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They're crisper, daintier, tastier. And as for purity—well, you know Dr. Price was the father of absolute purity in foods.

Give them just one trial—from then on, if we are to judge by the experience of other housewives—you'll have no other.



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GRADUATING EXERCISES TO BE HELD FRIDAY

Class Day Exercises Friday Morning and Graduation in the Evening.

This is commencement week for members of the senior class at the high school. Last Sunday evening the baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. E. R. Todd, and Friday morning at 9 o'clock, in the high school assembly room, will occur the annual class exercises of the graduating class. The following program will be given at that time:

- Piano soloNellie Robbins
- Class ProphecyMildred Smith and Helen Wright
- Class poemAmy Severinsen
- Vocal soloMildred Smith
- Class willMildred Smith
- Muriel Anderson, Vangie Nygaard and Edna Johnson.
- Class songMixed Quartette
- Presentation of Memorial.....
- Lars Pedersen, President Class of 1915.
- Response
-President Board of Education
- In the evening at the Park Assembly Auditorium the commencement exercises will be held. Dr. Henry Holmes will deliver the address of the evening, using as his subject, "The Moral Significance of Education."
- Following is the program to be given at these exercises:
- "Day of Glory" from Bellini's "Norma,"High School Chorus
- InvocationRev. Michaelson
- SalutatoryThorwald Hanson
- Vocal solo, "Come, For It's June,"Esther A. Larsen
- Address, "The Moral Significance of Education,"Rev. Henry Holmes
- Piano solo, "Grande Polka de Concert," by Bartlett, Nellie S. Robbins
- ValedictoryEsther J. Tallman
- Presentation of Diplomas.....
-President Board of Education
- Bridal Chorus from Cowen's "Rose-maiden,"High School Chorus
- Class Motto—Viam aut inveniam aut faciam.
- Class Colors—Purple and White.

NEW LONDON TIMES.

(May 27.)

Miss Ellen Skoglund returned last Thursday from a visit with friends at Willmar.

Ole J. Nickelson and young son of Willmar were visitors in the village on Tuesday.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Aug. Moller of Green Lake town on Monday, May 24.

Theodore Thorsen arrived from Willmar on Friday to spend a few days with relatives at Lake Florida.

Mrs. J. W. Leisen and little daughter, Gretchen, returned to their home at Menominee, Mich., on Thursday from a visit at the Dr. E. G. DeMots home. Mrs. DeMots accompanied them as far as Willmar.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of D. Fredolph Johnson of Spicer to Miss Hilma Midtun, which event took place at the bride's home in Minneapolis on Thursday, May 20. They will be at home at Spicer after June 1.

A sad accident befell Agnes, the five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hans Otteson of Irving last Saturday. The little child had climbed a tree in the yard at her home and fell striking on her head. She was immediately brought into the hospital in an unconscious state suffering from concussion of the brain and remained so until death came yesterday morning.

Beginning last Friday the engine at the power plant was put on both during the day and evening instead of only in the evening as heretofore. Until recently the storage batteries at the plant have provided ample day current but with the addition of motors and other electrical appliances by residents of the village the batteries are no longer strong enough to take care of the work.

It was in force at the plant that flat irons could be used only Tuesday and Thursday forenoons is now void and they may be used at any time as well as other appliances. An additional man, Peter Ogren, was added to the force and he will be on the job nights while Alfred Gustafson has charge of the day run.

Care for Robins and Bluebirds. The economic importance of keeping our robins and bluebirds supplied with food is emphasized in department Bulletin No. 171, entitled "Food of the Robins and Bluebirds of the United States." These two members of the thrush family are most attractive and desirable assistants to the farmer, reducing the insects that prey on his crops besides eating a number of undesirable weed seeds. However, as they are very generally distributed throughout the United States and are usually abundant wherever found, it sometimes becomes a problem to provide for them when the supply of insects and wild berries is insufficient and the birds have to resort to cultivated crops to sustain life. In order to keep the birds from destroying valuable crops the department's biologist advises that they be provided with adequate supplies of wild fruits and berries by their human friends. Ornamental trees and shrubs which furnish these may be planted in the vicinity of cultivated crops for this purpose.

During his residence in Canada he was united in marriage with Sarah Elizabeth Grant who survives, the marriage having been performed at Whitby, Ontario, July 4, 1876. Of the six children born to them, three survive, Walter Patton, a railroad employee from St. Paul, who arrived before the death of his father; Louis Patton of Adrian, and Samuel Patton, Jr., residing at home. Charles, a son, was killed in a railroad accident in 1904, and twins, a son and daughter, died in 1887. Three sisters and one brother also survive. Mrs. James Sullivan of Lima, Ohio who is at the Patton home; Mrs. Robert Reece of Ada, Ohio; Mrs. N. M. Ridenour of Hicksville, Ohio, and Charles Patton, who visited here a year ago.

The funeral services were arranged for today at 2:30 o'clock from the residence and the G. A. R. and Masons had part in the service.—Adrian, (Mich.) Daily Telegram, May 24.

Mr. Patton was for many years a resident of Willmar, and it was while here that his son, Charles was killed. Many of our citizens remember the worthy old gentleman and regret to hear of his death.

That man Gill or Hill who broke in Yock's store over a week ago and got caught at Garretson, S. Dak., decided that he would not stand trial but plead guilty to the charge of burglary. He was taken to Benson to make his plea before Judge Quale who sentenced the man to the reformatory at St. Cloud for an indeterminate time. The sheriff passed through here with him Friday on his way there.—Clara City Herald.

Buy your Paints, Oils and Brushes at Ohberg, Selvig & Co.'s Hardware Store.—Adv.

Tribune Wan-Tads Bring Results

THREE MEN ARE WANTED ON MANY CHARGES

Nine Railroads Are After Three Bad Men Captured Last Week at Morris.

Nine railroads are after the three bad men arrested in Morris last week and who are now confined in the county jail in this city. Immediately after their arrest seven detectives came to Morris and have looked them over. Officer Ryan picked the men up on the street and took them to the county jail where they were held waiting orders from the authorities of the Soo at Glenwood. Shortly after their arrest A. McLeod, of Tintah, appeared and charged them with robbing him of \$10 at the Northern Pacific depot in this city as he was leaving the train Wednesday evening. The men gave the names of Frank Foley, Ed. Finley and George Williams.

In case McLeod fails to substantiate his charges the men will be released but Sheriff Shane of Stearns county, will be here to take them to St. Cloud. Among the other railroad detectives who were in Morris and looked them over last week were Cook and McShane of the Great Northern; Burns and Dalsey of the Soo, Ryan of the N. P. and Deputy Sheriffs Chisholm and Ponsen of St. Cloud. The Milwaukee, M. & St. L., and the Omaha lines are also eager to get them.

Foley has been identified as a former convict who served two terms at Stillwater and two at St. Cloud. Williams' picture adorns the rogues' gallery at Omaha but very little is known of his record so far. Finley claims Memphis, Tenn., as his home and says he has never been west before. The men say they are chance acquaintances and are on their way west in search of work. None of them have the earmarks of a laboring man. Finley appears to be very cautious and has the manners and bearing of an easterner. All are fairly well dressed and two of them wear expensive diamonds. They are well supplied with money.—Morris Tribune.

Children of Orchardists are Encouraged to Raise Pigs, by the Stockyards.

The pig club work of the Northwest is meeting a very enthusiastic response, especially in the States of Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. For some time the Hood River country has been noted for its extensive orchards, but there is now an embryonic industry starting, which may in time induce a wider diversification in crops. Hog raising is being introduced by children, the sons and daughters of the orchardists. Recently a carload of brood sows was sent from the Portland Union Stockyard to the Hood River Valley for distribution among the children. These are furnished on credit to those who agree to raise them in accordance with the prescribed instructions and to make reports of their efforts. The sows were selected from pure-bred stock, of the breed designated by the applicants, and have been bred to boars that won prizes at the big agricultural fairs last fall. The hogs have been immunized against hog cholera and are good, healthy animals.

The boys and girls will keep an accurate record of all costs in connection with their work, and as the little pigs arrive the expenses of keeping the mother and her brood are to be carefully enumerated. The children will pay for the sow by selling the pigs, the stockyards charging 6 per cent interest on the selling price of the sow. This places the transaction on a strictly business basis. The school officials in each county will have special supervision of the work. Among the prizes to be awarded in each state to those who have the best reports will be free scholarships for the State universities.

Some People We Know, and We Will Profit by Hearing About Them. It took place in Willmar. Not in some faraway place. You are asked to investigate it. Asked to believe a citizen's word; To confirm a citizen's statement. Any article that is endorsed at home is more worthy of confidence. Than one you know nothing about. Endorsed by unknown people. C. H. Carey, of the Carey Land Co., 71 Becker Ave., Willmar, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me of pains in my back and other kidney troubles, finally removing these complaints. I haven't had any sign of them since. It is a long time since I used Doan's Kidney Pills and I think very highly of them because of their lasting good effect."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Carey had Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. (Advertisement.)

—Mrs. Victor Selvig and son left for a week's visit with relatives at New London last Thursday afternoon.



THE INCUBATOR.

Special number dedicated to the man with the wide straw hat and hoe.

A Communication. Willmar, Minn., May 22, 1915. Editor T. Fullery in Willmar Tribune of May 19th says he sprung his skull trying to think of a word to rhyme with carburetor. We reason that the said skull was sprung inward, being empty. We also would like to know where said Editor finds the word carburetor. Henry Ford calls it carbureter, but Noah Webster called it carburettor, but then Mr. Webster didn't run a Ford or an automobile, either.

But granted that the above mentioned skull did contain the word carburetor, wouldn't a fit name in rhyme be found in indicator, or separator, lubricator or advocator, abbreviator or abdicator, abrogator or personator, perpetrator or percolator, interrogator or agitator? Now hop to it, you procrastinator.

We hope that those who are compelled to read the Incubator hatches won't confuse poeter McDope with the author of "No New Lights on Fourth Street" and other rhymes.

Now, Tom Fullery, we'll bet a dime that you cannot make a rhyme. That people could read the second time

Without laughing—at the way you fix Your features, when you play your tricks, And get all tangled in a mix. "REX."

Sure, our poeter McDope's cocoon was sprung inwardly. We understand that now. How could you expect his thin shell to withstand the tremendous pressure of the intellectual heavy-weights about him in this otherwise so heavily with cerebrality laden atmosphere.

How stupid of our poeter not to think of all those words rhyming with "carburetor." Now there is "agitator" which even the trained mind of our critical alienist slipped by. Beats the band, doesn't it?

Now we can stand for our esteemed contemporaneous dope-jector's intimation of certain empty spaces in our poeter's attic. Nothing like having little extra room for new ideas. We can also stand for his making fun of our spelling of "carburetor." But, by the horn spoons, when he compares our poetry with the dope stuff written by the author of "No Lights on Fourth Street" and other rhymes it's getting a little too near the dead line. By heck, we can beat that verse tinker on the poetry proposition any day of the week including Fridays. Now compare this one:

There was a bony mail clerk, His nom de plume is "Rex"; He's good at sorting U. S. mail, And does it without specs.

He thinks he is a poet and Poe, Too bad that folks don't know it, And give him better show.

That folks have never found it out! It does seem so unfair! For his "carburetor" is o. k For mixing gas and air.

(N. B. We left out the word "hot" in the last line so as to not disturb the meter.)

Buy a Felt Hat.

Mr. Feit of Fahlan, while out planting corn one day felt the cold blowing on his head. He felt of his old felt hat and felt a big hole in the felt. And, as Roosevelt had felt, so Felt felt—that it was time to throw his old felt hat in the ring and get a new felt hat. When he came to town to buy the new felt hat, Felt felt of the felt in several felt hats at the felt hat counter and at first felt very undecided. But after Felt had felt of the felt in all the felt-hats, Felt felt that the felt in one particular felt hat, of which he felt, felt softer than the felt in any felt hat that Felt had ever felt. So Felt felt that such a felt hat was the right felt hat to buy. And the salesman waiting on Felt said he felt that Felt felt right about soft felt being better than stiff felt. He also said he felt that Felt was really filling a long felt want by buying a felt hat of which he, Felt, felt sure that he had felt the felt to be soft felt.

Little Journeys About the County.

A hale old man is Farmer John, Light hearted, gay and prim. In winter cold or summer bright—The coffee cup for him.

The editor of the Incubator got into his four-cylinder buck-board the other day and made a little journey down to Green Lake to call at the Elmhurst farm where a little sawed-off Goth by the name of John Ahlstrom raises seed corn, crab apples and fish-line beans for the trade. There was no one in sight so we hitched our wheelbarrow to a bass wood tree and began a search over the premises for the owner. First we made for the strawberry patch but did not find Mr. Ahlstrom there. There were no ripe berries either, so we made a sneak to the chicken-coop, thinking maybe the proprietor was picking in the hen fruit; but we found no one there, except an infirm old rooster sitting on a pin too lame to be out scratching for worms with the rest of the flock. We exchanged greetings with his venerable highness and then went down to the pump house. But we might have known John wouldn't be pumping if he could get some yankee contraption to do it. Next we peeked into the door of the green house but we didn't dare to enter because the young plants were shooting. So we took a walk over to the corn field, but found to our surprise that John's corn was hardly up. And we had supposed John was a progressive farmer! Why, when we used to farm we had full-grown corn on our toes by the first of June! But never mind. We then walked across the potato patch. We have heard of women folks so modest they always walk around a potato patch; but we walked right across; and being

tired we were about to lay down in the asparagus bed when it occurred to us Mr. Ahlstrom might be out boat riding. So we went down to the lake and found the hired man sitting on the pier fishing. "What are you fishing for, my friend?" we asked. "Red horse," he said. "What do you use for bait?" "Horse radish, of course. What you s'pose?"

We saw the horse was on us, so we changed the subject and inquired where we would be apt to find his employer. He asked if we had been to the house. Funny we had never thought about the house. So we went up and knocked at the door and on being asked to come in we found John sitting at the table drinking coffee with his wife.

We said we hated to interrupt his little church social, but we were a representative of the incubator and had come for an interview. "Take a chair," he said generously like. But we intimated that we had sufficient chairs at home, however a bushel of nice spuds would be more acceptable. We said we understood he was a truck farmer but we hadn't seen much truck around the place. We explained that we had come to get a report on crop conditions.

"Well sir," said John, running his fingers thru his imaginary hair, "I ordinarily don't talk for the newspapers, but seeing it's the Incubator I will make an exception."

We bowed in acknowledgement and bumped our head in the corner of the piano.

"The situation is this," he began. "If the parsnips the spinach plants there is apt to be a shortage on greens this year. If cabbage leaves it will of course raise the price on our kraut. The same would be true of pickles if the pumpkin squash the cucumbers, but I have tied down the handle. The nails on the tomatoes are generally in-growing which is a bad thing. But onions are strong this year and we expect our rutabagas to turnip 13 carrots and 5 beets to the measure, something unusual. We also have a new egg plant that cackles."

"We have no string on the beans but we look for a lot of currants on the electric light plant. If the raspberries the hatchet, lettuce hope for peas," he concluded with almost dramatic effect.

We returned home feeling we had spent a profitable time.

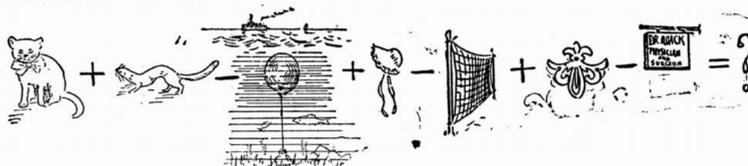
Which is the greatest loafing place in town? The bakery, of course.

Our Puzzle Department.

Henry J. Ramset, the answer to last week's puzzle bought the ice cream for Dentist Porter all right, all right, and for the whole incubator force too. Thanks.

This week's puzzle, just simple addition and subtraction, represents the name of a well known man in Kandiyohi county. He is

—well we better not say anything or we'd give the answer away, but he does some gardening too. To the first person sending in the correct answer we will present free as the morning air a beautiful autograph copy of "Practical Gardening," a book telling all about educating your potato bugs; lassoing cut worms; caring for the eyesight of your potatoes and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention.



Pretty Home Wedding.

A pretty home wedding was solemnized at the home of Rev. and Mrs. M. M. Midtun at Minneapolis last Thursday afternoon when their daughter, Miss Hilma, became the bride of D. Fredolph Johnson of this village. The wedding took place in the living room which was tastefully decorated in pink and white together with green, and the ceremony was performed before an altar of palms and ferns. The words that united the hearts of these two young people for the remainder of life's journey were spoken by the bride's father. The guests, being on immediate relatives and intimate friends of the contracting parties, numbered about twenty.

The bride was elaborately gowned in a dress of white voile trimmed with venise lace and pearls. She wore a veil which was caught in cap effect and carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. The groom and best man, Oscar Erickson, wore the conventional black. Miss Louise Midtun, sister of the bride, and maid of honor was dressed in lavender and wore a corsage bouquet of lavender sweet peas. Ruth Midtun, who acted as flower girl carried a basket of pink flowers.

Immediately following the ceremony a beautiful dinner was served. The dining room was also decorated in pink, white and green.

Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Johnson and daughter, Mary of Nest Lake, parents and sister of the groom, were the guests from a distance who attended the wedding.

The bride is a talented young lady

and is fairly well known here as she formerly lived at New London. She was employed as bookkeeper for Jacob Andersen Co., in Minneapolis.

The groom is a man of excellent character and is very well known here having been in the hardware business in this village for a couple of years.

Mr. Johnson with his many friends in wishing him much happiness with the lady of his choice.

The happy couple arrived here Sunday night after spending a few days in the cities. They will be at home to their friends in the M. J. Kloster residence on Second avenue after the first of June.—Green Lake Breeze.

Luther College Boys.

Alfred Amundson and Walter Tolo returned home Tuesday evening from Luther College, Decorah, Ia., which school they have been attending the past year. Arthur Tolo who is also attending the same institution left Tuesday with the Luther College band for the San Francisco Exposition, where they will play as one of the official bands at the exposition. They will play for a period of ten days after which they will tour the coast and the northwest this summer. This is the same organization that toured Europe last year.—Belgrade Tribune.

The Great Northern is doing some filling along its track about a mile west of the depot, either to raise the grade or widen it. A steam shovel and string of dirt cars rigged with a steam unloader, are at work on the job. This will be followed by the laying of new rails between Willmar and Long Lake according to reports. —Litchfield Independent.

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF, HAIR STOPS FALLING

Save your Hair! Get a 25 cent bottle of Danderine right now—Also stops itching scalp.

This, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf. There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store. You surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Save your hair! Try It!

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Rexall. Dyspepsia Tablets Will Relieve Your Indigestion Carlson Bros.

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FIRST: A utility car—handsome in appearance, but small enough to be economical in use—always ready to go anywhere—a beautiful stream line body fully equipped—lighting and starting system at \$650.

SECOND: More of a pleasure car—built more for touring—with additional size and appearance, The Standard "Four", \$1085.

THIRD: An "Eight"—the Acme of flexibility, smooth vibrationless running at \$1250.

All have beautiful stream line bodies with crown fenders—all are completely equipped, electric lighting and starting, of course. All are amply powered for every purpose, roomy and comfortable.

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