

The Cooperstown Courier.

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HOLIDAY GREETINGS.

The ONE PRICE DEPARTMENT STORE desires at this time to wish all its customers and friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We are nearing the close of a very successful year for both farmer, mechanic and merchant, and we feel that each has contributed largely to the good of the other, hence we are especially thankful to all for the many favors we have received from them, and we trust that the efforts that have been made by us to do justice to and deserve these favors, will merit a continuance of them during the coming years.

Yours Sincerely,

ALBERT LARSON.

COOPERSTOWN, N. D.

Pioneer Dray Line.

ANDERSON & LOUDEN, Props.

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COOPERSTOWN, : NORTH DAKOTA.

THE COURIER.

By Percy R. Grubbs.

Against the Real Thing.

A few months ago a wealthy citizen of North Dakota announced it as his intention to build a new Garden of Eden and purchased a large and fine tract of land which he proposed improving and beautifying at a great expense. He would have growing in it every kind of flower tree and shrub known to botany or any one else, and would introduce into it every tamable beast, his mother-in-law and all species of birds of the zoological world. He went so far as to petition the legislature to change his name to Adam and advertise for an Eve, with the dire intention of starting life anew when his "Garden of Eden" was complete. It was his intention that the modernized "Garden of Eden" should be as true to life as the weather would permit and it would foster few of the follies and foibles of dress seen in the outer gay old world. There would likewise be few of the corsets, collar-galls and waistless costumes now seen in high society. There would be no huge washings on Monday and Adam would not be compelled to run the washing machine, no family jars full of tears over sealskin sacques and Easter bonnets and other busted joys. It would not be necessary for Eve to use nine yards of cloth for the audience to tread upon when she went out in public, and needless for her to go through her husband's pockets for "pin money" for the reason that Adam's trousers would be merely breeches of etiquette.

His scheme was a lovely one and it would be nice if we could all revert to such a state of Edenic simplicity wherein everything is what it seems and sawdust and cotton batting and wire mouse traps are not palmed off on unsuspected humanity as parts of the human anatomy. These would be palmy days indeed if man could pillow his weary head on the breast of mother nature without mashing her puffed sleeves or get caught in her fascinator just as the old man opens the door to spit a mouthful of tobacco juice at the rose rack. But alas, we cannot revert. Civilization and society demand that we have bunions, and bald heads and ingrowing toenails and compressed ribs, and eat bread and jam from the clock shelf on washday—all for the privilege of wearing clothes which seldom fit us and invariably have the buttons off.

Mr. Adam announced that he and his Eve would break them selves of the dress habit and wear only the close of day and the mantle of night. By this means he claimed it possible to make the human race so rugged that life would be prolonged to 200 years instead of a paltry three score years and ten and no woman need be an old maid till she reaches her 150th birthday. This would be cheering news to a number of nice old maids I know of.

However in later issues of yellow journals which announced this wonderful change to be, we have failed to find further mention of Mr. Adam of North Dakota birth. We presume he booked himself to play the role of Adam, not knowing what he was up against. In the first place, were the weather as mild as it evidently was in the days of Adam the first, there would be obstacles yet unsurmounted.

The serpent of social ambition has so far encircled the woman of today that Adam of North Dakota would need supply his Eve with more than a palm leaf fan and a costume of smiles, or he would wake up some morning and find he had no Eve to tempt him. It was ever thus, and it is getting thuser every year, and if that lobster of North Dakota really and truly proposed to carry out any such a scheme as he is credited with he had better hump himself, for styles are changing rapidly, or quicker than that, and he will have a more difficult problem a year hence than now, and besides, all signs, and Prof. Hick's, point to a good summer this year for skant attire.

Woman is indeed the noblest work of Divinity—and the crankiest. They are different from man. Webster gives the meaning of the word as "an adult female of the human race." He is wrong. That might have been the meaning as near as he could get at it at his time, but it's not the definition of "woman" today. "Woman" is a bundle of the latest styles in fabrics, bonnets, wire matting and sweat pads, at their husband's expense—or at the expense of some other husband; and when we get out our new dictionary the word will be given this definition. A woman's heart has it's Sabbaths and jubilees, but is filled plumb full when their wants in the dress line are satisfied. You can tell a woman that she has a face that looks like a cork leg, and then tell her that she has a finer spring suit than her neighbor, and nine times out of ten she will remain a friend, but if you want to get more of an electric shock than you can by

holding a cat's tail up to a gas jet, just tell her that her spring suit is an old number, and you'll get what you are looking for and more too. As long as a man keeps his nose clean, is a clever politician and holds four of a kind while his friend holds two pair, he is termed a man, but a woman can be all that and more too, but she is not a woman unless her hurricane deck is decorated with the latest, four seasons every year, and we'll bet our last summer's pants that fellow in North Dakota will be dead and his biography out of print for two centuries before a single (or married) woman will be found who will be content with herself in his "Garden of Eden" with the same old style dress every year. We have our suspicion that this explains his failure with his new garden. How in thunder could he run a "Garden of Eden" without an Eve?

New County Officers.

The old county officers who were not re-elected November 8, retired Tuesday and the new ones went into office. There was a big change at the courthouse this time.

The county attorneyship passed from the hands of Benjamin Tuft to Frank Gladstone and the official ermine graces the shoulders of the new advisor for the county very comfortably. We hope Mr. Gladstone will fulfill the confidence placed on him by the voters and we feel sure that he will.

O. M. Westley succeeds the efficient and accommodating James H. Sinclair—and he has certainly discharged his duties well; however he has to give way as a result of the big republican

landslide. Mr. Westley will make an equally good register and will be assisted by O. B. Westley as deputy.

Ole Bakken, as popular a treasurer as ever graced the office steps down and out after four years of successful work. He has done well and goes out of his office with the regret of many friends. The new official, Mr. Friswold, will be right at home in this line of work and there are none more competent than he in the county. His administration will be business like.

Clerk of Court Purinton, County Judge Carleton and Supt. Clara Feiring will continue to discharge their duties in their usual capable manner while Sheriff Flynn, the only democrat to escape the tidal wave will conduct his duties as pleasantly and efficiently as before. Jack is pleased to be able to associate with good republicans for two years—there are hopes of his reformation.

Dr. Westley succeeds Dr. Bergstrom as county coroner and will be in any position to view "bones" at any hour day or night.

The law of the state gives Auditor Melgard the privilege of remaining in office until April 1 after which Auditor R. M. Cowen will continue the work. We predict good service for the county by the new auditor and when Mr. Melgard retires wishes him good luck in any enterprise he may engage in.

Greatly in Demand.

Nothing is more in demand than a medicine with meets modern requirements for a blood and system cleanser such as Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are just what you need to cure stomach and liver troubles. Try them. At H. H. Bateman's drug store, 22c., guaranteed.

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of
John Syverson.