

The Cooperstown Courier.

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THE COURIER.

By Percy R. Grubbhaw.

E. Y. Sarles of Traill county is out with an announcement that he is a candidate for the republican nomination for governor, and until the convention there will be a battle royal between two good men—White and Sarles.

Warden Boucher's decision to remain at the Bismarck penitentiary has fallen like a wet blanket over the few who were anxious to step into his place. It saves the appointing board a whole lot of trouble, however.

Boss Murphy of Ward county is liable to lose his political scalp. The people up in his bailiwick have become tired of Murph and propose to dethrone him, but there is many a slip you know and a well qualified politician is equal to a whole regiment of untrained insurgents and the festive major may hold the winning hand after all.

The first number of Marshall McClure's new monthly, The Politician, has been received. It is spicy, and gives a sort of a panoramic view of political conditions as they exist in the state. Its columns are open to all parties but no personalities will be allowed. The Courier wishes the Politician a long life with a prosperity attachment.

The Age-Herald publishes a letter from Booker Washington:

Within the last fortnight three members of my race have been burned at the stake; of these one was a woman. Not one of the three was charged with any crime even remotely connected with the abuse of a white woman. In every case murder was the sole accusation. All of these burnings took place in broad daylight, and two of them occurred on Sunday afternoon, in sight of a Christian church.

These burnings, without trial are in the deepest sense unjust to my race; but it is not this injustice alone which stirs my heart. These barbarous scenes, followed, as they are, by the publication of the shocking details, are more disgraceful and degrading to the people who inflict punishment than those who receive it.

If the law is disregarded when a negro is concerned, it will soon be disregarded when a white man is concerned, and, besides, the rule of the mob destroys the friendly relations which should exist between the races and injures and interferes materially with the prosperity of the communities concerned.

Worst of all, these outrages take place in communities where there are Christian churches, in the midst of their Sunday schools, their Christian Endeavor societies and Young Men's Christian associations, where collections are taken for sending missionaries to Africa and China and the rest of the so-called heathen world.

Is it not possible for pulpit and press to speak out against these burnings in a manner that shall arouse a public sentiment that will compel the mob to cease insulting our courts, our governments and our legal authority, causing shame and ridicule upon our Christian civilization?

HANDS OFF!

Man is a bundle of habits. Among wild animals these are instinctive, being inherent at birth. In domestic animals and more especially man, they are largely the outgrowth of education. In the initiative they are often called acts of reason. They depend on plasticity a structure weak enough to yield to outward influences but strong enough to prevent sudden collapse. A

scar is more likely to receive fresh injury. A joint that has been dislocated or attacked by rheumatism, or a mucous membrane that has been the seat of catarrh becomes weaker and more susceptible by each attack. Thus habit becomes a second nature to all, or perhaps more fittingly as Wellington said: "Habit becomes ten times nature." Being once in the grip of a habit it can readily be seen how difficult it is to overcome. Habits are either good or bad. Good habits make our nervous systems, our time, our associates and our possessions, our allies, instead of our enemies. They invest our powers and our acquisitions so that we become persons of means as far as individually is concerned, living in perfect security and often at leisure. Bad habits array our bodies, minds and means in continuous warfare against ourselves; arm them with the most modern weapon; place at their disposal the most reliable information and surrender to them the most strategic positions. They make the pathway through life dark and fearful. They trample into the dust all that honors human nature. Daily the victim becomes increasingly debased in his own sight until self respect has been eliminated. He disgraces his family, his friends and his calling. He subjects to the most exquisite torture those who are dearest. Fettered they lead him through the bitter pathway of a barren life. They entomb him in an unhonored grave. They open before him a future unilluminated by a ray of hope.

That there are people that have acquired such habits is, unfortunately, too true. Surely there can be nothing more welcome to their friends, the public or to any individual who has a spark of manhood or a particle of self-respect, than an effort on the part of such to reclaim their worse than wasted life. That there are people who thoughtlessly or deliberately place fresh stumbling blocks in the way of such people on such occasions or even attempt to undermine whatever power of resistance there may yet remain, seems incredible, yet 'tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

To those who act thoughtlessly in such matters we say reflect. Incalculable is the pain inflicted and injury done, without what may properly be called malicious intent or premeditated wrong. There is merely a lack of consideration—a disregard of results. Our sports happen to interfere with the interests, welfare and safety of others and we are not prepared to give up our policy, prejudice or amusements for their sakes. These stumbling blocks are necessary to complete the circuit of our pleasures. How heavily these objects may cause others to fall or severely they may be injured thereby is too remote for our selfishness to consider. But the consequences are the same. Others must reap the harvest of tares which we have sown in their fields while they slept; must dance the dance of death for our amusement. Surely this is inexcusable. That there are those who deliberately tempt the weak, when yielding means so much, seems beyond belief. To assume the guise of a friend for sinister purposes has always justly been held in unspeakable contempt. The word traitor is unpleasant in taste and sound. Benedict Arnold is a by-word among all English speaking people. He has the respect of no one. When on one occasion he was introduced to Earl Barcarras, one of Burgoyne's officers, the earl turned from Arnold refusing the extended hand saying, "Sir, I know General Arnold to be an abomination." Likewise the name of Judas Iscariot carries with it such weight of infamy, that in the estimation of man he has long ere this reached the lowest pool of the bottomless pit. The betrayer who under the guise of love blasts a life or robs home of a daughter, may be shot by the father as though he were a wild beast and is regarded as having received his just deserts. The man who enters a home, alienates the affections of a wife and defiles its threshold, may be treated like a vicious cur without comment. Is a man so much inferior to a woman that he may be ruined without compensation? Surely he who under the guise of a friend robs a man of honor and self-respect; wastes health and shatters mind; utterly blasts his life as completely as any life can be blasted, deserves not merely the ostracism of society and business, but he would be treated with tender compassion were he passed and repassed through the inquisition of earlier days. Give the men who have been the victims of the drink habit a chance in the struggle which they are earnestly making. It is cowardly to attack the weak; contemptible to pull others down because we do not care to rise, fiendish to be foul others because we will not be

clean. Hands off. If we will not help, let us at least not hinder.

Yours truly,
W. D. HARTMAN

A Reply to X.

Editor Courier:—

I notice an article in your last issue headed "Farmers' Elevator," written by X, as follows:

"For the farmers to build now, is like locking the door after the horse is stolen. I no longer ship my own grain. At the price they handle it for me there is no object to do so.— W. T. McCulloch."

Mr. Editor, the above is the old, old method of culling a sentence, and by insinuation and misrepresentation, attempting to deceive the public, by insinuating that I was opposed to Farmers' Elevators, and many of your readers think that I wrote the article over my own name as it appears above.

All men who heard the speaker know that the insinuation is false, and had X quoted in full what the speaker did say he could not have used the speaker's name, by insinuation, or otherwise, to bolster up a forlorn hope.

If through early application the speaker's grain was handled at a stated price, as agreed, was no proof that line prices were right towards the majority who dump wheat, and the speaker had good reason to believe that in the aggregate his statements were true, that had the farmers of Griggs county locked their barn doors, by building farmers' elevators twelve or fifteen years ago, that they would have had, from the smallest farmer to the biggest, who dumped their grain into the line elevators, from one to two, three, five, six or seven thousand dollars more to spend upon the improvement of their homes, their farms or additional lands to their farms. And the arguments now used, that there is no need of farmer's elevators on account of the little profit on handling grain in line elevators, is only what we should expect to head off farmers' elevators as they see that the day of extortionate profits are gone under the farmers' proposed move.

Yes, fellow farmers, better late than never. Close the barn doors and save your colts, as they are necessary to having horses.

The reason of closer margins on grain of late are easily understood. But fellow farmers, should this ruse succeed in preventing you from helping yourselves would you not still be under the power and spell of those same manipulators who have appropriated to themselves all that the traffic would bear of your slavish toil. Is it because those jugglers of your products have grown better, or more considerate of their own accord, or is it because they see danger ahead? Draw your own conclusions. The old adage might again apply: "The lord helps those who help themselves." And fellow farmers, we have the power to help ourselves, if untiedly applied, even against Rockefeller and Standard oil methods, of which we have a glaring example of their philanthropy toward the citizens of Cooperstown and surrounding country: selling them kerosene at 20c per gallon, and hauling it by team 15 to 17 miles to the northwest and selling it for 15c, another pointer for X, as the Standard is proving that there is no need of independent oil companies.

W. T. McCULLOCH.
N. B.—To the farmers of Jessie and surrounding country for many miles: Please do not forget to attend the farmers' elevator meeting at Jessie on Saturday, March 12; everybody come and let us talk the matter over whether you are in favor of it or not.

W. T. McCULLOCH.

A Boy's Wild Ride For Life.

With family around expecting him to die, and a son riding for life 18 miles to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds, W. H. Brown, of Leesville, Ind., endured death's agonies from asthma; but this wonderful medicine gave instant relief and soon cured him. He writes: "I now sleep soundly every night." Like marvelous cures of Consumption Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds and Grip prove its matchless merits for all Throat and Lung troubles. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Bateman's drug store.

STATE BANK of Cooperstown, has money at all times for Farm Loans.

New Spring Goods.

Yes, most of the new goods for Spring and Summer are here and by the time you read this, we hope to have our stock complete. Take a walk or ride to Syverson's this morning. If you don't want to buy, all right, come anyway. It's like getting a whiff of the "good old summer time," to look at these pretty things for summer.

NEW SHIRT WAIST.

Cotton and silk. They have already been on display a few days, and those who have seen them pronounce them "Exquisite" such beauty, and such style, are not often to be found in shirt waists.

New 'Cravenette' Rain Coats

If you, this spring, are going to buy a raincoat, please keep this in mind, "A most beautiful garment, with a dash and go to it which is simply irresistible. Can be bought at Syverson's for \$12.50.

New Dress and Walking Skirts.

Made of broadcloth, melton, chevot, etamine, mohair, Cicilian, etc. Trimmed beautifully, with a style and dash to them that is sure to attract your attention. You will buy one of these skirts, need one, no question about that. The quality and the price brings them onto the counter and over in the shortest kind of order.

New Wash Suits.

Only one and two of a kind. Pretty and stylish. Prices from \$4 to \$10.

JOHN SYVERSON.

The ONE PRICE Department Store.

Agent for Standard Patterns.

Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

SPRING AND SUMMER DRESS GOODS.

Select your spring and summer dress and have it made before warm weather comes. Our shelves are well filled with spring and summer goods. We are always glad to show you through our store and show you the advantages of doing your trading here, where prices are always right.

Here Are A Few Bargains in Silk and Silk Waistings.

36 inch Black Peau de Soie, worth \$2.25, now \$1.89
36 inch Black Taffata, quality guaranteed \$1.25 to \$1.75
Corded Wash Silks, just the thing for waists, good colors, per yard 35c to 50c
Now would be the time to buy your silk and silk waistings as our stock is complete.

SILK WAISTS A new line of Silk Waists just arrived at our store. Latest patterns. Price \$2.75 to \$5.50

DRESS GOODS Fancy figures and plain colors. Mohair suitings, 75 to 85, now pr yd 55c
Voili Suitings. Color, blue and black. Worth 65c, now 48c

MEN'S FANCY SHIRTS Do you like fancy shirt patterns? If you do we have the Cluett Peabody shirts. Right thing for spring and summer.

OVERALLS, JACKETS, Shirts and Gloves. We have now a complete stock of these goods. It will pay you to look them over before purchasing.

20 per ct. discount on Overshoes

MEN'S FLEECE LINED UNDERWEAR Worth 65 cents now 48.cents.

ALBERT LARSON,
Cooperstown, North Dakota.