

THE PRINCETON UNION

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Again is Raisuli raising hades in Morocco.

Too much preliminary sparring in the railroad litigation.

The Fourth of July is always a "safe and sane" one in the British Isles!

The way to treat the oil trust is to jail Rockefeller and all his associates in thievery.

Tom Lawson has returned from Europe and the "system" is bracing itself for another jolt.

About the only question which the Hague peace conference has so far decided is the "proper method of declaring war."

Sam Langum has managed the Preston Times for twenty-one years and has made it the best weekly in his section of the state.

The reduction of express rates has not yet materialized in this neck of the woods. What meaneth a reduction in freight rates, anyway?

Bloomington Bros. of New York have opened a department for the sale of real estate in their "Big Bargain" store. Now watch the ladies rush for town lots.

A man likes to have you think he is rich unless you are trying to get him to subscribe to a charity.—New York Press.

Or unless you should happen to be an assessor.

A few months' experience convinced the publisher of the Bethel News that there was no field for a newspaper in that place. The Anoka Union has fallen heir to the remains.

An Associated Press dispatch says that "Tammany hall celebrated the Fourth with oratory and fireworks." Pray, when did Tammany hall oratory cease to be anything but fireworks?

The dailies are again running war scare heads—predicting a conflict between this country and Japan. It is not at all likely, however, that the battles will be fought other than on paper.

All alarm has been dispelled by Mr. Tanjehiki of Japan, who came across from the orient to inform us that his country had no intention of annexing America at present. Very kind of Mr. Tanjehiki.

New York spent four million dollars for combustibles to celebrate Independence day. Three-fourths of this amount was expended by millionaires who stole the money from the country by dodging their taxes.

The implicit faith which the Western Federation of Miners has in the innocence of Moyer and Haywood was demonstrated last week when these two men were re-elected respectively president and secretary-treasurer of the organization.

In the tobacco growing districts of Kentucky the American Society of Equity has been of great benefit to the farmers. What organized tobacco-producers accomplished in Kentucky can be accomplished by organized farmers in Minnesota.

Mr. Bryce, who does the ambassadorial stunt in Washington for Mr. John Bull, will have to be curbed. He has nosed around among the archives of the department of justice until he knows more about our laws than we know ourselves.

James R. Brewer, secretary of Maryland's state board of charities, contends that vaccination is primarily responsible for the alarming increase in the number of cases of tuberculosis, that the disease is conveyed into the human system through the medium of vaccine virus taken from cattle. If this be true—smallpox if we don't get vaccinated and tuberculosis if we do—humanity is, metaphorically speaking, placed in a position between Beelzebub and the deep blue sea.

If Kadi MacLean possesses the average amount of the cunning attributed to the Scot he will slip through the fingers of Raisuli as easily as the eel slips through the fingers of an inexperienced fisherman.

Attorney Jerome will make effort to bring about the trial of Harry Thaw in October. The sooner this assassin is disposed of the better. Had he been a man without means the electric chair would more than likely have dispatched him to kingdom come long ago.

Secretary of the Navy Metcalf intends sending eighteen or twenty battleships into the Pacific ocean on a "practice" cruise next winter. This does not necessarily mean that these vessels will practice upon the Japs or that the secretary scents battle from afar.

Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco was on Monday sentenced to five years in the penitentiary by Judge Dunne for extortion. This is the extreme penalty of the statute under which Schmitz was convicted and Judge Dunne is to be commended for imposing it.

Mr. C. H. Warner, through the columns of the Age, tells the Aitkin people what creameries have done for Millea and central Mille Lac county. Mr. Warner has not overstated anything. Creameries have been the salvation of hundreds of Mille Lac county farmers.

Talk about boosting, there is not a man in the country who keeps more persistently at it than our friend Sjoblom of the Minneapolis Telegram. He is boosting the voting machine—a machine that should be adopted by every community wherein dwells a United States citizen.

There is but one system of law in the United States, and it applies equally to multimillionaire, to pauper, to oil king and street peddler.—Baltimore Sun.

One system of law, 'tis true, but several ways of application; otherwise many millionaires now running at large would be in the penitentiary.

Another member of Gov. Johnson's staff, Col. D. A. Jones, hid him to Cleveland last week for the express purpose of giving out an interview, which was reproduced in the twin city dailies. Gov. Johnson's press bureau is doing good work but it must be rather expensive, and Hearst does not foot the bills.

Lots of unnecessary fuss is being made over the discovery that Miss Ethel Roosevelt has a double—that Miss Dorothy Mercer of New York closely resembles her. Had the discovery been made that Miss Bridget O'Flaherty or Miss Gretchen Schnitzenhauer were duplicated or triplicated the press would have taken no cognizance of the matter.

There is at least one process server in the country whom John D. Rockefeller could not buy off—United States Marshall Frink of Massachusetts. By a clever ruse he outwitted the public robber and served upon him a subpoena to appear before the United States district court in Chicago. Marshall Frink should be awarded a gold medal for his honesty.

All that is necessary for us to do in order to effect a cooling of the atmosphere is to prevail upon Mr. Fairbanks to make a speech in our neighborhood. At Fergus Falls on the Fourth it is said that the thermometer fell twenty degrees at the conclusion of his first sentence and that before he had delivered half of his oration men were running home for their overcoats and women for their wraps.

An exchange suggests that cock-fighting be prohibited. Cock-fighting is prohibited—that is, there are laws imposing a penalty for engaging in the sport. The abolition of prize-fighting by human brutes is, however, of far more importance, for the so-called matches between them are invariably fakes wherein the results of the contests are decided before the participants enter the ring. Cock-fighting is an innocent pastime compared with bouts by human bulldogs who pound one another to pieces for the money there is in it.

The demand for a "safe and sane" Fourth of July would, it seems to us, be fully met by the substitution of phonographs for cannon crackers and other dangerous, noise-producing fireworks. Booming of cannon and all sorts of other noises could be easily recorded on the wax cylinders of the phonograph and reproduced on Independence day throughout the country. We could even reproduce the din of real battle if we felt so inclined, as the Japs made wax records of the pandemonium in their principal engagements with the Russians and could supply them by the thousand upon demand. Strange this idea has not occurred to some of the leaders in the "safe and sane" Fourth movement.

Because a minister of one of the fashionable churches in Philadelphia flatly refused to create his pants and dress in the very latest fashion he was requested to resign his pastorate. He immediately complied, but in his farewell sermon he rightly administered a scathing rebuke, which contained the following, to his aristocratic flock:

"The churches are demanding a decorative minister that tiptoes gently and graciously at 4 o'clock teas and smiles benignly at the bridge whist table, a minister whose pulpit utterances have the quality of what is known as fox fire, a pale, phosphorescent glimmer, the product of decayed wood. Jesus pronounced war against the aristocratic churchly class in Jerusalem and scourged the money changers out of the temple, but if a minister should say or do any of these things he would not only be pronounced unchristianlike but un-governed in temper and possibly insane."

Second Assistant Postmaster General McCleary says that there is a fortune in sight for the man who will perfect a device for grabbing off mail bags by fast moving trains. The present method is to place a mail sack suspended from the arm of a post, which is caught by a hook protruding from the side of the car. This portion of the work is fairly satisfactorily performed, but when it comes to delivering the sacks at a station from a fast moving train the trouble begins. Sometimes the sack lands in the ditch; at others the suction from beneath the cars is so great that the pouch or bag is drawn under and destroyed by the wheels. For years the second assistant postmaster general has been trying to get a better method of delivery. Herein lies a chance for those inventive geniuses who have been assiduously laboring to discover a means of creating power without energy—perpetual motion—to become independently rich.

Rare Harvey Johnson of the Battle Lake Review in his own inimitable style reviews his five years' connection with that paper:

"Five years ago this paper was a four page affair of doubtful standing in this community. Hand presses have gone to make room for presses driven by steam; the patronage of the paper has doubled, the size of the paper has doubled, and the editor has doubled several times in an effort to meet his bills face to face. The Review has thousands of friends in Otter Tail county, many of whom read the paper every week and who are glad to see it every Thursday. If it has an enemy or two it has come by them honestly and has no apologies to offer or tears to shed. It has attempted to treat mankind fairly, whether dealing with rich or poor, high or low, prince or pauper. When Battle Lake becomes a daily town the Review will be published as a daily, but most likely the change will not be made this year. The fellows who five years ago looked aghast on the spectacle of the Review editor going into business on a capital of ten cents are still looking as we go to press on this glorious Fourth of July. Success has not come from sitting in our revolving chair in the office and waiting for business to step in and shake hands with us; it has been found advisable to go out into the hedges and by-ways and bring it home in an order-book kept for that purpose. While nobody has voluntarily strewn our pathway through life with roses, only few have strewn thorns along the way. Newspapers in small towns throughout the state are dying the death of starvation, and although the Review is not paying as comfortable a dividend as Standard Oil, we are not ready to ring up the undertaker to give it a decent burial and it is not for sale. As you all know, we have avoided politics as studiously and as successfully as a Dago avoids soap, and as we leave home regularly on wash day, our cup of sorrow is usually filled with emptiness."

If Minnesota would pay a little more attention to advertising her resources she would be able to double her farming population and quadruple her wealth in a few years.—Anoka Herald.

As we said before, the only advertisement Minnesota needs is the improvement of roads and drainage of swamps. Minnesota's productive soil and the country newspapers will do the rest. On this proposition the country press will work gratuitously.

Isaac La Bessoniere, the oldest resident of St. Paul—he has lived there seventy years—is authority for the statement that the first settler of that city was an Irishman by the name of Edward Phelan. Phelan was a United States soldier and was honorably discharged at Fort Snelling in 1836, and the same year took up his residence in the future city of St. Paul.

"Sharpshooter" Speaks of the Fourth. When this column goes to press the one-hundred-and-thirty-first battle of the Fourth of July will have been fought, the dead will have been counted, the wounded bandaged and the country saved. In the one-hundred-and-thirtieth battle the killed numbered 158, and the wounded 5,308, making a total of 5,466 casualties. Of the wounded 22 were made totally blind, 72 lost one eye, 56 lost a limb and 227 lost one or more fingers. Of the dead, 18, mostly children, were burned to death. This sounds horrible, and yet we can hardly expect any smaller list this year, for we are increasing both in population and pocket money. The list may reach 5,500.

Independence day is a great institution. A notable Englishman recently publicly deplored the fact that England has no national holiday comparable to our Independence day and Thanksgiving day. And doubtless he was right. It does any nation good to stand still a day or two each year and shout or pray or eat in concert. Our Thanksgiving day probably cripples and kills a good many citizens, but its killings are not nearly as spectacular as are those of Independence day. This Fourth of July casualty list reminds us that independence even when gained by bloodshed requires bloodshed for its maintenance. In ten such celebrations we kill and wound more people than Washington commanded in his largest army of independence. It takes but four Fourth of July to make an Antietam, and but eight to make a Gettysburg. If we keep up our record through the entire twentieth century we shall have sacrificed or crippled on the jovial altar of independence a half million of our good people. This is not as bad as a civil war, for war is done in hate and this is done in fun. But the dead are just as dead and the wounded just as shattered as though it had been done by an enemy. If we pension our Independence day injured as we do our war victims we shall be paying about \$75,000,000 annually for this item by the middle of the century. For ten years of such pensions we could have bought all North America in the days of George Washington.—Commercial West.

A Relic of the Past. While ditching on land of the Crookston School of Agriculture Contractors Brown and Youngren found six feet below the surface an anchor similar to the ship anchor used by the Norsemen about nine centuries ago. Mr. Brown, who was formerly a Norwegian sailor in the old country, at once recognized it as of the type which he has seen handed down as heirlooms in his native land.

The ditch was being dug on soil that had never been broken, and there seems to be no question but what the anchor had been there for centuries. It is in a fairly good state of preservation, though rusted. It is believed to be a relic of some of the very earliest Norse exploration voyages, and was lost there in the era that the entire Red river valley was a portion of Lake Winnipeg, and when ships could sail from the Atlantic to this section of the country. Leif Erickson left a party of sixty when he touched the coast of North America, and it is possible that this anchor is a relic of the little band he left, as nothing was ever heard of them afterwards.

The anchor is light, weighing not more than twenty-five or thirty pounds. It consists of a rather heavy cylindrical-shaped center piece, and from sockets on each side prongs extend to catch the dirt if the anchor is sunk to the bottom of shallow water, or catch other obstructions, the prongs swinging on iron pins through the center of the cylinder.

Careful data have been kept of the conditions under which the anchor was discovered and further excavations will be made. The anchor will be sent to the Smithsonian or some similar institute, and efforts made to connect it with ancient history.

Chicago News Wonders. After reading a lot of patent medicine testimonials we wonder why people ever die.—Chicago News.

OPINIONS OF EDITORS

Col. Nell's Prophecy Fulfilled? Hon. Frank Day, Gov. Johnson's private secretary, says that the governor is a candidate for the presidency on the democratic ticket. We told you so!—Lake Crystal Union.

An In and an Out. The Washington Herald comes to the relief of an agitated country, and settles the twin questions of "What is a democrat?" and "What is a republican?" It decides that a republican is an "in" and a democrat is an "out."—Duluth Herald.

Millionaire Lumbermen Unpopular. C. A. Smith has been named by Minneapolis as a candidate for governor on the republican ticket. He is a millionaire lumber dealer. The prospect of killing off Smith is equally as good as the slaughtering of Cole at the last campaign. Millionaire lumber dealers are unpopular.—Lake Crystal Union.

Jacobson and Young. There are two men in this congressional district who are often mentioned in connection with the republican gubernatorial nomination, viz: Jacobson of this city, and Young of Appleton. The former would have the hardest fight for the nomination, but the latter would be less apt to succeed at the polls. Should both go into the convention neither would be nominated. However, that will not happen.—Madison Independent Press.

By Hocus Pocus. B. F. Tillman, the South Carolina fire-eater, who says things that are not always pleasant and roasts people who do not agree with him, says Gov. Johnson is too modest and that Bryan is strong. In a brief interview Tuesday he is quoted as saying: "Gov. Johnson has been very modest in presenting himself to the people. He is very little known outside his own state. I know very little about this man who by some hocus pocus became democratic governor of Minnesota and twice downed republican opponents."—Stillwater Gazette.

A Land of Promise. Northern Minnesota is a land of promise, of almost limitless resources and immeasurable possibilities. Its future greatness is assured. There is no guesswork wrapped around its development. There is no drawback attached to its industrial growth and expansion, and above all it has the makings of the finest dairy country in the United States, if not in the world. It is destined to become the great agricultural section of the northwest. Those who have never visited that vast domain which lies north, northeast and northwest of the twin cities have no appreciation of the immense amount of wealth that must come from the bowels of the earth, the timber and the soil, the productiveness of which is a surprise to those who have investigated crop conditions. There is room in that north country for thousands upon thousands of people, and the day is not far distant when immigration will move swiftly in that direction and the land will be made to blossom as the rose. There are riches for those who settle up and develop northern Minnesota.—Mankato Press.

The Way to Even Up. "I have heard much complaint since being in the United States about the high cost of food products, and particularly meats," said James O'Donnell of Cork, Ireland, at the Arlington. "It seems to me that the public has got a remedy, and a very simple one—at least, it appears that way to me—whereby it can defeat the beef combines and trusts that put up prices to an unreasonable figure. I am looking at it from the standpoint of one who has thousands of countrymen that scarcely eat any meat at all when I advise Americans to stop buying beef and mutton and pork whenever they feel they are being robbed. You cannot see anywhere on the globe a healthier, stronger, finer looking class of people than the Irish peasantry, and with them meat is such a luxury that if they have it once a week they are in luck. Here in America, I understand, if the people do not get meat three times a day they consider themselves the victims of misfortune. "Undoubtedly it would not be to the detriment of the American people if they were to consume one-third or even one-half less meat than is their habit. They might be even better off physically, since vegetarians tell us that much of the sickness comes from meat eating. Besides, there would be a tremendous saving of money, for it is the meat bills that bring up the cost of housekeeping to such a figure."—Washington Herald.

The First Trousers. Pockets were one of the great sartorial objections urged against trousers, and a writer on male fashions eighty years ago declared: "No pockets can be tolerated on any account whatever; they make a man look like a Yankee."—London Chronicle.

PROGRAM OF EXAMINATIONS

Common School Certificates.

at Princeton and Milaca, July, 1907.
NOTE—Civics is now required for second grade and limited certificates.
Monday, July 29th.
(SECOND GRADE STUDIES.)
A. M.—8:00 Enrollment.
8:30 Arithmetic.
10:30 Physiology-Hygiene.
P. M.—1:30 English Grammar.
3:00 Reading.
3:45 Drawing and Music.
Tuesday, July 30th.
(SECOND GRADE STUDIES CONTINUED.)
8:00 Professional Test.
9:00 Spelling.
9:30 Geography.
11:30 Composition and Penmanship.
P. M.—1:30 U. S. History.
3:15 Civics.
Wednesday, July 31st.
(FIRST GRADE STUDIES.)
8:00 Geometry.
10:00 Physics.
P. M.—1:30 Algebra.
3:15 Physical Geography or General History.
GUY EWING,
County Superintendent.

The New Naturalization Law. The new naturalization law went into effect on September 29 last. Under that law naturalizations of foreign born would-be citizens of the United States were practically suspended until Dec. 29. From that time on records have been kept in Washington of all the immigrants who desired to become citizens of this country, and no one can be naturalized until his petition is passed upon by the federal authorities.

The process of creating an American citizen today is a somewhat complicated one. The applicant must declare his intentions, must apply for citizenship in a court of competent jurisdiction, and all the papers must be submitted to the bureau of immigration and naturalization in the department of commerce and labor upon regularly prescribed form and three months later, provided he has lived five years in the United States, the applicant must appear in court and satisfy the court officers that he has complied with all the requirements of the new law. Should objection be filed against his application he must defend his rights and establish the fact that he is entitled to the benefits of the protection of the American flag.

The new law has been in effect practically six months. Its provisions are not fully understood yet by the immigrants "catching on." Since Jan. 1, the average number of declarations of intentions to become American citizens have been approximately 10,000 per month. Twenty-five hundred petitions for citizenship papers have also been recorded each month since Jan. 1, and in that period final naturalization papers to the number of 1,000 per month have been issued. This does not begin to approach the number of immigrants who have arrived in the various ports of the United States monthly in recent years, but the figures indicate a very strong desire on the part of immigrants to acquire the rights of American citizenship, and it is believed that as soon as the law is thoroughly understood and that all the officials become perfected in the details of the statute, the number of naturalizations will very materially increase.

Up to the present time, it is asserted, the new act has been operated with very little friction. Court officers everywhere have shown a disposition to do everything in their power towards perfecting the machinery of naturalization, and it is the general belief that the problem has been solved and that hereafter Uncle Sam will have a complete and perfect record of every foreign born resident who aspires to become a citizen of this great republic.

Been Depleted the Farmer. There is no nobler, more varied, more exhaustive occupation than that of farming. And to be successful in it requires a strong physique, large means, keen perception, boundless intellectual resources and patience. The snobocracy of the towns and villages sneer at the farmer, the very foundation of society. And if they could be forced to take a six months' course on the farm occasionally, doing all kinds of work from plowing to fencing, hauling manure, cleaning the stables and bedding the stock, turning the cream separator, feeding all kinds of animals from chickens, calves, pigs, and up, they would be better citizens. They would not then as a result of their dense ignorance look upon their benefactor, the farmer, with scorn.—Fergus Falls Globe.

Cure of the American Disease. The menace to the health of Americans is said to be nervousness and many theories are advanced as to the best cure. Hot baths are recommended, air baths, the barefoot cure and others in turn. As a preventive measure a glass of pure malt tonic, such as golden grain belt beer is a wise precaution. It prevents nervous fatigue caused by an overworked brain and refreshes the tired worker. Order of your nearest dealer or be supplied by Sjoblom Bros., wholesale dealers, Princeton.