

Editor Trubshaw is a great admirer of the automobile, but he now feels that the pesky things are in need of improvements. We would far rather keep this to ourselves, but to those who are anticipating the purchase of one of the dear contrivances, it may be considered as timely. Mr. Trubshaw was booked to take some members of the quartette out to the Howden church, last Sunday, while other members of the choir either walked out or went with teams—and got there in good shape. They waited and waited for Percy and his auto party, and at last the hour of service arrived and the genial presiding elder arose to make excuses for the non-appearance of the Rambler. He stated that in all probability the good-natured editor could at that very moment be found flat on his back under the machine trying to do something (we don't know what, and are glad we don't) and sure enough there is where he was, for shortly afterward the party arrived and all, save the autoist were readily recognized, but poor Trubshaw was completely covered with grease and oil, until his silver which he carried in the same pocket with his jack-knife was "tainted" with the smell of oil, and he all but begged for admittance. 'Tis said that he had so much oil on his clothing that some thought he was Rockefeller, others that his auto was the Standard Oil Company's wagon coming out from Cooperstown, and all quaked inwardly at the thought of the oil magnate coming out to North Dakota to spend his money. The chances are that Percy took it all in his usual good-natured manner, but he alone and perhaps some of the gophers knows what he thought. He certainly did not tell the presiding elder what his thoughts were.