter. Say good. Too many words. We often hear this

expression, More than pleased? What do you mean? If delighted, say so, or overjoyed. After an operation, we always read she is getting along nicely. Try a new word, don't wear poor nicely out. You might say, Getting along happily, or famously, or cheerfully, or grandly.

The Independent wants to congratulate Bert Waldref, a Logan boy who won the first prize in the Ward county corn growing contest with a yield of 67½ bushels of fine mature corn per acre. We also desire to congratulate the other boys who entered this contest, practically all of whom made a creditable showing. Out of eighty boys entering the contest, fifty finished. Many of the boys live on the prairie and their corn did not yield so well as that grown in the valley. They deserve just as much credit, however, for the good showing made. This is only a starter. Some day we will hear of 100 bushel yields right in this section of the state. The average is increasing every year. Better seed is being secured by breeding it up. It is maturing earlier. The growers are learning how to handle the crop to the best advantage. Until a few years ago, people scoffed at the idea of ever growing good corn this far north. Today the farmer who has a nice field of corn isn't in it. Take your hats off to the boys who have been growing corn. They are the pioneers who are going to make our land worth \$100 an acre within a few years. Mr. Peck has taken great interest in the work. He has traveled over this section of the state in all kinds of weather, early and late, and his efforts have brot forth good results.

**SO CAY WE ALL.**

For the past two years the name of Norman B. Black, general manager of the Grand Forks Times and Herald, has been linked up with the office of governor of North Dakota, and for a time two years ago there was a persistent effort made to bring him into the race, but at that time Mr. Black felt that as president of the North Dakota Press Association he should not accept any state office. On more than one occasion he remarked to the writer of these lines that being president of the N. D. P. A. was an honor great enough in itself, and that he preferred to stay with the press boys while they thought they needed his services. So he firmly refused to be considered a gubernatorial candidate at that time.

Personally, The Journal does not know if Mr. Black would listen to the call now, but if he did he can feel assured of the whole-hearted support of nearly all the newspapers of the state, for the newspaper men of the state know him as no other set of men do. They know his ability as an executive; they know he is a thorough business man, commanding the highest salaried position of any newspaper man in the northwest, with the possible exception of the Twin Cities; they know him as a gentleman through and through, a man in fine, who would grace the governor's chair better than any other man in the state. He is a big man—big in brain, heart, brawn and human sympathies, and for one The Journal would be more than happy to cast its lot with him if he becomes a candidate.

There is a well defined rumor afloat that Governor Hanna has his eyes on the U. S. Senate, and in this event he will not be a candidate for re-election to the governorship. If this is true, keep your eyes on Norman B. Black.—Lansford Journal.

Another wiry octogenarian heard from. Dr. Gildersleeve, professor of Greek at Johns Hopkins university, is 82, lively as a cricket, busy as a bee, tough as a pine-knot, lectures and writes every day. He has work planned fifty years ahead, and vows he will not quit this old earth till there is a positive summons to emigrate to happier climes. To be busy and cheerful seem to be two secrets of these graybeards.

**FARM PHILOSOPHY.**  
 (From the Farm Journal)

We get our pay for what we do, and we get it as we go along. Kick the old brindle cow and she will kick you back. Why shouldn't she? It is a law of Nature. "Action and reaction are equal and in opposite directions." Did we not learn that in the old philosophy many years ago?

It works in everything we do about the farm. Go down to the barn with a song on your lips and a great chorus of delight will greet you from the horses and the cows the minute you swing the door open. Even the old dog will creep up to you and laugh out his joy at your coming.

It is the way these dumb creatures take of paying you for the tune you are singing. They like it and want you to know it.

Tickle the earth in the right place and she will fill your basket full to overflowing at harvest time. Poke fun at her, and say you don't believe in her, and you will go begging next winter.

Try to fool this old earth of ours and you will get back as good as you sent. Slipshod, half-hearted farming pays off no mortgage. Work must be done with honest purpose to win.

**PROFANITY AND THE PROFANE.**

If you swear you are probably in full sympathy with the minister's proposed fight against profanity.

There is no more reason why a profane man should not be opposed to profanity, or a drinking man be an enemy of the liquor traffic, than there is reason for a stuttering man to be against a cure for stuttering.

We do not all defend our own sins or weaknesses.

Ordinarily the swearing citizen is like the ungrammatical citizen. His swear words are habits with him—slovenly, careless habits, like the use of the double negative or a tendency to get mixed up in pronouns. An oath is usually not conscious blasphemy. Only in melodrama and novels does the villain make a point of scorning the Almighty.

And this is noted: that the profane person frequently appears to wish that somebody would give him some new words. He falls back on oaths because he has a slim vocabulary, because he has to resort to that cheap way of making his utterances forceful and interesting.

Down in Morton county where the farmers milk many cows, 7,000 chattel mortgages have been satisfied during the past ten months and the farmers will soon be loaning money instead of borrowing. One of the farmers paid a \$350 mortgage there the other day. He remarked that he had decided to go into dairying and had invested in nine cows. These cows had furnished the money to pay off that mortgage besides his family had lived off the proceeds during that time. Here is food for reflection.

Many who had intended to hold sales this fall decided to wait until spring. Cows brot a big price, but other effects did not sell well. Many farmers who are selling out will be sorry five years from now. Stick to the good old Ward county farm. If you are not making the money you ought to, investigate. You no doubt are working hard enough, maybe too hard, but you may be on the wrong track.

One of the happiest social affairs is a family party of brothers, sisters, old friends, who know one another well. So much to talk about. So much to laugh at, to inquire for. The big dinner, the chicken, the oysters, ice cream, cake, fruit, all furnish items of inspiration. No fun in these extensive receptions, these crowds of passing acquaintances who attend simply to eat and show their finery. Sensible folks find nothing in them. The family party of just one table.

The flower tributes at funerals are carried to excess. Thousands of dollars spent for offerings at the death of Busch, the St. Louis brewer. It is certainly a waste of money that might be better applied. So much want all over the country, poor suffering for bread and coal, asylums everywhere asking for support, and then to heap flowers on a casket, flowers that will wither in a day. A wreath from a dear friend is fitting, but not a dray load. But the florists must live.

Now comes a well-founded rumor to the effect that Atty T. D. Casey of Dickinson has aspirations to become a member of the lower house at Washington and that he will be the democratic candidate. Hon. P. D. Norton, the present incumbent, will undoubtedly make the race on the republican ticket, according to the forecast at present.

The Westhope school bought two new sewing machines for its domestic science class. That's right. Teach the girls to sew and it won't do the boys any harm if they learn how to sew on a button or darn a sock. Too many "sweet girl graduates" who don't know how to bake bread or make a gown.

At first, men, mere men, were disposed to poke fun at the narrow skirts and other new fangled finery of the gentler sex. It is believed that women really looked better in olden times when they wore half a dozen skirts, and displayed a huge circumference of dry goods. That style showed no beauty or grace in the lovely female figure. Let us study beauty more as the classic Greeks did.

**CANDIDATES NEEDN'T BE HANDSOME.**

Joseph G. Cannon expresses the fear that when women are allowed to vote they'll vote for the handsomest candidate, and that would let him out. It will be found, however, that looks won't count for so much. As long as women are willing to marry homely men they'll probably consent to vote for some of 'em as worthy. But they may prefer candidates who don't smoke all the time, and cuss, and play poker 'most every night.

**"Hoot Mon—Hoot."**

The Sons and Daughters of Auld Scotia, who have made their "home" in this western country, are already laying their plans to make the anniversary gathering of Scotland's Immortal Bard, Robert Burns, one of the best that the Minot Burns Club has celebrated. This club is the greatest of entertainers and they know how to extend hospitality to the invited guests. Those who were fortunate enough to be present at their last picnic in Wildwood park can safely say that the Scotch men and lassies of Minot fear nae foes—they have none to fear. They extend the hand of good fellowship to all comers and never ask how you come, whether by the "high-road" or the "low road" for the "silk-gown" was side by side with the "hadden gray"—"a man's a man for a' that."

Colonel Scarlett, the indefatigable secretary of the Burns club informs the Independent editor that the only difficulty will be to obtain a large enough hall in which to hold the gathering of the clans. Invitations will go out to many distinguished men and women to be the club's guests. Pipers will be here from Edmonton to complete an elaborate program. The menu will be in the hands of Mesdames Murray, Hunter, Wallace, Scarlett, Gibb and Truax and will be presided over by the Grand Dame Hetherington—enough said. The Scotch dishes will be from the Royal Haggis to oatmeal cakes and barley brec.

John R. Kane arrived from Kaneville, on the Berthold reservation to appear as a witness in a contest case against Miss King's claim. The twoglegged being that started the contest did not appear.

The Soo train No. 108, east bound, has been changed from 10:34 p. m. to the old schedule, 11:59 p. m.

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