

The North Dakota White Ribbon.

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

"Not willing that any should perish."

VOL. 1.

FARGO, AUGUST, 1891.

No. 12.

NORTH DAKOTA W. C. T. U.

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RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, We, the members of the Third Annual Convention of Cass County Woman's Christian Temperance Union, thanking Our Heavenly Father for His wonderful blessings, and feeling grateful for increased interest in the work on the part of our workers, asking for strength, wisdom and guidance in the future, do hereby express ourselves in the following resolutions:

Resolved, That feeling the importance of having our Sabbath respected, we pledge ourselves to do all in our power to discourage all amusements and unnecessary work on that day, and the opening of all Fairs and Expositions.

Second—That we use our influence with both young and old to take the

purity pledge, and that we will do all in our power to enlist all in this great work of reform.

Third—That we are well pleased with our prohibitory law, and will each and every one of us do all in our power to influence the public sentiment to have it enforced, and be ready to help in any way which shall open to us.

Fourth—That we appreciate the stand which some of our legislators have taken in regard to keeping our prohibitory law upon our statute books, and that we extend to them our hearty thanks for their efforts in that line.

Fifth—That we heartily approve of the circulation of the world's petition and that we will work and aid it in all our power.

Sixth—That we rejoice for the temperance instruction given in our schools throughout the state and that we will give our support to the teachers in this work, for our children are the hope of the nation.

Seventh—That we heartily endorse the resolution upon the sale and use of tobacco to minors adopted at the annual convention at Jamestown, and pledge ourselves to work in the interest of the same; that we deplore the use of the same by ministers and teachers and cannot conscientiously lend our support to those who persist in its use.

Eighth—That we pledge our hearty support and loyalty to the National W. C. T. U. and its president, Miss Willard.

Ninth—That we pledge ourselves to use the ballot extended to us in school elections and use our influence to create a sentiment that shall demand the entire enfranchisement of woman.

Tenth—That we extend our thanks to our worthy and efficient county president, Mrs. Meacham, and pledge her our support.

Eleventh—That to our state president, Miss Kinnear, and state organizer and evangelistic superintendent,

Miss Preston, we return our thanks for their untiring energy and earnest zeal to build up this great work.

Twelfth—That to the people of Absaraka who have received us so cordially, and so liberally and bountifully administered to our every comfort, we return our hearty thanks and appreciation. And we also take pleasure in returning our thanks to Mr. Meacham for his cornet playing, and also to Mr. Staples for the beautiful souvenirs so generously distributed; and we would not forget the Loyal Legion who aided so materially to our entertainment.

Whereas, It has been publicly announced that the World's Fair will be opened on the Sabbath; and Whereas, such opening will be a disgrace to our American institutions, and an outrage upon the Christian sentiment of the people.

Resolved, That we, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Cass Co., N. D., in convention assembled, do most earnestly protest against the opening of this Exposition on the Sabbath, and pledge ourselves to withdraw our support, if it is so opened.

REPORT OF CASSELTON LOYAL LEGION.

In submitting my report I regret that the work accomplished will seem meagre in comparison to the vast field of labor. But I will simply say we have done what we could under the circumstances, and that not only are we new to the work but we have little time to devote to it.

We had but one regular meeting before scarlet fever stepped in and closed our schools and brought our work to a sudden halt, even before it was fairly in running order. Then when we did begin, the band was so busy at school "making up" for lost time that we decided not to meet but twice a month, and did not devote any time to it outside of the hour except by the "wee ones."

The band was organized Jan. 17,

1891, by Mrs. Wilcox; broken up by scarlet fever; started again March 20th, and has held regular meetings every two weeks since.

The officers are:

President—Master Willie Best.

Recording Secretary—Miss Verna Dunham. Miss D. is also organist.

Corresponding Secretary—Master K. Bartlett.

Treasurer—Miss Evelyn Pollock.

Master Charlie Morton filled the office of chalk talker very creditably until his folks moved to the farm. Now, Master Kay Bartlett takes his place.

The president and officers have made much progress in parliamentary usage and preside with so much dignity, it suggests the idea that they prepare themselves by home drill or reading. They all show quite an interest in the "society." I allow them to conduct their meetings as far as possible themselves, accept their flowers and greetings and interfere as little as possible.

At roll call each member rises and repeats a "memory gem," Bible verse or old saying. After the business meeting we have a short literary program—music, songs and recitations. There are only six of the band to take part each evening. We end by marching out to music, after the adjournment.

Master Kay Bartlett gives very interesting chalk talks and holds the little ones silently attentive when it comes to his part in the programme.

Something over four dollars has been collected in pennies from the little ones. We have over seventy children, but not all signers. We do not require the pledge of the wee ones. Our president of the W.'s is most always present and helps us in many ways. Mrs. Goodrich trains them in elocution, and Mrs. Bartlett comes in and smiles across at me once in awhile in her pretty way "just to encourage me," she says; and altogether we have a pleasant hour at the Loyal Legion meetings, because we are friends and love is more than anything.

May our Father in Heaven help us to do some good. Already the baby lips say, "Me don't swear! I belong to the Loyal Legion!"

Mrs. T. A. Best.

PEMBINA COUNTY TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

As per call a county mass temperance convention was held at Hamilton Wednesday afternoon, comprising the leading temperance men and women of the county. The convention was well attended and very enthusiastic. A noticeable characteristic spirit of the gathering was the determination to effect methods of procedure to punish all violators of our State prohibitory law in Pembina county, and as a starter in this direction a county enforcement league was organized with a central committee of three, men of undisputed backbone and determination (whom neither devils nor saloonatics can swerve nor intimidate,) to look after the prosecution of all offenders, with full power to act and determine, and to be backed up in their work by the league with all the money and other legitimate means necessary to make the work a success. A large amount of money was subscribed on the spot, and this amount will be swelled to several thousand dollars by subscriptions to be solicited from temperance men and women throughout the county by committees appointed for that purpose.

The temperance host of Pembina county are now on the right track, and to stay, and if there is any virtue in our prohibition law and the fur doesn't fly among violators of it, within the next six months, the Echo is no prophet.—Drayton Echo.

CONVENTION IN BOSTON.

Our white ribbon women who are looking expectantly toward the Boston and National convention which is to gather there next November, will be interested to learn that preparations for that important occasion are successfully progressing. Tremont Temple has been engaged for the dates appointed, with the exception of Monday evening. On that night it is proposed to hold a reception in honor of Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, our round-the-world missionary and a former president of the Boston union, Lady Henry Somerset, and distinguished guest from abroad, and our national officers, in one of the finest social halls of the city. Tremont Temple will hold 3,000 people. Two-thirds of the floor has been reserved for delegates. The remaining seats in the rear of the delegates will be for sale at the ticket office during the convention, at twenty-five cents a session. That visitors from a distance, and those most interested near home, may be sure of comfortable accommodations during the meetings, the first balcony and the front row of the second balcony (numbering six

hundred seats), have been reserved, to be disposed of on application, at \$2 and \$1.50 a piece according to location. These are season tickets, and are transferable. The platform will be used by the officers, their friends and invited guests. This leaves nearly nine hundred sittings in the second balcony free to the general public. These seats give an excellent view of the platform, and the acoustic properties of the Temple are such that they are as favorable for hearing as for seeing. Friends who desire to secure reserved seats can apply to Mrs. O. A. Purington, 23 Warren avenue, Boston, chairman of finance committee.—Union Signal.

HESTER MORRIS.

The admission of Wyoming to statehood recalls the pioneer days of woman office-holding in that unique civilization. Hester Morris was the first woman appointed a justice of the peace in the United States. In those rough pioneer times the bowie-knife and pistol oftener settled disputes than did a court of justice. Mrs. Morris was a tall, Elizabethan type of woman, with as rugged features and as brusque a method of expression as has been ascribed to the English queen. Her first case in a Wyoming court concerned a quarrel between two young men, who were brought before her armed with bowie-knives and pistols. She had known them since their boyhood, and in spite of the fact that a scene had been expected on her first appearance, a few words of motherly advice to those who had known her kindness, and a little native mother-wit, carried the day; after that there was no more thought of trouble.

She was a particular "terror" to a certain class of evil doers; men who had been arrested for beating their wives or for general drunken disturbances of the peace, invariably pleaded not to be brought up before "old Judge Morris." They wanted to be tried by "men."—New York Tribune.

The Pacific Medical Journal for last month has this significant statement in its leading editorial. In closing its report of the last meeting of the State Medical Society it says: "And last, but not least, in the daily routine of activities, came the entertainments, pleasant memories of which will long dwell in our hearts. In providing social enjoyment to cheer and strengthen us for our more laborious duties, a new departure was made last year at Los Angeles, and perfected this year in Sacramento—a grand and glorious reformation which no one will ever regret. We refer to the presence of the ladies and the absence of wine."

CONCERNING BOOKS.

[FROM A TALK TO GIRLS.]

Robert Collyer, as famous for his rare knowledge of books as for his pulpit power, says: "If, when I read a book about God, I find that it has put Him farther from me; or about the universe, that it has shaken down upon me a new look of desolation, turning a green field into a wild moor; or about moral principles, that they are not quite so clear and strong as they were when the author began to talk; then I know that on any of these five cardinal things in the life of man,—his relation to God, to his fellows, to the world about him, and the world within him, and the great principles on which all things stable center—that, for me, is a bad book. Right and wrong shall grow more clear; life in and about me more divine; I shall come nearer to my fellows, and God nearer to me, or the thing is a poison."

Ruskin says that "a good book leads you to reverence or love something with your whole soul. It provides for you objects for hopeful labor and for humble love."

Are not these two excellent rules by which to test the value of the viands which the world of writers offers for your acceptance? They lend a definite tone to the shopworn platitudes, "Read that you may know;" "Read to improve your mind."

Your mind is not your whole being. Love and reverence are open doors through which troop white-winged thoughts and hopes and aspirations. They are stimulants which spur on to new efforts for God and humanity.

What answer do these tests give, when you question them after a course of desultory reading—reading simply for amusement and picking up aimlessly whatever comes in your way? What intensity has this added to your life? What new love has it awakened? What old regard deepened? Nay, has not even your own self-respect faltered? Are you giving to your best self as serious a regard as you did before?

But when you have placed yourself by wise design in the hands of one of our true poets, what answer do you get? Does not Longfellow bring you nearer to the great human family with its simple home joys and sorrows? Do not both he and Bryant brighten your vision of the world of nature, when in fact or in fancy you "seek communion with her visible forms?" Does not Whittier stir you to a braver contest against wrongs, and tune you to a truer estimate of life's realities? Does not Scott thrill you with patriotism? Does not Milton majestically impress the grand truths of the eternal? And how about the minor poets, either modern or of the early English school? The Carys, Aldrich, Hood,

Keats, Moore, Dobson or Herrick? Do they not enrich your fancy and make more warm and tender your affections?

Some original thinker, being questioned recently, assigned as one cause of the rapid increase in divorces, the falling off in the reading of poetry. This is a curious conclusion, yet is there not something in it? Is there not a heart culture in poetry which keeps fresh in our living the gentler graces and adds to the sweet, small courtesies of life? May not the gentler impulses of love be strengthened and made more endearing by the best thoughts of the poets? Might not one be more noble for reading Mrs. Browning, more steadfast for studying Emerson, and more genial for the companionship of Dr. Holmes.

Shakespeare will open to you deep study and high appreciation of human nature. There are as many helps to the study of this volume as to the study of the Bible. For a beginning in this line, use Mary C. Clarke's delightful "Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines," and Jameson's "Characteristics of Women." Any of Edward Everett Hale's books will stimulate your philanthropic tendencies, and are phenomenal for sound common sense. Mrs. Starrett's "Letters to an Elder Daughter" lead to true culture.

Above all, learn how to read your Bible. I doubt if most of you know how. There is much help offered in this line now, through Bible institutes and summer schools, and in books and papers. You will need to discriminate, and weigh the helps carefully, but you will learn how to do this if you persevere, and by perseverance will come great gain.—Emily A. Kellogg in Union Signal.

Unconscious testimony to the value of prohibition to workingmen is borne by two manufacturing establishments at Harvey, Ill. They manufacture the same things, wagons and agricultural implements, pay about the same wages, and have worked under similar conditions—with one exception, one was in prohibition Iowa, and the other in high license Illinois. They moved to Harvey at about the same time; soon the fact became apparent that every married man from Iowa had ready money to pay down for a lot, and in many cases, build a house, while not one of the laborers of the Illinois firm had anything of consequence laid by. The only explanation for this difference—which is so marked as to excite comment by others than temperance cranks—is, that one lot of men had lived in a town where saloons picked up all their spare change, while the others, not being tempted by saloons, saved their money and had it ready to invest in homes.—Union Signal.

THE COURAGE OF CONVICTION

Society is teeming with people who lack the courage of their convictions,—like the old Tory clergyman in Stratford, Connecticut, during the turbulent days of revolution, who, while conducting the services according to his usual custom, besought the blessing of God to rest on His excellent servant King George, but perceiving a sudden murmur in the congregation, hastily amended his utterance by exclaiming, "I mean, O Lord, George Washington!" The old coward meant nothing of the kind, but he was one of a numerous class of time-servants who are content to float with the current of popular thought, though it carries them through the mire-filth, and slum of hypocrisy, sin, immorality, and degradation.

In bold contrast to this base, cringing spirit are the brave words of Mr. Colfax. On one occasion while he was vice-president of the United States, he was at a banquet where wine flowed freely on every hand; the vice-president politely declined the oft proffered cup, until one of the party who had freely imbibed exclaimed in derision, "Colfax dare not drink!" Whereupon the statesman calmly replied, "You are right; I dare not drink." Not that he feared for himself, but he thought of the powerful influence of example, and remembered the world of misery, poverty, and degradation that the potent demon of wine was working; and because of loyalty to the best interests of the race he dared not set a bad example, though he feared not the sneer of his associates. This strong earnest loyalty to the best interests of humanity is the great crying need of the hour.—The Junior.

At this "Harvest Homes," season of the W. C. T. U. year, a knotty question always confronts both Y's and W's, namely: "What shall we report for the past year's work?" So much of our work is non-reportable, cannot be reduced to facts and figures. Yet this is the truest work, the real work which abides forever, for "the things which are unseen are eternal." Only the merest skeleton of our work can be set down in black and white, but even the skeleton may be perfect in its way. So let us seek for perfection in every detail, but let us not attempt to set down in mathematical array that which cannot even touch the realm of mathematics. Figures and facts are what our state and national superintendents want. If we seek for perfection in that which is least, we may in time attain to perfection in that which is greatest, and "when that which is perfect is come then that which is in part shall be done away."—Iowa Union Signal.

LAR.V.E.

My little maid of four years old—
No myth, but a genuine child is she,
With her bronze-brown eyes and her curls of
gold—

Came quite in disgust one day to me.

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,
As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill her,
She cried, "Oh mother, I found on my arm
A horrible, crawling caterpillar!"

And yet with a mischievous smile she could
scarcely smother.

Yet a glance in its daring, half awe I, half shy,
She added, "While they were about it, mother,
I wish they'd just finished the butterfly."

They were words to the thought of the soul that
turns

From the coarser forms of a partial growth,
Reproaching the infinite patience that years
With an unknown glory to crown them both,

Ah, look thou largely with lenient eyes,
On what so beside thee may creep and cling,
For the possible glory that underlies
The passing phase of the meanest thing!

What if God's great angels, whose waiting love
Beholdeth our pitiful life below,
From the holy height of their heaven above
Couldn't bear with the worm till the wings should
grow?

—Adelme D. T. Whitney.

DELSARTE.

FARGO, N. D., July 16, 1891 —
Dear Editor: You ask me to explain
what is meant by "Delsarte," as
there are people who think it only a
society "fad." Society people are the
first in all new things, and among so
many worthless fashions there are
some good ones, and they have found
the Delsarte gymnastics not only di-
version but have gained knowledge of
the laws that govern them as well as
health in the exercise; so, like all
good things, it will never die. It is a
greater and more important study than
"Shakespeare." The plays written by
Shakespeare are called "Shakespeare;"
so the philosophy of oratorical art is
called Delsarte: for Francois Delsarte,
after giving much study to the mas-
ter-pieces of painting and sculpture,
after observing the living man in all
his moods and expressions, summed
up these details and reduced them to
laws giving us the science of expres-
sion; and from this system we get
the Delsarte gymnastics, Delsarte
voice culture, etc. The Delsarte gym-
nastics are exercises that give flexi-
bility of the joints and free the chan-
nels of expression, and the current of
nervous force can thus rush through
them as a stream of water rushes
through a channel unclogged by ob-
stacles. They teach us harmonic
poise of bearing and æsthetic exer-
cises that develop our muscles,
equally, giving us a symmetrical and
well proportioned figure. We must

not content ourselves with the brain's
knowledge in the study of these exer-
cises, for the aim is unconscious
cerebration, not conscious. The first
is only acquired by a patient practice
of the technique, as a singer studies
his scales. Delsarte required of his
pupils a great deal of hard work.
There is too much imperfection in our
nature to prepare, in a short time, the
human body for the translation,
through the grand interpreter, art, of
the best possibilities of the soul.
Delaumosne, a pupil of Delsarte's,
writes: "We must not count upon nat-
ural advantages; none are perfect by
nature. Humanity is crippled; beauty
exists only in fragments. Perfect
beauty is nowhere to be found; the
artist must create it by synthetic work.
* * * Do not rely upon the
fire of momentary inspiration; noth-
ing is more deceptive. * * *
The orator should not even think of
what he is doing. The thing should
have been so much studied that all
would seem to flow of itself from the
fountain."

Then why not begin to teach this
system of expression that will do so
much for "crippled humanity" before
the bad habits are formed which de-
form humanity? Where do they be-
gin? In the school room. We culti-
vate the brain and let the body take
care of itself. It is very gratifying to
have the children surprise us each
day with their learning. But is your
child's body as beautifully propor-
tioned and healthy as when you held
it in your arms? When he is grown
to manhood ask him, what would you
choose, perfect health or knowledge?
Now that this age has given us the
laws for perfect physical development,
let us make it as important a study as
any we have; and, like the ancient
Greeks, demand a personal investiga-
tion to see if our children are grow-
ing according to nature's laws or not;
(for do we not demand an examina-
tion of their mental development) and
with our superior knowledge of sci-
ence and literature, with perfect phys-
ical development, truly, the millen-
nium will come.

MRS. J. W. MORROW.

There never was a saloon that was
as brilliant as the home of a happy
family, however humble or however
imperfectly lighted.—Western Record.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WOODFORD W. C. T. U. HOLDS ITS REG-
ular meeting on the first Friday in every
month in the W. C. T. U. building, cor. Front
and Eighth 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. DU'VALL, C. T.; MRS. T. S. LIPPY, Sec'y.

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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The North Dakota White Ribbon

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

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA.

MRS. ANNA S. HILL, M. D., - - Editor.

Entered at the Post Office at Fargo, N. D., as second class mail matter.

Subscription per annum.....50 cents.
Two-cent Postage Stamps may be sent for single subscription. For two or more send Postal Note or Post Office Order, but not Checks.

Mrs. A. M. Wilcox of Wahpeton is authorized to receive subscriptions and negotiate for advertisements.

ADVERTISING RATES.

NO DEVIATION.		
2 inches, 1 insertion.....		\$1 50
2 " 2 months.....		3 00
2 " 6 ".....		5 00
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., AUGUST, 1891.

The managers of the North Dakota White Ribbon, wish to say in explanation, that it has seemed to them best to bring the close of the first volume up to the close of our W. C. T. U. year in September. In accordance with this decision no papers have been issued in May and July.

Miss Francis E. Willard's new book, "Story of a Classic Town," which is a history of Evanston, Ill., the most famous town in the republic, is already in the printers' hands, and will be out sometime during the month. These sketches were written two years ago for local papers, and summed up in this unique little volume. Price \$1 for plain and \$1.25 for gilt edge. M. D. Kimball, 161 LaSalle street, Chicago, sole agent.

Mrs. Linda W. Slaughter, of Bismarck, gives notice of an appeal to the state convention to be held in Grand Forks, from the decision of the state executive committee, by which the office of superintendent of charitable work and the relation of temperance to labor, was declared vacant. Mrs. Slaughter in her notice of appeal, denies the statement of the treasurer of the Bismarck Union that she, Mrs. Slaughter, had not paid dues to the Bismarck Union for two or three years, and makes a counter-charge against the treasurer of incorrect rendering of accounts.

Mrs. M. V. Wood, of Fargo, has resigned the office of corresponding secretary on account of ill-health, and Mrs. W. D. Shinn, of Casselton, has been appointed to take her place.

The white ribbon sisters of our state will learn with sorrow that Mr. and Mrs. Boyle, late of Ellendale, now of Duluth, have been bereaved by the death of their only son Walter, a bright promising boy of eleven. The tender sympathy of the W. C. T. U. of North Dakota will go out to our sister in this great sorrow.

Died July 12, at Edgeley, LaMoure county, Mrs. Hattie J. Franks. She had been president of the LaMoure county union since its organization in 1888, and was an active earnest worker. Mrs. Franks had also held the office of county superintendent of schools for several years. She died suddenly and leaves a husband and one child two years old.

Mrs. H. L. Cooke, state superintendent of literature, asks county and local superintendents of literature, to send their addresses to her at Newark, Marshall county, South Dakota. Mrs. Cooke's home is in Sargent county, North Dakota, but so near the state line that her post-office address is in South Dakota. She wrote under the date of July 22:

"I leave today for our county convention at Forman, and will try and secure a list of subscribers for the dear little White Ribbon. My heart is with you in your work. The fields are bending with the crop this year, but hail storms are numerous. May the good Lord give this people a grand harvest. Brampton W. C. T. U. held a basket social July 18, to raise funds for the convention expenses. Also the Union Signal program for the World's W. C. T. U. day was carried out and five dollars raised for that cause."

A later communication from Mrs. Cooke brings a generous list of subscribers with promise of more in near future. The White Ribbon is heartily thankful for our sister's kindly cheering words, as well as for the material help afforded by the added subscribers. The editor also acknowledges a package of choice temperance tracts and leaflets, from our superintendent of temperance literature.

Attention, Local and County Superintendents of Departments: The time for rendering the reports of the work of the year is drawing near, and all superintendents should have mailed their reports to the state superintendents by the first of September, in order that there may be sufficient time for compiling and condensing for the reports to the state convention. Also dues and pledges not already paid should receive attention speedily.

TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

Dear sisters of the White Ribbon: Allow me to impress upon you the necessity of using plenty of literature in the work. Scatter it freely, but wisely, at all your open meetings and gatherings, place it in all public places that it is possible, send it to your friends in friendly ways, in fact appoint a local superintendent in every W. C. T. U. and provide means for her to work with.

A word to the county superintendents of literature. Please send me your reports as soon as possible, so as not to delay my report to the state convention. Be your report ever so small in your estimation, it all counts in the great sea of life and work that is surging around you. A word to local missions: I have still some temperance tracts that you can have by sending postage. Post yourselves by taking the North Dakota White Ribbon. Sincerely Yours,

MRS. H. L. COOKE,

State Superintendent of Temperance Literature of North Dakota.

A story is told of two young men who had a wager that they would prevail on a clergyman to drink until he became intoxicated. He agreed to drink with them, and to their undisguised joy announced that he would drink like a beast. Imagine their surprise when he fulfilled his promise by taking nothing but water, and of that only a moderate quantity. He said a beast not only drinks water, but he knows when to stop drinking.

Men can never be neutral in great contests; and if, because of the little wrong in the right cause, or the little evil in the good man, we refuse to take the side of right, we are, by that very act, silently taking the side of the wrong.—Elizabeth Charles.

LOST! LOST!

The following poem, "A Lost Planet," by Marvin Belden, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., preaches a sermon to every reader who is tempted to break away from God and to discard the authority of His law. There is a "freedom" of which many men boast, the end whereof is death.

"There to the southward, if the south it be—
I know not whether there be south or north,
Or east or west, or right or left henceforth—
That dim, faint star is all that's left to me—

"All that is left of my once happy life,
And now through endless solitudes I fly,
Falling forever down the empty sky,
All for one moment of mad senseless strife.

"For as we journeyed in our happy rings,
Singing together that great song of ours,
The music of the spheres, and meteor showers
Poured down, refreshing our flight-wearied
wings.

"I said: 'Why should I always serve this sun?
He keeps us ever circling after him,
While he moves, ruled I know not by what
whim,

Toward some far goal that never will be won.'

"So then I waited till I reached the place
Where we swept farthest from our flaming sire
And with one fierce wrench broke the viewless
tire

That held me in his power, and then through
space

"Began this frightful fall which has no end.
A little while I heard the full-voiced song
I used to join in, but the chords rang wrong,
Not in the full great tone we used to blend.

"Fainter and more discordant grew the sound,
And dimmer grew the light—for space is dark
And cold and cold: a star gleams like a spark.
It lights up but a little way around.

"No goal, no light, no hope, no happiness;
Unending, black and soundless solitude
Above, around, and under me doth brood.
No sun to guide me and no warmth to bless."

"I cannot stop—what profit? If I could:
Stopping or flying onward, 'tis all one;
I never can go back where I began,
My sister worlds would shun me if I should.

"The purpose of my being I have foiled,
And I have gained—eternal pilgrimage,
Solitude, hollow vastness for my wage.
One fraction of the universe is spoiled."

The mystic law once broken by the will,
Can nevermore be made inviolate;
The fallen soul God cannot reinstate;
It were not freedom could we not rebel.

—Selected.

DRESS REFORM.

[FRANCES E. WILLARD.]

Be it remembered that until woman comes to her kingdom physically she will never really come at all. Created to be well and strong and beautiful, she long ago "sacrificed her constitution, and has ever since been living on her by-laws." She has made of herself an hour glass, whose sands of life pass quickly by. She has walked when she should have run, sat when she should have walked, reclined when she should have sat. She has allowed herself to become a mere lay-figure upon which any hump or hoop or farthingale could be fastened that fashion-mongers chose; and oftentimes her head is a mere rotary ball upon

which milliners may let perch whatever they please—be it bird of paradise or beast or creeping thing. She has bedraggled her senseless long skirts in whatever combination of filth the street presented, submitting to a motion the most awkward and degrading known to the entire animal kingdom, for nature has endowed all others that carry trains and trails with the power of lifting them without turning in their tracks, but a fashionable woman pays lowliest obeisance as to what follows in her own wake; and, as she does so, cuts the most grotesque figure outside a jumping-jack. She is a creature born to the beauty and freedom of Diana, but she is swathed by her skirts, splintered by her stays, bandaged by her tight waist, and pinioned by her sleeves until—alas, that I should live to say it!—a trussed turkey or a spitted goose are her most appropriate emblems.

A lady reporter tells us that she had the curiosity to ask the weight of a bead-trimmed suit, and found it greater than the maximum weight carried by soldiers in our late war, including accoutrements, ammunition, and all. She reports the present situation as follows: "No pockets, no free use of the lower limbs for her who is 'in style,' and, 'they say' that skirts are to be lengthened—already they must touch the floor; that trains are coming back, and—perhaps—hoops!" In conclusion, this sensible woman suggests that "a committee of our most capable and honored sisters be chosen and instructed to give us a costume for walking and for working."

To my mind, this is an altogether reasonable plan, and I wish we might appoint that committee at this Council, giving it a few instructions, to which I would gratuitously contribute the following: "Arrange for and build the dress around *one dozen pockets.*"

The catalogue of our crimes as the dry goods class of creation is, however, less tragically true to-day than it was yesterday.

A spasm of sense has embellished the features of the average fashion-plate; Dr. Jaeger's flannels have helped to equalize the circulation; Mrs. Bates, of Boston, and other good women have introduced reform in underwear; Dr. Stockham has written Tokology; Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller has united the æsthetics to the ethics of costuming, and it has actually become fashionable to use dumb-bells and take fencing lessons! More than this, the limp, the shuffle, the slide, and the hop are passing out and women are positively learning to walk as a fashionable accomplishment. Most gracious of all, the Princess of Wales has recently sent word to the clothes deformers of the human form and bedeckers of the human cranium that no dress or bonnet trimmed with

the desiccated remains of birds will be hereafter accepted by herself or daughters.

While I should be sorry to give undue prominence here to the work of the White Ribbon Army, it would be wrong not to include among the influences that tend toward woman's physical emancipation the well-nigh universal introduction into our public schools of hygienic teaching in all grades from the primary to the senior high school.

CONSEQUENCES.

"If I could only live that year over again, how differently I would conduct myself."

So said an almost broken-spirited mother as she was discussing with a friend the best way of governing and training her daughter Alice. This daughter was a "hard case"—self-willed, selfish, unmanageable at times, unloving, yet of remarkable beauty, and of some very winning ways.

"It was this way," the mother went on. "My husband was hardly started in his profession, our income was very narrow, my boy was still a mere baby, and the prospect of additional care and expense was unendurable. I was at war with my surroundings, with myself, with God. I dared not literally break the sixth commandment, but in my heart I broke it every day. Alice is the incarnation of my state of mind at that time. And the worst thing about it is that when she is in one of her unhappy moods she induces the same condition in me, and I am so occupied in controlling myself that I am in no case to do the best thing by her. I keep saying to myself: 'If you had only submitted cheerfully to the will of God, every thing would have been different. Alice might have been a lovely child, and as much a comfort to you as she is now a trial. Now you must submit to these consequences of your own folly, and turn them, if possible, into the nutriment of virtue.'

Then I am so sorry for Alice, and study over the problem continually how to turn the baleful influences that went into her make-up into means of growth in her of goodness and usefulness. I cultivate the best traits in her character, and never stir up the evil ones if I can help it. She has immense energy, and I keep her occupied with what she likes to do, and make her like to do for rewards to follow what she otherwise might be averse to doing. Since she experienced religion in our revival last winter she is quite manageable, but at times she has hard battles with herself and with everything and everybody that come in her way.

If I could live that year over again! I wish every young mother could have the benefit of my experience,

and I am sure she would take pains to cultivate such a spirit and such traits of character and disposition as she would wish to live with herself during life, and see reproduced in her children."—Christian Advocate.

EFFECT OF SALOONS ON PROPERTY VALUES.

The political papers, in the discussion of prohibition and the influence of the saloons, sometimes reveal, by incidental statements, the real facts, in strange contrast with the glossing over of those evils to which, for political reasons, they sometimes resort. The prohibition districts of Hyde Park and Lake, in Chicago, have long been gazed at with longing eyes by saloon-keepers, and they have threatened recently to go into the courts and deny the constitutionality of that provision of the annexation law which says that such districts shall not be interfered with.

Another argument they put forth is that the presence of a number of saloons will raise the price of land. On this the *Chicago Tribune* says: "This cannot be said in earnest, for it is known that the fact is just the other way. The saloon never enhances values; it always pulls them down. The residents of the districts which are menaced doubtless know this, and no such talk will induce them to let up in their fight for the maintenance of their rights. Here and there a corner lot, exceptionally well placed for saloon business, might bring more than at present, but the value of the neighboring property would be lowered at once."

We do not know when we have seen, or where, a clearer statement, in fewer words, of the situation, and every property holder not directly interested in the sale of liquor should awake to this.—Christian Advocate.

THE SECRET OF HEALTH.

Don't worry.

Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

"Simplify! simplify! simplify!"

Don't over eat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

Court the fresh air day and night.

"O, if you knew what was in the air!"
Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

Think only healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

"Seek peace and pursue it."

"Work like a man; but don't be worked to death."

Avoid passion and excitement. A

moment's anger may be fatal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. Trust the Eternal.

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."—The Laws of Life.

Lady McDonald, wife of the late Premier of Canada, is an old abstainer. Another lady of high position met her at dinner one day, and was surprised to see that she took no wine, and at length asked, "Did you not set out wine when you entertained the Marquis of Lorne?" "Never!" was the prompt reply. "But did you not feel that you must apologize?" "Certainly not; wine is not a natural beverage, and so should rather come in than go out with apology." This answer, and that example, led the other lady to become an abstainer also.

I have read in Plato and Cicero sayings that are very wise and beautiful; but I never read in either of them, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Augustine.

It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel if a single stitch drops; one single sin indulged in makes a hole you could put your head through.—Charles Buxton.

Corrected by the Office Boy.

In one of our large establishments connected with the iron industry there occurred an apparent discrepancy in the accounts involving a matter of 3,000 pounds of scrap iron. The clerks of the department were set to work to unravel the tangled skein, and after they had expended two whole days in the search they were compelled to give up the task and pronounce it beyond their comprehension. Thus matters stood for several days.

Several days later the office boy decided to keep himself in practice in addition by footing up a column of figures on a sheet which was lying on a desk beside him in the scrap iron department. Bending his energies to the task he got along swimmingly with the units, tens and hundreds columns, but when he came to the fourth column he could not make it agree with the footings set down. Again and again he tried it and with the same result—3,000 less.

Going over the figures one by one his attention was drawn to a queer looking one. A fly speck was beside it in such a position as to make it appear like a four, and as such it had been counted by each of the clerks in the department. The boy had earned his promotion, and he got it.—Philadelphia Record.

THE LEGEND OF NEW RIVER.

How Water Came in the Desert After a Child's Prayer.

In the early fifties a party of emigrants on their way to the gold fields of California by the southern route, via the Gila river, crossed the Colorado by the ferry left by Graham in 1848 "and struck out on the desert for the land of promise. The trail was well defined by abandoned wagons and the bones of horses, mules and human beings. Struggling through the yielding sand, the thermometer at 120 degs.," wheels falling apart, animals dying from heat and thirst, they on the second night out halted some ten miles from "Cooke's Well," with the water in their kegs exhausted.

Tradition states that a little ten-year-old girl was heard praying, in one of the wagons, for water. It states that in her childlike faith she said: "Oh, good, Heavenly Father, I know that I have been a very naughty, naughty girl, but, oh! dear, I am so very thirsty, and mamma, papa and the baby all want to drink so much. Do, good God, give us water, and I will never, never be naughty again."

The gaunt, half starved, desperate men gathered around the wagons, discussing how and what movement to make to save their lives and their dear ones, with no thought of gold now, and listened to the humble petition. One voiced the rest and said, "May God grant it!" Soon the voice of the little child, in cheerful accent, sounded clear in the silent night, "Oh, mother, mother, get me water; oh, I can hear it running; oh, do get some for baby and me."

They thought her delirious from her sufferings, when suddenly a babel of sounds broke forth from the oxen and mules, all frantic and endeavoring to break loose from the wagon poles.

A rustling noise called their attention to a slight depression near the wagons, and on investigating the cause they found water gushing up out of the sand, sweet, clear, but warm. Their sufferings were over, and they reached the mines better and wiser for this interposition, as they firmly believed, of Divine Providence.

This spring continued to flow, running due north for twenty miles, then was lost in the sand. In places it was over two miles wide and from four to twenty feet deep. When immigration in 1851 moved by the isthmus and the northern route, the miraculous water disappeared, as its mission was accomplished and its divine work done. But the memory of the "new river" that was caused by a sandbar below Yuma, will long be remembered by survivors of the thousands benefited by it in 1850-51.—A Pioneer of 1849 in Hartford Courant.

Seven of the nine justices of the supreme court now occupy their own houses in Washington, and the other two, the new Justices Brown and Brewer, will soon be similarly situated.

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