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Alfred Orlando Anderson.

One of the saddest events in the history of Hannaford occurred Saturday, April 29th, at 8:20 p. m., when A. O. Anderson passed away, the cause of his death being diabetes.

Alfred Orlando Anderson was born August 5, 1881, in Lake Mills, Iowa, being the oldest child of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Anderson. At the tender age of seven years, his father died, leaving him the oldest of four children to earn his way through life with very little worldly means to assist him.

During his early childhood he attended the Lake Mills High School, working at odd times to help his mother support the young children. He finished his high school course at the age of 17, being valedictorian of his class. Later he graduated from the business college at Chillicothe, Mo.

Immediately upon his graduation from business college, he was employed by the directors of the Farmers State Bank of Lake Mills as assistant cashier. They readily recognized in his ability a great business future. He remained in the bank at Lake Mills for six years, when he came to Hannaford and was elected to the position of cashier of the Griggs County State Bank, filling this position so creditably that on the consolidation of that bank and the First National Bank he was the unanimous choice of the new institution as cashier.

On August 15th, 1906, he married Miss Sadie Sinclair. Two children were born to them, Gregg Sinclair, on August 5, 1908, and Keith Alfred, on April 27, 1910.

In the fall of 1907, Mr. Anderson disposed of his interest in the bank and moved to Everett, Wash. It was while he was in the West that the dread disease which later caused his death showed its first symptoms. He returned to this state in the winter of 1908 and in March of that year organized the Citizens State Bank of which institution he held the office of cashier. In 1909, when the Citizens State Bank and the First National Bank of this place consolidated, Mr. Anderson was elected president of the new institution.

In the summer of 1910 the republican party, recognizing in Anderson's ability and integrity good timber for a state representative, elected him at the primaries and later at the fall election as Representative from the Sixteenth District. The high esteem in which Mr. Anderson was held was shown by the fact that he was the peoples' choice at this election, the office being tendered him without the least solicitation on his part. That the people used good judgment was demonstrated by the manly and intelligent way he handled and voted upon the many important issues presented to him as representative.

He was a member of the Masonic Lodge at Cooperstown, and of the Presbyterian church in which institution he was always a helpful attendant.

He leaves, beside his wife and two children, a mother, Mrs. A. Anderson; a sister, Mrs. W. M. Weed, of Lake Mills, Iowa; and two brothers,

Asher and Andrew, to mourn his death.

We are sure we express the feelings of the entire community when we extend to the bereaved relatives our most heartfelt sympathy. While it seems hard that a young man with such an exceptionally bright future before him should be taken away from this world and his family and relatives to whom he was so dear, his conduct while with them will ever be a consoling memory. By the mother he will always be remembered as a dutiful, unselfish, loving son, always ready to extend a helping hand in the matter of providing for the young brothers and sister. By the younger brothers and sister he will ever be remembered as more of a father than a brother, early assuming the heavy responsibility of acting as their counselor and guide, setting them an example of manly conduct, and parental love and affection, encouraging them to ever apply to him for help with the assurance that they would always receive it. To the wife

the memory of his affectionate demeanor, his encouraging words of love, his bright sunny disposition and appearance, even when suffering great bodily pain, will be a remembrance which she will impart to their two babies with words of love, teaching them to follow in their father's footsteps. Of the public at large no man can say he ever went to A. O. Anderson in trouble and did not receive sympathy, in want and did not receive help, discouraged and did not come away encouraged. No man need be told he was a Christian, no man need be told he was a gentleman, for actions speak plainer than words. Even in the last years of his life when suffering from the terrible disease which reduced him from a hearty, robust man to a condition in which his early friends hardly recognized him, did he ever refuse or neglect to offer a helping hand to one in need. He did not complain of his lot being a hard one, but when he needed to be consoled he got his consolation from consoling others.

As Robert C. Winthrop has said: "The noblest contribution which any man can make for the benefit of posterity, is that of a good character." This heritage A. O. Anderson has left to his children.

The funeral will take place Wednesday, May 3rd, at 12:30 o'clock, from the Lutheran church.

BIG FOUNDLING OF THE DEEP

Whale's Lost Baby, Sixteen Feet Long, Is Found Swimming in San Francisco Bay.

Sixteen feet was the length of the baby whale that the pilot boat Lady Mine found swimming in San Francisco bay. The baby was not black, like old whales. It was pink, like a last summer's dress that has been many times washed. There were no old whales nearby, and it was apparent to Captain Pentland, as he looked down from the deck of the Lady Mine, that the little whale was a foundling. The sailors on the pilot boat say the captain's heart was touched by the loneliness of the infant and that he knew it was hungry. They say that the captain went below deck and got an oil can and filled it with milk and brought it on deck so that he could give the little whale some dinner. That was good of the captain, but the whale was no longer there when he came back. Maybe the mother whale had been swimming under water not far away and had called her baby. At any rate the captain was left standing sadly on the deck of the Lady Mine, and in his hand was swinging an oil can full of milk.