





**PROFESSIONAL CARDS**

<p><b>DR. A. J. CARLSON</b> PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. 1915 Ludington St. Phone 484-J. Residence Phone 208</p>	<p><b>DR. C. M. OUTHBERT</b> DENTIST Phone 35-L. Masonic Block ESCANABA, MICH.</p>
<p><b>DR. W. B. BOYCE</b> Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist GLASSES FITTED. Office hours: 1-12 a. m., 2 1/2 p. m. 1018 Ludington St., Escanaba, Mich.</p>	<p><b>DR. R. E. HODSON</b> Over Old Postoffice, Bell Phone 64 and 471-J. Hours 9 to 12 a. m., 1:30 to 4:30 and 7 to 8 p. m. ESCANABA, MICH.</p>
<p><b>China Painting</b> Instructions Mrs. O. B. Lambert, Phone 481-2R</p>	<p><b>DR. WM. FRASER</b> DENTIST Over State Savings Bank Building Escanaba, Michigan.</p>

**An Ingenuous Critic**

By HARRY VAN AMBERG

At college my essays were always selected to be read before the class, and I was made editor of the university magazine. This led me to choose literature for my profession. I naturally looked to the author whose works were at that time considered the acme of literary method as my guide, and nothing less than the field he occupied would satisfy me. There must be no plot. Plots were for dime novels. There must be nothing demonstrative, for I and the school I proposed to enter considered that (in type) to be gush and fit only for those who cannot appreciate what is high bred. What I aimed at was delineation of character, proposing to take my heroes and heroines apart, examine them through a microscope and put them together again, stamping them with my own imprint, just as an eminent chemist will give a certificate for a brand of soap.

I had written several novels in this vein and had attracted the attention of the critics and persons of refined literary taste. Unfortunately I had no fortune, and I found it unprofitable to write for the few. But I would not lower my standard. As to my characters, they must needs be high bred persons, for I met no others. Not one of those I met in society would show any feeling, and I found myself depicting those who were moving about on life's stage, not as human beings, but as social automatons. Nevertheless the critics and my clientele stood by me, and I was pleased, though financially it didn't pay.

One day while traveling on a railroad train I noticed a young girl in the seat before me. She could not have been more than seventeen years old, was plainly dressed and appeared to be a model of simplicity. What was my astonishment to see her take from her satchel a copy of my last novel and begin to read it. I wondered how a person so low in the human scale could be interested in the philosophic deductions she would find in my work. I leaned forward and asked:

"Can you recommend the book you are reading?"

"I? Recommend it? It's everything to me."

"How is that?"

"I'm in the story."

"You!"

"Yes. I don't know how the author got hold of my case, but he did somehow or other. He's given it perfectly, only he gives a great many reasons for my doing things that I never had at all. I suppose he made them up. I skip them."

"Oh, you do? What causes you to think that the author gives your own story?"

"Why, it's as plain as day. There's Mrs. Jarvis. She's my stepmother. Papa does what he can for me to make her treat me nice. But she won't, and sometimes he looks so tired and worn when she snaps at me just like Mr. Jarvis in the story—that I put my arms about him and kiss him and say, like Marjory in the book, 'Never mind me, papa, dear, so long as she don't scold you.'"

I was interested. Of all my stories this one was the most human. I had been told by my admirers that in it I had not done myself justice.

"Have you read any of the author's other novels?" I asked.

"I've tried to. After I read my own story in this one I got the books out of the library, one after another, but they were all Greek to me. I suppose I like this one because it is my own story."

"What else is there about you in the book?"

"Well, for one thing I know Edith Edgingham. She's just like Edith in the book—a society girl—always going about with her nose in the air. She talks just such unintelligible things as Miss Edgingham. She's never going to marry, she says, but devote herself to some high moral purpose—you know, the girl in the book is going to do that—but she can't find a purpose high enough for her, so she only talks about it with young men of a superior type. That's like Miss Edgingham too."

"Who is your favorite author?" I asked the girl.

"Mr. Dickens."

I remembered that Mr. Dickens had not in all his books drawn the character of more than two or three persons in high life. I had reversed the order. I had not drawn but one character out of high life, the one this little girl had assumed to be herself. I wondered what would have become of my literary fame when my hundredth birthday would come round.

The train was approaching my station, and as I gathered my belongings I said to the admirer of my story:

"Thank you very much for telling me all about the book. I know the author intimately. I shall tell him all you've said about it, advise him in future to write about all kinds of persons, to leave out the parts you skipped and not to spend his time on the aspirations of such high bred girls as Miss Edgingham. Heroines like you are far more satisfactory."

"Goodby, sir," she said as the train was slowing up. "Would you mind asking him how he got hold of my case and write me about it? My address is—oh, dear, I wish I had a pencil or something!"

Those were the last words I heard, for I left the car and the only critic to whom I have ever been indebted for criticism of any value.



Gustave Holmquist who appears this evening at the Swedish Lutheran church

**TO HOLD HEARING ON LIQUOR LEGISLATION**

Wednesday the House Will Hold a Public Hearing at Lansing on Liquor Interests

Lansing, Mich., Feb. 4.—Wednesday

afternoon the house committee on hearing on a number of bills seeking to regulate the liquor tariff, and Representative Koehler's bill to restore the free lunch.

Thus far, liquor legislation has attracted little attention but it is expected the hearing will develop strong arguments.

It is safe to say that the house, on the whole, is dry. The committee is dry and the probabilities are that each

**Uncle Sam Makes It Easier For You to Get a Homestead**

The required term of residence on Government Land has been reduced from 5 to 3 years. Settlers are also allowed 5 months leave of absence from their claims each year.

**Why Not File On a Homestead Claim?**

There are nearly forty million acres of homestead land in the Northwest states traversed by the Northern Pacific Railway available to you for proving up under the revised and improved homestead laws. Similar land also on sale by reliable dealers at low prices and on easy terms.

**Northern Pacific Makes Low Fares for Colonist and Homeseekers**

ONE-WAY COLONIST TICKETS on sale daily March 15 to April 15 to Western Montana, Idaho, Washington Oregon, British Columbia.

ROUND-TRIP HOMESEEKERS' TICKETS on sale 1st and 3rd Tuesdays each month to many points in Northwest United States and Canada.

Write for free copy of Government Land Pamphlet, List of Land Dealers and literature about the PROSPERITY STATES OF AMERICA.

**Northern Pacific Ry**

J. T. McKENNY, Dist. Pass. Agent  
FOURTH AND BROADWAY, ST. PAUL, MINN.

**Excelsior Auto - Cycles**

Has the Excelsior Motor Speed?

Indeed it Has

On Jan. 7, with a 1913 STOCK Excelsior Motor Lee Humiston broke all records from 12 to 100 miles, making the 100 miles 7 minutes and 22 seconds less than the previous record.

On Dec. 30, Humiston smashed all records from 1 to 12 miles, and has the honor of being the first to drive a vehicle at the rate of 100 miles an hour. Get in line with the machine of quality.

**E. F. BOLGER**

911 Ludington Street

**WORTH TRYING! SAYS SAGE TEA DARKENS FADED, GRAY HAIR JUST BEAUTIFULLY**

Harmless But Effective—Mixed With Sulphur Makes Hair Soft and Luxuriant

Try "Ely's Cream Balm."

Get a small bottle anyway, just to try it—Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged nose and stopped-up air passages of the head will open; you will breathe freely; fullness and headache disappear. By morning the catarrh, cold-in-head or catarrhal sore throat will be gone.

End such misery now! Get the small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm" at any drug store. This sweet, fragrant balm

dissolves by the heat of the nostrils; penetrates and heals the inflamed, swollen membrane which lines the nose, head and throat; clears the air passages; stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing, soothing relief comes immediately.

Don't say awake tonight struggling for breath, with head stuffed; nostrils closed, hawking and blowing. Catarrh or a cold with it's running nose, foul mucus dropping into the throat, and raw dryness is distressing but truly needless.

Put your faith—just once—in "Ely's Cream Balm" and your cold or catarrh will surely disappear.

What He Gained.

Mrs. Smith was grieved and disappointed at the conduct of her son Robert. She called him into her presence and questioned him gravely as to his latest enormity.

"Mrs. Hayes tells me that you tied a tin can to her dog's tail," she said.

"Yes, mother."

"What a shameful thing to do!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Oh, Robert! What do you gain by such cruelty?"

"I gained a dollar from Mr. Hayes."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**MUSTEROLE**

No Plaster! No Blister!

Everybody knows how the good old-fashioned mustard plaster relieves a cold, an ache or a pain.

Your mother and your grandmother always applied it. The plaster burned awfully. But it surely brought relief. MUSTEROLE is the same remedy without the plaster and without the blister.

MUSTEROLE is a clean, white ointment, made with the oil of mustard.

You don't have to bother with a cloth. You simply rub MUSTEROLE on the spot where the pain is—rub it on briskly—and the pain is gone!

Not a blister is left, even on tender skin! Instead it has a delicious, comforting effect.

There is nothing like MUSTEROLE for Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Tonsillitis, Croup, Stiff Neck, Asthma, Neuralgia, Headache, Congestion, Pleurisy, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pains and Aches of

the Back or Joints, Sprains, Sore Muscles, Bruises, Chilblains, Frosted Feet, Colds of the Chest (it prevents pneumonia). Millions of jars of MUSTEROLE are sold annually. It is a staple in the large hospitals. Doctors and nurses use it and recommend it to patients. Ask your doctor.

At your druggist's, in 25c and 50c jars, and a special large hospital size for \$2.50.

If your druggist cannot supply you send 25c or 50c to the Musterole Company, Cleveland, O., and we will mail you a jar, postpaid.

Doctors Tell How Musterole Relieves  
Dr. J. P. Frey, Chicago, Ill.—"I prescribe your Musterole every day. Use it in all cases of alveolar abscess and inflammation."

Dr. Abbott T. Hutchinson, New York, N. Y.—"I have prescribed many times your Musterole."



...Attend...

**"OUR STARRY BANNER"**

At Peterson's Opera House

**TONIGHT**

AUSPICES OF

**St. Patrick's Church**

Direction of Mr. and Mrs. John Allo

The Greatest Home Talent Production Ever Attempted In This City





