PUBLIC SCHOOLS WERE ENLARGED THIS YEAR---WATCH GRAND FORKS GROW!

THE EVENING TIMES

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TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION LABEL GRAND FORKS, N. D.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

To the Republican Electors of the State of North Dakota:

In accordance with the instructions of the Republican State Central committee, a state convention of delegated representatives of the republican party of this state will be held this year at the opera house in the CITY OF JAMESTOWN,

Thursday, July 12,

at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of nominating candidates to be supported at the next general election, and for the transaction of such other business as may be brought before it. The candidates to be nominated are:

Two members of congress.
One judge of the supreme court.
Governor.
Lieutenant Governor.
Secretary of State.
State Auditor.
State Treasurer.
Superintendent of Public Instruction.
Attorney General.
Commissioner of Insurance.
Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor.
Three Commissioners of Railroads.

The basis of representation is the average number of votes cast for the two republican candidates receiving respectively the highest and lowest vote in each county in the state at the last general election in 1904 (excluding Superintendent of Public Instruction, Railroad Commissioners and Judge of the Supreme Court), giving two delegates at large to each organized county, and one delegate for each 125 republican votes, or major fraction of 125 votes, cast for the above officers in said election.

Delegates to said convention from each county will be chosen as provided under the Primary Election Law, passed by the last legislature, which provides that "Elections shall be held in the various regularly established precincts in each county, on Tuesday, June 19, polls to be open from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m." The different counties in the state will, under the apportionment herein provided, be entitled to representation as follows:

Barnes	16	Mercer	4
Benson	11	Morton	13
Billings	4	Nelson	11
Bottineau	17	Oliver	4
Burleigh	12	Pembina	16
Cass	31	Pierce	9
Cavalier	14	Ramsey	13
Dickey	10	Ransom	11
Eddy	6	Richland	19
Emmons	7	Rolette	8
Foster	7	Sargent	10
Grand Forks	23	Stark	7
Griggs	7	Steele	8
Kidder	5	Stutsman	16
LaMoure	8	Towner	9
Logan	6	Traill	12
McHenry	15	Walsh	17
McIntosh	8	Ward	34
McKenzie	2	Wells	12
McLean	17	Williams	8
		Total	467

Any new county, fully organized according to law prior to the holding of said convention, will be allowed two delegates at large.

The delagates present from each county at said convention are authorized to fill vacancies occurring in the delegation to which such county may be entitled, from residents of such county.

The attention of republican county central committees and electors is called to the new primary law governing the selection of delegates to the state convention—chapter 109 laws of 1905.

The state committee will pass upon the rights of those entitled to participate in the preliminary organization, and will meet for that purpose, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the day previous to the date of the convention, at the place of holding said convention, to hear all contests. The credentials of all delegates and notices of contest must be filed with the chairman of this committee, on or before the hour designated herein for the meeting of the committee to pass upon the rights of delegates, and notices of contests must be accompanied by a written statement of the grounds for contest. Preference in the order of hearing and determining contests will be given by the committee, in accordance with the dates of the filing of such notices and statements with the chairman.

By order of the Republican State Central committee, at a meeting held in the city of Fargo, Saturday, April 21, 1906.

—L. B. HANNA,
Chairman.

—M. H. Jewell,
Secretary.

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 court of justice; in short, let it become the political religion of the nation."

—Abraham Lincoln.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Those who have for the last two years been deliberatly planning the disruption of the republican party, lacking an issue which would appeal to the reason and intelligence of the people, attempted to create an unwarranted prejudice in the mind of the public by the epithet of gang. By this phrase they meant to place an odium upon every man who refused to bow the knee to the political golden calf which they were creating. The gang was intended to mean those who were patriotic enough to refuse to join in an attempt to overthrow the republican party in this state, thereby securing the election of a democratic state administration, and at the same time helping to turn both the house and senate of the national congress over to the party of free wheat and free soup.

These disruptionists seem to have forgotten that nearly twenty centuries ago at the Armenian town of Antioch the term Christian was applied in derision to the followers of the Christ, and that since that time the term has been the highest that could be applied to an individual. So is the term gang becoming one which the people of this state refuse to consider as a sneer, because those who used it have meant to include by that every man who is true to the principles of the republican party.

To those who have so assiduously striven to make the term a reproach, no man who has been trusted by his party with its confidence is honorable in the fulfillment of his public duties. The members of the state government have been the pliant servants of unknown powers—for those who have so declared have not been able to specify a single particular case. The members of the legislature have been false to the interests of their constituents and have betrayed the trust reposed in them. The people who have by their votes placed these public servants in power are corrupt because they have elected men whom they could and did trust to positions of responsibility and honor.

Nor has the insinuating charge of the disruptionists stopped at this point. They have gone further and by inuendoes attempted to make the public believe that the great masses of the republican party in this state, men who come from the plow and shop and counting room, who would scorn the offer of a corruptionist and smite in the face the man who would offer them a bribe, have for a mess of pottage sold their political birthright. These are the things which are charged against the gang and these are the people who are included in that term by those who are seeking to turn the state over to the democratic party.

If then by the gang is meant the masses of the republican party who have of their own volition made the choice of their fellow men who have served them in a representative capacity, it is not amiss to consider at this time what the party has done for the state.

With merely a score of years of state history behind it, the republican party has built up a system of public schools which are the admiration of the leading educators of the country. It has given the state a combination of higher educational institutions that are the peers of those of the foremost states, and it has placed in charge of these institutions a class of men of the very highest integrity and ability, who have made the institutions they govern respected from one end of the land to the other. It has placed nearly every important law enacted in the last twenty years on the statute book, and it must be admitted that North Dakota is at the very top of the list of well governed states. It has labored in season and out of season to protect the interests of the wheat growers of the state upon which crop they must depend for support and from which thousands of them have become men of wealth.

Contrast this with the records of the leaders of the disruptionists and note the difference. Spalding the candidate for senator, speaking and voting in congress for the admission free of duty of Canadian wheat for the purpose of reducing the price of this product to the Minneapolis millers. The same man lobbying in the interests of fictitious residence for divorce applicants which would have made the state an object of derision in the minds of the moral people of the entire country, in order that the shame thus brought to the state might become a source of revenue to a few lawyers engaged in divorce practice, of which he was one. Voting, to the eternal shame of the state, to pay himself mileage for a trip to the national capital when he never made the trip. Another leader seeking until the last few days the nomination for governor who entered into a combination to hold up the price of state printing and secured more than it was worth from the tax payers of the state.

The contrast is clear and the man who stands at the parting of the ways need have no difficulty in making the selection of the road he will pursue. There is no need of personal abuse and dirty insinuations. The issue is one of fact and the evidence is before the jury. Those who are fighting for the preservation of the republican principles in North Dakota have not made the records of those who have attempted under the sheep's clothing of reform to deceive the people and turn their influence over to the democrats. It is history. In presenting it to the public it has been done in a manner devoid of all personalities and abuse. The purpose has been to reach the reason and judgment of the freemen of this state, realizing that when they knew the truth they would give the question a calm and honest consideration. Under these conditions there was no fear of the verdict.

No wonder these leaders attempted to stifle the truth with a meaningless cry of gang and included in it every man who was a republican from principle and not a seeker after the loaves and fishes.

FRATERNITY'S EMBLEM.

There is something in the observance of Memorial day at the present time which goes far deeper than the strewing of flowers. It is the proof of the fellowship of man which is everywhere apparent. While the custom originated with the Grand Army of the Republic, and to it the credit of annual remembrance of the dead is due, the fiery and gallant commander, when he ordered the first observance, builded better than he knew.

There is now probably no secret order which does not decorate the graves of its dead. In so doing these noble institutions which have grown to such a magnitude in this age and especially in this country, proclaim to mankind that those who assemble at their mystic altars are partakers of the friendship of all.

And what does this friendship mean? The man who pledges his fealty at the altar of any of the secret orders swears that he will be true to the principles it teaches. These principles no matter what they offer, are noble, pure, uplifting and inspiring. They require that this hand shall ever be extended to help a needy and suffering brother; that the words of unfounded slander against those of his fraternity shall never pass his lips; that the recognition sign shall be a guarantee of his friendship to him who gives it.

It is something of which the orders may well be proud that in the millions of members there has been so few who have proven unworthy of the fraternal confidence that it is impossible to recall the instances. It is the greatest test of fidelity to honor and principle that the world has ever witnessed.

For years the manifestations of the brotherly love of the secret orders were not made to the public. They laid the chaplet of flowers on the casket of the departed brother and soothed the sorrowing heart with the ministration of love and smypathy. They ministered to the wants of the needy and relieved the suffering of their fellow members without ostentation or display. The deeds they did were kept by the Recorder of the Universe, but they were unknown to man.

While the orders have not sacrificed one ioto of the basic principle of lodgedom, the lodge secret, they have added to their rituals ceremonies which have given the public a glimpse into the noble purposes of the orders. Not the least among these is the sweetly solemn ceremony of strewing the graves of departed brothers with flowers. In this simple act of love and friendship they tell the world that there is more in the relationship between those who have taken the same vows of fidelity than that of mere men. They tell the world that within the sacred walls of hall and castle and tent and lodge and temple they exemplify the ties of kinship which since from beneath the hill of Jerusalem were quarried the stone for the temple whose magnificence attracted a world, have bound men into one common brotherhood.

It has been the dreams of idealists that the time might come in the history of the world when the barriers of enmity and strife and dissentions should be obliterated and the fact that a man is a man would entitle him to the fullest measure of confidence from his fellows. That those who have never yet met may yet do so and be at once friends and brothers in whom each may place implicit confidence.

This is exactly the mission which the lodges are filling They place upon their members the approval of their test, and though he may wander to the uttermost parts of the earth yet will he find the hand of brotherhood extended.

The millenium of which men have dreamed is being brought about by the spread of fraternalism, and today the world is told that the grave of no fellow man shall go unmarked and unremembered if he has been such in life as to be worthy of a place upon the rolls of fraternity. No brother fills an unmarked grave, and no member lies on a sick bed in a land of strangers without the tenderest care from his brothers. Yea truly it is a perfect brotherhood, noble, true and strong!

In an open letter to his political friends, which appears in today's issue of the Normanden, Prof. Tinglestad announces that under present conditions he does not feel warranted in allowing his name to be used as the insurgent candidate for governor. While disclaiming any alliance with or adherence to any political faction Prof. Tinglestad insists that he is in favor of a government by and for the people, but that until there appears to be a united demand on the part of the republican electors for him to act as their standard-bearer he is in nowise to be considered as being a candidate.

The Plaindealer frankly admits that "there appears to be no good reason why we should publish tomorrow." Too true. Now, if the Pee Dee will kindly proceed to take its few readers into its confidence to the extent of furnishing them with a single valid reason why it should be published at all it will certainly be providing a solution for a problem of long standing.

A "new gang" enthusiast says if the outfit just had a leader it would do up the "old gang." The trouble with the "new gang" seems to be it has too many "leaders"—such as they are.—Forum.

Unveiled.

Deep in the stillness of a night
Whose rain had drenched the way I trod
I waked from day's earthly dreams
And walked alone with God.

The moaning winds were hushed in rest,
The world seemed sleeping after pain,
And where the cloudy rack had gloomed
The stars shone clear again.
Each wayside puddle held a glimpse
Of heights wherein it used to dwell,
As if the rain had brought with it
Memories of whence it fell.

Rained down and drowned in dusky pools
The quiet stars lay shining through;
And earth was all so steeped in heaven
That it was heaven too.

I listened, and the voice of God
Spoke to me in that lonely place;
I raised my eyes in wondering fear,
And looked, and saw His face.

And ever since, I see but God
In earth and man, in deep and height,
As one whose eyes the sun has filled
Looks round and sees but light.

—St. Louis World.

Shipwrecked Hopes.

Sometimes world-weary hearts will turn
To a land where ghosts of their youth abide,
A land where sunset memories glow,
And shipwrecked hopes drift in with the tide.
Where sad eyes strain through the Straits of Death
For a Ship that sailed to an Unknown Sea,
Laden with laughter and love and faith,
Bringing answer to wistful prayer:
Joy or Sorrow for days to be.

But never the brave Hope-Ship comes home,
Nor ever out of the darkened west,
Gleam of a far white sail shines fair.
Alas! We stand on a wide gray beach,
With empty hearts where a joy has been,
And outstretched hands that groping reach
For the shipwrecked hopes that the tide brings in.

—Marie Conway Oemler.

PULSE OF THE PRESS

A Fair Question.

[Garrison Times.]

Why don't the Good Government league come out and say who it will support at the state convention? Has not Governor Sarles given one of the best business administrations the state has ever enjoyed? No fair minded man can but answer in the affirmative.

Who They Are.

[Goodrich Citizen.]

If you are a true republican and have the future of the party in this state at heart, you will be careful as to whom you pledge your support to represent you at the state convention. There is a "new gang" composed of some democrats and a few disgruntled republicans whose greed for office distracts all concern for the future of the party organization and who, if defeated at the republican convention, will undoubtedly work for the democratic party ticket.

In the Lion's Skin.

[Wilton News.]

As the critical observer watches the antics of the so-called Good Government league throughout the state, and the wiggle of its tenacle within this county, he cannot help but be reminded of the above fable. Arrogating to itself the lordly mission of purifying the political atmosphere of the state of North Dakota, it no sooner gives tongue than its real nature becomes apparent. Its sponsors have affiliated with the machine since statehood, and they did not discover anything wrong in its acts until they suddenly wake up and find themselves outside the breastworks. Then they suddenly see things, but what they see they have yet failed to point out. They simply content themselves with the cry of "gang." Now everyone knows that there is always leadership in political parties. And there will be. And before a set of individuals should set themselves up as reformers they should point out what the reforms are that are needed. Thus far they have failed to do so.

When Thieves Fall Out.

[Kulm Messenger.]

Several weeks ago the Valley City Times-Record—no doubt in an unguarded moment—promised to unveil some irregularities in connection with the state treasurer's office—"as soon as its editor could get time to compile figures and data." It was the opinion of the Messenger at the time that Editor Nye was "talking through his hat" and we never expected him to fulfill the promise, although we have watched the paper closely—more for curiosity's sake than anything else. Now comes the LaMoure Chronicle with the following—which is a portion of a strong article against the present administration: "There have been rumors and threats of exposure, but candor compells us to admit—and we cheerfully do admit—that little which is discreditable to the present administration has been brought to light." Now, there you are. The positions of these two champions of "political reform" (?) do not agree on one vital "insurgent" campaign issue. A few more breaks like this will bust the "reformers'" organization. They had better get together and agree on their "fairy tales."

STORIES OF THE HOUR

Sorry That He Spoke.

"Reforms are always difficult to start with," said Governor Folk of Missouri. "New Year's resolutions are no exception to the rule.

"I know a young man who decided on New Year's day that he was giving too many of his evenings to the club. Accordingly he resolved that throughout 1906 he would go to the club only twice a month. And that night he proceeded to put the resolution in force.

"'Amy,' he said to his wife at dinner, 'I know that since our marriage I have been too constant a frequenter of the club, and I am aware that this has caused you a deal of silent wretchedness. My dear, I am sorry. I am going to turn over a new leaf. And I will begin tonight.'

"The young woman's eyes shone. Her face lighted with joy.

"'Oh, Harold,' she cried, 'how happy you have made me! Uncle Jim wants me to go to the theater with him tonight, and you can stay home and mind the baby.'"

Somewhat In Doubt.

"There are a lot of fellows in this railroad rate business," said Representative John Dwight of New York, "who are figuring around on one side and then on the other. They remind me of the negro who was discovered in the hotel office years ago walking up and down.

"'Here, you nigger,' said the proprietor, 'who do you belong to?'

"'Deed, massa, the negro replied, 'I dunno until de poker game now goin' on upstairs is finished.'"

He Got His Money's Worth.

A theatrical manager told this pretty story the other day: "It was a benefit performance," he said, "and at a table in the lobby souvenir programs were being sold by Miss Lillian Russell, Miss Ethel Barrymore, Miss Anna Held, Mrs. Edna Wallace Hopper, Miss Edna May and two or three other actresses.

"A stunning table it was, undoubtedly. A young bluejacket passed before it. He stood quite still for some minutes, with his bronzed young face and his neat nautical togs, staring with the most ardent and respectful admiration at the young ladies before him. Then, with a half sigh, he laid a piece of silver down and turned away.

"'Won't you have something for your money?' one of the ladies called.

"The gallant sailor smiled and answered:

"'I've had more than my money's worth, already, thanks.'"

No Cause For Complaint.

Rear Admiral Longnecker, who recently retired, was talking one day at League Island navy yard about discontent amon gthe soldiers and sailors.

"Men are often discontented without reason," he said, "but oftener they have good ground for their grumbling, and it is because their officers are stupid or lazy that conditions do not improve.

"I remember once visiting a pompous, handsome, stupid army officer.

"During my visit a private approached the officer with a full cup and saucer in his hand.

"'Well, Binks, my man?' said the officer in a condescending tone.

"'Captain,' said the private, saluting, "I'll ask ye to taste this here. I won't make no complaint. I'll just ask ye to taste this slop, and if ye don't say by ——'

"'That will do, Binks,' the captain interrupted in his dignified way, for Binks was getting very angry; and he took the cup from the man, bent forward stiffly, and swallowed a couple of mouthfuls of the liquid.

"Then he looked at the private, calmly.

"'This is not bad,' he said. 'I can't taste anything wrong with this, Jinks. By the way, what is it? Tea or coffee.'"

A Doubtful Compliment.

J. Adam Bede, the witty congressman from Minnesota, whose wife, by the way, bears the name of Eve, is the seventh son of a seventh son, but his attempts at prophecy are infrequent. He is among the more independent republicans of the house, and found full play for this characteristic in the recent discussion of the statehood bill, which he vigorously opposed. His speeches on this subject attracted crowds to the gallery, though some of his auditors declare him more witty than wise Major McDowell, clerk of the house, paid Mr. Bede a doubtful compliment a few days ago.

"Adam," he said, "that was a magnificent speech of yours on the rule sending the statehood bill to conference."

"Thank you major," said Bede. "Praise from Sir Hurbert, you know."

"Yes," said Major McDowell, again. "It was a magnificent speech. But, by the way, what side of the statehood question are you on?"

A Good and Sufficient Reason.

A Southern judge tells of the disqualification of a juryman who came before him. The case was a capital one, and the lanky backwoodsman declared determined opposition to capital punishment. Looking at him sternly and in tones somewhat suggestive of wrath, the judge asked the fellow if he did not think there were conditions so extraordinary as to warrant the hanging of the offender. He said he did not believe anything could make him assent to such a verdict.

"But will your honor let me explain?" said the disqualified citizen. "I'd like to give the court my reasons."

"I don't wish to hear any explanation from you. Go and sit down.

"Excuse me, judge, but you must hear my reason."

"Well, then, give it, and go along with you."

"The reason I am opposed to capital punishment, your honor, is that my old mammy taught me it were a sin to kill anything that wasn't fitten to eat."

A Friendly Tip.

Jas. Breen, the well-known Ashland, Wis., horseman, always makes it a point to attend the breeder's meetings at Chicago and Oakland, Cal., each year, says the Duluth News-Tribune. These gatherings are famous and attract people from all over the country. At one of the Chicago meetings last spring, Mr. Breen was seated in the grand-stand at Worth track. The attendance that day overlapped the 5,000 mark.

Homer Ross of Milwaukee, who campaigns through the Tri-State racing circuit each fall, and who is on speaking terms with all of the owners and drivers at the head of the lake, had entered one of his string in the free-for-all pace event. The horse's name was Comanche, a big bay with not too much speed, but Ross thought he was the goods. All of the horses, except Comanche, had passed the grand-stand neck and neck on the first half. It was a beautiful race.

Trailing behind about 20 rods came Comanche, Ross urging him on. When he was in front of the grand-stand Breen stood up and yelled at the top of his voice:

"Take the first turn at the left, Homer; all the others have gone that way."

Homer drove Comanche to the barn.

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