THE EVENING TIMES

ESTABLISHED JANUARY, 1906

PRINTED EVERY WEEK DAY IN THE YEAR

THE TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY (INCORPORATED)
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS

S. J. SMALL, MANAGER H. H. LAMPMAN, EDITOR
WM. H. ALEXANDER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

Address all communications to The Evening Times, Grand Forks, N. D.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

DAILY		WEEKLY	
One Year in advance	$4.00	One Year in advance	$1.00
Six Months in advance	2.25	Six Months in advance	.75
One Month by carrier	.40	Three Months in advance	.50
One Week by carrier	.15	One year not in advance	1.50

Subscribers desiring address changed must send former address as well as new one

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Grand Forks, North Dakota.

THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25, 1906

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION LABEL GRAND FORKS, N. D.

THIS DATE IN HISTORY

1327—Edward II. of England compelled to resign the crown.

1502—Marriage of Princess Margaret to James IV. of Scotland.

1533—Henry VIII. privately married to Ann Bolyn at Whitehall.

1759—Robert Burns, Scottish poet, born.

1830—Robert Haynes' great speech in defense of the Foote resolution.

1834—Castle of St. Louis at Quebec destroyed by fire.

1843—Edward Drummond assassinated in London.

1863—Major General Burnside relieved by Major General Hooker.

1866—Freedom Bureau bill passed the U. S. Senate.

1867—The president vetoed the Colorado admission bill.

1869—Assassination of the Governor of Burgos by partisans of the Clerical party.

1870—George Peabody's remains arrived in Portland, Me., from England.

1872—General Richard E. Ewell of the Confederate army, died.

1882—Guiteau convicted of the murder of President Garfield.

1885—Liberty bell arrived at the New Orleans exposition.

1887—Ex-Governor W. B. Bate elected U. S. Senator from Tennessee.

1890—Nellie Bly completed trip around the world in seventy-three days.

1892—Emperor Nicholas I. of Russia, died.

1893—Princess Margaret married to Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse.

1901—Baron Rothschild died.

1904—Mrs. Florence Maybrick released from prison.

1905—Great blizzard along the Atlantic coast of North America.

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.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

Local real estate men are enthusiastic over the prospects of a real estate boom in this city this year. Already the indication point to a large number of sales early in the season.

City property seldom begins to move, especially for building purposes, until the middle of March. This season there are already a number of inquiries and the calls are largely for unimproved property. This means that there will be plenty of building done during the summer.

More buildings mean more people for the city. More people mean more business for the business men, and this means more prosperity for all.

There is however, another side to the question. The people who come to the city must be provided with imployment. Some may engage in business but the people who form the bulk of the population of any city are those dependent largely upon their labors for an income.

To do this there must be enterprises fostered in the city that will employ men. The city with a large population of unemployed is ipso facto pauperized.

The business people reap the profits of the trade, and they can increase that trade by enlarging the apportunities for men to secure employment in the city.

There is but one character of industries available for this purpose and that is manufactories.

Take from the great industrial city of Pittsburg its manufactories, and it would be a waste place in which a coyote would die of starvation within a week.

The agricultural wealth of a county is a great source of wealth, and the man who engages in it is the most independent in the world. But let the world be deprived of the man who consumes and does not produce, and the agriculturalist must go back to primitive conditions when man produced his own food and nothing more. The money question would pass from politics and Bryan would be without a job, for there would be no barter.

It is therefore evident that agriculture alone never built a great city. It is the commercial and industrial centers that are great both in population and wealth.

Can Grand Forks become one?

Most certainly if the right spirit be shown and the proper methods pursued.

Suppose two enterprises be established in the city that would each employ five hundred men. That would mean, if some judgment be used in employing men of families rather than those without, an addition of eight hundred families to the population of the city, and on the basis of the recent government census of an average of five souls to each family, from four to five thousand additional people. Five thousand more people to feed, clothe and house would mean an immense volume to add to the business of the city.

Such enterprises can only be secured in one way—get them. It takes capital, enterprise and unity.

There is enough capital available in this city to establish half a dozen enterprises that would give employment to scores of men, and these enterprises could be made to pay splendid dividends.

This city is admirably situated for the manufacture of all kinds of wood products. The raw material can be reached within two hundred miles and in almost unlimited quantities. Philadelphia ships the timber used in its immense factories seven hundred miles, and the city is growing rich from these enterprises.

Boston has just established a factory for the making of macaroni from the raw products of the wheat field of the northwest.

The cry for inspection of our grain in other states is heard in tones as loud as those of Sinai, and from Dan to Beersheba. The outside world does not want to take our raw products at what they are worth and we beg for justice. It is the same cry that the old south sent up on cotton until starvation taught the people intelligence and they began the manufacture of the raw material at home.

So it is with our own products. If they were manufactured into the finished product the world could pay the price or starve.

These are mere examples of the vast opportunities for manufacturing that lie at our doors, as plentiful as gold in Jerusalem when that commodity was used for cobblestones.

If Grand Forks is to be great and the present inclination to increase is to be substantial, it is necessary that she take off her coat and go to work.

The capital is here, the perservence can be acquired and the unity of those who will profit by the prosperity must be had.

With these there can be no doubt of the future of the city.

SOME GOOD WORK.

There is far more good to be derived from the prevention of disease than from physicians who prosper from the sufferings of their fellow men, are much more anxious to prevent disease than to cure it.

In this particular the state board of health is doing a great work in preventing the spread of contagious disease, and the enforcement of sanitary conditions that have much to do with the general public health.

The board is not a figure head, but has almost arbitrary power, and rightly so, for the best course in sanitation and quarantine is often seemingly harsh and needs an iron hand. There has never been any serious objection to its actions however, as they have always been reasonable.

It is doubtful if the general public realy understands the importance of the work of the board. It must have the reports of deaths, and the cause, else it can not determine whether or not an epidemic exists. In this particular county health officers have in some instances been sadly remiss in their duty. Statistics have been delayed, and often omitted until the monthly report of the secretary should be in the hands of the public. The people need to do some stirring up along these lines.

Another sanitary condition which has been much improved by the persistent work of the board is that of the caring for the dead. The time has long since passed when intelligent people regard the preparing of the dead for burial in a sanitary way, especially those who die of contagious diseases, as a sacrilege. On the contrary, the most careful methods are used to prevent the living from reaping the whirlwind of death from the dead.

The raising of the qualifications of embalmers has been the steady though not radical course of the board, and it has largely carried out its plan.

It is doubtful if one death in a thousand in this state can now be traced to the unsanitary handling of the dead.

Other lines of work have been just as thoroughly done.

Smallpox, not only in this state but every where has been reduced from the character of a plague to one not much above a bad cold, not by medicine, but by sanitation. Formerly the victim made his will as he was exposed, while the grave digger was an once notified to begin sharpening his tools. Now it takes close attention from the attending physicians to determine whether the patient has smallpox or ordinary rash.

These changes are the result of work exactly like that which is being done by the board of health.

These officers are doing a work that is not appreciated at its full value by the public which profits by it without even a passing notice.

THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS.

An eastern newspaper chronicles the death of a young woman in one of the hospitals in a large city who had fallen from purity and womanhood, and died unattended by friends or relatives.

The funeral was a plain one, and the mourners, limited to the kindly hospital nurse who had attended her and the young physician who had given what professional aid he could to the frail wreck whose life had been ill-spent.

The paper relates an old story—old and equally sad, of early days spent in the happy environments of home, surrounded by wealth and luxury, flattered by friends and admirers, the days at a fashionable academy later on, and the formation of fast friends in the swgger set of the metropolis. Then the fall, the turning away of erstwhile friends, parential disownership and the swift passage downward.

How many there are on the great shoals of life's sea cast up wrecks for all time whose lives might not have been saved by a kindly word of hope and cheer at the right time.

How many young men and women today who, having erred and forfeited respect and esteem say to themselves, "Its no use, no one cares now" who could have been brpught back into the sunlight of a better career by a little of the milk of human kindness?

How many intentionally good and Christian people pull the garments of their own self-righteousness about them and roll under their hungry tongues the dainty crumbs of slander, reckoning not what it may mean to others—unwitting dispoilers of a faint hope which may not have been entirely killed!

The world would be better were a more liberal distribution of kindness and sympathy exercised, and who knows but had the lost girl been approached at the proper time and a kind word offered, vicious and depraved though she may have been, a life might have been saved for the better.

She sleeps, and no costly funeral could have made a difference for as Gray wrote:

Can storied urn or animated bust back from its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust or flattery soothe, the dull, cold ear of death.

THE DIFFERENCE.

It is said that when Senator Tillman was denouncing the President, and the general policy of his administration the Senate galleries were packed and people stood for hours in the aisles listening to the tirade of the South Carolinian. People leaned forward open-mouthed eager to catch the next explosion of vituperation.

Somebody was being castigated.

That was enough.

It mattered not if it were the President of the United States.

The bigger the man the more they appeared to like it.

When eulogies were being pronounced in the same place about a year ago upon the late Senator George Frisbie Hoar—when kind and generous things were being said about a great man who had served his country long and faithfully—the galleries were empty.

No one cared to hear a man commended.

THAT $27,000,000 GRAFT.

Thus far there has not been any explanation on the part of those newspapers and magazines that are engaged in reforming other people as to why the taxpayers of the country should give a clear, net bonus of $27,000,000 a year to the publishers. The Evening Times has quoted the postmaster-general as to the fact that this was the amount of the donation last year, and there is no dispute in that regard. The essential thing now is for some reform publisher (but none) to tell the people, whom these publishers profess to love so dearly, why it is that this monumental graft goes on. To put it parliamentarily, The Evening Times moved in one of its early issues that some explanation be made. There was no second. A few days later we renewed the motion; still no second. We enter the motion for the third time, and will wait a due length of time, not for the "still, small voice" but for the noisy, large voice of reform to second it.

Any number of reform organs might be named whose editors could do the trick—if they have time to spare from the self-imposed task of correcting the conduct of other people. One of those organs is located in this city. Its owner is said to be making money, plenty of it. Yet he has not offered to tell the readers of his paper why he should not pay his share of that $27,000,000. His paper has not even printed the postmaster-general's report showing up the graft. Nor has he as much as proposed to put a few cents into the conscience fund of the government.

The Herald seemingly seizes with avidity upon the verdict of acquittal in the Bloom libel case with a view to making it serve as a text for a lengthy diatribe on the manifold evils contained in the present libel law. The Evening Times has no hesitency in saying that in its opinion the Streeter libel law was not only wholly unnecessary and uncalled for, but was a grave mistake as well. However, as it has been in full force and operation for nearly a year and apparently no one has been a sufferer on its account—although it has been grossly violated time and time again—the reason for the Herald's present fierce onslaught upon it is not readily apparent. When for any cause a statute has been proven to be defective and abortive to the extent that there are grave doubts of the possibility of its enforcement under almost any circumstances, for a newspaper of recognized standing to bitterly assail the same savors rather strongly of the mock heroic, to say the least.

Merely as a matter of news, if for no other reason, suppose the Herald publishes a list of all the "incompetent or characterless men" whom "the present state machine" has caused to be placed on "all of the state administrative tickets" in the past. If the Herald is in earnest in its self-imposed task of purifying the political atmosphere here is a most excellent point to make a beginning.

Why not leave the matter of adjudicating the state militia muddle to Gov. Sarles' staff of gallant and fiery colonels? The situation affords them about the only opportunity they are ever likely to encounter of being participants in grim and horrid war, and they should, by all means, be allowed this one chance to win their spurs.

The attempt to muster out Company A at Bismarck is stirring up no end of a row in the capitol city, and much that is of a highly uncomplimentary nature is being alleged against some of the prominent members and ex-members of the company, who are held responsible for the existing troublous state of affairs.

Adjutant General Creel is being more forcibly impressed as time progresses of the fallacy of the prevalent idea that his position is naught but one continual round of glory.

Missouri in New York.

You have reached New York, Missouri; you have wandered down the street
Where the fates of lands are molded, where the wolves of business meet.
You have seen the giants playing undisturbed amid the press,
Using railroads for the pieces in their mighty game of chess.
You have seen them rocking nations in some petty selfish cause,
You have seen them laughing gayly at the country and its laws;
Then, while others trembled round you, to the breeze your flag you've flown,
And you've shouted, "I'm Missouri, and I'm waiting to be shown."

It's a big old town, Missouri, and its ways are full of guile,
There'll be many a pitfall for you there'll be many a sneering smile.
They all look with merry gances at your ancient black cravat,
At your loose flung old Prince Albert and your wide brimmed southern hat.
And they'll shout in lauhing accents: "Say, old fellow, please skiddoo.
If the System's swallowed others, Lord, what will it do to you?"
Yes; you'll fight 'em single handed; fight the whole durned crowd alone,
But we'll bank on you, Missouri; just you stay there and be shown.

Here's our heart and hand, Missouri; just you stay there in the fight,
Let 'em rage and roar and threaten; let 'em laugh or let 'em bite.
Just you keep on asking questions, though in anger they may roar;
Just you keep on asking questions, with your back against the door.
For the nation stands behind you with a keen and anxious look,
Writing down the surly answers in a little doomsday book.
Keep on asking them, Missouri, in a way that's all your own,
And the world will sing your glory when at last you have been shown.
—Peoria Herald.

Deeds Not Creeds.

Creeds and confessions? High church or the low?
I cannot say; but you would vastly please us
If with some pointed Scripture you could show
To which of these belonged the Saviour, Jesus.
I think to all or none. Not curious creeds
Or ordered forms of churchly rule He taught,
But soul of love that blossomed into deeds,
With human good and human blessing fraught.
On me no priest nor presbyter nor pope,
Bishop nor dean, may stamp a party name;
But Jesus with His largely human scope
The service of my human life may claim.
Let prideful priests do battle about creeds,
The church is mine that does most Christ-like deeds.
—John Stuart Blackie.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Too many creameries are being run without cows.

Some people prove the reverse of the Darwinian theory.

It is not what we do, but what is found out, that gives us trouble.

More trouble is caused by man's weaknesses than by his wickedness.

Some people who are not lawyers spend much of their time at the bar.

When a man marries his cashier he should make an ante-nuptial contract.

The average reformer believes none but good men are ever left out of office.

Too often a drug store by some other name would be more appropriate.

Fleas are said to cause disease. We never knew before that profanity was a disease.

Old age is never an inducement to marriage unless there is also a big bank account.

Rats are the means of conveying diseases. Women, therefore, take sanitary precautions.

An alderman in a nearby city proposed that the council lay their heads together to build a wooden pavement.

A man who was building a family tree found ten ancestors who had served the state—because they had to.

An inquirer asks: "How near is heaven?" We don't know, but the other place is often reported as being just around the corner.

The man who dances longest with the Beauty of the Ball is the one who kicks most about carrying out the wash water at home.

One reason why marriage is a failure is because there are so many chafing dishes before marriage and so many stew pans after.

An emotional novelist wrote the following: "With one hand he held her beautiful head above the chilling waters and with the other called loudly for assistance."

PULSE OF THE PRESS

A Feature Page.

[Lisbon Free Press.]

It's the latest rage—to read the social page—in The Evening Times—for its many rhymes—but don't throw down the gage—its editor is Page. * * * The Evening Times has made quite an acquisition in capturing Mrs. Page as society editor. That column is especially sparkling and its literary dress attractive.

Look Out for the Curves.

[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

Don't loosen your hold if the world wags wrong—
Hold tight, my boy, hold tight;
There are others who grope and stumble along—
Hold tight, my boy, hold tight;
If the others glide past you and get to the top,
Don't give up your efforts—don't grumble and stop;
Bend down to your task; don't weaken—don't flop—
Hold tight, my boy, hold tight.

'Tis True, 'Tis Pity.

[Duluth News-Tribune.]

The debts we owe in money are our lightest obligations. We fume and fret and worry over them and totally disregard the due of him who has given freely of kindness and is entitled to reciprocation and gratitude as a consideration. We are indebted to every one who makes the world a little brighter for us by turning a smiling face toward us, who sets a good example by means of a thoughtful action and who is happy in cheerful service. These debts should be repaid in kind.

A National Weakness.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

Mr. James J. Hill in a recent address before the Commercial Club of St. Paul declared that profligacy is one of our national characteristics. As a specification he adduced the waste of the public domain and asserted that now there is no room on the land for the immigrants rushing to our shores, who must therefore "crowd into the cities."

The epithet of condemnation may arouse a discussion as to its justice. But it is certain that the waste of our forests the reckless conferring of our public lands on corporations, the grants of vast franchises in our cities, the building of costly highways, leaving them to be cut up by narrow tires, are exponents, if not of profligacy, at least of a reckles failure to look to the future. And the characteristic governs other transactions. The lumber man finds his present purpose best served by slaughtering off the trees from his timber tract and then abandoning the denuded land. Exactly the same method governs the corporate policy in dealing with the long and short haul rates, of which Mr. Hill is an eminent exponent. The railroad finds the immediate purpose served by meeting competition on the long hauls with heavily reduced rates, while keeping up rates two to four times as great on the intermediate traffic. Therefore, they do so, regardless of the inevitable result of dwarfing and stifling by the discrimination the local traffic, which if properly developed would be of the greater importance to their future prosperity.

This phase of the national failing is pertinent because it bears on the case which Mr. Hill specifies. It is very well established that if thorough cultivation were practiced on the farms of the United States the land would suport an agricultural population three times the present one. But so long as railroad policy concentrates industry and progress at the competitive points the concentration of population there will go on. When the powers of the corporate and political world make it possible for the industry at a way station to enjoy the same transportation privileges as the industries at the central city agriculture and manufacturing can be brought into close juxtaposition, and the immigration need no longer "crowd into the cities."

The "Hurry Letters."

[Philadelphia Item.]

All persons who have wanted to send a "hurry letter" at a time when they couldn't get a special delivery stamp will be interested in a bill which has been introduced in the House providing that twelve cents' worth of stamps of any denomination affixed to a letter or to any package requiring but two cents for transmission in the usual way shall insure its delivery by special messenger, provided the words "special delivery" are written on the envelope. The present method seems and really is, simple, and it is a great convenience; but the proposed method will be simpler and even more convenient. As a matter of fact, many people now believe that twelve cents' worth of stamps is all that is required to command the special service. The stamps are cancelled and the letters follow the usual course of the two-cent missive, so that the post office department catches the trustful but uninformed senders both coming and going. Even if the measure under consideration becomes a law, careless correspondents will be caught by the provision requiring that the words "special delivery" appear on the nevelope. But for the majority of users of the mails the proposed method would save annoyance and delay and it would undoubtedly considerably increase the use of the special delivery service.

One feature of this service which canot be changed by legislation is often ignored by people who send special delivery letters to business offices. It sometimes causes inconvenience but the remedy is wholly with the sender. Such a letter addressed to a person in a New York business office and mailed in Hartford in the evening will very likely be taken to the office of the man addressed before that office is open the next morning. One effort having been made to deliver it by special messenger the letter becomes a part of the ordinary letter mail and is taken back to the post office or sub-station to be taken out by the regular carrier. In the meantime, the carrier will very likely have started on his first round, so that the letter which with a two-cent stamp would have reached its destination in the first delivery is delayed until the second delivery. This is an example of haste making waste. However, the special delivery system has done much to facilitate communication, and every improvement will be welcome.

Three to One.

[Kansas City Journal.]

This advertisement recently appeared in a Louisville (Ky.) paper: "Lost—One dollar reward will be paid for the return of my Maltese kitten; white cross on throat, blue ribbon about neck; answers to name of 'Fluffy.' Mrs. X. Y. Brown."

And immediately under it appeared the following:

"Reward—I will pay $3 reward for the hide of said cat. X. Y. Brown."

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.