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H. H. LAMPMAN Editor and Manager

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MONDAY EVENING 6, SEPTEMBER 3, 1906.



REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

- List of names for the Republican State Ticket, including Congressmen, Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor, and various judges and commissioners.

Settlement to be Incubated.

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 courts of justice; let it become the political religion of the nation.

LABOR DAY.

It is rather to be regretted that the legislature of this state has not set apart Labor day as a state holiday. But it has not. The fault is probably an oversight in the wording of the statute rather than an intention of disregarding the principles which are involved in an observance of the day.

Great as he was as a man we do not celebrate the birthday of him who was "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen," merely because of the individual. It is because of the pure patriotism and lofty purpose of the man, and these are the things which are set before the people when the day is celebrated.

So is Labor day. It does not commemorate the birth of any man, but it does serve to instill in the minds of mankind the great and noble principles which are involved in the problems of the body politic. Labor in this age does not mean slavery; neither does it mean degradation. On the contrary it is the most honorable of all means of acquiring wealth.

Labor occupies a place today which is distinctively its own. It has secured a permanent place in the industrial world, and while the battle between itself and capital is not entirely over, the disturbance is only the mutterings of the last guns in the distance. It has won this place upon its merits as an issue and will hold it because of its importance in the progress of the world. Equal rights for all men has been its watchword, and its principle—old as civilization—has been that the laborer is worthy of his hire.

His PARAMOUNTCY. "Byrns speech forces Roosevelt's nomination" is the conclusion reached by several leading newspapers and by a number of men of prominence.

The Evening Times forswear this result several months ago and declared for Roosevelt as his own successor. No one familiar with the mental makeup of the paramount Nebraskan doubted that when opportunity afforded Bryan would make a spectacular display of his leadership of the democracy and declare for a policy of judicialism that would divide his own party and

make his defeat in 1908 inevitable. In his New York speech he fulfilled every expectation in this respect.

It was not supposed, however, that he would go so far as to make his own nomination problematical. And yet this is precisely what he has done. Whatever hope the democratic management may have had that the republican majority in the next house of representatives might be reduced at this fall's election will be abandoned as soon as Mr. Bryan's speech is fully understood by the country.

The Evening Times has no quarrel with Mr. Bryan or with the democracy as such. He is a man of great ability and on this account all the more dangerous when that ability is exercised in the wrong direction. His generalities as to the trusts are interesting but they are not new. The republican national administration, recognizing the truth in what he says, and which is mere repetition of what has been so often said, has been and is now moving vigorously but intelligently against these hurtful organizations and with results that have met the approval of thoughtful and conservative people everywhere regardless of politics.

AN ILL ADVISED MOVEMENT.

It is something of a regrettable fact that the women of the south have decided to erect a monument to the memory of Wirz, the infamous commander who had charge of Andersonville prison during the dark days of the rebellion, and who was personally responsible for much of the sufferings and tortures of that literal hell, in which thousands of men died like beasts and where living was worse than death.

The people of the south, while in their hatred of the north and ready to die in defense of what they believed to be right, were not inhuman. Their chivalry and kindness never left them even in the bitter struggle for victory, and it would be unjust to charge them with the inhumanity which marked the treatment of prisoners at Andersonville.

It is difficult to see what the real object of a monument to Wirz is intended to typify. He made no great sacrifices for the south, nor did his genius or ability have anything to do with the success or failure of the cause. A monument to Lee or Jackson or any one of a hundred other leaders who shed luster on the south by their fidelity to principle and devotion to duty, would be applauded by the men who wore the blue, and they could and would stand in the presence of such with uncovered heads because it typified something which was honorable and noble and grand whether found in friend or foe.

A few days ago the famous Ringold cavalry of Pennsylvania, which met on a hundred fields the equally famous McNeill rangers in a contest for the possession of the mountain gaps which were the pathway across Mason and Dixon's line, met in joint reunion on Pennsylvania soil. The event was not new, however, for the two organizations have met on alternate soil for their annual reunion for years, and the stars and bars which the defeated veterans have carried at the head of their marching columns has been as freely cheered as even the stars and stripes, not because it typified disunion and rebellion, but because those who defended it on the field of battle were men, conscious in their belief and consistent in their purpose.

Such is the feeling which exists between those who have left to the arbitration of war the destinies of the two sections whose industrial interests were so widely divergent. Matters which once divided the nation have ceased to exist, and the hand which entwines the laurel is the same hand which entwines the willow. How regrettable that the spirit which prompted the great victor to insist that the men in the surrendered ranks should keep their horses for use in the employments of peace, and who declined to accept the arms of his respected though fallen foe should be defied by an attempt to perpetuate in marble the one man whose actions were a stain upon the fair escutcheon of the south.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

It is fortunate that Mr. Bryan came out for government ownership of railroads two years in advance of the meeting of his party's convention to nominate a candidate for the presidency. The people will have ample time to think the matter over, and

when they do so The Evening Times has no doubts as to what their decision will be.

Meantime the republican national convention will have met, adopted a platform and nominated its candidates. The platform will declare for government supervision of railroads and all other interstate corporations. This is the policy that is being pursued at present under the new rate law and under the anti-trust law.

Mr. Bryan would have state ownership for "local" railroads, or what are known here as branch lines. By January first next there will be 2,500 miles of branch lines in North Dakota. It is reasonable to suppose that should the state conclude to purchase these lines it would pay in the neighborhood of \$25,000 per mile therefor, or \$62,500,000 for the entire lot. The state may make such a purchase now if it chooses to do so, but it must first change its constitution with respect to debt limit and then authorize a loan to cover the cost of the investment. After that it must operate the roads independently of the operation of the trunk lines, which Mr. Bryan would have owned and operated by the federal government.

It is a very simple proposition and looks easy—to Mr. Bryan. But is it a wise policy? The Evening Times does not think it is.

It is true that a large emigration has taken place from this state during the last few years, the destination of which has been the great Canadian Northwest. But it has been the people who have made fortunes in this state by investing in lands while they were cheap and selling them after they had advanced to a higher point, and the tide of emigration does not indicate that North Dakota is any the less prosperous.

The business colleges of the land are adopting to a large extent the plan of requiring a fair general education of the pupils who seek admission to them. They have found out that a business education built upon superficial general one must not only prove worthless to the student, but his inability to perform the work which necessarily comes to him, reflects upon the school which sends him out.

The last of the state fairs for the present year will soon be a matter of history so far as the events themselves are concerned. But the influence which they had in developing the prosperity of the great commonwealth of the northwest will remain like the foundations upon which a granite shaft have been erected.

It is reported that the Normande of this city is supporting the democratic ticket, although one of its owners is running for office as a republican. Will someone familiar with the facts tell us what the Normanden's support cost? Perhaps it is contingent, like Sorley's fee in the Walsh will case.

Henry Watterson says the purchase of the "local railroads" as per the Bryan plan would cost the states \$500,000,000. Your figures are a little low, Henry. The branch lines in North Dakota alone would cost between sixty and seventy millions.

Judge Parker would reach the trusts and combinations through the common law. Bryan would have the country buy them. Thus does the good old democratic party get together.

The large sale of school and institutional lands throughout the state last year was the cause of many good farms being opened and converted into tax paying propositions.

It will hardly be necessary for the democratic party to hold a national convention in 1908. The choice has already been made—if the Bryan managers are to be believed.

Between the new Bryanism and the complete demolition of the state and county printing trust The Evening Times is likely to be quite busy for some time to come.

Bryan says we need more laws and Parker says we need fewer. The statements are in harmony with the ability of the two gentlemen to talk.

The Baseball Style.

He used to be a student in a noted variety. He chose the course in English and he took the first degree. Of him his old professor said, "I'm sure some day I'll smile."

His diction was as pure as gold, his sentences were terse. He wrote some rhyming epigrams, but couldn't sell a verse. He had to have a place to sleep, he also had to dine. And so he penned some sprightly stuff about the baseball nine.

One day his old professor chanced to hear the sporting page. And there he saw the name of him he thought a coming sage. He read the spicy article and dropped a solemn tear. The cause for his mourning were the words that follow here: "Then Mugsy doubled up and pushed a peach across the plate. But what McCarthy seemed to say, 'It's up to me to wait.'"

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Stories of the Hour

Check Fall of Fun.

A capital story is told of a university man who was the stroke out of his crew and an invincible athlete on the football field.

He entered the ministry, and spent years in missionary labor in the far West. Walking one day through a frontier town a cowboy stepped up to him and said:

"Parson, you don't have enough fun. Take a drink!"

"The minister declined. 'Well, parson,' he said, 'you must have some fun. Here's a card saloon. Take a hand in a game.'"

"The minister declined. 'Parson,' says the cowboy, 'you'll die if you don't have some fun.'"

And he knocked the parson's hat off his head, and hit him on the ear. The old athlete's spirit rose; the science which had been learned in earlier days and forgotten for a quarter of a century was aroused, and a blow on the jaw that cowboy sent him sprawling in the street.

The parson walked over him as if he had been a door-rug, picked him up, and dusted the side of the house with him, and then threw him in the road.

The ambulance was carrying the cowboy off, he raised his head feebly, and said:

"Parson, what did you fool me for? You are check fall of fun."

Appearance Was Deceitful.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York Herald, mostly lives in Paris, but periodically visits New York to inspect his newspaper plant in all its details, and careful preparations are everywhere made in anticipation of his arrival.

On one of these momentous days one of the printers turned up in a semitipsy condition, to the horror of his fellow workers; but he managed to evade the foreman until Mr. Bennett in person discovered him. The man had evidently slipped, and fallen against an ink-roller, with the result that his face was covered, with a thick black smudge of ink. During the inspection he kept silent, and Mr. Bennett, saying nothing, left, and called the foreman after him. The result of the conference was anxiously awaited.

Presently the foreman returned, and shaking his fist in the ink-smudged face of the man, furiously shouted:

"Say, you wash up and go home, and come back to-morrow when you're sober."

"To get my wages?" stammered the offender. "Am I sacked?"

"No," growled the foreman, in disgust. The boss saw all the ink on your face, and said to me that you looked like the only man in the shop that works, and he's raised your wages five dollars a week!"

A Farwell Utterance.

George R. Peck, general counsel for the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road, came east a few days ago with Representative Philip Campbell of Kansas. Peck used to live in Kansas himself, and he and Campbell talked together a good deal.

Campbell is responsible, in a measure, for the government's Standard Oil investigation, and particularly for the Kansas end of it. He likes to talk about it, and he bored Peck stiff with observations on monopoly, and especially oil monopoly.

"By the way," Peck, he said, "I wish you would read my last speech on that subject," Peck replied.

"It would give me great pleasure to read your last speech on that subject," Peck replied.

And for two hours thereafter nothing was heard but the chug-chug of the wheels as they passed over the breaks in the rails.

In Allen New York.

Former Delegate B. S. Rodey of New Mexico, who has been appointed a judge by the president, was one of the most ardent advocates of statehood for New Mexico.

He fought long and well. A few days before he left congress, he was bewailing his sad fate.

"It seems to me," he said, "that the American people, or half of them, do not care anything about New Mexico, with her marvelous resources, and that the other half do not know where the territory is."

"A friend of mine went to New York to buy some goods. He entered a big wholesale house and said he wanted to get some stuff for shipment to New Mexico."

"Without looking up from his desk, the man he accosted said: 'Export department on the second floor.'"

Amusements

The Maid and the Mummy. It is claimed that Richard Carle, author of "The Maid and the Mummy," "The Tenderfoot," "The Mayor of Tokio" and "The Hurdy-Gurdy Girl," has furnished more vaudeville and burlesque performers with their jokes than any other man alive.

All his musical plays abound in good jokes and puns, and the less witty and resourceful actors are always stealing Mr. Carle's thunder. His manager always maintains a close watch for men with pen and paper and, whenever one is found in the audience he is quickly and unceremoniously ejected from the theatre.

Many of Mr. Carle's brightest lines were written for "The Maid and the Mummy," which appears here for one night only, on the 8th of September.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS. Nella Bergen is to be the prima donna in "The Free Lance Company" this season.

Maurice Campbell has deferred the production of "Pilgrim's Progress" until next spring.

Margaret Anglin opens her season in William Vaughan Moody's play, "The Great Divide."

Robert H. H. is to be seen this season in a play New York life, entitled "The Turn of the Tide."

Margaret Dale, who has been leading lady with John Drew, is the leading lady in W. H. Crane's new play, "The Prince of Money," just produced in New York.

Ernest Stallard, an English actor, has been engaged to support Marietta Crossman in "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy."

IRRIGATION.

(Continued from Page 1.)

The long-standing and formerly bitter differences between the stockmen and the forest officers are nearly all settled. Those which remain are in process of settlement. Hearty cooperation exists almost everywhere between the officers of the Forest Service and the local associations of stockmen, who are appointing advisory committees which are systematically consulted by the Forest Service on all questions in which they are concerned.

This most satisfactory condition of mutual help will be a source of aid to the Administration and to the stockmen. To the stockmen it means more, and more certain, grass; to you, because of the better protection and wiser use of the range, it means steeper stream flow and more water.

The sales of forest reserve timber to settlers, miners, lumbermen, and other users, are increasing very rapidly, and in that way also the reserves are successfully meeting a growing need.

Lands in the forest reserves that for forest purposes are being opened to settlement and entry as fast as their agricultural character can be ascertained. There is therefore no longer excuse for saying that the reserves retard the legitimate settlement and development of the country. On the contrary, they promote and sustain that development, and they will do so in no way more powerfully than through their direct contributions to the schools and roads. The great part of all the money received from the forest reserves goes to the States for the use of the counties in which the reserves lie, to be used for schools and roads.

The amount of this contribution is nearly \$70,000 for the first year, and will grow steadily larger, and will form a certain and permanent source of income, which would not have been the case with the taxes whose place is taken.

Finally, a body of intelligent, practical, well-trained men, citizens of the West, is being built up by men in whose hands the public interests, including your own, are and will be safe.

All these results are good but they have not been achieved by the Forest Service alone. On the contrary, they represent also the needs and suggestions of the people of the whole West.

They embody constant changes and adjustments to meet these suggestions and needs. The needs of the government in the West has now become what the West desired it to be. It is a National policy—wider than the boundaries of any state, and larger than the interests of any single individual. Of course it cannot give any set of men exactly what they would choose. Undoubtedly the irrigator would often like to have less stock on his watersheds, while the stockman wants more. The lumberman would like to cut more timber and the miner would often like to have him cut less. The county authorities want to see more money coming in for schools and roads while the lumberman and stockman object to the rise in value of timber and grass. But the interests of the people as a whole are, I repeat, safe in the hands of the Forest Service.

By keeping the public forests in the public hands our forest policy substitutes the good of the whole people for the profits of the individual. With that result none will quarrel except the men who are losing the chance of personal profit at the public expense.

Our western forest policy is based upon meeting the wishes of the public sentiment of the whole West. It proposes to create new reserves wherever forest lands still vacant are found in the public domain and to give the possible usefulness to all the people. So far our promises to the people in regard to it have all been made good; and I have faith that this policy will be carried to successful completion, because I believe that the people of the West are behind it.

Sincerely yours Theodore Roosevelt.

did outfit Tom had ready for the chase. He needed a dog and he began to make inquiries. At last Tom found one he thought would eclipse any other canine in the hunting business, at least he expected him to do so, for he put up the tidy sum of \$15.00 for "Skip," and on the morning of September 1st, A. D. 1906 Tom armed with a pie, was seen passing down Third street out country-ward and a brave appearance he made. "Skip" was made certain of being a party to the prospective slaughter of birds by means of a strong rope tied securely about his neck, and, though the dog leaped reluctantly, pulling back on the rope and sliding along in the dust behind his determined master, Tom brooked no delay or interference other than this little idiosyncrasy upon the part of his dog. Bravely he strode country-ward and the chickens must have hid their heads in fear and trembling at his approach.

Out about three miles, a covey of chickens was started, but the evidence does not go to show that the new \$15.00 dog had anything to do with this part of the operation. Tom pulled his new gun to his shoulder and, bang! bang! bang! sounded over the valley. Not a chicken dropped. Tom turned to give his faithful dog the word to proceed when his face took on a puzzled expression for "Skip" was not at his side. At the first sound of the gun, "Skip" had taken stage fright and the way that dog made for town would put to everlasting shame Art Turner's fast grayhound in a sprinting match.

"Hi Skip, Hi Skip, Hi Skip," called Tom, but Skip was skipping—the high places only being hit by him in his mad race to get beyond the sound of fire arms, and the sight of Japanese bell boys in general.

Back to town armed Tom, for that dog must be located and the discouraged Jap almost forgot his new gun in his eagerness to overtake the frightened animal. Up to this writing, "Skip" has not been located, and Tom is ready to conclude that he bought a package with that \$15.00, not a hunting dog.

Cupid and two disappointed hearts returned to a village up the line, as the results of the law's stern decree and the launching of a partnership bark on the matrimonial sea will be delayed for the same reason.

A young gentleman, anxious to assume the responsibilities of a benedict and a boy maiden equally willing to give her hand in an endorsement of the "love, honor and obey" clause in the civic code, wended their way hitherward Saturday evening. They reside in a neighboring county and the law, which does not laugh at lock-up or anyone else, requires the marriage license to be issued from the resident county of the parties. A local pastor was secured to perform the ceremony, and the prospective groom repaired to the court house in happy anticipation of securing the coveted permit and later being made happy (or miserable as the case might be) for evermore. The license was refused on the grounds stated, and this morning Love delayed found egress from Grand Forks in the persons of the young people. A license will be procured at the proper place and the anticipated event take place later.

Wineman Returns Tomorrow. States Attorney and Mrs. Wineman are expected home from St. Paul tomorrow evening where they have been attending the fair.

Louis James opened his season this week, playing "The Merry Wives of Windsor." His season will carry him to the Pacific coast.

TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. Everyone who owns a phonograph and reports their name at Getts' music house will hear of something to their advantage.

C. G. WOOD, O. G., Grand Forks, N. D. (Advertisement for a business or service.)

Man About Town. According to a certain young man who has been a successful student at a local educational institution the past year and who has spent his summer vacation in farm work near Marvel—ducks are pretty thick down that way.

The young man in question tells a story of a recent experience there which, unless he is mistaken, should take a crowd of hunters in that direction post haste.

It seems that the young man has been in the habit of repairing to a pond near Marvel of an evening after the tolls of the day were over and re-minding his clothing, proceeded to laze his manly limbs, the limited waters of the pond. Here, away from the sight of man and surrounded by a friendly clump of small timber growing close to the pond, he splashed about, diving and turning, "watersates" in the pond, refreshing himself in a happy manner after the weary mool of the long and sultry day.

Not long ago, so he states, he was enjoying one of these frequent ablutions when he noted that he had company in his sport in the shape of a happy hunter with a dog on his heels, almost catch them by the legs as they sailed majestically upon the surface of the pond. The ducks are very tame, and some hunter who discovers this wonderful pond will find a magnificent place to hunt, with ample reward for his efforts. Some one unkindly suggests that the fellow companions of the young student in his swimming stunts were mud hens, but he says no, and says it emphatically.

"Tom from Japan," king of the bell hops at the Daotah, is an enthusiastic hunter, that is to hear him tell it, and he has anticipated the opening of the chicken season with all of the delight and enthusiasm natural to the thoroughbred sportsman.

As he went about his work at the big hotel last week, he whistled as he toiled away his leisure hours were spent in polishing the bran new gun he had recently purchased and trying on his natty hunting jacket and boots which went along with it, admiring himself in the glass and displaying his equipment for the chase to an admiring and envious gathering of fellow bell hops.

Nightly, his dreams were fraught with visions of great coveys of fat chickens as they arose from the stubble before him only to fall to earth, unerring and true, from shot sent by his hand or dying from shot sent by his hand or dying from shot sent by his hand.

Indeed, the opening of the hunting season with all the excitement and anticipation forward to with the keenest anticipation of "Tom from Japan."

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