

## ALASKANS ARE MAKING GOOD

They Show Marked Inclination Toward Good Citizenship and Patriotism.

What the Alaska natives are doing and are willing to do as proof positive of their fitness to live under the Stars and Stripes is impressed on all who come in contact with the natives and their numerous activities along lines of advanced citizenship and patriotism.

By way of a minor illustration that shows which way the wind blows with them: The natives in Juneau, through the press, advocated the killing of dogs, that there might be more food for human consumption. They advised their native friends to protect the deer from their dogs that might kill deer during their helpless condition following this last winter's deep snows, when many starved and all were weakened for lack of food.

Down at Kake the natives have only about one-third to one-quarter the number of dogs that they had last year. One who went through the village last fall and again this spring remarked on the fact that there were almost no dogs in town.

"Yes," said a representative citizen, "the natives became convinced that from a sanitary standpoint and an economical standpoint they were keeping too many pets. As a result of this conviction they began reducing on dogs and improving on health and food supply."

Another point that impresses even a casual observer is that the natives all take local newspapers and read carefully—often very slowly—the events that are taking place locally and throughout the world. If a native is not a regular subscriber to a newspaper, you may be sure it is because he cannot read one word of English or any other printed language.

## OUR CAPTURED FLAGS ABROAD

Emblems Taken During the War of 1812 Are Safely Preserved in London.

A recent walk through Chelsea brought me to several places of interest to Americans. Firstly, the old Royal hospital, built in the reign of King Charles II, the great hall of which is now used as a recreation room for the old pensioners and from whose walls a number of flags captured during the 1812-1815 war are suspended.

The colors hang sedately side by side with Napoleonic eagles and other war trophies, and if it were not for the records it would be almost impossible to discern their story. Among them are flags of the Sixty-eighth and Eighty-fifth regiments captured at Blandenberg; the Kentucky regimental flag, the Fourth regiment of United States Infantry, taken at Detroit; the Second regiment of the United States Infantry and another taken at Queens-town Heights.

I wonder how many Americans know of their existence. It would certainly be a graceful act of the British government to return them to America. No doubt the American authorities have some similar trophies which they would be pleased to exchange.—London Landmark.

## Assists Visits to Graves.

According to a report received here the American Young Women's Christian association overseas has been requested by the United States army to open hotels to care for relatives visiting the four large American military cemeteries in France. The first hotel will be opened at Revigny, near the cemetery where is a small town, and prior to this had no hotel accommodations. A cable also states that hotel Petrograd, the Y. W. C. A. hostess house in Paris, which was to have been turned into an American women's club with an information bureau and guides, for the benefit of woman relatives going to France to visit soldier's graves, is now being used for the emergency housing of 200 British and French girls working with the American army.

## Life One Leap Year After Another.

There exists at least one place in the world where men consider it below their dignity to notice women at all, much less make overtures of marriage. Consequently the proposing is left to the women. When a New Guinea woman falls in love with a man she sends a piece of string to his sister, or, if he has no sister, to his mother or to another of his lady relatives. Then the lady who receives the string tells the favored man that the particular woman is in love with him. No courting follows, however, for it is considered beneath the dignity of a New Guinea man to waste his time in such a pursuit. If the man thinks that he would like to wed the lady, he meets her alone, and they decide whether to marry or drop the idea.

## Albanians Glad of Pajamas.

It is estimated that several hundred miles of unbleached muslin has recently been cut into pajamas for the Albanians, most of whom are in rags. Indeed, the shirt of one Albanian had scraps of 287 different kinds of cloth in it, when he "traded it in" for the stylish and neat suit of pajamas which he now wears proudly through the streets.

## Always Some Drawback.

"They say Maud's second husband has \$10,000 a year. How contented she must be."

"She isn't, though, exactly. A man of that grade doesn't hand his wife his pay envelope, you know."

## In Dubious Garb

By RALPH HAMILTON

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"Dear, dear!" mourned and pitted Alvin Prince, and stood looking down at a human form lying prone upon the straw-littered floor of an abandoned shelter shed at a remote corner of his farm.

He was a genial old soul, this pleasant-faced, kind-hearted deacon, selectman and the prop and stay of sterling uprightness and dignity in the community. He had been passing the shed, when he fancied that a groan proceeded from within. He stepped across the threshold and, startled and puzzled, gazed down at the recumbent figure. It was that of a young man with a refined cast of features, his eyes closed in sleep. Two further discoveries of the farmer brought a serious expression to his face. One hand was abraded and bleeding, and a cut in the head showed a second recent injury.

"A convict—an escaped convict," soliloquized Prince. "Poor fellow! And he's badly hurt. What is my duty in the case? He looks likely, and perhaps a mother, a sister is worrying about him. There isn't anything of the criminal in that face. Shall I protect him?"

The decision was quickly made. Prince proceeded across the farm, got to the house, made up a bundle and, hitching up a horse to the old family carryall, started back the route he had come.

"Mother and Zelda away," he soliloquized, "and I don't see Zeph anywhere around. That just suits me."

Zeph Barnes was the handy man about the farm. At that moment he was making his way past the old shed. His coarse lips puckered as he discovered its inmate. He scented a mystery as he saw Prince returning. He wondered if there was any reward offered for the apprehension of convicts and, climbing to the shallow loft in the structure, waited for developments.

These materialized with the arrival of Prince. The latter proceeded to disrobe the stranger. He made a bundle of the incriminating convict garb and thrust it into an old manger, attired him in a suit of his own, lifted him into the wagon and drove to the house. He got his involuntary guest to bed, applied lotions to his wounds, and wondered what his story would be. When consciousness was restored, Alvin Prince gently inquired if the injuries were painful.

"I think only a stumbling fall," replied his guest. "Let me see, I was—Where was I? What was I doing? I'm all dazed. My name is Wilbur Thorne. I have a home, but I left it for wandering a long time ago. I've kept going with all kinds of jobs. You must be a pretty kind sort of a man to take in a stranger this way."

"Oh, that is all right," declared Prince lightly, and felt a certain delicacy about referring to his convict suspicions.

Mrs. Prince and her daughter Zelda came home two days later from a week's visit to a relative, to find the interesting-looking stranger insisting upon doing some light work about the farm. They were so used to the charitable impulses of the husband and father, that they did not question him when he told them that he was taking care of his visitor until he got on his feet again.

His frank, engaging ways won the favorable opinion of Zelda and her mother, and as the weeks drifted on Wilbur Thorne became so useful and so happy that Prince had not the heart to either question him or turn him away.

He had not noticed that a bond of mutual liking was being cemented between the two young people, but Zeph Barnes, himself secretly in love with Zelda, though the latter detested him, was witness to an interview between Thorne and herself when the latter confessed his deep affection for the farmer's daughter. Just before dusk that evening, just as the family were seated on the lawn, Mr. Prince reading, Mrs. Prince at her knitting and Zelda and Thorne looking over a pictorial magazine, there appeared Zeph Barnes and a man whom the farmer at once recognized as the town marshal.

"There's the man," spoke Zeph, pointing to Thorne. "He's an escaped convict, and here—" and he tore open a bundle under his arm, revealing the convict's garb in which Prince had first seen Thorne.

"Why! you give me a link in the past always a mystery to me," exclaimed Thorne abruptly, arising to his feet with an animated expression on his face. "I wore that suit the day I got hurt. Where did you ever get it, Zeph? You see, Mr. Prince, my last job was playing the convict for some movie people over beyond the village. I took a casual stroll in it while waiting for my part in the scenario, had a bad fall, and—and I guess you can tell how you found me."

Zeph drew back crestfallen. The marshal, however, insisted on some close questioning, and Wilbur Thorne was forced to tell that he was the son of a wealthy man with whom he had quarreled to become a wanderer. A repentant truant, now that he had won Zelda's love, he was willing to ask parental forgiveness, and a week later Alvin Prince was glad to accept Wilbur Thorne as his son-in-law.

## SUFFERED SINCE

## HE WAS A BOY

Howley Had Been in Poor Health for Twenty Years—Restored by Tanlac.

"I have been in bad health for over twenty years and my condition has gradually been getting worse all the time, but about a month ago I commenced taking Tanlac and now I feel like a different man altogether," said William Howley, who lives at Deer River, Minn., while at Abbott's Drug store in Duluth the other day.

"As far back as I can remember," continued Mr. Howley, "I have been bothered with stomach trouble and indigestion. Even as a small boy I would often have spells of sick headaches after meals, and would have indigestion in the worst way. As I grew up I gradually got worse until I finally reached the point to where everything I ate would cause me to suffer something awful afterwards. Those terrible headaches kept up, too, and sometimes the pain was so severe it would almost drive me wild. This trouble just kept on until I was just about all in, and had to lose a lot of time from my work. Handling lumber is no easy job, and I was simply too weak and run down to keep at it."

"Finally Tanlac came along, and to tell the truth, I had very little faith in it, but I thought I would try a bottle of it anyway, and that first bottle did me so much good that I just kept right on taking this wonderful medicine. The more Tanlac I took the better I got, and now I am in better condition in every way than I have been since I was a boy six years old. I haven't had a headache since I took my first bottle of Tanlac, and my stomach is in such fine condition that I can eat just anything I want and never suffer any afterwards. It is simply wonderful to feel like this after suffering for twenty long years, and a medicine that will do that much for a man deserves all the good things that are said for it. I have gained eight pounds already, and am so well and strong that I am getting ready to go back home and get on the job again. I sleep like a top every night now, and I feel so fine every morning that I just know I can get around and handle as much lumber in a day as any of the boys. You can put me down as a regular booster for Tanlac, for it has been a godsend to me."

Tanlac is sold in Princeton by C. A. Jack Drug Co., in Foreston by T. H. Onstad, in Milaca by I. W. Dennison, in Onamia by Harris Bros. Drug Co., and in Wahkon by Wahkon Drug Co. Adv.

## LEFT FALSE TEETH IN GUTTER

Kansas City Man Proud Than Railroad Engineer Who Was Victim of Same Accident.

A man left the office of a Kansas City dentist the other day with a full complement of new false teeth. Hardly had he reached the street when he was seized with a fit of sneezing, and when the storm had passed over, the upper plate was gone. It had rolled into the gutter, much to the amusement of the crowds.

The man, being greatly humiliated, turned away and went directly back to the dentist. "I couldn't stoop down and pick up those teeth in front of all those people, you know," he told the dentist, and proceeded to order a new plate.

This man was considerably more sensitive than a certain engineer on a Santa Fe branch road in Kansas a few years ago. The engineer, while leaning out of his cab window, sneezed and lost his teeth. He stopped the train, walked back half a mile until he found them.

On his return the passengers naturally wanted to know what he had been doing, and so pleased was he with his success that he told them. And the passengers in turn were so pleased with the explanation that no one complained of the delay except the conductor, who said he had left his spectacles at home that morning, but nobody offered to hold the train for him while he went back after them.

## Both Friend and Foe of Farmer.

Crows do the farmer about as much harm as good, according to the biological survey of the department of agriculture which has completed a monograph on the relation of crows to man. The essential conclusions are that crows are about equally beneficial and injurious, and that they are so wary and sagacious as not to need legal protection. Lack of this, while not endangering the species, will permit farmers to protect their crops or other property whenever necessary.

## THE BEST TEST

Is the Test of Time.

Years ago Mrs. H. Stahnke of Princeton told of good results from using Doan's Kidney Pills. Now Mrs. Stahnke confirms the former statement—says there has been no return of the trouble. Can Princeton people ask for more convincing testimony?

"I had headaches, dizziness and pains and lameness in my back," says Mrs. Stahnke. "Doan's Kidney Pills removed all that trouble and after I

## How to Get Better Farm Telephone Service

Good telephone service for the farms, and for town people calling those in the country, can not be provided unless the lines are kept in good repair.

A broken insulator, a sagging wire, a leaning pole or a loose connection may cause trouble, and interrupt telephone service for everybody on the line.

## OVERLOADED LINES

## UNSATISFACTORY

Then, too, good service can not be provided if rural telephone companies permit a large number of people to be connected to one line. More lines and fewer patrons on each are much more satisfactory.

## OUR PART IN SERVING

Our part in providing good rural service comes in keeping our lines in town, our switchboard and our central office equipment in good repair and employing capable and efficient employees.

We want to co-operate with rural telephone companies in furnishing good service. It means for us less trouble, less expense and more satisfaction to those we serve.

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had used them, I didn't feel tired and weary in the morning, but my sleep rested me. Before using Doan's Kidney Pills, I had also suffered with pains in the back of my head. I am always ready to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone having backache or other kidney complaint." (Statement given October 17, 1910).

## Lasting Results.

On October 14, 1917, Mrs. Stahnke said: "I praise Doan's Kidney Pills just as much as ever. I haven't had any backache or other kidney trouble for a long time so I believe Doan's Kidney Pills permanently cured me."

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