

## LUTHERAN SERVICE

Services in the Lutheran church at Hannaford next Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

### Raymond Clifford Fogderud.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,  
From which none wake to weep."

Raymond Clifford Fogderud died at the hospital at Valley City on Friday, Sept. 11. Monday he was at school, apparently in good health, but was taken ill on Tuesday, and the doctor advised the parents to take him to the hospital for an operation as he was suffering from appendicitis.

He was taken to Valley City Wednesday and placed in Platon's hospital, but the doctors did not think it advisable to operate on the child because of a high fever. He kept growing weaker and passed away Friday afternoon at 1 o'clock.

The remains were brought back to Hannaford Saturday, and the funeral services were held Sunday. Rev. Josephson of Cooperstown preached the sermon at the house and Messrs. Wufflestad and Lunde of Cooperstown sang a number of songs. The funeral was held from the St. Olav church at Walum and the remains were interred in the St. Olav cemetery, Rev. Thoreson conducting the services.

Raymond was over seven years old, being born on April 16th, 1901, on the farm of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ole L. Fogderud, six miles west of town. A year ago his parents moved to Hannaford and the little boy has attended the public schools of this village since.

Raymond was an exceedingly bright and devout child. He remained conscious and talked intelligently to the very end. Just before he breathed his last, he opened his eyes, looked around, and said, "This is not my home." He paused awhile then said, "Soon I'll get my white wings." These were his last words.

His parents, four brothers and a sister, Leo, Arnold, Elmer, Ruth and Phillip, remain to mourn the loss of a beloved son and brother. He will be greatly missed and

mourned by his little play-mates, as well as by the bereaved family who have the sympathy of the entire community in their great affliction.

#### IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE

A precious one from us has gone,  
A voice we loved is stilled;  
A place is vacant in our home,  
Which never can be filled.  
God in his wisdom has recalled,  
The boon his love had given,  
And though the body slumbers here,  
The soul is safe in Heaven.

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### PLEASED THE BOSTON MAN

Conductor's Correct Speech Gladdened  
Ear of Resident of Modern  
Athens.

Said a prominent Bostonian the other day: "There is one conductor on the elevated to whom I should like to extend my personal felicitations. You are, of course, quite familiar with the salutation, 'Please leave by the nearest door.' Now, that is perfectly correct as to form when used in reference to the subway cars, which have three doors; but I have invariably heard the expression used, greatly to my annoyance, by conductors of the surface cars when a stop was made at Boylston or at Park street station.

"The other evening, however, when my car from Brookline stopped at the Boylston street station the conductor called out to the passengers: 'Please leave by the nearer door.' That little word 'nearer' fell on my ears like gentle rain falling on green grass, bringing a sense of rest and satisfaction. I was so agreeably surprised that when I left the car I took special pains to look at the conductor's cap and noted it bore the number 9,173."—Boston Herald.