

IS EASILY SCARED

Man Apt to Be Frightened by Little Things.

Many Get Stage Fright When Called Upon for a Speech, But Would Battle a Lion.

"I went to see Jim Smilax get married," said Loper, according to the Chicago News, "and he was a pitiable spectacle. He was all wilted, and the sweat ran off him in streams. Had he been in the hands of the executioner he couldn't have been scared worse. It's a queer thing. Smilax has more cool courage than any man I know, and he'd face a polar bear without displaying cold feet, but a little thing like getting married was too much for him."

"It certainly is a queer thing," admitted Gamboge, "and doubtless we'd have to go back to the stone age to find an explanation."

"Man is afraid of many things which shouldn't scare him for a minute. People who know me well must admit that I am no poltroon. Produce your Hyrcan tiger, your rugged Russian bear, and my firm nerves will never tremble. I have officiated as judge at a baby show and had a dozen disappointed mothers seething around me reaching for handfuls of my whiskers, and I was as calm as I am at this hour of going to press. I don't know what fear is in the ordinary sense; yet I can't face an audience and make a speech to save myself."

"I'd give a farm if I could rise easily and gracefully and take a fall out of the welkin when I am called upon for a few timely remarks. But when I get to my feet and look around upon a sea of expectant faces, my insides seem to give way and I feel faint and sick, and the next thing I know somebody is stooping over me with a palm-leaf fan, and somebody else is pouring ice water on me."

"Why should a man be afraid to stand up before his fellow citizens and turn loose his sentiments? Probably some ancestor of mine, back in the interglacial times, was swatted over the head with a spiked club while discussing the living issues of the day at some crossroads schoolhouse, and the shock affected all succeeding generations."

"It is but a little while since dentistry was in the same class with blacksmithing. Men who are waxing old can remember when a visit to the dentist's office was something that appalled the stoutest heart. It was the last resort. A victim of toothache would suffer until the last limit was reached before he'd consent to have any dental work done, and no reasonable person can blame him."

"When I was young the village dentist manhandled me two or three times, extracting teeth with a hammer and cold chisel. My own boys have such a dread of the dentist that I have to get the police to help me when it is necessary to take them to his office. There is no apparent reason for it. The modern dentist makes tooth pulling a luxury. It is better than an outing in the woods."

"I suppose it will take several thousand years to educate the fear of dentistry out of the human race."

"About a million years ago a dog threw itself down in the grass and was bitten by a snake. Ever since then dogs have turned around several times before lying down. This fact may explain, in some measure, why Jim Smilax was scared at his wedding."

Russian Prisoner's Escape.

The record of escapes from war captivity has been claimed for a Russian prisoner who recently crossed the Dutch frontier in his twelfth attempt to escape. Three times he fled in the direction of Luxemburg, twice he made for Switzerland, on several occasions he took the road to Poland and again to Denmark, but in every case without success. This was the first time he had tried his luck in the direction of the Netherlands frontier, and after being two months and twenty days on the road success crowned his perseverance.

Migration of Caribou.

From Dawson, Yukon territory, Dominion of Canada, comes news of the migration of caribou, says the Christian Science Monitor. Great herds are in the vicinity of Forty Mile river and at various other points. The total number of animals moving southward in search of food is estimated at 1,000,000 head. It is characteristic of the time that the migration would hardly have been known outside of Yukon territory had it not been necessary to explain officially that occupancy of the roads by the caribou interfered with the carriage of the mails.

Knew How to Figure.

Lady—What will you charge me for the use of a horse and buggy for a few hours?

Liveryman—It will cost you two dollars for the first hour and one dollar for each additional hour.

Lady—Well, I'll use it for two additional hours. I've got some shopping to do and will not require it for the first hour.

Over the Telephone.

"I was never so insulted in my life."

"Huh?"

"Somebody asked me if I wanted a kiss by wire."

"Well?"

"And when I spoke up he said he had the wrong number."

FIRST AID AT SQUAW PEAK

Lone School-Teacher on Frontier Is Successful in Reducing a Pupil's Unjointed Wrist.

I was eating my lunch in the school-house all by myself. And as I ate, a boy entered and dropped heavily into a seat, writes Laura Tilden Keat, in the Atlantic.

I looked up indifferently. The boy's face was dyed with red, but some of the youngsters had been smearing themselves with our new red water colors. This was an unusually successful effort to be hideous, I thought. And then—

"I think my wrist is out of joint," said the boy in a steady, controlled tone.

I came to life, but I was still a little skeptical.

"Are you really hurt, Edward?" I demanded, pushing my lunch basket away.

"Yes," he replied.

I was on my feet and at his side. The brilliant red that dyed half his face and more was really blood! I bent over him.

"How did you do it?"

"Fell off my horse. I was taking him down to the river to water him. I don't know—"

He was hurt. And I was alone and helpless!

"My wrist is out o' joint!" he insisted faintly.

"Are you sure?"

But, oh! I was sure myself as I looked at it! The arm had sprung far out in front of the stiff hand. The bones bulged hideously over it.

I think I ran out and took a wild look around, but there was nobody in sight but a crowd of hysterical children pressing up and whimpering. I was no doctor. I only knew that this wrist ought to be set at once, and I recalled dimly from my own grammar school days a few hints in my old physiology as to the setting of bones.

"Edward, this ought to be done now!" I said as calmly as I could. "I'm not sure that I can do it—"

"Go ahead and try!" recommended Edward grimly. "Pull it out—"

I did not give myself time to think. I got down beside him, resolutely took the terrible, misshapen wrist into my hands, and pulled, pressing the hand a little backward at the same time. I felt the bones snap smoothly into their proper places! I had done what I had set out to do! It was unbelievable.

A Pioneer of the Sea.

The king's recent visit to Port Glasgow recalls a fact in the history of ships and shipbuilding which has a particular interest at the present time. As everybody knows, observes the Montreal Herald, it was from Port Glasgow that the first steamer ever built, the Comet, owned Henry Bell, was launched in 1812. She was a 30-ton vessel with an engine of three horse power, and was found to be so successful that within the next two years two larger craft were constructed. One of these was the Marjery, and from the Clyde the Marjery was transferred to the Thames, and plied between London and Gravesend during the first months of 1815. But she was viewed with distaste by the Thames watermen. She was very much of a novelty, and they were suspicious of novelties; besides, they considered that this Scotch-built boat interfered with their rights. So the Marjery left the Thames for the Seine; her owners having sold her to a French company. To reach the Seine she had to cross the channel, and she was thus the first steamer to do so.

Wild Foods, Seeds and Roots.

One of the projects outlined by the committee on botany of the national research council is the search for wild plants which may be used as wartime substitutes for the more costly crop plants. During the Civil war Dr. John Porcher, a southerner, published a book giving a list of plants of the South which could be substituted for much-needed food and drug plants. The American Botanist, Joliet, Ill., proposes, with the aid of its readers, to compile a similar list. Information is sought as to any plants not ordinarily cultivated which have edible fruits, seeds, roots, etc. It is suggested that valuable knowledge on this subject might be obtained from hunters, trappers, woodsmen, farmers, Indians and the foremen, who pick up considerable food from the countryside. Similar information is desired concerning plants that can be used in medicine.

Shrine Destroyer in Danger.

Destroying a shrine nearly cost a woman her life at Kalma, Korea. It seems that a shrine located in her garden was frequented by the Koreans in the neighborhood and a great many of them visited it every day. In doing so, they trespassed on the garden itself and did much damage, to the great annoyance of the owner. To put a stop to this, the lady destroyed the shrine, and this enraged the Koreans. They set fire to the house, and were about to kill the owner when a force of police dispersed them.

Faithful Dog.

A dog's faith in its master has been touchingly illustrated at Riom, France, recently. The man has gone to the war, and has been killed, but the dog still awaits his return, and he refuses to leave the station at Riom. Upon the arrival of each train he dashes out on to the platform, runs first to the locomotive and then scampers from carriage to carriage, looking for the object of his affection—until the whistle blows and he is left to gaze wistfully, as he did once in 1914.

BRETHREN OF THE SWORD

Home of Cult Was at Wenden, on the North Line of the German Offensive in Russia.

The National Geographic society issues the following war geography bulletin on Wenden, on the line of the German offensive in the direction of Petrograd:

The town of Wenden, one of the oldest in the province of Livonia, is situated a few miles by rail northeast of Riga. It is a picturesque place, built two miles from the left bank of the River Aa. The Aa flows in a south-westerly direction from this point through that part of Russia known as the Livonian Switzerland, not on account of the height of mountains—the highest hill is only 265 feet—but because of the charm of the landscape with its well-wooded slopes bordering the river valley.

The story of Wenden goes back seven centuries to the time when the Brethren of the Sword, recognized by Pope Innocent III in 1202, made this place their headquarters in the campaign inaugurated by them to disseminate Christianity among the heathen Livonians. A castle was built here in 1210, and though it is now scarcely more than a crumbling ruin, as it was never restored after the destructive fire of 1748, around it cluster many romantic and fascinating stories.

One of the most celebrated grand masters of the Brethren of the Sword was Walter von Plettenberg, who rose to power during the closing years of the fifteenth century and was finally recognized as a prince of the empire by the Emperor Charles V in 1527. Plettenberg also built the castle of Riga (1494-1515), which has fared better than the Wenden stronghold, for it is still used as the seat of the Russian authorities (or rather, was used up to the time of Riga's fall a few weeks ago).

The most tragic chapter in the history of Wenden was enacted in 1577 when the members of the garrison of the castle, besieged by the forces of the implacable Ivan the Terrible, blew themselves up rather than fall into the hands of the czar. The castle was soon repaired, however, and a short time thereafter was the residence of Patricius Nideck, appointed bishop of Wenden in 1583 by Stephen Bathory, king of Poland.

His Price Was Low.

While ashore in a port of one of the little island republics in the Caribbean a number of United States marines attended a bull fight that was graced by the presence of his excellency the president of the republic, says the Saturday Evening Post. The sea soldiers occupied a box near the presidential party and, to amuse themselves while waiting for the show to begin, threw pennies into a river that flowed by the arena and watched native boys dive for them. The word quickly passed that soldados Americanos were pitching wealth into the muddy waters and soon hundreds of black shining faces were on the banks of the river just outside the bull ring. The marines enjoyed themselves hugely watching the little fellows dive, but finally ran out of pennies and were forced to raise the limit to quarters and half dollars. One marine, more reckless than the others, pitched a big silver dollar, while a score of black boys dived for it. He was just about to repeat the performance when an excited native seated near by plucked at his sleeve and whispered hoarsely: "Please don't do that, senor, you'll have the president diving."

A Scarlet Rider.

Lieut. Col. G. E. Sanders, D. S. O. of the Second Canadian Pioneer Battalion, holds a somewhat remarkable record in the Canadian forces. He is said to be the first Canadian officer who has ever been known to suggest that his command should be taken over by a younger man. In view of the splendid work which has been done by the Second Pioneer Battalion, the Canadian authorities have been rather hard to persuade on this point; but Colonel Sanders has, unfortunately, insisted that, while he may still be useful in other directions, pioneering is a young man's job. Colonel Sanders who fought through the Boer war with distinction, was before that war in command of the Northwest Mounted Police at Calgary. Indeed, he returned to that command of famous "Mounties" after the war.

South Africa Growing Sugar Cane.

Sugar planting is making rapid strides in South Africa, and the last few years have seen acres upon acres put under cane, from Durban to practically the end of the new railway line in Zululand, terminating at Somkele. The coast of Natal and Zululand is eminently suitable for the growth of sugar cane, and many farmers have given up their up-country farms for the more profitable sugar growing along the coast belt. The climate is very warm in summer, but as the main work, the cutting and milling of the cane, takes place in winter, sugar growers are enabled to leave their farms for a cooler climate during the summer months.

Unearths Corn-Grinding Quern.

An interesting relic of early Scotland was unearthed in Crumrod recently. A grave digger was preparing for a burial, when he dug up, at a depth of about five feet, the neat half of the upper stone of a primitive corn-grinding quern, measuring 18 inches in diameter, and showing half of the central hole. Search without success was made for the other fragments,

Print Paper to Decrease in Price.

A story comes from New York that the news print manufacturers, representing 85 per cent of the print paper output in the country, will sell news print to the publishers at 3 cents a pound until April 1, and after that at a price to be fixed by the federal trade commission. This agreement was reached between the government and six or seven paper manufacturers charged with violation of the Sherman anti-trust law.

United States Judge Mayer signed a decree under which the news print manufacturers' association, whose executive committee included five of the seven defendants, was dissolved.

At the present time the news print trust is exporting from the country newspaperman from 4 1/2 to 4 3/4 cents per pound in ton lots.

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