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Minnesota has refused to join the ranks of the progressive good roads states.

While the returns are incomplete it is almost a certainty that the good roads amendment has been defeated.

We can view with equanimity the election of Woodrow Wilson, but the defeat of the good roads amendment — — — — —!

On Friday of last week the Cuban general election was held and, according to the dailies, went off very quietly—soldiers guarded the polling places with fixed bayonets and dispersed the crowds.

A price of \$1,000, says a New York press dispatch, has been placed upon the head of District Attorney Whitman, who dared to expose the New York police department and bring Becker to justice, and four assassins have been hired to kill the prosecutor. If this is true the New York police ring is more to be feared than the black hand association or high-binders' society.

The government will have to raise the salaries it pays in civil service positions or it will soon find itself short of men. In Saturday's examinations in various parts of the country a heavy falling off in the number of applicants for federal jobs, such as mail carriers and postal clerks, was noticeable, and the reason is obvious—men can obtain better pay working for private enterprises.

Motion pictures of the Balkan-Turkish war have already been placed on exhibition in New York. The fact that no camera men were allowed with the forces at the front leads us to the belief that the motion picture fellows costumed a couple of armies of Bowery bums and put them into mimic warfare for the purpose sought. Those moving picture artists are mighty resourceful chaps.

It is said that the Chicago cold storage men are taking from the tomb and placing on the market a million or so of eggs which they placed in the sepulchre in the summer of 1910. It seems that since Doc Wiley was squeezed out of office ancient eggs can be disposed of by unscrupulous dealers with impunity. But little effort is being made to enforce the pure food laws, either national or state.

At the election on Tuesday there were 44,030 votes cast for presidential candidates in Minneapolis; there were 16,105 votes recorded in favor of the good roads amendment and 4,615 against it, and 23,310 failed to vote either for or against; hence, in reality, there were 27,925 votes against the amendment in that city. Even at that Minneapolis did better in proportion to its population than many of the country precincts.

In sacrificing their lives in order to save 87 children who were in their charge, six sisters of charity at St. Johns orphanage, San Antonio, Texas, displayed a heroism almost unprecedented. They could have escaped with their lives, but then the children would have lost theirs in the fire, and these noble women died in rescuing their little charges, all of whom were saved but two. The world knows of no greater heroism than this.

It is estimated that the grain yield of the northwest this year will exceed all previous records by 35,000,000 bushels. This will not, however, necessarily depreciate prices to any great extent, as there have been light yields in many European countries and they will therefore be compelled to draw more heavily than usual upon the supply of the United States. The wheat crop of Argentine and other South American republics is also light in consequence of destructive storms.

Crown Prince William of Germany fell from his horse the other day, receiving a few scratches, and the great American dailies published his picture under scareheads and gave the trifling incident half-column write-ups. Upon the same day John Harris of Pittsburg, Pa., was cut to pieces in saving the life of a child by rushing in front of a moving train, and the great dailies devoted about an inch of space to the heroic deed. To the average American this toadying of the press to "royal" sapheads is sickening.

In all 207 lives, in various parts of the world, have been sacrificed to aerial navigation since the plane machines were invented. Fifteen of these aviators were killed in the month just closed, one of them while engaged in the daring act of spying upon Adrianople. Shrapnel from the Turkish guns brought his machine to earth. Two hundred and seven lives is a heavy toll to pay to experimentation, but ere the flying machine is brought to a state of perfection, where it is absolutely safe, many more will lose their lives.

John Spitzberger is dead. He was known as the "Miser of Vienna," but the appellation was unjust for he did not worship wealth. He worked hard and denied himself the necessities of life that he might save money to found a children's hospital. And when he died he left 3,000,000 crowns for this purpose. Thus it is shown that it was not miserliness which imbued the soul of John Spitzberger, but humanitarianism—he deprived himself of the comforts of life that little children might benefit thereby. "Your pleasure is to spend," he would reply to the remonstrances of his friends, "mine to save." Leave me to my pleasure; it is all for a good purpose."

The driving of the bloodthirsty Turks out of Europe and the division of the territory among the countries which are engaged in warfare against the barbarous Mohammedans would prove a blessing. Turkey has for centuries proven a menace to the peace of Europe. Its sultans have encouraged the slaughter of Christians and the most brutal atrocities have been perpetrated upon men, women and children in the Balkan states. And the great powers, to their eternal shame, have complacently looked on and made no attempt to stop the horrible massacres. Out with the inhuman Turks,—drive them into their Asiatic possessions,—but better still would be their complete annihilation.

Jim Gray of the Minneapolis Journal editorial staff, who was sent to Milwaukee to write up the socialist municipal regime, finds that it was a costly business failure but that the administration was honest. It spent \$1,080,000 more in two years than any predecessor, even those which were called grafting administrations. This money was not spent in public improvements, for practically none were made; the money, it seems to Mr. Gray, was just frittered away as a consequence of bad management. Hence the peculiar fact presents itself that Milwaukee was less burdened with taxes and in a more flourishing condition under alleged grafting administrations than under a socialist regime.

In consequence of the death of Vice President Sherman, Chairman Hilles of the national republican committee has called a meeting of that body for November 12, in Chicago, for the purpose of selecting a successor to James S. Sherman as a candidate of the republican party for vice president of the United States. This is the regulation procedure in such cases, but the nomination could not possibly be made prior to election, as it is necessary to give at least six days notice to each committeeman, and Mr. Sherman's death did not occur until October 30. According to the constitution the succession to the vice presidency for the unexpired term goes to Secretary of State Philander C. Knox, who also figures as a presidential possibility should the national election throw the contest into the house.

Rev. T. W. Stout of Minneapolis is one of those level-headed ministers who does not believe in dragging the church into political factionalism. In an address to first voters last week he thus expressed his views on the subject: "The church must inspire; the state must execute. The church must inspire not one party, but all; else she will foment class strife. She must not win by wresting a victory from one crushed section of society, but by winning all to better thinking." Preachers who from the pulpit advise voting for this, that or the other candidate or party take a very poor attitude.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

It Used to Be Rudely Interrupted in Olden Times in England. One John Rudge is on record as having bequeathed to the parish of Trysull, in Shropshire, England, 20 shillings a year to be paid to "a poor man" employed to go about church in summer to keep people awake. At another English church, that of Acton, in Cheshire, it was the practice during the middle of the last century for one of the churchwardens to proceed through the church during service with a huge wand in his hand where-with if any one of the congregation were observed to be asleep he was instantly awakened by a tap on the head. In Warwickshire a similar custom prevailed. A warden bearing a stout wand shaped like a hay fork at the end stepped stealthily up and down the nave and the aisles, and whenever he saw an individual asleep he touched him so effectively that the nap was broken, this being sometimes accomplished by the application of the fork to the nape of the neck. A more playful method obtained in another church. The beadle went about during service carrying a long staff, the end of which was attached a fox's brush and to the other a knob. With the former he gently tickled the faces of the women sleepers, while with the knob he bestowed a sharp rap on the heads of male offenders.—Exchange.

ORIENTALS APT PUPILS.

It Doesn't Take Them Long to Get the Swing of Our Ways. About the time the Japanese or Siamese student at Harvard has come to know his way about the campus he has forgotten to prefix "honorable" to the names of professors, he remembers only dimly that he used to salaam to his elders, and he wears a cap with a careless grace and comfort as any other freshman. If six weeks will make such transformation in the oriental six months will so change him that even his father would have difficulty in recognizing him at first glance. And he can say, "You get me, Harold, don't you, old boy?" and "Let's beat it!" as readily as though he were Boston born. A tutor over in Cambridge takes oriental students in charge as soon as they arrive at the university and instructs them in the ways and means of acquiring a working knowledge of English. It makes no difference whether the youngsters had any education in the English language or not before they left home. The Chinese or the Japanese student the tutor says, is invariably quick, determined and eager to learn. Also, according to this tutor, he unlearns a lot of oriental things.—Boston Herald.

How to Boil Water. To boil water would seem to be a very simple thing, and yet the late Charles Delmonico used to say that very few people knew how to do it. "The secret is," he said, "in putting good fresh water into a clean kettle already quite warm and setting the water to boiling quickly and then taking it right off for use in tea, coffee or other drinks before it is spoiled. To let it steam and simmer and evaporate until the good water is in the atmosphere and the lime and iron and dregs only left in the kettle is what makes a great many people sick, and it is worse than no water at all." For water boiled like this and flavored with a few drops of lemon juice Mr. Delmonico used to charge as much as for his best liquors, and he often recommended it to his customers and friends who complained of loss of appetite.

A Bold but Unprofitable Retort. "I passed that woman in the second floor apartment downtown this afternoon with a wonderful new French hat on, and she had her chin up so high in the air she couldn't see any one she knew," said Mrs. Knox, with a tinge of resentment in her voice, as she began to pave the way to inform her husband that her own old awning was looking disgracefully shabby and ready for the church rummage sale. "That's nothing," retorted Mr. Knox boldly. "When a woman gets a new Paris hat it generally goes to her head." Then he suddenly remembered that he had an engagement and decided this was as good a time as any to keep it.—Kansas City Star.

Didn't Sound Right. "Ma, what does d d stand for?" "Doctor of divinity, my dear. Don't they teach you the common abbreviations in school?" "Oh, yes, but that doesn't seem to sound right here." "Read it out loud, my dear." My Dear (reading)—"Witness—I heard the defendant say, 'I'll make you suffer for this; I'll be doctor of divinity if I don't.'"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

ECONOMY SHOULD BE WATCHWORD

State Expenditures Far in Excess of Receipts.

INCREASES WILL BE ASKED

Practically Every Department to Demand Larger Appropriation From Next Legislature.

(Special Correspondence.)

St. Paul, Nov. 5.—With the election over activity once more reigns at the state capitol. What the next legislature will do, what new laws it will put on the statute books and what effect they will have on the great office holding body is now the principal concern of those whose sustenance is the state treasury. The opinion is general that the new legislature is going to do the economical act and that some one is due to suffer as a consequence. It will have to, as the tax rate is now near the breaking point and a cut all down the line will be necessary to prevent an increase. One of the things charged against the present administration has been its high cost to the taxpayers of the state and in a measure the charge has not been without foundation. Today the state is on the borrowing side of the ledger to the extent of nearly \$2,000,000 and the amount is daily climbing. This is because of the extravagance of the last legislature and a reluctance on the part of the tax fixing officials to make the rate what it should be. The fear was that a rate in excess of the previous year would cause trouble at the polls. The man at the head of the appropriations committee at the coming session of the legislature faces a task many would shrink from, as he is going to be assailed from all quarters. There is not a department connected with the state government but thinks the money at its command is inadequate and each is preparing to demand an increase. New departments, too, are being proposed and they mean an additional drain on the state's strong box. Then there are proposed increases in salary, not to speak of the creation of additional offices. All around it is going to be a strenuous three months for quite a few lawmakers. The talk now is that there may be a reduction in salaries instead of an increase. Something will have to be done if the tax rate is to be kept down.

Speaking about the coming legislature and the problems it will have to face in the matter of demands on the state treasury the state board of control is preparing a plea in behalf of the institutions in its charge that will demand attention. It may not be generally known, but the dependent population of Minnesota is growing and that at a rate which calls for the strictest economy on the part of the board to keep the expenses within bounds. I am told that some of the insane asylums are bedding patients in the halls and that the wards are so crowded that the attendants walk on the beds in order to reach patients. There is no space between. At a previous session of the legislature one member told of this crowded condition of the asylums and declared that it was a shame. In the face of this the club women of the state are demanding a new prison for women offenders and other reforms that mean a big outlay of money. Had it not been for the bumper crops produced by the farms in connection with the various state institutions this year, which went far to reduce the cost of maintenance, the board of control would have been swamped. As it was every dollar at its command was expended.

The contest for the speakership of the next house is now on and the fight will be kept up to the day of the opening of the legislature. The indications are that the scrap will be one of the warmest in years. Pat McGarry of Cass county is after the place. He was in St. Paul last week and gave it out cold that he would be a candidate. W. I. Nolan and John Lennon, both of Minneapolis, want the job. Nolan, who used to trot with the boys, has joined the progressive forces and he hopes to profit by reason of the fact. Lennon says he is also a progressive. There is talk to the effect that Harry Dunn, speaker of the last house, will get into the race. The name of R. C. Dunn of Princeton is also mentioned. Bob, however, says he wants none of it.

There is a rumor in St. Paul to the effect that the Schmidt and Hamm Brewing companies have broken on the question of political activity in the state and that the former concern has withdrawn entirely from the State Brewers' association. The point made by the Schmidt company is that the activities of the Hamm crowd has brought the brewing industry into disrepute and that trouble will result if this activity is continued. The Schmidt Brewing company is now endeavoring to bring the small brewers of the state around to its way of thinking and the dissolution of the State Brewers' association is probable as a result. This association is maintained by a barrel tax and in times

past has been quite a factor in state politics.

The break between the two leading brewing concerns in St. Paul is said to date back to the St. Paul city election last spring, when Otto Bremer, the head of the Schmidt company, was the Democratic candidate for mayor. Bremer lost out and the charge made by his friends was that the Hamm Brewing company was responsible. In retaliation, it is said, Mr. Bremer personally espoused the cause of P. M. Ringdal, the Democratic candidate for governor, and to have financed several speakers and workers in an effort to bring the German vote of the state back into the fold. Bremer and Hamm never hitched, though both stood back to back in the brewery fight against the Anti-Saloon league of two and four years ago, which resulted in its practical annihilation. Bremer always contended that the association was hurting the brewery business and while contributing to the common fund seldom participated in its councils.

Many bills calculated to relieve the present statewide primary law of its obnoxious features are due to be offered at the coming session of the legislature. One member, I am told, is preparing to offer a bill repealing the entire act and returning to the convention system. That any of them will prevail, however, is hardly likely. When the first primary law was passed it was condemned all over the state and numerous amendments were proposed but few of them became laws. The repeal of the second choice provision is sure to be attempted, but how far it will get remains to be seen.

The Prohibitionists of the state cast a vote Tuesday that compels attention. The figures were hardly large enough to put the party candidates across but it was sufficient to make a decided cut in the vote of the two great parties. The gubernatorial candidate of the Prohibitionist party was E. E. Lobeck of Douglas county and it is said that he made a campaign the like of which was never seen in Minnesota. A zealot if there ever was one and with speech-making abilities above the average Lobeck, it is said, campaigned the state in a manner that practically put the candidates of the other parties to shame. Lobeck always had a crowd and he compelled attention whenever he spoke. As to funds for the campaign Lobeck had only to exhort and the hat passed at every meeting came back well filled.

Though the new election law specifies the amount that a candidate for office may spend and compels a weekly filing of a statement showing the moneys received and expended it will never be known how much money was invested in the contest just closed. Expenses were filed as required, but they are regarded as a joke in the majority of cases. One well known politician hazards the guess that over \$300,000 was expended by the various candidates. It is known that the taxpayers expended fully that amount in the conduct of the two elections.

F. Alex Stewart of Minneapolis, candidate for chief justice of the supreme court, had his little joke when filing his expense account. He made a notation under the heading of receipts acknowledging an unsolicited editorial and cartoon appearing in the St. Paul Dispatch and Pioneer Press. The value of the two he placed at \$4.99. The papers named went after Stewart roughshod.

If C. E. Elmquist of the state railroad and warehouse commission lacked interest in the primary campaign he more than made up for it in the election campaign which followed. Elmquist was a feature of every special train sent out by the state committee and it is said that he was the first to reach the platform when a station was reached. He simply could not be suppressed. Elmquist had the run of his life in the primary campaign and he evidently did not want to be caught napping a second time.

The Eberhart "three ring circus," which the Democratic campaign leaders dubbed the special carrying his excellency and the other state candidates, is due to be a feature of future campaigns. The Democrats, it is said, have figured out that the special is a good thing and hereafter much of the campaign fund will be devoted to it. The candidates on the Republican special paid the expenses, thus relieving the central committee of the burden.

P. V. Collins, the progressive candidate for governor, is said to have added fully 30,000 names to his list of subscribers to his agricultural publication as a result of his candidacy. At \$1 per this is pretty good.

THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN.

Her Simple Question. A young man took a young woman friend to a ball game for the first time, and in his superior knowledge he asked her after the first inning was over if there was anything about the game she would like to have explained. "Just one thing," said the sweet young thing. "I wish you would explain how that rheumatic bush league relic in the box ever gets the ball over the plate without the aid of an express wagon." And in the silence that followed all that could be heard was the faint chugging of the young man's Adam's apple working feverishly up and down. Boston Traveler.

SHE DIDN'T LIKE CARLYLE.

Janet Ross Tells a Couple of Tales to Justify Her Aversion.

Two good stories of Carlyle appear in "The Fourth Generation," by Janet Ross, the daughter of the brilliant Lady Duff-Gordon. "The one of our many visitors to Queen square whom I cordially disliked was Mr. Carlyle. He was a great friend of Mrs. Austin and professed to admire Lucykin, as he called my mother, very much. One afternoon he had a discussion with her or German literature, and her wonderful eloquence and fire prevailing, Carlyle lost his temper and burst forth in his Scotch tongue, 'You're just a windbag! Lucie; you're just a windbag!' I had been listening with all my ears, as my grandmother always spoke with such enthusiasm about him; but, furious at my mother being, as I thought, 'called names' by so uncouth a man, I interrupted and exclaimed, 'My papa says men should be civil to women!' For which pert remark I was reproved by my mother. Mr. Carlyle, however, was not offended and only observed, 'Lucykin, that child of yours has an eye for an inference.'"

At a later age she had this experience with him: "My cousin, Henry Reeve, 'the great Henry,' as we called him, while others irreverently knew him as 'Baron Puffendorf,' was always kind to me. When I stayed with him in Rutland Gate I took up my cob, and we used to ride in the park with his friend, Charles Greville, whom I did not much like, with De-lane, jaunty and kindly, who had a smile and a nod for every one and looked fresher than many of the young girls, although he was up till 2 or 3 every morning at the Times office, and with Mr. Carlyle.

"Henry welcomed Carlyle with effusion, but generally managed that De-lane or Charles Greville should ride with him, while I had to go with Carlyle. One day as we were trotting his wideawake blew off. A civil workman picked it up and ran after us. Instead of giving him a sixpence or even a twopenny, Carlyle said: 'Thank ye, my man. Ye can just say ye've picked up the hat of Thomas Carlyle.' I felt so ashamed that I told Eothen he must come and meet me in the park and take me away from the sage."

BULLIOT'S RASH BET.

A Banker's Wagers on St. Swithin's Day Rain Legend.

There were few frenzied financiers in England at the beginning of the eighteenth century if the banker Bulliot, of whom the following story is told, can be taken as an example: The feast of St. Swithin, July 15, 1725, was a particularly wet and stormy day. Trusting implicitly in the old superstition which says that if it rains on St. Swithin's day it will rain for forty days thereafter, Bulliot opened a pool for every one who was willing to bet against him. The affair attained so much notoriety that the wager was reduced to writing.

"If, dating from St. Swithin's day," reads the memorandum, "it rains more or little during forty days successively Bulliot will be considered to have gained, but if it cease to rain for only one day during that time Bulliot has lost."

For two weeks it continued to shower every day, and so confident did the banker become that he accepted as stakes not only money, but gold headed canes, jewels, snuffboxes and even clothes. When his cash gave out he offered notes and bills of exchange. Another week passed, and Bulliot's star was still in the ascendant.

But when the twenty-second day bank into the west bright and cloudless the unfortunate banker was ruined.—London Graphic.

Naming a Town.

The late Colonel Sanders was canvassing Montana for votes for himself for governor. He came to a little settlement, not yet named. He met a man and said, "I am Wilbur F. Sanders." "Yes," said the man. "I am running for governor. Will you vote for me, my friend?" "No." "Well," said Sanders, producing a bottle, "will you have a drink?" "You bet," said the man. And that is actually the way the town of Ubet got its name.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Doesn't Like to Move. A most curious and sluggish creature is the tautawa, a nine inch lizard whose home is in New Zealand. This little imitation saurian has the reputation of being the laziest creature ever created. He is usually found clinging to rocks or logs along the shores of rivers and lakes and has been known to remain in one position perfectly motionless for many months. How the creature manages to exist is a mystery.

A Basis of Confidence.

"By Jove," said Wilkes after the vaudeville performance was over, "it must take a lot of nerve for that man to lean up against a board while his wife hurled all those knives at him." "Nerve nothing!" retorted Bilkes. "He's perfectly aware she couldn't hit him if she tried."—Harper's.

Explained.

"I hear Miss Strongmind has chucked poor Thompson," said Dabney. "Sad, but true," said Wilkins. "Why, I always thought Thompy was a brick," said Dabney. "He is," said Wilkins. "That's why she threw him, I guess."—Judge.