

Correspondents Wanted

The Evening Times aims to make a feature in its columns of county and state news. It is desirous of securing a reliable correspondent in every town in the state, and items are wanted by wire (when very important), phone, or letter. The daily is issued every evening and important news will be received up till 3 o'clock, though correspondents should make an effort to get their copy in earlier. To anyone to whom such manner of work appeals, the daily will be sent free of charge, prepaid, as long as they may serve and other business arrangements may be made with the managing editor. Every village and town in the state particularly in the northern part—should be represented in these columns. It is a good advertisement for the town. Those desiring to serve in the capacity of representative, should address this office and stamped envelopes will be forwarded, together with stationery. Suggestions: The following are a number of excellent suggestions as to the class of news that is desired. Alleged jokes and "digs" should be earnestly avoided. Accidents to persons or property. Anniversaries of persons or societies. Annual meetings. Assaults, attempted murder. Balls, dances. Burglaries, larcenies, changes. Building improvements, changes. Church parties. Church matters. Clergymen exchanging. Concerts, musicales. Condition of business. Contested wills. Crops, usual prices, quantities, and yields. Deaths. Deductions, installations, ordinations. Discoveries, antiquities, relics, curiosities. Dissolution of firms. Divorces. Early fruits and vegetables. Elections of officers. Epidemics. Fairs, festivals, festivities. Fires. Forest fires—acres burned over. Former residents' movements, visits. Funerals. Improvements, public or private. Important lawsuits. Important action of public authorities. Investments, patents. Lectures—subject. Local sentiment as to school, tax, litigation. Marriages. Murders. Mysterious troubles. New buildings, factories, additions. New firms or partners. Obituaries of prominent persons. Parties, birthday or social. Persons leaving town to locate elsewhere. Personal items. Political rallies, caucuses, conventions. Presentations. Religious receptions. Public bequests. Public demonstrations, meetings. Railroads—collisions—if damages, the results. School affairs, teachers, vacations. Social affairs. Societies' doings, fraternal or secret. Sudden deaths, their cause. Suggestions for local improvements. Suicides—of prominent persons. Town meetings, town officers' reports. Violations of law. Wedding anniversaries. What? Why? Where? What and How? Where printed item should answer, so far as possible, all of the above six questions.

AFTER DINNER SPEAKERS. Crimes Charged Against Those who Would Be Humorists.

There is a criminal in society one would dearly like to see exterminated, says the Fortnightly Review, and he is the man who, having by some contemptible and underhanded method become acquainted with your best after-dinner stories, accompanies your recital—and you are in capital form—with an ingratiating grin like a hyena and a benevolent and confirmatory nodding of his head, and just as you have nearly reached your climax and the guests are hanging spellbound on your words and are rewarding you with anticipatory chuckles, bursts out with your point just five seconds before you can reach the winning post. On the other hand, there is that innocuous sufferer, the man who forgets his point. The other night at a dinner party we were favored by a most delightful anecdote about the fair Melusine, who, as everybody knows, was half a woman and half a serpent. The excellent gentleman, who was entertaining us with the story got however, slightly mixed. His point was intended to be that the husband of the fair Melusine was singularly fortunate because his wife was a serpent only half the time, at which climax he could confidently reckon on frantic hilarity. Unfortunately, in the excitement of recital, he couldn't think of the animal required for the point. Nothing would come to his agitated consciousness but a whale. So when he said with a smile which grew more uncertain as he approached his climax, that the husband of the fair Melusine was singularly lucky, as his wife was a whale only half the time, even the most charitable of diners out looked perplexed and vainly tried to see the joke. The man sent me the point on a post card the very next morning. There is no end to dinner crimes. The other evening I was at a great banquet for which a very impressive personage all hung with stars and things, had been captured as an ornamental chairman. As I looked into the chairman's red face, decorated with early Victorian whiskers, I had a dreadful suspicion that he knew but vaguely why he was there. A busy little committee man and whispered frantically into his ear and I felt at once, from the jerks of his head, that he referred to a lonely man who bore on his features the stamp of America, as well as an only partly concealed dissatisfaction. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the noble chairman, after a great deal of eloquence that got lost behind his shirt collar, "I have the gratification of introducing to you one of the most distinguished citizens of the great Republic, a man famous in her councils and even more famous in the greater republic of letters, a man whose name is a household word. Ladies and gentlemen, Major General James B. Tompkins of America." Here, as the noble chairman looked benevolently across at the distinguished stranger, the stranger met his glance with unconcealed malevolence. "Hopkins," he hissed. "My name is Hopkins!" For a moment the chairman was staggered, but then he came gallantly to his own rescue. "The fact is, ladies and gentlemen, the name that is a— in fact, a household word is—in fact, is Hopkins." Whereupon he sat down rapidly amid thunders of applause.—Ex.

ARE YOU TRYING TO WALK UP STAIRS OF SAND? Climbing sand-stairs is an occupation which will keep you busy—but you won't ARRIVE anywhere! "Running" a store, or a business enterprise, without advertising will keep you busy—but you won't ARRIVE anywhere! "Sand-stair" methods of advertising may be pretty to look at—but they won't bear your weight—they crumble at the first pressure. When you are tired of illusions and ready for realities, you will break yourself of the "sand-stairs" habit—and rely upon the good old-fashioned "way-up" in business—a campaign of newspaper advertising. "Sand-stairs" are related to real stairs as "other stairs" of advertising are related to newspaper advertising. The Evening Times is the newspaper that is being eagerly read by thousands of people who pay for it at the rate of \$4.00 per year. It is adding from 50 to 100 names a day to its subscription list. The Evening Times is death to shame and hypocrisy in all walks of life; it tells the truth and gives reliable news and the people have confidence in it. It is therefore the best advertising medium in North Dakota. Try its advertising columns and be convinced.

LEADERS' VIEWS OF MUCK-RAKE TREND

Eminent Educators Comment Upon the Evils of Today—Yellow Journalism.

The following are extracts made from the recent addresses of eminent men to the students of leading educational institutions. "What Does This Mean?" "Every age has its vices and its virtues. The nineteenth century has had vices, all due to the same source. The first vice has been that of accumulation. Put together and tell them to look after their own interests and push ahead, and each man will be measuring himself by his accumulations. The second vice is the lawlessness of self-will. We hear of the criminal who is not ashamed to do the deed who belongs to the criminal class? Do the insurance directors who bought stocks low and sold them to companies in which they were directors at high prices? Do the railroad officials, who broke the law of the land and now stand convicted? Do the coal carriers who did by a gentleman's agreement that was against the law?"—Dr. Lyman Abbot, to Harvard University. "I believe that whenever it comes to a great crisis—political, industrial or moral—there is enough of the spirit of Christ in America to save us. But though we have good ground for hope we are very far short of having ground for complacent assurance. That part of our people which turns with avidity to sensational accounts of robbery and murder is not far removed from the multitude that cried, 'Not this man, but Barabbas!' That part which looks to platform or press for appeals to its passions and which seeks a leader who can give voice to the promptings of its own prejudices or emotions has advanced a little beyond the stage of those who clamored for the crucifixion. And that part of our people which, though more respectable than the first group and more enlightened than the second, nevertheless content to make prosperity in business or politics the test of success and to give all its thoughts to the attainment of that great prosperity by any means not too grossly inconsistent with respectability or enlightenment does not differ greatly from him who washed his hands of the whole matter that was the most momentous in the world's history."—President Hadley, to Yale University. "The vice of the age is that men want wealth without undergoing that toil by which alone wealth is created. Among the rich and well to do business and professional classes 'grafting' has been so common that the very idea of commercialism has become a by-word and a reproach. Financial capitalists, corporations may be the most conspicuous sinners, but equally guilty is the merchant who cheats his customers, or the lawyer who shows his client how to circumvent the laws, or the scholar who glorifies his patron's success in business, irrespective of the methods by which that success was achieved, or the preacher who transfigures the truthless oppressor and robber of six days into the exemplary Christian of the seventh."—Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, to Cornell University. "A spirit of unrest is abroad, not only in our own land but in other lands as well. That this unrest has been and is being used by ambitious men for their own selfish ends, and for gain by journalistic builders of emotional bonfires is certainly true; but it will not do to dismiss this spirit of unrest with a sneer on that account."—Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, to Columbia University. "We are living in an age which is steeped in the commercial spirit. Commercialism has invaded every sphere of human activity. The professions, the arts, our social conditions as well as our business enterprises are tagged all over with the money label. The typical man of the hour is he who knows the intrinsic value of nothing, but can tell you the selling price of everything—from the conscience of a politician upward. 'What doth it profit a man?' has come to be the supreme standing question. 'What is there in it for me?' is the test by which the average man today estimates the opportunities of life."—Dr. Donald Sage Mackey to Rutgers College. "The evils complained of have come about because, as a people, we are drifting from the old standard of honesty and patient accumulation into a mad rush for wealth, for the piling up of enormous fortunes in the shortest possible period of time. We must be brought back to the old moorings, not by violence and unlawful methods, but by calm and inflexible application of law."—Theodore P. Shonts, to Drake University. "We are cursed by the worship of opportunity."—Mayor McClellan, to Union University. "The thing to do to raise up competition is to rehabilitate the corporation, to purify it, to restore to it the character and responsibility, that the people may come back into the ownership of the country's industrial life. For until that is done all opportunity will be in the hands of those who already have a monopoly of the field."—Judge Peter S. Grosscup, to Chautauque. "What is the meaning of all this? What does it signify? What does it tell us of the condition of the country? What does it point to in the way of reform and legislation? Are these words merely words signifying nothing? Is it not something worth pondering upon that from so many platforms of so many great universities thoughts such as these are expressed?"

times that the dreaded canker may form in the serpent's mouth, and unless immediately counteracted by antiseptics it becomes dangerous and often fatal. A three months' fast of a healthy snake never worries the keeper, for the reptile usually begins feeding again without the slightest sign of emaciation. A most elaborate menu is required in the reptile house. The constrictors eat rabbits, chickens and pigeons, while rats, mice and sparrows are eaten by the smaller snakes. Lizards which are varied by flies caught in traps through the summer months. Quantities of fish are fed to the alligators and watersnakes, while vegetables of many kinds are the food of the tortoises and herbivorous lizards. If a large rabbit or chicken were cast into the cage containing six or eight big snakes trouble would be inevitable. Several reptiles would seize and eat large quantities of the worms, the creature at the same time and in the constriction that followed all would become tangled in such knots that the smaller snakes would fare badly. If, after a prey is killed and a large snake begins to swallow it, a smaller snake is persistent in its hold on the prey, the small snake may find a resting place in the elastic interior of its cage mate. The feeding of a cage of pythons is an operation which requires time and skill. The first thing done is to separate the big fellows, which lie slyly coiled in a great mass. The keeper then hands them their chickens and rabbits one by one, keeping most of the snakes covered with blankets to prevent fighting. To throw the food at random into the cage would result in the more powerful specimens eating everything, besides fighting among themselves. The poisonous snakes are the most difficult to keep in captivity. They are so nervous that the slightest noise causes them to spring in a coil of defense, and these reptiles often deliberately starve themselves to death. Because of this nervousness the poisonous snakes are fed at night, when the reptile house is absolutely quiet. This disposition belongs only to the viperine snakes. Though the cobras are always on the lookout for trouble they eat regularly and voraciously.

AMERICAN SCHOONER FLEET. Steady Decline of the Smaller Vessels in Favor of Large.

Much has been written about the decline in the American deep sea square rigged sailing vessel fleet in recent years, but little attention has been paid to the decline in sailing vessels of smaller size—the other segment of our going schooner fleet. The large number of fine coasting schooners which have been constructed during the past 10 or 15 years might appear to the casual observer to have kept pace to a marked degree with the steady and constantly taking place in this class of vessel property—by wreck, dismantling or other causes—as in all others. But such is not the case. Liberal as we have seemed the additions to the Atlantic coast schooner fleet, a steady decline is at once shown in the figures which Uncle Sam keeps. In the 10 years between 1894 and 1904 the total number of seagoing American schooners decreased from 2,152 to 1523 a loss of 629, or nearly 30 per cent. The gross register of 1894 was 771,314 tons, while that of 1904 was 764,866 tons, or a decrease of 6,448 gross tons. That the newer fleet comprises vessels of larger size is at once apparent, and the average tonnage has increased 43 tons per vessel in the 10 years, the average of 1904 being 502 tons. In fact, to get down to figures of actual construction in the 10 years ending with 1904 there had been built 957 schooners of 321,861 gross tons, or an average of 481 gross tons per vessel, while in the 10 years ending with 1904 American shipbuilders put afloat 379 schooners, of 332,086 gross tonnage, or an average of 376 gross tons. The largest schooner built during this period was the Thomas W. Lawson, a seven-masted vessel, of 5,218 gross tons. While the schooner of the present day must be of large carrying capacity to compete with steam craft and vessels are practically the only kind that are being built, yet there is more or less of a demand for a much smaller type, vessels of 150 to 200 tons for short trades in heavy or bulk carrying, vessel charters tell us. Few, if any of these are being built and every year of the winter months a "hatch" carries off one or more of the old-timers, so that there is a constant depletion of this class of vessel which is not being filled. One hundred years ago half the trade of the world was carried on in schooners, and little boats of less than 100 tons made voyages across the ocean and even to China. That there will always be a demand for schooners is admitted, and now that the gasoline engine is proving its adaptability to this sort of craft, whereby at low cost the ship may be moved in and out of harbors without the aid of a tug, and can also move along at a good rate of speed in calm weather at sea, a new lease of life should be the result, not an average of 481 gross tons, but a vessel of 150 to 200 tons, which will undoubtedly occupy an important niche in the lists of commercial vessels in the merchant marine of the United States in the future.—The Nautical Gazette.

Reclaiming Arid Land.

Contrary to commonly accepted ideas as the statement may be, it is nevertheless, an amply demonstrated fact that wherever in this great arid empire the annual rain fall averages as high as 12 inches, as good crops may be raised without irrigation as with it. This means that almost every acre of the great plains between the Missouri river and the Rocky Mountains, and most of the inter-mountain parks and plateaus between the Rockies and the Pacific, will produce as abundantly as will the rich prairie lands of Iowa, Missouri and Illinois, and much more abundantly than the richest of the lands in any of the older states along the Atlantic seaboard; that there is land enough now utilized, if it all only for grazing to make possible the treading or quandering of the present farming population of the United States that outside of comparatively small areas in Western Texas and in portions of Utah, Nevada, Arizona, Idaho, Wyoming, South Dakota and Southern California, there is little arable land in the great West that may not be divided into 40-acre farms, each one of which will be capable of supporting an average sized family. Probably there is an exaggeration in the statement made by one writer that the region between the foothills of the Rocky Mountains bounded on the south by the Rio Grande and on the north by the Canadian border, is capable of producing fruits, cereals, vegetables and livestock for the support of the entire present population of the globe. This vast area of fertile and as yet almost unutilized land, is the foundation upon which the American people must build for the continuance of this prosperity for at least a century to come. Properly utilized, it may solve many perplexing problems that will relieve the congestion of the cities, provide a market for the abundant capital, and afford opportunities for the enterprising and discontented for decades. It contains the richest mineral deposits, the greatest forest resources, the most fertile soil, and the most genial and salubrious climate on this continent. What its development and exploitation would mean to the transportation, manufacturing, mercantile, financial and labor interests of the nation cannot be even dimly foreshadowed. It would furnish a stimulus that would be felt not merely in the great centers of population and industry but in the remotest hamlet and on the most isolated farms in the republic.

Most Degraded of Men.

The last man on the Santa Barbara Island was deported in 1853. Our knowledge of these extinct Indians of the California coast is derived from the accounts of the early voyagers, from the missionaries who subsequently settled on the island, and from the remains in their refuse heaps and the skulls and skeletons which have from time to time been collected. Some of the islands probably at one time had a population approaching 1,000 each, but in 1823 only about 900 were left on Santa Barbara and the neighboring islands, and in 1874 all had disappeared. Although they manufactured a certain number of domestic utensils, these Santa Barbara Indians are described by the missionaries as the most degraded of all human beings, with a morality lower than that of animals. Insects, especially grasshoppers, formed a portion of their food, also probably the larger varieties of earth-worms.

The Fortunate Isles.

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles. The old Greek isles of the yellow sea were in a straight line on through the Straits of Gibraltar, straight on, and you can't go wrong. Nay, not to the left; nay, not to the right. But on a straight on, and the isles are in sight. The Fortunate Isles where the yellow bird sing. And life lies gift with golden ring. These Fortunate Isles they are not so far. They lie within reach of the lowliest door. You can see them gleam by the twilight stars. You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore. Nay, never look back! Those leveled they were landing steps; they were steps unto throne. Of glory for those that have sailed before. And have set white feet on the fortune. And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles? Why, Duty and Love and a large Lo! these are the isles of the watery miles. They let down from the firmament. Lo, Duty and Love, and a true man's Trust. Your feet to God, though your feet in the dust. Lo, Duty and Love, and a sweet babe's smile. And these, O friends, are the Fortunate Isles. —Joaquin Miller.

FAILS TO TAKE A WILDCAT.

Montana Old-Timer Traps One, but is Glad to Let It Go. The subject of wild animal pets occupied the attention of a number of the old-timers of Butte yesterday and nearly everyone had a word or two to say about queer pets caught by different means. The old-timers of the Standard, "I never had a queer pet in my life," said one of those present, "but it was not my fault. I tried hard enough to catch one. It was many years ago and I was younger than I am now." "I was living in the redwoods of California and deer were plentiful. To keep the meat we used to hang it up in the wide chimney. There it would be smoked in a day or two and would become so well preserved that it would never spoil. But a wildcat soon learned the habits of my cabin and I would often wake up in the morning to find the choicest part of the venison hunch gnawed away. How to catch the thief was a matter I puzzled over nightly and finally I rigged a 'hatch' so that I could pull it over the mouth of the chimney and trap the thief. "Well, I lay awake that night holding the end of the string and waiting for the wildcat. I had heard that wildcats could be tamed and made into house pets and I wanted to make the experiment and at the same time catch the thief. "Presently I heard the cat climb down the chimney and I pulled the string. Immediately the cat realized he was a prisoner and he began to raise a merry and a particular brand of Cain in that wide chimney. He would make a spring into the air, land hard against the big 'hatch' and I had pulled over the chimney and then he would lose his balance and fall down among the ashes. This would fade him for only a second and he would snarl and try it again. "About the third time he had tried to escape through the top of the chimney and failed I was there at the fireplace waiting for him to come down among the ashes again. By that time the cat was mad clear through and so was I, for the ashes and coal were scattered to every part of the cabin and the air was thick with the smell of singed hair. When the cat bounded into sight I nabbed him with both hands by the nape of the neck and thrust him away the full length of my arms, intending to choke him into submission. But he was not fazed for an instant by the choking. "With a snarl of rage and pain he doubled up his hind legs and struck out at me with them, ripping my California flannel underclothes from my throat to the knees. He ripped open my hide as well as the flannels and I dropped that cat as if he was a red-hot stone and ran for the other end of the cabin. "Seeing that he was not inclined to follow up the fight, but was content to sit on the hearth and growl and spit at me, I plucked up courage and opened the door. The cat did not show any signs of vanishing the ranch, but sat on his haunches and swore. I had no weapon of any kind save a broom and with considerable difficulty I finally 'shooed' the unwelcome visitor out of the cabin. "Even then he squatted down on the doorstep and growled and swore at me as he hesitated whether or not he should come back and have it out with me for disturbing his feast. Finally he trotted off into the brush, looking back occasionally and growling as he went. He never came back after any more venison and I have had no hankering for any more wild animal pets since that time."

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Table with columns: Train No., Arrives, Departs, and destinations. Includes routes to Fargo, Bismarck, Grand Forks, and other regional points.

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