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THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 15, 1906



THIS DATE IN HISTORY

- 1564—Galileo born. Died Jan. 8, 1642.
1694—Bradford paid for printing first book in New York city.
1710—King Louis XV. of France born. Died May 10, 1774.
1763—Seven years war ended.
1778—First salute to American flag by a foreign government.
1801—Concordat between Bonaparte and Pope Pius VII. signed at Paris.
1809—Cyrus H. McCormick born.
1820—Susan B. Anthony born at Adams, Mass.
1835—Nathan Dane died.
1862—Surrender of Fort Donelson.
1864—First war prisoners received at Andersonville prison.
1865—Cardinal Nicholas Wiseman died.
1869—Reburial of the remains of J. Wilkes Booth.
1870—Northern Pacific railroad begun at the Dalles of St. Louis, Minn.
1879—Women admitted to practice before the U. S. Supreme Court.
1881—Cincinnati Museum association incorporated.
1885—Francis A. Drexel of Philadelphia, died.
1888—David R. Locke, Toledo editor, died.
1889—Battleship Maine blown up in Havana harbor.
1901—Maurice Thompson, novelist, died.
1904—Marcus A. Hanna died.
1905—Gen. Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur," died.

Sentiment to be inculcated. Let reverence of law be breathed by every mother to the nursing 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 legisla-tive halls and enforced in courts of justice; in short, let it become the political religion of the nation.—Abraham Lincoln.

NONE BETTER. (Flasher Hustler.) Have you seen the Grand Forks Evening Times? It is as good a daily paper as can be found in the Northwest, and should be in the home of every man interested in his own state.

RARE EDUCATIONAL FACILITIES.

One of the things which men of families consider when they contemplate locating in a city, are the educational advantages available, along with the other means of general enlightenment. In this particular there is not a better city in the entire Northwest than Grand Forks. There are three things which constitute the educational facilities of the city. These are the magnificent public schools, the University, and the lectures and entertainments. The advanced education of a child depends upon the character of its early training. If this has been thoroughly and properly done, the super-structure is easily erected. This primary education is the work of the public schools, and their ability to do it properly is what men with children to educate consider. The schools depend upon facilities afforded for the imparting of knowl-edge, and the imparting of this knowl-edge itself. The first is the work of the board of education. The second the work of the teachers. As to the school officials there need be no argument except a look at the splendid buildings which stand like the Temple of Knowledge, so that all may behold. There are no better equipped schools in any city in the country. The teachers are among the fore-most in their profession. They have struck that happy medium between the mind killing fools and the newer methods that is the correct educa-tional plan. They are progressive, energetic, comprehensive and thor-ough. The pupil who goes out from the city schools is thoroughly grounded in the elements of an education. But he need not stop at this point in his educational career, for at his door is the State University, ranking with the very best in the country, with a course sufficiently comprehensive to fit him for any vocation or profession, and with a faculty of intellectual giants filling the several chairs. Add to these opportunities the op-portunities offered by the business col-leges of the city, and the compre-hensive lecture course mentioned by the Y. M. C. A., and kindred institutions, the lectures on subjects of special in-terest which do not properly belong to the scope of school work. In such an educational and intellec-tual environment, the seeker after

Larger Life. At the dusk of eventide, With my willing mind astride Of the hobby that sways me Like the flood tides rule the sea. Filled with sweetest thoughts at I. While soft time is sliding by; Everything just wants to give As I dream and love and live. Evening star and moon's mild shine, Earth's great love and love divine; Life's sweetest hopes and mysteries, All that ever was or is. Seems to fill my open heart; Nothing is from me apart; God is whispering to me— "This child, is what life should be." —Arthur Carlile.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Love is like a photograph plate. It develops best in a dark room. Some men think their wives are bureaus for the dissemination of sym- pathy. Postmasters can tell if a girl is en- gaged by the amount of postage on her letters. Some women object to snap shot pictures because they cannot be re- touched. An Ohio legislator wants bachelors taxed. On this theory bigamists should be pensioned. The difference between your valentine and your obituary is that the former tells the truth. Many Fargo men do not borrow trouble. They buy it in half pint packages over in Moorhead. If you believe the stories of the re- spective partisans, Grand Forks will elect two mayors this spring. A brilliant intellect in a puny body is like gold in the pockets of a spent swimmer. This for the heroic in foot- ball. The greatest joy for a woman is to buy a thing she does not need. For a man it is to take a drink he does not need. If Abraham were carrying all the lambs of Wall street in his bosom he would have to display the standing room only card. Physiologically speaking, there are no two-faced people, but some men have a vacant place where another face might be put. Blessed is the man that putteth ashes upon the ice, for he shall pre- vent many bruises and reduce the pro- fanity of the pedestrian. Webster has a club of young ladies who are proving that there are no microbes in kissing. Several Grand Forks young men will locate in that town. The day before the wedding a girl will tell her future lord she does not care if she never again sees her fam- ily, and the day after she invites them all over.

STORIES OF THE HOUR

These Beardless Angels. The question of beardless angels was long since settled by a distin- guished divine, the Right Rev. Richard H. Wilmer, late bishop of Alabama, who was remarkable at once for his piety and his humor. When someone asked him why it was that the pic- tures of men angels, as well as female angels, were represented without beards, the bishop replied promptly that it seemed to be easy enough to make angels out of women, but that men could only get into heaven by a "close shave."

AMUSEMENTS

Little Johnny Jones. The music in "Little Johnny Jones," is one of the most fascinating features. No composition given to the Amer- ican stage for a long time has ever become so popular, in fact one may hear Geo. M. Cohan's songs played and whistled in almost any part of the world at the present time. Of course the greatest hits are "Good Bye, Flo," "Yankee Doodle Boy," "Give My Re- gards to Broadway," but Mr. Cohan has only recently written a new one entitled "I'm Mighty Glad I'm Living and That's All," that bids fair to rival in popularity "Always Leave Them Laughing When you say Good Bye," or "Mr. Boston Lawson." Seats for "Little Johnny Jones" will be in great demand and its engage- ment at the Metropolitan on the even- ing of Wednesday Feb. 21 will un- doubtedly be one of the biggest amuse- ment events of the season. "Piff! Paff! Poff!" "Piff! Paff! Poff!" Mr. B. C. Whit- ney's great musical attraction, which comes to the Metropolitan Theatre next Tuesday February 20 is essen- tially a musical show and comes to this city after a run of over eight months at the New York Casino. This company is one of the largest and most expensive musical organizations ever organized, and contains among the principal numbers such well- known theatrical celebrities as Fred Mace, Kathryn Osterman, R. E. Gra- ham, Nellie Mae Hewett, Charles A. Morgan, Lulu McConnell, Walter R. Cluxton, Eveleen Dunmore, Harry Stuart, Grace Dace, Lee Rice, Lisle Bloodgood and others, including a chorus of over half a hundred people. The songs are the features of the piece and are of a character that com- pel appreciation. In fact there is a song hit in the air all the time and they follow each other in rapid succession, with a snap and a go that is always relished. Messrs. William Jerome and John Schwartz have repented their "Bedeila" and "Mr. Dooley" in the way their songs have caught on and hit the public. The fol-

lowing are some of the more popular ones: "The Melancholy Sunbeam and the Rose," "I Don't Want Any Wurtz- burger," "Under the Goo Goo Tree," "My Unkissed Man," "Love, Love, Love," "Lute," "I'm So Happy," "Cor- della Malone" and "Since Little Dolly Dimple Made a Hit."

Pauline Hall.

While local theatre-goers have had the opportunity of seeing most all of the big New York successes of recent years it has sometimes happened that they have suffered at the hands of an inferior cast, the presenting companies having been materially cheapened up on leaving the metropolis. No such a short-sighted policy has been pursued in the present instance, however. The list of principals in Miss Hall's sup- port is really a most notable one, sev- eral of them notably are Josephine Knapp, having starred successfully, while all of them have achieved suc- cess on the comic opera stage. One has only to mention the names of such artists as Jennie Weathersby, May Bouton, Ethel Comstock, Mamie Scott, Janthe Willis, Jenny Bartlett, Geof- frey Stein, Charles Fulton, John E. Young, Lyman White, Robert Burton, George Hall and J. P. Donnelly to sub- stantiate the statement that Miss Hall's present company is perhaps one of the strongest musical organizations ever sent on tour. That the great prima donna will be greeted by a large and representative audience upon her appearance would seem to be a fore- gone conclusion. Miss Hall will present Dorcas to- night at the Metropolitan.

Street Car Stories.

A group of traffic managers and auditors at the convention of street railway men in Philadelphia were tel- ling stories of street railroading. One of them said: "A pretty Irish girl, fresh from the old country, sat in a trolley car looking at the strange American country with modest inter- est. She had soft, gray eyes, a face like roses and lilies, beautiful hair, and white teeth. "Your fare, Miss," said the conduc- tor, pausing before her. "She blushed and bit her lip. "Your fare, Miss," he repeated. "Sure," said the girl: 'an' what if I be? Ye must not be repeatin' it like that before folks."

Mistake in the Bill.

A gentleman who recently returned from a tour in Spain tells this story: He left Seville on foot after a stay of a week, and was twenty miles away when he was overtaken by the land- lord of the hotel where he had stop- ped. The innkeeper rode alongside of his guest for nearly an hour before he found courage to make known his business. "F the senor and God pleases," he began, apologetically. "I make a mis- take in his bill yesterday. "How?" I inquired. "I forgot to make a charge for his candles to light him to bed!" "But it was moonlight, and I had no candles." "Then, senor, with the help of God, I forgot to charge you with the moon- light." "The charge amounted to two cents in American money, and he had hired an ass and ridden twenty miles to col- lect it. I was amused and astonished. Then I accused him of being a robber, and offered him a cent to settle the bill. He worked up a beautiful smile and held out his hand. "I will take it with thanks, senor," he said. "God will bless you for an honest man!"

Janitor Taking War Loans.

The colored panitor of one of the biggest and best known banking houses of New York selected Old Orchard Beach as the place to spend his holiday. Before starting he asked per- mission to wear the uniform which decorated his manly form during his hours of service, on condition that he did not wear his "signifiers." He was not long in surrounding himself with a coterie of admiring friends. He was nothing if not mag- niloquent. "Why," said he one after- noon to the crowd, "you folks don' hab and idea ob what we does. We took de whole ob de Spanish-American loan, and den when de Jap war come on we just took a half o' de whole business, 50,000,000 yen—dats \$25,000,000—and now, when de whole affair is ober, we'll take de whole ob de Japan loan, we'll put on de market most ob de Russian loan, a hundred million ko-

pecks—yes sir a hundred million ko- pecks!" "But," said the butter-in, "who are you anyhow? You seem to be puttin' on a lotter lugs. Who are you any- how?" "Who am I? Who am I? Fo' de Lawd, didn't ye ever heb ob de great bankin' house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. ob New Yawk? Didn't ye?" "Yes, yas; dat's all right, but who be you?" "Me? Why, I'se Coon."

Slightly Precocious.

Two young ladies were calling on a new neighbor, and while they were awaiting her appearance a little girl came into the room, evidently bent upon the rescue of a doll recently abandoned there. Naturally she was viewed with some curiosity, and one of the callers, thinking herself secure in the child's obviously tender age, spell- ed a law-voiced comment, "Not very pretty?" To her horror the small maiden paused on the threshold and, looking contemptuously at the culprit, remarked, with a lofty composure, "No, not very p-r-e-t-y, but rather s-m-a-r-t."

Taking the Necessary Precaution.

There is a young woman in Wash- ington who is a graduate of a seminary that makes a feature of its course in domestic hygiene. One day a friend was walking with this young woman, and their conversa- tion turned to the discussion of some rather abstruse questions which the graduate intended to present in a paper before a woman's club at the capital. The graduate was holding forth in approved seminary style on various scholarly themes, when she suddenly stopped and picked up a pin on the sidewalk. "I am surprised," smilingly observ- ed her companion, glancing at the rusty pin as the graduate stuck it under the lapel of her coat. "It is a little superstition I have never been able to conquer," said the graduate, "but," she hastened to ex- plain, "I shall sterilize this as soon as I get home."

A Resourceful Servant.

The late James M. Earle of Phila- delphia was widely known at home and abroad as the head of the Earle art gallery, an institution of no little historical interest. Mr. Earle numbered many eminent painters and writers among his friends. Of a certain noted English novelist he used to tell this story: The novelist was about to give a dinner party in his house in London, a house in Chelsea, on the Embank- ment, looking down upon the wheel- ing gulls, the stately swans, and the long, silver reaches of the Thames. It happened, on the morning of the dinner, that a bishop sent the novelist a present of two enormous and superb turbot. The turbot, like the sole, is a fish rarely seen in America. It is deli- cious and costly. The novelist was delighted with this rare gift. He sent for his chef and said: "Armand, for the fish course, natu- rally, we will have turbot tonight. Do your best, I implore you." "Oh, monsieur," cried the French artist, "I will labor over that fish as Michael Angelo over the 'Pieta.'" The novelist, smiled. Then he frowned. "To have one turbot like those of ours is a distinction, Armand," he said. "If the guests knew tonight that we had two, they would be over- whelmed. But of course one will be more than enough for the fish course." Armand mused a moment. Then he smiled. "Does monsieur," he said, "desire to have credit for both turbot?" "Yes, frankly, I do," the novelist re- plied. "Then," said Armand, "trust me." And he vanished. The dinner in the evening began ad- mirably. First came the turtle soup, and Armand himself appeared in the dining room when the fish course was brought in, and stood behind his mas- ter's chair to receive the guests' con- gratulations on his work. In a silver platter lay a giant tur- bot, a white rose in its mouth. Potatoes, mashed and molded in the form of sardines, bordered the dish, and a beautifully intricate design of gold and red, of lemons and tomatoes, covered the noble fish like a mantle. The serving man passed up and down, exhibiting the turbot to each guest. Then he was about to lay it on the sideboard when— Crash! A cry of horror from all sides. The man had slipped and fall- en with the turbot beneath him. The royal dish was irretrievably destroyed. But amid the guests' disgust and rage Armand said calmly to the but- ler: "Another turbot." And in a moment a second fish, su- perior even to the first, was brought in. As the guests, impressed beyond measure at such lavish housekeeping, looked at one another with approving nods, Armand caught his master's eye, winked and withdrew quietly. "Don't think that because riches have wings you will be able to catch them on the fly."

Table with columns: Train No., Arrives, Departs, and destinations including Larimore, Devils Lake, Minot, Havre, Spokane, Seattle and Portland, Hillboro, Fargo, Crookston, Ada, Barnesville, etc.

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