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MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 12, 1906



Let reverence be inculcated by every mother to the rising 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 by courts of justice. In short, let it become the political religion of the nation.—Abraham Lincoln.

WELL WORTH OF OBSERVANCE.

Ninety-seven years ago today in a humble Hardin county, Kentucky, home, was born "the great emancipator"—Abraham Lincoln.

Called upon to assume the reins of national government at a time when threats of civil war were rife and treason and sedition stalked wellnigh unreprieved through the halls of the nation's capitol; when the great majority of the country's most famous sons had decreed for the dismemberment of the union and the brainiest and best of those who remained loyal to the old flag viewed with fear and trembling the approach of the lowering war-cloud; when the bonds that had bound the sisterhood of states for near four score years were riven in a day like ropes of sand—it was at this time that the God of Nations gave to the loyal North this peerless leader, a statesman wise and just, who for four long and lurid years directed the destinies of the Republic, preserving the nation in its entirety and recalling the dove of peace to a war-stricken and blood-drenched land.

Assailed by open foes from without and beset by secret plotters from within; his ablest counselors, borne down by the repeated reverses of the union arms sickened and despaired, and advised compromise even to the extent of allowing the erring sister states to go, but ever buoyed up by his high and noble purpose and sustained by the conviction that the God of Justice was ever on his side, he never faltered and he never swerved until his mighty work had been fully accomplished.

It has been truly said that in the palace of American genius there are many knights and nobles, but the prince of the purple chamber was the poor railsplitter of lowly origin. In all the days set apart by the grateful and appreciative people of all lands commemorative of the worth and work of their gallant sons none are more worthy of sincere and faithful observance than is that of the natal day of the God-like Lincoln.

SOME NEW METHODS.

The meeting of the real estate dealers at Bismarck resulted, among other things, in perfecting an immigration association the purpose of which is to bring to this state a desirable class of people.

Such an organization has been needed for several years. In the early history of Dakota, a spirit of adventure, lured on by the ever glowing story of wealth on the frontier. These people came and fought nature on her threshold. The hardships would chill the marrow of the band box man of the effete east today. To them they but added zest to the conquest.

When the story of the riches of the new land spread abroad, it drew others to the country, until there was the sparse population of an embryo state. These could have the soil for the taking, however, and once the price of land reached the point where the ready money of a lifetime must be invested to procure a farm, immigration halted.

There was a reason for this. During the early days before men learned how to handle the soil and to conserve the moisture, and before the cultivated plants had become acclimated, there were failures.

The story of these failures were spread abroad, and North Dakota became known as a sort of alms house. That came the years of good crops. The country had not changed, nor had

With the crops land prices made marvelous advances. But the buyers were slow.

They had heard of the bad crops, and when the story of the good ones were sent out accompanied by an offer to sell land, the outside world looked upon the thing as a scheme to fobst upon it a gold brick.

When land cost nothing or comparatively nothing, the man in ordinary circumstances would come to the state, for if he should fall he would be lost but little, at when it became necessary for him to sell his property in the accumulation of which he had spent the greater part of a lifetime, he hesitated. If he invested all in the new and to him untried country, and lost, he was ruined for life. All was lost with little hope of recovery.

Real estate men failed to grasp the changed conditions and instead of introducing a campaign of substantial education continued to pour out the stories of fortunes easily made and the glowing accounts only convinced the outside world more firmly of the gold brick swindle.

The Bismarck gathering will do much to change these impressions. The members have been working along new lines for some time and instead of flooding the country with literature filled with glittering generalities—true but received like the early gospel—they are now dealing out facts which though startling, are capable of investigation and substantiation.

This character of work is educating the outside world out of the theory that investments in North Dakota are on the same plan as gold mines without gold.

The plan will be carried forward with energy by the new organization and the state will reap a harvest from the work.

DEVELOPING THE RACE HORSE.

The Northwest is fast becoming a great racing field. The character of the racing is altogether different from that which has made the Brighton Beach and Sheephead tracks famous, but it is none the less popular.

On these famous tracks of the east the races are between horses with world famous records, and are to a great extent what might be termed professional races. The races are technical and the general public care little for them except as curiosities.

The character of the racing in the Northwest is different. Here it largely is a matter of speed and endurance, and the contests are of the kind that the populace can appreciate and enjoy.

While many of the horses are imported from other states, the racing is developing a desire for the breeding of fast horses that will in time make North Dakota as famous as Kentucky.

It is well recognized among horse breeders that the feed grown in this state possess peculiar properties for the development of muscle and the ability to endure. These, with quick and accurate movement form the basis of good racing horses.

The horse that has the muscle to carry itself forward, the ability to use these muscles quickly and accurately and the lung capacity to endure the sustained effort is a good race horse. Of course there must be the nerve—the undivided determination to do, but this without the other is worthless.

These are just the things that can be given by means of the North Dakota environment. The horse breeders of the state have been giving attention to the raising of draft horses in the past, because there was an urgent demand for these, with the market at our own doors.

Raced horses do not find such a general market, but when they do the price is sufficient to justify the waiting.

The gradual development of the racing business will demand in time the raising of our own horses, and once they have been put to the test, they will, judging by the records of our draft horses, take a prominent place among the racing stables.

CLOSE UP THE DEFICIT.

Grand Forks agreed to raise \$25,000 for the Methodist college in order to secure the affiliation of that institution with the University.

The response for the request for aid has been hearty—remarkably so. There remains, however, a deficit of \$1,350 which should be closed up as early as possible.

Those who are pushing the matter

will bring additional students to the University, and of course will profit by their residence in it. It is worth more to the city than is being contributed.

For this reason the public should give the matter attention and the pledge should be rounded out without delay.

The Uplift.

To have a goal beyond that of today. A spot toward which to go with constant pace. A something worthy of being followed—this is the uplift of the human race.

And be that goal a monarch's end and aim. A world ambition fit to satisfy. Or be it on a soldier's modest fame. Which spurs him on to duty or to die.

Or be it more, an immaterial fee. That which endures beyond the pale of time. Riches laid up against eternity—Or be it on the humble goal of rhyme.

What e'er its worth, 'tis this that leads man on. From round to round still upward toward the light. It points the way forever toward the dawn. And sets a star within the deepening night. —Floyd D. Raze.

Sifting.

When the wind the snow is drifting from the north to northwest sifting. When the stars are bright and sparkling in the sky. Out behind the wooded lifting stands a man the ashes sifting.

For the cold this year is scarce and scant and high. To the sifter he is bending and the ashes are descending. Then he gathers up the fuel, every sparkling lump a jewel. They must warm his home ere winter has passed by.

In this world so full of weeping there's a sifter ever keeping. Keeping silent watch above the skies of blue. He is sifting men before him—if they hate him or adore him. For the fields are ripe and honest men are few. Are you sinking, sinking, sinking, to the ash heap, without thinking—To a fate which in eternity you'll rue? Or, an honest, sparkling jewel, will you serve as the world's fuel, And warm some heart that's waiting now for you? —William A. Simonds.

Pauline Hall. The announcement of the appearance in this city on Thursday, Feb. 15 of the Pauline Hall Opera company in "Dorcas," by Harry and Edward Paulton, authors of "Ermie," is made doubly interesting by his positive assertion that it will be presented by the original New York cast, headed by the queen of America's comic opera stars, Pauline Hall, herself. On more than one occasion in the past local theatre goers have had to content themselves with mediocre interpretations of some of the big New York successes by reason of the fact that the presenting companies had been organized along economical lines for the express purpose of playing only the smaller towns and cities. Managers Nelson Roberts and Frank B. Arnold, under whose direction Miss Hall's present triumphal tour is being made, have not proven themselves penny wise and pound foolish in this respect. They have contracted to present Miss Hall in "Dorcas" on tour with the same magnificent company that made her latest New York success such a notable one. The entire New York production, with its wealth of scenic investiture, beautiful costumes, novel light effects and the hundred and one other accessories, are employed in Miss Hall's present tour. Always loyal to the public, Miss Hall has found the public loyal to her. Everywhere she has been greeted by large and enthusiastic audiences. With her only rival for queenly honors, Lillian Russell, now on the vaudeville stage Miss Hall now has the comic opera field practically to herself. True we have Schuman Heineck, Fritz Scheff and one or two others, but not being natives, it is not in the least unfair to record that none of them can quite fill the niche in the hearts of the American public held by the former star of "Ermie."

In "Dorcas" Miss Hall has secured the biggest comic opera success of the last decade and is particularly fortunate in having in it a stellar role which gives the fullest scope to her magnificent voices and her great powers as an actor. Prominent in her support are Josephine Knapp, Jennie Weathersby, May Bouton, Ethel Comstock, Mamie Scott, Ianthie Willis, Jenny Bartlett, Geoffrey Stein, Charles Fulton, John E. Young, Lyman White, Robert Burton, George Hall, J. P. Donnelly and others. Those who keep posted on matters musical will recognize in this galaxy of names the very cream of comic opera talent.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Dyspepsia is a blessing in disguise. It saves grub.

A political agitator is usually agitated about election time.

The Hall of Fame awaits the man who invents a lickless stamp.

Michael Longworth is reported sick. From the reports he has been love sick for some time.

Times are dull with the New York family skeletons since the exposure of Town Topics.

The Gould family are the possessors of a foreign title they would sell at a bargain counter price.

The Christine Eagle wants Brewer sent to the pen, and Brewer wants the other fellow put in the bug house. Mutual compliments.

A thousand years from now St. Valentine will have a rival who will be the patron saint of divorce.

Editor Hancock of Edgeley, has retired from the editorial chair to take a position on the operating table. He will remain until he disposes of his appendix.

Some jealousy has arisen between Pittsburg and New York as to which is the greatest divorce center.

When a girl wants to decline a proposal it has become proper to say: "I decline to answer on the advice of counsel."

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has a female man huffer. Grand Forks will probably contribute her fare if she will locate here.

The insurgents claim they lost an organ by the newspaper consolidation at Casselton. Not so bad. They just got an eye knocked out.

There are some breaths in Grand Forks that would test more than two per cent alcohol, and the question is, are they intoxicating?

When a man can't tell the difference between a primary and general election law, it is proof that he came from the state noted for mule breeding.

The Willow City Eagle has commenced explaining for Spalding. Gee! Break a hole in the gas pipe.

AMUSEMENTS

Louis James. Louis James the eminent actor who appears at the Metropolitan on Wednesday made a most significant statement recently, when asked if he was opposed to theatrical performances on Sabbath said: "Certainly I am opposed to theatrical performances on the Sabbath, not so much from a theological standpoint as from the broad platform of humanitarianism. Why exact from the professional what you do not demand from the mechanic? and strange to say the very men who are the greatest advocates for an eight hour day and a six day week are the best patrons we have for a seven day theatre. And yet as we actors are but the servants of the public, if they

desire, but do so with discretion, what I mean by that is, give them dramatic performances that will appeal to their higher senses—something to make them better citizens, truer husbands, nobler men. There are many, many plays before the public today that preach a stronger sermon and touch a more responsive cord in the hearts of the audience than ever could be reached from the pulpit, and again, after all is said and done, the Sabbath day observance is purely a matter of geographical location. The Greeks observe Monday as their Sabbath, the Persians Tuesday, the Assyrians Wednesday, the Egyptians Thursday, and the Christians Sunday. Thus you note, if we were to give due observance to each of these nationalities in this cosmopolitan country of ours, there would be no performances at all."

As soon as "Mary" was seated the thrice widow began: "There," pointing to a small urn on one side of the mantle, "lie the ashes of poor Tom, and there," pointing to another urn, "lie the remains of John. Now, what would you have done with Jack, who lies cold and still—cremated or buried?"

The old woman hesitated, and then said, bitterly: "I never had a lover in my life, while you—you have had them to burn."

A Waste of Money.

The manager of a New York theatre tells the following story: During a performance of "Rip Van Winkle," by the late Joseph Jefferson, the manager who was standing in the lobby, observed a countryman hovering about the entrance in an uncertain way. Finally, as with a determination to go the limit, the countryman bought a ticket and entered the house. A little while after the manager happened to be in the lobby again, when the countryman came out with an expression of intense disgust upon his face.

"Well, how do you like the show?" the manager inquired, with secret amusement.

The irate farmer grew confidential. "Say, mister," he replied, "I'm a-goin' tew have a mighty hard time splainin' tew Marandy what I done with them tew dollars, but you kin bet I won't tell her I paid it tew see an old fellow fill up on licker on 'er ter sleep, when I could a-gone up ter her tavern at her Corners an' a-seen old Bill Hardtree dew it fer nothin'!"

Adjourned on Motion. A southern politician recently told of an incident in connection with a slight earthquake that visited one of the gulf states not so many years ago. The shaking of the earth was distinctly felt all over the state, but especially in the state capital. The legislature was in session at the time, and nearly every member thereof ran out of the state house, when that structure began to evince a disposition to turn itself over. Of course, there was an end to legislative proceedings for that day. When the body had reconvened, it was found that some member of a grimly humorous turn, had made an entry on the journal of the legislature in these words: "On motion of the house, the legislature adjourned."

Not the Proper Label. "The one thing most resented by Americans," observed Senator Beveridge recently, "is the dictatorial attitude which some men attempt to assume. Much of the biting satire which we hear is the result of such arrogant presumption."

"A congregation in eastern Illinois had decided to erect a new church edifice and temporary accommodations were obtained in an abandoned theater.

"The clergyman, with folded arms and pompous bearing, directed the efforts of his sexton, who was busily engaged in cleaning up the accumulated rubbish. Pieces of scenery, wrecked stage furniture, programs, lithographs and musty draperies were thrust into the flames.

"Let nothing be wasted, William," warned the preacher, imperiously. "Whatever may be utilized, lay it aside, and I will dispose of it later."

"A few moments later the clergyman saw the sexton draw near the fire with a massive easel-like arrangement. "William," he called, "don't destroy that; it may be of service."

"Hardly," granted the perspiring sexton, as he tossed the affair into the flames; "it's an old sign, 'Standing Room Only.'"

How They Were Divided. A day or two before the recent gubernatorial election in Ohio, a number of politicians in Washington were discussing the probable results, when some one asked Representative John Sharp Williams, leader of the minority in the house, how the situation appeared to him.

"Well," said Williams, with a smile, "it seems to me that there is the usual division:—those pledged to the Herklick faction, those pledged to the administration's choice, those pledged to the democracy, and those pledged to all three."

Battling Nelson caught on in Boston, where he showed at the Old Howard twice a day to packed houses.

PULSE OF THE PRESS

Appreciated. [Christine Eagle.] The Grand Forks Evening Times is doing a lot of hard work for the good of the city. Just now they favor an extension of the street car lines in that city. There is nothing like a good live newspaper to keep things moving.

They All Want It. [Cavalier Chronicle.] The Grand Forks Evening Times is filling a long-felt want, all right enough. You would think so if you saw how eagerly Cavalier people grab for it when the evening mail comes in. Saint and sinner alike devour its contents.

Embarrassing. A Philadelphia business man tells this one on himself: "You know in this city there are two telephone companies," he said, "and in my office I have a telephone of each company. Last week I hired a new office boy, and one of his duties was to answer the telephones. The other day, when one of the bells rang, he answered the call and then came in and told me I was wanted on the 'phone by my wife."

One Had Letters to Burn. In a certain town lived "Old Mary," an old maid. She had come down to

Light It Three Times. A Good cigar is easily spoiled. Careless lighting will make it burn unevenly. After your cigar is lighted, light it again. Then give it a third light. Try this and see how much more you will enjoy your smoke, especially if it's a WASHINGTON IRVING. Remember it's a 10 cent cigar and worth it.

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LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY FITTINGLY OBSERVED

History of The Movements to Erect Monuments to The Memory of The Martyred President—Sermon Last Night—The Day Observed Locally.

Tributes to the memory of Abraham Lincoln in birthday dinners, school children's exercises and public meetings, while fitting and beautiful reverence to one of the nation's greatest men are not needed to keep his memory green. That has already been proved by the number of monuments in his honor, which stand in public places from one end of the United States to the other. The exquisite character of the leading figure of the Civil war, no less than his achievements of statecraft, have caused more monuments to be dedicated to his memory than have been erected to any other president. Even Washington, though he came half a century before Lincoln, has not been so often immortalized in marble and bronze. The founder has received his need of praise, but the preserver has been vouchsafed still more memorials.

The tragic circumstances of Lincoln's taking of undoubtedly had their share in this result. Washington filled out his career, and died peacefully years after he had retired from public life, and devoted himself to his farm at Mount Vernon. Lincoln was taken off in the full of his prime just when the passing of the war clouds seemed to assure his harassed brain a rest from the fierce struggle it had endured. The pathos of his death at the hands of a misguided man caused a burst of sorrow to stir this country that has never had its equal before or since, and in this outcry was laid the foundation of many enduring piles of marble.

Men were willing to give to honor this great president, not out of their pithy, but their all, if need be. Without taking into account the hundreds of smaller memorials in the lesser cities of the United States, there are pretentious and famous statues of Lincoln in Springfield, Washington, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and San Francisco. The most famous and costly of all, and probably the most beautiful is the one at Springfield, Ill. This was Lincoln's home for thirty years, and here he spent what few happy days were permitted to his storm-tossed life.

The modest little home in Springfield was the only piece of real estate that ever belonged to Lincoln, and that now appropriately is the property of the State of Illinois, it having been presented by Robert T. Lincoln, the only surviving member of the Lincoln family, after his mother died. The Springfield monument had its inception only a few days after the body of Lincoln had been lowered into its last resting place at Oak Ridge cemetery.

"The Lincoln Monument association" was formed by men who had known the great patriot during the days of his young manhood, and had seen his gradual development into the giant who went to Washington to take charge of