

# The Cooperstown Courier.

VOL. 23, NO. 24

COOPERSTOWN, GRIGGS CO., N. D., THURSDAY JUNE 22, 1905.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM

## The One Price DEPARTMENT STORE.

### OUR ANNUAL JUNE CLEARING SALE!

Extra Special Bargains Will be Offered for the Next Three Weeks. Don't Fail to Take Advantage.

#### Wash Goods.

6c Fast Colored Lawns now.....	4c
12c Baliste and Lawns now.....	8c
19c Knicker Suitings.....	12 1/2c
22c Musseline Brodee.....	15c
22c Pongees and Mikita.....	17c
25c Volles and Mohairs.....	18c
35c Soisette and Jacquard.....	25c
40c Fancy Satens and Polaire.....	30c
60c Tricotine Silks now.....	50c
60c Silk chicked Volles.....	50c

#### Jackets and Raglans.

Tan Covert Jacket Worth \$5.50 now.....	4.25
Tan Covert Jacket Worth \$6.00 now.....	4.25
Tan Covert Jacket Worth \$18.00 now.....	13.50
Black Broadcloth Worth \$18.00 now.....	13.50
Black Silk Jacket Worth \$8.00 now.....	5.99
Black Silk Jacket Worth \$10.00 now.....	7.99
Black Silk Jacket Worth \$14.00 now.....	9.99
Ladies Raglans Worth \$11.00 now.....	7.99
Ladies Raglans Worth \$12.50 now.....	9.99
Ladies Raglans Worth \$15.00 now.....	11.99

1200 yards Red Seal Gingham Worth 12 1/2c this sale 10c a yard.  
 400 yards Foil De Nords " " " 10c a yard.  
 1 Lot Fancy Dress Gingham " 8c " 6c a yard.

#### Clothing Department.

1 Lot Men's Suits, Worth \$18.00 this sale.....	\$14.00
1 Lot Men's Suits, Worth \$15.00 this sale.....	10.50
1 Lot Young Men's Suits \$10.00 this sale.....	7.00
Mens' and Boy's Caps Worth 60c now.....	48c
Mens' Caps Worth 55c now.....	68c
Mens' Caps Worth \$1.25 now.....	98c
1 Lot Men's Hats at great reduction.	
1 Lot Childrens Suits at 20 per cent. discount.	

#### Shoe Department.

We have a lot of Boy's Canvas Shoes. Just the thing for Summer. Worth \$1.25 and \$1.40 this sale  
**85 AND 98c.**

## ALBERT LARSON.

W. S. HYDE, Pres. A. O. ANDERSON, Treas.  
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### Hannaford-Cooperstown Concrete Company.

Makers of all kinds of Building Blocks, Sidewalk, Tiling, Curbing, etc.

Quality Our First Consideration.

TRY THE COURIER FOR ARTISTIC PRINTING.

## SWEET GIRL GRADUATES *By Quintis Impus*

When a fellow can't pick up a periodical without finding something therein on the subject of sweet girl graduates, its natural that he should become associated with the equine and yearn to say a few things himself—whether he knows much about the subject or not. I never was a sweet girl graduate myself—though my wealth of golden hair and delicate pink-and-white complexion might easily cause a stranger to mistake me for one—but I have known and had my leg pulled by lots of them. I have also attended a few graduating blowouts from which I soaked up more or less wisdom of various sorts. I feel competent, therefore, to discuss the subject in a calm and unbiased manner without sloshing over like my contemporary, who said, "Go ahead ladies—the nation is with you and God is behind the nation and how can you fail?" That, I think, is smearing it on generously for as a usual thing the sordid nation don't stay awake nights to boost the sweet girl graduate up the ladder of fame nor hold its breath to listen to her oration. I have made a careful study of this question and I find that the nation generally goes right on digging bait, no matter how sweet the graduate is—and some of them are pretty doggoned sweet.

An enthusiastic newspaper man, after attending a high-school commencement where fifteen young ladies graduated, went into his sanctum and wrote for his paper: "The French girl is vivacious, the German sentimental, the Italian passionate, the Spanish romantic, the English queenly,—and then added—but blend together the English queenliness, the Spanish romance, the Italian passion, the German sentiment, the French vivacity, add beauty and grace then spice the mixture with a dash of irrepresible independence and you have the American sweet girl graduate." That's all very lovely—sometimes she's all that and a lot more—but quite frequently she is a snare and a delusion and a freak of the first water. I had a little experience with one of the latter variety at my boarding house some years ago. She was a girl who came into the world with a stubbed toe, a headache, a pretty face and a tired, delicate feeling—but no brains. I always wrote her class essays for her, but when it came to writing her graduating oration I rebelled and she got mad. I was feeling somewhat huffy myself and incautiously expressed my opinion of her to a friend. The next day she came at me like an August thunder cloud and said she was informed I referred to her as a "slobbering idiot." "That's very unfortunate," said I and she straightway demanded, "Well, didn't you?" "No," I replied, "I did not refer to you as a slobbering idiot—I referred to you as a gibbering idiot." After that the ungrateful thing refused to speak to me.

But I have digressed. Did you ever attend a high school graduation? They are almost as wildly hilarious and exciting as a midnight funeral. Next to robbing the grave of my own dear grandmother. I don't know of anything I would rather do than attend a high school graduation. This year's style of graduation was very similar to those of former years. It was the style as usual to have a long-haired college professor or a nice wind-broken preacher to deliver a 2,000,000 word address in addition to twenty-seven beautiful orations by the sweet girl graduates. The speaks of the

occasion will take for his theme the universe and all that there is therein contained and will drag in the glory of ancient Greece and the fall of Babylon and Ninevah and call up as witnesses the learned Confucius, the cynical Diogenes, the erudite Pythagoras, the philosophical Socrates, Hippocrates the wise, and many more. It is always customary to resurrect and parade these old antedeluvians at commencement exercises. In fact, one of the chief features of such blowouts is to rattle dry bones and make Rome howl, and no address on such an occasion would be considered smooth unless it was lubricated with some ancient Greece. Such addresses are always helpful to the sweet girl graduate—they fit her for the stern realities of life in the cold cruel world.

The knowledge she gains in regard to ancient Greece, for instance, enables her to distinguish good butter from bad and the knowledge of Solomon teaches her, when waiting for her lord and master till far into the night, to drain comfort from the fact that she is only one while Mrs. Solomon was seven hundred and worried accordingly. And oh, how encouraging when darned socks for a large family to muse on the greatness of Socrates, the inventor of socks! How strengthening, when bending over the washtub with back broken and mother-hubbard soaked up the front, to dwell on the noble thoughts of Confucius, the ancestor of the pigtailed washee-washee! And when she goes through her husbands clothes and extracts his last nickel from a rear pocket, with what gratitude she will recall her old friend Hippocrates, the originator of the hippocket! And if little Jimmy ties himself in a double bow knot with green apples, can she not learn wisdom from Diogenes and his lantern and go on a still hunt for peregoric? Diogenes, you know, was the Greek philosopher who won distinction some years ago by walking about the streets of Athens with a tub on his head which he sat on or slept in when tired. That is, he sat on or slept in the tub—not his head. He was noted also for never having used soap and for telling Alex the Great to stand from between him and the Sun. But the chief cause of his fame is the fact that he got drunk one day and went out on the street with a lantern to look for an honest man. You can read all about him and other ancient horse-thieves in modern school books.

These are the things that tend to make the modern graduating address so helpful. They make a fellow yearn to do great things. They make him want to go forth into the great seething and bubbling world and do something entirely different—until the speaker gets through. It is the same way with the graduation oration. This year's style of oration was a thing of beauty and joy. It deals as usual in a pleasing off-hand manner with something its author never studied and knows nothing about and had the customary box plaits and frills and curlicues all over it. It did not deal with ordinary things pertaining to personal observation in everyday life, but came fresh from the depths of the encyclopedia and ended as heretofore with a nice batch of good advice about things in general and was tied with a cute little dab of tutti frutti chewing gum. As usual the graduates dressed in white and some of them looked as if they had just come out of a

band box while others looked as if they'd come out of a cyclone. Did you ever notice that some girls look perfectly angelic in a forty cent shirt waist while others looked like the devil in silks and satins? Strange, too, but the fury type of girl always thinks herself irresistible and is just egotistical enough to imagine a fellow is admiring her because he looks her way. It is quite frequently the case, however, that the fellow is only counting the freckles on her nose or wondering how much her complexion cost or why she didn't wear her other face.

Oration subjects were about the same as usual this year and was considered exceedingly bad form for the sweet girl graduate to write about the trials and troubles of a village girl's life, or the gentle art of pulling papa's limb for a new dress—or anything else with which she is familiar. In order to show that she is educated she must tear the waddling clothes from the unborn future and tell us what we're coming to a thousand years hence, or make Rome howl a couple of times by tearing it down some more. Statistics show that of nine million high school orations delivered since Rome fell only one contained no reference to that great event and the author of it went raving crazy trying to find a substitute. Some old fogies have the ideas in their noddles the education should not be made a hodge-podge of moss-growing history, Greek myths, geometrical theorems and other fluddubbery—but they are all wrong. Every sweet girl graduate should be able to draw a geometrical figure on the wash board with a bar of soap and spout Latin at the baby simultaneously whether she knows what the declaration of independence is or not. All a young woman needs to fit her for the battle of life nowadays is some Roman history, a big oration and a white dress, a diploma and some fresh chewing gum. She may need other things but that's all I can think of just now.

#### GRIGGS AND EASTERN FOSTER COUNTIES.

Farmers Excursion to State Agricultural College, Fargo, July 17, 1905. Tickets, 1.25.

Ten boys, fifteen to twenty years old, and some mothers and sisters, are wanted to brighten this trip. None but farmers and farmers people living on the farm are eligible—except members of the press.

This is not a junkie! but a pleasant outing of investigation and study. Those favored with tickets are in honor bound to attend meetings arranged for their profit at the college grounds. The railroad and college authorities expect nothing less than this and future favors depend upon the character and good intentions of present visitors.

Applicants who have not already had the benefit of these excursions will be given preference over others, and if more than seventy-five applications are made tickets will be distributed by lot, but in either case parties entitled to tickets will be so notified by mail July 10th. Apply by letter or post card to—Maynard Crane, Cooperstown, N. D.



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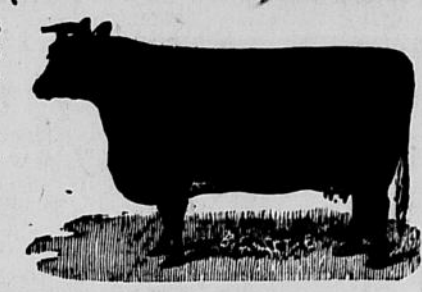
SATIN STRIPE MULL and ORGANDIES, PRINTED SWISS MULL, EMBROIDERED NOVELTIES, MERCERIZED FABRICS, FRENCH VOILES, and FANCY MOHAIRS In endless varieties.

A beautiful collection of Fancy White goods for Shirt Waists and Summer Dresses.

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5 young Bulls and the best lot of Young Pigs for sale ever offered. Sired by our great herd boar Rockwell's Chief, sire Dakota Chief.

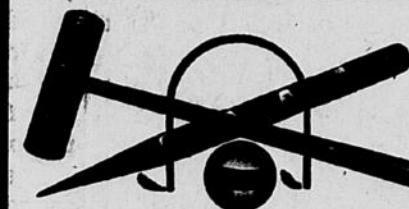


Let us fix you out with a good start in Hogs & Cattle. Don't raise scrubs for 2c when good ones will bring you 4c. Come and see our Stock. Visit ours welcome anytime.

BUTLER & UPTON, Cooperstown, N. D.

## This Page of Prices

has seldom if ever equaled in Cooperstown. The point we wish to make and emphasis is, that the advertising of this house is in every way to be depended upon.



4 ball set made of Hardwood with steel wire arches \$1.00.

Screen Doors 1-8 thick Hinge, Hook, Knob and Screen \$1.25.



12c a yard for window screen.

We just got our claim adjusted with the sales agent of Steel Enamelled Ware and the result is we can now sell you a kettle like cut, 5 qt. at 65c, was \$1.00.



## M. G. EVENSON.