

How would the name of Ray B. Vogen look for Governor on the Democrat ticket? It appears to us that the name would look all right, and it may be there too, if Ray's voice counts for anything at the state convention to be held in Minot on August 2nd. Mr. Vogen was born of prosperous parents some thirty-two years ago or less, somewhere in Fillmore County, Minnesota. His parents always found him to be a good boy (when asleep) and took great pains with his early education. He always obeyed his parents (when they summoned him to meals) and has ever since been noted for the same kind of obedience to his friends (large numbers of whom he could at one-time boast) who are now beginning to slack up a little in issuing this particular brand of a summons. He owes the world nothing outside of a broad smile and lots of good service to mankind, for he has always done his por-



**HON. RAY B. VOGEN**

tion to increase the demand on food stuffs by diminishing the supply as rapidly as his capacity would permit of it. Our subject has been prominent in social circles for a number of years, and is now holding down a job as president of an organization known as the "Sons of Rest" which has for its prime object the piling up today of what one did yesterday and resting in the shade the balance of the time. Mr. Vogen is very fond of gardening and especially of editors' gardens, he can eat onions at a desperate rate and will take other articles of garden truck as fast as nature can produce it. However, if his party sees fit to place him on the ticket for governor, he will get the support of all his friends and will make a crackerjack of an executive officer. If he lands the nomination the state will be safe and E. Y. Sarles' name will be pants.