

THE EVENING TIMES

ESTABLISHED JANUARY, 1906
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TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 23, 1906



THIS DATE IN HISTORY

- 1516—Ferdinand V. of Spain died.
1570—Royal Exchange opened by Queen Elizabeth.
1641—Union of Catalonia with France.
1777—Americans under Gen. Maxwell capture Elizabethtown, N. J.
1800—Edward Rutledge, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, died.
1806—William Pitt died.
1815—Thanksgiving in New Orleans over Gen. Jackson's victory.
1841—First conviction of a woman in Philadelphia for murder.
1856—Steamship Pacific lost between Liverpool and New York; 156 lives lost.
1867—East River bridge by ice. Thousands of persons cross on foot.
1870—Massacre of the Piegans Indians by Colonel Baker's force.
1874—Prince Alfred of England and Grand Duchess Maria of Russia, were married in St. Petersburg.
1882—Gustave Dore, famous illustrator, died.
1885—The Liberty Bell started from Philadelphia for New Orleans.
1890—Adam Forenaugh, famous showman, died in Philadelphia.
1892—Rev. Phillips Brooks died in Boston.
1895—Lord Randolph Spencer Churchill died.
1904—Mrs. Agnes Soffel arrested at Onnellsville, Pa., for aiding the release of the Biddle brothers from the Pittsburg jail.
Sentiment to be inculcated.
"Let reverence of law be breathed by every mother to the lisping babe that waddles in her lap; let it be taught in the schools, seminaries and colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books and atlases; 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.

SMALL THE BUSINESS COLLEGE CHANGE

The establishment of business colleges is like the making of books. They are becoming as numerous as negro revivals in Texas, and in many cases their influence is about as abiding.
The Times is not knocking any business college—it was not born for that mission in life.
There are some things about commercial schools however that need consideration from the standpoint of the public.
The large number of these schools has so increased the rivalry that the securing of students is a strenuous matter.
In doing this many of the commercial schools hold the inducement that they are able, out of the crudest and most unpolished material to make the most expert accountants and the swiftest.
Any educator knows this is absolutely impossible, even were the student thoroughly prepared by previous training. And where the student is lacking in the essentials of an ordinary education, it becomes doubly impossible.
A business education properly acquired is not far short of a profession. It requires not only the technical knowledge of figures but a comprehensive understanding of the most intricate business transactions, as well as the acquirement of what might be termed a new language if the stenographic course be included, and no business education is now complete without it. It requires more. The student must have, in order to be capable, an accurate knowledge of constructive English and a profound knowledge of orthography and punctuation.
Slouchy business letters are no more to be tolerated than is one written on an axle grease letter head. The business world demands neatness, accuracy and style. These must be acquired so thoroughly that they are a part of the person using them.
Unless they are inculcated before the student enters the business college, he leaves it without them for they are far too comprehensive to acquire in the usual time prescribed for the completion of a business course.
The student therefore leaves the college with a superficial business education, without foundation and consequently too heavy and impractical.
Graduation is presumed to be a guarantee of fitness and these students full of superficial theory and unable to comprehend and apply this theory to new and novel conditions, go out in the practical business world and fail.
The business colleges are blamed, but they are not at fault, except in some all methods of advertising used.
If the business colleges would require a higher educational standard for those who enter—a standard that would at least equal the completion of the ordinary high school course, they could fit their students for business life in the time now allotted, and these

NOTE AND COMMENT

One of the tides of emigration is toward Jamestown.
This state has an over-abundance of Absalom's just now.
There is but one Jewell in North Dakota journalism. The others are oyster pearls.
General Creel believes in his profession. He has inaugurated a war in the state militia.
The man who can get an intoxicating property into North Dakota has a fortune awaiting.

The reformers will probably claim it is dangerous to good government to live in McKenzie county.
Walking on the streets of Fargo is about like trying to find down the pavement after a night out.
How many of the poison foods did your wife check off the list last week? Better look up your life insurance.

They are talking about the open door in Morocco now—but that does not mean the kind with lattice frames.
A Ward county man was called a liar and sued the utterer for slander. If he is proven guilty he will sue the jury.
One of the principal differences between men and women is that the former require more covering for the lungs.

A subscriber asks us what is meant by playing second fiddle. The question is referred to the man whose wife is boss.
A large number of towns in the state think they are in danger of armed invasion and want military companies.
Keenare people are felicitous over the immediate prospect of a new, or at least a very much improved, depot at that place.

W. H. Deany has resigned as cashier of the Williston bank. He is having some special engagements with Governor Sarles these days.

Judging by its symptoms the Balfour Statesman should lose no time in seeking for relief in a generous dose of self-administered Castoria.

The Forum has received a large number of well-deserved compliments on its recent forty-eight page edition. It covered a multitude of Brewer's sins of omission.

The number and richness of the bouquets hauled back and forth between the Willow City Eagle and Omemee Herald indicates a superabundance of verdure.

The Crystal Call favors an elastic currency. That's the kind that puts \$5 in your pocket in the morning where there was \$4 at night. It used to be called by another name.

Many of the state papers are as much surprised over being made official papers as a Devils Lake girl would be at a marriage proposal after a six months' courtship.

A Devils Lake reservation young lady writes to know what is the proper term to describe an Indian baby in reference to itself and mother. How would squaw and squawing do.

The Fessenden News speaks of a couple of the members of the local "400" as having recently taken "their degree work in the order of Goblbers"—whatever sort of an order that may be.

Editors Taylor, of the La Moure Chronicle, and De la Bere, of the Sheldon Progress, have been dubbed "beau gallants" by the iconoclast of the Rugby Optimist. "Call out the military."

The Carlisle company, which recently held down the boards at Fessenden, was voted "just punk" by the hypercritical News, which maintains that any bunch of amateurs could have done better.

Honest, now, isn't it a fact that if you scratch an insurgent organ, it is only to invariably learn that its publisher is a man with a political grievance? Try it and see.

General Gates, it is claimed, is the first bachelor that ever attained the command of the United States army. This is all wrong; if the doughty general has never been married what can he possibly know about war anyhow?

The Linton Advocate, having discovered that the term free industrial alcohol is construed to mean free merely in a Pickwickian sense, at once lost all further interest in that subject and resumed his ghoulish work of vilifying his betters with renewed vigor.

Carefully analyze the personnel of the insurgents from Alpha to Omega—that is to say from Spalding to Thad Michael—and see if you do not find in every instance that the lust for office is the inspiring motive. Try it and see.

The methods pursued by that notorious publication "Town Topics" of New York city, are surprisingly similar to those now being employed by a portion of the press of this state, in that both savor strongly of the "hold-up" order.

It may be merely a coincidence, but the fact that the three judges selected for the Walhalla fox chase are each a sheriff, looks as though the sport promoters rather expected that editor Patterson of the Linton Advocate, would be present, and were determined to take no chances. A wise precaution, surely.

An exchange gives the following as a certain antidote for snake-bite: Permannanganate of Potassium. Make an incision over the bitten place, and rub in a few "min" (half a spoonful) of the permanganate.
Here's a valuable pointer for those who chance to offend that unspeakable mephitic mephitica who edits the Linton Advocate.
It really seems like old time to read the pertinent and effective "boosts" for the Mouse river region that are weekly features of the Stanley Sun. Nearly a score of years ago the Burlington Reporter, under the management of the present editor of the Sun, was doing the same efficient service, and who can doubt but what the now famous Ward county owes much of its rapid and substantial growth to the labors of that tireless toiler and prince of boomers—J. K. McLeod?

PULSE OF THE PRESS

Cheerfulness Under Difficulties. (New Rockford Transcript.)
If there's nothing to cast you down it's easy to say "Brace up."
But 'tis hard to smile when you are the "under pup."
A Great Nose For News. (Balfour Statesman.)
Editor Fairchild of the Cavalier Chronicle, gave an excellent account of the Evangelistic conference in Cavalier. We need more editors in this state like Fairchild; editors who know the true value of news.

One of the Best in the State. (Rugby Optimist.)
The Grand Forks Evening Times, of which only casual mention was made last week, is a regular visitor at this office now, and we consider it just about the best daily in the state. Like good wine—it improves with age. Success To The Times.

Worth a Year's Subscription. (Attorney Stanley Sun.)
"Legal lights" in the "City of Destiny" Minot—is the chief of the news bureau in that noted burg for the Grand Forks Evening Times. He is an interesting and fluent quill-pusher and his Minot page in The Times alone justifies a year's subscription to that paper.

A Few, a Valiant Few. (Bismarck Tribune.)
Taking advantage of the number of persons at the grain growers' meeting at Fargo, the "insurgents" held a meeting at which, according to actual count there were 158 persons present, and probably a few that were overlooked. We apprehend out of a gathering such as there was at Fargo this week it would not be difficult to gather 168 persons at any meeting that promised novelty and entertainment for the moment. We do not understand that there was any applied test at the door to discover whether or not the attendant was really an insurgent.

A Case of Sour Grapes. (Bismarck Tribune.)
Editor Winship of the Herald is satisfied that the qualifications for governor of North Dakota, as the state has been run for the past ten or twelve years, are not necessarily great and he proceeds at some length satirically to explain the qualifications of the "machine" have been so offensive and obnoxious that the necessity for qualifications is eliminated. Which is strongly reminiscent of that ancient fox that paused beneath the grape vine, and, according to the light of such luscious fruit. But after frequent and unsuccessful efforts to reach the grapes he turned away in disgust. "They are sour grapes, after all," the fox declared.

Who Do You S'pose He's Alluding At? (Granville Record.)
There is no man so great or so powerful that he can disregard the edicts of public opinion. Be he prince, potentate or common laborer, when he substitutes another woman for the one he has taken to be his lawful wedded wife, he forfeits whatever of respect may have been previously entertained for him. The idea of having one wife at home doing the drudgery and raising children, while another—a kind of "understudy"—is doing all sorts of society stunts at a high-toned hotel or apartment house, may be modern in its up-to-date, according to some standards of morality, but it is not apt to become popular. There are too many old-fashioned people who still believe in common decency and the sanctity of the home.

The Height of Independence. (Crary Public Opinion.)
We are very thankful to hear the kindly word spoken, and not surprised when we hear the harsh, angry, resentful sound that grates upon the ear. We appreciate both friend and enemies; without some of both here would be perpetual summer or frost and life would not have any snap to it. As long as we live we expect to give our friends and enemies what they each deserve in due measure, our friends the warmest corner in the heart; our enemies outside in the back porch. This is not gospel, but it is business and the natural instinct which seems to prompt us in our dealings with our fellows. It is not politics or hypocrisy, for that would compel us to wear a mask, and that is unpleasant, unhandy and not natural. Out in the open, in the light of day, expecting no favors unless earned, and asking no quarters if vanquished. We will hold our own if it takes years to do it, but we will succeed, we will obtain our object, we will reward our friends and punish our enemies, if we live long enough and have strength to do it.

AMUSEMENTS

Buster Brown.
There is an unusual story of an unusual dog. In the first place; the dog isn't a dog at all and this may sound foolish until explained. The dog is impersonated by a human being. Those who desire to see this may do so at the Grand Opera House, next Tuesday, Jan. 30th, when Melville E. Raymond's "Buster Brown" company will be presented. In proper person the actor who plays the dog, is a respectable young man, but on the stage he acts like a dog—the highest compliment that can be paid him, for he has made a life study of acting like a dog. When this individual was very young, he ran away with a circus and the story of how he became an animal impersonator sounds very much like fiction. However, it is the truth, and many old timers will testify. The circus which he joined was a little one, and he toured through the small towns of the middle west. They carried but one animal besides the horses and that was the performing bear. The principal duty of this actor was to take care of the brute when he was not working. One day the bear died and the manager tried to figure out what he could do to replace the attraction. The actor came to the rescue. He had the bear skinned and mounted by one of the circus men. This done he got inside of the skin and went in to the ring. Of course the audience realized the deception but the actor's performance was so much funnier than the real article, that no one thought of objecting. Before the end of the season, a then successful manager saw him and he was engaged at a big salary to create a similar part in the musical extravaganza. During the past several years, this actor has been the feature at many of the prin-

dipal theaters and music halls, and will be seen with the "Buster Brown" company in this city, even though the gentleman has followed the theatrical calling for no less than 18 years and has from the start had leading comedy parts and yet, in all this time he has never spoken a single word to any audience. This record is unequalled. In "Buster Brown" he plays the part of Tige. He is on the stage nearly all the time and it is said that he succeeds in creating more merriment with the young and old alike, than any animal actor on the stage.

The Yankee Doodle Girls.
It is to be hoped the patrons of the Metropolitan theater will not let the opportunity of seeing a strictly first-class burlesque company go by without seeing the performance which is one of the best staged in New York this season. The Yankee Doodle Girls company is under the management of W. T. Daniels, who is a veteran in the burlesque field and whose name is synonymous with success.
The closing sket, "A Trip to the Hippodrome," gives for the first time a good reproduction of the New York Hippodrome and the comedy of the burlesque is in the hands of some of the stars of the vaudeville stage.

HOTEL CORRIDORS

"What time do you fellows get up out in Washington?" said a business man to a gentleman here on a visit from the coast as they met in one of the hotels. Pretty time to keep an appointment, this! Here it is 11 o'clock and you was to be here promptly at 9."
The man from Washington looked at his watch and found it to be just 3 o'clock to the minute. He had forgotten to change his time-piece to Eastern time and was two hours behind in everything up to that time. The laugh was on the man from Washington.

A. D. Moe, the Hood River boomer, is never too busy to exploit the many good features of that country and is always an interesting conversationalist. He met the Evening Times Man the other evening in the Antlers' lobby and we heard so much about apples, berries and other fruits, that our mouth fairly watered at the description of great, luscious red strawberries hanging in profusion from their green stems, and apples, rosy cheeked and juicy, waiting on the ground for want of a drove of school boys to devour them. We recalled times not so far back when we skirted neighbor Blake's high board fence at the risk of life, limb and breeches to say nothing of that part of a boy's anatomy usually the most inviting to a bull dog when the boy is going from him, for a few little, wrinkled, hard bullets of condensed agony called russets, and then suffered for eating the same.

It makes a fellow wish he could turn loose in such an orchard just once where no foreman was to call "copy," and no editor to do the blue pencil act on a story he had thought was just about right—(this may suffer likewise.)

As the reporter who writes this column sat down on one of the comfortable seats in the lobby of a certain hotel the other evening, an elderly man, evidently a countryman, took a seat by him and a conversation soon sprung up about common place subjects until the reporter made his business known. "Say," remarked the stranger, "why don't you newspaper fellows write up something that will get up a spelling bee, a real old fashioned spelling down like we used to have when I was a young feller."
"Half the young folks now days can't spell for shucks—betcher life they'd get their eyes opened."
The reporter modestly remarked that the young folks now-days were pretty good scholars but before he had gotten further the old man broke in with—"Yes, but spelling, by ginger, they can't spell for shucks—can you spell?" The reporter allowed that he could, a little and the old man rose from his seat and said: "I'll bet you a good, ten cent smoke you can't spell rhinoceros, and dagueerretope and parallelopedon." Just then the bus man called, "all aboard, N. P. going south," and we made a hasty get away thankful for the excuse.

"What is that cut under your eye?" said a traveling man to one of our business men the other evening as the two friends met for a social chat in the lobby of the Hotel Daotah. "That?" replied the business man, "Well that is from having a close shave, and I will tell you how it happened."

"I was being shaved in one of the local barber shops the other day and when the barber got ready to go over my face the second time I told him 'I wanted a close shave as it was Saturday and I was to go to church with my mother in the morning and incidentally out to call on a young lady friend later on."

"Well, things were progressing nicely until some one opened the door suddenly and the barber glanced around, the razor slipped from his hand and fell plump into my upturned face and then to the floor. I happened to have my eyes closed, for if I had seen that blade coming should have jumped and would have probably received a much worse cut. As it was, the razor point pricked me under the eye and I escaped without any other mark. Mighty lucky, I tell you."

"What did you say to the barber," asked the friend.
"Say? Why I was a little put out about it as you may imagine, but the fellow is a natural wit, and after apologizing, said with a merry twinkle in his eye, 'and any way, sir, you called for a close shave—wasn't it cut?' I let it go at that, but I am going to get a safety razor and try that for awhile for I haven't got over that chilly feeling up my spine yet."

Still Has Hope.
He entered the drawing room and seated himself on the green sofa just as he had been doing three nights each week for the last eight years.

"Speaking of science," he yawned, "I see some professor says the world will last 100,000 years longer."
"I am so glad!" he exclaimed.
"Why?"
"You will yet have time to propose."

An Insinuation.
Sybyl—Did you notice that handsome man at the concert who stared at me nearly all the evening?
Eithyl—Yes.
Sybyl—I wonder who it could have been?
Eithyl—Why that was Prof. Pierce, the celebrated mind reader. He is spending his vacation here.—Chicago Daily News.

GRAND FOX CHASE
WALHALLA
Feb. 6, '06
Open to All Comers
6 SIX FOXES 6
to start in the race, one at a time—first one at 1:30 o'clock. An Entrance Fee of \$1 per dog started in each race, will be charged. No owner to start more than one dog in each chase. Entries will close Monday Evening, February 5th.
PRIZE:
The owner of the dog gets the Fox thrown
JUDGES:
Sheriff Art Turner, Grand Forks,
Sheriff W. E. Hunt, Fargo,
Sheriff John J. Lee, Minot.
Gov. Sarles and Staff
with other State Officials, will be there and will be given a Public Reception in Odd Fellows Hall
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 5TH, at 9 o'clock, which all are cordially asked to attend.
Tuesday Eve. Feb. 6, There will be a Grand Ball in Odd Fellows Hall, when the Governor and State Officers will be the guests of the Club. A cordial invitation is extended to the public
J. T. BLACKLOCK, COR. SECRETARY WALHALLA, NORTH DAKOTA.