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WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 14, 1906



THIS DATE IN HISTORY

1400—Richard II. of England died.
1554—Fifty-nine persons executed in London for resisting the Spanish influence.
1652—Duke de Tallard born.
1696—Plot to assassinate William III. discovered.
1770—Captain James Cook, English navigator, killed. Born in 1728.
1780—William Blackstone, author of "Commentaries on Law," died. Born, July 10, 1723.
1786—James Appleton, "Father of Prohibition," born. Died, August 15, 1862.
1797—Admiral Jarvis defeated Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent.
1831—Insurrection in Paris.
1862—Gen. U. S. Grant assigned to command of district of west Tennessee.
1872—Cable between Jamaica and Porto Rico completed.
1874—Taylor's Patent balloon burned in London; loss, \$1,500,000.
1883—Edwin D. Morgan, war governor of New York, died. Born, February 8, 1811.
1884—Ohio river rose to 71 feet at Cincinnati.
1885—Town of Alta, Utah, destroyed by an avalanche.
1887—Phillip Burke Marston, English author, died.
1890—University at Toronto burned.
1891—Last spike driven in railroad between Washington and British Columbia.
1891—Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman died. Born, February 8, 1820.
1893—Proclamation setting apart the Sierra forest reserve in California.
1895—Isaac P. Gray, ex-governor of Indiana and minister to Mexico, died.
1905—Forty men executed at Warsaw for participating in street demonstrations.
Sentiment to Be Inculcated.
"Let reverence of law be breathed by every mother to the hisping babe that crawls 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.

MAKE NON-RESIDENTS PAY TAXES

In many of the cities of this state are found vacant lots owned by non-residents which are used as garbage dumps and which are miserable eyesores.
Many of these lots were procured in the early days when town lots in North Dakota ranked with gold bricks in New York. The original cost was comparatively nothing, and they have advanced in value because other property owners have built up the town.
The owners of these vacant lots have contributed nothing to bring about the enhanced value.
Suppose on either side of a lot of this character are located a man who is progressive and energetic. Each builds a good business block on his lot and increase the value of real estate in that locality. The non-resident gets the benefit, though he has done nothing. The three lots may have cost the same originally, but two of them were owned by men who had the interests of their city at heart. The other was owned by a man who only held it to reap the rewards of others.
Not only do the lots owned by the real estate parasites mar the beauty of the city, prevent it from being built symmetrically, and with something of a continuity of design, but they seldom pay taxes, and as the lots are in practice almost non-forfeitable, they permit the taxes to lie against the property, and when sales are made, taking a fixed amount for their equities therein.
There is but one way to remedy the evil, and that is to tax them into the market and in case of failure to pay, to make sale of the same with a speedy and perfect title from the tax sale.
This remedy may seem somewhat harsh at first blush, but if it is relieved of the secretive methods of the courts, there would be no such feature remaining.
If the property is not worth the taxes due upon it, the owner will have no interest in saving it. If it is, no matter how poor, he can procure the money to save it from sequestration.
If instead of publishing the notice of sale in a local newspaper, which has no general circulation, and then accepting that miserable legal fiction that the party interested has constructive notice, a writ were sent to a court officer to be personally served upon the owner, and the return be

a few years there would be a system in the state that would be the admiration of future generations.

Sunset on the Reservation.
Red glow the sun on the smoke-browned top of the tepee;
Cold is the plain in the dying light of day;
Faint comes the wail of the pappoose, ill and sleepy.
And weary are the feet that seek the white man's way.

Think ye, O strong, that the task ye set my kindred
Can be done as a lesson that one masters in a day?
How can we travel, swift of foot and all unburdened,
On our paths unfamiliar, to your spur of eye and nay?

Years have we lived, as our ancestors have taught us:
Now all must change—we must live the white man's life;
Anger ye show us there what harm is wrought us!
If we leap not, full armed, in your world of stress and strife.

Years have we roamed, as our fathers roamed before us,
On the plains ye have swallowed in your never-sated greed;
Is no call heard from the dead and all unburied,
Have our forebears left no message for the red man's breed?

No, we must keep all your complex life on instant—
We must know your maze of law, and must single truth from lies;
Sink we or swim—(Ah, the end is not far distant!)
Your race will not linger, nor lend ear unto our cries.

So bring out the drum—let it rouse the sudden wilds!
Let it bring forth the dancers to the campfire's flaming wood;
Let it call up the days of the hunt, and war and pillage—
If red men must let them die as red men should!
—Denver Republican.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Men are greater inventors than women—of excuses.

If it began raining money, people would inert their umbrellas.

You can't tell a girl's complexion by the kind of powder she uses.

We act toward society as we do toward the boss. Nice to his face and to laugh at his back.

There is much in a name. A woman will do point lace stitches, but refuse to darn socks.

A Grand Forks woman is worrying over a prediction that the world will come to an end in 1995.

When a woman talks about faith in her husband it is evidence that she has never had to use it.

Most women want as many "dears" in their letters as a school teacher does commas in a composition.

Some people wear their price tag so conspicuously that you feel guilty to be caught looking in their direction.

A next door neighbor could have found out more about Smoot in two days than congress has in two years.

The Grafton News and Times talk about the Tri-State Grain Growers' convention held all over the state. Now watch Fargo swell up.

A young woman caught in a crush at the opera house remarked to her escort that she had never had such a squeezing in her life. No later report.

It is said all women marry when the right man appears. There are many indications that the wrong man got there first.

People who hear the widow talk realize they missed seeing a saint by not knowing the husband before he died.

The Washburn Leader suggests a wolf chase as a sequel to the Washburn fox hunt. It's all right if they are killed without pain.

AMUSEMENTS

Louis James.
If it be within the province of the stage to elevate mankind by presenting noble ideals of human nature, of depicting life in its most exalted state, of offering living illustrations of historical heroism, then this mission is practically accomplished in the presentation of "Virginius," by that eminent actor, Louis James, for he evidences in looks, temperament and artistic conception the ideal Roman father. Mr. James will be at the Metropolitan theater tonight.

Pauline Hall.
"Dorcas," the comic opera in which Miss Hall will be seen tomorrow night, is in three acts and has been most lavishly mounted, the three massive settings used representing the very exact of the scenic artist's skill. The costumes are said to be superlatively beautiful, giving a wealth of color to the ensembles. Miss Hall is surrounded by a notable cast, her managers, Nelson Roberts and Frank B. Arnold, having shown the same prodigality in the salary list they displayed in the mounting of the opera. Those who keep in touch with such matters will recognize the very cream of comic opera talent in the following list of principles: Josephine Knapp, Jennie Weathersby, May Bouton, Ethel Cornstock, Mamie Scott, Iantha Williams, Jenny Bartlett, Geoffrey Stein, Charles Fulton, John E. Young, Lyman White, Robert Burton, George Hall and J. P. Donnelly.

B. C. Whitney's Big Musical Comedy—"Piff, Paff, Pout"

This big musical success, direct from its run of eight months at the New York Casino, where it ran to exceptionally large business, comes to the Metropolitan on Tuesday, Feb. 20. Piff, Paff, Pout has been termed a "musical cocktail," which seems a very besting cognomen. The entertainment is kaleidoscopic, musical, bright, snappy and lively, and calculated to dispel the blues. Manager B. C. Whitney raked the country with a fine-toothed comb for pretty girls, and spent a great deal of money in arranging novelties and scenic effects that had not been seen before. The book of the piece is by Stanislaus Stange, and the lyrics and music by William Jerome and Jean Schwartz, the well known writers in the field of popular songs. Counting the chorus girls and the chorus men, the company is a very large one. One of the big novelties is the "Radium Dance," in which the Great Pony Ballet will be seen.

first minute you gained one-half of the intervening distance, and likewise in the next and in each succeeding minute; at last, if you were four inches from the rabbit, would you ever catch him? Remember, you gain one-half of the intervening distance each minute.
"If I was four inches from the rabbit," replied the student, "I would reach out and grab it."
A Reasonable Request.
This is an incident in the court room of a village in Alabama.
A prisoner who had been found guilty of larceny was arraigned before the judge to receive his sentence.
"Have you anything to say before sentence is passed?" asked the judge.
With his eyes resting upon the young attorney who defended him, he replied:
"Your honor, there is only one request that I wish to make to you. That is, in passing your sentence, I wish that you would take into consideration the youthfulness and ignorance of my attorney."

PULSE OF THE PRESS

Wolf's New Disguise.
[Baltimore Sun.]
When an old political wolf wants to get popular these days he puts on an elaborate suit of reform clothing.

Clean and Wholesome.
[McKenzie Co. Chronicle.]
One of the late papers to make its appearance in North Dakota and battle for recognition is the Evening Times of Grand Forks. It is claimed that it is an instrument in the hands of Senator Hansbrough published for his benefit; to this we can only say that whoever is back of it, is putting up a clean, wholesome newsy, up-to-date paper and should be recognized as one of the leading papers of the northwest; especially does it advocate the best interests and welfare of the people of North Dakota.

Misguided Missionary Work.
[Bowbells Tribune.]
A woman was found starving in Chicago the other day, that is, the people who found her thought she was starving; but she was surprised at the idea. "We've had 17 cents a day to live on for the last two months," she said, "the children and I—we aren't starving. There's lots that's worse off than we are." There were eight children in that family and they looked like walking skeletons.

A well-known philanthropist stated in a public speech recently that 25,000 people went to bed hungry every night in the year in New York city alone.

A Cheyenne, Colo., girl, 15 years old, applied to the courts of that city and asked them to send her to the House of the Good Shepherd, so that she could escape from her family, who were trying to force her into a life of shame.

A boy seven years old shot his mother last Sunday and killed her because she spanked him for some childish offense.

And the missionaries still gather funds for the conversion of the heathen in China.

A Whited Sepulchre.
[Mandan Pioneer.]
The "reformer" Spalding delivered his opening address of the campaign at Rugby and among other things that he is reported as mentioning was that the corrupt methods of the political bosses showed that they were not to be trusted with the affairs of the state. Let's see! How long was it that former Congressman Spalding was intimately associated with the bosses of the state? He was a member of the constitutional convention, chairman of the republican state central committee two years, member of congress four years, candidate for re-nomination for congress four years, candidate for nomination for congress or supreme judge in 1904 and was willing to accept numerous other positions if he could have had them. He was generally associated with the bosses when the ticket was made up and in 1902 made it himself. This ought to satisfy the cravings of most politicians. But it appears that Spalding has forgotten his past associates and now wants to form a party of his own, have the exclusive leadership of it, name the state ticket and depose the men with whom he served for many years. While it may show a lack of proper appreciation of those who were with you in the past and aided you to hold office from which you grew fat and rich, yet there is nothing like having a party which you can control, make and unmake, name the officers, dictate the policy and in fact be the whole thing.

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An Awkward Moment.
Jean Gerardy, the cellist, was praising, at a dinner in Boston, an unknown child musician.
Suddenly he paused.
"We speak of painting the lily," he said, "and of gilding fine gold—well, it was just such a futile task that I once saw this little boy's father try to do.
"The boy plays beautifully the works of others. His father last year announced that he had developed, along with his technical talent, a wonderful skill in improvisation. The man invited a hundred and fifty of the leading musicians and critics of Paris to come to a certain hall on a certain evening and hear the lad improvise.
"His father, then he laughed, and in a loud, gay voice he said:
"Papa, I have forgotten the rest."

Postponed—A bashful young couple, who were evidently very much in love, entered a crowded street car in Boston the other day. "Do you suppose we can squeeze in here?" he asked, looking doubtfully at her blushing face.
"Don't you think, dear, we had better wait until we get home?" was the low, embarrassed reply.—Life.

A broad smile spread over the countenance of the judge as he calmly sentenced the prisoner to six months in jail, and the attorney for the defense, seizing his books and papers, hurriedly left the court room.

Representative John Sharp Williams tells a tale of the days when he was counsel for a railway line in one of the southern states.

It appears that, at one point on its line, the company had stationed an old negro watchman, whose duties consisted in warning travelers down a highway crossing the tracks when a train approached. One night, a wagon belonging to a farmer was struck, resulting in a bad accident. The company was, of course, sued for damages, and, at the trial, the old darkey was the principal witness for his employers. He replied to the questions put to him in a clear, direct fashion. Among these questions, was one as to whether he was sure that he had swung his lantern across the road when he perceived the train approach. The negro replied:
"I shoredy did, sah!"

The trial resulted in a verdict for the company, and Mr. Williams, as counsel, took early occasion to compliment the aged negro on his excellent testimony. To which the latter replied:
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