

Pictures Showing Some Modern Griggs County Homes

THE PIONEER MOTHER OF THE PRAIRIE

Rev. P. A. Thoreson Pays Splendid Tribute to the Pioneer Women

My Dear Old Mother
My dear old mother, poor thou art!
Thy toll is never done;
Yet warm and true thy noble heart,
My strength, my will, of thee a part,
I'm proud to be thy son.

Thy hand hath often wiped away
My childhood's troubled tears;
Thy thoughtful care I knew always,
Thy songs inspired me, day by day,
And conquered all my fears.
And more than all thou givest me
A loving heart and true;
My dear old mother, I'll love thee,
Thou far and wide my wanderings be,
And tangled pathways through.
—O. A. Vinje

The Pioneer Mother on the Prairie
(By Rev. P. A. Thoreson)

A person can be "big" or prominent in more than one way, in this world, but in my eyes, no one could rank any "finer or bigger" than the faithful, self-sacrificing frontier mother.

Some of them came to the prairies with their husbands, as immigrants from the old country—leaving all their relatives and friends behind. They would venture out with their small earnings, and settle down on a claim given them by Uncle Sam. And the country was a desolate sight in those days. Vast prairies with an occasional sod hut here and there. In winter an endless stretch of snow reaching across the miles into the cold gray sky. In summer the same desert turned to brown tundra by the hot winds of summer. The little newcomer wife had probably never seen anything so vast and lonely before. But she knew that if she was to help her husband make a home, she must not be discouraged. So she quickly adapted herself to the loneliness, and side by side they fought their battle for an existence—and as the children came it meant more work, more hungry mouths to be fed, and more courage.

She seemed never to lack courage, and always saw something good and beautiful in the most sordid conditions. It was a bitter and hard struggle those first years, and it

meant drudgery from morning until late at night. During the years of crop failure her husband would have to seek work away from home in order to get food for his family throughout the winter. That meant weeks of loneliness for her. But she knew no fear, and faced the long days and nights in loneliness, with no weapons but a woman's strength and the age old courage of her race.

There was so much hard work—and there were the children to think of, work for and hope for—and that was the goal that kept her spirits up. She wanted them to have a better chance and dreamed of the future. The children must be fed, the garden tended to, hay to be mowed and stacked, the cattle cared for and the cows milked. It was not an easy life, but she took it all like the fighter she was, and if at times the burden and loneliness of it all seemed to over-power her, and she thought God must surely have forgotten her, her baby's cries would probably bring her back to herself, and with a whispered prayer she would wipe away a tear on her coarse apron and smile.

She knew she was only one of thousands of other mothers fighting their lonely battle on the prairie for their children and home. It was often months that she did not see strangers. At intervals she would be called to a neighbor to help during sickness or the arrival of a new baby. Always willing to help others, she dropped her own work to help them in need, with doctors maybe fifty miles away, these women de-

pendent entirely on one another's help in emergencies. And it was often a big sacrifice to their own family that they went out to help others. There was never any heroic praise over their deeds, although there were deeds performed which could be called heroic. It was LIFE to them, and the expected thing of the prairie.

What a wonderful spirit dominated these mothers! Their simple home life was so beautiful! The food was simple, but well cooked, and it must have been beautiful, for the children grew up strong and rosy cheeked. And she soon grew to love her simple home, and the vast rolling prairies.

In the evening after the children had been put to bed she would stand in the doorway and see the beautiful star spangled heavens like a wonderful lighted arch over the plains. It was a beautiful sight, was America. And her new home. She must apply herself even more, be more industrious, so God would bless their work and give them their daily bread. She would pray that they could become worthy citizens, independent, and out of debt, and always end with thanksgiving and praise. And then it was Christmas eve!

A stick, with a few pegs nailed to it, and the whole thing covered with bright paper, and home made candles, was their Christmas tree. But such happiness and festivity never reigned in a palace. The children's faces beamed when they received their sacks of raisins and prunes

and the Christmas spirit reigned over the home. Father would read the beautiful Christmas message of Him who came to earth born in the lowly manger, and then they would all sing the old Christmas songs and carols.

How happy and contented they all were, and how thankful they were for their daily bread, health and happiness. And this was the spirit bred into the family by the mother. Could you think of a more worthy ancestor than this pioneer woman?

She is probably getting old and feeble now, but her face expresses to you all that lay in her nature, love and wifehood and motherhood, extremes of joy and anguish have wrung them and left their traces in thousands of wrinkles, all of which speak a language of their own. But then it is that her face becomes sublime in its melancholy, beautiful in its calm. An old face is nothing to the frivolous world, it cannot understand such comeliness.

"Not every woman can be beautiful at sixteen, but every woman can be beautiful at sixty," says a representative writer of the nineteenth century. Nothing is more fascinating than the story of human life with its dole and delight, its storm and calm, its trials and triumphs. Our country is safe, when woman behind it have bred into it such a spirit of unselfishness and courage. A spirit demonstrated in labor, love and sacrifice; a spirit which, please God, will grow throughout the generations!

God bless her memory!



Claus Jackson's Residence in Hannaford.



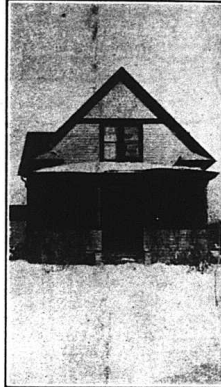
Rev. P. A. Thoreson's Residence in Hannaford



O. C. Westley's Residence



Dr. R. D. Benson's Residence



P. O. Troseth's Residence

THE A. F. C. IS THE NEW AUTO FIRM

Three Young Men Built Modern New Garage Here Last Fall

The year now passing has witnessed one important addition to the progressive enterprises of Hannaford in the A. F. C. Garage, formerly the A. L. C. Garage.

Seeing the need of one, and the possibilities of success, for a first-class garage in Hannaford, three young men, O. Aaker, Dan Larson and Harry Cole, had a large new building erected last summer and equipped it with all the modern appliances to take care of the needs of motorists, and also prepared to sell the best makes of cars.

A short time ago Dan Larson sold his interests in the enterprise to Peter Falstad, hence the change in the name of the firm.

These three boys are all first-class mechanics and in their modern shop and with up-to-date machinery and conveniences are constantly adding to the number of satisfied customers.

They have secured the agency for several automobiles, and have been careful in making their selections of cars to sell. The Maxwell and Overland have long been recognized as among the best of the lower priced cars; and if higher priced cars are wanted, the Cleveland and the Chandler are the climax in automobile construction.

The boys are desiring of the large patronage they are getting and that this patronage will increase is certain.

Ton of Butter a Minute

The butter industry of the United States is so large that more than a ton of butter was made for every minute, day and night, last year, according to dairy specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. Yet even this enormous production scarcely meets domestic needs.

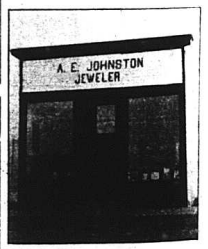
The output of factory butter has increased approximately 200,000,000 pounds each 10 years since 1880. Farm butter-making reached its maximum production about 1900. The present trend indicates that it will become a less and less important factor in the nation's butter supply, being superseded by the factory product. Production of factory butter in the United States shows a more rapid general upward trend than is observed in any foreign country from which dependable butter figures has been obtained. The number of such countries, however, is relatively small. Production of renovated butter in the United States is declining. The condition evidently results from reduced supplies of low-quality farm butter, chief product from which renovated butter is made.

Paper is growing more expensive every day, but a hundred years ago it was so scarce that buyers used to wrap up meat in a large vegetable leaf. Nowadays such a feat would be much too large for the ordinary purchase, since meat is soaring in price as well as paper. A recent happening proves this. A man pur-

chased a quarter's worth of sausage and being in a hurry did not want to have it wrapped, but grabbed the sausage and wrapped a scrap of paper around it and placed it in his pocket. Upon arriving home the sausage was missing—it had worked its way through a hole punched in the paper.—Times-Record

If all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work; but when they seldom come, the wished for come.

Let your holidays be associated with great public events, and they may be the life of patriotism as well as a source of relaxation and personal enjoyment.

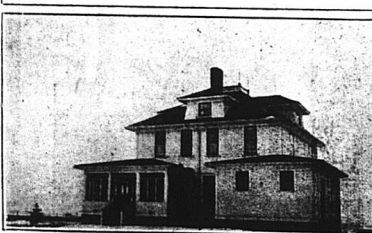


A. E. Johnston's Jewelry Store



Rev. P. A. Thoreson

Mekal Mogaard's New House



The farm residence of Mekal Mogaard is perhaps the most up-to-date in the state, and we are glad of the opportunity to publish the above pictures.

The splendidly equipped farm of Mr. Mekal Mogaard adjoins the townsite of Revere, the farm buildings being about a quarter of a mile north of Revere, and are situated

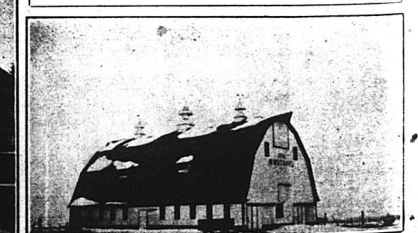
Mr. Mogaard's Big New Barn



on the banks of the Ball Hill creek. The two pictures herewith show the splendid outline and dimensions of the house and barn, but they give no idea of the many modern conveniences with which the buildings are furnished. The house, for instance, is heated by furnace; has hot and cold running water, the pressure being secured from a huge tank situated up-stairs in the barn; has a most efficient and sanitary sewer system; and is wired throughout for electric lights; the whole being arranged in a most convenient and labor-saving manner.

In the construction of the buildings only the very best materials have been used; and the whole is a model farmstead, demonstrating the best that skill, resources and ingenuity can accomplish.

Mr. Mogaard's Big New Barn



The village of Revere
The village of Revere is the first town on the Great Northern west of Hannaford, being just 80 miles out of Fargo. It is situated in a splendid farming country and is a popular marketing and trading point for the farmers of the vicinity.

The business places that cater to the wants of the residents of that community are the following: State Bank of Revere, Revere Mercantile Co., Crane-Johnson Lumber Yard, St. Anthony & Dakota Elevator Co., and the Minnesota Elevator Co.

Miss Annabell Bromberg is the teacher of the Revere School this year, and so scarce that buyers used to wrap up meat in a large vegetable leaf. Nowadays such a feat would be much too large for the ordinary purchase, since meat is soaring in price as well as paper. A recent happening proves this. A man pur-

the owners, the Hannaford Mercantile Co., who bought the store last summer from the estate of Ludvig Larson.

L. O. Skjelset is the Cashier of the State Bank of Revere, and the bank is enjoying a steady growth. Mr. Skjelset is also on the job as local manager for the Crane-Johnson Co., and is handling both jobs in an efficient manner.