

EDITORIAL

A Page of Features and Comment.

THE ESCANABA DAILY PRESS

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HEARING IMPORTANT. Close observers agree that the result of the public hearing called at Lansing on Saturday by the Michigan department of public instruction when the public school interests of the entire state will gather to consider the so-called Escanaba plan for distributing the state primary school fund according to the needs of the school districts, will largely determine the success or failure of the plan.

As the plan is now worked out Escanaba has no greater interest in the success of the bill than any other school district in the state where school costs have become almost unbearable because of low property valuations. Escanaba will not be forced to assume the exposition of asking special consideration from the legislature, as would have been necessary had the first plan evolved been adhered to, when a special plea was contemplated for Escanaba and Gladstone because of the location in the two cities of extensive railroad owned property from which the communities receive no direct tax benefits.

But the present plan was evolved by Escanaba and the burden of pressing it before the legislature falls upon this community, even though Escanaba, Gladstone and all other school districts in the county will benefit only proportion as other school districts, similarly situated, in all parts of the state will benefit.

The result of the hearing called at Lansing on Saturday by the Michigan department of public instruction will be awaited with great interest by the people of Delta county.

FOR EVERY DOG A DAY. Every dog has his day, and it was indeed a happy one for Jane II, San Francisco setter, when she was united in a solemn court to her puppies, whom a neighbor of her owner was accused of stealing.

Recent American court decisions have built up a legal lore which seems fated to establish the right of the canine pet to go to law whenever it begins to gnaw the bone of contention.

Right of trial by jury had generally been dropped in jurisprudence for 200 years both in America and in Europe until Dornie, an Alredy, accused in a California court of murdering kittens, was acquitted when the jury disagreed.

In the old days it was not uncommon. There was for instance the Swiss cockerel which faced the infamous charge of having laid an egg. Witches were then abroad in every land, and the fact that the rooster egg was laid at midnight lent sinister color to the case for the prosecution. Poor strutting Chanticleer! He was taken out and executed.

If a rooster laid an egg in these modern times, his owner would gain a fortune by it. So do ideas change. And it is a good thing that the idea that dogs and other pets are naught but slaves, and have no rights whatever, is gradually being abandoned. If all the dogs went to court with their cases perhaps it would be no more senseless and ridiculous than many and many a case of human litigents already on the dockets.

UNIVERSITY FOR BAY STATE. Is this possible? The good folk of Massachusetts are just now discussing the advisability of starting a state university. Guess we'll have to brush up on our own education. Thought everybody had one of those things now. The Bostonian has for many decades been the mark and symbol of all that was educated and refined in American life. And he has had to go to exclusively private schools? Perhaps behind this modern and progressive move to give some learning to everybody capable of assimilating it in the old Bay state is the recent heated discussion on the part of

The Piffle Hook

BETRAYED.

Frost beads gleaming on every feather, Cursing the freezing winter weather, Feebly and low in a woolly key, A robin sat in a jack pine tree. "I was a fool," said she with a tear "To leave Old Dixie and come up here. Believing the 'tales of the robins' capers They printed in all of the U. P. papers. —THE AIREDALE PUP.

Funny, isn't it, that no Lower Michigan correspondent has remembered to freeze out the peach crop?

An eastern sport writer broadcasts a theory that success in the pugilistic profession is becoming a matter of intelligence rather than mere brute force and agility. Next summer in Boyle's Thirty Acre lot, mayhap, we shall jump Prof. William Harrison Dempsey exchanging intelligence with, say, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler.

Well, What WAS the Matter? Sir—in our Home Sweet Home, Sister had a new party dress (other night and father objected to it by declaring: "Why, there's barely enough of it to cover your body!"; whereupon Sister asked: "Well, What's the matter with my body?")

"They shall not pass," sang the Big Ten College professors as they tossed the examination papers, written by athletes, on their desks and reached for the trusty scarlet pencils.

Women of a southern city are voting wet in a newspaper straw poll. They didn't realize, when they supported the eighteenth amendment, what a job it would be to clean up the kitchen after father finished concocting a batch of home brew.

Special Correspondence. Nahma, Feb. 14 (By Cryptic Code)—This town is in a feverish state of excitement concerning an attack recently made on Mr. Macaff, our popular Piffle Hook contrib. by one, Mr. Pi Line. Whether Mr. Macaff will institute libel suit is a matter of conjecture at present time. . . . No demands for increase in wages have been made by the longshoremen who have not been working here for several days. . . . Three local boys have this morning for Dr. Duff where they will matriculate for auto-suggestion course offered by large auto school of that city. —MACAFF

The pajama trade is slumping. Only five men were found shot to death in them last week.

A Los Angeles chemist deposes and says that methylpropylcarbinol will cure the dope habit. You take one syllable before every meal.

(1) YES; (2) NO! Sir—First that Dresden Doll dame writes a mash note to the other walrus on the opposite side of the table and then this here Merry Ann Jane pens you a love lyric. What are you trying to run, a column or a snuggle sanatorium? Answer yes or no. —TIMOTHY

WE'LL NEVER SEE A picture of a Follies girl in cotton stockings.

SIGNS OF SPRING The department store ads.

UNUSUAL HEROES The neighbor who shovels the snow off my sidewalks when I oversleep.—G. H. M.

PERTINENT PERSONAGES Any business man who ever found a use, in his business, for cube root.—PED.

POPULAR FICTION "I'm crazy about these Upper Peninsula winters."—DIXIE. (She means Springs.—Ed.)

UNCLE LOGAN THINKS That all stock brokers are fat, wealthy and bald.—R. A. L.

A Kansas City man was found dead in a telephone booth. Did he get the right number the first time? —H. K. R.

several leading educators of the country as to whether the college ought not to be limited to the classes, barred from the masses.

As for folk our way, they don't even get riled up when the professors get to talking thataway. The masses—and that means the ordinary run of folk hereabouts and thereabouts—are going to get education for its boys and girls, no matter what artificial barriers are put up. We want our kids to get all the polish they can, as long as they don't think a college education means chorus girls and booze. It is in the state universities that normal conditions prevail. Let the Massachusetts folk send a delegation to our own state university if they want to see how an up-to-date institution is run.

BRINGING UP FATHER—Ten Years Ago



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



Tag Better Be Careful



By Blosser



SALESMAN SAM



Brotherly Love



It All Depends



By Allman



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



THE OLD HOME TOWN



CHAPTERS FROM A WOMAN'S LIFE



THE OLD HOME TOWN



CHAPTERS FROM A WOMAN'S LIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

WALTER DISAPPROVES TEMPERAMENT. Chapter 62. "You must have taken a long ride," Mrs. Page remarked at dinner. "Not so very I answered. We called to see how Helen was and I remained there while Walter gave her an airing." "I shall encourage Walter to begin that picture of you and Jack as soon as possible. It will get rid of that girl—at least for a time. I don't approve of your attitude at all, Doreen. There was no reason why you should stay in her room while Walter took her to ride. Not that I don't trust Walter," she invariably added that when talking of Helen. "But I do not trust that girl. And the less he sees of her the better for all concerned. I am sorry you don't see this as I do." "Perhaps I do," I answered, "and am taking what I think the best way to prevent things becoming serious." She looked sharply at me, then made me goodnight very kindly. She might think more of my judgment than I feared. In a few days Walter brought the photographs home. Mrs. Page was delighted, and I put mine in the living room, after framing it beautifully and expensively. Then on my first visit to the studio I mentioned it, saying: "Don't you think those pictures of Walter very good, Miss Ralstrom? I noticed he gave you one also. His mother thinks them excellent." She looked at me uncomprehendingly. "I mean the one like you have on your table in the alcove," I

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added. "You should see it framed as I have it. I show it to everyone I am so pleased with it." "It is very good," was all she said. But I knew she was angry. Walter had sat for the picture for her. She thought there was only one, that she had something in her face, as plainly as it she had said it. I knew perfectly that Walter would be in for a bad half hour when they were alone, but perhaps if she treated him to enough of those bad half hours, scolded him, he would grow tired of her; even of her beauty. I wasn't mistaken. When he came in he said: "I wish you'd keep your mouth shut before Helen, Doreen. You seem to upset her about something every time you get together." "Why, what have I said or done to upset her?" Innocently I asked. "She thought that photograph she had was to be the only one, said she treasured it on that account. Now she wants another and I'll be darned if I'll sit again to please anybody!" "But why in the world should she object to your wife and your mother having your photograph?" "Search me! It's one of her temperamental ideas." "I shall wish I was temperamental if it excuses everything a woman does." I laughed. "God forbid!" he said fervently. "You certainly are a relief." Tomorrow—The Long Talked Of Trip. The reason for the terrific pressure exerted by water when it freezes remains unknown, but the expansion is almost irresistible, and can burst a hydraulic cylinder capable of sustaining a pressure of twelve tons to the square inch.

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AUNT SARAH DEARBODY WOULD NEVER HAVE GUESSED WHO LEFT THE VALENTINE UNDER HER FRONT DOOR IF SHE HADN'T FOUND ONE OF MARSHAL OTEY WALKERS MITTENS NEAR BY.

