

The North Dakota White Ribbon.

A MONTHLY W. C. T. U. JOURNAL.

"Not willing that any should perish."

VOL. 1.

FARGO, MARCH, 1891.

No. 9.

NORTH DAKOTA W. C. T. U.

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Jamestown.

LOYAL LEGION.

WAHPETON, N. D., Feb. 18, 1891.—Without doubt, you and your good editor have long ago concluded that I am a backslider in my allegiance to you; but don't you believe it any longer. The fact is, this very busy woman should not have been appointed to this delightful juvenile work. Someone else should have been called to it who had more time, means and brains; and if you know of any such person, I would like you to gently whisper to our state president, to declare this appointment vacant and put this more reliable party to filling it. Were I as wealthy as I have been accused of being, I would have been busy all this while talking to the parents about our L. T. L.

needs and blessings, and looking into the bright faces of North Dakota children for encouragement, while I went on with my building in the interests of their future.

But when one has no income but the earnings of her own hands, and the dear people cannot afford to pay the necessary expenses, then all these matters remain in "*status quo*." Still, there is something to tell. The Wahpeton L. T. L. is thriving with a membership of over thirty, a good start for a library, a nice banner being made, and \$5.00 in the bank.

The Legion at Fairmount, Richland Co., is giving an entertainment tonight, and is doing a splendid work under care of our good and faithful sister, Mrs. J. H. Bostwick. Ah! I wish that Dakota had a thousand such women. Over in Sargent Co., at Forman, dear Mrs. Judge Vail has gotten "her boys," as she calls them, together again, and they, too, are building eternal excellence in immortal souls. Then, last but not least, on January 17th, taking the 5:30 train from here, I went to Casselton, gave a short chalk talk, organized an L. T. L. of over fifty members. Mrs. Shinn, Mrs. Best, Mrs. Bartlett, and several other ladies, were present. Mrs. Bartlett was appointed superintendent, Mrs. Best's son, president, and all the little officers seemed to be well calculated to do the work. How it thrills my heart yet to recall that day, the meeting, the work done, and the interest shown by those parents in this work for their children. Returning home that eve, I felt that if ever I had helped to do a good work in my life, it was on that day, for the hearts of the mothers were in it, and I felt that it must abide and grow. Sister Winans was there with a good report of our own little band at Armenia, and a few more of our dear superintendents have written favorably of their work. Some time in the future, I wish to tell of work that I found last year. Our national superintendent has sent a

circular, of which I will soon inform our local superintendents, as it has points of special interest to us. My work at home for the winter will prevent my going about much, but if, during the months of July and August, I can be of any help anywhere in the state, I shall respond to all calls.

O, dear fathers and mothers of Dakota, even if the prohibition clause in our constitution remains inviolate, a law of our state, will there then be no need of temperance education among our children? Can we dare to hope the law alone will protect them from temptation and shield them from danger? Dare we trust to that, and do naught?

MRS. A. M. WILCOX,
State Supt. Juvenile Work, W. C. T. U.

FORMAN, N. D., March 14, '91.—Dear Sister—If you think the enclosed is worth putting in your beautiful "White Ribbon," please insert. If you wish, I will write another on conducting the L. T. L. meetings, and give program for entertainment.

There was a delightful medal contest in Milnor last evening, which I hope will be reported. Often thinking of praying for you in your work, I am,

YOUR SISTER.

[The White Ribbon will gladly accept the promised contribution and any others that may be furnished by our correspondent, who, did she not withhold her name, would be recognized as one of our brightest, most earnest workers.]

"GOD HELPING ME."

She was very tired, that president of a local union and superintendent of many things, wearied with unrequited efforts, sad in missing the cheer of a loved one gone before, and exhausted with toil on a Dakota farm in a drought stricken district; but she felt that the boys and girls in the village must be organized against King Alcohol. The few women who attended the semi-monthly W. C. T. U.

gave a listless assent and responded to her appeal for a leader. "You are the only one who can."—"God helping me, I will." It was announced in Sunday school the next day that the young people were requested to meet at the church at 6:30, the hour before prayer meeting (to economize on fuel.) Every boy and girl but two were there, and the Legion was organized with twenty-five members. "Come to my house to-morrow afternoon." Every one came. "We want books—we want badges—we want to tell the people what 'L. T. L.' means." "It is your work." With the greatest enthusiasm they went to work, and in a few weeks rendered a "Prohibition Program," which elicited much praise and interest in the community, and put \$5.00 in the treasury. The youthful president presided, while the leader sat among the audience, the happiest woman there, so proud of her boys and girls that all weariness had fled. They wore their badges and sang their songs with joy; and all her drilling had been a delight. There was a fear their interest would flag over the "lessons," but there is no sigh of it; and their example has been an inspiration to the older ones, who are earnestly preparing for a Demorest contest.

The work of educating voters to oppose re-submission is commenced in that county which can never be overcome.

NEWARK, S. D., March 9, '91.

Editor of the White Ribbon: Please accept thanks for the kind assistance you have been to me in helping me to secure aid for the needy in this part of the state. We don't propose to be a begging people; we only ask it as loans to be paid for by and by. Will you kindly publish the following report of goods received and distributed up to date.

One barrel from Edgerly W. C. T. U., N. D., sent by president.

One barrel from Des Moines, Iowa, sent by Clara Stephens.

One barrel from Minneapolis W. C. T. U., sent by Miss Emma Bates.

Two barrels and one box from Central W. C. T. U., Fargo, sent by president.

One barrel from Leonard W. C. T. U., sent by president.

Three barrels from Wellsboro, Pa., sent by a friend.

Three barrels from Dickey Co.; a friend of the county divided a supply with us.

One box of shoes from Montgomery, Ward & Co.; value, thirty dollars.

One box of underwear, stockings, hooded, skirts and remnants, from William Donaldson & Co., of the Glass Block, Minneapolis—and a most generous box it was, the value being by inventory one hundred dollars.

In the name of the Lord and in behalf of the people of Sargent county, please accept our most sincere thanks.

Yours for God and humanity,

MRS. H. C. COOKE,
President of Brampton W. C. T. U., also Superintendent Temperance Literature for State.

DURBIN, March 24, 1891.—Dear White Ribbon: During the winter we have averaged a meeting once a month, but hope to do better now that spring and warmer weather is coming.

We have our state and county dues and pledges paid, also one dollar toward the memorial tablet in the Temple for Mrs. Sophia C. White.

Some of us think it will be a good plan to take up the study of our state laws of North Dakota; not with any idea of opening offices for the practice, but to acquaint ourselves with them, such as the school and prohibition and land laws. We may, after a little, take this up for alternate meetings, as we use Mrs. Smith's bible leaflets once a month.

We are all familiar with the legislation which has been done this winter in regard to the temperance movement, and the motives of some of it; but from whatever motives, we have a chance now for the first time to enforce the prohibition law, and we hear of efforts being made all about us to do so, even in the state capital, where the saloon keeper was surprised to find himself under arrest and his premises searched.

Will some of the unions please tell in the White Ribbon of any new entertainments to interest the people? That is, after you have tried them yourselves; we do not want to have the benefit of your ideas before you.

We have received the minutes of the Jamestown convention, a very interesting little book.

Hope to be always able to report progress and good news.

Yours truly, PAULINE.

MISS WILLARD'S ADDRESS.

We give our readers a number of extracts from the masterly address of Miss Frances E. Willard, president of the National Council of Women, at the recent meeting of the council in Washington.

"In all the line of English history only two epochs have received a gracious name, and they are the two where great queens reigned—the 'Elizabethan' and the 'Victorian.' Besides them we have affectionate mention of 'the good Queen Anne whom God defended.' So far as I have learned, there is nothing analogous to this in the reign of any English king. Surely, these facts have high significance in helping to work out a solution of the mightiest problem of our time—woman in government."

* * * * *

"One can hardly believe (in the light of the present time) that, as Mrs. May Wright Sewall tells us, Harvard College was founded one hundred and fifty three years after public schools were established in Boston for boys, girls were not even admitted to learn reading or writing for a part of the year. * * * When in 1819 Mrs. Emma Willard submitted to the New York legislature her plan for the higher education of girls, the very first on record in this country, she emphatically declared that she wished to produce no 'college bred females' and that there would be no exhibitions in her school since 'public speaking forms no part of female education.'"

* * * * *

"Consider the fact that more than eighty-two per cent. of all our public school teachers are women; that over two hundred colleges have now over four thousand women students; that industrial schools for girls are being founded in almost every state; that hardly a score of colleges in all the nation still exclude us, and that these begin to look sheepish and speak in tones apologetic, while the University of Pennsylvania was lately opened, Barnard College in New York is the annex to magnificent Columbia, and the Methodist University of Washington, D. C., the Leland Stanford and Chicago universities, with countless millions back of them, are, in all their departments, including divinity, to be open to women."

* * * * *

"Since we sat here in the council, a three-year cycle has swept by in which women have wrought more widely and more worthily than in any ten years before, and what have they been doing with their time?"

Let Phillips Fawcett answer, with her famous four hundred marks above

the mercifully nameless "Senior Wrangler" of Cambridge University.

Let Miss Alford, niece of the great Dean Alford, answer, with her first honors in the classical tripos of the same great seat of learning; and Helen Reed, who won the Sargent prize at our own "Fair Harvard," ere long to become more worthy of its name by reason of fair play rendered to the fair sex. Let Mademoiselle Belasco, of Bucharest, answer, who passed the best examination in the Paris law school and is the first lawyer known to human annals who studied that profession in order to defend the poor without a fee. Let Florence Holland answer, who last year won a "double first" in Latin and in English at Calcutta University. Let the world of books reply with more new and brilliant lights looming above the horizon in literature and journalism than can be catalogued outside the index pages and advertising columns of our magazines, and the general admission that the best selling novels of recent years have been by women."

* * * * *

"The chief significance of Parnell's present disrowned estate has been but little emphasized as yet in the public mind; but, to my thinking, the woman question has had no triumph so signal in our generation. It is not many years since any man of great gifts and splendid public achievements in the interest of humanity was entirely separated in the minds of the people into two characters. As a hero, he stood forth for what the world knew of him in his relations to the world; but as a man, in his relations to women, he was altogether a different personality, with whom the public had nothing whatever to do; and, no matter how basely he might conduct himself, it was no concern of theirs, because the estimate of woman was so much beneath that which is now held. She was but an adjunct of man, and called, by many of the greatest among men, "a necessary evil." But in these later years, she has become a daughter of God, an individual, a personality of intellect, of power, of judgment, and every woman who presents to the world that aspect has, by the laws of mind, helped to dignify womankind in the thought of every person who thinks at all concerning women. The popular concept of womanhood is but a composite photograph of woman made up from the deductions of a million minds concerning millions of women; and the highest office of the modern woman is, that when the mental photograph she makes becomes a part of this mighty composite picture so determinative of destiny, that picture shall take on a loftier aspect. So it has been; woman, good, gifted, un-

daunted, have added themselves by thousands and tens of thousands in the home, the school, the church, the state, the popular concept of womanhood, so that when Parnell, great hero that he is, ruins one woman and despoils one home, his features as a hero are so blurred and distorted to the eye of nations that he must step down and out. Nor would I in the least forget that Mrs. O'Shea has blurred, so far as her poor little individuality could, the composite photograph of womankind. But then, there has not been one word spoken in her favor! She was nothing to anybody but Capt. O'Shea and the once great Irish hero. Her penalty is heavy enough in the nature of the case. But God be thanked that we live in an age when men as a class have risen to such an appreciation of women as a class, that the mighty tide of their public sentiment will drown out any man's reputation who is false to woman and the home. And this which is true now in large degree throughout the world will be a thousand times more true in a century from now."

FARGO, N. D., March 26, 1891.—Dear Sisters: As the opening spring, the "seed time" with all its possibilities, is near at hand, shall not we of the W. C. T. U. go forth to sow, in our fields, seeds whose fruits may be reaped in the "sweet by and by" in eternity? We have much to encourage us in our work, especially in regard to the legal part of it; for, notwithstanding the many attacks upon it, our prohibitory law is still intact, the supreme court of the state has declared it constitutional, and now there is no legal hindrance to its enforcement. The temperance people must rally around this law and see that it is made effective, that everywhere it is thoroughly enforced. And let us push the different lines of our W. C. T. U. work as much as possible during the coming months. Let us look well to our membership. Cannot each member of each local union secure one new member, and thus double the number of white ribboners in the state and widen our influence? Shall we not use all the help placed at our command? At the Jamestown convention the North Dakota White Ribbon was adopted as our medium of communication. We can make this bright little paper very helpful to our work, and can stimulate other unions to renewed activity by reporting to it the work done by each local union. It would be a wise plan for each

union to appoint a correspondent to the paper, whose duty it should be to report the work of the union. In this way we can keep posted in regard to the work done in our state, gain valuable suggestions, and help the paper. We can also assist the paper financially by securing subscribers for it. Will all unions having headquarters—a building or rooms of their own—kindly report the same to me immediately? It is very important that such information be received as soon as possible. Please attend to this at once and greatly oblige,

Yours for the promotion of temperance, ADELAIDE M. KINNEAR.

General Booth has been charged with unfairness in failing to deal with the drink problem in his great book, "In Darkest England," and as a consequence of this he has been actively engaged for several weeks in asserting his abhorrence of the drink traffic and belief that the triumph of prohibition is the ultimate end of all he seeks. But rescue work, he declares is the only means available at this juncture. "Suppose," he says, "that we were on a rock-bound coast, strewn with the wrecks of all kinds of vessels, and that shrieking men and women on board of these were on the point of going down beneath the waters. Suppose that many of those perishing were within reach of the shore. If I were there I know what I should consider my duty. I should get together the best crew that ever went out with their lives in their hands, with human hearts in their breasts, and with English determination in their wills. I should say, 'This way, my brave fellows; let us try and save these poor creatures.' But some one might say, 'Wouldn't it be better for you to direct your attention to the reefs out there, and blow them up?' I would reply, 'Decidedly; that is an excellent plan; but at present I have no dynamite. Besides, I understand the reefs are under the government control. I do not belong to one political section or the other, or perhaps I might do something with regard to them.' I am only a plain man with a heart in my bosom. All I can say is, 'You go and blow the reefs up, and I will save these drowning men.'"—Union Signal.

Ransom County—A. F. Norton has been elected to fill the place of county president left vacant by the removal from the state of Mrs. Dr. Johnson.

Mrs. Austin is president of the Lisbon union.

SUNSHINE.

There is no better medicine, no greater purifier, no better friend to good health, cleanliness and long life, than sunshine. There is an old Spanish proverb which says: "Where the sun does not enter the doctor must," and the truth condensed in that statement is a whole lecture on health in the home. Sunshine costs nothing, is refreshing, invigorating, life-giving to both sick and well. People have somehow got the idea that nothing is valuable that does not cost something, and are apt to value all blessings by the money value they represent.

Always bear in mind that the three greatest blessings humanity receives—sunlight, pure air and water—all types of a beneficent Father's unstinted bounty—all are free to all, they are everywhere, and can be had without money and without price.

If you would enjoy good health, see that you have pure air to breathe all the time, that you receive the direct benefit of the sunshine an hour or two every day, and that you quench your thirst with nothing but pure water. Houses should be so built that every room occupied for living or sleeping purposes shall receive the full benefit of direct sunlight at some time of the day.

The sleeping rooms should always be large and roomy, and if possible have an eastern exposure to receive the benefit of the morning sun. Too many shade trees too close to the house are an injury rather than a benefit, and should be removed if they prevent free access of the sunlight to all the rooms.

Let in the sunshine that is struggling with blinds, shades and awnings, and let it do its blessed work of purification.

The Illinois Woman's Alliance has appointed three of its members to present its petitions to the legislature now in session. It demands that the compulsory school term be extended to twenty-four weeks, that no school

shall be recognized but the public school, that the kindergarten system be made part of the public school system, and that text-books shall be furnished free of charge to all pupils of the public schools. It further demands the establishment of state or public homes where waifs and homeless children can be cared for.

Fargo's chief of police has been down in Iowa learning how the liquor men there manage to evade the prohibitory law, and is doubtless now able to give "points" to personal friends whom he might wish to assist in building up such a business; but that still others may know how it is done, we quote elsewhere an editorial from the Iowa State Register, which gives the details of the method.

Woodford Union, Fargo, is now to have a "local habitation." For two or three years this union has been working for a building to be known as W. C. T. U. headquarters; and nearly a year ago, Mrs. Campbell, then president of the union, secured a lease of a lot from the N. P. R. R. Co. The lot is on Front street, directly west of the Y. M. C. A. building; and within the next thirty days the union expects to have a good building moved onto the lot and in readiness for use. Woodford Union wants the other unions to rejoice with her in thus realizing the plans for which she has worked.

The New York Sunday Sun recently considered in an able article "The College Bred Woman—Does She Make a Better Mother than her Uneducated Sister?" Did space permit we would be glad to give it entire. The writer says: "There was a time when even scientific men believed that the structure of a woman's brain was so inferior to that of a man that there was no possibility of her equaling him in intellectual powers.

The college-bred woman triumphantly refutes the theory by writing her name "above the senior wranglers" in the records of the greatest of English universities. There was a time when men believed a woman physically incapable of the strain of a college life. The college-bred woman takes off her corset, builds her gymnasium, and shows an equal statistical average vitality with that hold sway.

of women under the most favorable conditions with better promise for the future, in her hygienic scientific knowledge of the laws of life.

Again, men said that the college-bred woman would loose her charm for man, and remain forever a beautifully perfected but unplucked blossom upon the virgin stem. College statistics show that the proportion of marriages among graduates not only compares favorably with that among other women, but is continually increasing so that it is difficult to fill important places with competent women on account of their tendency to assume the cares of domestic rather than professional life. Last and gravest charge of all, the college-bred woman was said to be incapable of the duties of motherhood. An exhaustive study of this subject has been made, showing as a result, "that a greater proportion of the children of the college-bred woman survive infancy than do those of the mothers lacking the scientific training of college life."

Again we quote: "Old fashioned New England mothers are often extolled as an ideal type of motherhood, while college-bred women are the staple of popular newspaper jokes in their alleged futile attempt to care for their offspring. Yet, statistics show that the mortality among native New England stock exceeds that of any other part of the United States, and the proportion of deaths to births is constantly increasing; while among the educated college women, nine-tenths of their children survive infancy, a record which I believe has never been equalled in any country or age since statistics furnished the data for such deductions."

The Iowa Union Signal, a neat, four-page paper, comes to us from Des Moines, edited by Miss Clara Stevens, so long known to Dakotans as superintendent of Union Signal work.

One of the crucial tests of our christianity is this: What does the "hired girl" think of our kind of religion?

Grace Greenwood's name is now more closely allied to works of charity than to literary labors. She still writes a little, but can usually be found where sorrow and suffering

The North Dakota White Ribbon

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE
WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION
OF NORTH DAKOTA.

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2 " 1 year.....	8 00

While THE NORTH DAKOTA WHITE RIBBON is published primarily as a means of communication between the Officers and Superintendents of Departments of the North Dakota, W. C. T. U. and the members of its Local Unions, it will endeavor to furnish its readers with a resume of all important W. C. T. U. news of general interest.

Brief Communications on W. C. T. U. topics are solicited.

Address all communications intended for publication to the Editor.

FARGO, N. D., MARCH, 1891.

"ADJOURNED—PRAISE GOD."

During the last session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, it was usual to close such service with the long metre doxology. One day while Bishop Fowler was in the chair, the hour for adjournment came in the midst of an earnest discussion of a question which had been somewhat trying to the presiding officer.

As the clock reached the minute for adjournment, the bishop rose, and with a suppressed smile, announced, "Conference is adjourned, praise God, —from whom all blessings flow;" and thus felt many of the citizens of North Dakota, when, on the sixth of March, our second legislature breathed its last.

Since our last issue, an attempt was made to repeal the entire prohibitory law; and, failing in that, amendments were tried, which, if they had become laws, would have left us powerless to even restrict the sale.

While we are glad for the good and wise things accomplished by the legislature, we rejoice heartily over their failure to carry out the evil they intended.

The Fargo "Y's" are still at work in the temperance cause. A short time since they held a parlor meeting at the home of their president, which was well attended. The entertainment consisted of a representation in

pantomime of Whittier's poem, "Maud Muller," and a dutch doll, which when presented to the audience, created much merriment. It was emphatically a *prohibition* doll. Refreshments consisting of ice cream and cake were served. Two honorary members were added to the list. Tuesday evening, March 24th, this "Y" gave an entertainment in the Baptist Church, consisting of dramatic readings interspersed with good music. Miss Marion Willis, a graduate of the Boston Conservatory, was the artist of the evening, and delighted all present by her fine reading. Miss Willis has a wonderful gift and richly deserves the nice press notices which are so lavishly bestowed upon her. She is making a tour of the state and we bespeak for her a warm welcome wherever she goes.

A short paragraph in our last number, concerning the Minnesota law, fixing "the age of consent" should have been credited to the Minneapolis Tribune instead of appearing as White Ribbon editorial matter. We trust that the Minnesota house will concur in the action of the senate, which has passed a bill raising the legal age to sixteen.

NOT A LICENSE.

After July 1, the following will appear across the face of licenses or permits issued to retail liquor dealers: "This stamp is simply a receipt for a tax paid the government and does not exempt the holder from any penalty or punishment provided by the law of any state for carrying on said business in such state, and does not authorize the commencement nor the continuance of such business contrary to the laws of such state, or in places prohibited by municipal law. See section 3243 Revised Statutes United States."

Mrs. Lizzie J. Boyle, state treasurer, has removed from Ellendale to Duluth, Minnesota, but by request of the executive committee she will continue to serve us as treasurer until the next state convention. Please take notice of this change and send all communications intended for our state treasurer to Mrs. Lizzie J. Boyle, 407 Palladio Building, Duluth, Minn.

A. M. KINNEAR.

NEW UNIONS.

Following is a list of the new unions organized since the state convention:

PRESIDENTS.

Church's Ferry, Mrs. E. Bullock
Devils Lake, Mrs. S. E. Hovis
Vivian, Harlem P. O., Mrs. E. C. Rusco
Cogswell, Mrs. M. Martin
Gill, Mrs. Nellie Gill
Erie, Mrs. Cora Powlinson
Dazey, Mrs. J. F. Holliday
Tower City, "Y" Miss Nettie Kiff
Drayton, "Y" Miss Maud Wallace

UNIONS RE-ORGANIZED.

Carrington, Mrs. Emma Wilson
Wheatland, Mrs. Burnham
Dickey, Mrs. May Duerner

NOTES FROM THE STATE.

The Sanborn Y's are doing fine work, having fitted up a reading room for which they have been giving a series of entertainment. The Thirteen Peck Sisters was recently given under the direction of Mrs. Fox, and was a decided success in a social way as well as netting a neat little sum for the treasury.

Stutsman County Union was organized at Jamestown Jan. 22, by Miss Preston. Four unions were represented and an interesting session was held. Mrs. I. C. Wade of Jamestown was elected president of the county organization. An especially strong paper by Mrs. Gammon, of Lisbon, on social purity, was read by Mrs. Bill. In the evening Mrs. Graham gave an address—Notes on the Atlanta convention. The White Ribbon sisters of Stutsman felt greatly encouraged by the interest manifested in the different sessions. January 23d Mrs. Graham gave her "Trip to Alaska," the proceeds to be divided between the Jamestown union and the temple fund.

Grand Rapids union has recently taken a new lease of life. At a public meeting held January 18, ten new members were added.

The president of La Moure union, Mrs. Stoddard, has been sick a large part of the winter.

Dazey is a new and promising union with Mrs. J. F. Holiday as president. We expect to hear from this union before long.

Odell has recently taken a new start. At a meeting last month they enrolled thirty new members, honorary and working.

THE LIVING GOD.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

That old, old cry, the heart-cry of the ages,
When flesh and soul are spent, and life runs
low!

No dead word graven on the mystic pages,
But throbbing yet with longing, strife, and
woe.

For God, the living God, we cry in yearning,
In need, in weariness, in pain, in death!
Stoop down, far heaven above! behold us turning
To heaven for strength, from these low vales
of earth.

We are like children in a strange great city,
And one, whose hand we held, is reft away!
Lo, in the crowd we wander orphaned! Pity
And care for us. O living God, to-day!
We are like sailors on the black waves tossing,
The stars have gone, the ship is strained apart!
Behold, O living God! what gulls we're crossing,
Behold and hear! cry fainting flesh and heart.

We thought, awhile ago, our hands were laden
With such sweet fruitage, leaf and flower and
vine,

That to our eyes could come no vision shaden,
That to our lips would press no bitter wine!
Illusions vanish! Empty hands we offer,
And tear-dimmed eyes gaze upward to Thy
seat.

O living God! though we have naught to proffer,
Ourselves we fling, face downward, at Thy feet!

For Thou, Thyself, art comfort and salvation.
Art food and strength and light and sure de-
fense;

Come to our souls in blessed revelation,
Flood with Thy tenderness our fainting sense.
O living God! though we be spent and dying,
In Thee is shelter, in Thy love is rest.

And so the age-old cry our hearts are crying;
We cast our weakness, Father, on Thy breast.

AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

Iowa State Register: The people of Iowa are habitually told that the prohibitory law is not enforced and therefore it must be repealed. That is the one and the sole argument of the present governor. Too bad it is that the law is not better enforced. Too true it is no law, however good, can ever be wholly enforced. But after all, is it not enforced fully as well as any other law on the statute books? And could not all laws be repealed for the same reason? What single article in the decalogue is more in force in Iowa to-day than the prohibitory law? Do not people lie, steal, covet and take the name of God in vain daily? Is therefore the decalogue to be repealed.

The people who in their indignation closed the saloons by 30,000 majority did not expect that all traffic in liquor would cease forthwith. They did not expect a better man to be born of every alcohol soaked body and decayed moral sense—God Almighty alone could accomplish that feat. But they did expect that the open saloon would cease to be. That it would no longer entice boys. That it would no longer afford a gilded retreat for

those who love ease and vice together. That it would no longer impoverish families and wring tears from the loving, aching hearts of wives and mothers. All these things they expected the law to do. Has it not done them to a large extent even here in Des Moines? There are plenty of bootleggers, "holes in the wall," "back kitchens," dens, dives and hovels where the very worst of alcoholic rot is sold for a good price. But only the toughs and the dudes know their whereabouts or frequent them. They are vile, vicious, law-defying, sin and disease-breeding places, heaven knows, but their patronage is almost as insignificant in number as it is low in the moral and mental scale. And if the saloon, gilded and "respectable," should come back, would not these "holes" still be in business?

A drink of liquor in one of these places—a schooner of beer or four fingers of whiskey—is bought at so great a sacrifice of self-respect that few care to undertake it a second time. For a moment deign to enter one of these places. It is dark inside save for a glimmering ray that lights up a very rickety stairway. You stumble upwards, or downwards, feeling your way carefully for fear of treacherous steps. You reach the den and enter a small room—where sits a "spotter"—supposed to be a man. He is a coarse, dirty, brutal individual, of big frame, giant fists, bulldog jaw, lascivious eye and convict's brow. He stares at you as you enter. If he recognizes you as one of the fellows that "won't give it away," you are allowed to pass, if not, you are told to go back, and if you don't "get a move on you," you are incontinently kicked out.

If you pass muster in the eyes of this fellow, you walk on in the semi-darkness. A dirty curtain is drawn back and you enter the unholy of the unholy—the modern Des Moines saloons, over which anti-prohibitionists are so much worried nowadays. There is "a keg on tap." A dozen fellows surround it. They have stereotyped faces—miniatures and variations of the watchdog you saw in the ante room of this veritable and very dirty little hades. The odor is heavy. The liquor is bad. And all the men are not wholesome as to person or

clothing. The stench sickens you. The moral lowness of the place disgusts you. You touch your lips to the edges of a glass, sometimes it is only a tin cup, that has been bitten and contaminated by the syphilitic toughs of whom you have made yourself a companion. You take your drink. You drop your money. You get out of there faster than you came, and if there is a single spark of manhood, decency or self-respect left in you anywhere from the bottom of your feet to the top of your head, you don't go back to that place again.

Compare such holes and all the influence they can possibly have upon a community, with the 200 open saloons that would disgrace this city were the law not in force. Now, really, is there much to fear from these dens, dives and hovels where liquors are sold in Des Moines? The keeper of the dive is unknown. He is morally a leper, intellectually a brute, and legally an outlaw and a criminal. No law protects him or his business. He hovers in the dark alleys and even in the night time dares look no honest man in the face. Compare this modern fellow with the bloated but "respectable" man who in years gone by stood back of a marble counter and while the diamonds in his shirt bosom glittered, dealt out "respectable" drinks. Compare the political power of 200 of these "respectable" fellows of the diamond studs with the political influence of the dirty outlaws who to-day sell liquors in dens in rickety buildings, and then say honestly, as you are an honest man and a law-abiding citizen, which is most to be feared? Which, rather, is to be preferred? This is not a matter of politics as much as a question of morals and business and good government. Which do you prefer?

FOR EASTER.

The Lord is risen indeed.

Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here but is risen.

Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept.

If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things that are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

CONCERNING BOYS.

BY ALYN YATES KEITH.

Some of you have probably seen an old "St. Nicholas" picture, with the legend,

"I am my mamma's lady girl,
And I must sit quite still."

It is not impossible to make a lady-boy; many mothers have done it; but it does not pay. You will find plenty ready-made—far more than the world has the slightest use for.

Live largely. Do not force your gallon boy into a gill measure unless you desire dynamite results.

Let your boy run and climb. Of course you are afraid; all mothers are. But that has nothing to do with it. Patched clothes, bruises and scratches are more becoming to a boy than flabby muscles and a visible fear of hurting himself.

Do you ever see a boy who must never do this or that, never run too fast, never get tired, never soil hands or clothes?—a boy to whom dirt is as sinful as a lie?

Perhaps you would be interested in such a boy grown to negative manhood.

"My boy," said an old lady to her neighbor, "never gave any trouble. I could set him down anywhere and he'd set and set—"

"And he's never done anything but set for forty years," commented the neighbor rehearsing the story.

Boys alone are but sorry savages,—yet here again is nature ready with her remedy. She knows very well what she is about when she sets them in families, boys and girls together.

If your boy learns to skate, to swim, to row a boat, do not be like a hen flapping on the bank because her one duckling has taken water.

Make sharp distinctions between things and principles if you are rearing men. Your boy must be of very poor stuff if you cannot teach him to be truthful, upright, loyal. Preach to him the gospel of affirmation, but not of negation. Get his confidence at all hazards and keep it. Know all his follies, all his sins, by his own willing disclosures; but do not confound the two. Teach him to require of you all knowledge; and get it, that you may impart it to him. All knowledge is safe from fathers' and mothers' lips.

Fill his mind, his heart, his soul, so full of good, and of all high and holy ambitions, that nothing evil

can find a crevice to creep in.

You may have years of doubt. It is not well. God does not make even a tree in a dozen years. Is not your boy of more value than many trees? Sow your seed in hope, and wait lovingly, as well as patiently, for both the early and later rains.—Methodist Herald.

CARRIE SCOTT'S BLUE CALICO.

A writer in the Congregationalist tells a pleasant story of Carrie Scott when she was a school girl in the Miami Seminary, at Oxford, Ohio, of which her father was president.

One day Carrie found a poor classmate in tears, and upon inquiring the reason found that the girl could not afford a new dress to wear on graduation day.

"I know I am foolish to care," she sobbed, "but I cannot help it."

Miss Scott was full of sympathy, and offered to lend her a dress from her own wardrobe. But the offer was declined, and she then set her wits to work to help her friend without wounding her self-respect. The president's daughter was a great favorite in the class, and calling her mates together a few days later, she proposed that they should all dress alike on graduation day. The girls readily agreed, and allowed her to choose the material. She chose a blue calico covered with little white sprigs. This was within the means of the poorest.

The same thoughtfulness for others had always been a leading trait in her character, and it is not strange that a man like Benjamin Harrison, when looking about for a good wife, should select such a sensible and thoughtful girl; and so it came to pass that the girl who picked out the blue calico dress came to be the mistress of the White House at Washington, and the wife of the President of the United States.

Mrs. Cleveland recently received a letter from a leading magazine, inclosing a check for \$500, with a request for an article from her pen on personal recollections of the White House. The check was returned at once with a polite declination.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher is writing for the Ladies' Home Journal some reminiscences of her husband.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WOODFORD W. C. T. U. HOLDS ITS REGULAR meeting on the first Friday in every month in the parlors of the Niagara House, cor. Front and Ninth streets.

CRYSTAL FOUNT LODGE NO. 5, I. O. G. T., meets every Friday evening in I. O. G. T. Hall, first floor of Ely Block, North Broadway. W. F. DuVAL, C. T.; MRS. T. S. LIPPY, Secy.

FRUITFUL (JUVENILE) TEMPLE, NO. 3, I. O. G. T., meet every Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock in hall in Ely Block, North Broadway. MRS. L. A. LANE, Superintendent.

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