THE EVENING TIMES.

TIMES-HERALD PUBLISHING CO. (Incorporated.) PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Published every evening except Sunday

All papers are continued until an explicit order to discontinue is received, and until arrears are paid.

Subscribers desiring address changed must send former address as well as new one.

Subscription Rates.

One year by mail or carrier, if paid in advance $4.00
Six months, by mail or carrier, if paid in advance..... 2.00
If not paid in advance, per month. .40

THE WEEKLY TIMES-HERALD. Published every Thursday and contains a summary of the week's news, both local and foreign.

One year in advance.....$1.25
Six months in advance..... .75
Three months in advance..... .50

Foreign Representatives—Carpenter-Scheerer Special Agency, Peoples Gas Building, Chicago; Fifth Avenue Building, New York.

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Grand Forks, North Dakota.

TUESDAY, JUNE 10, 1913.

TWO IMPORTANT TRIPS.

Two important auto trips are to be taken from Grand Forks in the near future, one on Thursday evening to Crookston, and the other on June 24 through southern and western Grand Forks counties and parts of Traill, visiting Hillsboro, Hatton, Larimore and intermediate points. The Crookston trip is being arranged by the local auto club and is in response to an invitation from the Crookston people to visit their city at that time, witness the opening of the new "white way," enjoy the big auto parade, take supper at the experiment farm, and have a good time generally. Thursday will be the opening day of the big U. C. T. convention at Crookston, and the city will be in gala attire, and the visit will undoubtedly be a pleasant one for all concerned. Incidentally the road between Grand Forks and Crookston, especially the Crookston half of it, is one of the finest roads to be found anywhere, and it will be a pleasure to ride over it. A big party of Crookston people came over to Grand Forks to extend this invitation to our people, and the response ought to be a big crowd on Thursday evening. It is desired that all who can make the trip in time for supper leave their names at the Commercial club offices that the Crookston committee may know for how many to prepare. Those who are unable to leave at 4 p. m., the time fixed for the regular start, can make the trip after supper, and they will be welcome anyway.

The trip on the 24th will be a Commercial club trip, and its purpose will be simply to enable as many as possible of the club members to visit the neighboring cities, meet the people at home, get a little better acquainted, and aid in the cultivation of those relations which ought to be of the closest and most intimate kind between neighbors in the same territory, who have so many interests in common. The committee of arrangements has already a list of twenty-five cars that will make the trip, and more will be listed. Not less than 100 men are expected to make the trip. The band will be taken along, and everything will be done to make the trip pleasant as well as valuable to our own city and those visited.

THE WEST VIRGINIA SITUATION.

The United States is doing well to take up the investigation of conditions in the West Virginia coal fields. The conditions which have prevailed there for the past year or more have been horrible. It has been nothing short of civil war, and violence has been so widespread, and so many have been engaged in it that there is full warrant for the most searching inquiry into all the facts by the congress of the United States. The statements which have been made as to the responsibility for the conditions vary greatly. Members of the groups of striking miners assert that the fault is with the operators, and the latter reply that they have done no more than attempt to protect their property and the lives of their employes. From outside both groups come statements of the gravest character to the effect that men have been practically shanghaied in many of the eastern cities, and transported to the strike district against their will and held there by force. The charge has been made that many men have been hired in such cities for work in various distant places, and have been inveigled into box cars, locked in and guarded, and shipped into the coal district, to which they had no thought of going, and there forcibly put to work in the mines, held and guarded like convicts, beaten back and sometimes shot if they attempted to escape, compelled to buy goods at exorbitant prices at company stores, and thus involved in debts under cover of which they were held indefinitely.

Charges like these need an investigation. If it can be shown that these things actually happened no question of state rights should be permitted to stand in the way of the correction of this evil, the punishment of those guilty, and the enactment of legislation, if legislation is necessary to protect men always and everywhere against treatment of this sort. There is no room anywhere in the United States for peonage in any of its forms.

There are various ways of lobbying. One report that has been circulated by an eastern paper is that a senator who is not named has been subjected to threats from powerful influences in his home state, and in order to relieve associates from embarrassment, he has been obliged to resign his membership in an important business concern because the ruin of the whole institution was threatened if he did not vote as the "interest" desired. Just what truth there is in this we do not know, but it is a fact pretty well established that there is a good deal of lobbying of this general character done, and a good deal of it is done a long way from Washington.

PILING UP COST.

Duluth Herald: First the world had battleships. Then it had dreadnaughts. Now it has superdreadnaughts. And the end is not yet.

They are talking now of building a battleship for this country at a cost of twenty millions, which would be the largest sum ever wrung out of the toil of an overtaxed nation to spend on a fighting ship.

Probably they will call this an "extrasuperdreadnaught."

It will be the biggest, bravest, most invincible war machine afloat.

All the nations of the earth will cower and tremble before it, for they will have no ship that can meet it in single combat.

But of course they will immediately set about the construction of a still greater, still mightier war vessel, to cost twenty-five millions.

Then, naturally, we shall have to build a vaster war machine, and spend thirty millions on it.

And so it will go—unless the process is stopped somehow.

What is needed is a limit somewhere. Suppose the nations agree on a reasonable maximum—say ten millions, which ought to be enough for any nation if there is no danger that other nations will spend more.

That would stop the senseless rivalry which is heading toward the hundred million dollar battleship, so invincible that no shot can penetrate it, and so terrifically armed that the recoil of its own first broadside will blow it out of the water.

But if the nations could agree on a ten million limit, they could agree on five. If they could agree on five they could agree on one, or a hundred thousand or a thousand.

They might even—and it would be the wisest agreement ever made among men—agree to build only toy battleships to sail in a tub.

That would seem foolish, wouldn't it?

But is it any more foolish than the present endless contest of seeing which can build the most and the biggest and the mightiest, a contest that can be ended only by a universal revolt in which the taxpayers of the world refuse longer to contribute their hard-earned wages to feed the folly of war?

If the government is successful in its suit against the kodak trust one big company will be broken up into a lot of little ones. And, if the customary result follows, up will go the price of kodaks.

The Balkan war has been having a disastrous effect on the financial situation in Europe, and for a time securities have gone a-begging. The effect of this situation has been felt on this side of the water, and money that would ordinarily have been available for American securities has been needed in other directions. Usually during a period of war there is an appearance of prosperity. Everybody is busy, because wealth is being destroyed at a rapid rate, and all hands are needed to catch up. But war is a waste, and waste makes want. There has never been a great war that was not followed by a period of depression. If we will dance we must pay the fiddler, and a good many of those who do not dance are also compelled to chip in.

IF I HAVE TRIED.

If I have tried to do my best,
And fail for lack of strength or skill,
If I have brought unto the test
All that I have of worth and will,
And then go down unto defeat—
I need not fear God's judgment when
I kneel before His mercy seat;
For that is all he asks of men.

God does not say that we must win,
Nor are the souls of failures lost;
The weakest of us shall get in,
If, when our barks were tempest-tossed,
We tried to steer our course aright,
And gave our best to every task;
An honest effort in the fight
Is all that God himself will ask.

And so I say, if I have tried
To do my best, I need not fear
When that dark veil is torn aside,
And I behold Death's angle near:
If I have lived up to the right
As I could see it, all is well;
Although on earth I lost the fight,
I'll have a place in heaven to dwel.
—Edgar A. Guest in Detroit Free Press.

An Indiana woman is married to the meanest man. He got her to help save up money for an automobile, and then he bought a home with it.

THE EVENING STORY

HER HUSBAND.

(Copyright, 1913, by W. Werner.)

It was at an afternoon string concert. Eugenie had gone with her mother. Not that either cared particularly for the music, but it was a place to rest in and they were not ready to go home. They had gone shopping at 11, had torn themselves away from a fascinating bargain counter at 1, had lunched at a fashionable restaurant and chatted with a couple of acquaintances, and now they were finishing out the afternoon at the concert hall.

There was a thin, rather inattentive audience, composed mainly of women wearing some fine spring gear, and Eugenie's eye wandered constantly

She Filled a Traveling Bag.

from the performers. Though the music throbbed insistently, she was scarcely aware of it. Her thoughts were occupied with whether she had not made a mistake in having maline instead of roses on her new hat.

Her mind veered suddenly from the subject of the hat to the fact that two women behind her were conversing in rather loud tones under cover of a crescendo passage in the music. Said one:

"But she's not living with him, is she, when she's at home with her mother all the time? Doesn't that look—"

"They say he only draws a thousand a year," was the reply. "I just saw her in Colson's buying lace at $8 a yard. Think of it! People are saying generally—"

The color streamed into Eugenie's face. "Why, they're talking about me," she thought with indignation. "I bought that $8 lace and Rodman's salary at Westmore is $1,000 a year. I wonder who that woman is. How dare she discuss me like that? And what are people saying generally? I never dreamed they said anything. Why should they comment on my staying at home? It's my own affair. And Rodman doesn't object——"

Yet was she so sure that Rodman did not object? There had been something in his last letter, a mere phrase, which came to her now curiously. Yet she had only read the letter through once! "You seem to be getting farther away each day." Those were the words. Reading them she had not stopped to think what they might mean.

Her thoughts went back to that morning seven years ago when she met Rodman. They were in attendance at the same university. She had specialized in music and he in mathematics. He had wooed her throughout their university course and for a year after, and then she had married him. Her mother had been unwilling. She had had higher aims for her daughter than marrying her to the assistant principal in a country high school.

Eugenie had been married two years, and most of that time she had spent at home with her mother. She did not like Westmore; she was much happier at home and Rodman got along very well without her. Occasionally she went to see him, but she did not like the fare at his boarding house, and there were no theaters to amuse her. She always was glad to get away, even at the expense of leaving Rodman.

He was slight of figure, a little bowed at the shoulders, with hair prematurely gray at the temples. Rodman was not a man who would do great things or attain marked recognition. He was too deep, plodding, humble. She had found him rather like a profound volume which she could lay aside at will and take up again at the same point she had left off. He was always there. She was sure of him. It had never occurred to her that he might not be just as sure of her.

And yet there was that phrase of his: "You seem to be getting farther away each day." She had thought that he meant only mere distance, for Westmore was a whole day's journey from her home town. It came to her like a pang that he had in truth implied more.

Again there was a burst of crescendo and again she heard the voice behind her. "He's either a fool or an angel. In either case the result is inevitable. Of such stuff are divorces made!"

The speaker laughed. And the other replied: "If she were older she'd know better. I should think her mother would warn her."

Eugenie touched her mother's arm. "Mother, I'm afraid of this. Let us go," she said.

They rose. As they turned to leave their seats Eugenie recognized in the women who had discussed her two of her mother's most fashionable acquaintances. She hurried by without speaking. In the lobby her mother gained her side.

"Eugenie, you did not bow to Mrs. Altscheler and Mrs. Burgess. They sat right behind us," said Mrs. Graham.

Eugenie said nothing. She was too angry, too uneasy. Her mind was too much taken up with this new thing that had been thrust upon her notice. "Of such stuff are divorces made!" "If she were older she'd know better." The words stunk like annoying insects in her ears. Divorce! It was evident people were saying things—were expecting some such outcome from the fact that she and Rodman were so much apart.

She had been certain of finding a letter from Rodman on arriving home. And yet there was no letter. This was the seventh day since he had written. "How strange!" she thought. "It has never happened before. He may be ill." Then came a maddening conviction: "He may simply be growing indifferent."

"I will go to him," she said aloud.

She filled a traveling bag. Her mother was at the door receiving a parcel from a messenger boy. She turned a delighted face.

"Eugenie, they've sent our purchases——" she said; then, with a kind of wail, "Oh, where are you doing?"

"I'm going to Rodman, mother. I've just about time to make the train. I must see Rodman."

During the long night journey to Westmore Eugenie thought much of her married life. "Rodman gave me all. What have I given him? I have spent his money for things I could never have had use for had I lived in Westmore. I have been a bad wife. If Rodman should be ill or grown too indifferent," she wailed. "Oh, shall I never get to Westmore!"

The train got in on time, at 8 o'clock. A cab was waiting. She overpaid the man to hurry her to Rodman's boarding place. Outside of Rodman's door she hesitated with a sickening feeling lest what she hoped to find might not await her. Softly she turned the knob and looked in. It was a large, dingy room in all its early morning dishevelment. At his work

With a Quick Movement She Went to Him.

table, close to the one available window, Rodman sat. His back was toward her. His head was on his arms. And in the stillness she distinctly heard him sob. With a quick movement she went to him, leaned over him, lifted his head to her bosom, pressed her face to his.

"Rodman, my husband, I've come to you—and I love you!"

"Eugenie!"

Looking into his eyes she saw amazement, wonder, surprise die out of them and give place to a great joy and thankfulness. He smiled. And she kissed him before the smile could go.

"I've come to stay, Rodman. My place is here with you. You need me, don't you, dear?"

"Need you? Good God!" All the man's soul hunger burst forth in that cry. "If you could see the letter I sent you last night!"

She held him close, happy as she had never been in her life. "We'll have a home, Rodman, here where your work is. This sort of thing shall stop. Our married life hasn't meant much to you, but henceforth, please God——"

He drew a deep, rapturous breath. "Never mind all that now, sweet. Only say again that you love me."

And with a new wonderful feeling of reality, Eugenie said it. "I love you, my husband."

Hoo's Hoo Today

(By John W. Carey.)

Who ran eight years ago against the colonel from New York and got it just exactly where the bottle got the cork? Who took the count, but woke in time to spiel at Baltimore—then hied at once Esopusward to hermit as of yore? Who takes the azure ribbon as the Human Fadeaway? Who's got the fabled ground-hog beat at holding down the hay? Who folds his tent so noiselessly and vanishes from sight, he makes your Charlie Ross stand out just like a beacon light? Who'll dodge the spotlight's dazzle now a year or two or three—then do a Halley's comet flash? Judge Parker—Alton B.

A Batch of Smiles

A motorist tells this one on himself. Trying out a new car on the road between Cedar Grove and Great Notch he stopped to pick up an old farmer who looked as if he might like a ride and who admitted that it was his first experience in an automobile. The machine was hitting a pretty good clip when it skidded on a soft spot and ran into a tree. Nobody was hurt, but as the ruralite picked himself up he said to the motorist:

"Well, that was going some. But say, mister, there's one thing I'd like to ask you. How do you stop one of these contraptions where there ain't no trees."

—

The late John H. Twachtman, the well known landscape painter, was essentially an "artists' artist," in that his style appealed more to his colleagues of the art world than to the lay public. Any one familiar with the man and his work would say that the following incident which is related of him might easily be true.

A man who had bought one of the artists's paintings wished his opinion on the hanging of the picture and invited him to dine. Mr. Twachtman expressed his approval of the background, of the height at which the canvas was hung, pronounced the light favorable—indeed, he said, there was only one particular in which he would suggest any change.

"And what is that?" inquired his host solicitously.

"Why," said the artist, "I should hang it the other side up. I always have."—Everybody's Magazine.

—

A colored man with a bad cut in his head came to a doctor. The doctor fixed him up, and, as the man was about to depart, the physician said:

"That's a pretty bad cut in your head, Henry. Why don't you profit by this lesson and keep out of bad company in the future?"

"Well, I should like to, doctor," replied Henry sadly, "but I ain't got no money to git er divorce, you see."—Lippincott's.

—

Bobbie—I heard you got a letter from your brother?

Joey—Indeed, I did.

Bobbie—Was there anything important in the letter?

Joey—Well, I didn't open it, for on the outside of the envelope was printed: "Please return in five days," so I sent it back to him.

—

A wealthy land owner in England, affected with the craze for Japanese gardening, invited the Japanese ambassador to luncheon and afterward showed him round the gardens and greenhouses, keeping the Japanese garden till the last as a delightful surprise.

When, after admiring the beauty of all the other gardens, the ambassador was at last taken to the imitation of the gardens of his own flowery land, he held up his hands in enthusiastic delight. "Ah," he exclaimed, "this is wonderful! We have nothing like this in Japan!"

—

"Pop's going to give me a watch," Willie informed his aunt.

"That will be nice," replied the aunt, "and it will help you getting to school in the morning."

"Yes, that's so, 'cause when I get to school I can look at the watch and see just how late I am."

—

School Teacher—Now, Master Thompson, tell me the denomination into which the money of the United Kingdom is divided.

Master Thompson—Don't know.

School Teacher—Don't you know how the money your father brings home every Saturday night is divided?

Master Thompson—'Taint divided; mother takes it all.

—

Every man is a coward—if you can only discover the particular thing that frightens him.

—

Father and mother may not know the meaning of daughters graduating essay, but they are proud of it just the same.

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A New Line of Wash Dresses

Just Received

Our line of new wash dresses for summer contains a splendid assortment of pretty styles and good combinations of colors—materials are ginghams, linens, corded effects, etc., made up in all colors.

We also carry a special line of wash dresses in junior sizes, 13. 15. 17 and 19—very good dresses for the young girl—of these we have a very complete assortment to choose from in the new materials and colors, prices very reasonable.

White Dresses at Half Price

One big lot of ladies white dresses in lawns, dotted swiss, marquisettes, etc., placed on sale at exactly half price—the lot includes dresses at all prices and styles that are very good. Look this line over, any dress in this line for half price.

White Waists and Balkan Middies

The new Balkan middies can be found here in all sizes, styles and prices. Our stock of white waists was never more complete than at the present time. Everything in low and high neck effects for the summer included in this line.

White Footwear

Surely your summer outfit is not complete without at least one pair of white pumps or boots. We carry the largest line in the city—at very popular prices.

Ladies white canvas shoes with large milo buttons, high wide toe, at per pair $3.50

Ladies extra high cut button boots, semi lace, fine sea island duck, a new novelty, at per pair.....$4.00

Ladies white nu-buck four button oxfords, at per pair.....$4.00

Misses and children's two strap button pumps and high shoes, all sizes. Prices according to sizes, from $1.15 to $1.50.

What They Say

Not in Class With Woody's Relations.
(Philadelphia Record.)
The selection of William Jennings Bryan's journalistic partner for civil governor of the Panama canal zone indicates that the secretary of state has some influence with this administration.

But the Effect is Just as Good.
(New York Tribune.)
The bichloride habit is no improvement upon the carbolic acid fad.

Still, Every Little Bit Helps.
(Baltimore Sun.)
You will notice that "Jack" Johnson declares "a year isn't much" before his year has been served.

The Place to Get a Real One.
(Philadelphia Ledger.)
If King George has any trouble about a new laureate he might import one from Indiana where poets may be found in droves.

Tom Says Such Funny Things.
(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)
It is not that Tom Marshall talks more than other vice presidents, but that he says something worth quoting, which gets him into the papers so often

An Awful Surprise for Senators.
(New York World.)
The impression seems to be gaining ground that after all there may be lobbyists in Washington.

What He Usually Went After.
(Omaha Bee).
The colonel's expressed preference for milk seems also to include the cream.

A theory is always all right until tried.

UP TO DATE.

Preceptress (after lesson on the creation of man)—"Have my little men any question they would like to ask?"
Little Willie—"Did God give Adam chloroform when he took the rib to make Eve?"

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