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FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 19, 1906

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION LABEL GRAND FORKS, N.D.

THIS DATE IN HISTORY

Jan. 19.

1525—Isabel of Austria, Queen of Denmark, died of a broken heart.
1547—Earl of Surrey beheaded.
1657—Attempted assassination of Cromwell.
1736—James Watt, inventor of the steam engine, born.
1796—Remains of Columbus removed from St. Domingo to Havana.
1807—Robert E. Lee born.
1809—Edgar Allan Poe born.
1813—Sir Henry Bessemer born.
1814—Henry Clay resigned as speaker of the house.
1840—Lieut. Charles Wilkes discovered in the Antarctic continent.
1848—Isaac Disraeli, author, father of Lord Beaconsfield, died.
1855—Earthquake at Portland, Me.
1861—Georgia adopted ordinance of secession.
1868—Obsequies of Emperor Maximilian in Vienna.
1874—Morrison R. Waite of Ohio nominated for chief justice.
1883—Hamburg-American steamer sunk in North Sea; 353 lives lost.
1885—Sullivan and Ryan fight stopped in first round.
1887—Charles B. Farwell elected United States senator from Illinois.
1895—Japanese bombarded Teng Chow Foo.
1905—Attempt on life of the Czar of Russia.

Sentiment to Be Inculcated.

"Let reverence of law be breathed by every mother to the lisping babe that prattles in her lap; let it be taught in the schools, seminaries and colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books and almanacs; let it be preached from pulpits and proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in courts of justice; in short, let it become the political religion of the nation."
—Abraham Lincoln.

OUR SCHOLL SYSTEM.

But little is said in the press of the state of the splendid system of public schools in successful operation in this state. It may be that some of the press has too much to do looking after political evils that exist only in the distorted imaginations, or aping Martin Luthers, to waste a line upon such an institution. Nevertheless, it is without parallel in the thoroughness of the system and the qualifications of the instructors required to carry out this system.

The special purpose schools of the state are the peers of their class anywhere, and the superiors of those in states many years older.

It is doubtful indeed if there is a better agricultural college anywhere than that of North Dakota. The normal schools are exceptionally strong, and the school for the deaf is in the very front rank of its kind.

The state university is on a par with many of its older sister institutions. Its faculty is strong, its courses comprehensive and its degrees are honors to be coveted.

But it is of the common schools that this article is to deal—those institutions where the foundations of education are laid broad and deep, and where the ambitions of youth receive their first inspirations and where they are nurtured during the uncertain days of their early existence.

Educators have long recognized the educational law that the first years of the student's life have much, if not all, to do with his later intellectual possibilities.

For this reason it is important that the foundation work be in competent hands and thoroughly done. And it is here that the wisdom of those who have shaped the destiny of the state schools has been most largely shown. The system of county supervision is thorough and efficient. The county superintendent is not a mere figure head. He is a responsible executive officer. School boards are charged with specific duties and they are required to carry them out.

But it is in the efficiency of the teachers of the primary schools that the educational strength of the state lies. Many of the older states have held to the erroneous belief that any one could teach the elementary branches. North Dakota, long before many of her older sisters realized that education was not a matter of book coning, but of brain making, and that the brain was susceptible of development just as any other part of the body, by proper use, and that books were merely the instruments to be used in this development.

The legislators required such a broad knowledge of the teacher, and along lines that demanded a thorough knowledge of mental development that none but those thoroughly qualified for the work can hope to pass the state tests.

The remarkably high quality of the teachers in the common schools of this state is the subject of comment by every one who comes in contact with them for the first time.

The admirable system of encouraging the intrusted children and compelling the attendance of those whose parents are indifferent to their intellectual development and their character and usefulness as citizens is more completely developed in this state than it is in Massachusetts even.

The best of many states and the bad of none have been wisely gathered into one splendid system in North Dakota.

VALUE OF REAL ESTATE MEN.

There is no more necessary class of people in any state, and especially in North Dakota, than the real estate men.

Many sins—all of them sins of commission—have been charged against them.

It is needless to say that these have been wholly without foundation They have proclaimed to the world that North Dakota is the paradise of the farmer. That here is a healthy, invigorating climate, that tends to energy and activity, and a soil that is nature's richest storehouse of agricultural wealth. They have sent out car loads of mail vividly and eloquently portraying the Eldorados wealth that awaits the man who seeks his fortune within her borders.

These things are as true as the law of gravatation, or that of specific gravity.

The real estate people have told the world that they could sell land that would yield the purchase price in three years, and it has been done repeatedly in the state. There has been no false representation of North Dakota possibilities.

These men have had a personal interest in selling lands because they made a profit out of it. What matter? The man who sells bread and meat has exactly the same selfish motive. They are in the business for legitimate profit, and so are the real estate men. They have a right to be so.

But while the real estate men have done something for themselves they have done far more for the state.

Idle land means no wealth producing power; no trade for the merchant; no demand for farm machinery; no money to circulate in the community.

Fill these lands with farmers and they at once begin to add to the wealth of the state. This development requires machinery, supplies, stock and a hundred other things. These add just so much to the general business.

How much of the wealth producing farms of the state would now be unoccupied and unbroken except through the efforts of the real estate men in the past in a mere matter of conjecture. That there are thousands of prosperous farmers in this state today who are here because of the gospel forced upon them by zealous real estate men, is certainly true.

They deserve credit in a large measure for the unprecedented development of the state, and their work should be the admiration of their fellow citizens.

The coming meeting at Bismarck will further devise ways and means of developing the country and of bringing in the people who are to be instrumental in making it great. Their work is not for themselves alone, and they should have the encouragement of every citizen of the state.

CAN WE RAISE KENTUCKY HORSES?

Kentucky has an enviable reputation as the home o fthe thoroughbred horse. There is something more than geography in this reputation.

The Kentucky horse is a product of the soil. A large portion of the state is underlaid with limestone, and the region so underlaid produces the famous blue grass. This limestone strata breaks off rather abruptly, and the line that marks this breaking off as distinctly marks the line between the high prized Kentucky horse and the ordinary one.

The blood has much to do with these splendid animals, but the food which they eat certainly has more.

Blooded horses grown in the blue grass region and then taken out of it are not able to reproduce their strong characteristics. In fact, the Kentucky horse outside of the blue grass region, no matter what the care bestowed upon him, deteriorates and in a few generations becomes what might be termed a well-bred scrub.

A gentleman who has given this matter attention, and who is now living in this state is authority for the statement that even the particular animal taken out his territory will lose the characteristics which mark him as a superior animal.

There is certainly some food for serious thought to North Dakota stockmen in this theory.

If the soil elements which enter into blue grass have such effect upon the horses of Kentucky, why should not the soil elements of North Dakota, which possess some of the very best of animal foods, have the same effect upon horses bred and developed in this state?

This matter was hinted at in some of the addresses made before the Fargo convention, but they were mere hints, and received hardly a passing notice.

If this theory, upon trial, should prove true, the possibilities of the state as a horse growing one may become as great as its certainties as a grain growing one.

The Kentucky horse has not added to the reputation alone of the state, but is a source of large revenue, and one which every year becomes better.

In this morning's Herald prominent space in its editorial columns is devoted to a citation of the qualifications of those aspiring to gubernatorial honors, also to the many vexatious and humiliating restrictions imposed upon aspirants for that honor by "the gang" before any such can hope to read their title clear to a nomination. In this remarkable expose all who may aspire to the exalted position of chief executive of the great state of North Dakota are informed that they are required to "sign up" to "any old thing" the "gang" may happen to want before they can hope to have their claim for nomination even considered. Such a condition of affairs is really alarming—if true—and as the Herald's editor has "been through the mill," and therefore must have "signed up," he is certainly in a most admirable position, in his particular case at least, to know whereof he speaks.

The Bravest Battle.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with a cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought,
From the mouths of wonderful men;

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo, there was the battlefield

No marshaling troops, no bivouac song
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, oh! these battles, they last so long,
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

Oh, ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in these silent ways.

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame!
With a splendid and silent scorn.
Go back to God as white as you came.
The kingliest warrior born!
—Joaquin Miller.

Die Erste Liebe Ist Die Beste.

The rose is the sweetest when freshly blown,
And the bee loves to gather its sweet.
The butterfly pauses a moment beside,
Gazing down on its beauty complete.
'Tis so in our own youth, when love seems a truth,
Whose secret is only half guessed,
So here's to the maid of our heart's first love!
For the old love is the best.

But the rose will fade as the day grows old,
And the bee seeks a blossom more fair,
The butterfly winging his fanciful flight,
Leaves the bloom in its loveliness there,
Not pausing to see that its dainty perfume,
Was sweeter than all of the rest,
So I wandered away from my old love.
Nor knew that it was the best.

But the rose looks up to the evening dew,
As he kisses its petals good-night,
And of all the blossoms there, there's none so fair,
Ever shone in the moon's misty light.
The bee and the butterfly tired with toil,
Creep close to its petals to rest,
And I'm going back to my old love,
For the first love is ever the best!
—Eleanor H. Cameron.

PULSE OF THE PRESS

A Case of Self Deception.
[Lancaster Herald.]

If a man has enough drink he can make himself believe that everybody thinks he hasn't had any.

If—
[Crookston Times.]

If the settlers of northern Minnesota had as much sand in their souls as in their soil the country would be peopled a good deal faster.

An Unkind Reminder.
[Oakes Republican.]

A. T. Cole has launched into the newspaper business in Fargo, having bought out the "reform" sheet, the Search-Light. Now if Cole will send us that two dollars he has been owing us—for coal—since ten years ago, we will forgive him for getting into the newspaper business.

Washington Trip Is Declared Off.
[Bathgate Pink Paper.]

Col. Hager writes us that the board of directors of the State Press association failed to make satisfactory arrangements with eastern roads and consequently the proposed trip to Washington will be abandoned for this year. Why not substitute a southern trip to a southwestern? A 20 day trip would do very nicely, starting the latter part of February.

"Poison Carrots'" View.
[Grafton Record.]

In spite of the expiring kicks of one or two irreconcilables Wesley College is an assured fact. President J. J. Hill has approved of it to the extent of $5,000.00 and has given the plan his hearty endorsement. Dr. Robertson is blazing the way which we have no doubt will prove the solution of one of the great educational problems of this day, namely, the proper place of religious training in a state system of education We wish him and his plan the complete success it deserves.

A Brief Newspaper Sermon.
[Exchange.]

The newspaper is for everybody and hence must publish something for everybody. If you see something which is of little interest to you, remember that there are others and the entire parer isn't printed especially for you. The very thing that is dull and uninteresting to, you may be the best thing in the paper for some other reader, and other readers have just as good a right to be pleased as you have. There are whole pages in the daily papers that are of no interest to us, but they are to others. A paper which contained nothing but such matter as would interest any one or another of us, would have a limited number of readers. It should be borne in mind that there are many people of many minds.

An Open Confession.
[Linton Advocate.]

Yes; resolutions and reformations are good things—even though they may be made for a purpose. Observing the good effects of reformation we have decided to reform and to thoroly carry out our resolutions; we have disposed of our race horses; cut out the tobacco habit in all its forms, and have been convinced that playing the other man's game is a financial mistake. And profiting by the experience of others we are further convinced that by "looking upon the wine when it is red" tends not to the upbuilding physically, morally, mentally or financially, and have decided to "cut it out," and henceforth we may be pointed out, referred to and patterned after as an example of sobriety—notwithstanding the complexion of our nose.

Success of a North Dakota Boy.
[Grafton Record.]

In a recent number of the "Westerner," a magazine published in Seattle, copies of which have been received in Grafton, is a fine account of a former Grafton boy His success is merited and gratifying to friends here. Among the things said about Mr. Doughlas are the following:

When J. F. Douglas came to Seattle five years ago from North Dakota he deposited his watch at the sign of the three balls in a Cherry street antiquarium, in an effort to get a start in life. He was at that time a young lawyer and a young husband. The world was before him. The west confronted him. He was possessed of the enthusiasm of unbashed, unconquered youth, the high spirits which come of high ideals, and such a zeal for conquest as once upon a time caused an indolent, ignorant world to classify Columbus as a fool

Character! The building of a human structure according to an ideal; the persistent application of an irrepressible energy to the subject at hand—the absence of procrastination, these are the elements that go to make up the daily routine of any man who succeeds. Mr. Douglas started right. He graduated at the state university of North Dakota, and later at the Yale law school. His hair would be red if it were not auburn, and viewed in his concrete bulk there is in his bearing a suggestion, often reiterated, of the same Highlands which the Douglas clan fought over, five hundred years ago. These things may have helped. He had, as I understand, the proper sort of character instilled into him in his youth through the medium of hazel sprouts which grew both strong and supple along the creek banks of North Dakota. He is constantly accumulating force. Such a man is always to be reckoned with. You are sure to run up against him somewhere further along in life—somewhere further up the hill—and when you do the concussion will be a thing to think about at odd moments in after years. Mr. Douglas is a sort of man that makes prophesying on the part of the editor what some people would call "a dead easy cinch."

STORIES OF THE HOUR

Had Conscientious Scruples.

It was a very warm day in July and the twins had persuaded their mother to furnish each of them with a pail of lemonade ,and they were standing on the corner anxiously waiting for some passerby to buy a glass.

They had fixed a piano box as a stand and each called, in as business-like voice as possible, "Ice-cold-lemonade!"

Mrs. Smith, a friend of theirs, stopped to speak to them and was surprised to learn that Robert was selling his at 5 cents a glass, while Donald was asking 5 cents for two glasses.

"How does it happen that Donald does not ask as much for his lemonade as you do, Robert?" she asked.

"Well, he does not think he ought to."

"Why not?"

"Because he does not think it would be right."

"But why, Robert?"

"Well—er—you see, the puppy fell into his."

Judging by the Sound.

The man stammered painfully as he stood in the dock at one of our police courts. His name was Sissons. It was very difficult for him to pronounce his own name. He had the misfortune to stay out late and make an uproar one night and to have to account for it before the magistrate the next morning.

"What's your name?" asked the magistrate.

Sissons began to reply: "Sis—sss—sss—sss."

"Stop that noise and tell me your name" said the magistrate impatiently.

"Sis—sss—sss"—

"That will do" said the magistrate severely. "Officer what is this man charged with?"

The policeman who, of course, was an Irishman, immediately responded, with true Irish wit:

"I think, yer Honor, he's charged with sody wather."

Very Appropriate.

Senator Platt had finished testifying before the insurance investigating committee.

"You did well," said a spectator.

"I fear not," said the senator. "It is hard to shine as a witness. Whenever I am called on to give testimony, I think with envy of an old man of Owego.

"This old man in the witness box was never at a loss. In one case, some thirty years ago, he succeeded in greatly exasperating a lawyer who was cross-examining him.

"Finally, beside himself with rage, the lawyer shouted at the old man:

"'Why do you make such foolish answers?'

"The old man murmured apologetically:

"'You ask such foolish quesions, sir.'"

Playing Even.

"A practical joke," said Barney Oldfield, the automobilist, "was played on me last season. I had my revenge, though.

"The practical joke took the form of a cablegram from a friend of mine traveling in Italy. It came collect. It cost me $7 ,and when I opened it all I read was:

"'I am well.'

"To get back at my friend I went out and found a coblestone of about 11 pounds weight. I wrapped this stone in excelsior and pink paper, sealed it up in a handsome box and sent by express, 'collect,' to my friend abroad.

"It cost him $8 for the box, and on opening it he found, along with the stone, a note from me that said:

"'On receipt of the news that you were in good health the accompanying load rolled off my heart.'"

Cruel "Uncle Joe."

Washington Life: "Uncle Joe Cannon is sometimes too homely and direct and harsh in his comments," said a young journalist. "I was not at all pleased with the remark he made to me while I was speaking at the X banquet. Of course, I am an experienced speaker. I can't rattle off words like the veterans of the senate and house. I began, if I remember:

"Gentlemen, my opinion is that the generality of mankind in general is disposed to take advantage of the generality of—'

"Here Uncle Joe Interrupted me.

"'Sit down, son,' he said. 'You are coming out of the same hole you went in at.'"

Reflections of a Bachelor.

New York Press: When a woman trusts her husband it is a sign she doesn't let him know it.

People can be friends as long as they don't try to prove anything to each other.

Generally a girl picks out the wrong man to fall in love with once; but the man does it a hundred times.

Lots more bachelors would become husbands if their married friends weren't always trying to convince them that it isn't all misery.

The difference between a man and a woman with money is that she can have just as much fun spending ten dollars as a hundred if she can spend every cent of it.

Her Reason.

The other day I was told of a little girl who attended a distribution of prizes given by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. She had won, you must know, a book as a reward for writing the best essay on the subject given, and, with the other successful children, was undergoing a viva-voce examination.

"Well, my dear," said the gentleman who had given away the prizes, "can you tell me why it is cruel to dock horses' tails and trim dogs' ears?"

"Because," answered the little girl, "what God had joined together let no man put asunder."

—Short Cuts—

Some people believe it is easier to grow beards than brains.

Profesor Todd will not even allow the paint makers to paint the town red.

A Pennsylvania couple have been married 54 years. What a case of fortitude?

Senator Tillman has one strong point. He can gather a crowd. So can a dog fight.

Even money they will all be playing foot ball next season, if not, what will take its place?

Ben Franklin got more notoriety for his kite flying operations than most boys now days.

Mrs. Chadwick has finally consented to serve her term in prison. That is a wonderful concession to make.

If the honeymoon were measured by the time the parties do not quarrel, the railroads would save half the tickets.

It will be a relief to the public when Miss Alice is at last Mrs. Longworth. It's only just a wedding, that's all.

Democratic candidates are not falling over each other as yet to secure a gubernatorial nomination in Minnesota.

A setting hen never gets fat. That's why breaking away from the old states and coming to North Dakota shows intelligence.

Pitchfork Tillman for once curbed his noble rage in the U. S. Senate and the democratic editors are now throwing boquets at him for being good.

Home talent at Crosby are to put on the comedy drama, "The Cheerful Liar," and the papers in that thriving locality allow the actors all have exceptional talents.

Now that every editor in the state has taken an imaginary ride over the "new train service," we will probably all be ready to come out of the smoke and lay aside the pipe.

The Trial County court house is to be a fine building costing $7,500. It is to hoped that the legislature enacted within its walls will be of equally good material and less expensive.

It may develop that Mr. Lawson himself does a little manipulating on the side and that he would not stop at a chance to turn a trick on Wall street to line his pocket. These "reformers" will all bear watching.

Editor Pierce of the Grafton Record, was absent last week on a trip to the twin cities. Poison Carrots was missed from the columns of the Record this week, but undoubtedly there will be a full account next week of that interesting character's experiences while in the big cities

From recent happenings at Annapolis. It appears that the government does not approve of tieing people up by the thumbs, ice water baths, beatings and brutality, even if the "brave" fellows who enjoy it do wear a blue hinky dinky uniform and can strut about on parade. Soldiers are not made from such fellows by any means.

Kalamazoo, Michigan, the city with the odd name often the subject of stage banter, has a man who was mittened six times within a spase of two hours. He then decided to try a want ad to see if he would be more successful. Strange that some people never realize the value of the press until they have been bumped good and hard.

A fellow took off his hat in an elevator the other day and because a lady was a passenger, dropped it, it caught at it, got his fingers barked and by the time he had recovered the dislocated head piece, found she had gotten off at the floor below, just where he got on. He now wonders if etiquette demands such strenuosity. Some one please answer.

The Grafton Record calls attention to the need of a gymnasium there for the young people to exercise in. It is a certainty that the Y. M. C. A. building of this city and the fine opportunities afforded to spend an evening in healthy exercise does work to keep in the right pathway more young men than any other institution in the city. The point is well taken by the Record.

Of Interest to East Siders

THORESON GETS APPOINTMENT HERE

Former Judge Gets Postmastership as Was Anticipated in Evening Times.

The Evening Times last week predicted the apointment of Judge Thoreson to the postofficeship and last evening a telegram reached this city to the effect that Congressman Steenerson had made this recommendation. T. F. Morken is spoken of as successor to Judge Thoreson.

The fight for the postoffice here has been one of the warmest ever brought about in this country. For a while it looked as though Hugh Thompson would land the job, but for some reason Steenerson didn't favor him. A. W. Preston, who had been visiting at Washington for the past two years, was another likely candidate. On acount of the recent ruling of President Roosevelt that no third-class postmaster be taken from his position unless a more competent man can be put in his place, it was thought J. R. Johnson would be reapointed. J. R. Johnson, the present postmaster, has always given the citizens good service and the office has never been better run than it has under his supervision.

TREADWELL IS

The Purchaser of the Entire Stock of the Enright Mercantile Co.

Yesterday afternoon the store owned by the Enright Mercantile company was sold to J. Treadwell of Crookston. Mr. Treadwell has the doors closed today and is taking an invoice of his stock. It is understood that the new owner will add another line of goods to the stock and continue in business in this city.

The store in question was put in the hands of trustees last summer.

Mr. Treadwell, the new owner, is an experienced merchant, having been in the mercantile business for many years.

WILL TOUCH BEMIDJI.

Report That the Soo Line Will Pass Through That City.

W. L. Brooks, cashier of the Lumberman's State bank of Bemidji, when recently seen on the subject of the building of the Soo extension from Duluth to Thief River Falls expressed the firm belief that the line would at least come to Bemidji.

The information given by Mr. Brooks coming as it does from one who has been corresponding with the officials of that road concerning the matter supports the general belief prevalent among the residents of Bemidji that the Soo providing it is built through from Duluth to Thief River Falls will undoubtedly touch Bemidji.

Mr. Brooks further stated that the line between Detroit and Bemidji, according to his source of information, would be constructed next summer. If the proposed plans are carried out Bemidji will boom and it will be only a short while before that city will be one of the largest in this section of the state.

MAYOR WILL ENTERTAIN.

Chief Executive of the City Will Banquet His Main Followers Tonight.

Mayor O'Leary will give a reception to a large number of his friends and backers at his home on Minnesota Point tonight. Cards and dancing will be indulged in and a good time is expected by all who attend.

Nelson a Candidate.

E. A. Nelson of Hallock, Kittson county, has announced himself as a candidate for the nomination on the republican state ticket for the office of secretary of state. It follows closely upon the heels of the declaration of candidacy for the same office made by Julius Schmahl of Redwood Falls.

Both men are prominent in newspaperdom, Mr. Nelson being proprietor of the Hallock News, and Mr. Schmahl one of the proprietors of the Redwood Gazette.

Copula is a Nuisance.

For a number of years the ceiling above the stairs leading to the recorder's office has been spoiled and the plaster knocked off by water coming through the roof, whenever there is a rain or thaw. "The only way to remove that difficulty," said a person who has been working at the city hall for years, "is to take out the copula altogether and put on a good, substantial roof and there would be no more trouble."

Polk County Complimented.

County Attorney Maybury has received a letter from Public Examiner P. M. Kerst in which he states that the report of Deputy Public Examiner Johnson, who went over the books of Polk county recently, had just been turned in to him and that he was highly pleased with the splendid showing made by he officials of Polk county.

Had a Good Time.

The dancing school of Sullivan & Forde met last night and the pupils were taught the half-step. Following the lesson a social session was enjoyed by a large crowd and the participants all reported a good time.

Took in "Human Hearts."

A number of the people from this side of the river took in the play "Human Hearts" last night. They all report the play a good one.

F. J. Cummings has just received a new line of self-filling fountain pens. Prices ranging from $1.50 to $5.

John Kane has returned from Blackduck, where he has been spending the last few days.

Cut flowers at Undertaker Sullivan's, East Grand Forks, Minn. Telephone 777.

Ray, the small son of George Buckley, is threatened with a run of fever.

Pete Haiseur is laid up with a sore face, caused by some skin disease.

DECISION IN 2 CASES

Plaintiff in Case of Lee vs. Winthers Gets the Verdict.

Judge Sullivan has rendered two decisions in cases which have been pending for a long time.

In the case of Lee vs. Winthers the plaintiff, Mrs. Lee, was awarded a verdict of $29 and costs. Mrs. Lee, who hired with Winthers, proprietor of the Northwestern hotel, claimed that she was to get wages at the rate of $1 per day for a week and $3.50 per week afterwards. Winthers alleged that he hired both Mr. and Mrs. Winthers for $26 a month and wanted to pay them on that basis. The judge decided that Mrs. Lee was entitled to wages for her labor, and rendered the above verdict. Massee & Finlayson appeared for the plaintiff and Bronson & Collins for the defendant.

The other decision rendered was that in the case of the National Art & Crayon company vs. Tchida and Fugleseth. The judge sustained the demurrers for Tchida, Massee & Finlayson, and dismissed the action as far as Tchida was concerned, but rendered a judgment against Fugleseth for the amount of $115. Fugleseth had no counsel.

The case was a complicated one and involved a very fine point of law. The plaintiffs in the action, the National Art & Crayon company, were incorporated under the name of the World's Art Exchange company, and received letters of credit from Tchida and Fugleseth.

The company then changed its name to the National Art & Exchange company. The point involved was:

Are letters of credit issued to a company applicable to the same company after they have incorporated under a different name?

Judge Sullivan ruled that the letters of credit were not assignable after the name of the corporation had been changed, and rendered judgment accordingly.

Attorney Gaylord of Fertile appeared for the plaintiff, and Massee & Finlayson of this city for the defendant, Tchida.

BUILDING OF CHARITIES.

Hon. T. D. Casey Declares This to Be the Greatest Mission of the Modern Woodmen and Royal Neighbor Lodges.

Hon. T. D. Casey of Grafton, the brilliant young attorney who, it was said, was the only democrat sent as a legislature at the last session, and who, it will be remembered was a host in himself, has recently been appointed state lecturer for the Modern Woodmen of America, and at their social session held last night gave a most brilliant lecture.

He was frequently cheered and loudly applauded at the close of his brief speech.

He is a forciful and logical talker, getting at the basic principals and presenting them in such manner as to make all feel proud that they belong to the organization.

He paid a very high compliment to the Royal Neighbors when he stated that he had often wondered why it was that the Modern Woodmen camp had grown in a brief period of a little over twenty years to number 800,000 of the flower of the land in its ranks; that he was aware that in his own individual case when the "woman" said a thing must be done it had to be done, but now, since witnessing the exhibition drill given by the ladies of the Royal Neighbors of Grand Forks, he was forced to the conclusion that they are the "man behind the gun" or words to that effect.

After viewing briefly the growth and progress of the M. W. A. and speaking of the cheapness and safety of its insurance feature he spoke very interestingly upon what he termed the best feature,—the social and character-building opportunities.

He said: "No one can be a member of the Royal Neighbors or Modern Woodman and live up to the teachings of woodcraft without being a better citizen and a better Christian. It teaches us to become unselfish; to think of others than ourselves; it places character-getting ahead of money-getting and if we fulfill all of our obligations—and we should—we shall be better men and women for having become members of woodcraft."

WILD DUCK SHIPMENTS.

United States Authorities May Assist State Officals in Preventing Law's Violation.

If a report current in the city today is to be credited, Uncle Sam will take a hand and assist the state officials in preserving the existing game laws. According to the report, it has come to the attention of federal officials quantities have been shipped out of the state during the hunting season and the word has been sent out from Washington that the practice must be discontinued.

Many of the duck passes in the western part of the state have fallen into the hands of wealthy eastern sportsmen who visit their property each season and there engage in the slaughter of the wild birds. A recent law restricts the number of ducks to be shot by any one person in a day. It has been suspected that this law has been repeatedly ignored but state officials have not been able to secure sufficient evidence to warrant making arrests.

The fact that ducks in large quantities have been shipped out of the state by the eastern sportsmen has given the federal authorities the desired opening because there is a federal regulation relating to the interstate shipment of game.

Assistant United States District Attorney Townsend was asked concerning the report this morning but he declined to speak for publication. He would neither deny or affirm that to him had been referred the matter for investigation.

After a glance at the statesmen composing the average state legislature, it is easy to understand why so many of our laws are unconstitutional.

When a man has a pair of handcuffs on his wrists he knows what it means to be within the clutches of the law.