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Official paper of Grand Forks County and the City of Grand Forks.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 29, 1910.

PRESIDENT McVEY'S INAUGURATION.

This issue of the Times is dedicated to the University of North Dakota. The formal inauguration of President Frank LeRond McVey marks a distinctive milestone in the progress of that institution.

The people of the state have given President McVey a greeting on this occasion in keeping with the dignity of the position and commensurate with the importance of its powers.

But it must not be thought that one man, however well equipped and however zealous, can make a great university—the Garfield statement of Mark Hopkins, the log and himself to the contrary.

No man ever invented anything as intricate as the bung hole in a barrel without pausing to figure what he would do with an income like Thomas A. Edison's.

sity, much less to specify. Nothing more can be done than to direct public attention to the sources of such information in the publications and catalogues of the university itself.

All these things point with unerring finger to a greater usefulness and consequently a greater university. Young in years and lacking the traditions which make Yale and Harvard and Williams and Princeton and Cornell institutions as sacred as the castle of the feudal lord, it has caught the energetic spirit of the new west and what it lacks in age it possesses in push, so that it is even now filling its allotted place as one member of the great family of universities, colleges and institutions which are leading mankind into the higher fields of culture and usefulness.

OUR VISITORS.

Grand Forks has probably never before entertained as many distinguished visitors as have been our guests during the present week. They have come from many states and many institutions; some have come from the universities of our progressive neighbor on the north; some have come from across the ocean—from the nation where King Alfred founded in the dim past, the great university whose name has become an educational household word.

Men of scholarly attainments beyond even those who have enjoyed liberal advantages, cultured in that sense which gives to man a broader and finer view of the world, they have had an influence upon the university, the city and the state which will become more potent as the significance of the occasion and the meaning of their presence increases.

Often the college town is small—Princeton and the University of Virginia being illustrative—so that the size of Grand Forks does not detract from the significance of the institution, even when put in juxtaposition with the larger institutions of the country. But we believe we can point with pardonable pride to the progress and enterprise of Grand Forks as an industrial city.

We are proud of the city and its institutions. We realize that as the home of the university it is par excellence. We believe that the visitors who have honored us with their presence this week will be ready at all times to give us a letter of credit as a university city.

The faces that have been so familiar this week may never be seen again. The words spoken will remain only on the printed page. But the memory of the notable men who have come to assist in honoring our distinguished fellow-citizen will remain like the fragrance of roses through the years to come.

CULTIVATE THE LAND WELL AND GAIN ITS FULL PRODUCING POWER, SAYS HILL

Red River Valley Farming Property Should Be Worth \$150 an Acre—Points to Important Industrial Questions Which Must Come Up For Early Solution

James J. Hill was given a tremendous ovation when he arose to speak at the banquet Wednesday evening. "The Beginnings in North Dakota" was his topic. He spoke as follows:

The beginnings of North Dakota: It carries back some years. But North Dakota is only beginning now. North Dakota has had some of her early struggles and mastered them, but now North Dakota is entering and should be entering on a career of greater growth, more material prosperity and more of everything that goes to make a great commonwealth than she has ever had.

You are fortunate in the selection of the head of your university. As human life comes and goes he has a long period ahead of him and his life work here will enable him to be of more benefit to the people of the state of North Dakota than falls to the lot of most men living.

That was the work of a scholar. That was the work of the trained mind of man and he welded together and put in close union and practical shape and pointed out the way that the constitution of the United States provided a government and a restraint and proper check so that all men would have equality and opportunity and that is the sort of benefit that an institution like your state university can confer on you.

We used to travel, not with wagons; in the summer time we traveled with carts. I have crossed the river on the Dakota side in the month of April and had to sit on the withers of a horse, and the horse wasn't willing to take the right landing that I had selected for him on the other side.

I remember my first trip out of North Dakota. I had slept up at Tongue river in the northern part of the state and it was a nice gray misty morning. Soon after daylight, when we started, I was on horse back and had a half breed or a breed or a breed and a half for a guide, and he had a cart and an extra pony, I know that I fell asleep on horse back and the horse awoke me by snorting. I looked ahead and in the fog, sitting on a knoll, was a wolf. I thought that wolf was bigger than a horse and he got up, looked over his shoulder at me and took three or four steps and loped away and I haven't seen him since.

That afternoon it turned cold. It got very cold. Out here north of Mr. Larimore's place there is a grove they called Bachelor's grove now, it hadn't any name then, on the head waters of the Turtle river. As it got cold that afternoon and the wind was from the northwest and picking up little pebbles and throwing at me, I thought I would go into that grove and camp and we would have some wood to make a fire. When we got there the river, the little stream, had frozen to the bottom, and the water had been running over it. It was

the month of April, the water had found its way back and there was a lot of slushy ice and there was no place to rest, no dry spot in the grove, but in going out of it and going across the stream, my breed and a half had to lift on the cart wheel. I got over all right with the saddle horse and went back and took hold of the bridle of the black mare hitched to the cart and he put his shoulder in under the spoke of the wheel, made an extra effort and the wheel came around and struck his arm and dislocated it, just knocked it out, and the end of his joint was in here (indicating) and he spoke some Indian which I didn't understand, and he had some knowledge of French, such as it was.

But we moved down till we got to where the water for four or five feet deep and the banks rather high on both sides and the wind was howling from the northwest and we camped there. We had no tent but we had a little piece of canvas put over the shafts of the cart and we got under and through the night, and while our ponies were hobbled, they wanted to get under the same way and keep us company. There wasn't room for all of us. The next day I had to set his arm and I did it.

Down below your place (speaking to Mr. Larimore) there was some box elder trees growing. No breakfast that morning. But we got down there and saw these box elders, and two or three I remember had dead limbs on them to make a fire, and we boiled a kettle of water. I took the axe and cut a box elder stick about five or six inches in diameter with a crotch or fork at one end and I took my underclothes from the tanned leather strips that we used to call seekle on the frontier and bound my underclothes in a roll and put them under his arm and I got him under the cart with a stick between his legs and I put the fork against it, cut a notch in the end and let the rope twist in through that notch and back to the wheel. Then I got a stick or piece out of the bed of the cart, a common standard, I got, and got a twist on it so that the same power that hauled his arm ahead pressed through this fork on the notches and pushed the end of it down tight.

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There wasn't much here. There wasn't much to begin with. I remember the first time I rode down the valley. When I got back some old friends who had been on the frontier said the Red river valley was a swamp a few years ago. One man said: "I have sailed in a canoe with a blanket for a sail from Graham's Point to Pembina. Now Graham's Point was up near Breckenridge on the Dakota side. I had seen what the cart wheels in pulverizing the soil breaking the mass of roots like a felt that would almost hold water; I had seen what that would do, and when that land was broken up and cultivated, the grass would be as high as the body of an old wooden cart."

We used to travel, not with wagons; in the summer time we traveled with carts. I have crossed the river on the Dakota side in the month of April and had to sit on the withers of a horse, and the horse wasn't willing to take the right landing that I had selected for him on the other side. I have been scraped off the back and gone down before the limbs of a tree and hurled down into the water when the snow was on both banks and it was chilly for a minute or two.

I remember my first trip out of North Dakota. I had slept up at Tongue river in the northern part of the state and it was a nice gray misty morning. Soon after daylight, when we started, I was on horse back and had a half breed or a breed or a breed and a half for a guide, and he had a cart and an extra pony, I know that I fell asleep on horse back and the horse awoke me by snorting. I looked ahead and in the fog, sitting on a knoll, was a wolf. I thought that wolf was bigger than a horse and he got up, looked over his shoulder at me and took three or four steps and loped away and I haven't seen him since.

in the Jim River valley in South Dakota. Came across at a place called Mitchell, and I revisited it day before yesterday. When I was there twelve years ago the land was worth from \$5 to \$10 or \$12 an acre. Now it sells for \$75 or \$100 an acre. And it is isn't as good land as yours here in the valley. It doesn't approach it in quality. They raise corn, maybe with more confidence, but they are starting to raise alfalfa down there, and I was more pleased to see the alfalfa fields that they are starting, and you ought to have them here. They are raising alfalfa in Montana, twenty-five miles north of your latitude, and the best alfalfa seed raised in the United States is raised west of Glasgow in the Milk river valley. The department of agriculture at Washington takes all the seed that Law Bros. can give it, because its superior quality makes it worth more money. Now alfalfa has been applied to whiskers, and food for cattle, even I have heard alfalfa used as an adjective to describe a widow. I don't know what an alfalfa widow is, but I have heard the term used. Now they are making it to meal of the entire substance of alfalfa hay, and they are shipping that meal from the western states as far east as Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Jersey, and food for cattle and for poultry, and for hogs, and I have learned from Mr. Elliott today that in Montana at their state fair he saw—that is what he told me and he is a truthful man—he saw bread and biscuit made from alfalfa meal.

Well now, I don't mean that the people in North Dakota should go out and eat grass, or eat alfalfa, but I do know that if I had to take my choice between the best corn field on the face of the earth and a good field of alfalfa, I would take the alfalfa every time as food for cattle, hogs and sheep. A good stand for alfalfa—and it takes care to get it; it won't grow because you scatter a handful of seed on the ground after you have scratched the ground or scratched it after—you have got to make a seed bed, and you have got to cultivate it, and the people in North Dakota must learn that they must do that for every crop. You have got a very rich fertile soil and it will grow something, and if you are not careful it will grow a nasty mess of weeds. You have got to be careful, but if you will cultivate it you won't raise a crop of weeds.

Now there isn't an acre of this land if there is worth from \$50 to \$120 an acre, yours is worth \$150 an acre, and it is no work at all to worth that. I know that a field of alfalfa properly cared for until it is two or three years old will yield from \$35 to \$50 an acre, and the expense—no man living can make it over \$10 an acre for taking care of it—now if it will pay you \$25 an acre, it will pay you ten per cent on \$250, and that is more than even the rankest railroad monopolist would dare to aspire to. I would like to see an acre or two tried on every man's farm in North Dakota, and if they will be careful and be sure to get the right kind of seed—seed that they know is pure and that they know is grown in the northern latitude—I haven't the slightest doubt but what they will raise a good alfalfa right here in North Dakota as is raised anywhere on the face of the earth.

There is a reason why you should do it. Pigs born in the month of April can be sold the latter part of November weighing 340 to 250 pounds and you get \$20 apiece for them. It is easy money; very easy money. It doesn't take much calculation for any man to know that to raise a hog for eight months or eight months and a half is an easier job than it is to cultivate and seed and market and grow corn, and how many acres of North Dakota farms will pay \$26.

This country isn't in the position that it was a few years ago. It isn't likely to be again. The day of cheap wheat has passed, never to return. In the United States at this time, as is latest census bulletin that I have on

Living Inexpensive In New York

At Least One of the City's Leading Hotels Affords Every Comfort at Moderate Prices.

Something About Grand Hotel and New Annex. That it is "expensive to stop in New York" has been accepted as truth by some people so long that many it has come to be almost an axiom. Nothing could really be further from real facts—provided you know where to stay. To be centrally located, to dine well, to be roomed properly and to pay a fair price, all these are yours, if you go to the Grand Hotel with its fine New Annex, on Broadway at Thirty-first street.

Not only are the wants of the inner man carefully supplied, but every convenience and comfort to make guests want to come again will be found. Fifty large light ample rooms are provided for commercial travelers. Coupled with the comfortable homelike, restful furnishings and the splendid service all prices are extremely reasonable.

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Send your name an address on a postal card and you will receive free a guide to New York (with maps). Address George F. Hurlbert, President and General Manager. During the summer Mr. Hurlbert also conducts the far famed Greenhurst Hotel on Lake Chautauque, which is open from May 1st to Nov. 1st, for fishing and automobile parties as well as nature lovers.

MELBA Toronto says: "The most marvelous voice of the century" YOU MAY HEAR IT OCTOBER 17 Wesley College Conservatory Artist's Course Season Ticket Reservation Oct. 3 DOWN TOWN STUDIOS PRICES: \$5.00 \$4.00 \$3.00

HOTEL NORTHERN MODIFIED EUROPEAN PLAN Dining Room Service at the Following Prices: Soups 5; Relishes 5; Fish 10-15; Steaks 15-50; Chops 15; Roasts 15-20; Eggs 10; Omelets 15; Vegetables 5-10; Salads 5-10; Fruits and Preserves 5-15; Cereals with Cream 10; Desert 5-10; Waffles and Griddle Cakes 10; Rolls 5; Milk 5; Tea 5. To accommodate home patronage, commutation coupon tickets of the value of \$6.00 are sold for \$5.00. For a quick meal at small cost The Cafeteria in connection is the perfection of Sanitation and Home Cooking. The same high standard of Cuisine and service that has in the past characterized the HOTEL NORTHERN is maintained. Rooms 75c and up. Rooms with Private Bath \$1.25 and up. Special rates for rooms by the week or month on application. TAKE THE HOTEL NORTHERN FREE BUS. H. N. WELLS, Prop.

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or whose stomach rebelled because he tried to eat a couple of dozen quail. I will take some nice corn beef hash for mine. This country has got to a point where we can hardly feed ourselves. In the past we have had a great big surplus to sell. Now the stuff we export is almost confined to cotton. Some oil, a little tobacco, and some machinery, that we make better than other people make, but they get a model as quick as they get that they know how to copy it and we don't sell any more of that kind of machinery. While the general situation as far as our public domain is concerned is (Continued on Page 9.)

The Great Majestic Range NOT CHEAPEST BUT LEAST EXPENSIVE You can beat it with a hammer. You can pound it with a maul. You can jump upon the oven doors. But can't break it at all. You can use it for a lifetime. To your grandchildren then will it. "A Century's Majestic's Life." And then it's hard to kill it. Prices \$55.00 to \$70.00 A. B. Rheinhardt HARDWARE Masonic Temple Grand Forks