

Sutton Reporter: H. B. Hanson, A. J. Melgard, and H. L. Hill are the three grouchiest men in town this week. They started for Fargo via auto Monday, to hear the Peerless Leader, W. J. Bryan, but when they got within six miles of their destination, with but a few minutes to spare, the machine stopped stock still, completely dead in her tracks, settled back on her haunches, and absolutely refused to respond to pleading, coaxing, anathema, threat, moral or immoral suasion for two hours, and by that time the fireworks had been shot off, the band had quit playing and the people had returned to the even tenor of their ways. In the interim it was proposed that Melg(u)ard the pesky brute while the others hot-footed it to town for a little "surcease for sorrow," but he flatly refused to be good. Then he suggested an inspection of the natural scenery nearby, as a means of diversion, but it was not very Hanso(m)n, being too Hill(y). Melgard now claims to be an expert on cranking autos, but if you are a church member, it would be well to have his opinions pass a rigid censorship before admitting them. It was really a keen disappointment but about the only hope is to wait for W. J.'s next visit which will doubtless be two years from now.