

GLADSTONE DELTA

C. E. MASON, Publisher

GLADSTONE MICHIGAN

Sunday fun too often ends in a funeral.

Properly muzzled dogs are biting very few persons this season.

In the case of a hot wave it is pleasant to speed the parting guest.

To be certain of finding buried treasure, dig in your vegetable garden.

The pistol in the house generally gets somebody into trouble sooner or later.

Fathers, teach your boys how to swim—if you have to learn first yourselves.

Persons who don't like to have their pictures taken usually show it in the photograph.

A large per cent. of the marriages turn out happier than the gossips imagine they will.

There's another advantage that accrues to a highbrow—his straw hat stays on in a gale.

The pitch for tuning pianos has been increased from 435 to 438 vibrations. More misery.

Porch sleeping is regaining popularity. It is all right until the early milk man begins to arrive.

One mad dog can cause more excitement in a community than a thousand that are safe and sane.

Likewise, we are advised to swat the tussock moth. Of course we all know what a tussock moth is.

An Atlanta man has been ordered by the court to kiss his wife at least once a day. Serves him right.

An Indiana minister died from the effects of being bitten by a catfish. Let's have the catfish muzzled.

Few people enjoy a run on a bank, but a run on the bank of a swimmin' hole is a popular pastime these days.

Before going too far let us reflect upon the fact that abolishing war would soon leave us without colonels.

"Most Americans eat too much," opines a New York physician. Likewise, some physicians talk too much.

New York contemplates having its policemen wear Red Cross badges. Better make them double-cross badges.

Even the old oaken bucket is under the ban these days. Health is worth a whole lot more than sentiment.

One way to keep cool and at the same time mythical is to go down into the basement and look at the furnace.

Some married men don't seem to accomplish any more now than they did when women wore 22 buttons down the back.

Vassar college announces its fiftieth birthday, but none of the graduates admit that they were in at the beginning.

A Chicago woman, suing for divorce, says that she won her husband on a bet. And now she's trying to welch on the deal.

"Overwork," says a physician, "is the curse of the day." True, but what is a man going to do when he needs the money?

The big cotton crop is likely to help make woollen goods cheaper by lowering the price of cotton to mix with the "all-wool" fabrics.

Mirrors installed in street car platforms, instead of inducing women to alight properly, might prevent them from alighting at all.

It is now claimed that Ananias died of heart failure. Somebody probably told him about the club that was to be named in his honor.

A Chicago clergyman declares that the tree is man's best friend. It is certainly a great convenience in a field where there is a cross bull.

And apropos of the present situation, not even the most experienced weather sharps can predict accurately how the lightning is going to strike.

The clergyman who claims that Ananias died of heart failure and not of prevarication will probably tell us that Baron Munchausen was an honest man.

A Cleveland woman was cured by a surgical operation of an abnormal desire to play the piano. Other persistent piano players should consult specialists.

It is stated that Boston is to have a hospital for the rich. Still, the man of sense, whether rich or poor, would prefer to stay outside of even the most gilded of hospitals.

Two million trees have been planted in Kansas this year. Good. When Kansas gets a sufficient number of shade trees it may become easier for her to find harvest hands.

MICHIGAN LAND AND APPLE SHOW

Will Be Held in the Coliseum at Grand Rapids.

SECOND WEEK IN NOVEMBER

Lectures on Scientific Fruit Growing Will Be Given at State Exhibit—Edmund W. Booth is President.

Lansing.—Michigan is to have its own great land and apple show this fall. It will be held in the Coliseum, Grand Rapids, the second week in November under the joint auspices of the Western Michigan Development bureau and the Grand Rapids Evening Press, which have together assumed the responsibility of placing before the world the products and resources of this state as they have never been displayed before.

It is proposed to make this show the finest exhibition of Michigan apples ever gathered together. To this end the Western Michigan Development bureau has decided not to exhibit at the Chicago Land show this year, but to combine its energies with the Evening Press and united make the first Michigan Land and Apple show a fruit exposition that will cause the world to open its eyes in astonished admiration. When it is considered that the Michigan display was without question one of the most striking features of the land show last year and the year before and that preparations are under way for the Michigan show with the intention of eclipsing all previous achievements, an exhibit may be expected in Grand Rapids that will advertise the state far and wide as the producer of the finest fruit on the American continent.

Besides the display of apples and other fruits there will be packing demonstrations, lectures on scientific fruit growing methods, and exhibits by manufacturers and others. The officers in charge of the show are: President, Edmund W. Booth, Grand Rapids; vice-presidents, D. H. Day, Glen Haven; R. F. Church, Chicago, and C. L. Lockwood, Grand Rapids; general manager, Joseph R. Taylor, Grand Rapids; secretary, John I. Gibson, Traverse City; treasurer, Elmer Slemons, Grand Rapids; auditor, Hugh G. Gray, Grand Rapids; publicity manager, Arthur W. Stace, Grand Rapids.

Stirs Up Big Row Among Lawyers. Before the Michigan State Bar association session ended after an outing and fish dinner at Gull lake, some of the lawyers present were scarcely on speaking terms with the others. It was all caused by Prof. J. C. Knowlton's argument that all students of law, no matter where graduated, should be made to take the state examination. The University of Michigan law instructor seemed to be hinting strongly that he didn't think a Detroit college of law diploma was sufficient to admit a man to the bar.

Attorney T. A. E. Weadcock of Detroit took exception to everything Professor Knowlton said, insisting that the state board of examiners could not know so much about a man's fitness for the law by three days' examination as a college faculty by three years' observation.

Attorney E. C. Lewis of Battle Creek, late of Detroit, charged Professor Knowlton with a desire to deprive the Detroit law school of the same privilege enjoyed by the University of Michigan. Professor Knowlton denied this, and after an acrimonious debate, Knowlton's statement that it was too easy to become a lawyer in Michigan was given the approval of the convention, by a resolution which did not, however, carry unanimously.

Means Much to State Shippers. At a conference of railway chiefs with the state railway commission it was agreed that the facilities of one road for transferring freight from another line to customers on its team tracks or sidings should be opened between the roads of the state. The agreement is considered of great importance to the shippers of the state, owing to the rules which some roads have enforced of refusing to accept shipments in carloads from another railway to customers on its sidings. A new tariff to cover these deliveries will go into effect September 1, but the general interchange of these terminal facilities for either local or interstate shipments will be instituted at once.

Shippers in several cities have filed complaints with the commission relative to the attitude of railroads regarding transfers of this character.

Instructors for M. N. G. Officers of the regular army have been detailed to attend the coming field service tour of duty of the Michigan National Guard at Port Huron in August. The state military department received advices that the following officers will be at the maneuver camp as instructors and inspectors: Lieut. Col. George A. Zinn, engineer corps; Maj. L. L. Durfee, Twenty-sixth infantry; Capt. F. L. Wells, Eleventh infantry; Capt. L. J. Owens, medical corps; Capt. L. P. Rucker, Twenty-sixth infantry.

Dixon Takes Up Fight for Babies.

Robert L. Dixon, the new secretary of the state board of health, recently appointed by Governor Osborn, who assumed the duties of his new office July 1, is about to start a crusade to save the babies of the state. So the doctor declared to a correspondent.

"I have been thinking about this infantile death rate in the state for a good while," said Doctor Dixon. "In fact they say that it is a hobby of mine, but I am willing to have it so-called if I can do some good in the state by saving the lives of the little ones."

Three year record of deaths of Michigan babies:

July deaths under one year old.....1,827
August deaths under one year old.....2,508

Total deaths under one year old.....4,335
Deaths from 1 to 4 years in same months.....1,497

Total of all.....5,832

"It will be seen that for the months of July and August of that year the total number of deaths of all ages amounted to 5,747, and of this number 1,351 were babies under one year of age or 23.5 per cent. of the total number. There were 460 deaths of infants, aged one to four years, constituting eight per cent. of the total number.

"For the year 1909 the number of deaths of babies under the age of one year, during the months of July and August had increased to 1,444 out of a total of 5,441 deaths of all ages, or 26.5 per cent. of the total number.

"Last year the total deaths of all ages in the state for the months of July and August totaled 6,665, and there were 1,540 deaths of infants under one year of age, and 571 deaths of children, aged one to four years.

"Thus it will be seen that for the past three year the total number of deaths during the months of July and August at all ages numbered 17,853 and of this number 4,335 were of babies under one year of age or 24.3 per cent. of the total number. The deaths of 1,827 of these babies occurred during July of the three years and 2,508 during August.

"For the same three years and months there were 1,497 deaths aged one to four years, or but 8.4 per cent. of the entire number."

Assessment of Counties is Low.

Over 40 counties in the state have sent in to the auditor general an equalization made of the properties of their counties by the supervisors for the present year, which will be used by the state board of equalization when that body meets in Lansing next month. The counties which have made such report and compared the list with the equalized valuation as placed on the same counties five years ago by the state board of equalization, and with a few exceptions the assessed valuation made by the supervisors for the present year is less than the amount fixed by the state board of equalization five years ago.

Here is the peculiar situation. The members of the state board expect that they will boost the valuation of the state at least nearly \$2,000,000,000, and according to the valuation placed on the counties by the respective boards of supervisors, they will come only about half way in placing a valuation that will meet with the approval of the state board of equalization.

Following are some of the comparisons, counties being picked from different sections of the state:

County	Equalized value as placed by supervisors	Five years ago by state board
Alcona	\$2,500,000	\$2,500,000
Roscommon	1,585,000	1,000,000
Oshtemo	4,211,000	5,000,000
Livingstone	15,000,000	18,500,000
Houghton	89,000,994	140,000,000
Van Buren	14,500,000	17,000,000
Hillsdale	22,984,000	23,000,000
Ionia	21,428,000	22,000,000
Eaton	22,500,000	24,000,000
Keweenaw	6,000,000	7,500,000
Crawford	1,800,000	1,600,000

Indorses Rule of Reason.

In an address before the Michigan State Bar association Attorney General Wickersham gave his unqualified indorsement to the application of the so-called "rule of reason" in the Supreme court's decision in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco company cases.

"Those who have yielded to the superficial conclusion resulting from the application by the chief justice of the rule of reason to the interpretation of the Sherman law," said the attorney general, "can find but little to justify the idea that the law has been made ineffective by those two decisions.

"The most cursory examination of the decree in the tobacco case, the most casual consideration of the drastic and remedy imposed, makes it perfectly apparent that the Sherman law, perhaps for the first time, has been demonstrated to be an actual, effective weapon for the accomplishment of the purpose for which it was intended.

"If this law shall now be clearly understood; if its true purpose shall be recognized and its beneficent consequences realized, the twenty years of slowly developed interpretation and widening precedent will not have been without great value."

Good Sugar Beet Crop.

Michigan will harvest the greatest crop of sugar beets ever harvested in any state in the Union this year. Approximately 150,000 acres are planted, and next fall farmers will receive more than \$8,000,000 for their beets. The crop prospects were never better, the dry, hot weather advancing the beets in sugar percentage.

Farmers estimate that the crop is now two weeks in advance of its usual condition.

MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS

Kalamazoo.—His arms caught in a paper machine, John Deboer, aged nineteen years, a paper maker, was slowly drawn into the rollers and crushed to death. His body was flattened out like a sheet of paper before the great machine could be stopped. The paper that was being run through the machine had broken and Deboer started to pull the waste material out when suddenly his hands became caught between the rolls. Realizing his perilous position the boy screamed in terror for someone to stop the machine. Before it could be done his head and body had passed between the rollers. When the body was taken from the machine it was crushed to nearly three times its natural width.

Kalamazoo.—A dozen guests of one of the local hotels were stricken with ptomaine poisoning and several, for a time, were in a serious condition. City Attorney Marvin Schaberg is in the worst condition of any of the afflicted. Schaberg is the third city official to be poisoned from eating in the last month. Recently the city assessor and city engineer were both badly poisoned.

Kalamazoo.—While her mother was dressing her to go to a party, fourteen-year-old Emma Starpart fell dead. The girl had been in unusually good health. As her dress was being buttoned, she gasped and fell to the floor. The party was to be given at the home of Undertaker Joldesma. It was this undertaker who was called to take care of the body.

Ottawa.—Continued drought has rendered the forest country of the Ottawa district as dry as tinder and numerous bush fires are reported. The most serious loss thus far was in Eganville, where the conflagration swept the town, leaving two-thirds of it in ashes. The total loss thus far from the fires is in the neighborhood of \$500,000.

Grand Rapids.—The independent telephone men of the state are holding a conference here to discuss the Giles law passed by the last legislature, under which arrangements may be made for the exchange of toll line business between the Michigan and Independent companies.

Saginaw.—Fred Gage was sentenced to one year in the Detroit house of correction. He was placed on probation after pleading guilty to a charge preferred by his wife, but when set free proceeded to abuse her. When Judge Kendrick heard of it, his sentence followed.

Saginaw.—William Russell, a laborer employed by the Saginaw Plate Glass company, has started suit in the circuit court for \$20,000 damages. Russell claims that he was working on the top of a boiler when the ladder slipped, throwing him onto a belt just as the engine started and permanently injuring him.

Battle Creek.—Seeking to avoid the intense heat Fred Schwab, twenty-three years old, went in bathing alone in the city mill pond. His clothing was found on the banks by the police, who were notified when he failed to return home. A search is now being made for the body.

Grand Haven.—Mrs. John Dreffin, aged twenty-six, died at Spring Lake as a result of drinking poison with suicidal intent. Mrs. Dreffin had been married only one month and came from Chicago, where she was a stenographer, to live on a farm, and became melancholy.

Kalamazoo.—Sterling Keller, wife slayer, will serve from twelve to twenty years in Jackson prison. This sentence was imposed by Judge F. E. Knappen, the prisoner nearly collapsing when the sentence was pronounced. Keller had expected he would be given but two or three years for the crime committed without intention.

Detroit.—Some important changes have recently been made in the management of the Michigan Conservatory of Music. Archibald C. Jackson, head of the vocal department, will henceforth be musical director of the institution. Mr. Jackson has been with the conservatory about a year and a half. Hugh Johnson, who has been taking care of the business end of affairs since April, has been made business manager. F. L. Abel will retain his position as general manager, but will pay less attention to details. The change is largely due to a desire on Mr. Abel's part to be relieved of the heavy grind of the entire management of a big conservatory.

Port Huron.—Mr. and Mrs. Rene Boskhart, who had been under arrest in connection with the shooting of Peter Gwane, the seventy-year-old Peck farmer, a short time ago, have been released from the Sanilac county jail at Sandusky. The Sanilac county authorities did not have enough evidence to convict them.

Grand Rapids.—The cases of 13 furniture strikers charged with contempt of court in violating the injunction of Judge McDonald were adjourned.

HomeTown Helps

BEAUTY CHIEF CIVIC ASSET

Venetians Take Great Pains to Maintain Historic Interest and Physical Attractiveness of City.

In Venice, a city of about 160,000 or 170,000 inhabitants, good authorities say that not less than 12,000 live by catering to foreigners and other tourists and to outsiders who remain too long to be classed with the summer visitors. There are 75 hotels in Venice and many restaurants, and their business is about the most profitable and flourishing in the city.

All this is so well understood by the Venetians that they take great pains to maintain the historic interest and physical attractiveness of their city. They never forget that its beauty and charm are valuable civic assets.

The same conditions exist in many other cities. Nice, Florence, Rome, Athens, Baden, Paris are samples of the class of big towns that live, in no small degree, on their beauty, their charm and their historic interest.

America is not too young or too busy with the production of the necessities of life to have illustrations of the importance, in a business sense, of the attractiveness which comes to cities as much by development as it does by the favor of fortune, as a birthright. Quebec makes its living, in large degree, by entertaining summer tourists. Los Angeles, at the other side of the continent, has grown mightily on its climate and its fruits and flowers as much as on its oil and mining interests and its general commercial activities.

The census is sure to show, when all the returns are in, that places which are wholly pleasure resorts, such as Atlantic City, stand well to the front in the rate per cent. of their increase of population. More than ever before, Americans of wealth or independent means are inclined to look for beauty in cities when they choose their places of residence.

LOS ANGELES' PARK SYSTEM

First Breathing Place in Western City's New Plan is Complete—Cost \$33,000.

With the completion of improvements costing \$33,000 in Central park, Los Angeles will see inaugurated the first of what is intended in the course of years to be a great system of downtown parks, or breathing places, the Herald of that city says. Containing four and a half acres worth \$1,000,000 an acre, Central park will be dedicated to the seeker after rest, to men and women workers of the city who have a few idle moments during the day which may be spent under the cool shade of trees.

It is the dream of Superintendent Frank Sherer and the members of the park commission to have these public squares scattered all over the downtown district.

Central park, as it is improved today marks the first step along that line. The sum of \$22,000 has been spent in practically making over the park. In addition, \$11,000 has been expended in installing an underground restroom and lavatories—the costliest feature of all the improvements.

Texas Women Beautify Their City.

This is the time of year when housewives are cleaning the interior of their homes. But there are little touches that may be made in the yards that will give more pleasure to a greater number than even the clean home.

The women in a block in which the alley is neglected could get together and change things very soon if they would. There is a woman's civic league down in Sherman, Tex., says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, with five hundred members, that has done marvels, it is said, in the way of beautifying the city. It made a beautiful square, with flowers and plants, in what was an unsightly "hitching" place. It will erect fountains there, expects to secure a library, will fight the mosquitoes and do numerous other things.

Rurality in Large Parks.

Not only are the quiet and seclusion of the country necessary in a large park, affording opportunities for occasional relief from the nervous strain of city life, but they are necessary to the enjoyment of the landscape of the park, or the people will visit the country. Therefore, not only should conspicuous artificial objects unnecessary for the convenient use of the park be excluded from its natural parts, but noisy and dangerous occupations and amusements should also be kept out of, at least, the middle portions of a large park.

Belgium's Beautiful Cities.

Within the borders of the little kingdom of Belgium are several of the beautiful cities of the world.

The public spirit of the people of Brussels, Antwerp and Ostend, especially in the first-named city, has been for centuries of such a nature as to demand the best that can be had in esthetic architecture of the buildings, public and private, while the improvements made in modern times of its streets, boulevards, squares and edifices has charmed visitors and given it the name of "Le Petit Paris."

SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY

All Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Sikeston, Mo.—"For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I cramped and had backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do my own housework, hoe my garden, and milk a cow. I can entertain company and enjoy them. I can visit when I choose, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl."

—Mrs. DEMA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo. The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is more widely and successfully used than any other remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed. Why don't you try it?

THEY DON'T WANT WRINKLES.



She—Mr. Smith advertises all the new wrinkles.
He—Fatal mistake. He won't get a woman in his store.

A Busy Place. "Where is that spot you call the 'lovers' lane?" diffidently asks the young man while the young lady waits on the hotel piazza.

"Right down yonder," replies the clerk. "Just keep going until you see the porter from the barber shop. Lovers' lane is so crowded now that we have him stationed there to give the guests checks, so that each may have his turn."—Judge's Library.

Exactly. Noting that another piece of valuable china had been broken. Senator Allen asked his housekeeper how the breakage occurred, and she hastily replied: "It fell down and just broke itself." "Merely an automatic brake," quietly commented the senator.

Feminine Reasoning. Stella—Her gown is just like yours. Bella—I don't care if hers is a duplicate of mine, but I don't want mine a duplicate of hers.—Puck.

To The Last Mouthful

one enjoys a bowl of crisp, delightful

Post Toasties

with cream or stewed fruit—or both.

Some people make an entire breakfast out of this combination.

Try it!

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

With the World's Workers

REVIEW · of · PROGRESS · THAT · IS · BEING
MADE · ALONG · ALL · LINES · of · ENDEAVOR

BEST WAY TO WORK

National Demonstration Farms
Are Without Doubt Doing
Practical Good.

SYSTEM AS IT IS IN GEORGIA

Most Improved Methods Shown, and
the Principle of Intensive Cultiva-
tion Made an Object Lesson to
Whole Commu-
nity.

Judging by the way demonstration work is spreading all Americans must have a strain of the Missouri stock. Everybody wants to be shown. The farmers don't always want it at first. They are apt to think they know all there is to be known about their own job. But they soon learn that the demonstration can show them a trick or two.

The government has been starting demonstration farms all over the country. Now one of the greatest manufacturers of farm machinery is taking a hand. The idea of the United States demonstration work is to get first a farm worked under government methods, the farm being in charge of a paid agent or county demonstrator, who works under the direction of a state agent. Last year some thirty counties in Georgia were under this system.

The first farm in each county started becomes known as the government demonstration farm. As much publicity is given as possible, and farmers are invited to come to that farm, watch the methods of cultivation, see the results in the growing crops and compare these results with their own crops under the older methods.

Another phase of this work is that by which the county demonstrator induces farmers throughout the county to work one acre according to schedule methods, just to try it out. Every farm on which the improved methods specified are used becomes an object lesson to that immediate neighborhood.

"When our firm established a test and plant breeding farm in Troup county, Ga.," writes a southern seedman in Progress, "we had no idea of making it a demonstration farm. In carrying on that farm, however, we used what we knew to be the best methods, although they ran counter to the general cotton growing practice of that section. While the farmers who watched our first year's efforts did not condemn our methods as bad, they did express the opinion that we were taking a 'heap of unnecessary trouble.'"

"When our crops turned out about double the yield an acre that theirs did they were convinced that there was something in those better meth-

ods after all, and they are now followed in greater or less degree in that vicinity. We were told recently that the cotton crop of that part of Troup county has increased some 70 per cent. through the use of better methods since our work began."

The machinery making company is establishing headquarters for farm machinery demonstrations in three of the southeastern states this year. In Mississippi and Alabama two sixty acre farms have been established. In Georgia an arrangement has been made to carry on this farm machinery demonstration work on the Hastings farm of over 3,000 acres at Trimble, Ga.

The company will erect a model building for the housing or storage of farm machinery when not in use, encouraging in this way the right care of machinery and prolonging its active life. In that building will be assembled every class of implement manufactured by the concern that is adapted to use in this section, and these implements will be in regular use on this farm open at all times to the inspection of the public.

If any farmer wishes to see how a machine works, whether it will answer his purpose or not, he will at any time have an opportunity of inspecting it in field use before he purchases. All this demonstration work of various kinds—farm machinery,

FOR WOMEN WORKERS

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING IS
A GOOD SCHEME.

Would Do Away With Loneliness That
Is Dismal Feature of Modern
Business Life.

Many a business girl knows the pangs of loneliness. Her home often consists of a bed sitting room in a cheerless neighborhood and she is debarred from the pleasure of having a meal in this home of hers with a fellow creature.

She gives herself a hurried breakfast, her dinner only consists of a light lunch, and returns home to a cup of tea and some cake or something of that kind.

This lonely life is led by scores of working girls who have little opportunity of making friends and cannot afford to spend evenings out.

Their case is a hard one, and so, too, is that of the woman placed in similar though somewhat better circumstances living in rooms in a cheerless neighborhood, maybe, but still living alone and feeling the lack of companionship.

How nice it would be if three or four of such women, of kindred tastes,

fertilizer, better seeds, new kinds of crops—is educational, the kind of education that pays in better financial and social conditions in the country, which in turn benefits the business interests of the city.

Both Needed in World.

The manual workman and the brain worker are equally entitled to consideration. Both are needed in the work of the world.

Every large community has its examples of poor business men, poor preachers, poor lawyers, poor doctors, poor mechanics, poor clerks—who have mistaken their vocation in life. They are poor in their respective callings because they are inefficient. Lack of proper training may be the cause of their inefficiency, or there may be an absolute inaptitude for the particular business in which they are engaged.

How, then, shall the choice of a young man be guided? There is perhaps one guide, and that is personal preference, provided it be accompanied by a determination to work hard and perseveringly for success.

The work we like to do is the work we are most likely to do well—always provided we are resolved to do it to the best of our ability and a little better than anyone else can.

Therein lies the secret of success—doing things well! The young man who says, "If I must be a bootblack, I will be the best bootblack in town," is the young man who is going to succeed and who will be happy in his success.

could run a small house together and substitute for the oppression of loneliness a cheerful, congenial environment. There would be a common dining room and kitchen, of course, but each should have her own room sacred to herself and if each one helped, in a small way, to keep the house tidy one servant would suffice for the general housework and cooking.

Houses offer more rooms and loftier ones at the prices than flats, and a co-operative house on the lines suggested would probably afford the inmates far greater comfort than they could obtain by living in rooms in the ordinary way.

All expense should be carefully gone over beforehand.

If the scheme were successful, home life, instead of solitude, would be the welcome result.—Exchange.

Worth in Word of Praise.

It is a wise business man who makes his words of praise, uttered in discrimination at the right time and in the right way, a valuable asset. It is the best, perhaps the only way to obtain the highest efficiency from his employees. A word of appreciation counts more than an increase of salary in delivering the goods. The man who is perpetually criticizing and finding fault never can get half the possible efficiency out of the men under him. He destroys initiative and originality and he must of necessity become a slave-driver to get results. There is no team work under a carping critic who hunts with a microscope for a chance to find trivial faults. And in these days of fierce business competition team work, what the French call esprit de corps, is absolutely essential to success. The man who never praises—honest work and effort of his employees is making clock-watchers of them.

Timely words of praise have started more than one boy on the road to success in life, and often lack of appreciation at home or in business makes of sensitive boys loafers and time-servers.

Germany's Answer to Hard Problem.

Germany, the first in many ideas of reform, has endeavored to solve the servant girl question in a way which at once places the work on a higher basis. It has determined to give to the work of the workers in the house the same dignity accorded the workers in the factories and mills by holding a mass meeting under municipal auspices, where the questions of mistress and maid were discussed and a formal agreement to serve as a general basis for the relations between the employer and employee" was drawn.

The state will endeavor to "solve or make less vexing" all the questions upon which the disturbances in the household hinge.

Coming Big Industry.

"It will not be long before the asbestos slate or shingle business, which is just commencing to be felt, will push its way more and more to the front. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the time is not far distant when fully 75 per cent. of all asbestos produced in the world will be used in the manufacture of asbestos slate and shingles. The asbestos slate business is only four years old, but during that short space of time the demand for this article has increased to such an extent that factories for this purpose are being established all over the world."

Advertising Talks

NEWSPAPERS AND MESSAGE

Results Cannot Be Guaranteed but Depend on Character of the Advertising.

Advertising—be it space in a newspaper, space in a magazine, on a billboard, or in the street car, or through decorated windows, or the efforts of a brass band—is but the system of carrying the message from the merchant to the customer.

Advertising can carry any message that can be devised to any person fitted to receive. The law of cause and effect applies just as accurately to every possible instance as does the system of double-entry bookkeeping to every possible step in the business world. But advertising, like a six-shooter, hits just as hard for evil as for good.

Just as the balance sheet is necessary to show whether or not the business recorded between book covers by double entry bookkeeping is being run at a profit or a loss, so a knowledge of the results which come to the merchant is necessary to show whether or not advertising, the modern method of conveying the message from merchant to consumer, is being applied to the profit or the loss of the business.

It was recorded recently that a street car company in a great city reached its employees with a message impressing upon them the value of courtesy by putting this message in the daily newspapers. The message took hold of the employees, largely because they realized that the public had read it and would be watching to see whether or not the employees accepted that message. The employees did accept it, to the great delight of the officials and the public.

In another large city lately there was opened a cafe, and the preliminary advertisements announced that it would outshine the most glittering of the extravagant cafes in all the world. The advertising dwelt on this one idea of expense, snobbishness and exclusiveness until the very people the owners were seeking to reach turned up their noses and avoided the place.

The first instance of cause and effect was to the good of the company sending out the message; the second instance of cause and effect was to the detriment of the company sending out the message. But each case was covered by the basic principle of advertising, namely, transmission of information, and it was not the fault of the publicity given the message, nor the mediums carrying them, that one of these messages proved profitable and the other proved the opposite.

The medium chosen for the conveying of the message, the daily newspapers, could guarantee a sufficient number of readers for the respective message. The effect of the message the newspapers could not guarantee, for the effect must result from the message itself, which, in the instance of the cafe advertisements, was not the right message.—Seattle Times.

PRACTICAL IDEAS ABOUT COPY

Valuable Suggestions Made by Mr. Balliett to Cleveland Club—Two Ideas to Remember.

Carl J. Balliett, in an address on "Frequent Change of Copy," delivered before the Cleveland Ad club, said that all advertising copy ought to be prepared with two ideas in mind, the first to influence the person who is in a purchasing frame of mind, and second, to make an impression upon the person who does not want any of the goods, so that at some future time if he is in need of the advertised article he will think first of the kind that has been advertised. To do this work the copy that was intended for the prospective purchaser should be changed frequently.

On the other hand, the part of the advertising that was intended for the person who did not want any of the article at the time he read the advertisement should be left the same. That intended to reach the future buyer probably should consist of trade-mark and slogan. This always should be in the same place, in the same manner, and nothing about it should be changed, so that the person who sees it several times will be impressed with it.

The man who is always afraid he will fall doesn't stand much chance to win.

A Paying Investment.

Alfred Patek, secretary of the Colonial Bureau of Immigration has written to T. W. LeQuatte, president of the Des Moines Admen's club that by an investment of \$5,000 in scientific advertising, "we have on record today actual sales with the names of the parties buying and the locations in which they bought totaling over \$1,500,000."

Mr. Patek further said, "This is what we were able to trace and probably represents about 25 per cent. of the results actually obtained."

ABOUT ADVERTISING.

You are in business. You need trade.

Get it by advertising. The successful business men of the country have become such through advertising.

Armour & Co., and Swift & Co., furnish every-day necessities to the people, yet they spend thousands of dollars each year in advertising.

One merchant in Chicago paid one newspaper last year \$118,000 for advertising. Thirty years ago when he began business his resources would not have bought a column of space in the same paper.

How was he enabled to pay \$118,000 in one year to one paper? By keeping his name and his goods continually before the people.

And the best medium through which to achieve this end is the newspaper.

Uncle Sam has been in business longer than most men, and has come to the conclusion that newspapers are the most satisfactory advertising mediums.

All advertisements for recruits for the army and navy, notices of bids wanted, sales of goods, or other matters to which the attention of the public is called, are presented through newspapers.

Advertising comes very near being a science. Great strides have been made in it within the past few years.

Men are being trained to the business by thousands each year. Advertising schools are almost as numerous as schools of medicine or law.

Why? Because advertising pays.

Do you desire to increase your business and profit by the advance in advertising methods?

Then advertise continuously and intelligently. The returns will justify the outlay.

GET AFTER THE PRINCIPAL

Proper and Best Way to Suppress the Bill Sticking Nuisance in Your Town.

Billboard advertising of the regular sort—of the sort that is to be seen affixed to surfaces specially constructed for the purpose—does much to offend the eye, but the fellow who does most to annoy and irritate by adding to the general ugliness of urban scenery is he who is always snooping around to paste his wretched poster in some place where to do so will cost him nothing.

A garbage barrel, a fence about a new building or a hole in the sidewalk, the curbstone at a corner, any blank wall—these places are all one to him, and as his deeds are mostly done in the dark his activities are hard to suppress. Once up, his bill usually remains, made shabbier every day by the weather, until it finally disappears of its own reluctant accord.

There is, however, a way by which this evil could be met and overcome, and it is by regarding the billboard, not as a principal, but as what he really is—the agent of the man to whose wares or wants or purposes or desires he gives publicity. That is the man who should be pursued, and the obnoxious bill itself always discloses his identity. Anybody who will can take action against him, and in vain will he enter his only defense—that he did not know what his agent was going to do and assume that the bills would be posted only in proper places. That is no defense at all.—New York Times.

Good salesmanship is the art of finding out what a customer wants and then using a knowledge of merchandise to thoroughly satisfy that want.

Influence of Advertising.

No one has yet been able to figure out when the influence of an advertisement ceases. As long as a copy of the ad. exists and can be seen by human eyes, its power to persuade is still in force. This is illustrated by the experience of a concern that discontinued the manufacture of an article it had formerly advertised quite extensively, and ten years later received from a country town an order for the article. On making inquiry, it was found that it came from a farmer who said that in taking up a carpet he had found underneath a newspaper containing an advertisement of the article, and had been so impressed with its usefulness that he had written for it. He was much disappointed when he learned that the article was no longer manufactured.

Find Newspapers Best.

Shoe dealers all over Indiana have awakened to the fact that newspapers are the business friends and partners. At the meeting of the State Shoe Dealers' association held in Indianapolis, strong resolutions were passed declaring favorably for the newspaper advertising. The resolutions pledge the retail shoe dealers to use daily newspapers to inform the public as to the real merits of honestly made goods. In other words, the dealers endorse a policy of honest advertising. The reputable shoe dealer should take the public into his confidence, say the resolutions.

LOCATED HIM RIGHT AWAY

Possibly Display of Bill of Generous Denomination May Have Had Some Effect.

A southerner who was visiting St. Louis wandered into the dining room of the hotel and, seeing a negro servant who had all the importance of an army officer standing near the door, asked him who the "head nigger" was around there. The negro stretched himself to his full height, and pompously replied that "there ain't no niggers in St. Louis, sah. We is all gemmen of color."

"Well," said the southerner, drawing a \$100 bill from his pocket and fingering it, "I expect to be at the hotel for some time and want to make sure that I will be taken care of."

"Oh, sah," said the negro, whose eyes were popping from his head, "did you want to know who the head nigger waiter is? That's me."—Allentown Call.

Settled Them.

"I've a sight o' sons—thirteen altogether," remarked a prosperous old farmer, "and all of 'em's done me credit save the three eldest, who sowed wild oats at a pretty rapid rate, and then came home and saddled my shoulders with the harvest."

"Well, I own I was glad to see 'em back, and I feasted 'em, and petted 'em, and set 'em on their legs again, only to see 'em skedaddle off afresh when things had slowed down, with all the cash they could lay hands on."

"That thereabouts sickened me, so I called the rest of 'em together and said: 'There's ten of you left, and if any of you 'ud like to follow 'tother three I won't try to stop you. But, understand this, though there may be a few more prodigal sons, there'll be no more fattened calves. I've killed the last of 'em!'"

Her Father's Child.

The six-year-old daughter of a well-known evangelical preacher was playing on the sidewalk one day, when a shabbily dressed and downcast man approached her father's house.

Halting at the foot of the steps, he looked at her, and in a weary voice—the voice of an unsuccessful book agent—he asked if her father might be found in his study.

"He isn't home," said the little girl, drawing close to him, and gazing up into the tired face, "but he'll be home pretty soon. You go into the house, you poor, perishing soul, and mother'll look after you till he comes."—Youth's Companion.

The Girl's Handicap.

In her pretty new frock sister Mabel felt quite proud as she sat on the front step and watched some boys playing on the sidewalk.

After a time one little boy came up to talk to her and to admire, in his rough little way, her bright shiny shoes and pink sash.

"See my nice square-cut waist," exclaimed the girl, "and my nice coral beads! Don't you wish you wuz a girl?"

"No sir-ee," replied the boy. "I wouldn't want to be any girl at all, because lookie how much more neck you haf to wash."

To Make Fruit Jar Rubbers Last.

To have fruit jar rubbers last, keep them well covered in a jar full of flour until used, and as soon as removed from empty jars. One can then afford a good quality of rubbers, as kept thus they will safely last several seasons. When there is doubt of old rubbers, they may often be made to eke out one more season by using two of the rubbers to each jar and screwing down tight. Always stand newly filled jars upside down until cool, to test the tops and rubbers.—Designer.

WRONG SORT
Perhaps Plain Old Meat, Potatoes and Bread May Be Against You for a Time.

A change to the right kind of food can lift one from a sick bed. A lady in Welden, Ill., says:

"Last spring I became bed-fast with severe stomach troubles accompanied by sick headache. I got worse and worse until I became so low I could scarcely retain any food at all, although I tried about every kind."

"I had become completely discouraged, and given up all hope, and thought I was doomed to starve to death, until one day my husband, trying to find something I could retain, brought home some Grape-Nuts."

"To my surprise the food agreed with me, digested perfectly and without distress. I began to gain strength at once. My flesh (which had been flabby), grew firmer, my health improved in every way and every day, and in a very few weeks I gained 20 pounds in weight."

"I liked Grape-Nuts so well that for four months I ate no other food, and always felt as well satisfied after eating as if I had sat down to a fine banquet."

"I had no return of the miserable sick stomach nor of the headaches, that I used to have when I ate other food. I am now a well woman, doing all my own work again, and feel that life is worth living."

"Grape-Nuts food has been a God-send to my family; it surely saved my life; and my two little boys have thriven on it wonderfully." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

WORK ONLY SIX DAYS

EMPLOYERS RECOGNIZE NECESSITY OF PERIOD OF REST.

High Official of United States Steel Corporation Is Leader in Movement of Vital Import.

"In coming out openly and vigorously for a six-day working schedule for the men in the trade and putting the issue squarely before his fellow iron and steel makers of the country," W. B. Dickson, first vice-president of the United States Steel corporation, "has made a far-reaching contribution to industrial statesmanship in this country," says the Survey.

At the first annual meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute, he said: "As you are aware, the United States Steel corporation has recently taken some advanced steps in matters vitally affecting the relations between our various companies and their employees, namely, the reduction of seven-day labor to a minimum, the establishment of a system of accident and accidental death relief, and the establishment of a pension system."

"In considering the first named, i. e., the question of a seven-day week, we were, of course, met at the outset by the difficulty of adjusting a six-day week to the operations which are necessarily continuous, and which are generally so recognized even by the most radical opponents of the seven-day week. This refers particularly to such departments as the blast furnaces. The corporation has not yet been able to devise a practical working system by which the men employed at these continuous operations can be given one day off in seven, and the purpose of this paper is to invite the co-operation of other companies operating blast furnaces with a view to devising some workable plan.

"It is my own deliberate judgment, after a period of almost 30 years' continuous connection with the indus-

try, the early part of which was passed in manual labor in the mills, that the present conditions, which necessitate the employment of the same individual workman 12 hours a day for seven days a week, are a reproach to our great industry and should not in this enlightened age be longer tolerated."

Exercise for Internal Organs.

Out of an age of athletics we are discovering the fact that a huge framework, demonstrating overdeveloped muscles, may constitute an invalid in a muscular shell, suffering from vital organs that have been retrograding because of lack of exercise. The remedy is to give the internal organs a share of this exercise. Here are a few scientific suggestions to the proposed end:

Stand upright, with the feet and knees close together and the arms hanging at the sides. Inhale fully as the arms are brought up to the shoulder level in cross fashion, hold the breath firmly, and with the feet still together turn the body firmly and strongly from side to side.

For muscular fatigue bring the feet together and bend forward with knees stiffened and arms limp, allowing the tips of the fingers to fall limply toward the toes.

Or, as another form of relief to tired muscles, stand with the feet well apart and shake the whole body gently as a dog shakes himself, at the same time allowing the body to swing from side to side. This last is recommended as an excellent form of exercise for both muscles and vital organs.

Exceptional.

"You once heard of a bridegroom who attracted some attention at his wedding?"

"Yes."

"How on earth did that happen?"

"At the conclusion of the ceremony he was arrested for bigamy."

Personals

Miss Ethel Whybrew entertained a party at dinner Friday evening in honor of Mr. Ralph Platts. The guests were all students at the Ferris institute during the year past, and spent a pleasant four hours recalling school days. Those present were Miss Elizabeth Anderson and James Grills, of this city; Miss Josephine Walch and Messrs. Henry Anderson, Thomas Hughitt, Lester Winegar, and Walter Lippold, of Escanaba, and Julius Brattle, of Manton, Mich.

W. L. Marble and P. B. Hammond received the compliment of the largest vote cast at an uncontested school election in this city, as a result of the efforts of their friends. A total vote of forty-six was polled Monday afternoon, without any opposition to these gentlemen, who will continue to serve the schools as efficiently as before in their official capacity.

Rev. and Mrs. C. J. Silfversten, Arthur Swenson and the Misses Sadie Anderson, Ebba Brant, Emma Hanson, Hilma Ohman and Annette Peterson left today for Marinette to attend the Green Bay district convention of the Luther League. They return Tuesday.

Mrs. T. H. Blecker, who will be remembered by many of the people of Gladstone as Miss Alice Nugent, died Monday at Evanston, Wyoming. Her funeral was held yesterday at Neenah. For several years she was a teacher in the schools of this city.

Capt. Fisher piloted a party consisting of Michael Gleason, H. E. Laing and N. J. LaPine into the wilds of the Sturgeon Thursday. It is reported that there were lachins and lachins of trout located.

A copy of the Hanford, Calif., Sentinel shows that John E. Horngren is actively in the insurance business, of all kinds, with C. J. Stulting & Co.

C. F. Brown is spending a two weeks' vacation in little old Gladstone, which is the most comfortable place in the United States these days.

Mr. and Mrs. Xavier Leroux, Sr., and Mr. and Mrs. Frank LeBlanc left Monday for Ste. Anne de Beaupre to be gone three weeks.

Chester Young, who has been visiting at Clare, Mich., returned Wednesday, after a trip through the fire-swept district.

Charles Green and Albert LaFond made a trip to Menominee Sunday in the former's car and took in the ball game.

R. G. Davis, who has been suffering from lameness for a couple of weeks, returns to his run Monday.

Alex Leroux leaves early next month for Provident City, Tex., to locate on his farm.

Ralph Platts, who has been visiting at the home of J. T. Whybrew, leaves Monday for his home in Port Huron.

C. D. McEwen, circuit court commissioner, was in the city Wednesday morning on business.

Krueger is installing plumbing equipment and sewer connections in the Green block.

Alex Peterson and family left Wednesday to spend the month in camp near Lily, Wis.

J. A. Stewart and family motored to Menominee Sunday and took in the game.

A daughter was born Tuesday to Mr. and Mrs. Nels Bjork. Mother and child are enjoying good health.

James Grills was in Escanaba Wednesday on business.

Maclaurin & Needham have put up a new custom made electric sign in front of the "Theatre."

Michael Mackin, while dumping a load of lath last week, pinched his left hand severely.

Loren Seger, while working at the roundhouse Wednesday, had his face scalded by escaping steam.

E. A. Payne has opened a refreshment tent in the park.

Miss Etta Temis, of Green Bay, arrived this morning to visit relatives for a few weeks.

Mrs. Fred Bendure returned Monday from a vacation at Woodlawn.

Commissioner Legg has moved his office from the Kratz building to one door east of O'Connell's garage.

William McMinn is very ill this week, having contracted pneumonia. A nurse is in attendance.

Ralph Willis is visiting friends in Glenbeulah, Wis.

Henry Stanaway, of Loretto, visited at the home of George Schafer Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. David Neff of Casnovia, Mich., are the guests of his brother, A. E. Neff.

Mrs. Joseph Grayley left Monday for Menominee to visit relatives.

A daughter was born Thursday, July 6, to Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Sword.

H. E. Hite brushed up the front of O'Connell's dry goods store this week.

W. J. Miller and Andrew Erickson of Rapid River were in the city Monday.

A very pretty wedding took place last night at 8 o'clock at the home of Mrs. G. G. Johnston, on Bluff St., when Miss Eleanor Power, daughter of Mrs. John Power of this city, was united in marriage to Joseph K. Rogers, of Marquette. The ceremony was performed jointly by Rev. J. M. Rogers, father of the groom, and Rev. M. M. Allen of this city. The couple departed in an automobile for Marquette last night, and this morning left for Lake Michigan, where they will spend their honeymoon at Rev. M. M. Allen's camp. They will be at home after August 15th, at Gladstone where the groom is employed as inspector by the Northwestern Cooperage and Lumber Co. Both the bride and groom are well and favorably known. Mrs. Rogers was reared in Ishpeming, and has spent most of her life here, with the exception of the past two years, when she has been teaching school at Gwinn. The groom is well known in Ishpeming, where he has been a frequent visitor. He is an athlete of ability, having played on the Alma College football team some years ago.—Marquette Chronicle, Wednesday.

Arthur Devet and August Mattson, two Kipling boys, on Sunday caught the granddaddy of all rainbow trout in Days' River. It is certified that the fish was thirty-two inches long and that it weighed nine pounds. The boys could not pull it out and had to go in after it.

C. H. Maclaurin, W. H. Needham, Carl Gormsen and Frank Louis made a trip to Menominee Tuesday in the auto. The firm made some large purchases of electrical supplies at a sheriff's sale.

Mrs. P. J. Baker and her daughters Eva and Dorothy arrive home to day from a two weeks' stay at Iron Mountain, Spread Eagle and other points on the Menominee range.

Robert McGillan, Ed White, and Richard Sykes, of Appleton, were guests Friday of R. J. Hammel. They are making a round trip of the lakes.

William Jacobson has begun work on J. P. Bushong's new house. It will be 30x36, with two stories and basement, substantial, comfortable and roomy.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Marble, Jr., Andrew and John Marshall, went over to Escanaba Sunday afternoon and witnessed the airship flight.

Mrs. Dennis McCarthy and Miss Margaret McCarthy, of Ishpeming, will arrive Monday to visit Mrs. O'Connell for a couple of weeks.

Miss Lizzie Anderson, who recently returned from Ferris Institute, has accepted a position in the office of Rush-ton & Strom of Escanaba.

Miss Grills entertained a party of friends yesterday evening at a towel and apron shower, in honor of Miss Farrell.

Mrs. Clarence Jones and son Donald and Miss Helen McDonald are visiting in Warren, Ind., through the month.

Miss Blanche Kellie arrived this morning to visit Miss Vetta Goldstein for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. J. P. Bushong attended the Rogers-Power wedding in Ishpeming Tuesday.

M. J. Magoon spent a few days in Chicago and Southern Wisconsin last week.

The Misses Jessie and Kate McDonnell are visiting Marquette friends.

A son was born Saturday, July 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Clarence A. Clark.

Arthur Swenson is assisting in Hammel's bank during the summer.

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. Anyone 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

GROCER

THE STORE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY

Phone 189

Wisconsin Ave. and Twelfth Street

Gust Wicklund, aged thirty-eight, died Tuesday in Green Bay, where he had gone to submit to an operation for appendicitis. His brother Ed accompanied him to Green Bay and returned with the body. Mr. Wicklund is survived by a widow and two children. The funeral was held from the Lutheran church Friday afternoon. The S. F. S. F., S. F. N. F., and Yeomen, societies to which he belonged, were represented.

Joseph Savoie of Rapid River was in the city Tuesday on his way to Escanaba. Mr. Savoie suffered destruction of his saloon building by fire on July 3. Flames broke out in the interior and while the Rapid River department prevented them from spreading, the building was ruined. Mr. Savoie shifted his goods to his building next door, which was unharmed.

Telephore Marcier, aged 31, died last Saturday evening at the home of his sister, Mrs. Henry Hubert, after a long illness with tuberculosis. He was a single man, and had been residing at Watson. His funeral was held Tuesday morning from All Saints' church.

GAME LAWS

From the official synopsis of Michigan game laws we extract

Unlawful to kill moose, elk or caribou.

Open season on deer, October 15 to November 30. License, which lasts only 25 days, costs \$1.50, \$25.00 for non-resident. Limit, two deer.

Rabbit open season October 15 to March 1.

Unlawful to hunt fox, black, or gray squirrels.

Closed season on bear, otter, fisher, martin, fox, mink, raccoon and skunk from April to November.

These animals need protection if the rest of the community does not.

Unlawful to take muskrats from April 15 to November 1, or disturb houses at any time.

Quail, open season October 15 to November 30.

Partridge, October 15 to November 30. Limit of bag, six in one day, fifteen at any time, fifty in a year.

Unlawful to kill non-game birds excepting blackbirds, English sparrows, crows, hawks, and great horned owls.

Waterfowl, October 15 to December 31. Ducks from March 2 to April 10, also; teal and mallards from September 15 to December 31. Unlawful to take or have in one day more than twenty-five ducks, geese, or brant, or twenty-five woodcock, snipe and other shore birds. Limit of the latter, fifty in one year.

Unlawful to hunt between the setting of the sun and its rising (actual) Trout and grayling season May 1 to September 1. Unlawful to have them under seven inches long, or to fish in a stream for four years after stocking. Bass, closed season February 1 to June 15; black bass must be ten inches long, others seven. Unlawful to sell any of these fish.

Game must be carried as hand baggage. Non-residents must have \$10 license to hunt, except on their own lands. (The supreme court has held this a constitutional right.) Unlawful to hunt on another's grounds when they are posted against hunters.

LIFE IN A PERUVIAN VALLEY

Annie S. Peck Describes Home in Heart of the Mountains, Where She Was Entertained.

My home in this wonderful valley, where for weeks on three separate expeditions, I have been hospitably entertained, is for the most part a house of a single story built around two courts or patios. Arriving on foot or horseback, one passes through a wide vestibule into a large patio surrounded by a covered corridor or veranda and the principal rooms of the dwelling. The drawing room is furnished with Brussels carpet, large mirror, marble-topped tables, and expensive upholstered furniture. A piano, too, is here, as in every house where I was entertained. The stranger coming, as he must, on horseback, 90 miles from the seaport of Casma or Samanco up over the Black range and down into the valley, will wonder how the great mirrors, the piano, the heavy French furniture, were brought to this town to which no railroad or carriage road leads. Neither mule nor burro, the ordinary freight carriers here, can transport a piano on his back. From Samanco a cart road leads 30 miles to Moro. For the remaining 60 miles, up over a pass as high as the top of the Matterhorn, 14,700 feet, and down a steep path to the valley, the piano is borne on the shoulders of men. Luckily for the gentlefolk, labor is cheap—30 cents a day.—Annie S. Peck, in Harper's Bazar.

Palestine Grows Best Oranges. The best oranges on the European market are from the land which is sand, yet fetches now the highest price for orange culture. There is a jesting phrase among Jewish colonists as to Palestinian fertility. "If you but stick an umbrella in the soil you will next year get a crop of them." The orange trees bear fruit two months before those of Italy and Spain.

Decollete.

Mrs. X—I despise that woman; she tries to make a cloak of religion. Mrs. Y—and she hasn't enough of it to make her a decent bathing suit.

The Scrap Book

Still in Suspense. Private Donahue and Private Leahy were the best friends, but when Private Donahue became Sergeant Donahue, Private Leahy saw the failings of his former companion with amazing clearness.

"Sergeant," he said one day after long fixed gazing at his superior in rank, "if a private shtopped up to a sergeant and called him a consated little monkey, phwat wud happen?" "He'd be put in the yardhouse," said the sergeant.

"He wud?" "He wud." "But if the private only knew the sergeant was a consated little monkey and said niver a wurd wud he be put in the yardhouse for that?" inquired Private Leahy. "Av course he wud not," said the sergeant loftily. "Well, thin, for the present we'll lave it go at that," said Private Leahy.

A Beautiful Hope For You. Every day is a new beginning; Every morn is the world made new. Ye who are weary of sorrow and sinning, Here is a beautiful hope for you, A hope for me and a hope for you. All the past things are past and over. The tasks are done, and the tears are shed. Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover. Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled Are healed with the healing which night hath shed.

Every day is a fresh beginning. Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain And spite of old sorrow and older sinning And puzzles forecast and possible pain Take heart with the day and begin again.

Only the new days are our own. Today is ours, and today alone. —Susan Coolidge.

The Doctor's Twins. An Irish doctor while enjoying a holiday in the country took the opportunity, along with a friend, to go fishing. During operations the doctor's sinker came off and was lost. Here was a dilemma—no sinker, no more fishing that day. Happy thought—he had a bottle in his pocket. The bottle was filled with water, carefully corked and sent down on its mission.

After a few minutes' interval the doctor had a bite and pulled up his line at racing speed, finding a fine pair of fish, one on each hook. "Ha, doctor, twins this time," exclaimed his companion. "Yes," quoth the doctor, "and brought up on the bottle too."

Changed His Mind. When Representative Brown was practicing law at Newton he fell out with the district judge over some trivial matter. One day the court wanted him as a witness in a case and sent the sheriff after him. "Just tell the judge to go to —," said Brown when the sheriff told him to come to court.

"All right," said the sheriff. The latter wheeled around and started toward the courthouse. Brown turned and looked at him. The longer he looked the more convinced was he he had made a mistake. So he started after the sheriff. But the sheriff was too fast for him and reached the courtroom un molested.

"May it please the court," said the sheriff, "Mr. Brown told me to tell the court to go to —"

Just then Brown rushed through the door to the courtroom, and before anything could be said or done by the judge Brown remarked:

"May it please your honor, I have changed my mind. You needn't go. I'll testify."

The incident caused so much merriment that the staid old judge forgot the insult and ordered Brown to the witness stand to testify.—Kansas City Journal.

The Lawyer's Business. A Scotsman got himself into some legal difficulty and went to consult a solicitor. After he had heard his client's story the solicitor was still doubtful whether he had got all the facts.

"Now, are you sure you've told me the whole truth?" he asked.

"Ay, oh, ay!" was the reply. "I've telt ye the hale truth. I thoct ye'd be better able to put in the lees yersel!"

Queer Handshakes. Joseph Jefferson and Wilton Lackaye were one season in the same company. It was the custom of Mr. Jefferson to take curtain calls and make a speech to the audience. He liked it, the audience liked it, and everybody but Lackaye liked it. Lackaye contended that no actor should step out of his part and make a curtain speech.

One night Mr. Jefferson made his speech and afterward happened to pass Lackaye as he was going to his dressing rooms.

"Well, Wilton," Jefferson said, "how did I do tonight?"

"Oh," Lackaye replied, "it was the same old story. You went out there and made the usual blunder."

"Blunder?" Jefferson exclaimed. "What blunder did I make?"

"Why," Lackaye replied, "you said, 'As I look into your faces I feel that I should like to shake hands with each and every one.'"

"What's wrong with that?" Jefferson demanded.

"Wrong with it?" Lackaye retorted. "It's absurd. John Drew's face is the only one I ever saw that you could shake hands with."—Saturday Evening Post.

DIRECTORY.
GLADSTONE LODGE NO. 163.
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
Meets every Tuesday night in Castle hall, Minnewasca Block.
All Visiting Knights are Welcomed.

DR. F. W. STELLWAGEN,
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Office and Residence 811 Delta Ave. Telephone No. 44. 49.

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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.

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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 slight of 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

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

William Jacobson
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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 travelling trade. Food the best the market produces, everything in season. Orders promptly filled. We are here to please all customers.

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Let me figure your foundations and any work in my line. I have had long experience and my work is of the best.

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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.

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Have your furnace put in now. It will save expense and tearing up of floors. I install approved Hot Water, Steam or Hot Air Plants.

Low prices on Sewer connections and Bathroom outfits.

Good Work and the Best Material

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The Golden Junk-Pile

By BERNARD MEER

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

THE door of the barrel house opened and Snaggles, the hobo, was hustled into the street. It was not an occurrence particularly painful to the personal dignity of Snaggles, because he was used to it. From Minneapolis to Jacksonville, from Boston to San Francisco, and at all the railroad points between, he had been the uncomplaining subject of similar attentions, which were philosophically accepted by him as part of the unpleasant aspect of his profession.

To be flung from a comfortable barrel house on a nippy autumn evening, for no fault of your own, if it be not your failure to have collected your customary tax from the stray members of the body politic whose duty and pleasure it is to provide for the needs of the unsegregated indigent, may not be especially depressing to the finer sensibilities of a man, but it is nevertheless a temporary inconvenience. It implies the grim necessity of certain muscular movements, and a certain quantity of mental work by no means joyful when the collection of direct taxes is the principal purpose of the labor. And when Snaggles, standing on the ultimate edge of the sidewalk, shifting himself from one foot to the other, and glancing along the vista of the street from right to left and from left to right, computed his chances for raising the wind, his mind was a trifle perturbed.

Earlier in the day Snaggles had arrived in the freight yards at Chicago after a highly unsatisfactory trip from Saint Paul, during the course of which he had been manhandled by various over-active and zealous guardians of the property of railroads; and his collections, since his advent in the town, had been annoyingly if not distressingly light.

Now when the barrel house,—your last available retreat in an up-to-date and wide-awake condition of human society,—flings you into the street as an object altogether too heavy and cumbersome for the traffic, your social problems become personal and pressing.

Miles away from the spot in the slums where Snaggles was standing the light from an ashlar palace streamed through glistening windows on the trees and shrubbery of a boulevard; and at the carriage door of the palace a huge auto car was breathing impatiently as if it were eager for the touches of the man that was lolling at the wheel. The car had been waiting long, and the wheelman, although theoretically a part of the machine, and generally assumed to be devoid of all human failings whatever, had begun to complain and to curse under his breath at the perverse and diabolical malice, or the criminal neglect and apathy of his employers.

Warm light and the sound of voices raised to an excited pitch poured through the open doorway. There was a confused shuffling of feet and an interval of dead silence. The silence was broken by commingled notes of disgust, disapproval, contradiction and disappointment, giving evidence of presence of several men and women all talking at once or all silent at once. And then the clear voice of a man rang out, almost in anger.

"Jennie, I forbid you—"
"Forbid fudge!" querulously answered the voice of a lady. "Forbid fiddlesticks, Randolph! Do you imagine that I am going to be a fool just because you are one yourself? Great Heavens, husband, we have only three hours left! Don't you touch me, Randolph, or I'll scream! Do you comprehend? I'll scream. I'm perfectly calm, but I'll scream. I'll scream on the spot!"

The cracked demoniac laugh of a man floated out of the doorway, and was followed by the lady of the voice herself. She paused a moment and spoke to someone within.

"Come on, Mr. Huntley! You know I have a right to do this, no matter what he says!"

The lady was respectfully obeyed by a clean-cut elderly gentleman with a beamy peaceful face and a restful eye, and then by a younger and more fashionable fellow, who peremptorily ordered the chauffeur to be gone, and took the place at the wheel himself. As the lady was about to enter the car she was manifestly troubled in spirit and she spoke to the young man who had substituted himself for the chauffeur.

"Dear me, Robert, where are you going to take us?"

"Leave it to me, Jennie! You and Mr. Huntley just get in, and I'll do the rest of it. Don't waste any time talking, Jennie. Get in, both of you!"

The machine was already shuddering, but the elderly gentleman leaned forward before entering, and whispered a few words in the ear of the wheelman, who lifted his head and instinctively recoiled, as if from a highly disagreeable order or request.

"What? Not to that place? Not there! No!"

"Yes," firmly replied the elderly gentleman, with a serene smile. "I insist upon it. I will tell you when to stop."

The car shot out into the boulevard and loudly purred at danger speed along the quiet, smooth roadway, leaving the arc lamps behind it as if they were one long continuous streak of whiteness. In its crazy race to the

city the huge machine rocked like a Pullman and startled the world with the fury of its speed.

Going he undoubtedly was, for within a very few minutes after Snaggles had taken up his position at the curb the glittering, fuming car was standing before him, and the temporary chauffeur was addressing him in a loud imperious voice.

"Are you a hobo?"

Snaggles stared at the man as if he and the car had fallen out of the sky.

"Eh?"

"Are you a hobo, I say? Can't you answer me?"

"Yes."

"Clean down and out? Clean busted?"

"Yes. Don't I look it?"

"Then get in there, quick!"

The door of the car meanwhile had been opened, and Mr. Huntley, with head well out, was watching and listening with the utmost attention. Snaggles, in a perfect whirl of confusion, was still staring at the glittering outfit, the handsome and richly garbed woman within it, and the kindly faced gentleman at the door.

"Get in there, will you? If you don't, I'll come down to you and throw you in!"

He made a swift calculation on the enormous shoulders of the wheelman; he looked at the threatening frown on his face, and he daintily stepped into the car.

"How do you do, Mr. Hobo," said the lady, taking his hand in her own and warmly pressing it. "Be seated, no. You must sit here, right here, next to me!"

"Gee!" said Snaggles, as he looked into the eyes of the lady at his side, and opened wide his own eyes in the overflow of his feelings when she smiled at him like a goddess that had been made into flesh.

The lady expressed a wish to know his name. His name? Well, his name was Snaggles. Snaggles? What a quaint name to be sure! Was it his patronym? Well, no. It wasn't exactly that. It was his teeth. His right name was Delancey. Quincy Delancey Delancey. Charming! And how had he happened to change it?

But the auto car had already drawn up before the ashlar palace in the boulevard, and Snaggles was escorted through a richly furnished reception room and hall into a large and brilliant apartment, where a cluster of eight or ten persons were waiting in a state of obvious anticipation. As he entered the room he was announced by the goddess to the other goddesses and gods in this mysterious heaven of an Olympus, and was cordially received by them all.

The men came forward and grasped his hands, and the women embarrassed him with their attentions. He was led to chair that worried him considerably, so comfortable and easy was its architecture, and as he reclined in its soft embraces he had time to take stock of the general character of his strange and inscrutable hosts. Men and women they were in all stages of life, from smooth and rosy youth to wrinkled and flabby age. Some were handsome and healthy, some were ugly and ill, but all of them by their manner and appearance were unmistakably of that class of persons that know what it means to be rich. There were two things, however, that puzzled him, and that puzzled him more than all the other mysterious events of this remarkable night. The first of these was the close presence, on either side of his chair, of the kindly faced elderly gentleman and that of a younger companion, who were standing as a sort of guard over him, carefully watching the others of the company, and paying particular attention to every syllable addressed by any of the company to the guest of the evening, who was apparently Snaggles himself. The other thing that puzzled him was the unconcealed anxiety and impatience of nearly everybody in the place with concern to the hour and minute of the night. They seemed to be constantly consulting their watches, and giving vent to incoherent mutterings and rumblings of dissatisfaction that Snaggles could not understand.

He had scarcely become warm in the chair when the young man who had played the part of chauffeur came over to him and with a vain pretence at goodfellowship touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Bath, old boy?" he said. "How would you like a bath?"

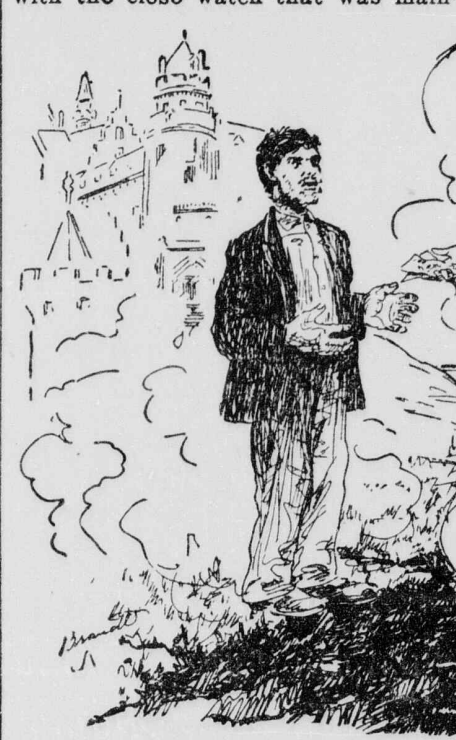
Before he could make a reply, the former chauffeur, with the assistance of one of his younger and vigorous friends, took Snaggles by the arm and led him up a gorgeous stair, and into a shining marble bathroom, curiously heavy with the scent of strangely perfumed soaps and other mysterious materials of luxury, and hung with a wonderful variety of towels and brushes, the like of which had never before been seen by the human eye. At his elbow, meanwhile, had followed the kindly faced gentleman and his younger companion, who remained in the bathroom while the two young gentlemen, with the skill of professional rubbers, rapidly stripped the hobo, showered him, scraped him and scrubbed him with soap and rough masses of fibre, sprayed him, dipped him in the refreshing waters of the pool that shimmered in the corner, and rubbed him down with invigorat-

ing coarse towels. And then, as if to complete the work of their hands, they escorted him naked to a pleasant apartment nearby, shaved him clean, perfumed him, gave him soft and fleecy garments, white shirt and stiff high collar, patent leather shoes, and a full outfit of evening clothes from the tie to the flower at the buttonhole. When this was done the former chauffeur jovially nudged him in the breast.

"Coursey, old boy, you're a new man now, and we'd like to have the honor of entertaining you at supper."

He was led by the four men down the stairway and into a softly illuminated dining room, where a table decorated with roses and wax tapers, and equipped for the service of a single eater, was waiting. Here, after the administration of bland insidious cocktails, they fed him with five or six courses of daintily cooked food, each one of which, reinforced by its appropriate wine, stimulated his appetite for the one that was to follow. Rare German clarets, generous nut-flavored sherries, port as old as the Braganzas and as thick as the blood of an ox, and subtle champagne from the right place in France, mingled their spirits with those of the invigorating food until Snaggles's face glowed with the life that was bounding through his blood vessels. And then they led him back to the great salon of the palace and tendered him an open box of cigars.

The physical outward transformation of Snaggles was not more miraculous than that which had transpired within him. Already he had begun to feel that this was the normal, natural condition of his mind and body, and that these were the surroundings to which he had been accustomed from his birth. True, he was a trifle constrained when he thought of conversing at his ease, a constraint that was by no means relieved by the increasing anxiety of his new found friends, on whose faces was written a nervous and irritable impatience that grew with the passing of the hours. Snaggles could not help being struck again with the close watch that was main-



DAYS OF HOBO LIFE ARE OVER.

tained over him by his two mysterious guards, and the curious consultation of their watches by the company in general.

"Hang the old fool!" said one of them in a tone of disgust. "Why couldn't he act like a gentleman instead of putting us to all this infernal bother?"

But the argument, whatever it was, was apparently ended, for his hosts suddenly surrounded him, one of them seeming to act as the spokesman for the others.

"Delancey," said this gentleman, with a poorly repressed look of disgust, as if he did not like to do it, but had to, "you are a lucky man. Your days of hobo life are over. You have fallen into a soft berth, Delancey, and you can make up your mind for easy living the rest of your mortal days. You're going to live in Easy street, Delancey, with a valet to wait on you, and all the good grub and booze you can eat and drink thrown in. We'll give you everything you ask for, Delancey—everything. You can have feather beds in winter, if you want 'em, and electric fans, or refrigerated rooms, if you want 'em, in the summer. All you'll have to do is live, you know, Delancey—live and let people wait on you. What do you say to that?"

What did he say to that?

It was a question. To begin with, Snaggles was not particularly impressed with the face of the spokesman, or with his peculiar manner of address. And Snaggles, to end with, was wonderfully emboldened and befuddled with wine. He looked severely at the spokesman, in whose face, without special intent, he blew a cloud of smoke from the cigar. He stared impudently into the faces of the circle, unable to interpret the eager questioning of their eyes, but seemingly alive to the fact that in one way or another, for one reason or another, he, to them, was an important factor in the game they were playing, whatever the game may have been. He began to feel that he had the advantage of them; that he was their master in a way; and that he, not they, was the party to make the terms. What did he say? This is what he said:

"Don't I get any money at all?"

It was certainly astonishing how they were all consulting their watches—astonishing in the highest degree. But astonishment was intensified beyond all human power of expression when the former chauffeur suddenly seized Snaggles by the collar and elbow, rushed him out of the room,

out through the long hall to the rear, out through the back yard, and through the gate of the back yard, and dumped him in a ditch that had been left by some workmen in the alley.

For a few moments Snaggles lay on his back and looked up at a bright star that was shining serenely above him. He lay on his back because his mind was as yet unconnected with the actual things around him. There was a star up there, and a ditch here below on the earth; but his mind itself was still saturated with languorous fumes of luxury, and persisted for a while in dwelling in the midst of the things from which it had been so suddenly and violently torn. But the wholly incomprehensible nature of the proceeding, to say nothing of his quick contact with the cool air, and with the cooler bottom of the ditch, soon recalled him to the red realities of existence. To his rapidly clarifying perception it was beginning to appear that he had been idly dreaming somewhere in a box car and had been suddenly jolted awake. And yet he was forced to dismiss this foolish impression as he became conscious of the high stiff collar that circled his throat, and of the soft texture of the doe-skin habiliments that clothed him. He scrambled out of the ditch and stood glaring at the lights in the ashlar palace, his head nodding with the tremendous mental effort he was making to square himself with the curious facts within that ashlar palace and the astounding facts without. While in this attitude he was yet again amazed by the reappearance of his late assailant, who flung open the gate and approached him.

"Sorry, old boy! Deuced sorry!" and he laughed in a dismal, hollow fashion, like a man in a forlorn hope. And yet, in spite of all that, he cordially shook hands with Snaggles, so that his words and actions gave the lie to his laugh. "Made a mistake, don't you know. Didn't mean to do it, at all, don't you know. Come back, old boy! They are waiting for you."

And Snaggles now observed that the two men who had accompanied

But if the ladies and gents believed he was a fool, they were banking on the wrong card. He was an American citizen with a vote. And if his time was worth money to the ladies and to the gents in convention here assembled, it was certainly worth money to himself. Was it a merry jest they were trying to put over on him? Not them. Ladies and gents, except when they are drunk, do not pick up hoboes, bathe them and shave them, nurse them back to life with cocktails and then offer them hundred dollar bills—not for fun. Drunk ladies and gents were one thing. Sober ladies and gents were another. And in view of the fact that the ladies and gents in this here crowd were as sober as crows, it was plain they had a game in their sleeve and that coin was being passed—with him as the pigeon. Take the hundred? Well, he would not exactly refuse, but he wasn't no drink and hand-out man, and he wanted his share or be shown.

While he was speaking they were looking at their watches, apparently oblivious to what he was saying; and when he had finished, they began the muttering again. The muttering swelled into loud and angry imprecations, but they were directed not at Snaggles, for he could hear above the noise of it an oath now and then condescending "the old fool" to places of spiritual unrest. The manhandler was reaching for him again, but this time he was stopped by the gentleman of the restful eye.

"A moment!" he said, in a voice of command. "Let the hobo retire under guard!"

It was a pity that Snaggles was wholly unfamiliar with the climaxes and catastrophes of the ancient Greek drama. Had he not been so he would have been highly entertained by the story that was subsequently published in the newspapers, when the matter became one of court record in which all details were laid bare. Snaggles did not read the story, having been paid a fee of one hundred dollars by the kindly faced gentleman at an interview the following day—a fee for the part he had taken in the game—and was now busily engaged in spending the money. But here is what happened when Snaggles, under escort of the younger guard, was conducted to a remote apartment on the second floor of the house.

"Order!" exclaimed the elderly gentleman. "The time is nearly up and I must state the case before closing the business of the night."

They seated themselves impatiently. They were obviously tired of it all, as of a game they had played and had lost. But the speaker went on.

"In the transactions that are rapidly nearing their end," he said, "I believe that none of you can justly accuse me of unfairness. Perhaps there are those who regard me as an interloper taking advantage of the law to distract from them wealth that is rightfully their own. Perhaps there are those among you who will say that in seeking to divert this wealth to channels in which it would not otherwise flow I have disclosed in my own character the common human failing that prompts us to better ourselves at the expense of our neighbors. Perhaps it is true. Perhaps it is not. We will pass all that. My only purpose in mentioning it is to call your attention to the fact that I am not unaware of the suspicion of the falling or even of the falling itself."

He paused a moment, as if in thought, and when he resumed, he did so with a sarcastic smile and a distinctly dry tone in his voice.

"The experiments we have made together have cost you fifty thousand dollars, which is precisely ten per cent of the sum that each of the eight of you would have received from the partition of the estate of your late cousin, to whom I have heard some of you refer in recent conversations as 'the old fool.' To charge a man with being a fool because he sees fit to dispose of five million dollars of his own money in a rather eccentric fashion may or may not be the best of wisdom. I cannot, at the same time, refrain from remarking that the event has amply shown that he was anything but the fool you think him."

"What are the facts, my friends? The facts, my friends, are these: Your late cousin, having been left in his youth to hustle for himself, was disdained and neglected by yourselves—or at least by the older ones among you, who had been made the favorite heirs of an uncle to the exclusion of your recent kinsman. Did your cousin complain at his fate, or curse the rich man who had deliberately left him a pauper? Ah, no! He did nothing of the kind, my friends. If I may drop into the expressive slang of the day, he got busy with himself and built up an immense fortune in iron. Beginning as a small dealer in rags and junk, he ended as one of the large stockholders in the steel trust. And later, when the time had come to leave this wealth behind him, and go to that reward which awaits all those who have been cautious and careful in this vale of tears and place of probation we call the world, did he cut off without hope the cousins who had been unkind to him? No, again, my friends. True, he did not fling you the money out of hand—he left it to the eight of you, share and share alike, and only on one condition. That condition seemed simple enough, to be sure. You were to find within six months from a certain date a person who would refuse to accept one hundred dollars when it was offered. That was all. If you failed in that peculiar test—eccentric enough it was—the millions were to be equally divided among the several charities

mentioned in the will, and I need not inform you that I was empowered to see that the tests would be made without collusion or connivance of the parties."

The heirs were fretting in their seats, and some of them were yawning with disgust. But the elderly gentleman only smiled.

"Did you find such a person? Why, no, you didn't! Wonderful, wasn't it? Wonderful as a story of the magical east, or of the Saracens under the Caliphs! Surely, you thought to yourselves, it were an easy task to find someone who would decline a gift of a paltry one hundred dollars when offered! But was it? Ah, no, my friends. Indeed, it was necessary to tell you that it would be useless to offer the money to vast numbers of persons whose professions would prompt them to take it without question. I warned you that it would be a waste of your time and wealth to make the offer of such a gift to religious workers of any kind, to persons engaged in the dispensation of charity, to lawyers, doctors, retail business men of any line whatsoever, or to that innumerable mass of persons to whom one hundred dollars is a fortune. I will give you credit for having seen the point with very little reflection. You saw it, but you doubted. And you subsequently lost a hundred by tendering it to a rich physician, whom none of you had previously met, and who pocketed the coin on the spot on the possibility that it was a fee he had forgotten."

The elderly gentleman paused again and grinned with the grim humor of the thing. His hearers shifted in their seats, shuffled their feet, and grunted.

"For thirty years," he continued, "my profession has been that of organizer and superintendent of charities of various kinds. I know the game of money from bit to britchin. I knew what I was doing when I gave you that warning, and I was the only one among you that was not surprised when the richest banker in town laughed at you when he took it, and informed you that although he didn't know why you were giving it, it was a part of his business never to turn money away from his door. Has the banker returned to ask you to enlighten him on your 'le joke? Not yet. And believe me, my friends, you will never hear from him again."

The elderly gentleman drew from his pocket a small account book.

"It is probable," he went on, "that I will probate the will tomorrow. There is very little more to do. In this book I have a record of the five hundred offers you have made and the five hundred acceptances of the gift. While we are here in the home your cousin built for himself, and which, I am sorry to say, will probably soon be converted into an annex of the Home for the incapable, I wish to call your attention to a few of these peculiar acceptances. The Emperor of Germany acknowledges the receipt of your gift and begs you to explain to him why you have sent it. Baron Rothschild informs you that he will give the money to the poor Hebrews of London. The treasurer of the United States keeps it without comment, on the theory, I presume, that you were paying a debt of conscience to the nation. The chairman of the Bank of England writes to ask you to what account he will credit the sum. The Chinese ambassador solicits your kindness to enlighten him as to the purpose of the remittance. The president of the United States tells you he cannot recall on the moment the transaction you probably have in mind in sending him the money, but assumes that you know your business. A great metropolitan newspaper owner writes to you that he has entered your name on his books for a twenty years' subscription, and is publishing an editorial on the incident. But why go on? Not a man of them but took the money!"

He looked at the crowd over his glasses and once again he smiled that grin of grimness.

"Having failed in these most promising cases—having failed in every case we tried—we met here this evening to finish the game and say good-bye. It was a lady—I do not chide her; it is no part of my duty to criticize methods—suggested the last and most practical plan of all. Dangerous? Yes. Bold? Yes. But promising. Her plan was to pick up a tramp—the worst we could find—and lure him with the promise of luxury and ease. Give him, she argued, everything that money could buy—everything? Well, yes, everything—and perhaps—but you have seen how it fared."

They were muttering and grumbling again and the speaker held up his hand.

"We have five minutes left," he said, "and you must remember that the game is not lost until the hour. He had not refused the money when I recalled him from the ditch, but neither had he accepted it. He has not accepted it yet. I wish to be fair. I will recall him."

As he walked to the door at the head of the stair the company rose from their seats in a babble of talk. But the babble subsided at the sound of a fierce struggle on the stairway, and later in the hall and the reception room, and Snaggles, his collar waving and his coat all torn, appeared at the door.

"Leave go o' me, will you?" he roared to the young man who was trying to restrain him. "Where's the boss?"

And having spotted the man who had offered him the money, "Boss," said Snaggles, "give me the hundred and I won't want a cent of your velvet!"

12 KILLED, 44 HURT

TRAIN ON NEW HAVEN ROAD FALLS OVER THIRTY-FOOT EMBANKMENT.

BLAME LAID TO ENGINEER

Fire Starts in Wreckage, But Is Controlled—St. Louis Ball Team Escapes Injury and Men Aid in Rescuing Injured.

Bridgeport, Conn.—Twelve persons were killed and 44 badly injured in the wreck of the Federal express, one of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad's fastest trains, carrying passengers without change from Washington to Boston. The engine plunged down a 30-foot embankment while running 60 miles an hour.

Fire started in the wreckage, but the Bridgeport department put this out and the men helped in rescuing the injured persons.

The engineer took a "cross-over" switch at a speed of 60 miles an hour, violating a rule limiting the rate to 15 miles. He died at his post.

Of 100 passengers that went down with the first six cars few escaped death or injury. Twelve bodies were taken out of the twisted wreckage. Forty-four injured are in the hospitals and a score more received injuries not severe enough to prevent them from continuing their journey.

The passengers on the train included the members of the St. Louis National league baseball team, who were on their way to Boston for a series of games. The ball players were in the last Pullman car and escaped injury.

Many a victim of the wreck pinned beneath the debris owes his life to the promptness of these ball players. When they piled out in their pajamas, several of them were bleeding from cuts about the feet, caused by racing over the sharp wreckage.

Without waiting to dress completely the players hurried from the car, descended the viaduct and devoted two hours to helping railroad men, policemen and surgeons at their work in the wreckage.

A new "cross-over" installed on the Burr road viaduct and embankment on the western outskirts of Bridgeport was indirectly responsible for the accident. The train was late and the engineer was driving to make up lost time. When the heavy west-bound train of nine cars struck the switch at full speed, the locomotive leaped, rocked and swayed over the ties for nearly 150 yards, and then fell to the street below, dragging six cars down the bank. The coupling broke between the sixth and seventh cars, leaving three sleepers upright on the embankment.

HEAT CAUSES CROP LOSSES

Reports Show an Enormous Falling Off of Indicated Yields Throughout Country.

Chicago.—Enormous crop losses have occurred during the last thirty days as the result of drought and record-breaking temperatures all over the country. The crops cannot stand temperatures of 100 and 115 as prevailed for days in the southwest, and the corn and oats crops of Texas and Oklahoma are practically failures. South Dakota has also suffered by drought and heat, the small grain crop being cut down two-thirds. There have been losses in nearly every state and even the splendid promise for spring wheat in North Dakota has dropped 7,000,000 bushels in 30 days. The wheat crop will be short for the month 62,000,000. Oats are short 158,000,000 bushels for the same period. Prospects are that the corn crop will not be an average, while the oats yield will be far below the average for the country and the smallest since 1908.

PELAGIC SEALING IS OFF

Is Formally Prohibited in Treaty Signed by Representatives of Four Nations.

Washington.—By the terms of a seal treaty signed here by representatives of the American, Japanese, Russian and British governments, pelagic sealing is prohibited in the seas of Bering, Okhotsk, Kamchatka and Japan.

The convention arranges for the apportionment among the signatory powers of the annual proceeds of the several seal herds in which they are interested, as follows:

Thirty per cent. of the skins annually taken from the American and Russian herds respectively is divided equally between Great Britain and Japan; 30 per cent. from the Japanese herds, divided equally among the United States, Great Britain and Russia, and 20 per cent. from any herds which may hereafter resort to the breeding grounds under British jurisdiction in the North Pacific ocean is to be divided equally among the United States, Russia and Japan.

Chosen Ruler of Elks.
Atlantic City, N. J.—John Patrick Sullivan of New Orleans was elected grand exalted ruler of the Elks. He received 814 votes. The next meeting of the grand lodge will be held at Portland, Ore. The western city had no opposition.

Boy Killed by Mosquitoes.
Logansport, Ind.—Barton Alfred Erick, aged ten, died from mosquito bites. Blood poisoning followed the severe stinging of his ankles, according to the coroner's report.

NEW ERA FOR STEEL

ALL-WORLD PACT MEANS END OF WAR, SAYS JUDGE GARY.

Meeting Is Combination of Manufacturers for Advancement of All Interests in Industry.

Paris.—Judge E. H. Gary, who arrived here in his automobile from Brussels, where he had been in attendance upon the world's steel congress, was most enthusiastic over the results accomplished by the conference and in reply to the query as to what the congress means, said: "If it doesn't mean the dawn of an industrial millennium, it is at least the twilight of a new and better era for the iron and steel industries of the world and all people connected with them."

"Twenty years ago such a convention working in absolute harmony and unity of purpose would not have been possible. At that time the idea of 120 men representing the iron and steel industry in every steel producing country in the world getting together and agreeing upon even any one point would have been preposterous. The convention just closed showed a unanimity of purpose and desire for cooperation that surprised even the most sanguine of us."

"Then this is in the nature of an international trust, is it?" he was asked.

"Not at all," answered Judge Gary. "There is not the least semblance to what is so-called a trust. I should call the present congress a combination in friendly association of steel and iron manufacturers for the purpose of advancement and better mutual understanding of all questions of economical, ethical or sociological interest pertaining to the steel industry. The questions of regulation of prices, distribution of territory, or attempting the circumvention of the tariff laws have no more part in the congress than a bar association formed by attorneys controls the individual actions of its members, or regulates the fees they may charge."

"This steel congress, to my mind, is a long step toward universal peace. I don't want to get into too deep water, but I really think this will stop war. Today it is not so much a question of honor as it is one of dollars, and commerce, if it would, has the power to stay the hand of the politician who would destroy it."

GRAIN MAN SHORT MILLION

F. H. Peavey Company Officials Declare Dead President Did Not Personally Profit.

St. Paul, Minn.—James Pettit, president and general manager of the Peavey Grain company of Chicago, whose death occurred by drowning at Chicago on July 8, was short approximately \$1,000,000, according to a statement issued from the offices of F. H. Peavey & Co., the parent of a dozen subsidiaries, which is the owner of the stock of the Peavey Grain company.

The statement was issued from the Minneapolis office, after a conference with representatives of Minneapolis and Chicago banks and commercial paper houses of Chicago holding notes floated by Mr. Pettit in the name of the Peavey Grain company. The statement says in part:

"On Saturday afternoon, July 8, following the death of James Pettit, a representative of F. H. Peavey & Co., who had been sent to Chicago to assist in the office of the Peavey Grain company during Mr. Pettit's illness, discovered that certain unauthorized and concealed speculations had been going on in the business, which subsequent investigation proved will result in a shortage of approximately \$1,000,000.

"Mr. Pettit has apparently in no way profited by these speculations, and they were carried on absolutely contrary to the instructions and without knowledge of F. H. Peavey & Co., and in direct violation of the well known policy of the Peavey company."

WESTERN HAY YIELD SHORT

Agricultural Department Advises Farmers to Plant Emergency Crops for Feeding Purposes.

Washington.—The hay crop throughout the entire central west has been greatly reduced and many pastures dried up by the droughts, according to reports received by the agricultural department. Oats have suffered, too, and in some sections only half crops will be produced. To meet this situation the department issued a circular to farmers urging the immediate planting of emergency crops, such as millet, cow peas, sorghum and soy beans, to round out the shortage of both hay and pasture. The farmers are advised that there is still time to plant half a dozen kinds of quick growing crops.

Woman Burned in Launch.
Houghton, Mich.—Mrs. Annie J. Pryor, wife of Reginald C. Pryor, mining engineer and mining promoter, was burned to death by fire resulting from an alcohol lamp in her husband's gasoline launch, Nananee, at Eagle Harbor, Lake Superior.

Heads Gary Library Board.
Gary, Ind.—Rev. Father Thomas F. Jansen, formerly of Hobart and Fort Wayne, pastor of Holy Angels church, has been elected president of the Gary public library board.

DEALING WITH THE JOYRIDERS



TEST VOTE ON PACT

DEFEAT OF CUMMINS AMENDMENT IN SENATE SHOWS VICTORY FOR TAFT.

BALLOT WAS 32 AGAINST 14

Believed Result Demonstrates Rejection of All Other Changes Contemplated Against Measure and Its Passage as it Came From House.

Washington.—President Taft gained a victory when the senate, in the first test vote on the Canadian reciprocity bill, defeated, 14 to 32, the amendment proposed by Senator Cummins placing meats of all kinds coming from Canada on the free list. The 14 votes cast for the amendment will be undoubtedly cast against the passage of the bill.

This action foreshadows the course of the senate with respect to other amendments. It has been apparent for some time that the president would have his way in getting through unamended the Canadian reciprocity pact.

The rejection of the first Cummins amendment demonstrates that this expectation was well founded. On account of the absence of so many senators from Washington only a bare quorum voted. The vote was as follows, the yeas indicating opposition to the Taft program:

Yeas—Republicans—Borah, Bourne, Bristow, Clapp, Clark (Wyo.), Cummins, Dixon, Gronna, Kenyon, Nelson, Sutherland—11. Democrats—Bailey, Simmons, Thornton—3.

Nays—Republicans—Brandegge, Burnham, Burton, Crane, Cullom, Curtis, Heyburn, Jones, Lippitt, Page, Poindexter, Smoot, Wetmore—13. Democrats—Bryan, Chamberlain, Chilton, Fletcher, Gore, Hitchcock, Johnson, Johnston, Martin, Martine, Myers, Owen, Pomerene, Reed, Shively, Smith, Stone, Swanson, Williams—19.

An analysis of the vote shows the progressives voted as a unit for the Cummins proposal. They were supported by three Republicans usually numbered among the regulars—Clark of Wyoming, Sutherland of Utah and Nelson of Minnesota. Mr. Sutherland always has been an independent and Mr. Nelson knows no ties with respect to tariff questions. He is accounted a low tariff man.

The Democrats who voted against the Cummins amendment did so on the ground that its adoption would open the door to countless other amendments and result in the defeat of the agreement.

Most of the Republicans who voted against the amendment were actuated by a desire to comply with the president's wishes.

Two Towns Burn.
Bay City, Mich.—Several women and children were suffocated in a fire which wiped out the town of Au Sable, sixty-five miles north of here. Oscoda, across the river from Au Sable, also was destroyed and a part of the populace driven to take refuge on a big lake steamship which came to the rescue. The remainder escaped on a train of freight cars. The fires originated in slab yards.

Guard Jail; Fear Lynching.
Elkins, W. Va.—A heavy guard has been placed at the Parsons (W. Va.) jail to protect Floyd Helmick from being lynched. Helmick, it is alleged, attacked the eleven-year-old daughter of his employer.

Emma Eames Weds Gogorza.
Paris.—The romance of Emma Eames and Emilio de Gogorza came to a climax in the mayor's office in Rue d'Anjou, where the famous diva and the operatic baritone were married.

FOREST FIRES RAGE

TWENTY DIE AND 2,000 RENDERED HOMELESS BY FLAMES IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

MANY PEOPLE ARE MISSING

Property Loss at Oscoda and Ausable Reaches \$2,000,000—Casualty List Around North Bay, Ontario, Reported Heavy.

Detroit, Mich.—The forest fires in northern Michigan are still spreading, but not nearly as rapidly as for the past few days owing to the dying down of the wind.

The first refugees from Oscoda and Ausable have arrived in Detroit. They escaped from their burning cities on a steamer which was ashore when it left its dock. It was the Niko, owned by Edward Hines, the Chicago lumberman, who sent word that human lives always were to be valued above property, and to remain at the dock until there was no chance to save any more.

Some definite estimates of loss of life now are made. In the two burned cities there are at least twenty known dead. Many others are missing. The loss in those two cities alone is \$2,000,000.

The town latest to be attacked is Waters, which is near Roscommon. Appeals were sent out and shortly afterwards communication was lost. Dispatches from Frederick, seven miles away, say that the town must be burned in flames, for the light from the fire is as bright as though it was only across a street. The last word from the town was that all the lumber yards were ash. No trains are running either way.

An Ausable dispatch says that about one hundred residences remain in that city, but that every business building of every description was destroyed. More than two thousand are homeless. A general appeal has been sent to the people of the state for help. Bay City is supplying food, and will be able to do so for several days. In Detroit preparations are being made to send wearing apparel and other necessities.

A lumber camp near Grayling was burned, and one man is reported dead. Orders were issued for three companies of militia to be sent to the burned district. The soldiers will be used only for making tenting abodes for the homeless and for such other rescue work as may be necessary.

The fires now have attacked 12 counties, though not covering any of them completely. They have broken out in widely separated localities. The intense heat of the last month has made the woods so dry that the slightest carelessness in the lumber camps will start fires that cannot be controlled. The counties which have been affected are: Emmett, Cheboygan, Presque Isle, Otsego, Montmorency, Alpena, Alcona, Oscoda, Crawford, Roscommon, Ogemaw and Isosco.

That part of Ontario bordering on Lake Huron also is being devastated by forest fires. A dispatch from Toronto says advices received there give estimates of fifty dead and hundreds missing, and that it is expected the total of lives lost will be hundreds. At Porcupine thirty men and women were driven into the lake by a wall of flame and drowned. Kelso, Cochrane, South Porcupine and Pottsville have been practically wiped from the face of the earth.

Every mining camp from Dome to Whitley is gone. Men, women and children lack the bare necessities of life. There are thousands of refugees, many of them centered at Golden Gate, which escaped the main path of the flames. The Ontario government railway is giving all possible aid both in shelter and food.

INDICT LEWIS FOR FRAUD

Former Publisher of St. Louis Ailed of Illegally Using U. S. Mails in Debiture Scheme.

St. Louis.—E. G. Lewis, until recently publisher of a number of magazines and promoter of large enterprises, was indicted by a special grand jury in the United States district court on charges of fraudulent use of the mails.

The indictment, containing twelve counts, covers four propositions laid before the public by Lewis, in which he is alleged to have obtained several million dollars by misleading statements circulated through the mails.

It is charged that through misrepresentations with intent to defraud Lewis sold unsecured notes on the Woman's Magazine building and the Woman's National Daily building in University City, of which Lewis is mayor, sold unsecured notes of the University Heights Realty and Development company, operated a "debiture scheme" and misrepresented the condition of the Lewis Publishing company in selling stock in that concern.

Comet Is Seen From Pittsburg.
Pittsburg, Pa.—Director Frank Schlesinger of the Allegheny observatory, reported that a bright comet was seen just before dawn in the eastern sky. Its right ascension is 4 hours and 45 minutes and its declination 34 degrees 30 minutes. It is in the constellation of Auriga.

Ten Killed by Blast at Frankfort.
Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany.—Ten persons were killed and 20 others injured by an explosion in a dynamite factory outside the city.

CARING FOR TUBERCULOSIS

Thirty-Nine State and 114 Local Sanatoria Provided, but These Are Only a Beginning.

In spite of the fact that state sanatoria and hospitals for tuberculosis have been established in 31 states, and 114 municipal or county hospitals in 26 states, vastly more public provision is needed to stamp out consumption, says the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Nearly every state east of the Mississippi river has provided a state sanatorium, and west of the Mississippi river, state sanatoria have been established in Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Oregon. There are 38 sanatoria provided by these states, Massachusetts having four. Connecticut and Pennsylvania three and Texas two. Including special pavilions and almshouses, there are 114 municipal or county hospitals for the care of tuberculous patients.

Apart from these institutions, however, and a few special pavilions at prisons, hospitals for the insane, and some other public institutions, a grand total of hardly 200, the institutional care of the consumptive is left to private philanthropy.

A DIFFERENT ENTRANCE.



First Burglar—I see that Mr. Billings entered his yacht in the July races and got a \$100 silver cup.
Second Burglar—I've got him beat a block. I entered a yacht last week and got a whole silver service.

Easily in the Lead.
Louis Jennings, Elsie Hathaway and Florence Brintall are three schoolmates whose indulgent parents provided a picnic for each of them, giving carte blanche as to the number of their guests and the manner of entertainment on the beach. Three parties in ten days means a lot to young ladies of the tender age of eight. But they recovered quickly enough from the fatigue. Followed comparison:
"I think," said Lou, "ours was a very nice party. And we had ice cream twice, if you remember."
"Oh, I don't know," quoth Elsie—she insists upon being called by her full name and will answer to no other—"I notice all my guests rode round on the carousel as often as they wanted."

"I'm sure my party was the best of all," spoke up Flo. "Father says every d-kid in town was there."

Modern Ethics.
Do not kick a man when he is down. Turn him over and feel in the other pocket.—Galveston News.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation.

The successful borrower is as quick as lightning. Also he never strikes twice in the same place.

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

The silk stocking girl is very much in evidence.

Don't Persecute Your Bowels
Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**. Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowel. Cure Constipation, Bilelessness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know. **SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.** Genuine must bear Signature *Asent Wood*

ASTHMA CURED AT HOME TO STAY HAY-FEVER CURED
No need of changing climate for relief. Stay at home and earn ten times the cost of treatment and save expense of trip. The Hay-Fever Cure not only gives relief and comfort but cures permanently. Write now for free examination and Bulletin L-11. Address: F. Harold Hayes, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Arkansas: "The Land of Peace and Plenty." If you want to locate where the climate, soil and rainfall are ideal for producing larger returns than it is possible for you to get elsewhere—write for our free illustrated booklet. Agents wanted. Planters Land Company, 929 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

30 CENTS DOZEN—For re-sharpening safety razor blades. Shave better than now. Star blades 25c each. Send stamp or silver. Agents wanted. Tuxton Sharpening Co., 100 S. Third Ave., Chicago.

WRITE DIRECT for farm bargains; pay only one agent commission. Am on ground in best territory. Full information on request. John Bates, Ellettsville, Ind.

New News of Yesterday

by E. J. Edwards

Garland Vindication Unused

Attorney General Prepared Statement Defending His Connection With Telephone Co., but Cleveland Did Not Give It Out.

The greatest embarrassment and the chief annoyance to which Mr. Cleveland was compelled to submit after he became president in 1885 were due to the very vigorous and apparently plausible attempt to involve his attorney general, Augustus H. Garland of Arkansas, in some kind of pecuniary scandal in connection with an attempt to organize an independent telephone company based upon devices said to have been invented by another than Prof. Alexander Graham Bell.

There was no man in the cabinet for whose integrity and ability Mr. Cleveland had a higher regard. There were three men whom Cleveland took from the United States senate to serve in his first cabinet—Thomas F. Bayard, as secretary of state; L. Q. C. Lamar as secretary of the interior, and Senator Garland, as attorney general. Like Senator Vest of Missouri, Senator Garland had served in the Confederate upper house before he was elected to the United States senate. Mr. Cleveland was very fond of listening to certain of Mr. Garland's recollections of the days when he was a member of the Confederate senate. He did not know Mr. Garland socially at the time he asked him to enter his cabinet, yet, within a few weeks after they first met at the cabinet table, the president gave to his attorney general as large a measure of his confidence as he ever gave to any man, with perhaps one or two exceptions.

Then of a sudden was exploded the scandal—so-called—of the telephone company, involving, apparently, the attorney general. Mr. Cleveland was greatly distressed. His confidence in Senator Garland was not shaken, but he felt as if there ought to be a complete denial and one which could not be questioned, since it was essential that his administration should begin without a taint of any scandal.

The matter was discussed at several cabinet meetings, Mr. Garland insisting that his connection with the company, such as it was, was absolutely defensible, that there was no taint attached to it.

"But," said the president, "there should be some statement coming from you which may put an end to these scandals. Will you prepare a statement of that kind?"

"I shall be very glad to do it," Mr. Garland replied. In some way it leaked out that the attorney general was to prepare and make public a statement completely vindicating himself. The days passed and there appeared no statement from Mr. Garland. Splendid silence was maintained, and many persons wondered if Mr. Garland was unable to

make a reply. The scandal was a matter of public discussion for some months, but at last it died out.

"Now, I am able to tell you what the climax, or the sequel, of that matter was," Mr. George F. Parker, Mr. Cleveland's intimate friend and biographer, told me recently. "After Mr. Cleveland's first term was ended, he had all of his documents and papers sent to a house he had taken in New York. The 'rubbish,' as he called it, was deposited in an unused upper room. There it lay for several years. Then, as Mr. Cleveland was to move into another house, it seemed to him best that this mass of documents should be sorted and most of them burned or sold for waste paper after having been torn up. We shut ourselves up in that room for nearly a week, only leaving it to get our meals and seek our beds. Mr. Cleveland ruthlessly destroyed a lot of documents that I was sure had historic value, but he thought not.

"At last he discovered in a large envelope some manuscript. Taking it therefrom, he told me that here was the statement prepared by Attorney General Garland in vindication of himself in the scandal matter, and another statement on the case which Mr. Cleveland himself had prepared. He looked curiously and retrospectively at these manuscripts. He said that he had not liked the statement Mr. Garland had prepared, or rather the manner in which he had prepared it,

so he himself took the statement, analyzed it, saw that it contained a perfect vindication and then spent the greater part of the night writing out a statement of his own. There were 18 foolscap pages of manuscript in these statements.

"Tear them up," said Mr. Cleveland, "they were never published and there is no reason for keeping them."

"But," said I, "they have very great historic value."

"No; silence and public opinion perfectly vindicated the attorney general. It was the wiser part not to publish these statements. If they are destroyed, that ends the incident."

"And with reluctance I tore the manuscript into bits."

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Took Terrible Revenge.
At Purtili, Italy, recently, a woman tenant named Giannetti revenged herself in a terrible manner upon her landlady, who had given notice of a ten per cent. rise in the rent. Determined neither to pay nor quit, Giannetti went to the landlady's house armed with a big bread knife, saying she wished to settle her account. No sooner did the unsuspecting landlady appear than the cunning tenant threw a handful of cinder dust in her eyes and then spring upon the victim, killing her with stabs. The murderess then took a train to Naples and surrendered herself to the police, her excuse being that the rent had been raised thrice in the space of a few months and she was no longer able to maintain her family of three children.

Put Friend on His Feet Again

Voorhees, When Member of the Upper House, Obtained Position for Acquaintance That Literally Made Him Put on Harness.

When Daniel W. Voorhees, the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," entered the federal senate in 1877 as the successor of Oliver P. Morton, the great war governor of Indiana, he was probably the most widely known Democrat in Indiana, and certainly the most popular member of his party in that state.

He was especially familiar in Washington, for he had already served 12 years as member of the lower house of congress. He was one of the conspicuous figures in the senate from the day he took his seat there until the last day of his third and last term. Voorhees was a man of massive figure, very broad-shouldered, the tallest member of the senate, with a very large head set firmly, a shock of sandy-brown hair, and a reddish beard. He settled down into one of the most solemn of senators, but he did not maintain the reputation as a public speaker which he had gained in Indiana, a reputation greater to the voters

of that state than that of any other Indiana politician of his generation.

In the senate, Voorhees was careful not to indulge in humor of any kind. He could be sarcastic, but never humorous; he always resented, although not publicly, the statement that his full name was Daniel Webster Voorhees, whereas his middle name was Woolsey. However, in private conversation with friends, and often with his Republican associates in the senate, he frequently indulged in humor that had more or less biting sarcasm in it.

Of such humor was an incident which occurred in the treasury department. There lived in Indianapolis at the time Voorhees was United States district attorney of Indiana, in the Buchanan administration, a lawyer who was thought by many persons to give promise of a very brilliant career. He was a friend of Voorhees. Voorhees used to say of him, however, that he was one of the men who strike twelve the first time and then run down. When he was completely on his uppers, as the term is, he sought Voorhees, who was a man of very tender heart, saying:

"Dan, I wish you would get me a position in Washington. I am flat on my back. I haven't a penny in the world, and no prospects."

"Well," replied the senator, "I will do what I can on one condition, and that is that you put yourself into harness at last. The trouble with you has been that you were never willing to put on the harness. Every man who gets along in the world has to do that. I mean, put yourself under discipline. Quit being happy-go-lucky. Put an end to your philosophy of letting the morrow take care of itself."

The friend did not take this advice in bad part, but promised to put on harness, and Senator Voorhees got him a place in the treasury department that carried a salary of \$1,400 a year.

Some months after the friend went to work Voorhees visited the department upon some business one day, and while wandering through the lower corridor he saw a man drawing a little truck upon which were loaded canvass bags, evidently containing specie. To aid the employe in this work, a series of straps that went over the neck like a horse's collar and that had traces encircled the shoulders and body of the man. As Voorhees passed by and glanced, casually at the human beast of burden, he discovered that the man was none other than the friend for whom he had got an appointment in the treasury department and. Voorhees stopped a moment and, after greeting his friend, said:

"Well, I see that you have obeyed the letter of my injunction—you have actually put on the harness. Now, if you will harness your mind equally well, you can get back on your feet."

"I am going to," said the friend. And he did.

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One or the Other.
"After all, Ramage, isn't patience the most essential thing in learning to play golf?"

"Ordinarily, but not in your case, Ruggles; you know how to swear."

Turn About.
"Can I get off to go to the ball game?"

"You cannot," answered the boss. "Furthermore, you will have to work tonight. The office is scheduled for a double-header."—Exchange.

Was Ordered to "Sign Thar"

Robert J. Wynne's Little Experience With Official Documents on the Day When He Became Postmaster General.

Maj. Charles De Lano Hine of Virginia, organization expert, a graduate of West Point, an officer in one of the regiments serving in the Spanish war, and later prominently associated with Vice-President Julius Kruttschnitt of the Union Pacific Railroad system, was called to Washington some months ago to work out a plan for the reorganization of the various departments upon a symmetrical and economic basis. Major Hine was assigned a room in the White House and after a thorough study of the matter he prepared his report, which has not yet been acted upon.

One of the evils in the departments of Washington is the custom of long standing and far reaching practice which permits chief clerks, or even subordinate clerks, to sign documents or communications purporting to have been read and approved by superior officers, even cabinet members. It was Major Hine's purpose completely to eliminate this method and to perfect an organization which would make it possible, or, in fact, inevitable, that every superior officer should know the contents of any paper requiring his approval and should sign his own name to it.

When Robert J. Wynne of Pennsylvania was postmaster general, in President Roosevelt's first administration, he had an experience of which he was very forcibly reminded when he heard what Major Hine's intentions were. For many years Mr. Wynne was a newspaper correspondent at Washington. He knew Washington life, political and public, as thoroughly as it is possible for any man to know it. He gained a very high reputation for integrity and for soundness of judgment. These were the qualifications which justified his appointment as private secretary to Charles Foster, secretary of the treasury in

Harrison's administration, and later as postmaster general.

"Towards the close of office hours of the day after I qualified for and received my commission as postmaster general," said Mr. Wynne, "a clerk came into my office with a mass of documents about a foot thick, I should think, and put them upon the desk before me. I took up the first paper, ran my eye over it, put it to one side and said I would look it over later in the day, or some time the next day. Then I took up the second document and did the same thing with it.

"At last it struck me that here was an appalling mass of documents each one of which I was expected to examine and then sign. I realized that it would take me practically an entire business day—perhaps longer—to do that one thing, and I also realized that there was something wrong with the system that made this necessary.

"As I sat pondering the matter over, wondering what I should do about it, the clerk advanced to the desk, took a pen, dipped it into the ink, and then, having unfolded the first document and so arranged it that the last page was before me, he handed me the pen, at the same time putting his finger upon a blank space at the bottom of the document. Then he looked at me sternly, as one having authority, and ejaculated:

"Sign thar!"

"Mechanically I signed 'thar,'" and then he unfolded another document, went through the same motions, looked at me again with authority and said once more:

"Sign thar!"

"I did so; and in that automatic manner I, the new postmaster general, signed 'thar' my name to thirty or forty documents of the contents of which I had not the slightest idea.

"Later I was able to improvise a method by which I had an abstract of the documents I was expected to sign placed before me, so that I could get some idea of what the documents contained."

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CHURCH LIGHTED BY WIND

Novel Method Employed to Illuminate Sacred Edifice Near Birmingham, England.

Possibly one of the most novel methods of providing lighting for a church is that employed at the old Cosely church, situated a few miles out from Birmingham, England.

About 600 feet from the church is the mouth of a disused coal mine, around which are huge piles of tallings. Upon one of these a steel tower 60 feet high is erected and a windmill 10 feet in diameter installed. At the base of the tower in a small house is an electric generator which is run by the mill. The current thus generated feeds 27 lamps in the church, two in the chapel, two in the vestry; operates a motor for pumping the pipe organ, and also lights 30 lamps in the rectory. A storage battery in the rectory is a part of this unique lighting plant.

PITIFUL SIGHT WITH ECZEMA

"A few days after birth we noticed an inflamed spot on our baby's hip which soon began spreading until baby was completely covered even in his eyes, ears and scalp. For eight weeks he was bandaged from head to foot. He could not have a stitch of clothing on. Our regular physician pronounced it chronic eczema. He is a very able physician and ranks with the best in this locality, nevertheless, the disease began spreading until baby was completely covered. He was losing flesh so rapidly that we became alarmed and decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

"Not until I commenced using Cuticura Soap and Ointment could we tell what he looked like, as we dared not wash him, and I had been putting one application after another on him. On removing the scale from his head the hair came off, and left him entirely bald, but since we have been using Cuticura Soap and Ointment he has as much hair as ever. Four weeks after we began to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment he was entirely cured. I don't believe anyone could have eczema worse than our baby.

"Before we used the Cuticura Remedies we could hardly look at him, he was such a pitiful sight. He would fuss until I would treat him, they seemed to relieve him so much. Cuticura Soap and Ointment stand by themselves and the result they quickly and surely bring is their own recommendation." (Signed) Mrs. T. B. Rosser, Mill Hall, Pa., Feb. 20, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 29 K, Boston.

Trying to Be Witty.

They were sitting in the parlor with the lights turned low. The hour was pretty late. He and she had talked about everything, from the weather to the latest shows. He yawned and she yawned, but he made no attempt to move toward home, and she was becoming weary.

At last she said: "I heard a noise outside just now. I wonder if it could be burglars?"

"Of course he tried to be funny."

"Maybe it was the night falling?" he said.

"O, I guess not," she exclaimed; "guess it was the day breaking." (Hasty exit of he.)

Just So.

"Why do they call a bell boy in a hotel 'Buttone'?"

"Because he's always off when you need him most, I guess."

Chew and smoke untaxed tobacco, cheap and adapted. Meriwether & Edwards, Clarksville, Tenn.

The devil is proud of the man who means to his wife.



Here's to Your Good Health and Pleasure
Come—follow the arrow 'til you join the merry throng of palate pleased men and women who have quit seeking for the one best beverage because they've found it—
Coca-Cola
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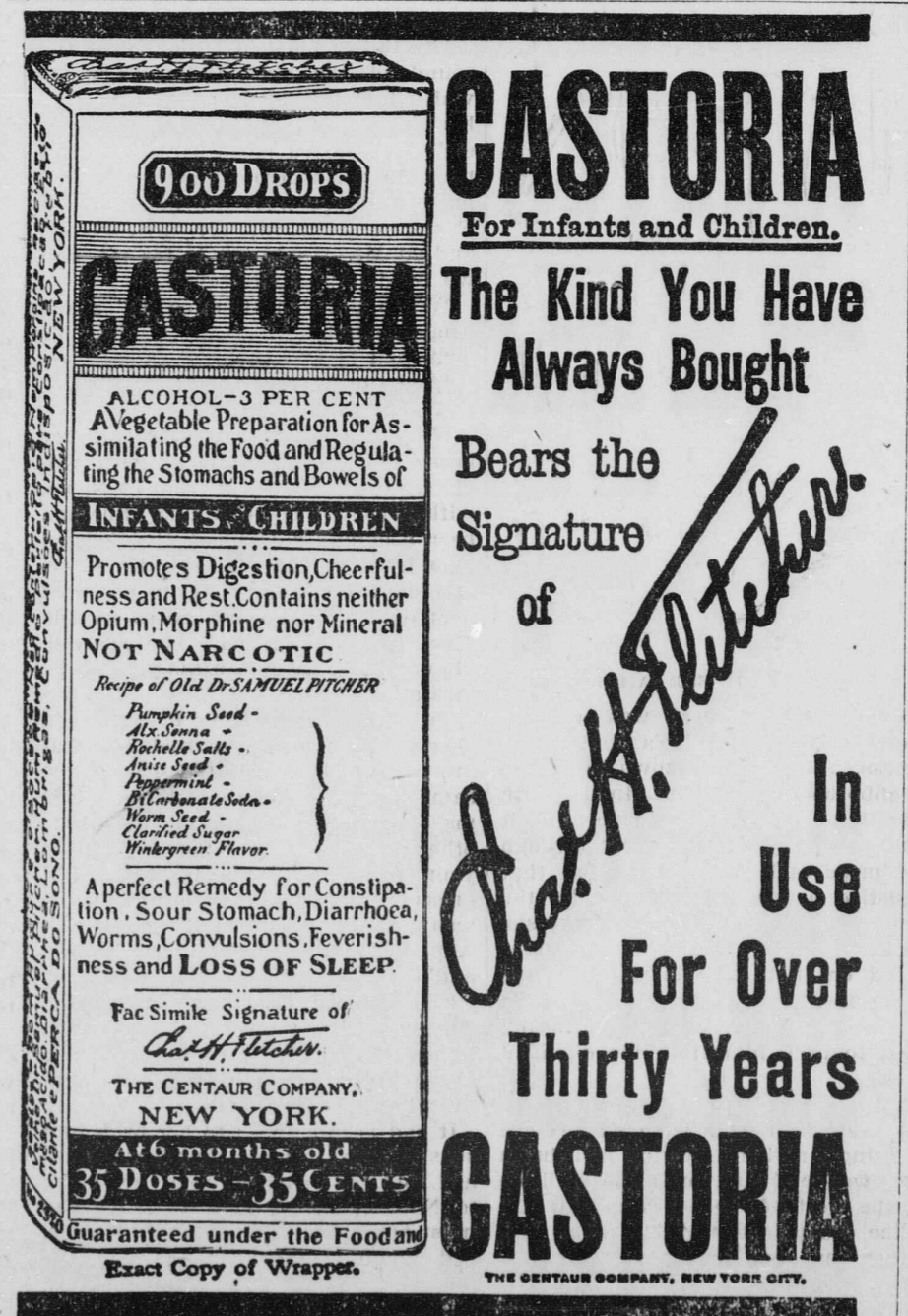
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Sunday, July 16, 1911. The pastor preaches at the morning service; Subject "Our Immortal Best." Mrs. Warren will sing at this service. The Rev. W. B. Collins, D. D. district superintendent, will preach at the evening service. Miss George Slining, who has recently returned from Chicago where she has been studying, will sing Sunday night.

We want to make this a notable Sunday, and all are earnestly invited to attend all the services.

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

Notice is hereby given that Onesie Chaput, of Brampton, Michigan, who, on June 25, 1906, made Homestead Entry No. 1202, Serial No. 0037, 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 Oslen " " "
Edwin Dearoff " " "
Albert Chaput " " "
JAMES J. DONOVAN, Register.

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. 6236 to purchase the NE 1/4 of the SE 1/4 of Section 4, T. 42 N., R. 24 W., Michigan, 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 35c per cord, \$105.00 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.

July 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, 1904, made Homestead Entry No. 11538, Serial No. 0528, for NE 1/4 of NE 1/4, Section 24, Township 42 N., Range 22 West, 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 Sheeter, of Brampton, Mich.
Victor W. Hamilton, of " " "
John Leflar, of Rapid River, " "
George Friday, of Brampton, " "
JAMES J. DONOVAN, Register.

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THE OLD STONE DOORSTEP

The Trouble It Caused to a Pair of Lovers

By Clarissa Mackie

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Angeline Mason was driving to the Willow mill. The month was June, and the early morning was fresh and dewy and fragrant with the scent of roses and new grass. The wheels of the buggy cracked and crunched the pebbles on the shore road where the lapping waves of a flood tide would soon obliterate the tracks of the little rat tailed sorrel horse.

"Get up, Nemo," said Angeline sharply as they turned the corner into the main road, which ascended sharply to the woods beyond. Nemo did not accelerate his dignified amble in the slightest degree. A contemptuous shiver ran along the high ridge of his backbone and down his drooping flanks.

Miss Mason stared straight ahead as they passed Newton Foster's house. It was a snug little two storied, old fashioned house with an ell on the west. There was the squeaking of a well rope, and Angeline knew that Newton was drawing water from the new well. Although it had been dug for twenty years, she always thought of it as the "new well." She peered through the little pane of glass in the back of the buggy top and saw Nathan bending under the weight of a pail of water. He disappeared, and her glance wandered to the ell where the blinds were tightly closed and overshadowed by tall, untrimmed shrubs. The grass and weeds grew rankly underfoot and choked the path up to the closed door. Everywhere else the place was tidy and trim with neatly defined walks, closely shorn grass and thrifty plants. The windows of the main part of the house were open to the sun, and smoke curled from the kitchen chimney, but all looked cold and dark and gloomy.

Angeline's curious glance wandered again to the closed door and then fell to the brown doorstep. She frowned and clucked sharply to the sorrel. Her interest in the closed portion of the old house would never abate. When she drove past alone she would peer back at it through the pane of glass. In company with others she always stared straight ahead and evinced not the slightest interest in it. For that reason people said Angeline was hard hearted.

But Angeline was far from being the possessor of an adamant heart. She had as much of human tenderness as any woman and was famed throughout the community for her sympathy with the unfortunate. Many kindly deeds of charity and neighborly thoughtfulness had gained for Angeline the universal respect and good will of all. Nevertheless she was known to have a temper of her own, and once she made up her mind she held to her way with a tenacity that might be called stubbornness. Folks said that this characteristic was responsible for the act that left her still a maiden at



"Ah, I thought so!" she said bitterly. middle life, for there was a story connected with Angeline's single blessedness, a story well known to all the neighborhood roundabout. In her youth Angeline had had her romance, and it was unhappily ended largely through her pride and because she felt that injustice had been done her by the man of her choice. So that is why she set her lips firmly and her eyes straight ahead on that June morning as she drove past Newton Foster's house. So again she spoke sharply to Nemo and tried to urge him from his dignified pace.

Twenty years before Angeline Mason and Newton Foster were on the eve of being married. Newton had dug a new well and had built the addition on the west of the house so that Angeline could have a sitting room. Together they bought the furniture for

the new room, and then the day before the wedding Newton showed Angeline the doorstep which he had just laid.

"It looks like a gravestone," she had remarked disapprovingly.

"So 'tis," returned Newton carelessly. "I bought it down to the old Appleby place, in Snarling Hollow. There was a family burying ground in the orchard, so Bigot says."

"I guess Bigot is right if he is a foreigner," Angeline had said sharply. "Do you mean to tell me, Newton Foster, that you never knew that my mother was an Appleby and that that tombstone is probably one of her ancestors?"

Newton stared at his sweetheart. Ordinarily he would have laughed at the doubtful meaning conveyed by her question, but the sharpness of her tone stirred a dormant perversity within him. "Of course I knew it," he had replied quietly.

"Turn it over," commanded Angeline imperiously.

Newton Foster went away and presently returned with a crowbar, with which he pried up the stone and turned it over. Angeline brushed the loose earth away eagerly.

"Ah, I thought so!" she said bitterly as she bent over the inscription chiseled in the stone.

Sacred to the memory of Anna Marie Appleby, who was born April 15, 1756, and departed this life Novr 9, 1820, Aet 64 years.

"Anna Marie Appleby was my great-great-grand-mother," said Angeline severely. "Of course you can't expect me to walk over her gravestone. It's the most disrespectful thing I ever heard of."

Newton Foster replaced the stone with careful deliberation. "It's going to stay right there, Angeline," he said quietly.

"I shall never enter the house then," returned Angeline hotly. And it had been so. There was no wedding the next day nor afterward. Angeline Mason and Newton Foster were strangers.

Now Angeline was driving through the sweet smelling woods, twenty years older, but with a certain youthful freshness about her round face in spite of her sad eyes. Now she entered the Honeyspot road, and it was right here that Newton had proposed to her. How she hated it! She thought of the matter which was taking her to the Willow mill, and a glow of content crept over her.

Yours ago it had been necessary for her to mortgage her little home. Her only brother, the miller at Willow mill, had made the loan. Of late years he had needed the money and had pressed her sorely for it. He was a hard man, yet so far he had not foreclosed upon the mortgage. Now Angeline had come into a little legacy, and with the money in her pocketbook she was going to pay off the mortgage.

"I've come to pay up the note, James," she had said after she had greeted her brother and his wife.

The miller glanced at his wife and then thrust his thumb into the armpoles of his dusty waistcoat. "I've transferred it," he said abruptly.

"You mean you've sold it?" asked Angeline in amazement.

"Yes."

"You didn't say anything to me about it."

"It wasn't necessary. I asked you time and again for the money and you didn't have it, and as I needed it badly, why, I had a chance—somebody wanted to buy a mortgage, so I sold it." He shuffled uneasily as he met Angeline's suspicious glance.

"Who did you sell it to?" she asked. James Mason hesitated and again glanced at his wife. "I never thought you'd pay it," he muttered sullenly.

"He sold it to Newton Foster," announced Mrs. Mason, with a note of spite in her sharp tones.

Angeline flushed from brow to chin. "To Newton Foster?" she repeated in a half whisper. "How could you, Jimmy?"

The miller blushed furiously at the sound of the old childhood's name which had slipped unconsciously from his sister's lips. "I needed the money," he repeated shamefacedly, "and I tried to get it from Lawyer Meade, but he didn't have it, but he said Foster was looking for investments, and so Mr. Meade got it for me, and we fixed it up that way."

"When did you transfer it?" asked Angeline dully.

"A year ago."

"And the interest I paid you?"

"I sent to Mr. Meade."

Without a word Angeline turned her horse about. Mrs. Mason with vindictive eyes stepped in front of Nemo, with her stout arms akimbo. She had been a daughter of Bigot, the German who lived in the old Appleby place, and she disliked her sister-in-law most heartily. "You needn't be so uppish, Miss Angeline Mason," she sneered. "It don't pay to put on too many airs, ma'am! Years ago when you quarreled with Newton Foster over that old doorstep I could have told you that my father sold your father two of the same kind. One of them is the white marble step at your front door, and the other is a grindstone in the barn to your place. All the bodies—and I guess there wasn't much left of them—was moved to Long Point by that rich Appleby, and he put up new stones, and—"

"Thank you, Bertha," interrupted Angeline, with unexpected gentleness, and with a little cluck to Nemo she drove away, with dazed eyes and quickly throbbing heart.

It had been a shock to her pride and sensitiveness to learn that her brother had sold the mortgage upon her home to Newton Foster and that now she must approach Mr. Meade, the lawyer, and make arrangements to pay the

promised sum through his hands. Even that stung her to madness. Through all her lonely years she had looked back on her disappointed love as one looks on a faded, familiar picture or remembers a dream. Her high spirit had died with her youth, and if her lover had approached her at any time during those twenty long years she would have welcomed him timidly, gladly, yet unbelieving that it was really he.

To realize at this late day that she had been in the wrong was an added bitterness. The very minute that she reached home she would verify the truth of her sister-in-law's statement. If it was true that she had been using an Appleby gravestone for a doorstep and another for a grindstone she would apologize to Newton Foster and go away. She had a cousin out in New York state who had invited her to come and live with her. She would rent the little house and go to her.

Unseeing and unheeding, she had driven through the rustling woods and reached the summit of the long hill that led down to the main road. She



A STRONG BROWN HAND GRASPED THE BRIDLE REIN.

must manage to drive very quickly past Newton's house. She could not bear to look again upon the closed and darkened ell and the weed grown grass plot. She reached forward and took the whip from its socket and touched the old horse sharply.

Nemo started with surprise, and there was the snap of a breaking trace. Terrified by the accident, the animal shot down the declivity, the broken trace snapping his heels and adding terror to his excitement. The wheels of the buggy revolved dizzily, and Angeline's face paled white and strained from the gloom of the swaying hood. "Whoa, boy! Whoa, boy!" she gasped breathlessly.

She was still gasping with fright when they reached the foot of the hill. For a few rods the old horse tore madly along and then suddenly stopped and reared back as a strong brown hand grasped his bridle rein. After that Angeline skinned for the first time in her life.

When she recovered consciousness she was sitting on the doorstep of the ell and Newton Foster was fanning her awkwardly with his hat.

"I had to bring you here, Angeline; it was nearest. The blamed old horse stopped right in front of the gate."

Angeline sighed. "I don't mind," she said wearily. "I'd like a drink of water from the new well, Newton."

He stared at her in silence for a minute and then went into the house. Presently he went to the well, and Angeline heard the squeak of the well rope. She smiled as Newton held a glass of water to her lips. "It's so good," she murmured. Suddenly full recollection came to her and with it an overpowering embarrassment. She struggled to her feet and leaned against the lintel of the closed door.

"I guess I'll be going now," she said slowly. "I'm much obliged to you. I guess you saved my life."

"It wasn't anything tall," said Foster shyly. He was still pondering over the matter of the "new well." She had not forgotten, and he had put in eight new well ropes since then.

"Where is my horse?" asked Angeline as she stepped down the path.

"I put him in my barn. He was all tuckered out. I'll bring him over to your house by and by," returned Foster.

"I'm much obliged," said Angeline again.

"Say," ventured Newton Foster, with evident embarrassment—"say, Angeline!"

"What is it?" breathed Angeline, leaning against the gate for support.

"I'm thinking of taking up this here old doorstep!" he hurried forth with crimson face.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Miss Mason feebly. "You see, I've heard all about how we've had two of those stones at our house all my life. Somebody told me about it today, and I was going to tell you I was sorry I spoke as I did that day."

"That day" lay twenty years back in the past, but it was vividly present to these two.

"It wasn't your fault, because you didn't know," said Foster gravely. "It was more my fault, because I knew all about it."

"I'm going home now," said Angeline, with a tired little smile.

"I'm going with you," said Newton Foster, with his old time authoritative tone. "You ain't fit to take care of yourself."

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