

**THE WARD COUNTY INDEPENDENT**



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**THE "SIX-DOLLAR SUCKER CLUB."**

Much has been written about the Non-Partisan League, dubbed by its enemies, "The Six Dollar Sucker Club." The growth of this organization has been the most rapid of any similar body in the history of the northwest. It was while the legislature was in session last winter that the idea of organizing the farmers was first considered. A delegation from the Equity did not like the way they were treated by some of the legislators when the terminal elevator question came up and then there made plans for controlling the legislature. A few members to the League were secured at the Bismarck meeting, A. E. Bowen, a well known Socialist, receiving the first memberships. Within a month or two, the mysterious organization was formed. Organizers with Ford cars were sent out all about the state during the summer months to secure members at the rate of \$6.00 per, entitling them to one year's subscription to Pearson's Magazine and to the official organ, the rest going for organization expenses, etc. It is said that in the neighborhood of 20,000 members were thus secured. At first the idea was to pay attention only to the legislators, but the Independent learns that the organization is planning on holding county conventions, to nominate or endorse a complete set of county candidates, to endorse candidates for Congress, the United States Senate and for the various state offices. It is understood that these candidates are all to be filed as republicans. If the Non-Partisan League holds together, it is likely to cut a good deal of ice in the coming campaign.

We made a vow that we were not going to say anything about the candidates—not yet—but this write-up would not be complete without saying something about them. McCumber, who has been posing as the farmers' friend, has had hopes of getting the endorsement of the League, but this he will not get. The members of the League declare that what they will do to "Mac" will be plenty. Governor Hanna, candidate for the Senate, has never had any hopes of getting the support of the members, therefore will not be disappointed. Congressman Helgeson from the First district, would like to get the support of the organization. He is an old time progressive. As an insurgent, he was radical. A man without any great amount of ability, he managed to get elected because he was an insurgent, there being a great reform wave going over the land at that time. Helgeson hopes to be endorsed by the League and it is entirely possible that he will be successful. While, as we have stated, he has not shown any great amount of ability in Congress, he has been honest with his constituents and his record has been fair.

According to the grape-vine telegram which we received, Geo. J. Smith, the Plaza publisher, may be

come the League's candidate for governor. It is known that George would like it. We'll refer to this subject in a subsequent issue.

The League will never stand for Tom Hall, Secretary of State. Tom is the fellow who stood in the back of the hall at Bismarck and yelled "Rot it, ten," the night the Equity held its meeting. At least one of the leaders accuses Tom of doing this, and we have never heard of his denying it. Tom will go back to private life. He declares that he's even with the board and never did see any fun in letting printing contracts and the like, anyway.

Going back to a previous subject, neither Fraine nor Linde hope to have the support of the League for governor. Burdick, who has had hopes of the endorsement of the League, may be expected to rise right up and get busy.

Wm. Langer, the Morton county state's attorney, is to be a candidate for attorney general, but the Independent learns from a good source that he cannot get the support of the League.

**THE WOMAN WHO RUNS FOR A TRAIN.**

A woman and a man ran for a train the other day. Both caught it. But the woman was exhausted, while the man was only pleasantly flushed. The woman got there the same time the man did—that is, she did this time. But she may not next time; unless, in thinking it over this time, she concluded that she might have to run for many other trains and that she might as well widen her skirt and loosen her stays and have a pocket in her coat so that she need not stop to pick up her purse and her handkerchief; that she must also do her hair less ornamentally so that it will stay where it is pinned, and wear a hat that will not catch the wind as she runs. These things would seem easy and sensible to do. They may be one, but they are not the other. And she usually comes away in shoes that grip the ground and skirts that clear it; she leaves her body oppressed by needless bones and lands; she wears her hair so that it need not be brushed several times while she is out, and she surmounts it with a hat that stays where it is put and can be forgotten. When she comes home, if she can afford it, she puts on ornamental clothes for her own pleasure and the pleasure of those who are interested in her. But when once she has found by actual experience the superior comfort of sensible clothing, even her ornamental clothes become changed, and she becomes impatient of all its restrictions—impediments to actual health and free movement that a man could not endure an hour, let alone a lifetime.—Ladies Home Journal.

**A TOAST TO THE HORSE.**

We don't know who wrote this toast to the horse, but it is a good one and worthy of being placed beside Senator Vest's famous eulogy on the dog: "Here's to the bundle of sentient nerves, with the heart of a woman, the eye of a gazelle, the courage of a gladiator, the docility of a slave, the proud carriage of a king and the blind obedience of a soldier; the companion of the desert plain, that turns the moist furrows in the spring in order that all the world may have abundant harvest; that furnishes the sport of kings, that with blazing eye and distended nostril fearlessly leads our greatest generals through carnage and renown, whose blood forms one of the ingredients that go to make the ink in which history is written, and who finally, in black trappings, pulls the proudest and the humblest of us to the newly sodden threshold of eternity."

**WILL YOU JOIN US?**

This is Appreciation Week for North Dakota. The newspapers, schools, churches and commercial clubs have joined hands to let the people who live in less favored states know all about our wonderful resources. The Independent has always endeavored to boost our state in a

consistent manner. We have tried to tell facts about our conditions, in no way endeavoring to cover up any of our defects.

We had intended securing numerous testimonials from our farmers who have succeeded but when one stops to consider that we have several thousand and farmer readers of the Independent, all of whom have made good from a very small beginning, we figured that the task was one too big to tackle. During the fourteen years that the writer has lived in Minot, we have seen farmers coming here with a few dollars, amassing snug little fortunes. We have watched them turn the first furrows on their prairie homesteads. We have seen them build their first little shacks—some of them sod shacks. We have seen them set out their groves, build fences, dig the stone from their land, erect silos and wind mills, replace their first sets of unpretentious buildings with modern houses and up-to-date barns. We have seen fat years and lean years. We have watched the evolution whereby they were converted from grain farmers to diversified farmers. Schools, many of them consolidated, have been built everywhere. Telephone lines and rural mail routes have added much to their pleasures. In sort, in these few years we have seen a vast expanse of this domain converted into one of the most wonderful agricultural, dairy and stock raising countries in the world. All of this was not done without hard work. The man who is looking for a soft snap wants to keep away from North Dakota. But if he is willing to take the bitter with the sweet, does not expect to get rich in one year, there's no better place to build up a home and rear a family than right in North Dakota. We have room for thousands of willing workers. Are you ready to join us? The Independent will be glad to furnish, free of charge, such information as anyone should like to receive relative to this section of the state and the opportunities offered.

**THE WEBB-KENYON LAW.**

The Webb-Kenyon liquor law, like other measures dealing with hotly contended issues, has become, more or less, the plaything of the courts. The purpose of the law is to prevent interstate traffic in liquors from interfering with the enforcement of the anti-liquor laws of the states. District Judge Hunter of Ottumwa, Iowa, in 1913, held that the Webb-Kenyon law was unconstitutional and void, in that it is a delegation by Congress to the states of the power to regulate interstate commerce in intoxicating liquors; that it gives the states a right to say what shall be brought into them, and that the failure to impose any penalty leaves the punishment for violations to be fixed by the states. All of these delegations of power were held to be in violation of the Constitution. Judge Hunter was later reversed by the Supreme Court of Iowa, and the law declared constitutional.

And now comes the opinion of the supreme court of Kansas that "there is nothing more sacred about whiskey intended for unlawful use than there is about diseased meat and lottery tickets, and, therefore, Congress has the same power to prohibit interstate traffic in one as in the other."

The supreme courts of Iowa and Kansas are notoriously anti-liquor tribunals. It is by no means certain that when the Federal courts pass upon the law they will not adopt the reasoning of the Ottumwa judge. It is the courts, after all, who hold the reins of power. Congress has the privilege of initiating legislation wanted by the people and—when rebuffed by the courts—or trying again.

**PRICES FOR PUFFS.**

The editor of an eastern paper has grown peevish. He has been pestered so much by people desiring free puffs that he facetiously refers to himself as the "Peerless Prince of Puff Purveyors." He thinks he has done enough for the social queens, ministers who are looking for free advertising, people who have legislative fads they wish to push and organizations which want free publicity, so he has evolved the following scale of prices for puffs:

For telling the public that a man is a successful citizen, when everyone knows he is as lazy as a hired man, \$2.70.

Referring to a deceased citizen as one who is mourned by the entire community, when he will only be missed by the poker circle, \$10.13.

Referring to one as a hero and a man of courage and one who will stand by his honest convictions, when everybody knows that he is a moral coward and would sell out for thirty cents, \$6.21.

Referring to some gallivanting female as an estimable lady whom it is a pleasure to meet and know, when every man in town would sooner see Satan coming, \$8.10.

Calling an ordinary pulpit pounder an eminent divine, 60c.

Sending a doughty sinner to Heaven, \$5.00.

Referring to a deceased merchant who never advertised in his life as a progressive citizen, \$4.99.

Lambasting the daylight out of the demon rum at the request of the local prohibition committee, \$6.77.

Ditto for the prohibitionists at the request of the local wet committee, \$6.77.

If Minot young women want to appear strictly in the latest style, they will have to invest in "plug hats," like father wore the night he was elected high chief of the Order of Gazaboos. The "plug hat" is the proper thing. The smaller the woman the larger the hat. The swagger stick is expected to go with the hat. Then there are the fur-topped boots, short skirts with just the merest flash of white hosiery. Minot girls have not appeared in such advance styles yet, but they are not so very slow and most any old kind of extreme fashion may be expected.

The chances are that most of the 2,000 who actually want land whose names were drawn for Berthold land in Minot recently, will be able to file. It is certain that many of them will not care to meet the requirements. While there are but 750 homesteads to be filed upon, the chances are that some of those well up towards the 2,000 mark will be able to file.

"Every hotel and rooming house and restaurant, where rooms are rented to lodgers by the day, by the week, or by the month, shall during the winter months be equipped with storm windows on hinges, in such a way that the storm window may be opened and closed at will. In lieu of such hinged storm windows the said places may be equipped with windows having slides that open and close over an opening of not less than 10x10 inches," warns the hotel inspector in the Grand Forks papers—and we wonder if he will see that it is done.

Booker T. Washington, one of the greatest negroes who ever lived, is dead. He did much for the colored people of the United States by building colleges, where they were taught to do useful things. He knew the weakness of the colored people and did much in a practical way to raise their standards. He has appeared on Chautauqua platforms for years and was to have appeared at Grand Forks recently to address the North Dakota Educational Association, but illness prevented him from filling his engagement.

Plowing for the season has been ended by the cold weather. Farmers got a late start with the work because rains delayed threshing and thruout the state not more than half of the fall plowing has been completed. This means that tillers of the soil will have to be up and coming early in the spring. Traction engines will be in demand. Horse flesh will be much nigher than during the fall months.

From Bismarck comes the report that Mr. So and So, superintendent of schools in one of the cities in North Dakota, is the logical candidate for superintendent of public instruction. Every newspaper in the state received the article, written in the hopes that the candidate would receive several thousand dollars worth of free advertising. We didn't bite.

Rev. S. A. Danford, who retired recently from the superintendency of the Bismarck division of the M. E. church, has been appointed by Governor Hanna office deputy of the public examiner at a salary of \$2,000 a year. Apparently the governor knows how to mix religion with politics.

Go it, go it, little car,  
How I wonder what you are,  
Climbing all the hills on high,  
Passing all the others by.  
As it passed the first man fussed,  
While the second mildly cursed,  
But the last one yelled and roared,  
"You can't stop it, it's a Ford."—Ex.



**One Blizzard May Cost You Many Times the Price of a Storm Shed**

A front or back door that is just a good, easy working door—not loose—lets in an astonishing lot of cold. It is draughts such as those that get in around doors loose windows that start a great many cases of croup and pneumonia.

If it were possible to trace a great many of our winter diseases, the unprotected door would probably be found the greatest culprit.

A storm shed such as shown doesn't cost much—much less than most people think.

It can be put up in a few hours—put up so that it can be taken down and stored in spring ready for use again in the fall.

There are two or three different kinds of lumber from which they can be made—come and see them and get prices. If you prefer storm doors, see our stock of these.

F. A. GANSER, Mgr.

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