



Society

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Society Throughout the State.

At Cheyenne N. D. Mesmades Gatchell, Steadman and Bartley, entertained about twenty-five ladies and their husbands in the hall last Friday evening, the occasion being the birthdays of the three ladies. Cards, dancing and social chats were the order of the evening. Refreshments were served in the hall at 12 o'clock by the ladies.

An Up-to-Date Girl.

I sang a song of Silvia's eyes. She looked at me in mild surprise; I told of fears in her hair (Alas!) of fears that were not there; I praised her cheeks, her guileless heart in fullness of a poet's art, And from those seeds—ripe and ripened fruit—I've got a branch of promise suit.—Andrew Shaughnessy.

Food For Beauty.

A friend of mine, who is a famous authority on food and cookery, is asked over and over again, "What food will make me beautiful?" She tells her friends, laughingly, that if she could answer that question correctly her fortune would be made. I am asked likewise, dozens of times, "How can I make myself beautiful?" But there is no more magic recipe for beauty than there is for increasing one's brain power. "Eat good, nourishing food, that will build up the body generally, and the brain will share in the stimulus," is my friend's answer to her inquirers. "Look well to all the small things that make for beauty a charm and distinction that is worth quite as much in the world's eye as beauty itself," is my answer to those who ask me.—Ex.

Tea Biscuits.

One and one-half pounds flour; two ounces of butter; one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; one teaspoonful of salt; four tablespoonfuls of white sugar; two eggs.

Mix the salt, soda, cream of tartar and sugar in the flour dry, then rub in the butter. Make into a limber dough with sweet milk. Add the eggs, beaten stiff lightly with the hands roll out, cut into biscuits and bake immediately.

A Good Lenten Dish.

This makes a delicious course for a luncheon. Simmer one quart of scallops in their own liquor for ten minutes, then drain and chop fine, put a pint of milk over the fire in a double boiler, and when it reaches the boiling point thicken with two tablespoonfuls of butter, mixed with one tablespoonful of flour; season with salt and paprika; take the pan from the fire, add the scallops and the beaten yolk of one egg and put into puttered scallop shells or remakins; cover the tops with buttered crumbs and bake ten minutes in a hot oven. A tablespoonful of sherry may be added to the mixture before putting into the shells if desired.

MAN IS A SOCIAL BEING.

Man is a social being. From the creation he has had companionship. God himself said: "It is not good for man to be alone." He therefore created a companion for him. It is indeed a sorry lot for a man to be utterly alone, without friends and companions to cheer him, to help or soothe as he toils, to be a burden to those who love him, or to be a burden to himself. Even in the material kingdom the doctrine of companionship exists. A single leaf upon a tree is a type of desolation and desolation. "The last rose of summer, left blooming alone," is a type of loneliness that appeals to the tender sympathies of the soul. We naturally seek the friendship of congenial spirits, and live upon the food of social intercourse. A man who has no friends is a pitiable object, shunned and abhorred by every one. He is hard-hearted, close-fisted and morose. He gloats over the misfortune of others, and rejoices at the suffering of him. He judges all men by his own standard of his own self-chosen fortune. He is unfriendly to every one, and as a natural consequence finds a just recompense in the unkindness of those he is forced to meet.

Old friends are truly valuable. The newcomer can not altogether fill the place in our hearts of those who by years of pleasant association have established themselves firmly in our affections. There is sameness in thought, a oneness in desire and a union of action that comes only from long acquaintance and sharing in numerous common experiences. There is similarity in appearance, and the plant absorbs the nature of the soil in which it is planted, so do we absorb the temperament and the disposition of those we are most intimate with. Old friends therefore should be cherished with "hooks of steel." Happy are we if we have a few such friends—those to whom we can go in times of distress and trouble and tell them of our cares. As a little child laying its head upon its mother's bosom, looking into a face so full of love and compassion, pours out its soul in its desire for sympathy, so can we unobscure to our friends the woes that weigh so heavily upon us, knowing full well that in their hearts there is a loving sympathy. We long for such friends for those who know us, because the outward appearance may be against us, but who, realizing that the heart is right if the head does make mistakes, will take us into close and intimate relationship of sincere love and friendship.

Such friendships are not born in a day, nor do they perish with setting of the sun. They remain steadfast and firm, and though a cloud may arise to dim the lustre for a time, yet as the sunbeams break quickly return to its natural condition, so does the soul of true friendship turn to the object of its love.—Exchange.

AMUSEMENTS

Dedicated to "Yon Yonson," who comes to the Metropolitan Tuesday, March 27.

THE NORSE NIGHTINGALE.

Tal me not, yu knocking fallers. Life ban only empty dream; Da ban plenty fun an' dai you. Ef yu try John Yonson's scheme. Yon ban just a section foreman Working hard way up on the Soo; He ban just so glad in morning As ven all his vork ban tru.

"Vork," says Yohn, "ban vat yu make it Ef yu ban vork ban ban ban. Yu skoi having plenty headaches, Grah, yu bet yure life, old pard; But say always yure my coat off, Ef yu shovell and my pick, And dis yob ant seem lak hard von Ef yu do it purty quick."

Yohn ban foreman over fallers. He ant have to vork, yu see, But yu bet he ant no loafer. And he yust dig in his vork. "Listen Clar, yu skoi tal me, Making living, Eit so trick And the hardest yob ban easy Ef yu only do it quick."

Isle of Spice.

One of the attractive features of the "Isle of Spice," which comes to the Metropolitan Saturday evening, is the song, "The Goo Goo Man," sung by comedian Charles Pusey and twelve young and pretty little girls stunningly costumed. This number is said to be one of the most sensational hits ever heard in musical comedy, and it is claimed that the audiences in other cities have invariably demanded from a dozen to fifteen encores, which is surely a record. Everyone will probably be whistling "The Goo Goo Man" after it is heard here.

Babes in Toyland.

There are over one hundred people concerned in the production of "Babes in Toyland," which comes to the Metropolitan theater Monday, March 26, the majority of them being girls. There are blonde girls, brunette girls, tall girls, short girls, and every kind of girl that is pretty and attractive. Julian Mitchell, stage director of the organization, is well known as a connoisseur in the selection of a chorus. His long experience at the Weber and Fields' Music hall having made him an expert in this direction. Among the principal members of the organization who are to be seen in the leading parts are Ignacio Martignetti, Katherine Bell, Albertine Bensen, Gene Uneska, Maud Campbell, Katherine Murray, Ida Ward, Gus Pixley, Walter Schroder, John F. Ward, Edward P. Sullivan, Robert Burns and James Wilson.

It is well for the public to remember that the curtain raises at 8:15 instead of 8:30 on the occasion of "Babes in Toyland."

The Delights of Bent Iron Work.

Try bent iron work. The delight in working with the pliers, riveting, painting, etc., and above all, fitting the work together, building it up and seeing it grow slowly but surely from the first small scroll to the complete article, makes the hobby one of the most interesting and fascinating imaginable. Although appearing difficult, and seeming to require some of the mysterious art of the smith, without any scroll or curve can be formed after a little practice will astonish the beginner. Its advantages as a hobby are its cheapness; it causes a little dirt in the house; one can work standing or sitting—a great advantage. And the most elementary artist will find no difficulty in making his own patterns.—Answers.

Webster as a Kelp Gatherer.

It did not take Webster long to discover the value of kelp or seaweed as a fertilizer. He carted tons of it upon his exhausted land. In addition, he manured his land heavily; he even spread manure on some portions of the farm. He was, in fact, a scientific farmer who was constantly experimenting with soil fertilizers and the succession of crops. He wrote to his overseer frequently from Washington, planning the care of the soil and the crops, discussing the best treatment for different portions of the farm in the light of past experience. For example, in one letter he said: "We have made some mistakes, but must hope to grow wiser. Never again sow small grains on long manure. Put that down as one maxim."—Country Life in America.

John Brown Cottonwood.

One day in 1857, John Brown, the famous abolitionist, rode up to the Benton place near Ellingham, Aitkin county, and dismounted. He carried in his hand a switch which he had cut from a cottonwood tree. This he tossed aside, and later Mrs. Benton stuck it in the ground at the back door of her little house. It took root and grew. It is now a huge tree, and is known in the neighborhood as "the John Brown cottonwood."

The Question Casians.

"Begob!" observed Casian, "Is th' foin' shacks av wages that Ryan is makin' these days?" "That's he doin'," asked Corrigan. "Shure, he's janitor av a bank by day an' nightwatchman av a residence by night." "But phin does he shaps?" "Ain't O' list after sayin' that he's a nightwatchman?"—Judge.

NORTH DAKOTA'S GREAT MARCH OF PROGRESS

By H. Vanderhoef. One of the greatest displays of the agricultural resources of a state that was made at the St. Louis world's fair was that of the state of North Dakota. Its exhibit in the palace of agriculture was a revelation to the millions of people who viewed it, and the literature that was handed out there and at the state building aroused a general interest in the state, and a desire for more information concerning it. Undoubtedly this exhibit and the publicity thus gained have had much to do with the surprising influx of immigrants that the state is now enjoying. As the newcomers have settled they have in turn written to their friends of their success, and this in turn has brought in many additional thousands. But there is room for many more in North Dakota. The state is one of those western giants whose dimensions appear almost incredible to dwellers in states east of the Mississippi. It is only by comparison that some adequate idea of its immensity can be formed. To say that North Dakota contains 70,195 square miles, or 44, 910, 080 acres, does not mean much to the average reader. But tell the reader that it is larger than all New England, or that it would make the states of Massachusetts, Indiana, or that the state of Illinois could be set down in it, and then there would be 14,000 square miles left, and he or she begins to realize what this vast inland empire amounts to.

And the greater part of this vast area has never been scratched by the plow. There are millions upon millions of acres of fine land in this great state that can be had for the asking, while there are other millions that can be bought for an insignificant price, and which are destined to be the source of fortune to many thousands in the next few years. This is not a theory, but a demonstrated fact. Of the thousands of new settlers that are every year pouring into the state a very large proportion are paying for their land out of the profits of their first season's crop, while many in addition, all that is required of man is the ability and the willingness to labor. Nature, in its bounteousness, does all the rest.

How Wealth is Piling Up. One must consider the immensity of the crops of North Dakota to realize the manner in which the people of the state are piling up wealth. The total population of the state in 1905 was 437,070, but it must be remembered that a large percentage of this number live in towns and cities, and therefore cannot be classed with the agriculturists. And yet the value of the crops produced on the farms of North Dakota, with the value of the live stock and that still remaining on the farms amounted in 1904 to the tremendous total of \$128,896,011, or an average for each man, woman and child in the state of \$314.32.

The greatest crop of North Dakota, both in quantity and monetary value, is wheat. This has been the case ever since the settlement of the state, and probably will be so for many years to come. North Dakota wheat is sought in every market of the world because of its superior quality, and its production has never yet been equal to the demand. Because of the bountiful yields of this cereal, the moderate amount of labor required for its production, and the immediate cash market that awaits it, it is the logical crop for the majority of North Dakota farmers. In 1904, which is the last year for which I have the official figures, 53, 892, 193 bushels of wheat were raised in the state, and this sold for \$42, 662, 616. This means that many a new settler in the state paid for the land he occupied with his first year's crop.

But wheat is only one of the crops that are pouring a stream of gold into the pockets of the North Dakota farmer. During the same year the state produced over 21,000,000 bushels of oats, nearly 18,000,000 bushels of barley, over 13,000,000 bushels of flaxseed, the value of the latter crop being \$12, 947,412; nearly 3,000,000 bushels of potatoes, and a fraction under 2,000,000 bushels of corn. Its crop of hay was valued at over \$1,000,000, and its shipments of livestock amounted to \$5,254,732. In addition it sold dairy products valued at \$4,100,000.

This tremendous amount of wealth was the product of 3,364,495 acres, or approximately one-fifth of the state's domain. Is it any wonder that the North Dakota farmer is satisfied with his lot? There was a time when the state was a gold mine for the Eastern money lenders, and when they had millions invested in farm mortgages that were paying them 10 and 12 per cent interest. That day has passed.

READY-MADE HOMES ARE ALWAYS IN DEMAND

People of democratic tastes, who like to "live in a house," but not in a leaseable one—solve the problem easily and to their profit by renting furnished rooms to pleasant people. Isn't it better to live in a good house, with a few lodgers who pay your entire rent for you a little toward your household expenses, than to live in a small apartment, alone, with expenses that grow harder and harder to meet? If you advertise PERSISTENTLY you may, at a nominal cost, keep these "READY-MADE HOMES" always tenanted by THE RIGHT KIND OF PEOPLE, and the somewhat bitter problem of HOW TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET will give you less concern. When you set aside a few rooms in your house as "ready-made homes" and begin to advertise them you will be surprised to find how many of the "nice sort" of folks live in furnished rooms—and you will be surprised to find out how easy a matter it is to wipe out the terrors of your own "rent day."

SEE THE EVENING TIMES WANT ADS.

Heads and Feet. "Pop!" "Yes, my son." "How many feet does it take to make a yard?" "Three, my boy." "And yet it only takes two heads to make a barrel."—Yonkers Statesman.

Changing. She—And what attracted you to me? He—Your eyes. "My eyes?" "Yes; you have black eyes. I'm getting rather tired of being engaged to girls with blue eyes!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Everything in Stock. Mrs. Highart (dreamily)—I wish to select a painting for the—the north-west corner of my parlor. Dealer (brusquely)—Yes, madam. James! show the lady Sena's last marine, "The Nor'wester."—N. Y. Weekly.

How He Cured Her. Mr. Novolce (to Mr. Sponger)—My wife has been obliged to give up playing the piano. Mr. S.—Indeed! Whatever is that for? Mr. N.—Every time she began to play I insisted upon singing.—Tit-Bits.

In Oklahoma. Missionary—My friend, do you ever think about your future state? Oklahoma Ike—Say, pard, don't you read the papers? We ain't been thinkin' of anything else fer 't last few years.—Cleveland Leader.

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On Picturesque Lake Upsilon The Coming Summer Resort of the Northwest

WATER Clear as crystal, pure and fresh, fed by never failing mountain springs.

FISH In abundance and of splendid size. Muscallouge, Mountain Trout, Pickerel, Black Bass. The sportsman's Paradise.

The townsite of Wye extends for nearly two miles along the lake front. Just high enough to be dry, with a beautiful rolling surface, it is an ideal location for a summer resort. A natural amphitheatre, a race track made by nature's hand, a beautiful boat landing as though made by the gods for their amusement, are here. The entire townsite is covered with a heavy growth of young and vigorous timber. It is an ideal spot for a summer home where relaxation and recreation can combine.

It will be within a mile or two of the St. John extension of the Great Northern, and a spur into the townsite is almost a certainty. Lots are selling rapidly and a chance to get a location in this beautiful resort will soon be gone. They are cheap now because the owner wants to build a town with all conveniences rather than sell a few lots that will leave the owner more isolated than on the farm.

A PROPOSITION THAT WILL SURPRISE YOU. THE CHANCE OF A LIFE TIME.

DR. THOR MOELLER, DEVILS LAKE, NORTH DAKOTA.