

# THE GLADSTONE DELTA.

Volume XXVI.

CHAS. E. MASON, PUBLISHER.

Gladstone, Mich., July 8, 1911

\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

Number 15

## CEREALS

We have the Oriole Brand of Corn Flakes, the finest corn flakes in the market

per lb	10c
Cooked rolled Oats ready to eat per pkg	10c
Cottage breakfast food per pkg	15c
Cream of Rye per lb	15c
White house coffee, the best ever put in per cans per 1 lb cans	40c
Juneau brand coffee we wish you to try one 1 lb of the coffee	23c
Old Time brand coffee a good one lb	28c
Gate City Rice a beautiful silver spoon in each package per pkg	25c

We have everything in the green and vegetable line we would be pleased to supply you for a month.

### ELOF HANSON

GROCER  
PHONE 48.

## EAGLES EXCEL IN ENJOYMENT

# PICNIC

WITH  
GLADSTONE AERIE, F. O. E.

## EAGLES

in the beautiful grove at

# MAYWOOD

and enjoy a day of mirth with us.

## SUN. JULY 30

Excursions by boat from every part of the bay.

## The Scrap Book

### His Proper Place.

A local character whom we will call Shorty Blank has a reputation as an actor and takes part in nearly all of the local shows. In the last show that was given Shorty had one of the leading parts.

After the show, while he was taking off his makeup, an elderly man made his appearance in the doorway.

"Are you Mr. Blank?" inquired the old man.

"Yes," replied Shorty as he motioned him to be seated.

"Well," the old man continued, "I just want to tell you something. I've been watching your acting tonight. You should not be playing in this town; you should be with Mansfield, Booth or Irving or Joe Jefferson."

"W-w-why," said Shorty, "those actors are dead."

"I know it," said the old man as he turned on his heel and left.—Philadelphia Times.

### One at a Time.

One at a time the murmuring raindrops patter

On drowsy pools with an incessant chime

Till, lo, an ocean ere the cloudlets scatter!

One at a time the shimmering sunbeams wander

Adown to earth from yonder cloudless clime

Till lowliest mountain tops are smit with splendor.

One at a time appears the master builder

Stone upon stone with horny hands agrime

Till shoot aloft the turrets that bewilder.

One at a time the shuttle, swiftly flying,

Flings thread on thread like throes of throbbing rhyme

Till glows the tapestry with hues undying.

One at a time each patient, mute endeavor

Is forging characters august, sublime

In souls whose influence shall be felt forever.

—W. C. Richardson.

### Easy on Him.

Tom Weldon on a journey from Altona to Philadelphia got into a game of cards with a young man. The young man lost steadily. Finally, as Philadelphia drew near, he was out a total of \$61.

The young man had a hard hunt to produce all this money. From one pocket he took two twenty-dollar bills, from another two fives, from his waistcoat a ten dollar goldpiece and a silver dollar and from his trousers a half dollar, a quarter, two dimes and four pennies. The final penny he couldn't find, search where he would.

"I'm awful sorry," he said to Tom Weldon. "I'm a cent short."

"Never mind, young man," said Tom genially. "We won't stick at a cent. You can give your evening paper."

### Her Bashful Beau.

An intensely bashful young man was driving one evening with a young lady whom he had been calling on for some time previous. The stillness of the evening and the beauty of the scene around him inspired his courage, and, sitting stilly erect and with his face forward, he suddenly blurted out, "May I kiss you?"

"Surely," she coyly replied.

"Aw," he said, his face scarlet and larruping his horses to a run—"aw, I was only fooling."

### Saving the Money.

In a certain parish in Scotland collectors were going round soliciting contributions for the kirk. On coming to a wretched little hovel they hesitated whether or not to enter, but finally decided to "try their luck." A hale old man greeted them, and to him they explained their errand, but he really had nothing to give them, he said.

"Can't you give up your whisky?" one of the visitors asked. "No," he said, "I don't drink whisky." Perhaps then he could forego the pleasures of snuff. No; he didn't use snuff.

The collectors prepared to move on. "Stop a bit!" cried the old fellow. "I pay Sandy, the barber, twopence every Saturday night for shaving me. Tell the meenister he can have the twopence if he'll come and shave me himself!"

### Came Near It.

They were discussing a certain authoress at dinner, and a well known critic raised a laugh by remarking, "Well, her hair's red, even if her books are not."

The mild young Englishman in the corner made a mental note of the sally for future use, and at another dinner party shortly afterward he carefully guided the conversation into literary channels. Fortunately some one mentioned the desired name, and he triumphantly called out, "Well, she's got red hair, even if her books haven't."

### Mustache Makes for Health.

Dr. Paul Kruger, a well-known physician of Vienna, affirms that the mustache has a distinct value for the health. He believes that its utility lies in protecting the nose against the invasion of dust and bacteria. Recording 500 cases of severe headache and throat and nose trouble among his men patients, he found that 420 of them had their upper lip clean shaven.

## Give and Take

The Escanaba Journal had an article last week in criticism of the board of supervisors for appropriating \$500 out of general fund for drainage purposes. The first newspaper accounts of the board's action were not very clear. Investigation however, shows that the appropriation was made at the request of the county road commission, not to reclaim any private lands, but to protect the county road, which is regularly washed out by the overflow of Willow Creek, just outside of the city limits of Escanaba. The money was not voted for any private benefit, but as a necessary part of the roadwork. As the drain commissioner elected last fall did not qualify, the road commission was directed to expend the money. As the Journal observes, the time for launching drainage work is here, and it is important that it should be done in a legal manner. Delta county has much good land that might be drained and put to use; so has the city of Gladstone.

Gladstone Aerie, F. O. E., will have its annual picnic at Maywood Sunday, July 30. Excursions by boats will be arranged from Escanaba, Rapid River and all other points on the bay. More details and posters will appear in a few days; but the word "Eagles" blown in the bottle is a guarantee that the contents are worth taking.

The claims of a romantic estheticism are always interfering with business; and there are always those who oppose commercial and industrial development for frivolous reasons. Among these are residents of the first ward who do not approve the attempt to make this town another Porkopolis, and who oppose endeavors to lower the high cost of living. Their neighbors, in order to defy a rapacious trust, now raise their own savory ham and toothsome bacon on the hoof, to the disgustment—notice the grunt—of the aforesaid unneighborly esthetes, who consider the march of public improvement in bad odor. The accumulation of material property should not be hindered by such considerations and if you do not love the gentle pig, go buy a clothespin for a scent and stick it on your nose.

To the ladies who called for Rexall Shampoo paste: I now keep it in stock, so kindly call for it again.

J. A. STEWART

In response to the last suggestion of Senator from Idaho, that the President possibly did not represent the Republican Party, I desire to say, with the permission of the Senator, that the President does not represent the majority of the Republican members of Congress of the other House, he does not represent a majority of the Republican membership of the United States Senate, and I believe that the Senator from Idaho will agree with me that he does not represent the sentiments of a majority of the Republicans in this nation.—Senator Bristow.

The volunteer firemen had a good attendance at their ball, if the weather and counter attractions are considered. They netted about forty dollars for the tournament fund.

The eagle screamed in Escanaba township Tuesday. The patriots of that rural community gathered at Beauchamp's grove and firmly refused to let their ardor be dampened by passing showers. The dancing pavilion was the center of attraction for beaux and belles. During the afternoon races and games for prizes were held, under the able supervision of Rev. Joseph Duford; and a free exhibition of gymnastic work was given by a celebrated artist. The day was an enjoyable one.

One of our exchangers runs this ad as follows, to wit: "Our new phone is 19 J. 1. When in need of any blacksmith work call us."

The school election will be held Monday and there is absolutely no interest in the matter. No person has any overpowering desire to be a candidate; but if they do not object too strongly, it is probable that W. L. Marble and P. B. Hammond will be elected by a majority of six or seven votes to succeed themselves.

Hurrah! After many years, Fred Bendure has caught the Big one. He didn't get away. A nine pound rainbow trout in Ford River Sunday; if you don't believe this is a true lie, ask Fred.

Among those drawn on the jury for the term of circuit court which sits July 17 are Ed Cardin, Gust Ohman, J. D. McDonald, John Nelson, J. H. LeClair, August Lillquist, Elof Hanson and Edward Leduc. Brampton township, Hans P. Olson; Cornell, William Terrien; Escanaba, Louis Johnson; Masonville, D. L. White.

The grandstand of the Escanaba baseball park burned down Monday morning.

The new telephone books have been issued. Patrons are asked to consult them, as many of the numbers have recently been changed.

The board of supervisors recently deferred action on the bills of the Escanaba justices, and the latter threaten to handle no more county business. As it is stated that during the past six months the county jail has had a record list of boarders, it would be economy for the county if its justices handed out fewer sentences at so much per sentence. Escanaba furnishes almost all the disorderly cases, at present, Gladstone and the townships being more peaceful. In this connection, Supervisor J. D. Colburn suggests the establishment of a county court with a salaried judge, to handle all small cases, civil and criminal, relieving the circuit court and also a great deal of the justice court work which most justices do not desire. On a visit to Menominee early this year, the writer was informed that the supervisors had agreed with the sheriff on a lump sum for his caring for the jail and its occupants. The county jail was scarcely used, and both the county and the sheriff are saving money on the deal.

Sixteen inch Dry Body Wood single cord \$2.10, full cord \$6.00; 16 inch Maple and Birch mill wood, \$1.75 a single cord, \$5.00 a full cord; Hemlock, \$1.15 single and \$2.75 full cord; delivered to any part of the city. Call up O. W. Davis, Phone 7.

At the council meeting Thursday much financial business was transacted. Several thousand dollars of bond issue was authorized, for Dakota avenue sewers, and to refund special improvement issues. Lowry Avenue was ordered macadamized, and the filling of the bay shore road postponed, because of the non-arrival of representatives of W. L. Marble for authority to add a story to the Delta Hotel was tabled. A petition for the improvement of Twelfth street was received. The council adjourned at eleven o'clock, having sat in solitary state, without an eye to see.

Owing to the council meeting Thursday, the regular session of the water board was postponed until tonight.

Gladstone's winning team kept up its streak finely this week, winning Sunday's game 6 to 2, Monday's 5 to 1, and Tuesday afternoon's 9 to 4. The visitors won a hotly contested game Tuesday morning by a score of 7 to 6 in the eleventh inning. The playing of the Gladstone boys was consistent throughout. They stacked up against Menominee today and tomorrow.

The Delta county medical society will entertain the upper peninsula medics again this year. The meeting and annual banquet will be held July 27-28.

To my customers who asked for Rolling Massage Cream. I now have it in the 25 cent size. Please ask for it again.

J. A. STEWART

The airship driven by Aviator Cowling fell during its first flight and was badly wrecked, so that there was no exhibition on the Fourth. The Escanaba business men's association will fight it out on the same line if it takes all summer; and it is expected that a fight will be made from the fair grounds tomorrow. Admission will be free.

The press dispatches predict a record breaking crop of raspberries and blueberries from this peninsula during the next few weeks.

While Mr. Taft is in Indiana we trust it may occur to him to recall that a learned and eloquent man named Beveridge, who once represented that state in the Senate lost his seat through talking too much about a tariff that was working all right.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Gladstone Bill Posting Co. is erecting a large board at the corner of Wisconsin and Railway avenues.

If the crowds that packed their cars Tuesday morning are any fair indication of business done by the Escanaba Traction Co., the stock of that concern ought to be a pretty fair investment.

Gladstone was safe and sane Tuesday. It is not learned that anyone was injured by fireworks or crowding, and the unwonted stillness of the morning hours was distinctly audible.

The city council of Escanaba has definitely voted down the ordinance prohibiting Sunday amusements.

Truth will leak out. The Marquette Chronicle, which is a reciprocity advocate, remarks enthusiastically "William Howard Taft is not a republican president."

There is some good advice in the telephone book. You will find, in the list of directors, E. E. Sunny.

Escanaba is laying a number of concrete streets, and the experiment will be viewed with interest. It should be as durable as brick and less slippery.

A party of Michigan students on their vacation, with an auxiliary power boat, were in the harbor Wednesday.

The Charles L. Hutchinson discharged 10,100 tons of coal here this week.

## Gladstone Theatre

Maclairin & Needham, Managers.

# WEDNESDAY, JULY 12

## THE FAMOUS BEGGAR PRINCE OPERA COMPANY

In Auber's Dramatic, Tragic and Musical Comic Opera

# "Fra Diavolo"

WITH

## Emma Abbott

AND AN

# All Star Cast

The finest attraction ever presented at the Gladstone Theatre. A musical treat.

Seats on sale at Stewart's.

The Stephenson Journal tells the following warm weather story under the head, "A Chariot of Fire." A Stephenson man who had business to transact at Perkins hired a horse and buggy at Brampton and in order to while away time he lit his pipe and enjoyed himself finely. Having satisfied his craving he put the pipe in his pocket and continued on his journey. After a while he began to smell burning cloth, but did not think of investigating until he felt something warm in the rear of his anatomy. Rising in the buggy he saw the seat ablaze, and putting his hand behind him he found that the seat of his pants was also blazing up at a great rate. He tried to put out the fire with his hand, but a large blister on every finger was the result. Finally he jumped from the buggy and made a Holy Roller stunt on the road which brought him needed relief. He then paid some attention to the buggy, the seat of which was rapidly being consumed, and with the aid of a stranger who happened to pass by, the fire was extinguished and he returned to Brampton with the horse and buggy, promising the owner to pay the damage on his next trip.

The Rexall line of drugs is complete with over sixty valuable preparations, are guaranteed by the makers, and in case they do not satisfy you, the agent cheerfully refunds your money. The sole agent in Gladstone is

J. A. STEWART

Peter Foy, a former well known resident of Neganee, who for the past few years has been farming at Isabella, in Delta county, sent Miller Bros. of this city, some samples of the quality of grain grown in that vicinity. The grain is on display at Miller Bros. grocery store and it is being examined with a great deal of interest by local people interested in farming. Mr. Foy is an enthusiastic booster for the upper peninsula and he believes that as good grain can be grown in this section as in any farming district of the country. The rye stalks sent up by Mr. Foy are six feet in length; the timothy hay measures five feet; clover three and a half feet; alsike clover, three feet, and oats, five feet.—Mining Journal.

The airship was busted. So were some of us after the Fourth.

## NEW SHOP

We now occupy our own building, one door east of our former stand with a splendorous equipment and everything up to date. We offer you the best of service and choicest of meats at the lowest market price. Stop in and see us.

### OLSON & ANDERSON

THE LEADING BUTCHERS.

Phone 9

745 Delta Avenue.

## ROUMAN'S ICE CREAM PARLOR

For pure ice cream and fancy drinks try our crushed fruit Sundae, always the best. For Sunday's dinner get a quart of Ice cream with Crushed Fruit for 25 cents; a gallon delivered for \$1.00. If you call for freezer and return it, 80 cents per gallon for quantities of more than one gallon. Fruit prices the lowest

### ROUMAN BROS.

Phone 68 at the brick block.

## JUST AS YOU CHOOSE.

That's the way you get it at Fred Anderson's.

You make no mistake in patronizing this tried and trusty institution. Come in once in a while and see how the thing works. There is plenty behind the bar and more down cellar. We suit every taste. Ask for

### Fred Anderson

819 Delta Avenue

## PICNICS

This is the month of picnics and outings. We carry a splendid line of tinned and potted meats, package foods, crackers and cookies, olives, fruits etc.

We keep our Canned Meats in the refrigerator, cool and ready for use.

We will be pleased to make you up an order of any size and quote you a rock bottom price.

### Andrew Marshall

Phone 164

Price 25 Cents

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315 Dearborn St., Chicago.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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## I. W. HARPER KENTUCKY WHISKEY

for Gentlemen who cherish Quality.

FOR SALE BY

### EMIL VANDWEGHE

## Central Meat Market

I have renovated the Weinig building and am in business at 745 Delta Ave. My market will be kept clean and spotless, the best of meat will be sold at reasonable prices, and prompt deliveries made.

Many of you know me already and trade with me. I can now give you better service. The rest of you are cordially invited to make my acquaintance. It will be a good thing for both of us.

Yours truly

### M. P. FOY

## GLADSTONE DELTA

C. E. MASON, Publisher

GLADSTONE MICHIGAN

Now, altogether: "Is it hot enough for you?"

Even the mosquito is feeling the impulse of the back-to-the-farm movement.

Nearly everybody who says "I don't care" is not telling the truth.

When an aviator loses his way in a fog he cannot ask a policeman. At least not yet.

Almost time for some get-rich-quick man to establish a correspondence school of aviation.

Germany has adopted a new gun designed to bring down aeroplanes, just as if aviation is not dangerous enough.

The convicts who struck for the eight-hour day in the Michigan penitentiary finally decided not to walk out.

The earth has only 10,000 years to live, according to a Swedish astronomer. Let us then be up and doing, etc.

Western farmers want the weather bureau investigated because its predictions don't agree with their rheumatism.

According to fashion experts in London and Paris the harem skirt is dead. As a matter of fact it was born that way.

Barbers, alarmed by the advance of safety razors, are considering the abolition of tips. They might also abandon criticism of the previous hair cut.

Henry Allrenshoersterbaeumer is the name of a man who lives in Missouri. We suppose his friends call him Hank Allrenshoersterbaeumer for short.

A boy graduated from a Pennsylvania high school without ever having missed a half day, and shall such horrors of child slavery be unrebuked?

Irrigation is fast driving the Great American Desert out of existence. There are canals enough already to reach across the continent if placed end on end.

One man gave a fortune teller \$315 for the information that he could find a treasure by digging in his back lot. He didn't find the treasure, but he got a lot of exercise.

It is surprising how a city man, fortunate in the possession of a garden about the size of a checker board, can spoil \$38 worth of clothes planting 10 cents' worth of peas.

The appearance of five aces in a poker game in Pennsylvania and the resultant death of three men, simply goes to show that a good thing sometimes can be carried too far.

A New York boy found a certified check for \$55,000 and was paid \$1 reward when he returned it to its owner. Notwithstanding this, however, honesty is still the best policy.

Returning from Asian jungles, a scientist announces that a man "with a tactful wife in a wild country can get along twice as well as a single man." Also in a tame country.

"Wealth is no longer an open sesame to independence," wails a disappointed capitalist. Too true. Why, nowadays one cannot wear a silk hat and a short coat without being ridiculed!

Just to make good the proud boast that every other city in the country is merely one of its suburbs, New York, a few days ago, sent a Pullman carload of its women to Reno to get divorces.

It has now been demonstrated that a motorcycle comes off second best in a collision with an automobile. The question has interested many persons who have had to step lively in crossing the asphalt.

A wife in Atlanta had her husband arrested because he refused to kiss her. Husbands are getting very fractious these days, and advanced femininity is finding it necessary to drive them back into harness.

A government woman expert says that chickens kept in cold storage nine months or a year are more healthful than those fresh killed and kept 24 hours without refrigeration. It may be, but she will have a time convincing the ultimate consumer.

New York supreme court has decreed that a bill collector must pursue his prey in apartment houses only by means of the dumb waiter. Formerly the bill collector was called upon to cope only with deafness, but now he is confronted with both the deaf and dumb.

The heir to the East Indian throne of Baroda, who is a student at Harvard, had to work on his twenty-first birthday while his future subjects were celebrating it with holiday and festivity at home. This is but another instance of the modern way in which princes have to stand a great deal to keep their jobs.

## WELCOME WAITS FOR GUARDSMEN

### Encampment to Be Held at Port Huron in August.

### WILL BE BEST EVER HELD

Booklet Known as the "Bullet" Will Contain Pictures of the Camp and Places of Interest, to Be Given Out by Company C.

Lansing.—Brig. Gen. P. L. Abbey and Lieut. Col. Westinage, of Kalamazoo, and Col. Covell of Grand Rapids, have been in Port Huron in conference with Major Geo. L. Harvey, of Port Huron, for a few days in regard to the Michigan National Guard encampment which will be held here August 9-18. While here they inspected the Avery farm, where the soldiers will camp. They will return in a few days to lay out the grounds for the camp.

The official encampment souvenir will be gotten out by the members of Company C. The booklet will be known as the "Bullet" and will contain pictures of the camp and places of interest. Capt. John S. Mann of Company C, has received the general orders for the camp from Gen. Abbey.

The commanding officer, first brigade and staff, will arrive in this city at sunrise, August 8, and will immediately assume jurisdiction to the extent of one mile, also making the necessary arrangements to police Port Huron. The first brigade, first infantry, signal corps, Co. A, Engineers, Battery A field artillery, and hospital corps will also be present. All but the infantry will report to the commanding officer immediately on arrival at camp and camp muster rolls will be prepared and sent to the proper authorities before the encampment. Regular army rations will be provided.

This will be the first opportunity that Port Huron has had to entertain the troops and they expect to make this the best camp yet held. The camp grounds will be ideal and the water facilities good, allowing the men to take a plunge at any time. Company C is putting on the finishing touches and expects as usual to be the best company of the Third regiment.

Plans to Control State in 1912. The annual reorganization of the Detroit school board may appear to the casual observer out in the state like a purely local matter. But in Detroit it is recognized as having an important bearing on the affairs of the state as a whole. Wales C. Martindale, superintendent of the city schools, is a brother of Fred C. Martindale, secretary of state, who is an announced candidate for governor to succeed Chase C. Osborn.

For more than ten years the Detroit school system has been the scene of a continuous public wrangle between the "Martindale" and "anti-Martindale" factions. Every year it comes to the front at the time of the spring elections. Last spring for the first time it looked as if the enemies of the city superintendent had won.

While the question will not be decided till things have settled down after the reorganization appointments have been made and ratified, committees organized and members of the board have had a chance to show definitely where they stand on the chief issue, yet so close are the lines drawn that to thousands of Detroit people the strength or weakness of the governorship candidacy of Fred Martindale hangs in the balance. The defeat of "the Martindale forces" here, they say, will in a marked degree weaken the local organization which is said to be working hard in the interests of Fred Martindale's ambitions. A victory, on the other hand, will tend to solidify and encourage the Martindale workers in Detroit.

Osborn Plans to Oust Many. Governor Osborn is about to go on the warpath again, with a view of eliminating from the state service certain appointees who are holding their places by virtue of the fact that they were interim appointees; in other words, that they were appointed during the time the legislature was not in session. The governor will act, it is understood, under an opinion by the attorney general to the effect that such appointments are only good until after the legislature adjourns, and then the places are held subject to the will of the chief executive of the state.

It is understood that there are about 18 members of state boards and men holding other positions subject to this ruling. The story goes that the governor does not intend to remove all of them, but in some instances will make a clean sweep of control of certain boards in order to open the way for new regimes.

### Michigan Men Will Be in Charge.

A party of 300 Ohio fire insurance underwriters and their wives will arrive in Detroit July 20 on their annual midsummer outing. Their entertainment will be in charge of the Michigan Fire Underwriters' association. The associations which will make the trip are the Fire Underwriters' Field club, the Ohio League of Fire Underwriters, the Ohio Pond of the Blue G-ese, and the Ohio State Fire Prevention association. A program has been prepared.

### Injury Is Done by Twig Blight.

L. R. Taft of M. A. C., state inspector of orchards and nurseries, is sending a circular to those owning orchards telling of the method to employ in checking the outbreak of the twig blight which is greatly annoying people in this section of the state. He says:

"Serious outbreaks of twig blight upon apple, pear and quince trees are reported from all parts of central Michigan, and the disease has also been noticed to a less extent in other parts of the state. It is generally first noticed at the ends of the branches, where the new leaves suddenly become brown and dry, and the branches themselves die."

Great injury is often done to pear, quince and young apple trees, and whenever it is noticed that the leaves are discoloring the twigs the branches should be cut off several inches below where the discoloration shows. There should be no delay, as the disease spreads in the sap and the delay of a few hours may allow the germs to work down into the larger branches and even into the trunk of the trees when an attempt to save them may be useless, or at any rate will seriously injure the trees.

Twig blight seldom does much harm to old apple trees, being generally confined to the new growth, but this year it is unusually severe and the large orchard trees have the appearance of being burned with fire, the ends of most of the branches having been attacked.

### University Sends Out Large Class.

An immense army of young men and women were graduated from the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Diplomas were presented to about 900 graduates at University hall.

The graduating classes formed in line at their respective buildings at 8:30 under the direction of the class presidents. There was a procession to University hall under the direction of Chief Marshal Dean Cooley.

President Harry Pratt Judson, LL. D., president of the University of Chicago, delivered the commencement address.

"The average university graduate," said Dr. Judson, "represents an investment of about \$5,000, and whether in every case the money spent on his education has been on the whole well applied is perhaps an open question."

"The American college has too far become divorced from vocational training under the pretext of being cultural in intent, but this defect calls for reform and not the destruction of the college."

"We are not so much in need of new laws as of higher social standards. When the ambition of thousands of homes scattered through the land is set on a college education for the sons and daughters rather than a large balance in the bank, when music, art and literature rank higher in popular estimation than bridge whist or motor cars, then we shall have less trouble with our politics and our business."

### He Threatens to Revoke License.

State Insurance Commissioner Palmer has notified the Hoosier Casualty Insurance Co. of Indianapolis that unless the company pays to the treasurer of this state \$100, its license to do business in Michigan will be revoked.

Attorney-General Kuhn has also advised the prosecuting attorney of St. Clair county to institute criminal proceedings against J. A. Bobier, agent of the company at Port Huron, who, it is claimed, has been writing policies for the Hoosier company without the necessary agent's license furnished by the state.

Commissioner Palmer had a hearing set for June 30 at which time word was sent to the company, asking them to show cause why they should not be penalized for a violation of the insurance agents' license law of the state. No one appeared at the hearing and a letter written by the commissioner was not satisfactory to the company, who has instituted the above proceedings.

### Pardon Board Declines to Interfere.

The state board of pardons declined to interfere in the case of Robert Milburn of this city, before the expiration of the minimum term of a reformatory sentence for petit larceny. Milburn was sentenced in October of last year and will be eligible to appear before the parole board of the reformatory at the October meeting. His prison record is clear. Milburn's mother, an aged woman, petitioned for the release of her son, saying that she needed him to help support her.

Other cases considered by the board were the following: George W. Folk, Delaware county, sentenced in 1908 for burglary; Elijah Williams, sentenced from this county in 1909 for burglary; Matthew Rankin, sentenced from Laporte county in 1903 for murder; Lewis Wilhite, sentenced in 1909 from Warren county for assault and battery with intent to kill; Thomas Davidson, sentenced from Whitley county in 1890 for murder, and Richard Hutton, sentenced from Delaware county in 1908 for burglary.

### Big Attendance at Ypsi Normal.

The records now show an attendance of over 1,300 students at the Michigan State Normal college summer school at Ypsilanti. This number is far in advance of the number in attendance at a corresponding time last year. A large number of the surrounding counties send their teachers here instead of maintaining a summer normal. A large number of teachers from the southern states attend the summer term here on account of the weather being cooler and more pleasant.

## WOLVERINE NEWS BREVITIES

Port Huron.—The police and coroners are puzzled by the finding of the body of a man between thirty-five and forty years of age at the foot of Thomas street, in St. Clair river. The body was discovered by a small boy who was fishing, and who was terribly scared. He notified the police. Indications showed that the man had been drowned about four days. The man wore a blue smock and blue overalls, was five feet ten inches in height and weighed about 140 pounds. He is not recognized by anyone in this city. It is supposed he came from Detroit, or some intermediate town, and committed suicide.

Marquette.—T. B. Wyman of Munising, secretary and chief forester of the recently formed Northern Forest Protective association, reports that the organization of his force of rangers has been perfected and that there are now 20 men patrolling the lands of the association. The rainy weather of the last few weeks has been favorable to the work of organization, as it has prevented serious fires getting started before the rangers had become familiar with their territory. The 20 rangers are patrolling 1,600,000 acres of association lands.

Saginaw.—The annual convention of the Michigan Music Teachers' association came to a close with a superb organ recital given at the auditorium by Richard Keys Briggs of Detroit, Edwin Barnes of Battle Creek, Earl N. Moore of Ann Arbor, L. L. Renwick and Alle D. Zuidema of Detroit. The vocal numbers were contributed by Mrs. Alice Calder Leonard of Detroit. The 1912 meeting was awarded to Detroit.

Jackson.—"Neither Assistant Attorney General McGill nor myself are in favor of bringing Frank Wagner, James Harvey and James Fitzgerald to trial for complicity in the prison dynamite plot," said Prosecutor Bailey. "McGill will take the matter up with Attorney General Kuhn, but I don't believe he will order that the cases will be brought to trial. Indictments are out for these three men, but as the jury refused to believe Burke, Boyle and Thompson in the Murphy cases, and as these three men would be the strongest witnesses against Harvey, Fitzgerald and Wagner, I believe it rather doubtful if we could secure convictions."

Sturgis.—A valuable horse belonging to Sheridan Osborn of this city fell dead when a whistle on an approaching train was blown suddenly. Osborn had driven his horse near a railroad crossing that was obstructed by buildings. He did not see the train and when the warning whistle was blown from the crossing it so frightened the animal that it fell dead.

Centerville.—While his sisters were picking strawberries near by, three-year-old Dexter Wing, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mahor Wing of Mendon, wandered away and fell into Portage creek. Although the water is exceedingly shallow, the babe must have drowned immediately. His body was recovered soon after his little sisters discovered that he had wandered away.

Grand Rapids.—Petitions were filed in the circuit court for a large number of furniture strikers who participated in a parade demonstration in the Godfrey avenue factory district. Over 200 men will be cited for contempt in violating the anti-picketing and intimidating injunction of Judge McDonald.

Pontiac.—After four witnesses had testified in the examination of George Campbell, accused of manslaughter, the hearing was adjourned. The evidence offered was that Benjamin Day and Campbell had some argument while both stood at the bar of Meldrum & Koon's saloon. Day invited Campbell outside and both started, followed by others.

Lansing.—The state board of auditors awarded the contract for supplying the state department with paper and stationery for the ensuing fiscal year. The Dudley Paper company of Lansing, the Dressell Paper company of Detroit, and the Ihling Brothers and Everard company of Kalamazoo, received contracts for about \$25,000 worth of paper.

Belleville.—The flour mill of James R. Clark & Son was totally destroyed by fire. The blaze started in the top of the building and is supposed to have started from either a hot box or spontaneous combustion. The loss is \$20,000, and as it is not likely the plant will be rebuilt, the blow to the village will be a hard one.

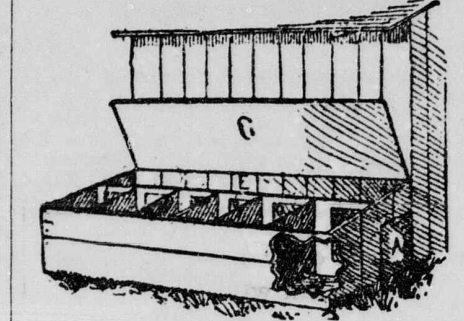
Jackson.—Twelve persons were injured at Clarke's Lake when a passenger train on the Cincinnati Northern railroad was struck by a freight train while making a siding to allow the freight to pass. The rear coach of the passenger train was thrown from the tracks and demolished. It is said the brakes on the freight train failed to work. The most seriously hurt is Fred Hall, engineer on the passenger train, who was internally injured. His condition is serious. None of the passengers was dangerously hurt.

## POULTRY

### NEST BOXES PLACED OUTSIDE

Convenient Arrangement Which Means Considerable More Room in the Poultry House.

The illustration herewith is intended to show the new boxes on the side of the poultry house. The eggs are collected by raising the lid of the box C, and the hens enter the passage-way E at the door A. The interior of the box is shown, the nest box being seen at B, which does not, however, contain the litter for the nest, the bare floor being made plain in order to



Nests on the Outside.

convey a better understanding of the construction of the box, while DDDD show the entrance to the nests.

As laying hens will always prefer a secluded place for a nest, this arrangement will be found excellent. The lid, when closed, prevents water from reaching the nests, and the eggs are taken out by simply raising the lid and reaching them with the hand. The hens can be shut out at any time by closing the opening to passageway at A, and more room is thus gained in the poultry house. The design was originated by J. C. Baker of Illinois.

### ADVANTAGES OF DRY FEEDING

Idea Was Agitated Twenty-Five Years Ago, but Not Favorably Received—Now Being Revived.

Of late years dry feeding is becoming quite popular, although it is not a new idea in the poultry ranks. Fully 25 years ago the matter was agitated and adopted by some poultrymen, but as a general thing it was not favorably received.

The arguments used today in favor of the dry mash and whole grain diet are, first, after becoming used to it fowls will prefer the ground grain dry to that which is either cooked or steamed; second, it is a labor-saving method; third, it keeps fowls in a more healthful condition, and fourth, better fertility to the eggs.

At first the fowls will not take very kindly to the dry feed. As meat scrap is mixed with it, they will pick out all such, then probably the bran, or some may prefer the bran, but all of it is seldom consumed until the fowls become accustomed to it. Gradually they will eat more and more of it, finally cleaning the trough.

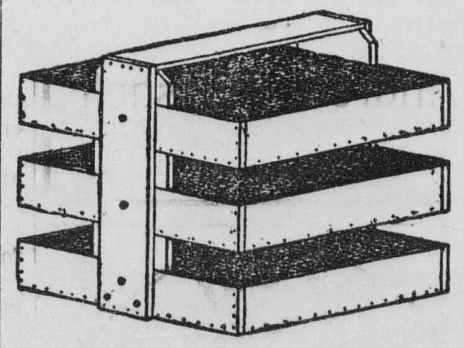
Another benefit is that after eating a few mouthfuls they will repair to the drinking vessel and secure several swallows of water, then back again to the trough, and so on during the entire meal. It is asserted that more water is consumed by dry-fed fowls, and as water enters so largely in the composition of the egg, increased egg production should be the result.

The method is a great labor-saver. It is possible to both feed and water the stock in the same time it takes to prepare the wet mash and feed it.

### CRATE FOR SHIPPING CHICKS

One Shown in Illustration Herewith Will Be Found to Be Very Convenient and Cheap.

For shipping day-old chicks, the crate illustrated herewith will be found very convenient. It consists of wooden trays each four inches deep and 18 inches square, inside measurements, says the Orange Judd Farmer. Each tray is divided across the center so as to make four compartments. The top of each tray is covered with



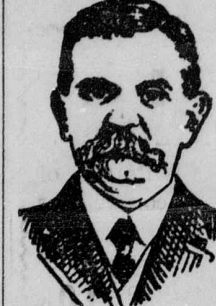
Crate for Day-Old Chicks.

burlap, after the chicks are placed in the compartments. On the bottom of each compartment is a layer of bran or alfalfa meal, so that should the chicks eat some of it, it will do them no harm. A space of three inches is allowed between each pair of trays, which are kept separate by blocks of wood. On the outside a piece of wood is screwed to the trays and on top a handle is nailed. In trays of this size, 20 chicks can be allowed to each compartment; that is, 240 to the size illustrated herewith.

### LOST 61 POUNDS.

Another Terrible Case of Gravel Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

Charles Understein, 50 W. 44th St., Chicago, Ill., says: "Kidney trouble ran me down from 196 to 136 pounds and I was a shadow of my former self."



Oh! how I suffered. I became so bad the doctors said my left side was paralyzed. I could not walk without assistance. I grew worse and went to a hospital, but was not helped. My friends all thought I would die. Three weeks after I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I passed a gravel stone as big as a pea. At intervals the stones kept passing from me. I passed eleven in one day. Doan's Kidney Pills finally cured me. My health returned and I have had no kidney trouble since."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by druggists and general storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

In Gold. "Is your ball over here?" "Is it in a hole?" "Yes." "A deep hole?" "With slightly overhanging banks, so you can't possibly get at it?" "Yes." "Then it's my ball, all right."

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative three for cathartic.

Many a man who is his own master might better be serving some other.

## OWES HER HEALTH

### To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Scottville, Mich.—"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done me. I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, your Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house."

"I will say also that I think there is no better medicine to be found for young girls to build them up and make them strong and well. My eldest daughter has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for painful periods and irregularity, and it has always helped her."

"I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for the Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies. I tell every one I meet that I owe my health and happiness to these wonderful medicines."

—Mrs. J. G. JOHNSON, Scottville, Mich., R.F.D. 3.  
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases.

### Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.

*Wm. Wood*

### PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Solicitor, High-class references. Best results.

### REAL ESTATE.

**FARMERS OF THE CENTRAL STATES.**—Your fathers came West in the pioneer days because they could better their condition. Times have changed and again Horace Greeley's advice to "Go West" is heard throughout the land of our homes. The last West has been reached, and in the Fraser Valley of British Columbia, Canada, you will find the Paradise of the Pacific. Here farmers own their own land, have electric light and telephones in their homes and railway transportation at their doors. The secret is in the soil and climate. A five-acre farm yields from \$5,000 to \$10,000 annually. Think of these returns per acre: Strawberries, (over 7,000 lbs.) \$50.00; Tomatoes, \$150.00; Potatoes, \$60.00; Onions, \$20.00; Carrots, \$20.00; Turnips, \$20.00; Apples and Peas, \$120.00 to \$200.00. Last year poultry and eggs to the value of \$2,500,000 were imported from the Southern States and Eastern Canada. Poultry raising pays in immense profits here. If you are interested drop me a line today. My information will be reliable in every particular. You can depend on me. W. J. Kerr, Ltd., New Westminster, British Columbia, Canada.

**VIRGINIA.**—Oldest but still the Best Farming State in the Union. Our catalog will put you next to some rare bargains in "The Water Section." OWENS & HIGHT, West Falls, Va.

20,000 ACRES of Canada Lands for sale. Years of farming district, lowest prices. Don't let this opportunity escape you. Try it now and become independent. SHOENKAMP & MERRITT, Raleigh, N.C.

# PROGRESS of the WORLD

SOME THINGS THE BUSY WORKER IS DOING FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF CIVILIZATION

## "SERVICE" IS SOUGHT

Idea That Men in High Position Have Been Slow to Recognize.

### PRACTICAL END TO FRICTION

Scheme Devised by Officials of Electric Light Companies Bound to Have Far-Reaching Effects—Equally Beneficial to Employer and Employee.

The report adopted by the convention of the National Electric Light association in Manhattan is the most thorough-going and far-reaching effort yet made by any large body of employers in this country to reduce friction with employees and to inspire the devoted service which springs from good feeling.

Profit sharing with employees is an old story here; pension funds to which employees contribute are familiar, both in public and private employments. This proposal of the electric companies goes further than either. It includes profit sharing, a pension fund provided by the employing company for the benefit of its men, the payment of the entire cost of injuries by accidents which are not due to the gross carelessness of employees, with full wages for disablement up to six months and one-half wages thereafter; and a company savings bank system which should pay somewhat higher interest than the public savings banks do.

That plan, which sounds like Utopia, was devised by 12 of the executive officers of the largest electric companies in the country, and if accepted by the companies represented at the convention, it will affect some 600,000 men and women employed by those companies. But perhaps more striking than the extensive character of the plan itself is the argument of the report upon which it was based. That report draws a distinction between labor and service. Labor is defined as the performance of an assigned task for which wages are paid, and the obligation ends with the payment. But service implies "devotion to the interests of the employer through a period of years, increased efficiency through that devotion, and continuity of service, with a lessening of 'soldiering,' or an elimination of it altogether." For such service the report holds that

the employer ought to pay something in addition to wages, and expresses the belief that "the corporation which does recognize and discharge the obligation laid upon it by long and faithful service will richly realize on the investment."

That theory is not new. Many a private employer has recognized it by the care of his employees and their families through sickness, and has reaped his reward in the conscientiousness of the personal devotion of his men as well as in the quality of the service rendered. But much of the antagonism toward corporations has been due to the feeling that they were squeezing the juice of human kindness out of the relationship between employer and employee; that the worn-out employee was liable to be thrown out on the scrap heap along with the worn-out machine which he had tended. Here is a series of related corporations proposing to incorporate human kindness as a part of their system and to make its rewards automatic, without regard to the attitude of any par-

## HAS HIS OWN CARES

Life of Modern Business Manager Is Not Always One of Unsullied Joy.

### MUST DRIVE OR BE DRIVEN

Modern Managerial Boss Not to Be Too Hastily Judged—Circumstances Such as to Force His Line of Conduct in a Certain Narrow Groove.

The man whom one dainty dame and small wise letter addresser called "that dummy driver with the grouch-ache" came home from the office, tossed himself into a Morris chair, and sighed like an exhaust valve.

His wife fled her own harbor behind the gas stove. For when the signs of internal dissension break out it is wise to leave the tried and troubled business man to his own reflections.

The afflicting reflections are generally numerous when you have just overheard a lot of typists with a thousand grievances paint your soul a deep black with muddy trimmings.

cular board of directors who may be in power at any particular time. It is small wonder that Secretary of Commerce Nagel, who was present, declared that the men who evolved this plan had "taken a long stride toward stopping a revolution."

### Workers and Shirkers.

A lot of foolish folk will tell you to keep at it all the time and that over-work never killed anybody. It is best for a man to work so much and play so much and rest so much, all depending upon that man's constitution and how hard for him the work is to do. Some men can do a job in an hour that it takes other men all day and half of the night to half do. Some of the great men of the past have been hard workers and worked themselves into the grave, while some of the other famous ones have been lazy. Napoleon to some folks is one of the world's greatest men because he did more to folk than most anybody that has ever lived. Consider:—the widows and orphans and sorrow he left in his wake, is there a wonder that he cannot be forgotten? Napoleon was a fellow who when he started out to do anything kept at it, and he never got tired of doing it.

## Advertising Talks

### WITHOUT ADVERTISING, WHAT

Goods Would Soon Grow Stale on Shelves—Spending Money for Newspaper Space Not Charity.

A decision handed down by the Supreme court at Madison, Wis., decreed that contracts for advertising in Sunday newspapers are invalid in Wisconsin. Doubtless this would be the finding in other states were the matter brought to issue. The case was that of the Milwaukee Sentinel vs. the Milwaukee Vehicle Co. to recover on a Sunday advertising contract. The court held that the contract was void because "advertising is not a work of charity or necessity."

To judge of the attitude in some towns, comments the Pacific Printer, advertising would appear to be a work of charity, according to the wall advertisers, when solicited for local columns. It would seem, also, that others shared the view that advertising is not a necessity; hence must be a luxury. The fact is, however, that it is a necessity of growth in business. Without it, what? The world goes by on the other side and enters the store that does advertise. Without it, what? The sales fall off; the goods grow stale on the shelves; flies take possession of the sweet words on the labels which, in themselves, would advertise if anyone were permitted to call and read. Time passes; the rent accumulates as a debt against the store; the bills pile up like ice in a gorge. Without advertising, what? The answer is various perhaps, in its details, but to one end. We all know this is true and that it ought, in normal justice, to be true. The progressive merchant willing to earn his profits, is willing to adopt the necessary means and surely advertising is of these, the one which looms the largest, and properly performed, yields the biggest returns. "The man who doesn't make mistakes doesn't make anything," says a wise saw; and we'll add these new teeth to this old saw: "The man who doesn't do advertising doesn't do anything."

### AMPLE PROOF OF THEORY

Evidence That It Pays to Advertise Found in Fact That Most Successful Men Believe in It.

The man who conducts his business on the theory that it doesn't pay and he can't afford to advertise sets up his judgment in opposition to that of all the best business men in the world. Says an experienced advertising authority: "With a few years' experience in conducting a small business on a few thousands of capital, he assumes to know more than thousands whose hourly transactions aggregate more than his do in a year, and who have made their millions by pursuing a course that he says doesn't pay."

If advertising doesn't pay, why is it that the most successful merchants of every town, large or small, are the heaviest advertisers? If advertising doesn't pay, who does the most business? If it does not pay, business firms in the world spend millions in that way. Is it because they want to donate those millions to the newspaper and magazine publishers, or because they don't know as much about business as the six-for-a-dollar merchant who says money spent in advertising is thrown away or donated to the man to whom it is paid? Such talk is simply ridiculous and it requires more than the average patience to discuss the proposition of whether advertising pays or not with that kind of a man. His complacent self-conceit in assuming that he knows more than the whole world is laughable and reminds us of the man who proved that the world doesn't revolve by placing a pumpkin on a stump and watching it all night.

"I must drive that I may not be driven out of a job. I am driven by the higher-ups in ways they never consider. "I am not a driver at heart. When I see that little asparagus sprout of a woman at the end desk I sometimes get a few thoughts that don't fit in to business. But what's the use? If I don't do the mark others will. "I'm in favor of shorter hours and heartier work, and longer liberties, and bigger wages. But there are other opinions. My boss and his boss have their own. "I don't drive because there is any personal gratification in it. All my driving comes from being driven. "Things are not what they seem, neither are men what they look like. A soulless driver in the office may have his soulful spells overnight. "Those who know how to drive themselves, and know the rewards of self-driving seldom complain of the driver. "And thinking it all over, the business driver was at peace. He must work and support his family. He could not afford to be a sentimental philosopher and fast in the wilderness or live on honey and scorpions. So he ambled pleasantly out to his wife. "How was business today?" he asked soothingly. "All right and more coming," said the just driver.

Women Farm Laborers. One of the early morning sights in Boston is the small army of women farm laborers starting out for their day's work on the truck farms or gardens in the suburbs. They start early, they return late, but their season is short. The sight of women working in the fields has come to be so common in the garden farming districts as to attract no special attention. Almost all of these women are Italians, the very picture of health, short and sturdy, straight backed and straight limbed, and they can handle a hoe or even a fork or spade with as much dexterity and effectiveness as the average man. But when it comes to the weeding, these women seem to be in a class all by themselves. It is a picturesque sight to watch at a distance a group of these weeders at work. One thing the Italian won't do. She won't lay aside her bright colored finery. It seems as necessary to her happiness when she is on her knees weeding onions as breaking her back crushing potato bugs as it is when she is gossiping on her house stoop or celebrating a holiday.—Boston Globe.

Prolific Potato. French farmers are experimenting with a prolific potato imported from Uruguay, which perpetuates itself from roots in the soil.

## ADVERTISING IS NOT EXPENSIVE

By GEORGE S. BANTA.

It is a fact no longer disputed that advertising is a great economical force in the distribution of manufactured products. Far from being expensive to the manufacturer, it widens his market and enables him to place his goods at a lower cost than he otherwise could.

But there are some people who still question whether a retail merchant can afford to advertise. Many a merchant has carefully considered an advertising campaign, only to decide against such a course on the ground that it was too expensive.

On the other hand there are many, perhaps the majority of aggressive advertisers, who have never thought of the question in that light. The man who has built up his business on advertising regards it as a fundamental requisite. He would no more think of planning to run his business next month without an allowance for advertising than he would think of ignoring the items of rent and clerk hire. To him advertising is the rain and sunshine that insure his crop of profits. It is foolish, from his standpoint, to ask the question, "Is advertising expensive?" He would say, "Sure, it costs lots of money, but do you expect me to die because the cost of living is high?"

With that class of merchants whose business has been built up independently of advertising, it is altogether different. To them a dollar of earnings represents so much hard work, so much careful watching of the corners. Isn't it a very natural thing for a merchant of this class to involuntarily retract when he has laid before him the proposition to spend for advertising a sum equal to that of the aggressive advertiser?

The merchants of both classes are consistent with their past customs and past training. Where they differ is in the point that one is modern and the other is not. Merchandising today is not the merchandising of a few years ago, when good goods and good service were considered the only requisites of success. Successful merchandising today is both of these plus advertising.

### SOME HINTS TO AD-WRITERS

Use Same Language as When Speaking to a Customer—Importance of Firm Name.

A newspaper advertisement should be just as explicit as a salesman, the advantage being that while a clerk can talk to only one individual at a time an ordinary issue of a newspaper carries the same story to many.

In newspaper advertisements writers frequently shoot over the heads of their readers, often generalizing, whereas pointed and explicit information should be given in exactly the same language that would be used if speaking to a customer, printed matter merely having the advantage of rendering repetition unnecessary, as is frequently necessary when talking to a customer in order to emphasize the good points of the article he is trying to sell.

My judgment, says a writer in the Montreal Herald, is that big space should always be used. One big, bold advertisement is worthy many small ones. Every eye will catch the big advertisement—only those who study the newspaper carefully will see the small ones. The latter need constant repetition to be effective. By big space I mean at least one-quarter or one-third of a newspaper page. Another advantage of the big advertisement is that once the eye is arrested the mind is at once placed in a receptive mood.

I consider the firm name next only in importance to the heading of the advertisement. The subject-matter and heading are of first importance—next to fix and constantly keep the firm name before the public.

### Influence of Advertising.

Advertising has become such a vital and necessary part of our daily lives that the majority of us do not realize the influence it exerts upon us.

That is why up-to-date merchants and manufacturers are advertising regularly and persistently, and it is because of their advertising that they are reaping a golden harvest.

Advertise, Messrs. Merchant and Manufacturer, if you want to do business in these days!

Modern advertising is plowing and harrowing and sowing seed—things that must be done before the harvest can be reaped.

### Too Anxious to Sell.

"This necklace, madam," said the clerk just promoted to the curio department, "was originally made for the Duke of Buckingham, who gave it to Anne of Austria. We're selling a lot of them."—Everybody's Magazine.

## To Get Its Beneficial Effects,

Always Buy the Genuine

# SYRUP of FIGS

# and ELIXIR of SENNA

manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Sold by all leading Druggists One Size Only, 50¢ a Bottle

HADN'T SEEN IT SINCE.



She—You ought to see that man in evening clothes. He—I'd like to; he borrowed my dress suit three months ago.

Thackeray's Kindness of Heart. Thackeray was the gentlest satirist that ever lived. As editor of the Cornhill he could hardly bring himself to reject a MS. for fear of hurting his would-be contributors. The story of his actually paying for contributions that he never printed, in order to conceal the fact that he had rejected them, may be true or false. We do not remember exactly how the evidence points. But even if it be a story, such stories are not told of men made of the stern stuff of the Thackeray commonly misknown.

Why He Quit. "Haven't I the privilege of making suggestions to the man fixing the lawn?" she asked, with tears in her voice.

"Why, certainly," he assured her. "Well, just because I made a suggestion to him he threw all his tools in the wheelbarrow in an angry manner and went away without saying a word."

"Why, what had you said to make him act like that?" "I just asked him to plant a few nice dandelions in the lawn."

### Some Aviation Records.

Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria is the first crowned head who has made an aeroplane flight. The aviator who took him up is the first man who ever was knighted in midair. Prince Henry of Prussia is the first professional aviator of royal rank. Mr. Roosevelt is the first prominent statesman to have made an ascension in an aeroplane. Arthur J. Balfour is the second.

### HEART RIGHT. When He Quit Coffee.

Life Insurance Companies will not insure a man suffering from heart trouble.

The reason is obvious. This is a serious matter to the husband or father who is solicitous for the future of his dear ones. Often the heart trouble is caused by an unexpected thing and can be corrected if taken in time and properly treated. A man in Colorado writes:

"I was a great coffee drinker for many years, and was not aware of the injurious effects of the habit till I became a practical invalid, suffering from heart trouble, indigestion and nervousness to an extent that made me wretchedly miserable myself and a nuisance to those who witnessed my sufferings.

"I continued to drink coffee, however, not suspecting that it was the cause of my ill-health, till on applying for life insurance I was rejected on account of the trouble with my heart. Then I became alarmed. I found that leaving off coffee helped me quickly, so I quit it altogether and having been attracted by the advertisements of Postum I began its use.

"The change in my condition was remarkable. All my ailments vanished. My digestion was completely restored, my nervousness disappeared, and, most important of all, my heart steadied down and became normal, and on a second examination I was accepted by the Life Insurance Co. Quitting coffee and using Postum worked the change." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## GOOD PROGRESS MADE

### COMPARISON OF LABOR CONDITIONS, PAST AND PRESENT.

Workman in 1850 Began His Duties at Sunrise and Continued Until 7 o'Clock at Night.

Workmen fail to realize the tremendous improvement in industrial conditions characterizing the last half century. So marked has been the evolution that it might almost be called a revolution. In the office of the Browne & Sharpe Manufacturing company of Providence, R. I., hangs a copy of the schedule of the hours of labor employed there in 1847-48. Except during May, June and July, when it began at 4:55, work began at sunrise. Workmen had their breakfast before beginning the day's work only in the months of November, December, January and February. During the rest of the year breakfast was served anywhere from 6:30 to 7:30, and 40 minutes only were allowed for it. Seven o'clock was the average time for ending the day's work. While there was little artificial illumination, and that inadequate, nevertheless during the short days from November to February, work was kept up till seven o'clock. Sixty years ago the hours of factory employment seemed to have been fashioned after those on the farm, where conditions are so different.

With the old wood-burning stoves, which heated fiercely the area near by, but sent little warmth to the remotest parts of the great rooms, with small windows affording meager light, except on the brightest days, and with no ventilation, the sanitary conditions 50 years ago fell far below those prevailing in a modern factory. At present, too, men receive a much higher wage for a much shorter period of work, but here it is hard to make an equitable comparison, as the purchasing power of money was different then from what it is now. The wants of the working man were far simpler 50 years ago than they are today. He now lives upon a higher plane in every way and is able to give his children a good education, thus giving them a start in life that makes for

success. In the abolition of child labor and of hard work for women, in the introduction, too, of safety devices, much has yet to be accomplished, but the lot of the workmen of today marks a long advance over what it was in the middle of the last century.—Leslie's Weekly.

### Odd Method of Felling Smokestacks.

A Manchester (England) man is credited with the newest method in quick, effective felling of tall smokestacks built of masonry. He begins with removing foundation bricks or stones to a height of five or six feet, substituting an underpinning of wood, dry and inflammable. In this way about two-thirds of the circumference of the stack is replaced with wood.

From his experience the Manchester man discovers that when a crack in the remaining one-third circumference begins to appear, it is time to start the fire in the dry wood underpinning. Under the weakening effect of the flames, the chimney suddenly topples and with such suddenness that it is snapped into several sections, each telescoping another section, to the bottom length, which is shortened from one-third to one-fourth of the stack's original height.

The other day such a stack was felled which had stood almost 250 feet above ground, falling in telescoped sections of one-fourth its height. More than 200 such chimneys have been thrown down by the Manchester method and without mishap.

### Steel-Cutting Torches.

After the fire that destroyed the Cincinnati chamber of commerce building recently, oxyacetylene cutting torches were employed to sever the steel beams which lay in a tangled, twisted mass over the place where the bodies of six victims of the fire were supposed to be. The intensely-hot flame, concentrated in a blow-pipe pencil, cut through the huge I beams, some of which were 36 inches broad, in from four to five minutes. Frequently the same beam was cut in several places, in order that the pieces might be the more rapidly removed. By no other method could the work have been performed so quickly.

Prolific Potato. French farmers are experimenting with a prolific potato imported from Uruguay, which perpetuates itself from roots in the soil.

# Personals

M. P. Foy now occupies the Central meat market, and it looks spick and span now, with glistening white paint, a new hardwood floor and new fixtures. Mr. Foy will still conduct his Kipling market as a branch. Rendering and other unpleasant operations will be performed outside the city limits and the shop will be kept sweet and clean. Mr. Foy bespeaks the attention of the public, including his many customers, to the change he has made. See his ad.

Mr. and Mrs. John Miller, of Marinette, were guests the first of the week of his brother, W. A. Miller. Mr. Miller left Tuesday for his home, and Mrs. Miller for Canada to visit relatives.

Lieut. C. D. Mason and the naval reserves returned Tuesday from the Yantic's trip on Lake Superior. The heat was intense on the way up, but on the lake the air was distinctly chilly.

Joseph Hood, formerly foreman of the venerable mill, was the guest of W. J. Mottel Friday and Saturday. With Mrs. Hood, he left Escanaba for his home in Chicago.

Now is the time to buy a Kodak. During July only you can buy any Kodak on small payment plan, \$1.00 down and 50 cents per week. I have an extra large stock on hand and wish to reduce it. Ask for booklet and look this up.

J. A. STEWART  
Deputy Sheriff Beattie, of Kipling, was in the city Friday in search of a man who had escaped from the custody of the sheriff of Alger county at Eben Junction.

Michael Schraw, who spent the week in Van's Harbor, at the death bed of his brother Frank, left Friday for Marinette with the remains.

George C. Ogden and family, who have been visiting in New York for a couple of weeks, return next week, by way of Grand Rapids.

Hon. and Mrs. W. A. Miller left Wednesday evening for Superior to spend a week or ten days with Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Prass.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Blackwell, of Neosho Falls, Kansas, arrived this morning in the city to visit their son, H. W. Blackwell.

John A. Semer, Delta county's pleasant and popular clerk, made a tour of the city Thursday afternoon and greeted his friends.

Mrs. J. M. Wiggins and daughter arrived Sunday to visit at her parents' home. Mr. Wiggins accompanied them here.

Attorney R. W. Nebel returned Monday from Ann Arbor, via Green Bay. He left again last night for Southern Wisconsin.

Will H. Donahue, who is electrician of the federal building at Cleveland, is spending a week or so with relatives here.

Mayor Hammel's gift looked pretty good on the morning of the Fourth, when it floated from the city flag pole.

Poison Fly Paper, three envelopes of one dozen sheets for 10 cents. Insect powder, the new double strength, 35 cents a pound, Paris Green 25 cents a pound. Fly Dope, \$1.50 a gallon.

STEWART'S PHARMACY  
J. P. Bushong has commenced excavations for his new house on the site he recently purchased, next to E. V. White.

Roy Martin, who spent Sunday here, left Monday for Calumet to take a position as pharmacist in that village.

Hon. A. P. Burrows, Louis Tardiff and families left this morning in the former's car for Menominee.

Hon. David Hammel left Wednesday morning for Iron Mountain, after spending four days here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles White, and son, of Minneapolis, are the guests of his father, E. V. White.

J. H. McDonald spent the fore part of the week with friends in Marquette county.

R. B. Beattie has finished building a house on his property at Delta and Thirteenth.

Miss Mary McCarthy returns tonight from Detroit, where she has been studying.

J. P. Holm, who has been confined to his bed, is now able to be about the yard.

City Engineer Primeau spent the Fourth at his home in Marquette.

A son was born Sunday, July 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Theriault.

Joe Green spent the first three days of the week in Marquette county.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young, of Nahma, spent the Fourth here.

L. H. Barnard, of Minneapolis, visited here the first of the week.

Al Gafin is spending his vacation in camp on the Rapid River.

Soren Johnson spent Wednesday afternoon in Escanaba.

Elmer Schellenger, of Rhineland, spent the Fourth here.

A daughter was born Monday to Mr. and Mrs. Ed Miller.

Michael Harris, Jr., of Wilson was in the city Thursday.

In the presence of only a few intimate friends, Miss Ella O. Johnston of this city and Maylon A. Moyer of Three Rivers were quietly married Thursday evening June 23 at 7 o'clock by Rev. W. H. Irwin at the parsonage. The bride and groom were attended by Miss Mabel M. Jerrett and H. W. Jerrett. Mr. and Mrs. Moyer will make their home in Ontario, Canada, where Mr. Moyer holds a clerical position. The bride was formerly stenographer in the employ of the Kalamazoo Tablet company.—Kalamazoo Gazette.

Edward Frendenberg, for two years a wearer of Gladstone's uniform, spent the week here and donned a baseball suit again, playing in the Green Bay games. He went down with the boys to Menominee, today, leaving there tomorrow for his home in Chicago.

A perfectly harmless Headache Cure has been used in this city for twenty years. Stewarts' Headache powder, put up in 15 and 25 cent packages, is one of the guaranteed Remedies. Ask for it and take no other.

STEWART'S PHARMACY  
Mrs. H. F. Curtin writes from Hilliard, Wash., which is East Spokane, that they like that city very much "as a place of residence. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Murney are also there.

Charles H. Scott, for many years a resident of Escanaba, went down Monday morning to fraternize with the other home-comer, and received a hearty welcome.

J. E. Gingrass returned last Saturday from spending a week in Menominee county. He noticed that the crops in that section seemed to have suffered from the heat.

Master Eugene Stewart was kicked in the face Thursday by a pony about whom a crowd was pressing. A couple of stitches were required to close the cut.

Gust Nelson is putting up a good sized house, story and a half, next the Derry place on Wisconsin. Oscar Larson will erect the building.

S. J. Smith and Lewis Cavill motor-cycled to Menominee Monday, in three hours and a half, but sustained a spill on their arrival.

Mrs. G. W. Haviland and daughter Mrs. F. E. Holden of Saginaw are the guests of Mrs. D. E. Fraser of this city.

George Schafer, who was badly burned two weeks ago, is able to be about, though still bandaged.

Dan I. Call and party leave tomorrow morning for Menominee in the former's swift motor boat.

Jules Bellin is building a residence addition to his store on Fourteenth street.

He Snored into Safety.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., is in the field with this story: Michael Benner of Plains owes his life to the fact that he can snore loud enough to be heard some distance away. Early one morning Policeman Schneider of North Wilkesbarre heard snores coming from the direction of the Lehigh Valley railroad tracks, and fearing that some one might be asleep on the tracks, and knowing that an express train was about due, he investigated. Guided by the snoring he came upon Benner asleep, just in time to pull him from the track before the train thundered by. Benner can thank his snore for saving his life, and Wilkesbarre can congratulate herself that she has a policeman who knows a snore when he hears it.

## ELECTRIC FANS

Make the hottest day breezy and cool. We have them from \$11 up. Be comfortable while you can.

## ELECTRIC IRONS

We have all sizes and prices of Electric Flat Irons; some very inexpensive and excellent. Don't swelter when you do your laundry.

Maclaurin & Needham  
Phone 85

## GIVEN AWAY

31 piece China Breakfast set given for 10 coupons and \$1.75 in cash.

One coupon will be found in each pound package of our 25c

## OLD HICKORY BRAND COFFEE

Coupons redeemable at my store. Any one wishing to take advantage of this offer may cut out this ad which will count as one coupon.

Breakfast set now on display in my store.

## Anton E. Anderson

GROCCER  
THE STORE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY  
Phone 189  
Wisconsin Ave. and Twelfth Street.

# His Night Off

And What It Accomplished For Him

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Dunbar stepped out of the tall Park row building with a pleasant sense of freedom. He had turned in his last page of copy for the Sunday edition, and he had twenty hours of rest and relaxation ahead of him. To Sam Dunbar, the most indefatigable worker on the Daily Universe, relaxation meant seeking his pleasure among haunts that must furnish copy. In his youthful enthusiasm his life had thus far consisted of work, sleep and work.

On this Saturday night Sam was inspired to seek the garish lights of the Bowery. In some restaurant there he might find the type of young man he was looking for—the weaker brother who had lost hope and self respect and who was burdened with a multitude of vices, yet in whom there might be some slumbering spark that could be fanned to a flame of renewed interest in life, ambition and, in the end, reputable citizenship. If he could prove that this might be done with some of the degenerate sons of the city, perhaps a measure of the gold that was steadily poured toward the enlightenment of the heathen of other lands might be diverted to that greatest of all charities at home.

Now he strolled along the Bowery, mingling with the crowds that thronged the sidewalks, looking here and there for a cheap eating house wherein he might find what he was looking for. Sam Dunbar was hanging up his hat in a chop house preparatory to taking a seat at one of the polished cherry tables when the vacant eyed youth whom he had picked out for his prey



"OH, TAKE HIM AWAY!" SHE CRIED.

suddenly arose from his seat and approached the cashier's desk. Sam looked around at the other patrons of the place. Two flashily dressed men sat in a distant corner. Here and there a man was eating a solitary meal, and directly opposite him a girl was bent over the greasy bill of fare.

There was something in the droop of her shoulders that appealed to him. They looked like shoulders that were accustomed to carrying themselves proudly, but now they hunched together, and the enormous beaver hat was so dropped down about the girl's face that he could see nothing save a round white chin and a pair of red lips that undoubtedly trembled.

Regardless of the waiter's disdainful glance and the insulting laugh of a man in a striped suit of clothes, Sam reclaimed his hat and moved across to the table occupied by the girl. She did not lift her head at his approach. She merely bowed it lower over the framed cardboard until the broken feather on her hat nearly swept the table.

The broken feather decided the matter for Sam Dunbar. If there was no degenerate young man to be reclaimed that night, here was material to his hand, or, as he told himself, for his paper.

The waiter shoved a card under Sam's nose and thumped a glass of water on the table.

"A porterhouse steak and coffee," was his decision.

"And yours?" The waiter snapped the question at the girl.

"A sandwich and a cup of tea," came from under the beaver hat in a very small voice.

The waiter departed and returned almost immediately with the tea and sandwich.

The girl slowly lifted her head and made a pretense at eating the food. Sam, apparently absorbed in a newspaper, noted that she ate daintily and that her hands were pretty and well kept. Her face was charmingly sweet and refined.

Where had she come from? What was she doing here on the Bowery? Sam asked himself these questions as he discussed his meal. He wished there was something that he could do. He felt that she needed protection. Hers was the timidity of innocence. There was no guile in the frightened blue eyes that evaded his.

An opportunity came. The door swung open, and a man entered, a swaggering, half drunken individual,

who made slow progress up the room, supporting himself by a dirty hand laid on the tables. When he reached the table where the young reporter and the girl sat the man paused and stared foolishly at the girl.

"Say, Mabel," he began, with a threatening glance toward Sam, "if youse wants me to throw him out I will. What say?"

The girl uttered a little cry and flashed an appealing glance toward Sam. "Oh, take him away!" she cried nervously.

Just then the waiter blustered up and with little ceremony ejected the newcomer from the place.

The girl was rising from her seat and fumbling in a small bag that hung from her waist. Sam pushed aside his own unfinished meal.

"If you're afraid of that fellow, Miss Mabel," he was beginning when the girl put out a protesting hand.

"Oh, you are mistaken," she said, with a broken little laugh. "My name isn't Mabel, and I never saw him before in my life. He was merely offensive, that's all."

Suddenly he arose and reached for his hat. "This is a pretty tough section," he said quietly. "I wonder if you'd let me put you on a car for home?"

The girl hesitated and looked at him. Their eyes met in a long, earnest, absorbing glance. At last the girl uttered a little sigh of relief.

"If you will be so very kind," she said gently.

The waiter grinned sardonically as they paid their checks and passed out of the restaurant together.

"Which way?" inquired Sam as they paused on the sidewalk.

"Way uptown—Ninety-second street," returned the girl. "If you will put me on a car!"

"I'll see to that," said Sam. "There's an elevated station two blocks down. I will be glad to see you all the way home if you will permit me," he suggested.

"You are very kind, but perhaps I am taking you out of your way," said the girl.

"Not at all. This is my night off." They walked slowly down the brilliantly lighted thoroughfare, the girl's face quite hidden by the enormous beaver hat. Sam Dunbar walked very straight, his broad shoulders thrown back as if braced to meet some expected trouble, his handsome brows knitted in perplexity.

Not a word was spoken until they were in the train rumbling northward. "I would like to ask you what you're doing so far from home," hesitated Sam at last. "That's a pretty tough part of the city, you know."

"I do know it," she said quickly. "That is why I went there."

"Because it is tough?" he repeated incredulously.

She nodded her head, and the broken feather wagged in unison. "I don't believe you would like to hear why I went there."

He looked uncomfortable. "Well, I would like to hear," he said bluntly. "You're too young to be wandering around the city like this."

"I'm not as young as I look," she protested. "I hope you will understand me. I suppose you live down there yourself, but I had a mission down there." She blurted it out as if relieved of a burden of secrecy.

"A mission! Then you are a settlement worker?"

"No. You see, I am a woman reporter for the Daily Sphere. I have come in contact with some of the unfortunate girls of the city, and I thought that in my spare moments I might get down among them and perhaps be the means of leading a few of them back into a better life." She blushed rosily under the disreputable hat.

He sighed with relief at her confession. "But that was a mighty dangerous thing for you to do," he advised her. "You might get into serious trouble yourself. Tonight was your first attempt?"

"Yes, and I was so frightened. I picked out that chophouse, and I felt so perfectly awful with this wicked feather in my hat." She reached up and plucked out the offending feather.

"I suppose I've made a failure of the whole thing just when I thought I was going to accomplish such a noble work. There is a man on the Universe who reaches young men in this way, and his example inspired me to do likewise. His name is Dunbar."

"Perhaps we can work together," said Sam quietly, fishing a card from his pocket and handing it to her.

She uttered a little cry of delight. "How very strange!" she was beginning, when a sudden thought brought the roses to her cheek once more. "You thought—you thought you were going to save me?" she asked quickly.

It was Sam's turn to blush. "I might have known you were different," he said apologetically.

She waved the feather thoughtfully. "Not while I wore that, Mr. Dunbar. I believe we are coming to my station."

Sam accompanied her to her home in a most irreproachable neighborhood. In the months that followed it was his good fortune to instruct her in other matters outside of the sphere of philanthropy.

In the end they formed a matrimonial partnership and worked together for the reclamation of unfortunates. Once a week they entered the restaurant where they had first met and dined under the contemptuous glance of the waiter.

"I don't know if I ever told you, Sam, but I believed you to be a reprobate when you sat down by me that first night, and I was so afraid of you."

"You've got over it bravely enough," replied her husband, trying to look henpecked and dismally falling in his attempt.

## DIRECTORY.

GLADSTONE LODGE NO 163.



Meets every Tuesday night in Castle hall, Minnawasca Block.

All Visiting Knights are Welcomed.

DR. F. W. STELLWAGEN,  
Dentist.

Office hours from 9 to 12 a. m., from 1 to 5 p. m. and from 7 to 8 p. m. Delta avenue and Ninth street, over Minnawasca Furniture Co's store. 18xvi.

DR. DAVID N. KEE  
Physician and Surgeon,

Office and Residence 811 Delta Ave. Telephone No. 44. 49.

DR. A. H. KINMOND,  
Dentist. 41

Office over Lindblad's Grocery, McWilliams' Block.

SWENSON BROS.

Fine Furniture, Undertaking, Upholstered goods and Steamship Tickets. Delta Avenue near Central.

## P. W. Peterson

is still doing business at 725 Delta and will dispose of the remnants left from his Fourth of July sale at bargain prices.

There is still a fine assortment of odds and ends at Pete's.

GET NEXT

P. W. PETERSON

725 DELTA

## TOWN BUILDING

Build up the local traffic in all kinds of merchandise or products and the community will flourish as much as the wicked, who have been compared to the green bay tree.

Sometimes residents of small towns state that they purchase goods elsewhere because they believe that the local dealers do not have the most up to date articles in stock. In some instances they may prove correct in this belief, but they do not realize that it is largely through slighting the merchant in the past that has resulted in the inability or indifference on his part in the present. The solution of the problem is Patronize the home dealer, your neighbor, and he will be better and more quickly enabled to expand his business and to increase his stock to meet exacting demands.—The American Press.

## THE GLADSTONE DELTA

A GOOD ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

Almost every one is

## FISHING

this lovely weather; and I am prepared to furnish bait by the jug, bottle or glass.

If you are well supplied with my choice bait you are sure to be happy whether you get any fish or not.

If you are too busy to fish you can use a little of my bait in some odd moment of spare time.

AUG. LILLQUIST  
917 DELTA AVENUE

## THAT ODD JOB

You need waste no more time looking for a carpenter to do it. I have a man ready at any time to come up and fix it.

## THAT HOUSE PLAN

your wife likes so well. Ask me for a price on putting up the building. I am always ready to estimate.

William Jacobson  
Phone 125-3 rings.

## Hotel Delta and CAFE

American and European Plans. Will serve you at all hours of the day, is open until after late trains at night. The best of service to both home and traveling trade. Food the best the market produces, everything in season. Orders promptly filled. We are here to please all customers.

MRS. A. LEE-WISE, Manager

Corner of Delta and Central Aves. Sunday Dinners a Specialty.

## COAL

PLENTY ON HAND. CLEAN AND BRIGHT, AND DELIVERED PROMPTLY.

GENUINE POCAHONTAS.

CALL ME UP WHEN YOU WANT GOOD COAL.

Phone 7.

C. W. DAVIS

## Cement

Sidewalk 8 cents per square foot.

Let me figure your foundations and any work in my line.

I have had long experience and my work is of the best.

CHARLES D. PETERSON

BOX 374 (13)

## GO EAST

young man, on Delta

avenue until you reach

The Harbor where you

will find all kinds of

creature comfort. The

Harbor furnishes food

and drink of the best

quality and its variety

cannot be excelled.

You will be welcome at

all times and will be

glad to come again.

ANDREW STEVENSON

South of the Elevator

Proprietor

## WHILE YOU BUILD

Have your furnace put

in now. It will save ex-

pense and tearing up of

floors. I install approved

Hot Water, Steam or Hot

Air Plants.

Low prices on Sewer

connections and Bath-

room outfits.

Good Work and the Best Material

## H. J. KRUEGER

712 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich

Phone 260 Shop or 250 Residence

# STORIES OF WALL STREET

## ON A SLENDER MARGIN

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Copyright, by Street & Smith.

**T**HE biggest men in Wall Street—the newspapers' "Napoleons of finance"—are not necessarily members of the New York Stock Exchange; many an operator whose influence on stock values has made itself felt from Maine to California, has never been nearer the floor of the Exchange than the gallery, which hangs some thirty feet or so above that floor.

Young Reverdy—he was always "Young Reverdy" to the Street, even after his father's retirement—was not an Exchange member. Gallinger never could understand why; to him it seemed as though a man who could mold the market to his will, by rights should have some tangible connection with that great machine which makes the market possible.

But he did not complain—Gallinger didn't. He had been a classmate of Young Reverdy, and now he enjoyed the position of that gentleman's confidential broker; wherefore his commissions were not to be sneezed at; Young Reverdy dealt in stocks by the block of ten thousand shares, rather than by hundreds and thousands.

Wherefore, also, when Gallinger received Young Reverdy's brief note, apprising him of his return to the speculative arena and asking him to call, Gallinger was glad.

He was thinking that it was a very long time since he had entered his friend's office; and he turned to the left and down the Wall Street corridor of the Syndicate building, presently stopping before a door whose ground-glass panel was modestly and simply lettered:

CLIFFORD REVERDY.

"Gosh!" Gallinger ejaculated; "it's all of a year! My, but tempus does fugit!" And, grinning at his feeble, schoolboy joke, he turned the knob and entered. "Reverdy in?" he inquired of the yellow-haired stenographer. "He sent for me, you know."

She waved a nonchalant, white paw toward the door of Reverdy's private room.

"Go right in, Mr. Gallinger," she told him, languidly. "He's waitin', you know."

Accordingly, Gallinger went in, closing the door softly behind him. He was thinking hard—trying to recollect what it had been that had deprived the Street of Young Reverdy's influence for all that long year. But so much happens in the year of a Stock Exchange broker that he may be pardoned for forgetting little things like the cause of a friend's absence. "Something about a girl?" Gallinger hazarded a vague guess. "I forget—"

For a moment he stood at the door, waiting. Apparently Young Reverdy had not noticed his arrival. The big man sat in his revolving chair, slewed around from his desk so that he faced the open window, on the sill of which his feet were resting. He seemed lost in reverie, staring dreamily out into the great white well of the building, with his hands clasped behind his head and an unlit cigar clutched between his teeth.

Gallinger's gaze followed Reverdy's carelessly. The well was broad and garishly white, flooded with the fine gold of late June sunshine; on the farther side it was broken by row upon row of plate-glass windows, blank and characterless, some open to the bland spring airs, others tightly closed.

The one directly opposite Reverdy's, for instance, was wide to the winds, and framed in it Gallinger saw a woman working at a desk.

"Bynum & Shackelford's office," he thought, abstractedly; and, "Hello, Cliff," he said aloud.

Reverdy swung around with a start. "Howdy, Gallinger!" he cried, his face lighting up with a welcoming smile.

"Anything special on the tapis?" Gallinger wanted to know.

Reverdy smiled, engagingly. "I should say so," he stated. "I'm so glad to be back that I'm keen for work, Gallinger. I think we'll start a bull movement in Erie, just for a flyer."

For some minutes the two men discussed ways and means, earnestly, Reverdy laying down the law, Gallinger concurring, expostulating or meekly accepting his instructions. His business brain was fully occupied with the weighing of measures toward their common end, with the recording of Reverdy's commands; but subconsciously he did not cease to watch his friend's face, to note the changes that the year had wrought in the man. Particularly he speculated about that pained look in Reverdy's eyes.

"Well," Reverdy said, finally, "you go ahead and put that through, and we'll make the bear crowd sit up and take notice."

"Right," assented Gallinger. He penciled a memorandum or two on the back of an envelope and put it away, rising from his chair.

"Don't go," Reverdy told him. "Sit down and have a talk. Cigar?"

"Thank you," consented Gallinger. "Trip do you good, Cliff?" he asked, trimming the weed.

"Lots," Reverdy glanced at him sharply. "I'm cured," he stated.

Gallinger started. "Cured? Eh, what? Oh, yes!" He laughed awkwardly, vainly cudgeling his wits. "Who was that girl, anyway?"

Reverdy swung aimlessly in his chair, knitting his fingers.

"New changes?" he asked, carelessly. "New faces in the Street?"

"Oh, some," Gallinger told him. "Nothing much—everything just about the same."

This was unsatisfactory. "At least," Reverdy laughed, uneasily. "I see that Bynum & Shackelford have a new stenographer."

Gallinger looked, and, looking, realized. "Oh, by thunder! Helen Shackelford!" he remembered suddenly.

"Why, that's—I suppose so," he ended, lamely. "Old Shackelford's dead, you know," he blurted out.

"What!" Reverdy faced him again. "Yes—six months ago. Didn't you hear about it? Heart failure, I believe—something of the sort. Left everything to his daughter, I'm told."

"To Helen, eh?" Reverdy's tone was as calm as he could have wished. "And who's Bynum's partner now?" he asked.

"Why—er—" Gallinger stammered—"I wonder if he doesn't recognize her? I don't want to rouse sleeping dogs!" he disclaimed, mentally. "Why—er—some relative of old Shackelford's, I understand," he replied.

And Gallinger was much relieved when Reverdy's opportune fit of musing afforded him the chance to get away without having to answer any more embarrassing questions.

For that matter, Reverdy himself was glad to see the last of Gallinger—for that day, at least. He had learned from him that which he desired to know. And now he wanted to think.

Reverdy did his thinking with his face to the window, his eyes upon Helen Shackelford's unconscious profile.

He was musing soberly, cautiously casting back to the dear days that were dead—dead to them both; and he was testing his heart. To his relief it was behaving itself, like the reliable, steady-going heart it should have been.

On the morning of the third day, however, came the inevitable. Reverdy, hurrying in from the street, with his hat on the back of his head and a cigar in the corner of his mouth, all but trod blindly upon the train of a woman's skirt, as he entered the elevator. "Great heavens!" he muttered, with a swift intuition as the gate clanged. Now there was no escape.

"Seven," he heard her tell the elevator boy; and Reverdy knew that her voice thrilled him through and through. He looked up unhappily, and caught her eye as it was shifted swiftly from him. He bowed—his hat already in his hand—and muttered something indefinite with a tongue gone suddenly hot and dry and thick. She returned the salutation distantly.

Reverdy felt the situation keenly. He knew his face for a mirror of his emotions, and shuddered to think what an onlooker might deduce from his pitiable expression.

And then he knew that he ought to speak. But what was he to say?

Very suddenly his heart seemed to surge upward, and, for the instant, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. The elevator paused in its upward flight, seemed to hesitate a brief second—and dropped like a shot.

His brain was working with incredible swiftness. If she could be supported, held up from the floor of the cage, her injuries might be less than if—He started toward her, of a mind to catch her up in his arms.

And then the air-cushion device began to work. The car seemed to strike upon an invisible obstacle to its downward flight. It hesitated a second time, bounced giddily upward a few feet, fell again, bounced again, and came to a gradual stop in a diminishing series of dull heaves, resting finally between the second and third floors.

"You're not hurt?" he cried. "Helen!"

"Thank you—no," she gasped, adding more calmly: "Mr. Reverdy."

Their eyes met; they were safe now. And then came the reaction. The girl laughed—a bit hysterically at first, then more calmly. But Reverdy's smile was wan and sickly. He was shaken by a little fit of rage at fate, that had treated him so scurvily; and he turned upon the elevator boy.

The attendant eyed him with calm scorn; Reverdy was nobody to him. "Tain't my fault," he disclaimed, sullenly. "Youse better take it easy. Mebbe they won't let us down fer hafta-hour."

"Oh, good Lord!" Reverdy groaned. "He's right," he told the girl. "It's neither his fault nor—mine. I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry," she smiled bewilderingly upon him. "It can't be helped. Only it's too bad that we are both to be delayed in getting to our offices."

"I—I—" he stammered, becoming aware of her mourning gown and remembering in which memory she wore it. "I heard only day before yesterday of your loss, Miss Shackelford—and I—"

She bowed her head, the merriment dying from her eyes.

"Thank you," she murmured; "I understand."

There came an awkward, tense silence.

"You have been away?" she asked, graciously helping him to extricate himself from what seemed hopeless embarrassment.

"Yes—Florida—for a year," he foundered. "I've a shooting box in the Everglades, you know. And you?"

"Oh, I've taken up the broker's burden," she told him, lightly. "I am now the office partner of Bynum & Shackelford."

Bynum's partner! Reverdy was fairly staggered. He had not suspected that, even in his wildest imaginings, Bynum's partner. And Bynum was one of the most unscrupulous blackguards in the Street!

In an instant he had guessed the actual situation. The girl had been thrown upon her own resources with a few beggary thousands—fifty or sixty at the most; for old John Shackelford, her father, had been himself a man of such admirable probity and endowed with so generous a belief in his fellow man that he had never for an instant dreamed of the smooth versatility of his partner.

And then—oh, it was very easy to see through Bynum's sneaking ways!—coveting her inheritance, the swindler had approached the girl with his specious offer of a continued partnership in the commission business—a partnership between a girl innocent of the wiles of the Street and a scoundrel deep-mired in its filthiest slime! Naturally, in time he would find a way to fleece her of her little patrimony!

Reverdy's soul was faint with disgust at the prospect.

And he looked boldly into her eyes, seeing therein the ineradicable marks of anxiety, of sorrow and of suffering. He guessed that even then she might be awakening to a suspicion of Bynum's baseness; and Reverdy's sole thought was concerning the way by which he might aid her, rescue her fortune—if Bynum had left her a shred of that.

"I didn't know it," he confessed, quickly. "But I'm glad to hear it. The new firm prospers, I trust? Possibly I may be able to throw a little business in your way."

"Why," she began, formulating a courteous refusal, "I'm sure you are very kind, Mr. Reverdy, but—"

But the elevator was on Reverdy's side, that morning. In the middle of her sentence it slid sedately to the bottom of the shaft and the starter opened the gates to release them. They stepped out and into another car, Reverdy tactfully changing the subject; so that she was unable to conclude her declaration.

"I suppose I made a damned ass of myself!" he groaned, when he had run the gantlet of the yellow-haired stenographer's fine, rolling eyes, and the office boy's bead, inquisitive start, and was at length alone in his private office.

He glowered moodily across the air shaft.

The girl was at her desk, talking with Bynum. Bynum was leaning over her with exaggerated deference. A fine figure of a man he was—Bynum—a man to fill a woman's eye, Reverdy fancied, for all his smooth, oily ways.

"Poor girl!" he said aloud. "Of course she doesn't imagine!" He pulled his desk chair savagely out of her radius of vision and plumped himself into it, burying his hot face in his hands. "Ah, Helen, Helen!" cried Young Reverdy.

Thus glooming, Gallinger found him an hour later; and before Gallinger could open his mouth, Reverdy had snapped a question at him.

"What's Bynum up to now, Gallinger? Still at the old dodges?"

Gallinger sat down, astonished at the abruptness of the query, but alive as to what brought it forth.

"Oh, about the same," he said. "Everyone in the Street knows to a moral certainty that Bynum pockets half the money his customers give him, but you can't fasten it on the fellow."

"Thank you," Reverdy muttered, glumly. He looked at his watch; ten o'clock. Bynum was due on the Exchange floor at that minute; Helen would be alone. Reverdy took a sudden resolution, without troubling to vouchsafe an explanation to Gallinger.

"You stay here for a few minutes, will you?" he asked. "I'll be back before long. Just a minute—"

This time he did not falter, but rather with rapid, nervous strides made his way around the building, into the southern corridor.

Reverdy was heedless as to the manner in which he was to convey this warning to Helen; or how it was likely to be received. He only knew that it must be done, and that instantly. And he burst quite recklessly through the swinging doors of Bynum & Shackelford's customers' room, full of his purpose and regardless of all else.

In a moment he caught a glimpse of

her as she sat in the firm's private room, her ear to the telephone receiver. So far she had not become aware of his arrival. But now as he started toward the door, she looked up, saw him, and nodded with a little smile.

Then, "Can I come in?" he asked. "Why, certainly, Mr. Reverdy. What can I do for you?"

It brought him to his senses. To be sure, what plausible excuse had he to offer for the intrusion? "Why—why—" He hesitated. And then, with a rush of thankfulness, he remembered his remark about throwing a little business in the way of Bynum & Shackelford, and became more composed.

He took the chair at the corner of her desk.

"I want you to buy me some Erie," he said.

"Certainly," Miss Shackelford reached for a memorandum pad; she was all business now, and the crimson was gone from her cheeks.

"How much?"

"Five thousand shares," he told her. "It was a large order for Bynum & Shackelford to handle. Her start of surprise told him that."

"At what price?" she asked, hoping that he had not noticed.

"At the market."

"On margin?"

"Certainly."

"How many points? Three or five?"

It was her first misstep. Deep in the woman's heart was the desire to prove to this man that she was no novice—as she really was—in the ways of the Street; she had made use of the technical jargon with a large but misplaced self-confidence.

But this she did not know—that a reputable house does not accept commissions on less than a ten-point margin. Reverdy made a mental note of her inadvertent expose of Bynum's methods, and replied quietly:

"Better make it ten points. I'll send over my check at once."

"Thank you," she pushed the pad toward him, offering her pencil for his signature to the buying order.

"You'll keep this between ourselves, of course," he said. "I don't mind telling you that there is going to be a bull movement in Erie—about twenty points."

"Why, that is very kind—"

"I'd advise you—if you'll permit me—to get aboard."

"Thank you, Mr. Reverdy, but—well, to be frank with you, I am unable to accept the tip." She considered a moment, biting her tongue to keep back the words. But still she wished to show him her mastery of the intricacies of speculation. "I'm pretty well tied up in Ontario Preferred," she volunteered. "We are looking for a ten-point advance."

"Oh!"

Reverdy's tone spoke volumes. In that one brief sentence she had revealed to his trained intelligence the depths of Bynum's duplicity—had assured him of the correctness of his suspicions. Ontario—why, it was dead, so far as legitimate speculation was concerned; the issuing company was practically bankrupt, and the Street knew it; the security was a drug on the market—going begging around thirty. So that was what Bynum had drawn her slight fortunes into!

Reverdy thanked the providence that had brought him upon the boards in time to avert this financial ruin that hung menacingly over the head of the woman he loved.

For no longer did the man attempt to deny that he still loved her.

"You disapprove?" she would know, rightly interpreting his exclamation.

"Well—er—Bynum advised you, I suppose?"

"Yes," she nodded.

He leaned toward her, speaking guardedly, though they were practically alone.

"If you'll take my advice, Miss Shackelford, you'll sell your holding of Ontario Preferred at whatever price you can get. Bynum—" He paused, pondering: to what motive would she ascribe what he was about to say to her?

But the girl only smiled upon him, encouragingly. Reverdy's name was a power in the Street; surely he would know of what he spoke. "Bynum—?" she led him on.

Reverdy plunged despairingly into the heart of the black business.

"He—well, you should know it—I suppose no one had informed you—you didn't suspect, of course—"

And he went out—with tears of chagrin in his eyes and his temples throbbing like mad. To think that he should love her so, and that she should be so blind, so unjust!

But your Wall Street man has early learned the lesson of self-control. Reverdy's hand was firm on the throttle of his temper, and before he had come to his own door his mind was as firmly made up. Helen Shackelford might be blind and unjust, but Clifford Reverdy was not going to stand by and see her suffer for it—if he could help it.

And he thought he could.

"Gallinger," he greeted that impatient broker, "have you a new clerk in your office—some one about as green as a salad?"

"What the devil are you driving at, Cliff?"

"I say"—impatiently—"have you a youngster in your office that the Street doesn't know for your man?"

Gallinger subdued his surprise, considered, mentally reviewing his office force, and announced:

"Well, there's little Walcott."

"He'll do," Reverdy sat down at his desk and scribbled a check, which he handed his confidential broker.

"You get that cashed and give the money to Walcott. Have him go to Bynum & Shackelford's today—the sooner the better—and buy one hundred shares of Ontario Preferred on a five-point margin, for his own account. Don't let him use my name or yours."

"But," expostulated Gallinger, "he'll have to be introduced in order to open an account."

"Not with Bynum & Shackelford, Gallinger. Did you hear me say 'five-point margin'? With a firm that'll take a five-point margin, ready cash will prove the best introduction in the world. You understand? Send Walcott there at once."

"Well, all right," Gallinger agreed dubiously. "But it seems to me you might tell a chap what you're driving at."

"I'm driving at Bynum," Reverdy announced grimly. "And I'm going to drive him out of the Street. Look here."

He sat down and talked seriously with Gallinger for the matter of ten minutes or so.

Gallinger left Reverdy's office wearing a large, cherubic smile.

Reverdy's instructions were implicitly obeyed.

At one o'clock Reverdy in his office received a telephone message from Gallinger on the floor of the Exchange.

"Bynum has left the floor," Gallinger reported.

Reverdy smiled mysteriously into the transmitter.

"Get Walcott and come right up, quick's you can," he told Gallinger.

"Howdy, Gallinger!" he cried, heartily a few moments later. "Come right in. This is Mr. Walcott, I presume? I'm glad to meet you."

"Thank you, Mr. Reverdy, sir," he stammered, in an ecstasy of confusion.

"You're ready?" Reverdy questioned Gallinger with his eyes, receiving an affirmative nod in reply. "You know what you are to do, I presume, Mr. Walcott?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Gallinger has been telling me just what I'm to say."

"Good. You go ahead, then. Gallinger and I will follow."

In such order, two minutes later, they entered the customers' room of the firm of Bynum & Shackelford.

Reverdy was at once impressed with the conviction that he had timed this visit with extreme nicety.

It was almost empty of clients; there were but one or two loiterers in the cushioned armchairs before the big quotation board; and even they seemed hardly at ease. The few clerks were gathered in a whispering group behind the cashier's grating.

Gallinger turned to Reverdy. "You were right, all right," he commented.

Reverdy merely smiled.

Walcott had crossed to the cashier's window.

"Mr. Bynum?" he inquired of one of the clerks. A jerk of the thumb toward the closed door was his answer. He looked to Gallinger for support.

"But I don't understand—" he began.

At that moment Helen Shackelford's face showed over his shoulder. Reverdy caught at his breath—a little, pained gasp.

"Oh, Clifford!" she cried, impulsively. "I am so glad!"

And with that singing in his heart, there was no holding Young Reverdy. He was on the threshold in two steps, pushing little Walcott before him.

"Let me in, sir!" he told Bynum, sternly.

Nonplused, Bynum gave way; for the moment his wits deserted him, and in that moment Gallinger also had entered and put his shoulders to the door. Then Bynum began to have an inkling of what was in the wind.

"By what right," he blustered furiously at Reverdy, "do you intrude?"

Reverdy's astonished stare was very convincing.

"Why," he said, ingenuously, "Miss Shackelford wished to see me, so I just came in." But promptly he dropped his bantering tone.

"We came to see you, primarily, about Mr. Walcott's Ontario, Bynum," he said, coldly. "Mr. Walcott wants his money back."

Bynum sneered. "Oh, he does!" he snarled. "Well, I don't know by what right—"

"Oh, yes, you do. You say you sold him out at twenty-five, I believe. Well, now, to whom did you sell Walcott's one hundred shares of Ontario?"

Bynum started toward the door. "None of your infernal business!" he cried. "I refuse to submit to this inquisition."

Gallinger's broad shoulders, however, were firm against the panels. "I wouldn't refuse," he put in. "If a customer demands the name of the broker on the other side of the transaction, you're bound to give it, you know. Now, who—?"

"Belden & Taustig."

"That's a lie," said Reverdy, shortly. "You haven't turned a share of Ontario on the floor in the last two weeks, and you know it, Bynum. You've pocketed Walcott's money, here, just as you are trying to pocket Miss Shackelford's. I can prove what I say by your clearing-house sheets, and you don't dare deny it. Come, now, you may as well own up and take your medicine, if you don't want to get into worse trouble."

Reverdy turned to the girl at his side.

"How much did he induce you to put into the Ontario deal, Helen?" he asked.

"Fifty thousand dollars, all told," she faltered. "He had just informed me that we are both wiped out—insolvent. Of course, I believed him, but—but, Clifford, are you sure—sure?"

"Bynum's sure," he laughed. "Aren't you, Bynum? Come! What have you done with the money? It's deposited to your account somewhere, we know. Where?"

The man scowled from one face to the other, pondering escape. Presently, with a gesture of disgust, he gave it up. He was fairly trapped, at last; there was no way out of it, and he was very well aware of the fact.

"What are you going to do with me?" he counter-questioned.

"Nothing, provided you make restitution," Reverdy assured him pleasantly. "You draw two checks, one for fifty thousand and one for five hundred, respectively, to Miss Shackelford's and Walcott's orders, and you can do what you please with yourself—after we have had the checks certified, of course."

"Oh, well—!" he snapped at length. "I agree."

He sat down at the desk, taking a check book from his pocket, and jabbing the pen viciously into the inkstand. Gallinger's plump sides shook with silent merriment.

"Miss Shackelford and I," Reverdy proclaimed, with a beaming confidence that proved to be justified, "will have the checks certified, Gallinger. If they are all right, we'll phone you, and you can let Mr. Bynum go about his business. Helen—unconsciously his tone softened—"I've a cab waiting. You'll come with me, of course?"

By way of answer, she looked at him—a passing glance, hardly caught ere a memory, that nevertheless served to set Reverdy's blood bounding in his veins. And she reached blindly for her hat.

Reverdy dashed out of the bank, beaming a large satisfaction at the whole wide world.

"It's all right—certified," he almost shouted at the girl. She nestled back against the cushions with a little, halting sigh. Reverdy gave the cabman her address and climbed in.

At first she had drawn a little away from him, half fearfully, glancing at him from under her up-curved lashes. But Reverdy did not attempt to force the issue. Though his life's happiness hung in the balance, still he thought he knew—

"I—I don't know how I am to thank you, Cliff—Clifford," he heard her say. "I haven't asked for thanks," he returned. "I believe it's hardly necessary for me to state what I would ask."

"No," she breathed.

He saw her hand stealing timidly across the cushion toward his own. In an instant he was very happy. After a long pause, "But why did you send me away?" he would know, imperatively.

He could feel her trembling in the pressure of her fingers. "It—it was all a mistake, dear," she said at length. "I did not know, until you were gone, how much I love—"

"Hush!" he cried, gravely. "Not now, not here, sweetheart," he pleaded, tersely. "Better let us in, so that we won't be overheard."

Bynum attempted to close the door.

## WOLGAST IS VICTOR

KNOCKS OUT OWEN MORAN IN THIRTEENTH ROUND AT SAN FRANCISCO.

## BRITON IS BADLY PUMMELED

Champion Lightweight Fighter Wears Down His English Opponent by Heavy Slugging at Close Quarters and Finally Puts Him Out.

San Francisco.—The measured swing of Referee Welsh's arm, tolling off the fatal ten seconds over the writhing and unconscious body of Owen Moran of England, brought victory to Ad Wolgast in the thirteenth round of the international battle for the lightweight championship. The decisive victory was clearly earned by the terrific punishing power of the champion.

It was palpable from the moment they hooked up in the first mauling match at close quarters that Wolgast was the more rugged of the pair. He may have been tired once or twice during the contest, owing to the gruelling pace, but there was a doubt about it, whereas there was never an atom of doubt as to the way things were going with Moran.

He looked distressed during each resting spell after the fifth round, while across the ring Wolgast, snappy-eyed and nimble, was chatting to friends in sound of his voice.

Wolgast simply wore Moran down in the close fighting, doing his best work with a punch which is known to the fighting men as "loop the loop." It is a right-hander which curls around entangled arms and lands on the face. Wolgast used this punch with such force that Moran's lips were puffed, and blood dripped from his nose and mouth.

When Wolgast was not working the "loop the loop" he was hammering Moran's body with forceful rights. It seemed that the closer they got the harder were Wolgast's punches.

Moran caught Wolgast quite a number of snapping right-handers in between clinches and punched him with straight lefts. While Wolgast was working the "loop the loop" Moran used a left uppercut and did a fair amount of damage with it. But neither in fighting or outfighting did Moran's blows carry a tinge of the punishing force that did Wolgast's, and there was not a real chance for those who backed Moran to chortle at any time during the fight.

Wolgast went after Moran with blood in his eye in the thirteenth round. A couple of well-placed right uppercuts failed to stop Wolgast, who was on top of his man like a terrier tackling a rat. Moran was battered along the ropes. His guard was demoralized with right body punches, and he was sent down open-mouthed with a couple of left swings on the jaw. The fight ended right there. The knockout was clean and Wolgast's victory most decisive.

## TAFT DEFENDS RECIPROCITY

President in Speech Assails Critics of Policy Which He Declares Is Republican Doctrine.

Indianapolis.—President Taft in a speech at the banquet of the Marlon club declared that reciprocity is genuine Republican doctrine and that the Canadian agreement now before congress is less radical than proposals by Blaine and McKinley. He referred to the last Republican platform stand for duties equaling the cost of production abroad and declared that the Canadian proposal squared exactly with the platform plank. He admitted that the cost of living would not be reduced by the adoption of the agreement. He said it would bring prosperity to Canada by increasing its population and its capacity for consumption, thereby helping America. He said that while free wheat would raise the price of Canadian wheat it would not reduce the price of American wheat.

The president's reciprocity speech was a climax to his part in Indianapolis' Sane Fourth celebration. Before President Taft took his seat in the reviewing stand in front of the soldiers' monument here, what is believed by the police to be a spent bullet hit Mrs. Harry D. Tutewiler, wife of a prominent citizen, who was sitting near the president's box, in the thigh. The bullet came from a 38 caliber revolver, and penetrated about three-eighths of an inch, but the wound was insignificant.

Mrs. Tutewiler left her seat for a half hour, had the wound dressed and returned in time to witness the parade. Neither the president nor any members of his party were told about the affair, but the police at once started on a hunt for the person who fired the shot.

Detectives were sent to the top of the monument, but a search of the persons there and a search of the crowds in neighboring buildings failed to bring to light any 38 caliber revolvers, loaded or unloaded.

Three Die in Auto Crash. Providence, R. I.—In a collision between a large touring car containing five persons and a Rocky Point electric car near Grant's Station, three women were killed and two men seriously injured.

Veterans Bury Gen. Evans. Atlanta, Ga.—The funeral of Gen. Clement A. Evans, former commander of the United Confederate Veterans, was held here with all honors due a past commander of the Confederate organization.

## INDICT WIRE TRUST

JURY RETURNS NINE INDICTMENTS AGAINST ALLEGED MONOPOLY.

Companies and Individuals Affiliated With Steel Industry Are Charged With Restrain of Trade.

New York.—Nine indictments were returned by a federal grand jury here against as many associations and a long list of individuals comprising the so-called "wire trust."

Among some of the prominent individuals named as officers of the companies composing the alleged pools are the following:

Frank J. Gould, president of the Old Dominion Iron and Nail Works of Virginia; Herbert L. Satterlee, Habershaw Wire company; William P. Palmer, president of the American Steel and Wire company; Charles F. Brooks, vice-president of the Ansonia Brass and Copper company and a member of the Republican national committee from Connecticut; Henry G. Stoddard, president of the Trenton Iron company; Erskine Hewitt, vice-president of the Trenton Iron company; Frank N. Phillips, president of the American Electrical works, and Ferdinand W. Roebbling of John A. Roebbling, Sons & Co.

The companies indicted are: The Bare Copper Wire association, the Wire Rope Manufacturers' association, the Lead Encased Rubber Cable association, the Fine Magnet Wire association, the Underground Power Cable association, the Horseshoe Manufacturers' association, the Telephone Cable association and the Weatherproof and Magnet Wire association.

Only two of the associations named are subsidiaries of the United States Steel corporation—namely, the Trenton Iron works and the American Steel and Wire company.

The offense with which they are charged is unlawful combination in restraint of trade in wire products in violation of the anti-trust law.

Herbert Satterlee is a son-in-law of J. Pierpont Morgan and Frank Gould is the well-known financial and street railway magnate.

## GIBBONS PRIEST FIFTY YEARS

Cardinal Celebrates Mass of Thanksgiving on the Anniversary of His Ordination.

Baltimore, July 7.—In a little chapel in a home where he is visiting, about 50 miles from Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons offered up a mass of thanksgiving in honor of the most momentous event of his long career. He completes 50 years of a successful priesthood



Cardinal Gibbons.

and 25 years as cardinal and nominal head of the Roman Catholic church in the United States. It was on June 30, 1861, that Father Gibbons, after finishing his education for the priesthood at St. Mary's seminary, was ordained at the cathedral here by Archbishop Kenrick. Just 25 years later, June 30, 1886, the red hat was conferred on him, also at the cathedral.

## HARVARD WINS THE VARSITY

Beats Out Yale Crew in Annual Rowing Test—Minor Events Are Divided.

New London, Conn.—Harvard won the annual boat race from Yale here by a liberal margin. At one point the Crimson boat was nine lengths ahead of the Blue craft.

The Cambridge men caught the water easily and took the lead from the start, and at the finish were pulling easily. An aeroplane circled over the course during the progress of the race.

The official time of the varsity race was: Harvard, 22:44; Yale, 23:40 1/2.

Harvard won by fourteen lengths. Yale pulled out a victory in the freshmen eights by a superb spurt in the last half mile, while the Harvard substitute varsity fours, leading from the start, defeated Yale by two lengths. Both races were rowed well, but a contrary wind and a slack tide made the time slow.

Special Liquor Tax Void. Jefferson City, Mo.—The supreme court holds unconstitutional the levy of a special tax on all distillers, brewers and rectifiers of spirituous and malt liquors, in that it violated the interstate commerce law in exempting wine from Missouri-grown grapes. The law was enacted in 1909 and Governor Hadley reached an understanding with liquor men affected that the law would not be contested. The agreement, however, was not adhered to. The state will lose \$150,000 in annual revenue.

## AN UNDESIRABLE CITIZEN



Baltimore American.

Back With You. You Can't Land Here.

## STEEL REPORT OUT

SMITH SAYS TRUST OWNS 75 PER CENT. OF ALL LAKE ORES.

## MUCH 'WATER' IS ELIMINATED

Strength of United States Corporation Is Shown to Be Due to Its Ownership of Large Portion of Crude Product.

Washington.—President Taft made public the much discussed and long expected report on the United States Steel corporation submitted to him by the bureau of corporations.

Signed by Herbert Knox Smith, commissioner of corporations, the report makes no recommendations and is almost wholly narrative in form. Mr. Smith declares that restriction of competition was a prime object of the organizers of the steel corporation, or so-called "trust."

Capitalized at \$1,402,000,000, the corporation, he asserts, had tangible property worth only \$682,000,000. By constant reinvestment of earnings, however, the report points out, much of the "water" in the company has been eliminated.

The steel corporation now owns 75 per cent. of the lake ores, having recently concentrated its efforts to securing these properties. On this point the report says:

"Indeed, in so far as the steel corporation's position in the entire iron and steel industries is of monopolistic character, it is chiefly through its control of ore holdings and the transportation of ore."

"Until 1898 the bulk of the business was distributed among a very considerable number of concerns. There was sharp competition, modified by frequent pools of greater or less duration and effectiveness."

Then came an era of great combinations, the report continues, with capitalizations ranging from \$30,000,000 to \$100,000,000, mergers of many smaller companies, which, instead of eliminating competition, threatened to bring price cutting on a larger scale than ever before. In 1899-1900 there were three great companies—the Carnegie company, Federal Steel and National Steel—dominating the production of crude and semi-finished products, and six concerns—the American Steel and Wire, American Tin Plate, American Steel Hoop, American Sheet Steel, National Tube and American Bridge—controlling the lighter finished products.

"The commissioner finds that competition, so far as prices are concerned, has been modified by the policy of 'co-operation' inaugurated at the 'Gary dinners,' about which so much has been said before the congressional steel investigating committee.

The present valuation of the combine's tangible property is placed at \$1,187,000,000, as against \$1,468,000,000 outstanding securities, an increase of about \$487,000,000 in property, while only about \$66,000,000 has been added to capitalization.

Immigrant Dies of Cholera. Auburn, N. Y.—Tomaso Birardi, seventeen years old, who came to this country on the steamship Duca Deglia Abruzzi on June 20, died here from what authorities here diagnosed as Asiatic cholera.

Hoke Smith Again Governor. Atlanta, Ga.—Hoke Smith was inaugurated governor of Georgia for the second time in his life. He was the immediate predecessor of Gov. Joseph M. Brown, who in turn was relieved by Smith.

## FRANCE IS AROUSED

CABINET CONFER ON GERMANY'S ACTION.

Government Is Believed to Be Prepared to Take Rich Territory in Case of Partition.

Paris.—Germany's act of dispatching the gunboat Panther to Agadir, Morocco, and landing troops has caused a sensation both in political and diplomatic circles.

German Ambassador Von Schoen called upon M. de Selves, French minister of foreign affairs and explained that the gunboat would leave Agadir as soon as order had been re-established. He said there had been a great agitation in that region on the part of Germans, who feared that they were endangered, and he added it was hoped the sending of a warship would in no way affect the good relations between France and Germany.

At the president's garden party the Moroccan situation was the only topic of discussion, and Premier Caillaux conversed with most of the diplomats present, particularly Baron Von Schoen, the German ambassador, on the subject.

The premier and M. de Selves, minister of foreign affairs, had a conference and later it was announced that the foreign minister would not accompany President Fallieres on his official visit to Holland, his place being taken by M. Couba, minister of commerce.

It is said an unofficial reply will be made to Germany's communication. The cabinet will meet and decide the terms of the reply, and the government wishes also to have in its possession beforehand the views of the cabinets of England and Russia.

Paul Cambon, the French ambassador at London, received a dispatch instructing him to place himself in communication with Sir Edward Grey, the British foreign secretary.

Public opinion, as voiced by the French newspapers, does not appear inclined to be alarmist, awaiting a more precise statement from Germany.

## EXPRESS PROBE IS ORDERED

Commerce Board Will Make Sweeping Inquiry Into Companies' Rate Charges and Business Methods.

Washington.—A sweeping investigation of all the express companies doing business in the United States was formally ordered by the interstate commerce commission.

The inquiry will be without limit in scope or time. In the words of the official announcement, the investigation is ordered "to determine whether such rates, classifications, regulations or practices, or any of them, are unjust or unreasonable, or unjustly discriminatory, or unduly preferential or prejudicial, or otherwise in violation of any of the provisions" of the interstate commerce act, "and to determine the manner and method in which the business of said express companies and each of them is conducted."

Knockout Brown Wins. Scranton, Pa.—Before a large crowd at the Athletic baseball grounds Knockout Brown of New York won from Tommy Ginty, welterweight champion of Scranton, in a six-round bout. Brown played with Ginty, hitting him when and wherever he pleased.

Town Nearly Wiped Out. Dubuque, Ia.—Fire nearly wiped out the little town of Bernard, in Jackson county. The loss will be about \$50,000.

## ASKS TRUST BOARD

SENATOR NEWLANDS PRESENTS IN SENATE HIS PLAN TO CONTROL CORPORATIONS.

## REGISTRATION IS FEATURE

Nevada Member Declares Federal Commission Would Keep Watch as Commerce Body Does Over Railroads.

Washington.—An interstate trade commission of five members to control industrial corporations, as the interstate commerce commission controls the railroads, was advocated in the senate by Mr. Newlands of Nevada.

He contended that the Standard Oil and Tobacco decisions and the recent government report on the steel industry demonstrate the need of "an independent, quasi-judicial and administrative tribunal of great character and dignity, as far removed from partisan control as are the courts." The plan is to apply only to industrial corporations engaged in interstate trade whose annual receipts exceed \$5,000,000.

Mr. Newlands' speech was in advocacy of a bill he introduced providing for such a commission. His measure would separate the bureau of corporations from the department of commerce and labor and merge the bureau into a commission of interstate trade.

This commission would require all industrial corporations having receipts exceeding \$5,000,000 to make satisfactory statements as to capitalization, finances and operations, such corporations to be known as "United States registered" companies. It proposes to make lack of such registration an "indication of something wrong."

Mr. Newlands declared that if such legislation had replaced or aided the Sherman anti-trust act over twenty years ago this country would have advanced as far in the regulation of industrial organizations as it has in railroad regulation. He referred to recent expressions by Mr. Gary of the Steel corporation and others as indicating that the great corporation managers realize that public regulation is inevitable.

Mr. Newlands said his plan proposes that frequent reports be required from the corporations, information of public interest to be published from time to time, the commission to be non-partisan, not more than three members to be of one party, and the term of office to be ten years. He said that his plan makes no attempt to give too many powers of correction or punishment, nor the power of fixing prices, but its powers may be enlarged as experience shall indicate.

The measure proposed includes these provisions: The commission may cancel at any time the registration of any corporation for improper financial organization, oppressive or unfair methods of competition, acceptance of railroad rebates, refusal to allow access to records or non-compliance with any judicial decree rendered under the Sherman act. In extreme cases it may debar the offending corporations from engaging in interstate commerce and it may require correction of overcapitalization.

## PLAN A WORLD-WIDE TRUST

International Congress Approves Gary's Plan of Eliminating All Competition in Steel Trade.

Brussels.—Judge Elbert H. Gary's plan for the practical elimination of competition in the manufacture of steel was unanimously approved by representatives of the leading steel companies of the world at the conference here. A committee was appointed to consider a plan of organization and report later.

In explaining his proposition for a world-wide combination along the lines of the American Iron and Steel Institute, Judge Gary said the object was "to prevent the destructive fluctuation of steel prices," and maintain a business equilibrium in the world's steel industry.

Discussing the question whether such a world-wide combination could be formed without violation of any of the existing laws, particularly in the United States, some of the representatives agreed that being an international organization no nation could declare it to be illegal.

The steel interests of the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Austria and Spain were represented by 160 delegates at the conference.

The initiative for the calling of the steel congress was taken by the American Iron and Steel Institute which invited a number of foreign manufacturers to America and who were so favorably impressed with the effectiveness of that organization in the United States that an international conference was readily assented to.

Negro Kills Police Chief. Rockyford, Colo.—Robert Harris, a negro, shot and instantly killed Chief of Police A. B. Craig and mortally wounded Jacob Kipper, night marshal here when the officers went to Harris' home to place him under arrest for causing a disturbance.

\$10,600,000 Silk Dyer Dead. Paterson, N. J.—Jacob Weidmann, silk dyer, is dead at his home from heart trouble aggravated by the heat. He was sixty years old. He left \$10,600,000.

## ECZEMA TORTURES INSTANTLY RELIEVED

Cured by an External Treatment

You are remarkably fortunate if you are without some skin trouble. It may be only pimples or blackheads, or chapped hands, or the accidental sore, cut, scald, burn or boil, or the carbuncle or felon, or perhaps the more serious diseases of eczema, herpes, erythema, seborrhoea, or psoriasis, or inflamed piles, or some common irritation of the skin. There is one standard sovereign remedy within your ready reach, and which you can purchase at any druggist's. It is Resinol Ointment, put up in screw-top opal containers, selling at fifty cents and a dollar, according to size. It is ever ready for use, and as easy to apply as cold cream or vaseline. Thousands of physicians enthusiastically prescribe Resinol Ointment, and hundreds of thousands of families depend upon it, and are never without it. Resinol Soap is a chemically pure toilet soap of the highest grade. It contains in a modified form the same medication as Resinol Ointment, and is recognized as a preventive for many skin troubles, including blackheads, chapped hands and pimples. There is nothing better for the cleansing of the scalp and shampooing. It prevents the falling out of the hair. It is the infant's soap, par excellence, keeping the skin sweet and healthy and preventing many of the troubles which so often attack the delicate skin of the child. You will find the Resinol Ointment and Soap at all druggists. Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

## UNDERTAKING FOR MISSIONARY.



"There are a good many thankless jobs."

"Such as trying to make vegetarians of the cannibals."

## BABY'S HAIR ALL CAME OUT

"When my first baby was six months old he broke out on his head with little bumps. They would dry up and leave a scale. Then it would break out again and it spread all over his head. All the hair came out and his head was scaly all over. Then his hair broke out all over in red bumps and it kept spreading until it was on his hands and arms. I bought several boxes of ointment, gave him blood medicine, and had two doctors to treat him, but he got worse all the time. He had it about six months when a friend told me about Cuticura. I sent and got a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. In three days after using them he began to improve. He began to take long naps and to stop scratching his head. After taking two bottles of Resolvent, two boxes of Ointment and three cakes of Soap he was sound and well, and never had any breaking out of any kind. His hair came out in little curls all over his head. I don't think anything else would have cured him except Cuticura."

"I have bought Cuticura Ointment and Soap several times since to use for cuts and sores and have never known them to fail to cure what I put them on. I think Cuticura is a great remedy and would advise any one to use it. Cuticura Soap is the best that I have ever used for toilet purposes." (Signed) Mrs. F. E. Harmon, R. F. D. 2, Atoka, Tenn., Sept. 10, 1910.

Their Favorite Alibi. Cook—How do you get out of it when the missis scolds you for not answering the bell?

Waitress—I always tell her I was making mayonnaise.—Harper's Bazar.

Stop the Pain. The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when Cole's Carbolic is applied. It heals quickly and prevents scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

The really great never seek notoriety, neither do they like to have it thrust upon them. They are too busy to want to be taken notice of.

Smokers find Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar better quality than most 10c cigars.

Love is the only thing that more than pays for all it gets.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all blood humors, all eruptions, clears the complexion, creates an appetite, aids digestion, relieves that tired feeling, gives vigor and vim.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

# NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

by E. J. Edwards

## They Put Aside Presidency

**Sherman and Sheridan Both Declared They Would Not Accept the Nomination, Not Being Fitted for the High Office.**

General Sherman and General Sherman were of the same opinion respecting the expediency of electing to the presidency a man who had made his career in the army. Sherman expressed his opposition forcibly and publicly. In the latter part of President Arthur's administration there was the nomination of General Sherman for the presidency in 1884. At first Sherman paid little heed to it, but when his brother John assured him that the movement was gaining head, he wrote the now historic letter in which he intimated that even if elected he would not accept the office of president.

Sherman never concealed his opinion that Grant, for whom he bore the most devoted friendship and affection, would have acted with greater wisdom had he declined to permit any organization to be effected for his nomination for the presidency. In Sherman's view, to be general of the army was for a military man a greater distinction than to be president of the United States.

Some of Sheridan's friends said to him after it was known that Sherman had put his foot upon any movement having his nomination for the presidency in view: "General, they are beginning to talk some of you as a presidential candidate."

"Sheridan laughed and made no other comment than, 'Oh, I guess not.' 'But they are, general,' his friends insisted.

"Who is?" "Well, some Republicans up in New York state. They say that if you are nominated for president you will sweep the country, and get as big a majority as Grant did in 1868."

"Well, they had better look out," Sheridan replied. "I know what I am fit for. I don't want the presidency and wouldn't take it."

Nevertheless, in spite of Sheridan's statement, there was begun an organization which had his nomination for the presidency in view. The Republican leaders wanted some man of universal popularity, for it was known that there was grave danger of factional disturbance in case either General Arthur or James G. Blaine were nominated.

A curious and unexpected incident, however, put an end to the Sheridan movement. A little conference of his friends took place in New York city. In the midst of it one Republican, who was a most enthusiastic Sheridan admirer, said:

"It wouldn't do; you can't do it." "Why not? Why not?" broke forth a chorus. "Well, I nominate 'Little Phil' in spite of himself."

"Well," said the friend, "the difficulty is just here: There has always been grave doubts whether Sheridan was actually born in Albany, or whether he was brought there by his parents

when an infant only two weeks old. Sheridan himself has always claimed Albany for his birthplace, but there doesn't seem to be any authentic record showing that he was actually born there.

"His parents came from Ireland in 1831 by emigrant ship. They went to Albany, where they had friends. They had with them an infant, and that infant was Phil Sheridan. Just as sure as the attempt is made to nominate him for the presidency, just as certain the claim will be made that he is ineligible because he is not native born. He would be elected hands down, if he were nominated, but the chances are that the convention would not nominate a candidate for the presidency about whose constitutional eligibility there is the slightest doubt."

"They nominated Arthur for vice-president, although it was said of him that he was born in Canada, just over the Vermont line," a member of the conference declared.

"Yes, but it took a search of the records and an actual measurement from the parsonage in which Arthur was born to the international boundary line to demonstrate that he had missed ineligibility by only a little over a mile. But you can't find any record of the emigrant ship upon which Sheridan's parents came to America, although you might get some record that would identify him. No, it won't do to make him a candidate."

When Sheridan was informed of this discussion, he simply said: "They needn't bother themselves

## How He Planned to Go South

**General Sherman Was a Little Uncertain About George H. Thomas' Position When War Broke Out, but Was Soon Reassured.**

A few years before his death Gen. W. T. Sherman was asked: "General, you knew Gen. George H. Thomas well, didn't you?"

"Knew him well?" was the reply. "I should say I did. We were in the same class and very intimate at West Point, and we saw a good deal of each other after we had been graduated. I came to know him at West Point as one of the noblest characters that I have ever met. He was absolutely truthful. He was the soul of honor. He planted his feet slowly, but when he did plant them they were planted surely upon principle. We drifted apart, however, about 1848, or right after the Mexican war, although we kept track of one another. I say all this to explain what I am leading up to."

"I think it was in June, 1861—anyway, I know that hot weather had come in that year—when I happened to call at the White House one day, having some business with President Lincoln.

"I don't remember now what it was that called me to the White House, but I do remember that the president told me that he was going on that day or the next to send several nominations to the senate for brigadier general. He asked me to look over the list. I glanced at the names rapidly, and saw that they were all good names. But it occurred to me that the president had overlooked one army officer, and I ventured to say to him:

"Mr. President, I don't see the name of Col. George H. Thomas here." "I don't know much about Thomas," said Lincoln. "Would he make a good general?" "None better," I said, "and if you want any guarantee for him, I'll give it."

"Well, Sherman, Mr. Lincoln replied, 'if you say so, it must be so, and I'll send his name in soon.'"

"A little later, as I was on my way up to the capitol to see my brother, John Sherman, it suddenly flashed over me that I had not seen Thomas for some 12 years, that he was a Virginian by birth, and that possibly he might take the same view that Lee had in April, when he resigned his commission as lieutenant colonel in the Second cavalry, with which Thomas had been stationed since 1855, to go with the Confederacy. It was a startling thought in view of the fact that I had just guaranteed Thomas to the president. I worried over the situation for awhile, and then I said to myself: 'Well, I know what he was, and I will find out what he is. My own intuition tells me that he says with the Union, but I will find out.'"

"I learned that Thomas was with his regiment in Pennsylvania, not so very far north of Baltimore, and I hastened there as soon as railroad train and horse would carry me. When I reached the regiment and was shown to the colonel's headquarters, I found nobody there but an orderly. He told me that Colonel Thomas had gone out a little ways on horseback, but thought he would be back speedily."

"By any by I saw him coming and I went out in front of the tent to greet him. He knew me instantly, and called out: 'Hello, Billy!' 'Hello, Tom,' I replied. We always called him Tom.

"Have you come out to see me?" he asked. "Yes," I said, "I have some important news for you."

"He dismounted and we sat down together. 'Tom,' I said, 'I have come to tell you that the president has told me that he will nominate you for brigadier general.'"

"He showed his joy, more by the expression of his countenance than by any words. He simply said: 'Billy, you couldn't have brought me any more agreeable news.'"

"But," said I, "Tom, I have come to find out exactly where you stand." "What do you mean, Billy?" he asked.

"Well, you know that Lee has gone over to the other side. You are both from Virginia."

"Oh, that's what you mean, is it?" said Tom. "Well, I'll tell you, Billy—I'm going south."

"You are going south?" I said. "Yes, Billy," he said, "I am going south, but I am going at the head of my boys, and I am never going to turn my face the other way until it's all over."

about my eligibility; I am ineligible simply because I don't want it and won't take it."

So both Sherman and Sheridan turned aside from the temptations of a presidential nomination, and they are believed to be the only persons in the entire history of the United States who have done this.

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**"And Only Man is Vile."**

Shiraz, now seething with angry anti-British passions, sleeps in the heart of one of the four Persian paradises—fit birthplace of Hafiz and Sadi. This ancient capital of Persia, although lying in a valley, is yet as high above the sea as Ben Nevis itself. Outside of the City of Passion are Edens of flowers and rest. The narcissus spreads itself like a white carpet over the sunny slopes.

"All our party," writes a traveler, "pushed into this rich parterre up to the horses' girths to enjoy the fragrance as much as possible." The only way to banish the all-embracing narcissus is to sow the ground with cotton, rice or wheat. Let the ground lie fallow, and along comes the beautiful white tyrant from the "Isle of Flowers."

**The Ocean Shored All Night.**

A resident of Nahant tells this one of a new servant his wife took down from Boston.

"Did you sleep well, Mary?" the girl was asked the following morning.

"Sure, I did not, ma'am," was the reply; "the snoring of the ocean kept me awake all night."

## HOME TOWN HELPS

### WINDOW BOXES IN GUAYERE

How They Brighten Up the Town in Switzerland Where the Cheese Comes From.

Those who think all the delights of Switzerland lie among the high Alpine peaks or in the joy of winter sports will find upon visiting it that much of its strong appeal lies in the picturesque charm of its farm and village scenes.

Famous for its chocolate and cheese works, the town of La Guayere still clings to its ancient customs and surroundings. Many of the houses date back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, while the chateau of the Counts of La Guayere is of an even earlier period.

Ancient buildings, however, soon become commonplace to the European traveler, says Country Life in America, and so probably the first thing one notices in this interesting village is the prevalence of window boxes.

They are everywhere. No matter how old or tumbledown the house may be, there are always flowering plants in the window, and they brighten up the whole town wonderfully. Gay colors are the rule; pink and red geraniums are most common, although one sees a few nasturtiums and carnations, with an occasional hydrangea.

Unlike American window boxes, which are boxes in actuality containing a considerable quantity of soil, these usually found in Switzerland are a sort of grated box, with sides much like a picket fence, in which potted plants are placed. These boxes are either set upon the broad window sill itself or just outside upon brackets secured to the wall of the house.

When there are very heavy storms which might do damage to the plants the blinds may be closed to afford protection in the former case or the pots may be taken indoors by one in the latter.

### MAKE THE SUBURBS PRETTY

Unslightness in Development Usually Due to Greed of Speculators and Promoters.

The unattractiveness of most suburban development lies, first, in the fact that the land is hopelessly subdivided into uniform and monotonous units admitting of little or no variety, excepting by an expenditure of money which the investment does not justify; hence the attempt to obtain variety by stunts and detail, much of which is tawdry, John M. Carrere writes in Country Life in America.

Secondly, the designing of these houses, which has been mostly in the hands of speculators and promoters, has not usually been entrusted to architects of skill, and has not been developed with the idea of elevating and developing public taste, but rather of catering to passing fancies.

Assuming four lots, each 50 feet wide, if, instead of building, as usual, four houses with a narrow frontage and extending back into the lot—all in a row, with a small garden in front, a contracted space separating them, and ugly yards in the back—it were planned to place the two end houses with narrow fronts and extending back, and the two middle houses set back and designed with broad fronts, thus forming a court, a composition would immediately be possible, and a better distribution of light, air and grounds—whether for ornamental or merely back yard purposes—would immediately result without any interference of property lines or of light easements.

### Holland a Land of Flowers.

There are two Hollands, one of the dikes and windmills, and one of the flowers, that is seen by comparatively few, says Country Life in America. The Holland of the flowers is a thing of the past each year by the time the average traveler gets around that way, which, as a rule, is July or August.

So early as February the annual flower pageant gets a start with the rare Tulipa kaufmanniana, winter aconite and snowdrops, until it makes its first grand demonstration with scilla and crocus in March. Then in the glory of the tulip and hyacinth comes the greatest burst of color, followed by the Spanish iris, early gladiolus and lily to provide an anti-climax that runs over into June. But for sheer gorgeousness, nothing can match the heyday of the tulip, the banner bulb of Holland.

### Practical Side of School Gardening.

Some time ago the writer was called in to admire a small garden almost choked with a profusion of ornamental plants and flowers. It was learned that but two years ago the yard was nearly devoid of vegetation, but that the little boy of the family commenced planting seeds and cuttings from the school garden supply. Soon the slumbering taste of the mother was awakened and now she tenderly cares, with the help of her enthusiastic boy, for this wilderness of beauty. If this school garden had accomplished no more, this one case would be sufficient recompense for all time and labor expended. Truly it is a beautiful and philanthropic work.—Los Angeles Times.



**Cooling as an Icicle**  
If you want to think of crisp winter weather and sparkling frost; if you want to forget the heat and the dust and the thirst for real, cool comfort

**DRINK Coca-Cola**

As sparkling, wholesome and refreshing as a spring house icicle. So next time you're hot or tired or thirsty, if you're anywhere near a place that sells Coca-Cola, go in and give yourself a real treat.

**DELICIOUS — REFRESHING THIRST-QUENCHING**

5c Everywhere  
THE COCA-COLA COMPANY  
Atlanta, Ga.

Send for our interesting booklet, "The Truth About Coca-Cola"

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola

### TOO BAD.



Edith—Papa wouldn't let me marry Mr. Stinky because he smokes such cheap cigars.

Edward—He can't say that about me.

Edith—No, he says you smoke too expensive ones.

### A Quaint Thought.

Miss Geraldine Farrar, seated in her deck chair on the George Washington, regarded a half-dozen urchins playing on the sunny deck, and then said with a pensive smile:

"I often wonder, considering what charming things children are, where all the queer old men come from!"

**SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE** will cure any possible case of DISTEMPER, PINK EYE, and the like among horses of all ages, and prevents all others in the same stable from having the disease. Also cures chicken cholera, and dog distemper. Any good druggist can supply you, or send to Mrs. 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle. Agents wanted. Free book. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

### The Nature-Fake.

"Congratulations!" "For what?"

"I hear one of your exhibits took a prize at the dog and poultry show."

"Well, keep still about it. I entered a skye terrier and he took first prize as a Mongolian hen!"

### Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of **CASTORIA**, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the **Signature of Dr. J. C. Fitcher** in Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

### In the Future.

"How did you get your start in life?"

"I got a flying start; I was born in an airship."

LANDS for sale in North Dakota, Montana and Canada. Write us for lists and terms. **HODGSON REALTY COMPANY**, Fargo, North Dakota.

The great question is not so much what money you have in your pocket as what you will buy with it.—Ruskin.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

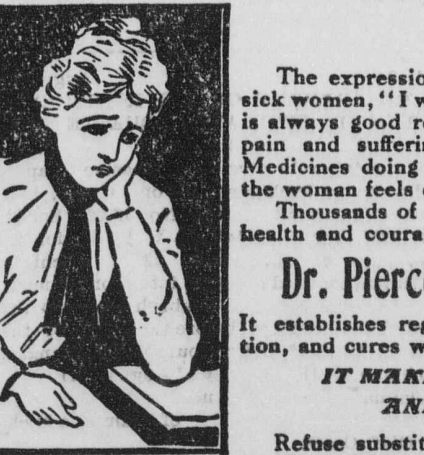
The robe of righteousness will neither shrink nor stretch.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. You pay 10c for cigars not so good.

None are so blind as those who are visionary.

Chew and smoke untaxed tobacco, cheap and unloped. Morrissett & Edwards, Clarksville, Tenn.

All mankind loves a lover.—Emerson.



**Discouraged**  
The expression occurs so many times in letters from sick women, "I was completely discouraged." And there is always good reason for the discouragement. Years of pain and suffering. Doctor after doctor tried in vain. Medicines doing no lasting good. It is no wonder that the woman feels discouraged.

Thousands of these weak and sick women have found health and courage regained as the result of the use of **Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.**

It establishes regularity, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures weakness.

**IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG AND SICK WOMEN WELL.**

Refuse substitutes offered by unscrupulous druggists for this reliable remedy.

Sick women are invited to consult by letter, free. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Write without fear and without fee to **World's Dispensary, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Pres't, Buffalo, N. Y.** Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.



**Libby's**

When you want the best there is, ask your grocer for **Libby's Pickles and Olives**

Libby, McNeill & Libby

**DAISY FLY KILLER**

placed anywhere, at once and kills all flies. Nest clean, ornamental, covers feet, cheap. Lasts all season. Can't spill or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Oral dealers on coast send for 25c. **HAROLD STUBBS**, 150 De Kalb St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**USE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT FOR IT**

Painful, Knotted, Swollen Veins, Milk Leg, Mammitis, Old Sores, Ulcers. It is soothing, soothing, strengthening and invigorating—always pain and inflammation promptly. Geraniolide and antiseptic. Mrs. R. M. Kemler, R. D. No. 1, Federal Kan., had enlarged veins that finally broke causing considerable loss of blood. Used ABSORBINE, JR. and reported Nov. 3, 1910, veins entirely healed, no swelling and discoloration gone and has had no trouble with them since July 1910. ABSORBINE, JR. is invaluable as a general household liniment, for the cuts and bruises that the children get, croup, deep-seated colds, stiff-neck, sore throat. Removes fatty bunches, goitre, enlarged glands, warts, cysts, wounding sinews, etc. \$1.00 and \$2.00 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 6 6 free. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. Box 510 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.

**OLD SORES CURED**

Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Yarrow Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurolic Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Eczema Sores, all sores. Testimonials on file. By mail 5c. **J. P. ALLEN**, Dept. A. I. S. Paul, Minn.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore gray hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp disease and hair falling. 25c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

**WANTED** lady to represent us in immediate vicinity. Information upon request. **STANDARD MERCHANDISE CO.**, 158-160th St., New York, N. Y.

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 27-1911.

**WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**

Rev. Robert Laing, of Halifax will preach in the morning. He is president of the Presbyterian Ladies' college in that city. The pastor will deliver the evening lecture, "The Language of the Soul."

J. EDGAR WILSON  
Pastor.

June 24, 1911. July 8, 1911.  
Notice of Hearing Claims Before Court.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.  
The Probate Court for the County of Delta  
In the matter of the estate of  
IDEN G. CHAMPION, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that four months from the nineteenth day of June A. D. 1911, have been allowed for creditors to present their claims against said deceased to said court for examination and adjustment, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said court, at the probate office, in the city of Escanaba in said county, on or before the twenty-first day of October A. D. 1911 and that said claims will be heard by said court on Monday the twenty-third day of October A. D. 1911 at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated June 19, A. D. 1911.  
JUDD YELLAND  
Judge of Probate.

June 17. August 19.  
Timber and Stone Notice

U. S. LAND OFFICE, MARQUETTE, MICH.  
June 12, 1911.

Notice is hereby given that Martin Johnson whose postoffice address is Escanaba, Michigan, did on the 24th day of August 1910, file in this office his sworn statement and application No. 6232 to purchase the NE 1/4 of the SE 1/4 of Section 4, T. 42 N., of R. 24 W., Michigan, under the provisions of the Act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as "Timber and Stone Law" at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that pursuant to such application the land and timber thereon have not been appraised. That the valuation placed on the land and timber thereon was that made by applicant when he made his sworn statement. The timber estimated to consist of 300 cords of pulp wood worth 55c per cord, \$165.00 and that that the land itself has no value. The said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the twenty-ninth day of August 1911, before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Delta County, at Escanaba, Michigan. Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

JAMES J. DONOVAN,  
Register.

June 17, 1911. July 22, 1911.  
Homestead Notice.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
U. S. LAND OFFICE, AT MARQUETTE, MICH.  
JUNE 10, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that MRS. HARRIET CAREY, of Brampton, Mich., who, on April 15, 1901, made Homestead Entry No. 11358, Serial No. 5528, for NE 1/4 of NE 1/4, Section 24, Township 42 N., Range 22 W., Michigan Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Delta County, Michigan, at Escanaba, Michigan, on the 25th day of July, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses:  
William Shector, of Brampton, Mich.  
Victor W. Hamilton, of " "  
John Lefleur, of Rapid River, "  
George Friday, of Brampton, "  
JAMES J. DONOVAN,  
Register.

**JOHNSON & FISHER**

in the place long known as Ohman's Buffet, at Delta and Ninth, have made good. They still make good and you can prove it by calling for anything liquid enough to be swallowed without chewing  
**JOHNSON & FISHER**  
901 DELTA AVENUE

**WATER!**

A people's civilization is unfailingly indicated by the amount of water they use. The Americans head the list.

Let us show you the cost of a modern bathroom, of hot and cold water, and sewer connection, today.

**P. L. BURT & CO.**  
Phone 265

"Always Ready."

**HEAR YE! HEAR YE!**

The respective merits of razors and bungstarters for persuading an umpire will be exemplified on Gladstone field next Thursday afternoon, when the ancient fraternity of mowers of whiskers and purveyors of gossip encounter the honorable guild of retailers of spirituous and fermented encouragement. Profits acquired from the bloodthirsty curiosity of the multitude, being tainted, will be applied to the use of the Gladstone baseball nine in the endeavor to sanctify it.

Colonel Duchesne states that the barbers may lose gloriously but they will give the other side a close shave. Commodore Ostrander answers that his gallant publicans await the enemy with confidence.

The lineup, as untruthfully reported to the reporter, are: Prohibitionists: Ostrander catcher, McCoy pitcher, Cole first base, Louis, second base, Leroux third base, Lillquist shortstop, Sharkey right field, Peterson center, Butler left field, Anderson, Stevenson, Tardiff, Nelson, subs. For the Populists: Mathey catcher, Duchesne pitcher, Call first, Butler second, Bellin third, Coleman short, Baker, right, Henke center, Erickson left, Perrin sub.

During the progress of the game, citizens desiring drinks or shaves can take the street car to Perkins.

**FOR SALE**  
Eighteen foot Gasoline Launch, almost new.  
OTTO PADA.  
13-14

**ODE TO A STREET SPRINKLER**  
Sprinkle, Sprinkle, little cart,  
How I wonder where thou art,  
When the dust is high and dry,  
Never can I see thee nigh.

When the clouded sun is set,  
And the streets with rain are wet,  
Then you wing your little flight,  
Sprinkle, sprinkle, left and right.

**BASEBALL**

With twelve victories to their credit and one defeat against them, the Menominee ball players will play against the crack Gladstone team in a series of two games, one to be played on Saturday and the other on Sunday. There is a feeling of confidence among the local fans regarding the outcome of the coming contest.

Gladstone, it is said, has the best team that has ever been put on the field in that city. All the boys are home players and they have been putting up games for the fans that are as good as are to be found in most leagues. Two weeks ago Gladstone played the Escanaba Richters and shut them out 7 to 0, which is considerably better than Menominee was able to do.—Herald Leader.

**That Was All.**  
"I don't know whether I ought to recognize him here in the city or not. Our acquaintance at the seashore was very slight."  
"You promised to marry him, didn't you?"  
"Yes, but that was all."

**School Election**

To the Electors of the Public schools of the City of Gladstone:

You are hereby notified that the Annual School Meeting of said district will be held in the Central School building on

**MONDAY, JULY 10, 1911,** at which time there is to be elected one trustee for the full term in place of Webster L. Marble, whose term of office expires, and one trustee for the full term in place of Paul B. Hammond, whose term of office expires.

The polls of said election will be open from 4:00 o'clock p. m. to 8 o'clock p. m. All persons desiring to be candidates for election to said offices must file their applications to be placed on the ticket, with the secretary of the board of education on or before noon July 10, 1911.

Every citizen of the age of twenty-one years who has property assessed for school taxes in said district and who has resided therein three months immediately preceding said school meeting, and every citizen of the age of twenty-one years who is the parent or legal guardian of any child included in the school census of the district and who has for three months as aforesaid been a resident of said district shall be entitled to vote at said school meeting.

CLARENCE A. CLARK  
ALDINE PENNOCK,  
Secretary.

July 8 August 12  
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. LAND OFFICE AT MARQUETTE MICH.  
June 28, 1911.

Notice is hereby given that Omesine Chaput, of Brampton, Michigan, who, on June 23, 1906 made Homestead Entry No. 12002, Serial, No. 01357, for S. E. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4, Section 28, Township 41 N., Range 22 W., Michigan Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Delta County, at Escanaba, Michigan, on the 15th day of August 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses:  
Frank Richards, of Brampton Mich.  
Olaf Osoun, " "  
Edwin Dearoff, " "  
Albert Chaput, " "

JAMES J. DONOVAN  
Register.

**If the Dead May Return**

A Victory Without a Shot

By F. A. Mitchel

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In one of the old colonial manor houses, for which Virginia is famous, a man lay dying. On the walls of his chamber hung a sword and sash, belt and pistol that had been placed there a dozen years before, when the southern Confederates had gone home to return to work and to save what they could from the wreck of war. There was no one in the house except some negroes, and they were bowed down with grief. Presently one of them entered the sick man's chamber and said breathlessly:

"She's comin', Mars Colonel." The melancholy eye lighted, but not with pleasure. There was a hopeless look in it indicating that the invalid was preparing for an ordeal. Then came the sound of wheels on the driveway without, and in a few moments a woman, twenty years of age, perhaps, burst into the room and, rushing to the bed, fell on her knees beside it, clasping the figure in her arms.

"Oh, father!" she moaned. "I have sent for you," the man said, speaking with difficulty, "to say that at last I have ceased to blame you." He did it all. I have not been able to find him, and now I must go from here. But if you know where he is tell him that if the dead may return he shall hear from me." "Father, leave him to Him who shall judge us all at last." There was no reply. The effort the man had made had taken the little strength left in him. Slower and slower came his breath; there was a rattle in his throat, and he was dead.

"Can you tell me, sub, if there is a man in this town named Lawrence—Edga' Lawrence, fo'me'ly from Georgia?" The man addressed turned to the speaker and, on meeting his gaze, retreated a step or two. He saw a tall man about fifty, whose erect figure



WILL JONES  
"TELL ME IF YO' NAME IS EDGA' LAWRENCE."

and shoulders thrown back suggested that he might have been a soldier. His hair and beard were grizzly gray, and there was a singular glitter in his eye. "Yes, sir," replied the man questioned, "there is a man by that name here."

"Can you tell me where I can find him?" "He's generally in the Empire saloon at this time of day."

"Very much obliged to you, sub." And the stranger walked away toward the Empire saloon.

"I'll bet my hat," said the observer to himself, "that man was in the late unpleasantness between the north and the south. These soldier men never get over their training. They speak as if they were giving or receiving orders and walk as if they were keeping step to music. He's a queer looking old chap and no mistake. I shouldn't have told him where to find Lawrence. Gone to settle a difficulty with him! He'll go through the matter formally, and before he's really started in he'll get a bullet in his brain. I'll follow him."

The evening sun hung quite low and cast the stranger's shadow very long. While he walked on with the same measured tread as if trudging with soldiers, the observer's attention was turned from him to this elongated shadow. There was something grotesque about it, as such shadows often are. Both body and legs were drawn out strangely and the legs triangulated like a pair of compasses. The stranger, reaching the saloon, turned in, and the man who was following was close behind him.

Men were standing at the bar drinking, while others were seated at tables gambling. The stranger was standing straight as an arrow looking about him. Presently a man rose from one of the tables, and, passing the newcomer, the latter asked:

"Can you tell me, sub, if Edga' Lawrence is present?" "That's Edga' Lawrence sitting at that table over there."  
"Which one?"  
"The man just death' the cards." The speaker referred to a table

where five men were playing cards with piles of coins before them. The stranger triangulated over to the group and, standing behind the dealer touched him lightly on his shoulder with the tip of his finger.

The man jumped as if he had been stung. From force of habit, perhaps, his right hand went to his hip as he quickly turned and looked up into the face bent down to his. For some moments the tableau was unchanged then the stranger said:

"Pa'don me, sub, fo' interrupting yo' game, but I should be obliged if yo' would tell me if yo' name is Edga' Lawrence?"

"Yes, sir," said the man addressed, making an effort to speak in his usual voice.

"I regret, sub, to disturb you. Gentlemen, I trust yo' will excuse me fo' interrupting yo' in yo' amusement, but I have a difficulty to settle with one of yo' numbe', Captain Lawrence."

Every face at the table was turned upward; every eye fixed on the speaker. No such subdued gentleman-like tones had ever been heard before in that sinkhole of iniquity. A difficulty to settle with Lawrence—Captain Lawrence! No one had ever heard of Lawrence having a military title before. And why didn't Lawrence shoot him dead? Lawrence's hand was on his pistol, and the stranger's hand was not near a weapon. His close fitting coat buttoned tight to the throat showed no bulge where a weapon should be. Nevertheless, Lawrence did not draw his pistol.

"Being a stranger among you gentlemen," continued the speaker, "I would be obliged to yo' if one of yo' numbe' would act fo' Captain Lawrence and one fo' me. The sun has not yet set, and the twilight will be plenty long enough for us to settle our difficulty befo' da'k."

Every man gaped at the speaker till one of them broke the spell by rising and offering his services to him. Then another said to Lawrence:

"Come, Ed; you'll have to gratify the old fellow, and you'd better not try any of your games. He's evidently captivated the boys, and if you shouldn't treat him fair you might get into trouble. You've done too many wicked things already."

Lawrence rose without a word. He steadied himself by resting his hand on the table. He was very pale.

"What's the matter with you? Who is the old man?" "I've never seen him before," was the only reply.

The six of them walked out of the saloon and down the road to a patch of level ground which had been recently cleared. The sun, a blood red ball, stood near the horizon, casting fantastic shadows of all the party. Not a word was spoken by any one. Though the day had been warm, the air was pervaded by a chill. All noticed that Lawrence seemed to feel it especially, for he was shivering.

"What distance do you prefer, sir?" asked the stranger's second of him.

"That, sub, is immaterial. Leave the terms entirely with Captain Lawrence."

"Make it what you like," said Lawrence, whose teeth were chattering, much to the surprise of the rest.

The seconds measured the ground for thirty paces, then approached the principals to relieve them of their weapons and give them others. The stranger bowed and said that he had no weapon; he never went armed. Lawrence's pistol was taken from him, and both he and his antagonist were given weapons borrowed from among those present. Then they were stood opposite each other.

It seemed to those in attendance that Lawrence was unable to withstand the gaze of his antagonist. The two men were placed at either end of the thirty paces, and the man who was acting for Lawrence stood ready to drop a handkerchief, at which the principals were to advance, firing. Before giving the signal he said:

"Perhaps one of you gentlemen would give up the cause of this difficulty." He turned to the stranger, who made no reply. His eye rested on his enemy. The speaker turned to Lawrence and asked him if he had anything to say by way of explanation. Lawrence paid no heed to him.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" There was no reply from either of the contestants.

"Fire!" and the handkerchief floated to the ground. A bullet from Lawrence's pistol went high in the air. The stranger, without firing, dropped his pistol and strode unarmed toward his antagonist, his eyes, flaring like two great stars, fixed on Lawrence. As he passed him Lawrence was heard to laugh. There was something so uncanny about his laughter that it froze the blood of those looking on. The stranger passed right by his antagonist. Lawrence gave a shriek and, springing into the air as if he had been shot, fell back into the arms of his second.

Forgetting the stranger in the world scene, every man rushed toward Lawrence and bent over him. When they looked up the former had disappeared. All this happened many years ago. Edga' Lawrence has long been an inmate of a lunatic asylum, and his case has from the time of his entry there been considered hopeless. There are in Virginia two graves side by side, the one of a father, the other of his daughter. The lot where they are placed is all of the old manor house grounds that remains unchanged. The mansion stands out, grand and gloomy, while the grounds are divided into little patches, worked by hundreds of negroes. And, singular enough, not a man who witnessed that duel but died a violent death. The only one of the party living is Edga' Lawrence, who is a raving maniac.

**AT THE PICNIC**

**CANNED MEATS**

Libby's Veal Loaf per can 15c  
Libby's Potted Ham 5 and 10c  
Libby's Cooked Lunch tongue 20c  
Libby's Pickled Lunch tongue pint jar 50c

**PRESERVES**

Ferdell Raspberry per jar 35c  
Ferdell Strawberry per jar 35c  
Ferdell Black Currant per jar 40c  
Ferdell Crabapple per jar 35c  
Ferdell Ginger Pear per jar 35c

**OLIVES**

Ferdell stuffed with Pimentos per bottle 10 and 35c  
Ferdell stuffed with Almonds per bottle 35c

**PICKLES**

Heinz Sour per bottle 25c  
Heinz Sweet per bottle 30c  
Heinz Mixed Sweet per bottle 30c  
Heinz Enchred per bottle 35c  
Heinz Sweet Onions per bottle 25c  
Heinz India Relish per bottle 15c

Heinz Peanut Butter in Glasses 10, 15, and 25c

**CANNED FRUITS**

such as, Peaches, Pears, Plums, Pine-apples, cherries, Grapes, etc.; prices from per can 10 to 35c  
Fresh fruits and green stuff, a large variety. Bananas, Oranges, Peaches, Musk Melons, Watermelons, Cherries, Plums; Wax beans, cucumbers, radishes green onions, lettuce, parsley, Michigan Celery, Carrots, Beets, etc., at lowest market prices.

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