

WORTHINGTON ADVANCE.

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In spite of persecution and prosecution, Standard Oil dividends continue to be poured on the troubled waters.

To add to the mystery, there is the possibility that Mr. Watterson's candidate has by this time shaved off his mustache.

John Temple Graves is another statesman who attains great prominence through a large accumulation of untaken advice.

A western contemporary says it likes Taft because he is always "Johnnie-on-the-Spot." A good part of the time, however, he has been "Willie-on-the-Lid."

Up to the present date William Jennings Bryan has not shown anything that might be regarded as undignified haste in accepting Henry Watterson's offer to name an acceptable leader for the democratic hosts in 1908. It is no secret that Mr. Brayn thinks he knows a man who just fills the bill.

The First National Bank of Winona has received instructions from clients in Iowa to make a test case of the new mortgage tax law, employ counsel and bring mandamus proceedings against the register of deeds to compel him to record a certain mortgage.

St. James Plaindealer: For some time the Eagle's lodge of this city has been trying to secure a carnival company for an exhibition here this summer, and this week closed a contract with the Parker Amusement Company, one of the largest and best carnival companies in the country, for a week's exhibition here, from June 24 to 29.

Osseo Review: We believe the most uncalculated for thing that the state legislature did this session was to increase the salary of the governor from \$5,000 to \$7,000. If a salary of \$5,000 a year for that job is not enough, then will some one show us. We don't think there would be any lack of applicants, and good ones, too, for the job at the old price.

The leading democrats insist that the party must make a campaign on tariff revision in order to win. Unfortunately for them, however, the republican party is already committed to that policy, as announced by Secretary Taft in a recent speech and before the democrats get together on that point the next campaign is likely to be a thing of the past.

To Corral Everything

The following side-light on the political situation in Minnesota, given last Saturday in the St. Paul Dispatch, by the county chairman, may be a pipe dream, but the indications are that it is not:

"If hints dropped count for anything, nothing in the way of an elective office is to be overlooked by the democratic state machine when the time for picking candidates for the next election comes around. Eligibles are even now being selected. With the knowledge that last fall might have seen a heavier legislative representation had more candidates been put into the field, the democratic managers will this time put up a man in every district in the state. Their activities will even extend to the congressional districts. Senator Julius Coller, of Shakopee, it is said, will be the sacrificed in the Third; Hammond will be offered in the Second and Farmer French will be asked to give Jim Tawney another trial in the First district. Candidates for the other districts are now in the making. Then there are the county offices too. They will not be overlooked.

"The word 'machine' is possibly not to the liking of the crowd that is now so industriously engaged in trying to perpetuate democratic rule in Minnesota, but just the same it is well placed and the republican leaders of the state will wake up some day to find that the machine is a reality. I am not exaggerating when I say that in Minnesota today is being organized a democratic machine, the ramifications of which have had no parallel, even in the palmiest days of the old republican crowd. Through the medium

of adroit letter writing the honoring of republicans with state positions none or little salary, and the organization of country central committees on the quiet, the tentacles of the machine are being so extended that soon they will have in their grasp practically every county and hamlet in the state, or at any rate enough to control a majority of them. It looks like a big task, this control of a state so decidedly republican, and it is, but it is easy when the other sides sits quietly by and offers no opposition. Speaking about the ease with which the job was being accomplished, I remarked to a member of Gov. Johnson's cabinet the other day that a snag was possible in the person of a certain republican state official, who unlike the other, was not willing to stand idly by and see things go by default. His activity had already compelled some of the republican officials to open their eyes to what was doing on the democratic side. 'Yes,' answered this member of the governor's cabinet, 'we are wise to that fellow and if he is not careful he won't get back here again. There will be a republican convention next summer and we may find a rival for him.' So you see the machine is not entirely in the making; it is a reality; it is strong enough to make threats, and so strong that if republican aspirants for office do not keep their hands off, they may get hurt. This column a week ago carried a suggestion looking to an early meeting of the republican leaders of the state, a sort of get together effort looking to a discussion covering matters respecting the future of the republican party in Minnesota. The suggestion is repeated."

Quality of Surface Waters in Minnesota

As a result of nearly two years field and laboratory work carried on by the United States Geological Survey in co-operation with the State Board of Health, the Federal Survey has just issued a report outlining the general characteristics of the surface waters in Minnesota, and discussing the various factors that tend to modify the quality of the drainage. Both the chemical and the bacteriological work, during the entire co-operation, were under the immediate supervision of Dr. F. F. Westbrook, director of the laboratories of the State Board of Health, who shares the authorship of the paper with Mr. R. B. Dole, of the Geological Survey.

The headwaters of these great drainage systems lie within the borders of Minnesota. Approximately one-tenth of its surface is tributary to the Laurentian system; three-tenths drain to Hudson Bay through its great tributaries, Red and Rainy Rivers; the rest of the state is tributary to the Mississippi either directly or through its large branches, Missouri, Des Moines, Cedar, St. Croix, and Minnesota Rivers.

The report in question discusses the conditions, both natural and economic, that influence the quality of the waters and impart to the lakes and streams their essential characteristics, after which each drainage area is considered in detail, the streams are described, the sources of pollution are discussed, and the results of chemical and bacteriological examinations are given. The report is available for free distribution and copies may be obtained by addressing the director, United States Geological Survey, Washington, D. C.

A Risky Flight

Out at Ponce de Leon in the circle swing a Billville citizen shouted: "Don't take me no higher! Maria's been in heaven sence last August an' ef I keep goin' up this away she'll likely lean out the winder an' snatch me bald headed."—Atlanta Constitution.

Origin of "Graft."

The word "graft" was probably first used in this country in connection with a small canal dug in New York 250 years ago. Graft was the Dutch for canal. Three workmen dug, and a committee of five citizens was appointed to see that they earned their wages.

A pupil in the Adrian school was asked by the teacher to define the word spine, and this is the way he served it up: "A spine is a long limber bone, your head sets on one end of it, and you sit on the other."

Mrs. D. S. Wilkinson, of Rolette, N. D., was called to Slatyon by the death of her father, Mr. Soriven. She will visit Worthington before returning to North Dakota.

A QUEER CUSTOM.

Curious Basket Ceremony of Siamese Ancestral Worship.

If the "basket supper" of worthy tradition is a feature of New England church sociability, the orient has a fashion of its own connected with baskets and religious ceremony. Mary Cost, in her book on Siam, tells of a custom which forms a mysterious part of Siamese ancestral worship.

The ceremony is called *krachat*, which means basket. When the time for observing it is at hand, the king commands the princess to make large baskets and to buy articles with which to fill them. Around the palace booths are built, covered with red and white cloth, and here the baskets are displayed. The king himself goes out to inspect them.

The baskets are filled with all sorts of things, from rice, sweets, sugar, cakes and onions to articles of a more lasting nature. The baskets are woven in all sorts of curious shapes. One may be in the form of a cart hauled by two buffaloes covered with tobacco instead of hair and with many useful things in the cart. Tree baskets have all sorts of articles hanging to the branches, such as saws, knives, handkerchiefs, and so forth. Bushel baskets are pierced with doors, in and out of which run automatic dolls covered with coins. Some of the baskets are immense, being sixteen feet long.

The show lasts a week, at the end of which the priests draw lots for the spoil.

THE TELEPHONE.

What It Means When the Operator Announces "Line Busy."

It is easier for an operator to establish a connection than reply, "Line busy." Recollection of this simple fact may perhaps smooth out the asperities of a state of mind evoked by a hasty conclusion that the operator simply is shirking. Follow a call into the main exchange, for example. You ask for a certain number. The operator immediately informs you the line is busy. How does she know? Simply by a little admittance click in the receiver when she tries to "plug in" on the line asked for. She cannot tell you who is talking on the line, how long it has been in use or how long it is likely to be "busy." All the information she possesses is a click, but it is sufficient to advise her that some one of the 150 other operators in the exchange had a prior call from or to that number. Had the line been clear the effort to complete the connection would have been no greater than that required to get the click; hence the task of informing a caller that the line is busy is just so much extra labor—in fact, it involves a double burden, as the subscriber will usually repeat the call until he is able to transact his business. Obviously, therefore, the desire of the operator is to establish the connection when it is first called for. She has no motive in doing otherwise.—Telephone Talk.

Ducking the Scold in Old Times.

The last instance of curing scolds by ducking them carried out in England was in 1801 at Kingston-on-Thames. A contemporary newspaper records such an event in 1745: "Last week a woman that keeps the Queen's Head ale house at Kingston, in Surrey, was ordered by the court to be ducked for scolding and was accordingly placed in the chair and ducked in the river Thames under Kingston bridge in the presence of 2,000 or 3,000 people." In Queen Elizabeth's time ducking was the universal punishment for scolds, and it appears that each town had then at least one of these penitential chairs in ordinary use. Dr. Johnson once said to Mrs. Knowles, "Madam, we have different modes of restraining evils—stocks for the men, a ducking stool for women and a pound for beasts."—Westminster Gazette.

Consolation Somewhere.

They had been husband and wife for three months only when the young wife commenced to show signs of disappointment with the bargain she had made.

"I am so unhappy," she confided to a girl friend who paid her a visit. "Why, dear?" inquired the other. "I am beginning to think that my husband married me for my money."

"Well," remarked the philosophical confidante, "it ought to be some consolation to know that he isn't such a big fool as he looks."—London Tatler.

Schopenhauer on Courage.

I cannot well explain why cowardice seems contemptible and personal courage a noble and sublime thing, for no lower point of view enables me to see why a finite individual who is everything to himself—nay, who is himself even the very fundamental condition of the existence of the rest of the world—should not put his own preservation above every other aim.

The Doctor's Lessons in Patience.

Among my professional acquaintances, writes a young doctor in the Saturday Evening Post, perhaps 15 per cent of all bills rendered come to nothing, or practically that, unless their value as teaching a lesson in patience be considered.

Not Lost.

Traveler (to ferryman crossing the river)—Has any one ever been lost in this stream? Boatman—No, sir. Some professor was drowned here last spring, but they found him after looking for two weeks.—Fliegende Blätter.

The Reason Why.

"Percy," said Tete de Veau, "sends everything he shoots to the hospitals." "But, then, you know," said L'Oignon, smiling, "Percy never shoots anything but gamekeepers."—New York Press.

LEGAL ADVICE.

A Story Showing How Foolish It Is to Try to Get It For Nothing.

A young lawyer moved into a town where there was only one lawyer before—an old judge.

A close fist old farmer thought there was a good chance to get some legal advice from the young man gratis, so he dropped into his office, told him how glad he was that he had come into town, because the old judge was getting superannuated, and contrived in the course of his talk to get the legal information he wanted, and then bidding him good morning he was about to leave when the young man asked for his fee. "What for?" said the old man. "For legal advice," replied the young lawyer. "How much is it?" "Five dollars." The farmer declared he would never pay it, and the young lawyer told him if he didn't he would sue him. So the farmer trotted down to see the old judge, whom he found hoeing in his garden, and said, "Judge, I went this morning just simply to make a neighborly call on that young scamp of a lawyer who has just come into town and he charged me \$5." "Served you right," said the judge. "You'd no right to go to him." "Well, have I got to pay it?" "Certainly you have." "Well, then, if I must, I must. Good morning." "Hold on," said the judge. "Aren't you going to pay me?" "Pay you, what for?" "Why, for legal advice, of course." "What do you charge?" "Ten dollars." The result of which was the old fellow had to pay \$5 to the young lawyer and \$10 to the old one.

Moral.—Don't try to get legal advice for nothing.—Exchange.

THE POSTAGE STAMP.

Order in Which It Was Adopted by Different Countries.

The first postage stamp seems to have been used in Paris in 1653, but the service in which the stamp was used was only local and soon failed. On May 6, 1840, the first regular postage stamps were issued in England. Various local forwarders of letters and postmasters in this country issued stamps as early as 1841. The first to do so was A. M. Grieg's City Dispatch Post, which was sold to the government in August, 1842. Blood & Co. of Philadelphia sold stamps in 1841, and the postmasters of Baltimore, New Haven and New York of 1845 also sold stamps.

In 1847 the government took up the business, but Brazil in 1843 was ahead of the United States in taking up the stamp end of the postal business. The other principal countries followed in this order: France, Belgium and Bavaria in 1849; Hanover, British Guiana, Prussia, Spain and Switzerland in 1850; Italy, Denmark, Baden, Wurttemberg, Saxony and the provinces of Canada in 1851; Chile and the princes of Turin and Taxis (who had the postal monopoly in Germany) in 1852; Portugal in 1853; India and Norway in 1854; Uruguay and Mexico in 1856; Russia and Newfoundland in 1857; Sweden in 1858; the Australian colonies early in the fifties; Greece in 1861; Turkey in 1863; Ecuador in 1865; Egypt in 1866; Bolivia in 1867; Paraguay in 1870. The international postal union was formed in October, 1874, and went into operation on July 1, 1875.

How the Pendulum Was Found.

Like many of the commonest mechanical instruments in daily use, the invention of the pendulum is due entirely to chance. Galileo, when under twenty years of age, was standing one day in the metropolitan church of Pisa while some painters were at work on the ceiling of the church. A suspended lamp which was hanging before the altar was disturbed in some manner, and the scientist was struck with the almost perfect regularity with which it swung back and forth. The idea of measuring time by such an instrument found instant generation in his brain, and he completed the system in use to this day.—St. Louis Republic.

A Soft Answer.

A canny Scot was being shown over a man-o'-war for the first time in his life and, being interested in all he saw, plied his guide with all sorts of questions. The marine seemed particularly to interest him, and, going up to one, he pointed to the "grenade" in the marine's cap and asked what it was. The marine looked at him in surprise. "Don't you know what that is?" he asked. "Why, that's a turnip, of course." "Ach, mon," replied the Scot impatiently. "I was no axin' about yer head."—Cardiff Times.

Flattering, but a Knock.

"Even with flattery," said Mark Twain at a dinner, "you can't please some men. I remember when I was a reporter in Virginia City there was a doctor I liked—I had camped once on Lake Tahoe with him—and in an obituary I decided to give him a card. I wrote, 'Dr. Sawyer was called in, and under his prompt and skillful treatment the patient died Monday.' But Dr. Sawyer, somehow, wasn't pleased."—Kansas City Star.

An Insinuation.

Mrs. Ginger—How dare you talk to me in that way? I never saw such impudence. And you call yourself a lady's maid, do you? The Maid—I was a lady's maid before I worked for you, ma'am.—Boston Transcript.

Much Worn.

"These trousers are very much worn this season," said the tailor, displaying his goods. "So are the ones I have on," replied the poet sadly.

I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy.—Junius.

Rickets.

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Some farmers are complaining of their corn not coming up, the cold damp weather of the past few weeks having a tendency to rot the seed and it is claimed that a good share had to be re-planted.

For the best of all the news read the Advance.

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