

THE EVENING TIMES

ESTABLISHED JANUARY, 1896

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 24, 1906



THIS DATE IN HISTORY

- 1712—Frederick the Great born.
- 1732—Pierre A. Caron, alias Beau-marchais, born.
- 1814—Battle of Enochochopoc Creek.
- 1847—Battle of Canada.
- 1861—U. S. arsenal at Augusta, Ga., seized by Georgia state troops.
- 1870—Prince Arthur arrived in New York and was presented to General Grant.
- 1872—King Amadeus dissolved Spanish Cortes; Madrid in a ferment.
- 1875—Garibaldi enthusiastically received in Rome.
- 1885—Parliament buildings and London Tower damaged by dynamite explosion.
- 1887—U. S. Senate passed Canada retaliation bill.
- 1893—Eighty miners killed in fire-damp explosion at Dux, Bohemia.
- 1894—Laura S. Mapleson, prima callonna, died.
- 1904—Col. Lynch, leader of the Irish brigade in the Boer war, released from England prison.
- 1905—Charles L. Tucker found guilty of the murder of Mable Page at cha Weston, Mass.

forty assessors in one county would hardly agree upon what the worth of property is, even if there was not a disposition in many instances to keep the assessed value down in order to reduce taxes.

The fact is that there are in almost every county a large violation of values, and while the county board of equalization may attempt to rectify this lack of uniformity, it is apparent even after the board has done with it. There must be some basis, and while there could be a deviation from this basis were the assessors disposed to do so, there would be less danger than now where the valuation is a matter of individual judgment without comparison.

Suppose in one township horses are assessed at fifty dollars each, and in another at one hundred—these being the respective standards around which the horse values are grouped. And suppose that the equalization board fails to detect the difference, and tax levies are therefore placed upon them. The people of the one township are compelled to pay twice as much to the common fund as the other. The injustice is apparent.

It is easier to point out a defect than to propose a remedy, it must be confessed that with the present township plan of local government, uniform taxation for the county is decidedly difficult.

But the evil touches the pocketbook of the tax payers and therefore their hearts, and should be given careful attention by the law makers.

GOOD CANADIAN SCHEME.

Canada is now getting a large emigration from the United States. This is probably the first time in the history of the nation that there has been a pronounced exodus of the people to her, another country. True, this is about the first time that a country has had anything near our own advantages to offer, and the fact that it is so near our own fertile territory makes it the more significant now.

Western Canada is a good country. The Canadian government proposes, too, that the world shall know it, and that the knowledge given out shall have the stamp of the government.

To this end it maintains at the points at which probable emigrants will be secured, official agents who are equipped to give out the fullest information about any part of Western Canada, and is prepared to substantiate his declarations with the proof of products.

We are not boosting Canada—it seems to be able to boost itself—but we are boosting the methods it is taking to get people to settle there.

Western Canada knows, as does every other new country, that what is needed is men—men to transform the lands into producing farms, men to build homes and towns.

Stragglers may come without persistent persuasion, but the crowds only come when the opportunities are presented in an emphatic manner.

The Canadian agents have no land to sell, and therefore have a larger influence with the majority of prospective settlers than the real estate man, he be ever so honest.

Would it not be a good idea for the real estate men who will meet at Bismarck in a few days to consider the question of securing legislation in this state looking to a system of securing emigrants from outside the state on the plan now used by Canada?

There agents would be able to present to the people in their homes the facts about the several parts of the state, and when the emigrant arrived at his destination the real estate man would be the beneficiary of the land sale.

This state needs more people, not only in the newer portions, but in the older. Large farms must in time support more people; closer and more intensified farming must be done so that the state will be made to give forth the full measure of her wealth.

Anything that will help to do this for the benefit of all the people and should be encouraged.

UNIFORMITY OF ASSESSMENTS.

Yesterday's Evening Times hinted at the importance of a uniform method of assessment. The matter merits more thought study than that paragraph gave it.

The unfair and unequitable methods provided by law for fixing the value of property for taxing purposes in this state are certainly abominable.

The county is the unit in levying taxes. The percentage must be uniform throughout the county. The percentages are figured upon the property values returned by the several assessors.

Each city, village and township has its own assessor. There is no legal authority to have a uniform basis of valuation can be fixed. The law requires all property to be assessed at its full worth. But

NOTE AND COMMENT

The union of several church denominations might be a merger of pooled lines.

It is claimed that women are not inventors. What about the shape of their hats?

A complaint against North Dakota whiskey is that too much water has to be drunk to get it.

A political reform is like an egg. You can't tell the condition inside until you crack the shell.

Alice Roosevelt wants all of Congress to attend her wedding. That's simple, Joe Cannon is the house.

President Elliott predicts this country as a great republic a century hence. That's hard on Spalding.

Mistakes often improve the work of the artist. Witness one of Frank Wing's best in the Minneapolis Journal.

Lydia E. Pinkham's face is as common in the Minnesota press as Anna Held's on the bill boards of North Dakota.

China has a society for unbinding the feet of women. Next there will be one to uncorset the American woman.

A Kentucky man was granted a divorce after he was dead. He is assured of some pleasure in the next world.

A Minnesota man has become insane over trying to invent a brand that tasted the same coming up as going down.

The Ommece Herald was recently mistaken for the morning paper of this city. There will probably be two slanders suits.

An exchange in referring to the death of a citizen, says he joined the greater crowd. We all know which way he went.

In describing an old maid, a reporter said she was built like a North Dakota prairie—level so far as the eye could see.

Near Benidji two men engaged in a fight and one bit off the ear of the other. The one who lost the ear recovered. The other one died of blood poison.

In the mimic war now raging in some of the companies of the state militia, the belligerents are generally and surely being made to understand that adjutant general Creel originally hailed from Missouri and in consequence requires to be shown.

The Midway (Minn.) News is an anxious enquirer as to what really constitutes "grat." If friend Paradis is a sincere seeker after light in that regard he cannot do better than to consult our own Burleigh F. Spalding—who voted for the \$19,000 mileage steal, and therefore should be a most excellent authority on that subject.

The Milwaukee Sentinel gives prominence to an article with the caption: "Lives With His Brains Out." There's nothing so very startling about that when one takes into consideration the fact that there is a fellow down the street who has broken into the newspaper business—after a fashion—who daily gives his brains out, never having had any brains at all.

AMUSEMENTS

Yankee Doodle Girls.

The Yankee Doodle Girls, a burlesque show, brimful of patriotism, will be the offering at the Metropolitan tonight. The show is one of the newest organizations of its kind on the road, and the fact that it is under the direction of T. W. Dinkins is a sufficient guarantee that it is all that can be desired. Judging from the names of the artists who make up the cast, it is one of the highest salaried of burlesque shows. The company carries five complete sets of scenery. One of the malone, the New York Hippodrome, cost as much as it usually takes to equip an entire company. This reproduction of the famous New York amusement enterprise is in the closing burlesque called, "A Trip to the Hippodrome." "A Miserable Insurance Company" is the title of the opening part, which is a bright comedy and lively and patriotic musical number. Great attention has been paid to the selection of the vaudeville acts and they are as follows: Smith, Champion and company in a clever sketch; Anna Yale, Sadie Husted and company in a bright one act playlet; Mack & Mack, comedians; Ward & Schuster, singers and talking comedians, and the Five Baker Troupe in a death defying venture, "Looping the Gap."

Buster Brown.

There is abundant promise of hearty and wholesome amusement at the Metropolitan on Tuesday, Jan. 30, when the musical comedy creation, Melville B. Raymond's "Buster Brown," will be presented. Every one knows and likes Buster, as Richard F. Outcault has pictured him on the funny pages of the New York Herald. He is a boy whose sense of humor and mischief appeal to all, and surrounded with a large and brilliant company, including a chorus, ballet and a group of 18 caret "American Beauties," elaborately costumed by Wanamaker, he should prove most attractive.

Buster will be enacted by a clever little comedian and his funny dog, Tige, by a well known animal impersonator. The setting is spectacular and some fifty people are engaged

VOX POPULI

Attorney Wyvell: The Evening Times is certainly good paper for one so new. I know it takes time to get those things started, but it is certainly all right.

City Assessor Miller: The method of getting at the uniform value of property throughout the county and state is not a practical one. The law requires all property to be assessed at its full value and the deviation from this by the different assessors with the tax rate the same is what causes the inequality of taxes so much complained of.

Little ads—"Positions Wanted"—either male or female—no matter where you live—inserted one week free of charge.

PULSE OF THE PRESS

Ought to Be Jarred. (Pittsburg Dispatch.)

Secretary Root's exposition of the evils of the present consular system before the House Appropriations Committee ought to arouse a public sentiment that will compel the reforms contained in the original bill for the reorganization of the service—reforms that have been carefully exercised by the political friends of the eminent and elderly gentleman enjoying the fat jobs in foreign lands. As introduced the bill provided that original appointments were to be made only for the lower grades, the higher to be filled by promotions. This has been stricken out by the patronage hunters, whose highest conception of the use of the consular service is to supply offices for friends and who have no concern in the promotion of any industry nor political party.

The reforms still left in the bill, while beneficial, such as the grading of consulates, the abolition of fees and the filling of clerkships with American citizens, fall far short of the measure of reform demanded. Mr. Root's humorous description of the "eminent and elderly citizens whose friends find it necessary to take care of them in some way," and who transfer the burden to the government should strike home to the congressional and senatorial politicians. They are true words spoken in jest, but with force and meaning. His exposure reveals the injury to the service through political manipulation in all its nakedness, how the political nominees avoid examination and qualification, and how "there is the dickens to pay" if the political graft is questioned. His warning that custom like this cannot be changed piecemeal, that something has to be jarred, should be heeded. By all means let this use of the consular service by the spoilsmen be jarred and jarred until it topples from its base.

The public opinion which has forced the fingers of the politicians from the offices now under the civil service law should be strong enough to make them loosen their hold upon the consular service because the system is corrupting and because it robs the country of valuable aid in the expansion of American trade.

Judge Not.

(St. Paul News.)

The busy world doesn't care much when a man dies. Death is routine. It is natural. Why look up when the procession passes. And if we can forget the mighty, and the rich, and the powerful, when they pass away, it is asking much of humanity to drop even a tear on the grave of one who died in a Missouri city the other day.

He was what is known as a "round-er" and he was just like a million other "rounders." To the extent of his ability, he purchased all the toys that are for sale and the pace left him a young face and snowy hair. You know the type.

If he spoke to a woman, her reputation suffered. Mothers told their daughters to fear him and all like him. He had many men acquaintances and no friends. He was cynical, skeptical, brilliant; a drunkard, a gambler, a roue. The hears that carried his body went unattended, and even in his barroom, a man said: "I guess Dick went to hell, all right!"

An investigation of the dead man's effects showed that years before he had arranged for the support of a girl of the slums of New York. Her every need had been met. She had been cleaned, clothed, fed, educated. Every week a portion of the man's salary had gone for her support. She had grown up to be a grand, self-reliant, noble, good woman, who only knew that from a hazy somewhere a mysterious come and cared for her. Every night of her life she prayed God to bless the unknown.

And he never saw the child. He did not allow those in charge of her to even tell him her name or her whereabouts. She was a stranger. He refused to have her in any manner identified with his reputation.

In the dead man's pocket was this scrap of writing: "Please do not get hysterical over my so-called philanthropy. Every man owes a debt to society. This applies especially to bachelors. I always pay my debts."

And who shall say that across the record of this man's life there is not a white mark; or that on the judgment day before the great throne, the tears of a woman, that woman, who prayed and never knew for whom she prayed, may not serve to wipe out the sins of a lifetime?

Judge not.

Trouble Enough of His Own.

(Minneapolis Tribune.)

Secretary Root is taking great trouble to explain to the senate and the people that our delegates to Algiers are forbidden to consider any but commercial questions. Commercial questions are so small a part of those considered by the conference, and our commercial interests in Morocco are so inconsiderable, that no explanation on the secretary's part is likely to overtake and alter the impression made on the world by our participation. We shall be greatly fortunate if this do not return to embarrass us hereafter.

One reason why we ought to keep out of European entanglements is that we have troubles enough of our own in the American hemisphere. These would be increased by such participation of European nations in their settlement as we have been urged to make in the settlement of the affairs of Morocco. With what grace can we refuse to join a conference invited by Germany or France to consider the international and foreign relations of Venezuela or Santo Domingo?

We have probably protected the Panama canal from complications by acquiring territorial rights there. But we have only the vague pretensions of the Monroe doctrine in Venezuela and Santo Domingo. The former is on the brink of comic opera war with France. The latter is exposed to a debt collecting raid by Germany, unless we succeed in carrying through the very delicate and complicated arrangement made by the president and awaiting the approval of the senate.

Either event would menace American commercial interests indirectly. We shall steal through the complication of the Monroe doctrine in Venezuela and Santo Domingo. The former is on the brink of comic opera war with France. The latter is exposed to a debt collecting raid by Germany, unless we succeed in carrying through the very delicate and complicated arrangement made by the president and awaiting the approval of the senate.

Every time we allow ourselves to be drawn into any joint political action or pretension with the greater powers of Europe in relation to the less, we increase the difficulty of rejecting their advice and participation

in shaping the destinies of lesser American states. Almost any day we are exposed to be confronted in Brazil or Colombia, Peru or Ecuador with the perplexities that beset us in Venezuela. It is of the first importance that we should keep our hands free to deal with them.

STORIES OF THE HOUR

Progressive Age.

The dime novel of our boyhood days seems to be a thing of the past," remarked the man with the missing hair.

"Not necessarily," rejoined his companion, who had also passed the chloroform age. "It has a cloth cover now and sells for \$1.50."

Short of Material.

A little boy of 5 was playing in the road one Sunday morning. In his childish way he was trying to build a church of mud. A minister passed by, and, being of an insensitive turn of mind, asked the little fellow what he was doing, whereupon the boy replied that he was making a church.

"Ah, then," said the minister, "you will need a preacher, too."

But he answered, "I ain't got dirt enough to make a minister."

Making It Read Right.

The editor had written, if the scrawl which confronted the compositor could be called writing, "Multum in Parvo." The compositor looked at it hard. He knew nothing of Latin—his specialty was setting marketable. But he knew that it was his business to "make sense" of whatever was put before him.

And that was how it came about that the proofreader had to change "Mutton in Fargo" to the well known Latin.

He Knew About Bismarck.

"One hundred and ninety-four monuments have been erected to the memory of Bismarck and forty-two more are in course of construction." "Bismarck? Let's see, what did he do, anyway?"

"Why, don't you know? Great heavens, man, you ought to study up a little on the history of our country. He was the man who discovered North Dakota."

Duly Announced.

At a fancy dress ball the mistress of the house stationed a servant at the door to announce the guests by their costumes. At last arrived two ladies in plain walking costume, who had only come to glance at the gay and dazzling scene.

"What costume shall I announce, ladies?" asked the servant, courteously.

"Oh, none. We haven't anything on at all," was the response. "Two ladies without anything on at all!" shouted the faithful domestic. Sensation.

Not Much Like Mike.

Colonel Mike Donohue of the Tenth New Hampshire, decided one day that he would like to attend church services also. So he asked his mother an artist to do the job. After the painting was finished, the artist, seeing one of the veterans of the Tenth, an Irishman, called him in to ask his opinion of the picture.

The old Irishman walked up to the easel, scrutinized the picture, and was about to put his hand on the canvas, when the artist cried out: "Don't touch it! Don't touch it! It's not dry!"

"Not dry! Not dry!" shouted Pat. "Then, be jabbers, it's not Mike Donohue."

Slightly Mixed.

Recently a small boy, who had been in the habit of attending Sunday school regularly, decided one day that he would like to attend church services also. So he asked his mother for permission. She told him he might on one condition, that he would repeat to her the text of the sermon as soon as he returned home.

So off he went one morning and listened attentively to the minister's discourse. On his return his mother said:

"Now, what was the text?"

Thinking a minute he replied: "It was: 'Don't be afraid, for you'll get a blanket.'"

His astonished mother again questioned him. "Are you sure that was it? Aren't you mistaken?"

"No, it was either that or 'Don't get scared. You'll get the quilt,'" replied the son.

Saying nothing more at the time, the doubtful mother hastened later on to see the minister, and asked him what his sermon was and the text for that Sunday.

He replied: "Be not dismayed, for I will send you a comforter." This cleared matters up somewhat.

An Acute Reasoner.

Thomas H. Grisham, president of the board of managers of the Dodge City Soldiers' home, told a reporter recently about an old soldier named John Clark, who came near being buried alive. He had been ill a long time with typhoid fever, and at last lapsed into a comatose state, and was pronounced dead.

Early next morning he was put upon him, and he was tenderly poked up a casket to await interment on the following day. During the night Clark regained his senses, and rose up in his narrow prison. He upset the coffin, and was sent sprawling on the floor.

In consternation one attendant rushed into the room and retreated, saying he had seen a ghost.

Then other attendants came. Stimulants were quickly applied, and the limbs and body of Clark rubbed with alcohol.

He soon opened his eyes. After careful attention and nursing, he recovered entirely, and recently told the story of his narrow escape from being buried alive. Mr. Grisham has talked with Clark about his strange experience.

"Tell me," said Grisham to Clark one day since the dead came back to life, "how did you feel when you died, and how did you first know that you were alive?"

"When I appeared to myself," said Clark, "to be dying, the experience was a very pleasant one. I seemed to be entirely free from trouble, and to be passing into a new realm. When I began to recover consciousness, I found myself in what seemed to be a coffin, but I knew at once that I was not dead, because my feet were cold and I was hungry."

"I don't understand what you mean," said Grisham.

"I know," replied Clark, "that if I were in heaven I would be hungry, and if I were in hell, my feet would not be cold."

Subscribe for The Evening Times.

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.