

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY TABLE	
THE COMFORTABLE WAY.	
GOING SOUTH	GOING NORTH
7:55 a.m. Sandstone	8:35 p.m.
8:30 a.m. Brook Park	9:00 p.m.
9:10 a.m. Mora	7:20 p.m.
9:25 a.m. Ogilvie	7:05 p.m.
9:35 a.m. Rock	6:50 p.m.
9:55 a.m. Milaca	6:35 p.m.
10:10 a.m. Pease (T)	6:15 p.m.
10:25 a.m. Long Siding (T)	6:00 p.m.
10:35 a.m. Bricketon (T)	5:50 p.m.
10:45 a.m. Princeton	5:35 p.m.
11:02 a.m. Zimmerman	5:25 p.m.
11:25 a.m. Elk River	5:15 p.m.
11:50 a.m. Anoka	4:45 p.m.
12:52 p.m. Minneapolis	4:00 p.m.
1:25 p.m. St. Paul	3:30 p.m.
(T) Stop on signal.	

MILLE LACS COUNTY.

TOWN CLERKS.
 Bogus Brook—A. J. Franzen. Route 2, Milaca
 Borholm—Geo. Hulbert. R. 1, Milaca
 Daily—Chas. E. Johnson. Onamia
 East Side—O. C. Anderson. Onamia
 Greenbush—Oscar Erickson. R. 1, Foreston
 Hayland—C. W. Wiley. Rock.
 Isle Harbor—C. M. Halgren. Wabkon
 Milaca—H. C. Merbach. Milaca
 Milo—R. N. Atkinson. Foreston
 Onamia—G. H. Carr. Onamia
 Page—August Anderson. Star R. Milaca
 Princeton—Albert Knudsen. Route 2, Princeton
 Kahllo—E. E. Dwidler. R. 1, Harrison
 South Harbor—F. W. Miller. Onve

VILLAGE RECORDERS.
 E. W. Hatch. Princeton
 W. A. Erickson. Milaca
 Sylvan Sheets. Foreston
 Olof Wasenius. Onamia
 B. H. Potts. Wabkon
 L. A. Manton. Isle

NEIGHBORING TOWNS.
 Baldwin—P. A. Chilstrom. R. 4, Princeton
 Blue Hill—H. B. Pratt. R. 2, Zimmerman
 Spencer Brook—O. W. Blomquist. R. 3, Princeton
 Wyanett—Emanuel Lundgren. R. 2, Princeton
 Livonia—E. A. Smyth. Zimmerman
 Santiago—Geo. Ross. Santiago
 Dalbo—John D. Grazer. Dalbo
 Bradford—Wm. Oonkkin. R. 3, Cambridge
 Stanford—A. N. Peterson. St. Francis
 Spring Vale—Henry A. Olson. R. 5, Cambridge

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 G. E. CHUTE, K. R. & S. W. C. DOANE, C. C.
 FRANK GOULDING, Master of Finance

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 Regular meeting nights second and fourth Wednesday in each month.
 F. J. DARRAH, Cor. and M. of A.
 A. M. JONES, Foreman

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 Veterinary Physician and Surgeon
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DR. L. F. ANDERSON,
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Thanksgiving's Boys



COUNTRY boy with cheek of tan
 (So the old time poem ran),
 You're the one to catch our turk;
 Hope you find it easy work!
 Hold him tight as you are able,
 Lest he never reach our table!



CITY kids who hold the bird
 Never of his birthplace heard,
 But they know how good he tastes,
 How he makes expand their waists!
 Fowl that joins us folks, of all ranks,
 For your toothsome we give thanks!
 CHARLES N. LURIE.

A THANKSGIVING DAY "SERMON"

MY friends. Thanksgiving day comes, by statute, once a year. To the honest man it comes as frequently as the heart of gratitude will allow, which may mean every day, or once in seven days, at least.

Now, I propose, my friends, to state a few of the things for us to be thankful for—when we are in the mood, of course, for when we are not inclined who can make us give thanks for anything? We should be thankful that we know more than anybody else, for we are not capable of talking and giving lectures upon every subject ever talked of?

We should be thankful that we are all good looking. Ain't we? Just look around this audience and see if you can "spot" the person who is, in his own estimation, not good looking. It would be a curious study, to be sure, to find in what particular some people are good looking, but it's none of our personal business if a man has curly hair, eyes like a new moon, nose like a split pear, mouth like a pair of waffle irons, chin like a Dutch churn, neck like a gander's and a body like a crowbar. Comparatively he is good looking—that is, there are homelier men and animals than he—so everybody is good looking and has a right to put on airs.

We should be thankful that we are more pious than any one else. That we are pious is evident from the manner in which we treat poor creatures who have most unfortunately been driven to sin; from the fact that we pay our preachers occasionally and always require them to be unexception-

able in all respects; from the fact that we don't work on Sunday and eat the big dinners which it has made the women folks almost tired to death to prepare. Who is the person in this room who is not pious? I do not care to know him for the present.

We should be thankful that this world was especially created for our own comfort, convenience and use; that we have a perfect right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, no matter if these do conflict with some other person's wishes and happiness and rights.

I hope you will thank me for this recognition of your good qualities, your rights, your glory and trust. I shall be permitted to say of myself when I retire: "Here lies an honest young man."—Author Unknown.

Thanksgiving Among the Greeks.
 The Greeks held the grandest feast of all the year in honor of Demeter, the goddess of the harvest, and the Romans, who borrowed most of their customs from the Grecians, also held a grand celebration in honor of the same goddess, whose name they changed to Ceres. They went in long processions to the fields, where they engaged in rustic sports and crowned all of their household gods with flowers. Both of these feasts were held in September.

THANKSGIVING.
 Come forth, come forth, to the festal board
 As our sires were wont in the days of old;
 The reapers are home with their harvest hoard,
 The herds have hied to their wintry fold,
 And the cullers of fruit our vaults have stored
 With the wealth of the orchard's freight of gold.
 —Hannah E. G. Arey.

The Thankful Heart

for all that God in mercy sends,
 for health and children, home and friends;
 for comforts in the time of need,
 for every kindly word or deed,
 for happy thoughts and holy talk,
 for guidance in our daily walk.
 In everything, give thanks.

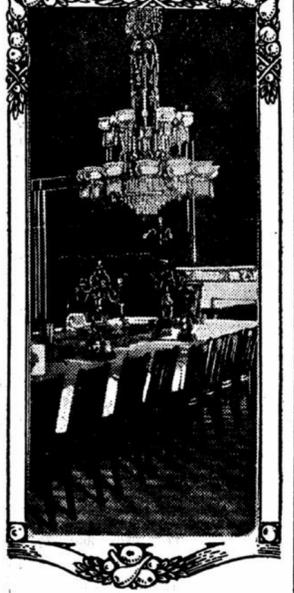
for beauty in this world of ours,
 for verdant grass and lovely flowers,
 for songs of birds, and hum of bees,
 for the refreshing summer's breeze,
 for hill and plain, for stream and wood,
 for the great ocean's mighty flood—
 In everything give thanks.

for the sweet sleep which comes with night,
 for the returning morning light,
 for the bright sun which shines on high,
 for the stars glittering in the sky—
 for these, and everything we see,
 O, Lord, we lift our hearts to thee;
 In everything, give thanks!

—Cupper.

THANKSGIVING AT THE WHITE HOUSE

"HAIL to the chief!" That particular line of the patriotic hymn certainly applies at this season to the national bird—the turkey, and not the eagle. From the sun kissed sands of the Gulf to the snow clad mountain crests of Alaska, from the burning deserts of Arizona to the bleak, storm washed rocks of Maine, the turkey is king. Millions of Americans will pay him tribute. On the plain dinner table of the farmhouse, on the silver laden board of the city banker, in the cabin, in the mines and cars whirling along their tracks of steel, beneath the glow of electric lights and the sounds of music floating from behind palms or with the gleam of the tallow dip, the sovereign is the same, proudly resting



in his bed of brown gravy, his portly sides cracking with deliciousness.

Thanksgiving is a great day at the White House. The turkey intended for the president each year is a magnificent one, weighing about twenty-eight pounds. It reaches the White House a few days before the great dinner by express, already killed. When roasted it is truly a sight to make Lucullus' mouth water with envy.

The turkey is cooked in a kitchen which is a model for cleanliness and comfort. On one side of the room is an immense range, at least twelve feet in length, and above hangs a large iron hood, which carries off any odor. The tables are two in number and covered with zinc. Above them is a hanging rod full of hooks, from which depend rows of shining saucepans of all sizes. The floor is covered with linoleum in a pretty design, and the whole place is lighted by electricity. There are three cooks, but the number of "help" at the White House is sixteen, which includes the maids, laundresses and waiters.

The dishes are washed in a patent affair. By means of a dumb waiter the meals are taken right up to the butler's pantry, which adjoins the dining room and contains the presses full of china of all administrations and of every variety of beautiful design. There are historic sets which have come down from the earliest days, for nearly every president's wife has added to the collection. Of china used by Lincoln there are about 100 pieces left, the figuring and coloring being quaint and the dish bordered by a rippling de-

sign inside of which is a broad band of color.

There are about the same number of pieces left of a set which was bought and used by the Grants. Roosevelt paid the sum of \$22,000 for a set of white and gold china, which numbered 3,000 pieces. One of the prettiest sets is that purchased by Mrs. Benjamin Harrison. The edge is a wide band of blue, and in the white center of the plate appears an exquisitely dainty picture of the American eagle resting on a shield.

The fish sets are all decorated with painted pictures of all kinds of specimens of the finny tribe, and the china used for game has pretty pictures of wild fowl in the air or standing among the reeds. There is even a plate which once belonged in the Confederate White House and one given to Washington by the Society of the Cincinnati. All of the silver at the White House is marked "The President's House."

Other than having a monster turkey to grace his table, the president's dinner will be about the same as that of any other well to do American.—Washington Star.

When the Ancient Jews Gave Thanks.
 Three thousand years ago witnessed the Jewish feast of tabernacles, with its magnificent rituals, melodious choirs and picturesque festivities. For eight days the people ceased their work to "eat, drink and be merry." During the time great throngs gathered in and around Jerusalem for several days, living in booths formed of the branches of the olive, pine, myrtle and palm and decorated with fruits and flowers. Grand public pageants were held, and, in addition to these, every household had its worship, its sacrifices and its banquet.

AN OLD THANKSGIVING FAVORITE

By LYDIA MARIA CHILD.
OVER the river and through the wood
 To grandfather's house we go.
 The horse knows the way
 To carry the sleigh
 Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood—
 Oh, how the wind does blow!
 It stings the toes
 And bites the nose
 As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood
 To have a first rate play.
 Hear the bells ring,
 "Ting-a-ling ding!"
 Hurrah for Thanksgiving day!



Over the river and through the wood
 Trot fast, my dapple gray!
 Spring over the ground
 Like a hunting hound,
 For this is Thanksgiving day!

Over the river and through the wood
 And straight through the barnyard gate.
 We seem to go
 Extremely slow—
 It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood—
 Now grandmother's cap I spy!
 Hurrah for the fun!
 Is the pudding done?
 Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

POLLY'S THANKSGIVING

How a Little Girl Got a Holiday All For Her Very Own.

SUCH a funny little roly poly Polly as she was, with her big china blue eyes, that were forever seeing something to wonder about, and her round, red cheeks, that always grew redder when anybody spoke to her, and her crinkly, flaxen hair, that never would stay in place. Such a queer dumpling of a Polly!

All the same, she liked nice things to eat as well as any one could, and when once upon a time somebody gave her the measles just in season for Thanksgiving day she felt dreadful about it and cried as hard as she knew how because she couldn't have any turkey nor pudding nor mince pie for dinner—nothing at all but oatmeal gruel.

But crying didn't help the measles a mite, as, of course, Polly knew it wouldn't. But she couldn't have helped crying if she wanted to, and she didn't want to.

"Most anybody 'd cried, I wouldn't wonder," she said a day or two after, when the measles had begun to go away again, "not to have a mite of any Thanksgiving for dinner—not any pie, not any cranb'ry sauce, not any—oh, dear!"

"Well, well," said Polly's mother, laughing. "I guess we'll have to have another Thanksgiving day right off."

"Oh, can we?" cried Polly, brightening up.

"Not unless the governor says so," answered her father, with a twinkle. "The governor makes Thanksgiving days, Polyanthus."

"Where does he live?" asked Polly, with an earnestness that was funny. Everybody laughed.

"At the capital," said Polly's Uncle Ben Davis. "Do you know where that is?"

"I guess I do," said Polly, and she asked no more questions.

But what do you guess this funny Polly did? By and by, when she felt quite like herself again, she borrowed pen and paper and shut herself up in her own little room and wrote a letter that looked a little queer, 'tis true, but still made her wishes known:

DeRe MisTeR GUVNER will you PLEASE Make ANoThER THANKSGIVING DAY be Caws I had THE MESLES the Last One. Polly Pinkham.

Then she folded the letter and put it in an envelope and sealed it and took 2 cents out of her bank for the postage and ran away as fast as she could run.

Mr. Willey kept the postoffice, and if he himself had been behind the glass boxes that day I don't believe Polly's letter would ever have gone out of Tinkerville. But Mr. Willey's niece was there. She read the address on the envelope Polly handed in, and her eyes danced, it looked so funny.

MisTeR GUVNER, at the CAPITOL.

One or two questions brought out the whole story.

"The governor shall have your letter, Polly," roguish Miss Molly said as she stamped it and postmarked it.

And so he did, for, not quite a week later, a letter came in the mail for Polly—a great white letter with a picture in one corner that made Polly's father open his eyes.

"Why, it's the state's arms!" said he. "What under the sun?"

But I think he suspected. Oh, how red Polly cheeks were and how her small fingers trembled when she tore open her letter! It was printed so that she could read it herself, all but the long words:

Dear Miss Polly—Your letter received. I am very sorry you were so ill as not to be able to eat any Thanksgiving dinner. It was quite too bad. I hereby appoint a special Thanksgiving day for you—next Thursday, Dec. 9—which I trust may be kept with due form. Your friend and wellwisher, ANDREW COLBURN.

"Oh, oh, oh!" said Polly, hopping on one foot. "Will you, mother? Oh, mother, will you? I wrote to him myself. Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Did you ever?" cried Polly's mother. "Why, Polly Pinkham!" But Polly's father slapped his knee and laughed.

"Good for Governor Colburn! I'll vote for him as long as he wants a vote. And Polly shall have a special Thanksgiving worth telling of, so she shall!"

And so she did have, the very best she ever remembered.—A. C. Stoddard in Youth's Companion.

Fasting and Feasting.
 A fast and a feast kept close company in Puritan calendars. A fast frequently preceded Thanksgiving day and was sometimes appointed for the day succeeding the feast, a clever plan which had its good hygienic points.

Though in the mind of the Puritan Christmas smelled to heaven of idolatry, when his own festival, Thanksgiving, became annual, it assumed many of the features of the old English Christmas. It was simply a day of family reunion in November instead of December, on which Puritans ate turkey and Indian pudding and pumpkin pie instead of "superstitious meats," such as a baron of beef, boar's head and plum pudding.

Many funny stories are told of the early Thanksgiving days, such as the town of Colchester calmly ignoring the governor's appointed day and observing its own festival a week later in order to allow time for the arrival, by sloop from New York, of a hoghead of molasses for pies.—From "Customs and Fashions in Old New England," by Alice Morse Earle.