

THE GLADSTONE DELTA.

Volume XXVI.

CHAS. E. MASON, PUBLISHER.

Gladstone, Mich., August 19, 1911

\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

Number 21

A POUND OF BUTTER

Best Creamery 30c Fancy Dairy 27c

CAN GOODS

Tomatoes 10c Corn 25c
3 lbs. 3 cans Beans 25c
3 cans 25c

Clock Brand Plums 17c
3 pounds for

Reindeer Sliced Pineapple 20c
per can

California Peaches 17c California Cherries 15c

Sweet Potatoes 15c
can

Old Time Coffee, best for the money, pound can 28c

Post Toasties 10c Cream of package 15c

Voigt Cream Flakes, 1/2 dozen spoons with each package 15c

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Our Biggest Day
Races and Games

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And Two Brass Bands
Your Money's Worth
A Big Parade
Thousands of Visitors
Good People,
Let's All Boost
And put it through
Do your Duty,
Stay at home
To Welcome
Our Visitors.
Next Year We'll
Enjoy the Tournament

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FOR SALE

Two bedroom sets and other household goods; cheap if taken at once.
21
Mrs. HARRIET DERRY

Long Wire Span.

The span of telephone wire just placed across the bay is one of the longest anywhere in the state of Oregon. The wire runs from a pole near Captain Wellander's house to one about 100 feet high on south beach, and the distance from pole to pole is 2,500 feet, or nearly one-half mile. Its average height above the water is about 125 or 130 feet, and will clear the masts of any vessel coming in here at present.—Newport Signal.

She Knew.

Mother—"The king was in the counting house, counting up his money; the queen was in the kitchen, eating bread and honey." Modern Child—"Must be a fairy story; the cook wouldn't let her."—Harper's Bazar.

NOTICE

My wife, Jane, having left my home without just cause or provocation I hereby warn all persons from extending credit to her on my account.
21
William H. Challenger.
Dated Masonville Township, Mich. August 1, 1911.

FLAT ROCK

We will not celebrate Labor Day this year, as Lancour Bros. and their airplanes are at the aviation meet in Chicago and we have no accommodations for passengers. The Dollie Gray is sunk and A. Pickard has been refused a pilot's license to run the Rub-a-dub. So we will all go to Gladstone and have a "bully old time."

Johnnie Oxyoke had a party last evening in honor of his coming of age, as he has had the seven-year-itch three times. About fifty young people were present.

Joe Beauchamp dug three-quarters of an acre of potatoes the other day, but did not get enough for dinner, so he went home and made pea soup.

We are informed by E. Dausey that John Barron's crop of apples are so heavy that his orchard has sunk eight feet in the ground.

Jud Fulton, who has the contract to raise the Dollie Gray, was out here Monday, and while crossing the international bridge spied a pot of paint and brushes. True to his trade, he began painting things red, but was stopped by Officer Brittlebanks, and warned to leave paint pots alone while in this city.

The gravel road through the swamp is almost completed.

Felix Gardner is out thrashing with his machine.

Peter Terrian will give a grand ball at Durancan's hall next Saturday evening. All are invited.

Ira Collins, Jack Somerville and August Caron met in the woods Sunday and spent the day shaking hands and swapping congratulations over the new additions to their families.

Joe Young reports the potatoes to be rotted at his end of the township. There will not be potatoes enough for our own use in Escanaba township this year, as they are badly rotted. The only large crops we will have this year are sugar beets, apples and babies.

While working in the gravel pit Regis Beauchamp's team ran away. John Bush jumped in front, grabbed them by the bits and set them on their haunches, when the neck yoke broke, and the tongue ran seven feet into his left lung. They have given him the job of shoveling gravel until he gets better. He deserved a Carnegie medal, but it is said he will be charged for the neck yoke.

Billy Reno has been busy hauling hay to Gladstone, but as he cannot get down the bluff any more, he has decided to lay a pipe line from his farm to town and blow it down. He will have a party and invite members of congress and legislators to attach a lung tester to the end of the pipe and blow on it.

The town board has notified John Barron, Owen and Tom Jones to get a machine for pulling beets within four rods of macadam road, as the beets are growing so big as to pull the highway out of shape.

Sigurd and Ralph Skoog and John Gustafson are buying all the cats they can find to give them singing lessons. We were up there last night when they were trying to make a couple of French cats, bought from Regis Beauchamp, sing a Swede song. Of all the infernal noises we ever heard, it sounded like Niagara Falls, the croaking of a thousand bull frogs, the shrieking of a locomotive on the E. & L. S., and the braying of a jackass boiled down into one. Boys, if you want to keep up this occupation, move over on a back forty.

Buzz Saw.

Give and Take

Great changes will be made on the chemical plants of the Cleveland-Cliffs Co. at Kipling. A year ago the Marquette works were remodeled for the purpose of introducing new processes of converting the by-products into commodities of value. Says the mining Journal; Max Rudolph chief engineer of the drafting department of Max Klar's company in Hanover, Germany, has arrived in Marquette to assist Mr. Klar in making plans for remodeling the chemical plant of the Cleveland-Cliffs Iron company's furnace at Gladstone. Mr. Klar's new process for working up the by-products of the kilns, which is now in successful operation at the Pioneer Iron company's furnace in this city, will be installed at Gladstone.

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

The Gladstone baseball team has booked two games for next Thursday, the twenty-fourth, one in the afternoon and one in the evening, with Hopkins Bros.' team of lady ball players, who are touring the peninsula. The visitors carry their own lights for the evening game. This will be the novel feature of the season, and a good game as well.

Sunday was Escanaba Day in the baseball line. Gladstone lost to the Alphas 8 to 2.

A survey is being made on Garden county road. Two miles of this is said, which it is proposed to spread with clay. The proposed Portage road through Bay de Noc township has received a severe setback, as the result of the action of the large landowners. Some of them have notified the board of road commissioners that they will demand \$10 an acre for the road and payment for the timber on the right-of-way. As this is the principal property to be benefited, the board is not pleased by the tone of the communication.

Plastering and general repairs on the schoolhouses of the city will be commenced in a few days in readiness for the fall term.

The city's streets are, where they have been improved, in fairly good shape, but the crossings are badly worn. A carload of crushed rock was recently purchased to mend them, but there are a lot of madholes left yet. There are many good gravel streets which have a few holes that should be filled before they grow worse—like aching teeth. A little dentistry would not be amiss on Ninth street.

"The Talk of the Town" the most pretentious amateur production yet presented in this city, had a well-deserved success. The theatre was crowded last Friday evening, and again Tuesday, evening when was it repeated. The performance at Rapid River had a poorer reception because of unfavorable weather.

The net proceeds for Labor Day is about \$175. The participants have received so many compliments on their work as to render it evident that it was much above the average for an amateur performance.

Ladies' Handbags, Purses and Pocket Books on special sale while in window, at prices way below actual cost, to close and make room for new stock. Don't miss it.
STEWARTS' PHARMACY

With a capital of \$10,000 the Diamond Pole & Piling company has been organized at Escanaba with experienced cedar men of the city at its head. The officers are: J. R. Andrews, president and treasurer; H. R. Andrews, vice president, and C. B. Morrell, secretary and manager. A general cedar business will be transacted. The yard will be at Gladstone, says the Mirror.

The axe factory is running six days a week again. It will be closed on the fourth and fifth of September.

Gladstone's wrestling tournament is attracting much attention in their own country; and the best Cornishmen in the country will attend. This will be held in the ball park, to which a small admission will be charged, to prevent the overcrowding of our visitors which must otherwise ensue.

The city's fire engine, which has been undergoing repairs at Escanaba for some months, was returned Tuesday, and is now most as good as new.

The Saturday Evening Post is a publication which on its editorial page assures us that the woolen and cotton trusts are robbing the people by the aid of a tariff which permits exorbitant prices; and on its financial page informs investors that the textile business is demoralized because the product of the mills will not bring the cost of production today. See the issue of last week and take your choice.

The St. Louis Globe Democrat calls the recall a vicious fad. But it's worse than that.

Gladstone Lodge, 163, K. of P., will hold a farewell banquet next Friday evening in honor of Charles D. Mason, grand inner guard, who leaves in a few days for his new home in Cleveland. The entertainment committee is working hard on the program. It is proposed to invite the Escanaba lodge of Pythians, with their ladies, and numerous other friends from lodges in the peninsula. A program of music and speeches will accompany the dinner, which will be served in the theatre, and followed by dancing for a couple of hours. Among the speakers will be Ira C. Jennings and Rev. Frederick Spence, of Escanaba, G. R. Empson and Dr. George Bjorkman of this city. Arrangements will be perfected in a day or two for the send-off, in which the lodge hopes to express a portion of its regard for the man who has been its most active member for ten years.

Poison Fly Paper, one dozen sheets in envelope. The best made, 3 packages for 10 cents at

STEWARTS' PHARMACY

The school board has acquired, during the summer, about fifteen lots in the Buckeye addition, near the ball park, for a school site. A plan by Architect Chubb for an \$8000 schoolhouse has been decided on, and bids for its construction will be soon asked. The work will be commenced this fall and as a result of the rigid economy exercised by the school board, it is believed that the cost can be defrayed without issuing a bond.

My new telephone number is 19 J1. Call me for Blacksmith or Repair work.
16 tf
C. O. CARLSON.

An accident marred the cruise of the Yantic this year. On Monday, at the Snows, while the ship's launch was being hoisted, the casting, into which the falls were hooked, broke, and the launch was precipitated bow foremost into the water, carrying down four men, who were severely injured. The condition of one, Albert Hollapa, is serious. The gallantry of one of the crew, Albert Oehls, saved the lives of the injured men.

Work has been commenced by the contractors on the work of macadamizing the Chaison road, from the Northwestern track in toward the city limits of Gladstone. The city will have to meet them at its limits, a half mile from the top of the bluff.

During the violent storm Wednesday morning much damage was done by lightning in Escanaba township. The barn of Felix Desjardins was set on fire and consumed with thirty tons of hay. While the neighbors were grouped around the burning barn, the house of Henry Marenger was struck by another bolt and commenced burning fiercely. Mr. Marenger rescued his family with difficulty, and the house and contents are a total loss.

See the Cascares flinger in my window. Buy a box of Cascares, any size, and get a \$20 gold pocketpiece free.
STEWARTS' PHARMACY

The Hartford Times says that the Connecticut state grange has notified the Connecticut fair association that it cannot take part in the reception which is to be given to President Taft when he comes to the fair early in September as a guest of the Connecticut fair association. "For the reason that the grange is opposed to the reciprocity idea in all its aspects, and as President Taft has been the leader in that movement the grange does not care to take part in any event in which he is a guest."

The habit of collecting souvenirs of birch bark threatens death to the trees in the city park. Their glistening vestments will prove fatal to the birches, which have been despoiled by the seekers of souvenirs until many of them are actually destroyed.

The flooring mill commences running again next week, putting the whole Buckeye plant in operation.

If you do not take care of your teeth, soon you will not dare to smile. You know what that means. Fifty cents worth, any tooth preparation and brush, for 25 cents at
STEWARTS' PHARMACY

Big arrangements for the Labor Day parade will be made. Forty business houses have promised to exhibit floats. With the unions, societies, automobiles, etc., in line, it will be bigger than the long ones we had in the boom days.

Is Gladstone going to have car shops again? No, yet.

The delegates to the Swedish mission meeting at Iron Mountain returned Tuesday. Miss Anna Swanson, of this city was reelected secretary.

The Labor Day address will be delivered by Rev. Frederick Spence, well known as one of the most eloquent speakers in the peninsula.

The water board met last night to arrange for lighting the ball park by electricity during the wrestling tournament Labor Day.

Work has been started on the construction of the Stephenson Charcoal Iron company's plant by a big crew of men. The work will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible, that the plant may be ready to go in commission early the coming winter. The foundations are being constructed of concrete while the upper works will be of brick. The concrete work is being carried forward by Contractor Fred Laforest of Ishpeming, and it is likely that he will also be given the contract for the brick work on all of the buildings. The furnace proper is to be located close to the chemical plant while the stockhouse for the charcoal and ore will be located on the site formerly occupied by a big boarding house.

The ladies, that have been having trouble with the sewing machine needles that come in tubes, can now get the genuine cold swedged needles, any size you want in any quantity, two for five or four for ten cents. Ask for the bulk needles at
STEWARTS' PHARMACY

The easiest task the people of Michigan ever had is that of convincing Osborn that it is duty to continue the saving grace of his administration.—Escanaba Journal.

THAT GAME!

The case between the Professional Men and the Business Men was heard in open court yesterday afternoon and judgment rendered for the plaintiff. The trial was long and most of the spectators faded away before the last argument was made. Still, the plaintiffs did not have an unanimous verdict in their favor, as the division was 17 to 13.

NOTES

The receipts were \$12.50, which will give Labor Day another boost.

Fifteen on the back fence—count 'em. Green of Harvard (Mich.) and Kimmond of Michigan made quite a college battery, though there was a Labor Day stunt in the second.

Hammond and his faithful lieutenant Paddy McDonnell were on deck. Watch for that dock team.

That crooked umpire, as usual!

Time of play, fourteen hours and twenty minutes.

O. and H. Habermann did the unbrotherly act on their respective teams.

Nebel would have done some splendid base-running if he had got to first.

Dr. Kee's run was the sensation of the day. The echoes of applause are still rolling in.

And Otto got to second.

Reckless Rupert, the heavy hitter for the b. m., batted out a home-run with the bases full. Dr. Miller probed for the ball unsuccessfully and may have to make an X-ray examination.

The Louis and Clark expedition was heroic, but ended in failure.

What is a professional?

Why is a business man, nohow?

Superstition Just Plain Fear.

But superstition is plain fear without any cause, and is utterly demoralizing. If a man is afraid to overeat it makes him healthy; if he is afraid of ghosts it makes him a fool. If he is afraid to take a mean act it produces growth and makes him more manly; if he is afraid to be happy or to leave the house in the morning starting off with his left foot instead of his right it stunts his manhood and makes him childish.

SAUSAGE

We are making it right, and making it right now. Bologna, Liver, Wienies or Pork Sausage, we furnish the best. Try some.

Eggs, Butter, Spring chickens, Lamb, etc., at best market price, all fancy goods.

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THE LEADING BUTCHERS.
Phone 9
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ICE CREAM PARLOR

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

ROUMAN BROS.
Phone 68 at the brick block.

YOU ARE WELCOME

always, at my place and you can always find a quiet corner for yourself and friends where you can discuss your troubles and at the same time be served with the best the trade affords from the Bar of the Cellar

Fred Anderson
819 Delta Avenue

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You are preparing to entertain friends or relatives during Gladstone's biggest and best **LABOR DAY** Celebration. Let us make you up an order to grace your dinner table from the biggest and best stock of delicacies we have ever had.

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EMIL VANDWEGHE

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Sweet Potatoes 8c lb 30c
4 pounds for.....
Cantelopes 10c or 25c
3 for
Tomatoes 7c lb 25c
4 pounds.....
Concord grapes 35c
basket.....
Blue Plums 10c
doz
Pears 25c
per doz.....
Dutchess apples 25c
peck
Water Melons 20 and 25c
each
Peaches canning 25c
per doz.....
per crate \$1.25
squash 18c
each
1/2 bu. box \$1.35
Bananas, Saturday afternoon only, 15c
dozen.....

J. R. BARRETT & CO.
Phone 55-J.

GLADSTONE DELTA

C. E. MASON, Publisher

GLADSTONE MICHIGAN

The outing had its inning.

The empty purse needs no vacation.

Vacations are now the regular order of business.

Unhappy the man who has no rear porch to sleep on.

One way to keep time from flying is to watch the clock.

Aviators are not considered good insurable propositions.

If a girl has pretty teeth she can appreciate a good joke.

One way to tell a woman's age is to read it on her tombstone.

Don't be stingy. Set a basin of water in the yard for the birds.

The man who left \$3,000 to a parrot didn't deserve to have so much money.

According to milliners, hats will be lower next season, but not cheaper we are sure.

Think of the suffering that would ensue if the electric fan crop should be a failure.

Hot weather advice—Do not slap your neighbor on the back. He may be sunburned.

A comfortable bank account is a mighty handy thing to have when summer comes.

Frogs will never become household pets even if they do consume great quantities of house flies.

It is a cold day when a new airplane record is not set, and this is an unusually warm summer.

A California man, saved from drowning, gave a dime to his rescuer. It was a good dime, however.

The tale that \$150,000 worth of ambergris was found in a whale the other day is quite a fish story.

Unfortunately there are men who continue to insist on running motor boats without first learning how.

A whale killed recently yielded \$150,000 worth of ambergris. How much is your value in elbowgrits?

Youth wins again. A New York woman was courted by two brothers aged 76 and 83. She accepted 76.

There wouldn't be much money in the sale of mirrors that would enable us to see ourselves as others see us.

And now the doctors say water is a good thing to drink at meals. It is good to drink at any hour of the day.

Chicago announces the invention of "a safety table knife." Chicago no doubt feels the need of such a device.

An Indianapolis horse was blown to bits by an ice machine, says an exchange. Why not "blown to chunks"?

Scientists tell us that the winters of the future will be warmer. All of which affords us little consolation in summer.

A woman in Boston gave a "divorce dinner" to her friends. Divorce, from being a social peril, is now a social function.

The women in Paris, according to a leading fashion journal, are dress-mad. Ours, we presume, are just dress-peevish.

A couple of seventy in Massachusetts ran away to get married. It is certainly remarkable how well Cupid keeps his youth.

The housefly has to keep busy because its average life is but three weeks. It should be swatted while it is very young.

If big league baseball scouts know their business they will keep a watchful eye on the Texas youth who has swatted 184,000 flies.

When policemen raided a poolroom in New York it was too hot for the men caught there to run away. Which is another way of breaking heat records.

It is claimed that there are as many microbes on a dollar bill as on a fly. But the dollar bill does not make such desperate and continuous efforts to alight on you.

Chicago's cafe bandits have turned their attention to saloons. Something in the eating places may have suggested the thirst parlors.

Anklets may be considered proper by Chicago society women, but it is not likely that they will become popular in Queen Mary's court.

In view of the fact that the water is fine it would be a good idea to learn to swim. A swimmer has nothing to fear from the fool who rocks the boat.

MANY PERSONS SEE EXHIBITS ON GRAIN

Corn and Wheat Special Makes Tour of Michigan.

VISITS SIXTY-EIGHT TOWNS

President of the State Millers' Association Gave a Talk on Flour at Each Stop—Display by Board of Health.

Lansing.—"So many turned out to see the exhibits made on the corn and wheat special during its two weeks' tour of the state," says Prof. W. H. French of M. A. C., "that frequently we had to make the people leave the cars before they had finished seeing all that there was to see. The trouble was that we could not make long enough stops in some places."

During the two weeks sixty-eight stops were made by the special train furnished by the New York Central railroad. It is estimated that approximately 15,000 people viewed the various exhibits, the crowds varying from seventy-five to four hundred. All that the trip cost the state was the expense of making the exhibits, and the board and lodging of the professors and others who accompanied the special.

At each stop the president of the State Millers' association made a speech on flour. Within the car there were on exhibit loaves of bread showing the different sizes of the loaves made from the various kinds of wheat. Some of these loaves were twice as large as others, although the same weight of flour had been used in each instance.

Prof. W. F. Raven also told at each stop of methods of wheat growing, as did Prof. V. M. Shoemith. Prof. C. H. Spurway discussed the preparation of seed. Afterwards the people were admitted to the cars, where were kept the exhibits. The object was to illustrate the proper seed bed for wheat and other grains, the use of fertilizer, how to produce wheat, etc.

The correspondence reading course conducted by M. A. C. was also explained by Prof. Walter H. French, who has charge of that department. The course includes agriculture and home economics, and the 400 readers who have taken it up will be given a diploma at the end of four years' work. Text-books at wholesale prices and bulletins are furnished to those who take up the work.

Much interest was also shown in the exhibit prepared by state board of health which furnished something entirely new in the way of instruction. Many had not before had an opportunity to see real typhoid germs, which were shown under powerful microscopes, as were also other germs.

Wrong Opinion Exists in State.

It has been contended in certain counties of the state that the law passed at the last session of the legislature prohibiting the sale and carrying of dangerous weapons applies only to counties having a population of 150,000 or over, and would therefore affect only Wayne and Kent counties.

Section one of the act is as follows: "In counties of 150,000 population or over it shall be unlawful for any person, except as hereinafter provided, to go armed with dirk, dagger, sword, pistol, revolver, stiletto, metallic knuckles, pocket billy, sandbag, skull-cracker, slung-shot, razor, hat pins over ten inches long, or other offensive and dangerous weapons or instruments concealed upon the person."

According to section three of the act, the prosecuting attorney and sheriff, in counties in which no regularly organized police force exists, and in counties where one or more regularly organized police forces exist, the prosecuting attorney, sheriff and chief of police within which city such license is sought, shall constitute a board, whose duty it shall be and who shall have power to grant licenses to carry a revolver, pistol or pocket billy, and the board shall meet on the first Monday in each month at the county seat for the purpose of hearing applications to carry a revolver, pistol or pocket billy.

As interpreted at the office of Secretary of State Martindale, it is mandatory upon the county officials to meet as such a board, and it will not require a local ordinance to enforce the provisions of the act. As yet the Ingham county board has not held a meeting to pass upon applications of those who wish to carry pistols, pocket billies and other death dealing instruments, but it is expected that the board will convene at Mason the first Monday in September.

New Michigan Corporations.

The following companies have filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state: Wolcott Packing company, Flint, \$60,000; Bad Axe Grain company, Bad Axe, increase from \$20,000 to \$100,000; Cleinat Motor Parts company, Detroit, \$50,000, principal stockholders, Harry E. Waldner, Graham Duffield, Henry E. Baxter; Cadwell Transit company, Detroit, \$70,000, principal stockholders, M. E. Farr, Ernest Ketcham, William S. Conant; Realty Investment company, Detroit, \$25,000.

State Gains in Manufactures.

A preliminary statement of the general results of the thirteenth United States census of manufactures of the state of Michigan has been issued by Census Director Durand. It includes a summary comparing the figures for 1904 and 1909, by state totals, prepared under the direction of William M. Stuart, chief statistician for manufactures, bureau of the census.

The summary for the state shows increases in all the items of the census of 1909, as compared with that for 1904. These are exhibited, in percentage order, as follows:

Number of salaried officials and clerks, 78 per cent.; capital, 73 per cent.; cost of materials used and value of products, 60 per cent. each; value added by manufacture, 59 per cent.; salaries and wages, 56 per cent.; miscellaneous expenses, 50 per cent.; primary horse power, 36 per cent.; average number of wage earners, 32 per cent., and number of establishments, 23 per cent.

There were 9,159 manufacturing establishments in 1909, and 7,446 in 1904, an increase of 1,713, or 23 per cent.

The capital invested, as reported in 1909, was \$583,947,000, a gain of \$246,053,000, or 73 per cent. over \$337,894,000 in 1904. The average capital per establishment was approximately \$64,000 in 1909 and \$45,000 in 1904. In this connection it should be stated that in the census schedule the inquiry concerning capital invested calls for the total amount both owned and borrowed and invested in the business, but does not include the value of rented property, plant, or equipment which was employed in the conduct of the manufacturing enterprises.

The cost of materials used was \$368,612,000 in 1909, as against \$230,081,000 in 1904, an increase of \$138,531,000, or 60 per cent. The average cost of materials per establishment was approximately \$40,000 in 1909 and \$31,000 in 1904. The cost of materials, however, does not include unused materials and supplies bought either for speculation or for use during a subsequent period.

The value of products was \$685,109,000 in 1909 and \$429,120,000 in 1904, an increase of \$255,989,000, or 60 per cent.

Mine Valuations Get Big Increase.

According to unofficial reports, the assessed valuations of northern Michigan mining property will be boosted as a result of the investigation made by Prof. J. R. Finley, who was engaged by the state tax commission to make a valuation of the various properties. It is said that Engineer Finley will recommend that the valuations of the iron mines be increased approximately \$100,000,000. They are now assessed at about \$25,000,000, and the new figures, it is said, place the value at \$125,000,000.

Such an increase in valuation would be greater than ever made before on any one class of property, and in case the engineer boosts the iron mines value four times, there will be a hard fight and protest before the state tax commission and the state board of equalization.

Mr. Finley, who has been employed by the public utilities commission of New York, was engaged by the tax commission under authority granted by a bill introduced by Senator White at the last session.

It is understood that while he recommends a boost on practically every iron property in the upper peninsula that he also recommends that in a number of cases the valuations or copper mines be reduced. The coal mines of the state are also to come in for a raise.

There is no question but that the tax commission will follow out the recommendations of Mr. Finley, and if they do this and present the figures to the state board of equalization it means the greatest fight that has ever been held before the board.

Good Roads Men Are Coming.

Secretary M. F. Gray of the Lansing Business Men's association has completed negotiations with Phillip T. Colgrave of Hastings, president of the Michigan State Good Roads association, and has received the assurance that the annual meeting of that organization will be held in Lansing August 31 and September 1.

Several other cities were bidding for the convention, which brings at least 600 people here for two days, but Lansing had the advantage inasmuch as the state highway department is located in Lansing. The convention will be held in representative hall, and some of the best authorities on road building from Ohio, Wisconsin and Indiana will be among the speakers.

The state highway department will give a practical demonstration of road building and maintenance, and much valuable information will be given to the various highway commissioners who are expected to attend the convention. Inasmuch as the Business Men's association was required to guarantee music, programs, etc., it will be necessary to solicit funds among the merchants.

Governor Osborn Welcomed.

Escorted by General Abbey and his staff and the regular army officers in camp, and unattended by a staff of gold lace colonels, Gov. Chase S. Osborn, in whose honor the state camp is named, rode into camp smiling and repeatedly removing his hat to the thunderous cheers that greeted him. This is the first time a governor of Michigan has ever arrived in camp without a personal staff of political militiamen.

WOLVERINE NEWS BREVITIES

Hancock.—Traffic on the Lake Linden branch of the Houghton County Traction company was tied up for nearly two hours by a meek-eyed bossy and the services of the Calumet wrecking crew and derrick were required to clear the track. In some manner the cow clambered onto the track where it passes under the high Copper Range trestle and her front feet were caught between the ties. There she was found when the car arrived. She refused to move in answer to the frantic tooting of the whistle, and when the motorman ran ahead to shoo her off he found her firmly anchored by her two hoofs. While the wrecking crew was at work, the passengers walked around the cow and were transferred to an extra car.

Ann Arbor.—The first disastrous fire that has visited the University of Michigan in many years broke out. The old medical building, one of the oldest on the campus, is partially destroyed, and may be entirely so before the flames are extinguished. The fire broke out in the fourth floor of the west section of the building, and for two hours flames poured from every window on all four floors. The city water supply was insufficient, and the hydraulic pump of the engineering department was started, making available the water in the big marine tank of that department.

Port Huron.—Five passengers were severely injured in this city when one of the city electric cars collided with the rear end of another car. Both cars were crowded with passengers returning from the camp grounds where Governor Osborn reviewed the members of the Michigan National Guard. The cars came together at Military and Court streets, and when the collision occurred, glass from the broken windows flew in every direction.

Grand Haven.—William Kollus, a Greek laborer, while in a fit of jealousy, shot his wife three times. She was taken to Hackley hospital, Muskegon, in a serious condition with little hopes of recovery. Kollus, after the shooting, made for a swamp, where he concealed himself in wild rice until Sheriff Andre and his deputies discovered him several hours later and took him to jail.

Petoskey.—Four prisoners escaped from the Emmet county jail, going through an opening seven inches high, made by filing a bar from a window. They were George Ritter, awaiting trial on a charge of larceny; Steve Petoskey, an Indian, awaiting trial for boot-legging, and two prisoners from Cheboygan county, Louis Mastaw and a one-legged man whose first name is William.

Grand Rapids.—"Uncle John" Osborne, one hundred and two years old, died here. He is believed to have been the oldest man in Michigan. One of his rules for longevity was never to overeat and he always arose from the table feeling hungry. He used tobacco all his life. When he was one hundred years old he could read without the aid of glasses.

Farmington.—Rhoda Warner, foster mother of former Governor Fred M. Warner, is dead at her home in this village, at the age of eighty-six years. Death was due to old age. Mrs. Warner had been an invalid, the result of a stroke of paralysis.

Ann Arbor.—Grant Kline, the Ypsilanti man arrested there and later brought here to jail on suspicion of having been implicated in the murder of a man named Corey, who was found dead in the flume of the Peninsular Paper company's plant four years ago, was released by order of Prosecuting Attorney George Burke. Kline's arrest was made on the sworn statement of Henry Miller of Ypsilanti, which the prosecutor held was insufficient to bind him over to the circuit court, as Miller's statement was all based on hearsay.

Port Huron.—Accidentally falling into one of the hatches of the steamer Arcadia, Capt. Neil Morrison, forty-two years old, master of that boat, was instantly killed, at Kingston, Ont. Captain Morrison resided in Corunna and had been in command of the steamer but a short time.

Marshall.—Glen Jackson, a six-year-old boy, stepped on a rattlesnake while walking in the field and was bitten on the right foot by the reptile. Henry Lindsey, his eight-year-old companion, sucked the poison from the wound with his mouth and, according to the doctors, saved young Jackson's life.

Port Huron.—Fear of being pointed out as being afraid to "take a dare" resulted in the death of Theophilus Blanchard, aged nineteen years, of Marine City, when he was seized with cramps while swimming in St. Clair river and was drowned. Young Blanchard had only learned to swim two days before, and when one of his companions dared him to venture farther into deeper water he proceeded to swim out. Suddenly he cried for help and at the same time sank from sight.

Home Town Helps

IMPULSE FOR CIVIC BEAUTY

World-Wide Movement to Make Our Cities Attractive as Well as Comfortable.

The "new birth" of cities is world-wide. It is for beauty as well as for convenience and comfort. The poetic outcry from old Venice for the material conveniences of a new age is equaled by the materialistic cry from new cities for the artistic overlaying of their modern devices. In London there has lately been held an international town planning congress.

The Right Honorable John Burns, one of the presiding officers, declared that "the mean street produces the mean man," and that "the East end means the West-end."

There were notable exhibits by the Civic League of St. Louis, the Philadelphia City Parks association, Kelsey & Olmstead of Boston, Charles Mulford Robinson of Rochester, the Boston Society of Architects, and the Fine Arts Society of Chicago. Germany contributed remarkable plans, new or realized; England showed her new Kingsway and the garden cities of Letchworth and Port Sunlight.

"Nothing has been undertaken in England in town planning on the scale reached in the United States, but in the way of a garden city there is nothing in the world to surpass Port Sunlight," remarked Dr. Burnham of Chicago. "It is not only beautiful, but satisfactory from every point of view, and it was laid out as a matter of good business by business men—a firm of soap makers."

J. Horace McFarland, president of the American Civic association, declares: "There is a distinct and immediate effect on values in pleasant factory surroundings. There is a further effect on the minds and hearts of the men who do the work in industrial establishments. Some years ago the surroundings of the plant of the Carlisle Manufacturing company were exceedingly bad. That concern makes frogs, switches and other railroad signal apparatus, and as the stranger passed through Carlisle he could readily discern the disorder and unpleasantness of the place.

"I fell into the possession of Col. John Hays who, with other ideals, spent considerable money in removing the disorder and placing a lawn with attractive flower beds where there had been nothing but dumps, scrap heaps and cinder piles.

"I wrote him," congratulating him upon the improvement, and received a letter which was in effect a protest against any consideration on my part of the proposition as an esthetic one. He said he had done the work as an investment, and that, after years of experience, it had proved to be a most valuable investment."—Franklin Clark in Success Magazine.

TOWN PLANNING A NEW ART

Interest of American Public Has Been Aroused and Civic Improvement Is Progressing.

Town planning is a comparatively new branch of learning. There are indications that in America it will be received with special enthusiasm, due in part, perhaps, to our native predilection for tearing things to pieces and doing them over again. To regard the beautiful art of making cities in anything but a serious spirit would be, however, childish and an inconceivable degree, and now that the interest of the public is aroused, it behooves us to consider carefully the paths in which it is to be directed.

That it is aroused may be taken for granted. About a hundred cities recently have employed experts on diagrams for civic improvement, and Philadelphia within the past fortnight has been the scene of the largest conference on this subject ever held in this country or in Europe. It is an appropriate moment for calling attention to the thorough methods of the School of Civic Design established a year or more ago in connection with the University of Liverpool and described in the current number of Landscape Architecture, the official organ of the American Society of Landscape Architects.

The director of the school realized from the start that properly to understand the architectural aspect of town planning, it is necessary first to understand the underlying principles of city organization. He placed social civics, therefore, at the beginning of the subjects treated in the series of lecture courses, and the twenty lectures devoted to this aspect of the general problem deal with the intellectual, administrative, residential, and recreative needs of the town. The other subjects are landscape design in reference to parks and gardens, the public health acts, engineering, and aesthetics, which gives the public the results of its research, and has a lecture hall, in which are given popular lectures for the benefit of the layman.

It is obvious that a school of this character, under intelligent direction, could do much to further organized effort and prevent the dissipation of energy. It should also play an important part in educating the critical faculties of the public and enabling it in the fullest sense of the outworn phrase to "know what it likes."

PHILOSOPHY TO THE RESCUE

Pat Went Without His Steak, But at That Everything Was Not Lost.

Charles Nagel, secretary of commerce and labor, says the Irish race has, in addition to its sentiment and romance, a lot of philosophy as one of its characteristics.

"The best illustration I ever heard of this," he explained to a dinner party one evening, "was the case of a poor Irishman who had been given a fine, juicy piece of steak. Being a religious man, he placed the steak in front of him, and there, in the shade of the trees surrounding his benefactor's house, he folded his hands, closed his eyes, and gave thanks to heaven for the meal. When he was in the attitude of prayer, a dog rushed up and captured the steak. Pat looked around in time to see the food disappearing over the hill.

"Thank heaven," he exclaimed, again closing his eyes, 'he left me my appetite!'"—The Sunday Magazine.

HAD CAUGHT THEM.



He (after he had kissed her)—My! what's that noise back of us? She—I guess papa's trying his new motion picture machine.

Family Enough.

Horace, five year old, has a brother, nine, and a sister, three, and with his father and mother, he deemed this family large enough. When, therefore, he was told by his aunt that a little baby was to be added to the family, he protested—

"I think papa and mama might better spend their money for more strawberries and powdered sugar for me," he observed, indignantly.

On a certain day a doctor came to the house and Horace thought he knew what that meant. His spirit of revolt nearly got the better of him, however, when a second doctor came.

A few hours later, after the doctors had departed, his Aunt Ella told him he had a new little brother. Horace brightened, and stooped to his mother's room. "It's all right, mamma," he assured her. "There's only one."

Serenity.

"The true religious man, amid all the ills of time, keeps a serene forehead and entertains a peaceful heart. This, going out and coming in amid all the trials of the city, the agony of the plague, the horrors of the thirsty tyrants, the fierce democracy abroad, the fiercer ill at home—the saint, the sage of Athens, was still the same. Such a one can endure hardness; can stand alone and be content; a rock amid the waves—lonely, but not moved. Around him the few or many may scream, calumniate, blaspheme. What is all to him but the cawing of the seabird about that solitary, deep-rooted stone?"—Theodore Parker.

The Fly.

"Where on earth do those flies come from?" is a frequent and despairing question.

They may come down the chimneys, if the fireplaces have tipping dampers. These should be tightly closed in fly-time. An appreciable falling off in their number will be the result.

If the chimneys have not the tipping damper, a screen such as is used for a window can be fitted into the fireplace; or, easier still, a bundle of paper may be stuffed up the chimney.

Either method is successful, and no trouble is too great to get rid of these summer pests.

AT THE PARSONAGE. Coffee Runs Riot No Longer.

"Wife and I had a serious time of it while we were coffee drinkers.

"She had gastritis, headaches, belching and would have periods of sickness, while I secured a daily headache that became chronic.

"We naturally sought relief by drugs without avail, for it is now plain enough that no drug will cure the diseases another drug (coffee) sets up, particularly, so long as the drug which causes the trouble is continued.

"Finally we thought we would try leaving off coffee and using Postum. I noticed that my headaches disappeared like magic, and my old 'trembling' nervousness left. One day wife said, 'Do you know my gastritis has gone?'

"One can hardly realize what Postum has done for us.

"Then we began to talk to others. Wife's father and mother were both coffee drinkers and sufferers. Their headaches left entirely a short time after they changed from coffee to Postum.

"I began to enquire among my parishioners and found to my astonishment that numbers of them use Postum in place of coffee. Many of the ministers who have visited our parsonage have become enthusiastic champions of Postum." 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.

THE AMBASSADOR'S SECRET

By ROBERT NAUGHTON.

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HE smoking, idling, late afternoon crowd of politicians in the New Willard contained little of interest for us. Rand was bored and I was uneasy. We stood by the window looking out on the expanse of Washington, typified by the amplitude of Pennsylvania avenue. For four days we had been on a tame, unsatisfactory hunt for some lost papers in a West Virginia salt-mining deal, and were now merely loitering on our return to New York, little dreaming of the drama on which the curtain was about to rise.

A negro bell-boy turned away from the call-desk just then, and his musical voice, rolling through the sea of chatter, was summoning: "Misto La-awrence Ra-and."

"Confound him!" said Rand. "Get him quick."

That name, all too well-known, had sounded once only, but a score of eyes followed me with interest as I took from the boy the message that Rand was wanted on the telephone, and returned to him.

As Rand rejoined me, when he emerged from the booth in a few minutes, he said succinctly: "Count von Bela-Moulkna has heard we are in town, and, as something has just happened at his wife's reception, he wants us to come instantly to the embassy."

"In top hats and all that?" I asked, as we hurried toward the elevator.

"I suppose we must," said Rand, with a slight lifting of the corners of his thin lips.

In fifteen minutes we were dressed, were downstairs, and rolling along the asphalt on our way to the handsome old residence in F street, which his government had purchased for its distinguished diplomatic representative.

The air of a function and the inevitable awning and carpet from the door to the curb marked out the house. We were met by an extremely tall, elderly servant, very wide-spread as to the elbows and very tight as to the maroon breeches, but with a shrewd twinkle in his guarded eyes, nevertheless. He showed us hastily into a side room, and back through others that were en suite with it, instead of taking us through the hall, where we might have been seen by the guests, until we reached the rear of the house, where an important wing projected. The difference in furnishings made it apparent that this was the ambassador's own ground.

We were ushered into a large room on the second floor, half-library, half-trophy room, and the ambassador rose stiffly from behind a big, flat desk, at which he had been sitting, smoking fiercely. He was a short, sturdy man of forty, with a blond face and an imposing head of iron-gray hair. His eyes gleamed under heavy black brows, and a large mouth was shielded by the mustache, which one often sees on men who have walked in the shadow of Bismarck.

His courtesies were a trifle exaggerated, it seemed to me, and Rand cut them short by a somewhat abrupt inquiry as to what we could do for him.

"You can tell me who took from that square, teak cabinet there in the corner a thin package of papers, the contents of which were known only to me, and which, if disclosed, will turn Europe into a seething hell of war in three months. I put them in that cabinet with my own hands at three o'clock this afternoon. They were gone at four o'clock. It is not five o'clock, and in this hour, other than telephoning you, I have done nothing else than puzzle over the most profound mystery that I have ever encountered in my diplomatic career. Other than the door by which you came, there are no entrances to this room but the windows. They are locked, and have not been opened. The only approaches to the door behind you are always under the eyes of servants who have been brought from my own rich estates, and have the fidelity of centurions behind them. No one has been seen to enter this room since three o'clock, and the only persons in the house meanwhile have been my family and domestic staff, and our two hundred guests. There was absolutely no clue in the room, in which, by the way, nothing has been disturbed except this antique bracelet, which was lying on the top of the cabinet. I must have those papers back again, and I must have them before they can be copied, which, such are their nature and length, would take two hours. I must not tell you what they contain, but in order that you may be able to identify them if you happen on the one chance in a hundred and do recover them, I show you this packet, which is identical in appearance."

He held out a small manuscript bundle, half an inch thick, formed of thin, diplomatic correspondence paper, and covered in pale blue, with veined cross lines of darker blue. I noticed at this juncture that the elderly servant had not retired, but had taken his stand behind us.

Rand disregarded the packet and bracelet, and passed rapidly around the room, his eyes surveying the interior and fittings in every detail. He

studied the heavily napped carpet intently, then resumed his seat and took up the bracelet. It was made of nineteen capsule-shaped chased gold bars, joined each to each by three band links. It was an inch wide and in the center was an oval ring two inches long, supporting two golden leaves and a coral apple. It was an antique ornament of great value. Rand turned his pocket lenses on it, and said almost instantly:

"Your servant who announced this afternoon has the guest-list of course, and if I questioned him could his memory be depended upon?"

"Absolutely, sir. He is my major-domo, and is really wonderful in that regard, as well as others."

"Will you call him, please?"

"He is here. Rudolf, answer anything the gentleman may ask you."

The stiff and towering fellow came forward to the end of his master's desk.

"Rudolf, take your guest list and check off the large, plump women."

He drew out the sheet, ran down the names, and, as he came to the last, Rand asked:

"Now, how many?"

"Eighteen, sir."

"How many of those eighteen are blond women turning gray?"

Rudolf considered a moment.

"Three, sir."

"How many of the guests have left the house? Any of the three?"

"Nearly all of the guests are attending upon the vaudeville program, including these three ladies, sir."

Rand held up the bracelet.

"Now, Rudolf, which of the three wore this bracelet?"

Rudolf's eyes questioningly sought his master's face, which remained downcast and unchanged.

"Madame Julie—"

"Stop, you fool. Not another word!" roared the ambassador, with a sudden change of manner, leaping to his feet and clapping his hand over the startled servant's mouth.

Rand was leaning forward, the pupils of his eyes reduced to pin points, and shining brightly.

Then Count Bela-Moulkna, realizing the undignified and unfortunate appearance of his outburst, drew back and sank down in his chair, rubbing his face fiercely with his hands, till his mustache and hair, disarranged, gave him a wild, animalistic look that could have been achieved in no other way. Slowly he recovered himself, rose, and said coldly and with all the dignity he could summon:

"Gentlemen, this investigation has reached a point where you must drop it. Mr. Rand, your incisiveness is more than marvelous. You will receive my check for five thousand by messenger in an hour. I regret to be under the necessity of bidding you good afternoon."

Rand, with a slight, sardonic smile, bowed deeply and responded with equal hauteur. We were retiring, when the ambassador clapped his hands to his temples, then smote his palms together, and began to laugh.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, one moment! Forgive my abruptness. I have made a mistake. Pray resume your seats."

He had become most gracious in an instant, and hastened to say:

"Mr. Rand, I am sorely absent-minded. The lady whose name I prevented your hearing in full was here with me clandestinely this afternoon, and wore that bracelet for the first time. Only at the mention of her did I remember seeing it. I must confess to having had a small affair with her, one breath of which would ruin me. I had the papers after she left. She cannot be responsible for their disappearance. We had a rather dramatic interview, as she wished it to be our last, and I paid little attention to that bracelet, though, as I look at it, I feel sure there was a tiny oval locket pendant from it, which is almost certain to have contained my picture. Also, I am now positive that she, toying with the bracelet, dropped it here on my desk. I found it there on the cabinet thirty feet away."

Rand, at this fact, leaped from his seat and strode to the cabinet. He turned his lens over the top, then on the mantel behind it, and caught up a polished silver topographer's tracer with a broad, flat handle. As he held it to the light, I saw his little smile of triumph. As usual, it vanished instantly, and he returned to his seat.

"Your papers were taken within the last two hours, my dear sir, probably by the same person who pried the locket from the bracelet with this tracer. See the little scratch and the trace of the soft gold." He held it up carefully between his two index fingers. "Also the person we seek seems to be blackmailer as well as spy."

"Pray tell me, Mr. Rand," said the ambassador, "how you made the marvelous selection of the owner of the bracelet?"

"Very simply. It is a large bracelet, yet the end links between each of the fence work bars are so worn by wearing well down on the wrist, with consequent strain on the end links, that its wearer must have been a large, plump woman. Then, on the inside, under the leaves, was a section of a naturally blond hair, with signs of approaching loss of color. It was merely a process of elimination."

"And now this—?"

"We must wait and see. May I have a bit of drawing paper and a fine pen—a crow's foot, if you have them?"

The ambassador had both, and Rand, getting all the light possible, carefully laid the tracer on the desk, drew forth his pocket case of instruments, and, measuring with dividers, began copying from the polished silver faces of the handle, the faint, oily lines of imprint a hand had left upon them. Twisted and distorted as they were by the hand having been closed around the instrument, Rand reconstructed them with a wonderful accuracy of imagination, and with such rapidity, that in not more than twenty minutes he had before him a line-drawing of the hand that last had held the tracer. It was the left hand, long, and with distinguished lines.

I should say at this point that before he had been at work more than a few seconds he had asked:

"Is it possible for you to inform the Countess Bela-Moulkna that you have by chance secured a noted fortune teller; say, M. Marcon, of Paris, and insist that she give me immediately a special place on her program?"

"Pardon me, I don't understand."

said the diplomat, seemingly unable to follow Rand's plan of rapid action.

"I am about to reproduce the hand of the woman who has your papers and the locket that can ruin your career."

"Pardon me again, sir, that is all very wonderful, but what does it signify?"

Rand bit his lip, and his fingers holding the little brass dividers were white with the pressure they exerted.

"A fortune teller who uses palmistry."

my dear sir. I have a slight hope of being successful."

I must admit, as I realized that when he had finished his present process, he would have no more than a moral certainty that the woman whom he had picked out was possessed of the papers and locket, I was consumed with curiosity as to what possible means he could take to prove possession and effect recovery. Never for one moment did I doubt but that this was all clearly formed in his incomparable brain.

When the drawing was complete, we were accompanied by the ambassador through the curtained entrance to the large drawing rooms, and found ourselves at the back of the clustered audience, listening to a woman noted as a reader of child's poems. She was at that moment responding to her final encore. The countess, a courtly woman with high Teutonic color, moved toward us, beaming. The ambassador presented Rand as M. Marcon, and Rand, with the mildly unctuous air of the society faquir, immediately introduced me, to my utter amazement, as "my assistant, Mr. St. John Coulwer."

"Merciful heavens! I never read a palm in all my life," I whispered to him, as we moved toward the dais where the entertainers took their station.

Before I had recovered my composure we were announced, and Rand plunged into his role with a verve that, even though I had seen him play parts ranging from the priest at Doctor Karsch's house to the Swedish engineer at Marengo, nevertheless completely amazed me.

He consumed a moment or two in a

iffled that I had the mental picture, I caught his eye. A moment later, when he'd finished with a dour senator's wife, he said:

"Now, ladies, I hope that I have won your confidence; I have a feeling that there is some one here this afternoon for whom I may be able to do a great good, and, while I am lining just a few more destinies by the chance method of selection I have been pursuing, Mr. St. John Coulwer will pass among you seeking that particular palm in which are the signs of the star of the day and hour. I have a feeling that there is some one here over whom fate hangs today. If this lady, whoever she may be, will come forward, I will endeavor to draw back that mysterious veil that shuts the future from our eyes and bare the secrets that lie beyond."

There was a melancholy, depressing tone in his voice that was inimitable.

"Go down there and find our woman," he said to me, and with a tight lump in my throat that seemed to choke me more and more as I progressed, I began moving in and out among the chairs of the guests searching for the hand that matched the picture in my mind. Rand was brilliantly diverting all the others save those I was encountering at the moment. I was astounded at the vast difference in the hands extended as I passed, and was even able to exchange polite badinage with two or three ladies who besought me to give them the grand opportunity of the afternoon. The first two of the four Rand had selected had hands shaped similarly to the drawing, but the lines were in no way alike. The third woman had a larger hand and no crooked third finger.

uffed by the angles of the chin and mouth; her romantic, adventurous nature, indicated in the size and openness of the eyes and the low, arched brows, and her love of this world's goods, shown in the thinness of her lips and the unusual shape of the point of the nose. He passed from phase to phase, "hewing true to the line," as I could see by her expression. Gradually he worked up to his more telling incisions. Her perturbations and effort at self-restraint were proportionately increased.

"But you have chosen your path," he went on. "I can but warn you of pitfalls. There is one pitfall yawning just before you, and, while your danger is great, there is greater danger confronting a friend—a woman not unlike yourself, but, although you do not know it, she is bent on some desperate and dangerous practices, that are drawing near a terrible climax."

All of the faint color left her face, and I could see the fluttering of the arteries in her neck.

"She has set foot where there are graver dangers than death, and has laid hand to tasks that are to be extremely bitter in their recompense. One task she has just accomplished. I can see her eyes light with triumph. I can see her pass among her fellow human beings with the stealth of a tigress, holding to her guilty heart the secret of her deeds. Little she knows what is before her. Over her shoulder there lifts an extended hand—the hand of retribution. Even now—this very moment it falls. She is caught and disgraced before the whole world. She is—"

With a heavy sigh and a soft rustle of garments she sank backward. I caught her as she fell, and we lowered her into a chair.

"Another room, immediately," said Rand to the ambassador, who had rushed to the dais at this climax of the tense scene. Just behind him was the inscrutable Rudolf.

In a moment we were in a little side chamber, leaving the company in great commotion. The countess was deftly opening the unconscious woman's gown at the neck. I saw a corner of blue paper with darker veins. Rand quietly drew forth the packet without attracting the attention of the countess by any haste, and passed it behind him to the trembling Count Bela-Moulkna.

The astonished diplomat seemed about to succumb to apoplexy.

"Merciful heavens!" he gasped in my ear. "This woman is the daughter of the French secretary. Ten thousand more if you get that locket."

Rand was deftly assisting the countess and the maid. From somewhere about the person of the unconscious woman, a little golden thing rolled out, wheeled down the folds of her gown, and across the floor beneath the eyes of the countess, till it struck the toe of the towering Rudolf, drawn up stiffly by the door.

With a hasty word of explanation, Rand instantly turned to the drawing-room, to get control of the scene there and continue the program. The ambassador stood with his bulging eyes fastened on the locket. With the impassive air of an Indian chief, Rudolf shifted one foot slightly, until his heel was on the trinket, then turned and ground it into bits.

BURRO PROVES TO BE A HERO

Dumb Animal Stops a Heavy Train on the Desert to Get Aid for His Master.

Away out on the Mojave desert a little burro enacted a part which would have called for a medal if it were the custom to make such awards to dumb creatures.

When the engineer of the fast Santa Fe limited decided to sacrifice a moment's running time and save the life of the animal on the track he spared the life of a prospector.

The heavy train came to a stop and the passengers, wondering what had stopped it far from signs of civilization, climbed from the sleepers.

They found, standing resolutely on the center of the track, a sad-eyed little animal, plainly marked with the life of the desert. It refused to clear the path of the train until the engineer discovered tied to one of its front legs a slip of paper.

The curious passengers crowded about the engineer and read an appeal for help from Henry Gooding. Scrawled on the paper was the blunt statement he had broken a leg ten miles south of Siberia and was alone.

At the first station the message of the injured man was placed in the hands of men who brought Gooding to the town.

Not Up to Modern Ideas.

Having been in vogue for centuries, the custom of ringing two bells, one to summon the rich, and the other the poor, to vestry meetings, has now been discontinued at Northleach, Gloucestershire, England, on the ground that it is out of keeping with modern feeling.

Ambitious.

"Pop?"

"Yes, my daughter."

"This paper says that the average child of six years uses fewer than 400 words in her daily conversation."

"Yes, my child?"

"Well, pop, how soon will I be allowed to use as many as mamma?"

The Reason.

"My dear daughter, don't talk to me about young Bubby's addresses to you. As a husband, he is a minor proposition."

"But why, pa?"

"Because he's under twenty-one."



WE LOWERED HER INTO A CHAIR.

try as one means of divination may have an opportunity to see that woman's hand," said he, with chilling suavity.

"Ah, really. Yes—yes—marvelous. Um—ah. Yes—yes, of course," answered the ambassador, in a bewildered sort of way.

He started to give the necessary message to Rudolf.

"Would you be so good as to write that message and send it by another servant?" said Rand.

Rudolf's eyes snapped with some suppressed feeling.

When the messenger was gone and the hand nearing completion, our employer again interposed his inquiries.

"Of course, Mr. Rand, finding this woman is one step, but what then? How can you possibly recover the papers and the locket without arresting one of my wife's guests? Do you realize that any action of a sort that would provoke the slightest scene either in this house or outside of it, where it was traceable to this woman's presence here, will lead to disclosures that, no matter how small, will be followed by greater ones, all of which mean, notwithstanding your cleverness, entire and complete failure, sir?"

Rand gave me a look that besought my sympathy. Though I was as greatly daunted by the obvious difficulties as was the Count Bela-Moulkna, I had a faith in Rand that allowed that its wearer must have been a large, plump woman. Then, on the inside, under the leaves, was a section of a naturally blond hair, with signs of approaching loss of color. It was merely a process of elimination."

"One hill must be climbed at a time,

little lecture on palmistry, and all that he avowed as being discernible from the lines of the hand I knew full well he could read in the facial characteristics of his subjects.

"Of course," continued he, "it is obviously impossible for me to give more than a few of the ladies before me anything like a thorough reading this afternoon in my brief half-hour with you, but I will select a number at random for a few statements each. So I am going to ask you to hold up your left hands as long as I hold up mine, if you please. Will you oblige?"

Up went two hundred left hands as he raised his.

He surveyed them rapidly, and said aside to me after they were lowered: "Our woman is either the black velvet Elizabeth to your right, the tall eagle in the center, the chianti flask in salmon in the rear, or the lovely Lady Gainsborough on the left, second row. None of them seems to be of a professional stamp, though. We may be too late."

The outlook seemed rather hopeless, I must say, as I covertly surveyed each of the four, while he picked out several others, and brought them forward alternately, starting the company with his insight into their characters, and convulsing every one with his tactful hits upon faults apparently well known among their friends. I could merely marvel at it all.

Once he came close up to me and said: "When I put this drawing on the table, pick it up and fix on your memory the deep lines across the palm and the crooked third finger."

I did as he bade me, and when sat-

The fourth was the woman I sought! She was pale and nervous, with her lips closely set, and when I told her that it was she whose palm bore the sign of the day and hour, she shrank back, as if from an accusation. But she thrust her pretty chin forward a trifle, and, when Rand had finished the reading then in progress, she rose to her full, stately height, pressed her trembling fingers to her masses of hair, then smoothed out the folds of her rich gown with a rapid, down-casting gesture, and led the way, unfalteringly, to the dais.

Rand took her hand with a marked gentleness, and his face was grave and kindly, although the steel-point glint in his eyes belied his whole manner.

There was a moment of silence, with tense interest among the spectators. The ambassador, his face a study, drew slowly nearer, with Rudolf at his heels.

"My dear madame," Rand began, so low that I alone could hear his words, "there seem to be things here which I feel sure you do not wish known."

She started visibly.

"Much of what I say I will address directly to you, but when I begin to talk of your intimate woman friend, that also will be meant for you. Pray stop me if I go too far."

Her eyes were lighting and darkening, and her breast was heaving with suppressed excitement. Slowly, and watching her narrowly, Rand told her points of her character which were plainly written on her face, such as her determination and high spirit, sig-

IS VETOED BY TAFT

STATEHOOD BILL IS TURNED DOWN BECAUSE OF JUDICIARY RECALL.

PUTS SHACKLES ON JUDGES

Would Render Decisions Under Legalized Terrorism if Provision of Arizona Constitution Was in Force—May Try to Pass It Over Veto.

Washington.—President Taft, in a special message to the House of Representatives, vetoed the joint resolution providing for the admission of New Mexico and Arizona to statehood. His reason for exercising the executive power of veto was based on his thorough disapproval of the recall of judges clause in the Arizona constitution.

The fact that New Mexico's statehood was bound up with that of Arizona meted out to it the same fate, and neither territory can come into the Union at this time unless friends of the joint resolution in congress can muster the two-thirds vote necessary to adopt the resolution over the president's veto. This may be attempted.

The president did not spare words in condemning the recall feature of the Arizona constitution, which, he said, would compel judges to make their decisions "under legalized terrorism." The recall provision would operate against all elective officers of Arizona, including both county and state judges. When 25 per cent. of the voters of the previous election petitioned for a special election to remove an official such an election would be compulsory.

"This provision of the Arizona constitution," the president says, "in its application to county and state judges seems to me so pernicious in its effect, so destructive of independence in the judiciary, so likely to subject the rights of the individual to the possible tyranny of a popular majority, and, therefore, to be so injurious to the cause of free government that I must disapprove a constitution containing it."

Much of the message was devoted to a discussion of the functions of courts. The president dwelt at length on the necessity for freeing the judiciary as much as possible from politics or popular influence. Referring to the recall provision, he asked: "Could there be a system more ingeniously devised to subject judges to momentary gusts of popular passion than this?"

INDICT BEATTIE FOR MURDER

Grand Jury Returns First Degree True Bill—Miss Binford Is Not Called.

Chesterfield Courthouse, Va.—A true bill charging murder in the first degree was returned by the grand jury at the Chesterfield circuit court against Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., of Richmond. He will be tried for his life as the alleged murderer of his young wife, victim of the Midlothian turnpike tragedy of July 18.

The commonwealth decided that only four witnesses would be heard by the grand jury. They were Thomas E. Owen, uncle of Mrs. Beattie; T. P. Pettigrew, called to testify as to the finding of the single-barreled shotgun; Dr. Wilbur Mercer, who was on the Owen lawn when Beattie drove up with the body, and Paul Beattie, a cousin of the defendant.

Beulah Binford, the "woman in the case," sat smiling in an anteroom waiting to be called as a witness.

PRISONER SHOTS UP COURT

Wounds Three Men When Ordered to Jail and Is Killed by One of the Victims.

Benton, Ill.—Attempting to escape after being remanded to jail for examination, Martin Shadowens shot Justice of the Peace James Mannon, City Marshal John Stakinrider and a spectator and cut Deputy Thomas Mackey. Mackey shot and killed Shadowens, whose brother Charles fell from a second story window and was probably fatally hurt. The shooting occurred at Christopher, a small town near here.

The Shadowens brothers had been arrested for shooting on the streets after a man named Benges had been injured by a bullet. Martin Shadowens pleaded to be allowed to appear in the justice court, but Justice Mannon ordered that he be taken to jail without warning Martin shot Mannon and Marshal Stakinrider.

Postal Savings Bank Full. Seattle, Wash.—The postal savings bank at Bremerton, the seat of the Puget sound navy yard, is full and unless the postmaster general takes action to relieve the situation not another cent can be deposited.

On Trail of Stephenson. Washington.—A resolution providing for an investigation of the election of Senator Stephenson of Wisconsin was adopted by the senate. The action was a formality necessitated by a technical error some days ago in passing a similar resolution without reference to the contingent expenses committee.

Flash Kills Girl in Bed. La Crosse, Wis.—In a storm at Angelo, Wis., Miss Laura Hanson, aged eighteen, was killed by lightning.

RIOTS IN ENGLAND

MOB ATTACKS TROOPS IN ATTEMPT TO RESCUE PRISONERS.

General Strike Is Declared on All Railway Lines in England—Many Hurt.

Liverpool.—Troops are pouring into the city to stop the reign of terror that exists here. The landing stage of transatlantic steamers is under heavy guard, which is declared the strikers have threatened to destroy. Five prison vans, escorted by 50 hussars, which were carrying riot prisoners from the police court to Waltham jail, were attacked by 3,000 members of the roughest class in Vauxhall street, in an attempt to rescue the prisoners. The mob attacked the soldiers with missiles of every description, and in defending themselves the hussars fired.

At first blanks were used, and then ball cartridges. In this affray one man was killed and many persons were severely wounded.

Another, but less serious affray, in which the troops again were compelled to fire, took place in Bond street. Only a few persons were wounded.

At a meeting of the executives of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, the Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen and the General Railway Workers' union, a resolution was unanimously adopted declaring a general railway strike throughout the whole United Kingdom.

OIL TRUST MUST STAND TRIAL

Indictment of 143 Counts for Rebates Held Good by United States Court.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Judge John R. Hazel in United States district court held that the Standard Oil company must stand trial at the next regular term on an indictment of 143 counts, charging acceptance of rebates from the Pennsylvania Railroad company and the New York Central Railroad company on shipments of petroleum from Olean, N. Y., to Burlington, Vt., in violation of the Elkins law.

One of the company's chief points of defense urged in its motion to dismiss was that the alleged offenses had all been disposed of in previous trials and that the company could not twice be placed in jeopardy for the same alleged offense.

The government, through John Lord O'Brien, United States attorney, contended that each offense alleged in the indictment was a separate one. Judge Hazel sustained the government's contention.

GOTHAM FLYER IS WRECKED

Pennsylvania 18-Hour Train Ditched Near Fort Wayne, Ind.—Two Die, 30 Hurt.

Fort Wayne, Ind.—The Chicago-to-New York 18-hour Pennsylvania railroad limited was wrecked at Swinney Park, a mile west of the Pennsylvania depot here. It jumped the track and struck a freight engine standing on the west-bound track, killing two persons and injuring about thirty passengers severely, ten of them from Chicago.

Three local hospitals received the wounded as rapidly as they were taken from the wreckage. The flyer was an hour and ten minutes late and was running at 68 miles an hour. The cause had not been determined, but a new switch was recently put in at the point and to this is attributed the wreck.

STEPHENSON QUIZ IS VOTED

Resolution Sent to Committee to Provide Investigators' Expenses—Vindication Sought.

Washington.—The election of Senator Isaac Stephenson of Wisconsin is to be investigated by the United States senate to determine whether it was brought about by bribery and corruption. This action was unanimously decided by the senate following the submission of a recommendation to that effect by the committee on privileges and elections.

THREE SISTERS DROWNED

Brother Rescued by Boatman When Skiff Hits Sunken Dyke and Capsizes in Mississippi.

Alton, Ill.—Three sisters, Flora, Ella and Mary Brogley, of this city, aged eleven, fourteen and seventeen years respectively, were drowned in the Mississippi a mile south of Riehle Station, Ill. Their skiff, in which five persons were riding, capsized when it struck a sunken end of a dyke.

Will Probe "Night Riding."

Chattanooga, Tenn.—The Van Buren county grand jury at its next meeting will take up reports of "night riding" in the mountains of east Tennessee. One farmer, who gave lodging to revenue officers on a recent raid, was whipped until unconscious.

Roger Q. Mills Is Dying. Corsicana, Tex.—Roger Q. Mills, former United States senator from Texas, and author of the Mills tariff bill, passed during Cleveland's administration, is dying at his home here.

AVIATION WEEK IN CHICAGO



TWO AVIATORS DIE

Badger Is Crushed by Machine—Johnstone Is Drowned in Lake at Chicago.

FALLS 3,500 FEET TO DEATH

Chicago Youth Dashed Into Water When Engine Explodes in Air—Pittsburgh Aviator Killed When Biplane Collapsed.

Grant Park Aviation Field, Chicago.—In the presence of 500,000 people, two aviators, one the son of a Pittsburgh millionaire, the other the son of a Chicago physician, were dashed to their deaths.

One of the fatalities occurred on the field, a few yards from the gates of the enclosure, when a biplane with huge spread of red wing folded up like a jack knife and struck the earth with terrific force.

The second accident occurred at sunset when a graceful monoplane suddenly shot toward the lake from a height of 3,500 feet. As it neared the water its pilot tried to steer it upward, but the forces of gravitation were too potent. The wings collapsed, the engine exploded and the driver was either killed before he struck the water or drowned.

The dead: St. Croix Johnstone, a Chicago aviator, whose Moisant monoplane dived into the lake after a glide of 3,500 feet. It collapsed when its pilot tried to turn its course upward and its engine exploded. Johnstone had vanished when Robinson, in his hydroaeroplane, reached the wreck a minute later. He was either killed by the engine or drowned.

W. R. Badger, a Pittsburgh pilot and reputed millionaire, who sought to emulate the hair-raising exploits of Lincoln Beachey. His Baldwin "red devil" collapsed as Badger was making a spectacular dip not far above ground. The engine struck the pilot, breaking his neck and crushing his skull. Badger died in St. Luke's hospital within half an hour.

The death of Johnstone was an unusual tragedy. The young aviator plunged to his fate before the eyes of his mother and wife, who were standing near the hangars, proudly watching his performances.

Grant Park Aviation Field, Chicago.—Smashing all American records for a day's flight, Atwood, the Boston aviator, flew into Chicago from St. Louis, en route to New York and Boston, and joined the other winged vehicles on the lake front.

He completed the aeroplane dash across the prairies of Illinois in five hours and thirty-four minutes of flying time, the distance traveled between dawn and nightfall being about 300 miles. The average speed of the journey was fifty-six miles an hour.

Alms at Harvester Concern.

Washington.—Another comprehensive investigation, this time into the affairs of the International Harvester company, will be under way during the next regular session of congress if a resolution introduced by Representative Foster of Illinois is passed by the house.

It asks an inquiry by a committee of nine members of the house, to be chosen in the same way as the committees of inquiry into the so-called steel and sugar trusts.

Key's Grandson Is Dead.

Baltimore, Md.—Clarence Key, seventy-five years old, a grandson of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star Spangled Banner," is dead at the Confederate Home at Pikesville. He fought through the Civil war.

Volcano in Japan Erupts.

Tokyo, Japan.—Asamh-Yama, the volcano on the island of Hondu, was in eruption. A large party of foreigners ascended the mountain during the night, and narrowly escaped the fumes from the crater.

WOOL BILL APPROVED

SENATE PASSES NEW SCHEDULE BY VOTE OF 38 TO 28.

Measure Now Goes to the President, Who Is Expected to Veto the Bill.

Washington.—The senate, by a vote of 38 to 28, adopted the conference report on the wool tariff revision bill, already adopted by the house. The bill will now go to the White House for the expected veto of President Taft.

The vote came after a vigorous five hours' debate on the merits of the bill. It was a victory for the combined Democratic and Insurgent Republican forces as against the regular Republicans. Only two progressive Republicans, Senators Borah of Idaho and Bourne of Oregon, united with the regulars in the vote against the bill.

The bill as passed by the two houses places a flat ad valorem duty of 29 per cent. on all raw wool, and proportionate rates on woolen manufactures.

The wool bill passed the house by a vote of 206 to 90. Thirty-one Republicans joined with the Democrats who voted solidly for the measure.

16 KILLED IN MEXICAN FIGHT

Federals and Rebels in Battle at Huitzilac—Demand Pay for Army Service.

Mexico City.—Seven federals and nine rebels were killed in a fight between the forces of General Zapata, the revolutionary leader, and the government troops at the town of Huitzilac, near Cuernavaca. General Madero, head of the government, is at Cuernavaca, and on his orders hostilities have been suspended pending a conference between General Zapata and the executive. Zapata, however, refused to meet Madero and sent an ultimatum of war to the death unless the Madero government pays his men for their work in the last revolution.

DENIES SHE'LL WED MUNSEY

Miss Lota Randolph of Baltimore Sends Telegram to Friends Declaring Report False.

Baltimore, Md.—Word was received from Miss Lota Randolph Robinson of Baltimore, who is now in camp with friends near Marquette, Mich., today asking specific denial of the report that she is engaged to marry Frank Munsey, the publisher. When the report first became public relatives telegraphed Miss Robinson for information. Her reply follows: "Telegram just reached me in camp. No telephone or telegraph here. No truth in report.—Lota Randolph Robinson."

LINCOLN MILITARY AIDE DIES

Major Reed Rathbone, Who Received Stab Wound From Booth, Is Dead in Asylum.

Hanover, Germany.—Major H. R. Rathbone, who was a military aide to President Lincoln, and in attempting to defend him the night Lincoln was assassinated (April 14, 1865) received a stab wound from Booth, died in the Hildesheim asylum for the criminal insane, where he was incarcerated for murdering his wife. He will be buried on Wednesday.

Taft Vetoes Statehood.

Washington.—President Taft vetoed the joint resolution providing for the admission of New Mexico and Arizona to statehood. His reason for exercising the executive power of veto was based on his thorough disapproval of the recall of judges clause in the Arizona constitution.

Two Dead in Powder Blast.

Pottsville, Pa.—Two men were blown to pieces in a powder mill explosion at Cressona, a few miles from here.

HANDS WERE TIED

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley Tells How He Was Constantly Overruled on Cases.

ALWAYS WAS OUVOTED

Federal Food Expert Says He Found It Useless to Appeal to the Secretary of Agriculture—Charges Money Waste.

Washington.—Charged with having made an illegal contract for the expert services of Dr. H. H. Rusby of New York, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the chemistry bureau of the department of agriculture, testified before the house investigating committee. He branded as false a statement of the personnel board which recommended him for dismissal. He told how Dr. F. L. Dunlap, associate chief of his bureau, and Solicitor McCabe of the department repeatedly voted him down in the food and drug inspection board, of which Wiley was a member.

Doctor Wiley told of his educational training for the pure food life and described his activity in advocating pure food legislation and of opposition to food manufacturers.

Doctor Wiley explained that the pure food law authorized his bureau to investigate all foods, to determine whether they were misbranded or adulterated.

"Do you then certify your findings to the secretary of agriculture?" asked Representative Floyd of Arkansas.

"We used to." Q.—What was the next change in administration of the law? A.—The appointment of the food and drug inspection board. At first the hearings were held before the bureau of chemistry; then they were transferred to this board.

Q.—Is Doctor Dunlap a chemist? A.—Yes.

Q.—Is Solicitor McCabe a chemist? A.—Not that I know of.

Q.—Suppose you take one position as a chemist and Doctor Dunlap another; does Mr. McCabe's vote decide the question? A.—It did.

Q.—What attitude has the board of food and drug inspection taken toward the bureau of chemistry? A.—The views of the chemistry bureau as to what was adulterated or misbranded were overruled in about two-thirds of the cases. Sometimes I voted to overrule the bureau, but usually it was overruled against my vote.

Q.—When you and Doctor Dunlap disagreed how many times were you sustained by Mr. McCabe? A.—Never, as I remember; except on my decision that rye whisky must be made from rye. On that matter Mr. McCabe sided with me.

Q.—How many of the cases have been passed on by the board? A.—From 1,500 to 2,000. On about 100 cases where Mr. Dunlap agreed with me on the first vote and the solicitor disagreed with both of us Doctor Dunlap changed his vote in every case to agree with the solicitor.

Doctor Wiley declared that the result of these overrulings was to "squander and waste" all the money spent in preparation of the cases by the chemistry bureau. He said that so far as he knew all appeals to Secretary Wilson had resulted in a decision sustaining the board's ruling.

"About 9,000 cases," he said, "have been prepared by the bureau at a sum averaging about \$200 each, including the gathering of samples. Many of these cases are properly dropped."

STRIKE RIOTS ARE RENEWED

Famine Threatens Liverpool—Some Restaurants Already Are Closed.

Liverpool.—The renewal of rioting growing out of the strike of dockers and allied unionists came in the Scotland road division of the city. The police again had to make baton charges and the soldiers were called upon. Their presence, however, was sufficient to overawe the rioters, who dispersed.

Some restaurants already have been closed because their managers could not obtain sufficient provisions. All the necessities in food have advanced greatly in price. Eggs went up eight cents a dozen and butter was advanced eight cents a pound.

An ominous sign is the choice by the leaders of the railway workers of Liverpool as the city from which to direct the threatened general strike on the railways which were declared by the executives of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, the Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen, and the General Railway Workers' union; to become effective within 24 hours unless in the interim the companies express a willingness to negotiate for a settlement of grievances.

James Arbuckle Kills Self. Hammond, Ind.—James Arbuckle, aged fifty, son of Millionaire Edinburg Scott and related to coffee Arbuckle's family, killed himself because of love for Mary Williams, aged thirty, of Chicago, who is a niece of James Black, township trustee.

Loses Her Appendix at 99. Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Mrs. Baker Hillman, ninety-nine years old, underwent an operation for appendicitis, and her physicians said she is making good progress toward recovery.

EASY.



Jessie—How does Sue manage to win so many guessing contests? Joe—Her father is in charge of the local weather bureau, and she gets him to predict the result of the contest, and then she guesses the other way.

For the son of man there is no noble crown, but a crown of thorns.

THAT AWFUL BACKACHE

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Morton's Gap, Kentucky.—"I suffered two years with female disorders, my health was very bad and I had a continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and am enjoying good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have the backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it."—Mrs. OLLIE WOODALL, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.

Backache is a symptom of organic weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

SIXTY-FOURTH YEAR LAWRENCE CONSERVATORY

(A Department of Lawrence College) Enjoys the intellectual and social advantages of Lawrence College. Teachers of recognized ability, choral society, orchestra, recitals by World's Artists. May music festival. Faculty concerts, superior Public School Music Course. Piano, Voice, Violin, Harmony—Dormitories for students. Term September 14th.

William Harper, Dean, Appleton, Wis.

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REAL ESTATE.

LOOK! Great Farm Bargain

To close an estate, can offer the rarest bargain in Wisconsin. A beautiful 200 acre farm at Genoa Junction consisting of 200 fertile acres. Fine large building, two room house, cow barn with cement floor holds 50 cows and 200 tons of hay. Large barn cement floor, stalls 8 horses, sheds 200 sheep, granary and 100 tons of hay, oak and buggy shed, corn crib, large chicken house, pig pens, arbor, well. Only 1/2 mile from Boston Condensed Milk Plant. Very reasonable terms. Address M. T. JONES Genoa Junction, Wisconsin.

WHEAT, CORN, ALFALFA—Buy homes in

Lawrence County, Kansas, the center of the great wheat, corn and alfalfa belt of America. Lawrence County produced in 1910, more wheat than any other county in the United States, over \$50 worth for every inhabitant. Alfalfa annually yields 100 tons per acre, without irrigation. Write, Frazier & Ely, Larned, Kan.

FOR SALE—One of the finest improved farms in

1,233 acres in Central Minnesota, improvements cost \$20,000, one mile from station on N. P. Railroad. Price \$30 per acre for description write to Louis Carafel, Fairbault, Minn.

CHOICE Ohio Farms for sale. Near Youngstown,

Ohio. All sizes and prices. Best market in the state. Macadam roads. Get our list. Murray Leach, State Company, 300 Dollar Bank Building, Youngstown, O.

ARKANSAS LANDS \$55.00 a subject to home-

description of each county and information as to where secure these lands sent for \$1. O. L. Kates, Little Rock, Ark.

MAKE your future home in the Halbert district

of Southern Saskatchewan. Canada's finest 800 acre. We have improved farms from \$25 an acre. Weburn Security Coy. Halbert, Sask.

FOR SALE—1500 acres choice cotton, maize, kaf-

ir, fruit land. Delightful climate, good water. Martin Co., Texas. 1-2 cash. Balance suit purchaser. \$5. Address owner, Box 67, Wichita, Kansas.

THE CORN and hoe country of Mississippi, near

Memphis, on I. O. R. R. Five thousand acre bill, Senatobia, Mississippi. Both banks.

FOR SALE—Fortunes truck farming in Virginia.

Four to six crop a year on same ground. Farms from 10 acres up to 500 acres. F. E. Hatch, Richmond, Virginia.

BUY LAND—Beautiful Oak foothills of Ark.

fertile soil, flowing springs, healthy, prices right. L. C. MITCHELL & COMPANY, Fayetteville, Ark.

PROGRESS of the WORLD

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

Bluff Has a Real Value

Self-Depreciation, a Common Failing, Out of Place in the Business World.

LESSON WORTH THE HEEDING

Advice Given Timid Stenographer by More Experienced Companion Might Be Applied to Any Workman in Any Form of Employment.

The timid new stenographer gave a little shiver of mingled admiration and awe as the president's amanuensis came into the room and put her notebook on the copy holder and her pencils in the drawer of her desk, in preparation for her morning's work.

The timid stenographer folded her hands and gazed at the older girl admiringly.

"If he should ever ring when you're not here," she said, with a little quivering laugh, "I'm going to put on my hat and run home."

"Then you'll be a goose," responded the other. "You'd better be glad of the opportunity to try and see if you can do it. Do you want to keep on doing the same, little, old, easy things all your life?"

"But I'm so afraid of doing things wrong, and I get so discouraged when I make mistakes," p'aded the younger girl.

"Then don't let people know it," said the president's stenographer. "An over-bold girl is an abomination, but you simply must have, or must act as if you had, a reasonable amount of self-confidence."

"But I'm such a miserably poor bluffer," sighed the timid stenographer.

"I don't advocate bluffing too much," said the older girl, "but where there is real capability behind it (and there is in your case), a little bluffing is a mighty good thing. When I was in the shorthand school," she continued, after a moment, "the teacher came to me one day and asked me if I wanted to go out and try a certain position that she had to fill. I told her that I didn't think I could do it and I wouldn't dare to try. Then she gave me just such a lecture as I have been giving you."

"I was a thoroughgoing little goose and rather obstinate, too, I expect, and I hesitated so long that finally she got rather provoked and told me she had to send some one right away and didn't have time to argue with me any longer. Then she went over to a girl who I knew wasn't nearly as well educated as I was, couldn't read her notes nearly as well and who didn't try half as hard, and this other girl put her hat on immediately and

Time to Keep Busy

CHIEF'S VACATION NOT A PERIOD OF REST FOR THE OTHERS.

Serious Mistake All Too Frequently Made and Just as Often Bitterly Repented Of.

Most business girls look forward to the chief's vacation as a period of more liberty, less hurry, no call-owns, no overtime, no docking for tardiness, in short, a kind of annual restup from the perennial hardships.

If one of the popular office employes is commissioned to take the chief's place, so much the better. There will be ease and ice cream sodas between hours when duties aren't pressing, and no tattling when the boss returns.

If the glum strawboss gets his seat, the old hands who have a good standing with their regular manager are going to make it hard for him. Unless the pressure of business is severe they won't come to time, and more or less disobey his rules. In case of complaint and argument they trust to their regular chief's previous good opinion to support and defend them.

This, of course, is speaking of the average and below-the-average girl. She who is above the average may argue with herself like this: If the boss pro tem recommends me, the regular one is sure to take notice.

There is a personal satisfaction for keeping your record clean even when no one's the wiser if you don't.

You can never tell what vigilance committee the chief has placed about you to discover the shirkers and general amount-to-nothings.

You can never tell when the chief shows up unexpectedly—and finds you out shopping or otherwise delinquent.

You can never tell how he determines the next-in-line for promotion.

You can never tell how he determines the next-in-line for discharge.

The thing for me is not only to be on the alert, but on the square toward

went out and applied for the position. "Did she get it?" asked the timid one.

"Yes, she did," said the president's stenographer. "And there wasn't any reason on earth why I couldn't have gotten it, except that I was a fraidy cat. You may believe I never was so silly again."

"You may not succeed in everything you try to do," she concluded, "but it's pretty safe to say that you'll never succeed in anything you don't try."

Bill Was Useful.

A minister was assigned to a small parish in England not long ago, and upon his arrival found his new field of labor all that could be desired with the exception of old Bill Johnson. Old Bill was very much addicted to looking upon the wine when it was red, and the new minister at once announced his intention of bringing him to see the error of his ways.

"Well, of course, we know you mean right, parson," one of the elders said, slowly, stroking his white beard; "but it would be a mighty bad thing for the place if old Bill was to quit drinking."

"Why, what do you mean, brother?" the puzzled minister asked.

"Well, parson, it's like this," the elder explained. "There ain't a more convincing talker nowhere than old Bill. Every time he gets drunk and sobers down he gets somebody to sign the pledge with him, and the other fellow pretty nearly always keeps it."

Beware of the Rut

Always Serious Mistake for One to Be Too Well Satisfied With the Present.

MAY PAY TO "CUT LOOSE"

Look Ahead and Satisfy Yourself That Your Position is Leading to Something Worth Having in the End—Must Climb or Be Pushed Down.

Things are running along pretty smoothly for you, eh, Horace? That same old job isn't such a lemon after all, is it? While your salary doesn't sound big in toto, when you spread it out over each month it's at least enough to "get by on," isn't it? And, though there are lots of things you wish you had and wish you could do, there are still many luxuries at your command, aren't there?

Somehow, you manage to pay your

STUDY YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Method of Developing Capacity That Is Certain to Lead to Advancement.

You can always get plenty of books and literature along the line of your employer's business, and when he finds that you are keeping your eyes, ears and mind open, that you are studying his business, he will keep his eyes on you, says Orison Swett Marden in an article in Success Magazine. Your employer is not blind. Do not think because he is not constantly patting you on the back that he is not taking your measure.

The first thing the successful employe must realize is that he is really working for himself. Every bit of work he does heartily, honestly, thoroughly, is developing his own capacity, making him a bigger, broader, more capable man. If he robs his employer of time or energy, he is robbing himself more because he is practicing dishonesty, and cultivating a weakness which will slowly undermine his character and destroy his reputation for trustworthiness.

The men who have done great things in the world have been prodigious workers, particularly during the time when they were struggling to establish themselves in life.

Young men who are sticklers for hours, who are afraid of working overtime, who want to have the office on the minute or a little before, who are always a little late in the morning, or who take their employer's time for their own personal uses—such employes never get very far.

board bill each month, get a couple of new suits of clothes each year, and plenty to smoke, eat and drink, and have enough left over to take in quite a respectable amount of the good things of life. Of course, you realize that you ought to be getting more and that your salary has increased slightly in the last few years. Other chaps seem to be mounting the ladder of success with lightninglike rapidity. They're dragging down bigger salaries each year. More than that, they are almost certain of further increases in the future.

But you are still ambling along at the same old job and the same monthly pay envelope. You have planned many a time to change it all and go after something better. But one month runs into the next and one year into another, with you still doing business at the same old stand. Next year—not this one—is the time you'll make the big effort to show what you can make of yourself. Then you'll cut loose from the routine and strike out for your fortune. But stop a moment. Two years ago didn't you make the same declaration? And two years before that, too?

Which brings us, Horace, to the question of whether it pays to live in the present and let the future take care of itself, or to live with an eye to the future solely. It is so easy to drift along in an environment that is reasonably comfortable and to dread any change that reverses the old order. It is disconcerting, to say the least, to pass up a certainty and jump into an uncertainty. In some new line of work, or in the same line with another firm, one has to make good all over again, and convince the strangers that one is really worth his salary. At the old stand they know all about you. Your know their ways and they yours.

Just look ahead, and ask yourself whether your job is leading to anything worth having in the end. What are the men ahead of you making—the men who began where you are now long years ago and gradually worked up to what they have at present? Are their positions worth having? Have they accomplished that which you would be satisfied to let stand as the result of your life's achievement? Is the game worth the candle?

Presently, unless you keep on climbing up, you'll be pushed off clear to the bottom. And there, there is no room for you. Only at the top—on each step higher up than the one you now occupy—is there room. Fix your eyes on the topmost step—or fall off. Climb—or slip back. Look out for the future and the present will take care of itself!

Don't Be a "Pickle Face."

"Be polite, it costs you nothing," is the motto of the 1,100 employes of the Norfolk and Portsmouth Traction company. It is all kinds of an asset, however. Politeness gets business for a business man, while the man with the cold stare and the nickel clutch is the chief obstacle to the growth of his business. Polite, affable people in a city give it the reputation of being a "clever city." An aggregation of pickle-faced individuals breed a harvest of knocks for their town. Wear a smile and look like you are clothed in your right mind.

Advertising Talks

GOOD ADVERTISING ECONOMIZES ENERGY

By GEORGE S. BANTA.

A manufacturer, who does not advertise, recently paid to advertising the best compliment that I have ever heard bestowed upon it. "Why," he said, "advertising simply takes away from the merchant all the character and individuality he has as a salesman. It doesn't take salesmanship to sell advertised goods—any duff can sell them."

He then explained how it was the policy of his house to manufacture a good article, explain its merits to the retailer, and let the latter, in turn, use his "selling ability" in moving the goods. He conceded that in a great many instances the goods failed to "move," but he said, it was because "the blamed clerks didn't have brains enough to push a good thing when they saw it."

Laying aside the ridiculous logic of the position taken by this manufacturer, may we not say that nevertheless he has struck down to the basic reason for advertising. There are, throughout this land, thousands of clerks, so-called sales people, whose chief capacity consists in taking the customer's money and wrapping up his purchase. The number who are really possessed of sales ability is very small and the merchant who could get upon his force a sufficient quota of such would be a wonder.

The average merchant, who hopes to succeed must make up his mind to do so with the average money-taking, package-wrapping clerk. To this merchant any force which brings to his store customers who are inclined to purchase without convincing sales talk is indeed a magic wand of power. If advertising is such a force—and we know that it is—how much respect is it not entitled to as an effective agency and an economizer of energy in the merchandizing of today?

THE CHANGE IN ADVERTISING

Policy of Fooling or Defrauding Readers Prevalent Years Ago Almost Unknown Today.

All the business men can recall a form of advertising that was very prevalent about 10 to 20 years ago.

The idea was to fool a reader against his will to peruse an advertisement. It was assumed that the reader was hostile to all advertising, and that the only way to get him to read it was to perpetrate a fraud. An advertisement would start in like a news article, as if it was some sensational or tragic happening. With more or less ingenuity the reader would be led on to the advice to buy Quackerjack pills or Cheatham's corsets.

The practical result was to anger the reader at so childish a deception, and few goods were sold in that fashion.

The big dry goods merchants were the leaders in modern advertising. They were early with the discovery that the public does not have to be cajoled, teased or defrauded in order to get advertising read. They found on the contrary that the public was eagerly turning to the advertising to get its questions asked, that the man who did not answer those questions was slighted, and the man who did answer them got the business.

The public does not turn to advertising for wit, humor or monkey capers. It simply asks a merchant to tell them about some of his most attractive offerings, to describe them so clearly that they can know just about what they are and what they will cost.

You no more need to work off a fraud on your readers to get them to read that kind of advertising than the editor needs to play food tricks on them to get them to read any other good live news.

The department store men have built up their great business by recognizing that the public wants the news of their stores, and is governed in its purchases by the presentation of that news in the advertising. They found out that the store that does not advertise is as much out of the game as the newspaper that should print articles out of an encyclopedia on its first page.

A Bigger Curiosity.

At a country fair in a western state one of the attractions of which was an exhibition of curious animals, there appeared a countryman attended by a large assortment of boys and girls and a wife in a huge sunbonnet.

The countryman took the "barker" into his confidence. "I'd like to go in and see them animals," said he, "but it would be kinder mean to go in without my family, and I can't afford to pay for my wife and 15 children." The city-reared "barker" stared at the man in amazement. "Are all those your children?" he asked, gasping.

"Every one of the 15," said the man.

"Just wait a minute and I'll fix it up for you," said the obliging "barker." "I'll bring out them animals and let 'em have a look at you and your family."—Harper's Monthly.

Helpful Ad. Hints.

It is said that people forget easily in the summer time. That's all the more reason why you should not let up on your advertising.

A western merchant said to his employes: "Boys, I want you to remember that this store stands for me. I am honest and fair, and I want you to be the same with customers, because you represent me. I want you to be frank and ready, and willing and courteous; for these are the things I stand for, and is the policy of my store. Remember the reputation of this store is what you and I make it."

You insure your store and your stock. Why not let well-conducted advertising insure the life of your business, its good name, its profits and its future?

The price and the profit—don't pay too much for the one, or obtain too little of the other.

Yes, advertising "runs into money," but it's cheaper to start today than tomorrow. The storekeeper who "wins out," is he who seizes the opportunity that his competitor merely sees.

PERSONAL APPEAL THE BEST

Suggestions to the Small Town Retailer for Interesting the Buyers.

Many small-town retailers look with a jealous eye at their city brethren who have the ways and means for advertising. If they would but stop and think a minute they could easily find methods that would make the city dealer jealous of them. The small-town retailer has the advantage of being able to use "personal appeal" advertising to the highest degree which, after all, is the only method that gains and holds a customer and makes him a valuable asset.

The Progressive Retailer took the trouble to secure the opinion of some of the leading small-town retailers as to the best method of trade promotion. The answers given below show conclusively how easy it is for this class of merchants to use personal appeal to advantage.

"Get out your handbills by the hundreds, especially when you have any special goods on which you are making a run."

"Compete with the catalogue houses by offering to furnish at the same price, plus expressage or freight and expense of money order, the goods made by the responsible firms with which you deal."

"Mail circulars early in the fall, winter, spring and summer, advertising seasonal goods at fair prices."

"Look after your store windows. The way to sell goods is to show them."

"Get a hustling roadman out after all possible customers. If he cannot close up any special deal, try and get the man into the store—and then it's up to you, Mr. Proprietor."

"Get a list of the property owners within a half dozen miles of your store, and then bombard them."

"Send out a circular each month, calling attention to your seasonal goods."

"Send out a woman to drum for women's trade."

"Get acquainted with your customers, and make a point of calling their attention to goods for which they have not asked."

"Keep all your promises to customers. Get a reputation for honesty. Be kind to the children who come to the store; they are your future customers. Notice the elders, and be able to call every man by name as he comes into the store."

"Paint your store when it needs it, and above all keep everything clean and neat."

"Keep season goods well displayed, and priced in plain figures."

Sunshine and Sales.

Cheerfulness will attract more customers, sell more goods, do more business with less wear and tear, than almost any other quality.

Good cheer is a good lubricant; it oils all of life's machinery. It is a great producer; it adds wonderfully to one's active ability and increases mental and physical power. It makes hosts of friends and helps us to become interesting and agreeable.

Boost to Newspapers.

Advertising in daily newspapers was given a boost by Wesley A. Stranger, himself a publisher of a trade paper, at a banquet of 175 delegates of the stamp trade manufacturers' association at Chicago the other evening. "We should patronize the daily newspapers more," said Mr. Stranger. "Trade papers are all right, but we need to reach the homes as well as the business field."

The Best in Bouquets.

No printed advertising—not even the parables—can equal in value the spoken endorsement. The emphasis of a subtle look or gesture has greater punctuative effect than commas, semicolons or dashes. So, if a customer or his bookkeeper or his traveling man or his chauffeur passes along a good word about you take it from me, it's the best endorsement any man can expect.

The Real Salesman.

Some salesmen think that selling is like eating—to satisfy an existing appetite; but a good salesman is like a good cook—he can create an appetite when the buyer isn't hungry.

QUEER DISEASE IS IN UNITED STATES

Many Here Afflicted With Odd Ailment, Says Prof. Munyon.

GREWSOME CREATURES VERY COMMON, FINDS EXPERT.

Many people in the United States are afflicted with a queer disease, according to a statement yesterday by Professor James M. Munyon. He made the following remarkable and rather gruesome statement:

"Many persons who come and write to my headquarters at 63d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., think they are suffering from a simple stomach trouble, when in reality they are the victims of an entirely different disease—that of tape worms. These tape worms are huge internal parasites, which locate in the upper bowel and consume a large percentage of the nutriment in undigested food. They sometimes grow to a length of forty to sixty feet. One may have a tape worm for years and never know the cause of his or her ill health."

"Persons who are suffering from one of these creatures become nervous, weak and irritable, and 'are at the least excited. The tape worms rob one of ambition and vitality and strength, but they are rarely fatal."

"The victim of this disease is apt to believe that he is suffering from chronic stomach trouble, and doctors for years without relief. This is not the fault of the physicians he consults, for there is no absolute diagnosis that will tell positively that one is not a victim of tape worm."

"The most common symptom of this trouble is an abnormal appetite. At times the person is extremely hungry and cannot get enough to eat. At other times the very sight of food is loathsome. There is a gnawing, faint sensation at the pit of the stomach, and the victim has headaches, fits of dizziness and nausea. He cannot sleep at night and often thinks he is suffering from nervous prostration."

"I have a treatment which has had wonderful success in eliminating these great creatures from the system. In the course of its regular action in aiding digestion, and ridding the system of liver and other impurities it has proven fatal to these great worms. If one has a tape worm, this treatment will, in nine cases out of ten, stupefy and pass it away, but if not, the treatment will rebuild the run-down person, who is probably suffering from stomach trouble, a general anemic condition. My doctors report marvelous success here with this treatment. Fully a dozen persons have passed these worms, but they are naturally reticent about discussing them, and of course we cannot violate their confidence by giving their names to the public."

Letters addressed to Professor James M. Munyon, 63d and Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., will receive as careful attention as though the patient called in person. Medical advice and consultation absolutely free. Not a penny to pay.

An Anomalous Parent.

"Father!"

"Yes, Wilfred."

"What is reciprocity?"

"Reciprocity, Wilfred—"

But pause! Father never told. He slipped over no epigram. He knew not what was reciprocity. No. He was totally different from the average father figuring in this sort of short squib. He just told Wilfred to run along and play, and resumed his reading of the evening paper.

Truly, a refreshing personality—not so!

Reason Enough.

"What's the trouble, old man?" asked the sympathetic friend.

"Well," answered the judge, "you see, my wife and I have never been able to get along very well. The relationship has become so unbearable that we both want a divorce."

"I see," answered the friend. "Then why don't you get one?"

"Because," answered the judge, sadly, "I have sent all the bogus divorce lawyers to the penitentiary."

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

The hero is he who is immovably centered.—Emerson.



Cement Talk No. 1

Buyers of Portland cement should remember that there are various brands of Portland cement on the market and that all Portland cement is not the same.

Every manufacturer prints on the sacks the name of the brand and the trade mark. If you find the trade mark printed above and the name *Universal* on the cement sacks, you may know it is the best Portland cement possible to make. Good concrete depends on good workmanship and good materials. Care and experience make for good workmanship. Good sand and gravel or crushed stone are obtainable quite cheaply. With these you may feel absolutely safe, if you use *Universal Portland Cement*. It is always uniform, of good color, great strength and works easily. If you need cement, use *Universal*. Most dealers handle *Universal*. If yours does not, write us.

UNIVERSAL PORTLAND CEMENT CO.

72 W. ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO

ANNUAL OUTPUT 10,000,000 BARRELS

Personals

A. J. Pearce has been appointed assistant auditor for the Cleveland-Cliffs Co's furnace department, as has been generally expected after the announcement of C. D. Mason's transfer. The question of general interest now is, will the office of the furnace department be transferred to Marquette immediately? The move was under consideration two years ago, but at the last minute was rejected. At present, it would involve but two of the office force, the others remaining to conduct the local office.

Walter O'Connell with a party of friends met with a mishap Friday on that beautiful boulevard, Hartnett avenue. He turned out for a bicyclist and the machine went on its side throwing out its occupant. A wheel was wrenched off and other damage done, but no one was injured. Luckily the tide was out, or they might all have drowned.

La Bar & Neville, the Manistique druggists, have leased the east store of the Minnewasca block from C. H. Scott, and will open a pharmacy therein early next month. The room is now in the hands of the decorator, John Kinnie. Mr. Scott will have his office in Empson's suite.

Hon. W. F. Hammel, after an illness of several days, is out again, though not fully recovered. Nothing but the sheerest physical incapacity, however, will keep him confined until after Labor Day is successfully celebrated.

Rev. William H. Walker, of South Haven, arrived in the city Thursday morning to spend six weeks. He will conduct services in the Congregational church here every Sunday evening, and at Wells in the mornings.

Hon. Chas. D. Mason returned Thursday evening from his lake trip. He has cancelled his trip to Lansing, and will leave with his family on the twenty-eighth for his new home in Cleveland.

Mrs. C. W. Elquist, who with her daughter, Miss Hattie Elquist, spent the summer in Sweden, will arrive home about the twenty-eighth. They landed yesterday in Liverpool.

F. W. Aslett left Friday night for Elk Rapids. He will return in about ten days with his two sons, who have been visiting their grandparents.

Mrs. Aldine Pennock entertained a small number of friends Wednesday afternoon at a birthday party.

Mrs. T. D. Springer entertained a party of ladies at her home Monday afternoon.

Miss Fay Whiteside, of St. Ignace arrived Thursday to visit the Misses Grills.

Miss Josephine Rosenblum returned Wednesday from visiting in Ishpeming.

G. R. Empson returned Friday morning from his trip to Duluth.

Miss Clara Nebel returned this Friday from Chicago.

Clarence H. Maclaurin and Miss Elizabeth Gagnon were married Saturday evening by Rev. Fr. Bennett, and left on a honeymoon trip to Manistique by automobile. The ceremony was a quiet one, and they completely escaped publicity until their departure was made. Mrs. Maclaurin, for years "Central," has the esteem of a wide circle of acquaintance for her unflinching courtesy and thoughtfulness. Her husband, who has not been so long a Gladstone man is one of its most bustling business men. They will be heartily welcomed on their return.

Ensign Fred Royce, after the accident to the Yantic's launch, had the task of taking her from Les Cheneaux to the Soo, eighty miles. To hoist the boat in or tow it was impossible, so he took charge of the damaged craft, with a crew, and steered her into port, making good time.

Joseph Brown, aged thirty-one, died Sunday at Highland Park, Ill., from injuries received in an automobile accident. His funeral was held in this city from the home of Mrs. Hogenson Wednesday afternoon. He is survived by a widow and one child.

H. H. Lancour, of Perkins, was in the city Friday on business. Mr. Lancour says that except for potatoes, this is the best year for crops his neighborhood has experienced, and prices bid fair to be higher.

Al Gauvin, who has been spending the month on Young's farm, above Rapid River, to recuperate his health, returned Monday, in excellent condition and enjoying life.

Mrs. A. E. McCornock and children returned Wednesday from their visit near Iron River. Mr. McCornock will enjoy his vacation next week.

P. L. Utley, J. B. Moran and James Tolan, of Escanaba, made a trip to Gladstone Thursday afternoon in the former's car—not street car.

A daughter was born Thursday morning, August 17, to Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Foy. Mike is always smiling but this time "There's a Reason."

Messrs. Camp and Hayner are in the city, distributing the steel kitchen cabinets which they sold a few months ago.

Mrs. Henry Rosenblum was called to Chicago Monday evening by the serious illness of her father, Isadore Price.

Mrs. J. J. Miller, and Miss Flora Miller, who have been visiting here, returned Thursday to Benton Harbor.

Mrs. A. L. Williamson and children went in to St. Paul Thursday night to visit relatives for a week or so.

Gabe Heldman, of Trenary, came Thursday evening with his motorcycle, returning this morning.

J. D. Staples, who has spent a vacation of several weeks in Ohio, returns early next week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Barnes, of Enderlin, visited friends at this end of the line this week.

H. W. Blackwell spent Sunday in Menominee, but chose to leave his auto at home.

A daughter was born Thursday, August 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Louis.

John E. Johnson and Miss Catherine Reagan were married Wednesday afternoon by Rev. Fr. Bennett. Mrs. Johnson is well known in Gladstone, where she has spent her girlhood, and for some years has been teaching in the schools of the county. They will reside at Fond du Lac, where Mr. Johnson is employed by the Soo Line.

Rev. E. J. Warren, I. N. Bushong, Geo. C. Ogden, Andrew Marshall, Floyd W. Marble and Floyd Berry attended the Methodist laymen's meeting in Escanaba Tuesday evening, where Mr. Bushong delivered an address on "The Church and Reform."

Navigating Officer C. D. Mason will not leave the naval brigade. Too high an estimate was placed on his services by the governor and his superior officers. He has been granted leave of absence from the state and will take the cruise again next year.

John Wicklund, a laborer on the new power dam, was fatally injured Wednesday by the fall of a steel chute, weighted down by concrete. His funeral was held at Escanaba Friday, Rev. C. J. Silfversten officiating.

Joseph Schiska, of Rapid River, has taken a contract to drill an artesian well for the Cooperage company near its sawmill. He commenced work Thursday.

Lewis Cavill is at work on a new invention, which will be a great safety device. He intends to take out a caveat on a non-explosive tire.

Sam Bushnell, who returned recently from the east to visit his parents at Menominee, is spending the week in Gladstone.

Eric Wahlberg is putting a large addition to his house at Kipling, which will assume the square form now so popular.

Frank Peterson, who has charge of a congregation at Fort Sheridan, Wis., is spending the week with his parents here.

Werner Olson returned Thursday from Trenary, where he had finished a job of cement work on Davis' garage.

Andrew Shepley and William McDonald have returned from a visit of a few days at Corinne.

Swan Kjellander is putting an addition on his blacksmith shop and making other improvements.

William Michaels, of Escanaba, has taken a position as blacksmith in C. O. Carlson's shop.

Charles F. Swanson, who left Gladstone some time ago, is now located in Pepin, Wis.

August Mercier, of Garden, visited his daughter, Mrs. G. Rouleau, here this week.

Andrew Peterson, of Calumet, is visiting friends in this city, his former home.

John J. Sourwine was over from Escanaba for a few minutes Thursday.

A daughter was born Thursday to Mr. and Mrs. Emil Smith.

J. H. McDonald was down from Rapid River Friday.

D. W. Chipman left Monday for his home in Milwaukee.

Archie D. Harris was in Escanaba Tuesday evening.

IT WAS A TRAGEDY, 'NYWAY

How Professor Branefog Got Tangled Up in Carrying Out His Wife's Instructions.

The people didn't merely look at Professor Branefog—they stared. He knew he was absent minded at times, and he wondered whether he had rubbed his face with boot polish instead of cold cream after he had shaved, or whether he had forgotten to change his dressing gown for his frock coat.

But a kind policeman put things right. "Are you aware, sir, that you are carrying a joint of beef in your arms?" he asked.

"Goodness me!" said the professor. "I knew something was wrong. My wife told me to put her Sunday hat on the bed, to place this joint in the oven and to take the baby and the dog out for a walk."

"You've not put the baby in the oven, surely?" said the law's guardian. "I put something in it," said Branefog; "but I don't know whether it was the baby or the dog."

With bated breath they hurried to the professor's house. Here, on the bed, lay the baby and the dog; but it was just as bad for Branefog. It was his wife's Sunday hat that was in the oven!

"THE HAT DID IT"

By JANE PINCKNEY BENNETT

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

"Here is the ring you gave me; take it. I do not wish to see you or it again."

She was striding back and forth, her cheeks aflame, her eyes flashing anger. She slipped a solitary diamond ring from her finger and handed it to him. But instead of walking away in high dudgeon he sat down in an easy chair, rested his head back on the cushion, his elbows on the arms, and, holding the ring in his hands before his eyes, examined it critically.

"I must change that," he said to himself, though aloud. "Can't use this one again. I must get another."

"If you are saying all that for my benefit," she said, "you are having your trouble for nothing."

"I must apologize for having given you a stone with a flaw in it. I was deceived."

"But the ring can't be used again."

"Then let me see the ring. I wish to know if the man I have been engaged to had the effrontery, the meanness, to palm off on me a stone with a flaw in it."

"What has been in the case of a broken engagement concerns no one. It belongs to a dead past. By your returning the ring you annulled your interest in my past and my future. It doesn't make any difference to you whether there is a flaw in it or not."

"Perhaps you will condescend to tell me what you propose to do in the case."

"Of the ring?"

"I shall take it back to the man of whom I bought it and ask him for another, a perfect stone; that I shall have set according to Sue's taste and give it to her."

"This was very mean of him. She remembered the day he had given her the ring; how beautiful the rainbow colors that sparkled from it; her thrill of joy at possessing it not only for itself, but for what it represented."

"Since I gave it to you," he went on brutally, "I've taken in a hundred dollars I don't know what to do with. I'll add that to the price and get a handsomer stone."

"Do you still care enough about me to grant me one favor?"

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,
Dentist.
Office hours from 9 to 12 a. m., from 1 to 5 p. m. and from 7 to 8 p. m.
Delta avenue and Ninth street, over Minnewasca Furniture Co's store.
18xv1.

DR. DAVID N. KEE
Physician and Surgeon,
Office and Residence 811 Delta Ave.
Telephone No. 44. 49.

DR. A. H. KINMOND,
Dentist. 41
Office over Lindblad's Grocery, McWilliams' Block.

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

THE GLADSTONE DELTA
JOB PRINTING
24 NINTH STREET, NORTH

LABOR DAY CELEBRATION
Brings thirst these warm days, and causes considerable distress if it is not alleviated promptly. That good Samaritan, P. W. Peterson, will assist you any day relieving the drouth which exists in your parched lips and sizzling throat. When more agreeable weather comes, we shall have indeed cause for
P. W. PETERSON
725 DELTA

WATER!
A people's civilization is unfailingly indicated by the amount of water they use. The Americans head the list.
Let us show you the cost of a modern bathroom, of hot and cold water, and sewer connection, today.
P. L. BURT & CO.
Phone 265
"Always Ready."

I will surely be
GLAD TO SEE YOU
at any convenient hour when you need a thirst reducer. I am handling all lines, in wood and glass, and have a fine showing of ice-cold hot weather goods.
The old stand opposite the car track,
AUG. LILLQUIST
917 DELTA AVENUE

THAT ODD JOB
You need waste no more time looking for a carpenter to do it. I have a man ready at any time to come up and fix it.
THAT HOUSE PLAN
your wife likes so well. Ask me for a price on putting up the building. I am always ready to estimate.
William Jacobson
Phone 125-3 rings.

WERNER OLSON
Does all kinds of cement work and does it right. Prices right, too. No job too large or too small. Let me know what you want and I will give you a bargain.
WERNER OLSON
Postoffice Box 754.

COAL
PLENTY ON HAND. CLEAN AND BRIGHT, AND DELIVERED PROMPTLY.
GENUINE POCAHONTAS.
CALL ME UP WHEN YOU WANT GOOD COAL.
Phone 7.
C. W. DAVIS

Cement
Sidewalk 8 cents per square foot.
Let me figure your foundations and any work in my line. I have had long experience and my work is of the best.
CHARLES D. PETERSON
BOX 374 (13)

GO EAST
young man, on Delta avenue until you reach The Harbor where you will find all kinds of creature comfort. The Harbor furnishes food and drink of the best quality and its variety cannot be excelled. You will be welcome at all times and will be glad to come again.
ANDREW STEVENSON
South of the Elevator
Proprietor

WHILE YOU BUILD
Have your furnace put in now. It will save 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
H. J. KRUEGER
712 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich
Phone 260 Shop or 250 Residence

Looking for the Best School.



We certainly have it

GREEN BAY BUSINESS COLLEGE

Stands for the
Highest and best in Business Education

SUPERIOR INSTRUCTION IN THE FOLLOWING PRACTICAL COURSES:

Business, Shorthand, English, Expert Accounting, Commercial Teachers Training, Civil Service, and classes in Salesmanship and Advertising.

Send for Catalogue "B" 19-22

E. F. QUINTAL, PROP.

New News of Yesterday

By E. J. EDWARDS

Would Have Changed History

Thurlow Weed's Chat About the Effort to Nominate Daniel S. Dickinson for Vice President With Lincoln.

"How different would have been the course of American history right after the close of the civil war," said Thurlow Weed to me a year or two before his death, which occurred in 1882, "had we been able to accomplish what a good many of us thought would be a very wise thing to do at the time of the convention in 1864 which nominated Abraham Lincoln for president."

The famous old Whig and Republican political leader paused for an instant and reached out his hand towards me so that he might feel my hand, since he was then almost blind.

"Did you ever see Daniel S. Dickinson?" he asked. "Did you ever hear him speak? If you did, you were fortunate. I believe he came from a little town on the site of a mountain in northwestern Connecticut, called Goshen, and that in his early life he expected to be a tailor. But he was a born orator. Did you ever hear him?"

I told Mr. Weed that I had seen and heard Daniel S. Dickinson in the summer of 1863, and that he greatly resembled physically Henry Ward Beecher, excepting that he was a taller man.

"Yes, that is so," Mr. Weed replied. "He wore his hair long, as Beecher did; he was also smooth shaven and he had the same projecting or full eyes which I long ago learned are one of the best physical evidences of the power of oratory. You heard him make a political speech, I presume?"

I replied that Mr. Dickinson had come to Connecticut not to make political speeches, but instead to speak for the cause of the Union and so to speak as to encourage men to enlist.

"Oh, I remember that time very well," Mr. Weed replied. "It was just after the draft riots in 1863 and enlistments were slow. It was necessary to fill up depleted regiments. Mr. Dickinson was sent for to make speeches in Connecticut, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. These speeches rekindled the excitement and enthusiasm which prevailed in New England during the first year of the war."

"That he certainly did in my town," I replied. "Mr. Dickinson spoke in the public square. There was a great crowd around the platform. After he finished, some twenty-five or thirty young men stepped out of that crowd, went to the platform, and gave their names to the enlisting officer, who sat at a table there."

"Now," continued Mr. Weed, "you will understand why so many Republicans thought that it would be the wisest step to take to nominate Daniel S. Dickinson for vice president with Lincoln at the Republican national convention in the spring of 1864. Dickinson was universally recognized as one of the greater living orators of the United States. He had been United States senator from New York. He had been a Democrat all along and a warm friend of President Franklin Pierce, but when war began he was one of the first to put party behind him."

"I never knew exactly why the plan to nominate Daniel S. Dickinson for

vice president with Lincoln in 1864 miscarried. We knew that he would receive anywhere from a hundred and sixty to two hundred votes in the convention. We thought that strength of that kind, and the fact that his name on the ticket would strengthen the ticket in New York state, then as now the critical state in presidential elections, would in all probability bring the nomination to him. We had good reason to believe that Lincoln would be pleased if Dickinson were nominated, and that belief was confirmed when, after the convention had done its work, we learned that Lincoln, although he did not complain, was disposed to regret the nomination of Andrew Johnson. I have always been convinced that the real history of Johnson's nomination is known to only one or two men. But suppose a man of the energy, the brilliancy, the fine record and the oratorical power of Daniel S. Dickinson had been nominated with Lincoln in 1864. Then, I am convinced, our history would have been different, for the four years immediately following the close of the war."

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First Colonel of Negroes

How Robert G. Shaw, Though Citizen of Massachusetts, First Enlisted With the Seventh New York Regiment.

Fifty years ago one of the most famous of the many regiments that fought on the Union side in the Civil War marched down Broadway, New York, for the front, in response to Lincoln's first call for volunteers—the Seventh New York. Marching with it to war as a private went that son of a Massachusetts family which had been prominent from Revolutionary days who was destined to become the leader of the first regiment of negro soldiers formed under state authority in the north—Robert G. Shaw. This fact is so little known that most of the biographies of Colonel Shaw state that at the outbreak of the war he entered the service with the Second Massachusetts as a second lieutenant; yet there is the roster of the Seventh regiment with Shaw's name upon it, to prove that Shaw saw his first service in the Civil war with the

famous New York city regiment which furnished 660 officers to the Union out of the men who marched to the front with it on April 19, 1861.

I have heard George William Curtis explain in this fashion how it was that Colonel Shaw happened to begin his military service with the New York regiment.

"It was due to a chance visit that Robert Shaw made to my house on Staten Island. My wife was his sister, and though he was of Massachusetts citizenship, he was in the habit of speaking of our Staten Island home as his other home."

"In the winter of 1861 he was with us. From day to day he followed closely the development of the relations between the north and the south. He was sure that war was inevitable; he believed that it would be his duty to enlist for it, and with that idea in mind he became a member of the Seventh regiment. Well, in the spring the war that he had looked for came, and he went to the front as a private, and we were all proud of his handsome appearance, the patriotic earnestness shining in his face, and his soldierly bearing as he marched away with his musket upon his shoulder."

"The Seventh enlisted first as a three months' regiment. At the end of that period Robert went back to his own state and was given his first commission in the Second Massachusetts. Then, in 1863, when he was a captain, came the incident of which all of his family, and especially his father, was very proud."

"Massachusetts was the first state of the north to raise a regiment of negro soldiers; Robert was asked by Governor Andrew if he would accept the colonelcy. Many persons thought he would decline it. His family was rich, they were members of the most cultivated circles of Boston, and he was himself a Harvard man. But he told us that he regarded it as a high duty and opportunity to accept the offer, for he believed that the moral effect produced by the leading of the first negro regiment to the front by a man who was no adventurer would be of great value. At the head of the regiment he again went to the front with his father's blessing and the approval of all who were near him, and he fell with many members of his regiment at the assault upon Fort Wagner, in South Carolina, on July 18 of the same year."

"When the news of his death was received by his father, and the father was asked what disposition should be made of his boy's body, he remained quiet for a few moments. His head was bowed with sorrow that his son should have died, and yet he was sustained by the feeling of honorable pride for the brief career of this brilliant and handsome son. At last he raised his head and said: 'I have only one answer to make when you ask what disposition shall be made of my son's body, and that is this: Let him be buried with the soldiers who perished with him. That, I am sure, would have been his wish.'"

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Life Rings on Mounts.

An extraordinary example of the way in which a mountain may, afford on a small scale an image of the earth's climates, arranged in successively higher circles, has been found in the San Francisco peaks. These ancient volcanoes rise out of a plateau having a mean elevation of 7,000 feet above sea level.

The peaks are encircled with zones of vegetation, which run almost like contour lines around them. Between 6,500 and 8,500 feet the yellow pine is the dominant tree. From 8,500 to 10,300 feet the Douglas fir, the silver fir, the cork fir and the aspen share the available ground. Between 10,300 and 11,500 feet the Engelmann spruce and the foxtail pine take possession, and ascend to the tree limit.—Scientific American.

A WALKING SKELETON.

Worn Out and Prostrated with Terrible Kidney Trouble.

Mrs. Margaret Cook, North Market St., Logan, Ohio, says: "It is almost impossible to describe my sufferings. My back ached constantly and so awful



was the bearing-down pain that I could scarcely drag myself about. Kidney secretions were in terrible condition and pains through my head were so intense I could scarcely refrain from screaming. I could not sleep, was nervous and lost flesh so rapidly I looked like a walking skeleton. I doctored all the time but had begun to think there was no help for me. Then I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and was entirely cured. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me a new lease of life. Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by druggists and general storekeepers everywhere. Price 50c. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HIS CRIME.



Evelina—I am sorry, but I cannot marry a man of your character. Edgar—What have I ever done? Evelina—I have just learned that you are a director in a life insurance company.

TO KEEP THE SKIN CLEAR

For more than a generation, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have done more for pimples, blackheads and other unsightly conditions of the complexion, red, rough, chapped hands, dandruff, itching, scaly scalps, and dry, thin and falling hair than any other method. They do even more for skin-tortured and disfigured infants and children. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world, a liberal sample of each, with 32-page book on the care of the skin and hair will be sent post-free, on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 22 L, Boston.

The Wreck.

Mrs. Ronald H. Barlow, the eastern golf champion, was talking at the Cape May Golf club about the benefits of sea air. "To look at the cottagers and native of Cape May," she said, "speaks of these benefits more eloquently than I could do. How pale and wan seem city people beside these brown, supple, vigorous men and women! An excursionist from the city said to a fisherman on the beach the other morning: 'Do you have many wrecks here?'"

"The fisherman looked contemptuously at the city man, who was in bathing dress. He looked contemptuously at his hollow chest and white, thin legs and arms, and then he replied: 'You're the first I've saw this season.'"

A New Ailment.

Mother was sick, and Janet, four years old, had heard the doctor say that she had ptomaine poisoning. A short time later Janet was heard confiding to one of her playmates: "Mamma's sick. She's got toe-nail poisoning."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Vacation Scheme.

"I have gotten a great deal of pleasure from anticipating the trip." "More pleasure, possibly, than you'll get from the trip itself." "That's what I think. So I've decided to stay at home and save the money."

The satisfying quality in Lewis' Single Binders found in no other 5c cigar.

Our highest religion is named "the worship of sorrow."

HE HAD THEM IN A CORNER

Clergyman's Rebuke to Thoughtless Youths at Once Neat and Disconcerting.

A well-known clergyman was one day in a barber's shop, when four or five young men walked in whom he knew by their voices, but who did not recognize the man in the chair, with lather all over his face. They proceeded to spend the time by telling stories and using expressions which, to say the least, were rather strong. When the barber pulled away the towel the clergyman, cleanly shaved, stood before them. So nonplussed were they that no one tried to take the vacant chair, and the barber called several times—"Next gentleman! Next gentleman!"

The clergyman smiled somewhat grimly as he said:

"It isn't a bit of use, John. There's not a man here who has the effrontery to answer to that name."

Crafty.

"What does the veterinary surgeon next door advise for your pet lap dog's sickness?"

"He forbids my playing the piano."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Cole's Carbolsalve quickly relieves and cures burning, itching and torturing skin diseases. It instantly stops the pain of burns. Cures without scars. 25c and 50c by druggists. For free sample write to J. W. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

It is the business of this life to make excuses for others, but none for ourselves.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Lewis' Single Binder gives the smoker a rich, mellow-tasting 5c cigar.

Know prudent, cautious self-control is wisdom's root.—Robert Burns.

BETTER FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN THAN CASTOR OIL, SALTS, OR PILLS, AS IT SWEETENS AND CLEANSES THE SYSTEM MORE EFFICIENTLY AND IS FAR MORE PLEASANT TO TAKE.

SYRUP OF FIGS and ELIXIR OF SENNA

IS THE IDEAL FAMILY LAXATIVE, AS IT GIVES SATISFACTION TO ALL, IS ALWAYS BENEFICIAL IN ITS EFFECTS AND PERFECTLY SAFE AT ALL TIMES.

NOTE THE NAME

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. in the Circle, on every Package of the Genuine.

ALL RELIABLE DRUGGISTS SELL THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE WHEN CALLED FOR, ALTHOUGH THEY COULD MAKE A LARGER PROFIT BY SELLING INFERIOR PREPARATIONS, YET THEY PREFER TO SELL THE GENUINE, BECAUSE IT IS RIGHT TO DO SO AND FOR THE GOOD OF THEIR CUSTOMERS. WHEN IN NEED OF MEDICINES, SUCH DRUGGISTS ARE THE ONES TO DEAL WITH, AS YOUR LIFE OR HEALTH MAY AT SOME TIME DEPEND UPON THEIR SKILL AND RELIABILITY.

WHEN BUYING

Note the Full Name of the Company

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

PRINTED STRAIGHT ACROSS, NEAR THE BOTTOM, AND IN THE CIRCLE, NEAR THE TOP OF EVERY PACKAGE, OF THE GENUINE. ONE SIZE ONLY, FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. REGULAR PRICE 50c PER BOTTLE.

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA IS THE ONLY PERFECT FAMILY LAXATIVE, BECAUSE IT IS THE ONE REMEDY WHICH ACTS IN A NATURAL, STRENGTHENING WAY AND CLEANSES THE SYSTEM, WITHOUT UNPLEASANT AFTER-EFFECTS AND WITHOUT IRRITATING, DEBILITATING OR CRIPING, AND THEREFORE DOES NOT INTERFERE IN ANY WAY WITH BUSINESS OR PLEASURE. IT IS RECOMMENDED BY MILLIONS OF WELL-INFORMED FAMILIES, WHO KNOW OF ITS VALUE FROM PERSONAL USE. TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS ALWAYS BUY THE GENUINE, MANUFACTURED BY THE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

FOR PINK EYE

DISTEMPER, CATARRHAL FEVER AND ALL NOSE AND THROAT DISEASES

Cures the pink eye and acts as a preventive for others. Liquid given on the tongue. Safe for brood mares and all others. Best kidney remedy; 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle; \$5.00 and \$10.00 a dozen. Sold by all druggists and horse goods houses, or sent express paid, by the manufacturers.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, GOSHEN, INDIANA

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 & \$4.00 SHOES

WOMEN wear W.L. Douglas stylish, perfect fitting, easy walking boots, because they give long wear, same as W.L. Douglas Men's shoes.

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR OVER 30 YEARS

The workmanship which has made W.L. Douglas shoes famous the world over is maintained in every pair.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W.L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they are warranted to hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than any other make for the price.

CAUTION The genuine have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. If you cannot obtain W. L. Douglas shoes in your town, write for catalog. Shoes sent direct from factory to wearer, all charges prepaid. W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

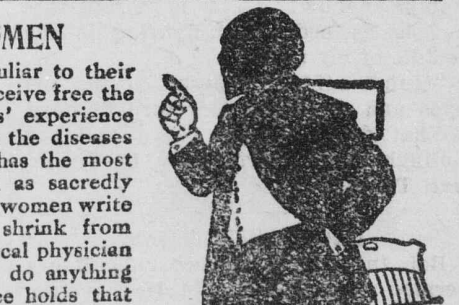
ONE PAIR of my BOYS' \$2, \$2.50 or \$3.00 SHOES will positively outwear TWO PAIRS of ordinary boys' shoes

WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN

Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free the advice of a physician of over 40 years' experience—a skilled and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter of this sort has the most careful consideration and is regarded as sacredly confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.

Dr. Pierce's treatment will cure you right in the privacy of your own home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands, some of them the worst of cases.

It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. The name good enough that its makers dare to print its every ingredient on it, in a wrapper. There's no secrecy. It will bear examination. No alcoholic or habit-forming drugs are found in it. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers may offer you a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trade with your health. Write to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.,—take the advice received and be well.



Make the Liver Do its Duty

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

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

W. L. DOUGLAS

DAISY FLY KILLER

It is the business of this life to make excuses for others, but none for ourselves.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

lowa State Fair AND EXPOSITION DES MOINES

Aug. 24th-Sept. 1st

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Patents

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 33-1911.

Wrong That Ingalls Righted

How the Brilliant Kansan Took Back His Caustic Remark About Senator Logan "Thinking He Was Thinking."

In 1882 General Grant published an article in which he frankly admitted that he had been in gross error in imputing to Major General Fitzjohn Porter conduct at the second battle of Bull Run, in August, 1862, which justified the verdict of a court-martial by which General Porter was cashiered, dismissed from the army and forever prohibited from holding any office under the United States government. As a result of General Grant's magnanimous action, which he called a simple act of justice, congress passed a bill removing some of the penalties prescribed by the court-martial. There were, however, some technical defects to this bill, and General Arthur was compelled to veto it. But in the first administration of President Cleveland another bill became a law by which the sentence of ex-General Porter was expunged, and he was restored to the United States army with the rank of colonel.

At the time the so-called Fitzjohn Porter bill came before the senate in the administration of President Arthur, public interest was greatly aroused; there were many senators who accepted General Grant's view that General Porter had been unjustly sentenced, while others were sincerely convinced that the verdict of the court-martial was fully justified by General Porter's conduct at the second Bull Run.

It was observed by a number of senators about this time that Gen. John A. Logan, one of the senators from Illinois, contracted the habit of spending an hour or two every afternoon pacing back and forth before the screen which concealed the cloak-room from the senate chamber. General Logan always wore a frock coat which carried coat-tails of unusual length, reaching below his knee. He presented a striking picture as he slowly paced back and forth along the rear aisle. His head, covered as it was with thick masses of very black hair, locks of which strayed frequently over his forehead and were tossed back with an impatient jerk of the head, was bent forward, as though he were studying the outlines of the floor. Occasionally he would thrust his hands beneath his coat-tails and cause them to flap violently. He seemed absorbed in deep thought, but there were senators who thought he was posing.

"Ingalls," said a colleague to the brilliant senator from Kansas, "Ingalls, have you noticed Logan pacing meditatively back and forth at the rear of the senate chamber? He has been do-

ing this now for several days, each afternoon. What do you suppose it means? Is he posing to the galleries?"

"Yes, I have observed this new departure of John Logan's," said Ingalls. "I am persuaded, however, that he is not doing this spectacular pacing back and forth with intent to catch the eye of the gallery; he does not need to do that, for the eye of the gallery is always fixed more or less upon him. I am satisfied that Logan thinks he is thinking."

Two days later Logan began a speech which afterwards became traditional in the senate. It was in opposition to the bill which, if passed, would relieve General Porter from the stigma and penalties consequent upon the finding of the court-martial. The speech occupied several days in its delivery. Logan was never more effective; never did his rude and yet powerful oratory so command the senate.

One of his most attentive listeners after the first day was Senator Ingalls of Kansas. When Logan's speech was finished, Ingalls was the first to congratulate him, and having done that, he sought out and faced the senator to whom he had said that Logan thought he was thinking.

"I was mistaken in what I said to you the other day about Logan," Ingalls confessed. "John Logan was really thinking. And what he thought he has now told us in this great speech."

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Measuring Raindrops.

Mr. Spencer C. Russell at a meeting of the British Royal Meteorological society described how he obtained records of the actual size of raindrops. He said the experiments had led him to conclude that the most satisfactory results were given by the use of plaster or paris or fine flour placed in three-inch shallow trays to a depth of one and one-half inches. Raindrops during six thunder storms had been registered, yielding a total of 164 drops, divided up into the following sizes: Twenty-five of five millimeters, 40 of four millimeters, 48 of three millimeters, 35 of two millimeters and 15 of one millimeter. The largest drops occurred at the commencement of the storm, grading off as the storm progressed. Before a fall of hail a marked increase in drop size was apparent.

Hard on the Lawyers.

"A New York man recently had his will written by his twelve-year old son."

"Well?"

"The lawyers can't see any way to break it."

EXCOMMUNICATED

Two bicycles were stolen from in front of the Swedish Methodist church Tuesday evening. One of the wheels belonged to a preacher and one to an editor. Won't the thieves do the high dance in hades in the life to come.—Escanaba Journal. Set a thief on a wheel and he'll ride it to the mitchemanton.

BUILDING FOR SALE.

My store building, 721 Delta, will be sold, as I am leaving the business. Make me an offer. D. Mc CARTHY.

NOT IN MICHIGAN.

Last Friday the house of representatives passed a bill granting leave to western homesteaders to leave their claims until next year without losing their rights of entry, because the drought has been so severe that "the settlers are compelled to leave their claims to exist, their crops have all burned up, and it is a human impossibility for them to live on their claims during the remainder of this year and next winter. It has been so dry there that if the men did go onto the land they could not get even enough water to drink, let alone to farm with."

REASSURING

He. Good night, dear. We must not kiss or you would take my cold. She. Never mind—I can pass it on.—London Opinion.

CHOICE

"While visiting Georgia last year," says a New York business man. "I encountered a darky fruit dealer who was not without humor. He had displayed above his wares a sign that struck me as being one of the best I had ever seen. It read:

WATERMELONS.

"Our choice 25 cents
"Your choice 35 cents"
—Lippincott's.

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, Mich., did on the 24th day of August 1910 file in this office his sworn statement and application No. 6296 to purchase the NE 1/4 of the SE 1/4 of Section 4, T. 42 N., of R. 24 W., Michigan, under the provisions of the Act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as "Timber and Stone Law" at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that pursuant to such application the land and timber thereon have not been appraised. That the valuation placed on the land and timber thereon was that made by applicant when he made his sworn statement. The timber estimated to consist of 300 cords of pulp wood worth 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.

CITIZENS!

Do your duty and boost for the biggest and best Labor Day celebration in the history of our city.

MACLAURIN & NEEDHAM

Electrical Supplies
Phone 85

FREE PUBLICITY

There is so much news in advertising, and, frequently, so much advertising in news, that great skill and judgment are required to make a successful separation. The constant effort on the part of the advertiser is to use the news columns for his advertising purposes. Many are the ingenious efforts of the advertisers to secure free publicity. The best rule for an editor is to treat news as news. If a thing has news as news value it should be printed, whether or not it helps the advertiser, but it should never be printed as news simply as news simply because it helps the advertiser.

The only point the editor should consider is: "Is it of interest to the reader?"—The Publisher's Auxiliary.

THE GLADSTONE DELTA

A GOOD ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

The Scrap Book

Rather Liked the Affront. Edward B. Clark, the Washington correspondent, was the agent for a Chicago paper at Pine Ridge at the time of the Indian uprising there. After the difficulty had been composed Clark got a telegram from his paper asking him to get an interview with Young Man Afraid of His Horses, a chief who had taken part.



CLARK BACK WITH FOUR MORE.

Clark took an interpreter and went to the chief's tepee. The chief, still in his war paint, received him in the tepee and asked Clark to eat. Clark ate. Then, wanting to do the right thing and not knowing whether it was proper to tip a big Indian chief, Clark dropped three silver dollars into the hand of the chief's wife, and for fear the paint streaked but dignified warrior might consider this an affront he had his interpreter say to the chief, "In my country a compliment to a man's wife is thought a double compliment." The interpreter repeated this sentiment to Young Man Afraid of His Horses. That dignitary grunted, rose, left the tepee and came back with four more wives.—Saturday Evening Post.

Life's Mirror.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need.
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do.
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.
—Madeline S. Bridges.

A Trifling Incident.

An Irishman went into a barber shop, and the unsteady gait with which he approached the chair showed that he had been imbibing of the produce of the still. He wanted his hair cut, and while the barber was getting him ready went off into a sleep. His head kept bobbing from one side to the other, and at length the barber in making a snip cut off the lower part of his ear. The barber gasped, then jumped about and howled, and a crowd of neighbors rushed in. Finally the demonstration became so great that it began to attract the attention of the man in the chair, and he opened one eye and said, "Wh-wh-ah's the matter wid yez?" "Good Lord!" said the barber. "I've cut off the whole lower part of your ear."

THE BARBER GASPED.

"Have ye? Ah, thin, go on wid yer business. It was too long anyhow!"

An Oversight.

"I trust you slept comfortably and had everything you needed," said Sandy Macpherson's hostess one cold morning last winter. "Ay, weel enough," replied her guest, a venerable Scot, "but I dinna see the guid of you bottle in the bed." "Why, wasn't the water hot?" the hostess asked in surprise. "Verra hot," responded Macpherson, "but ye forgot to put anything in it."

Expecting Too Much.

"A rather fluky old chap who was traveling off the beaten paths struck a somewhat shabby hotel, which was principally used by workmen from a nearby construction camp. He paid a dollar in advance for room and breakfast, the clerk remarking caustically that "a suit case isn't a guarantee that the bill will be paid, especially when a guy has a room on the second floor." And just before midnight the indignant Mr. Smith piled down into the hotel office, almost dressed. "What's the matter?" asked the sleepy clerk, shifting his pipe to the other corner. "Anything wrong?" "Wrong!" gasped Mr. Smith, trembling. "Wrong! Confound your old dump, anyhow! I saw a pair of rats as big as hedgehogs fighting in the middle of my room."

"Hub," said the clerk, closing his eyes and preparing to return to sleep. "What do you want for a dollar—a bullfight?"—Herbert Corey in Cincinnati Times-Star.

Out of His Element.

Bob Ingersoll was once ridiculing a sermon he had heard in Italy on the miracle of St. Anthony preaching to the fishes, which, the better to listen to the pious discourse, held their heads out of the water. "I can credit the miracle," said Bishop Potter, "if you were at church." "I certainly was there," replied the famous infidel. "Then there was at least one fish out of water."

IT WASN'T A FISH.

And Jed Brooks Found Out "It Wa'n't No Bird Neither."

The following story comes from York Harbor, Me.: "Say, yer know that literary chap that hed the Furness cottage up on the hill two years ago last summer—Mark Twain. I believe they called 'im. Gee, ye'd never think ter look at 'im that he could write books!" "Waal, he nster come over fer my house an' set fer hours to a time while I spun yarns an' to 'im about York folks an' things. Seemed to be real sociable like—liked ter smoke an' talk an' joke with an' old fool like me.

"Waal, one day he come ter me lookin' kind of worried like, and his hair was all ruffled up like he'd been out in a stiff nor'easter, an' he sez, 'Cap'n Brooks, can you tell me if there is an osteopath at the Harbor?' "Waal, sez I, 'they mebbe, but I ain't never ketchen one on 'em, an' I've been fishin' here nigh outer forty years.' He looked at me kind of queer an' then said he guessed he'd go up ter the drug store an' enquire. "Waal, I went home an' told the old woman about it, an' she sez, 'You big fool, Jed Brooks, 'tain't no fish; 'tis a bird.' So then I went inter the best room an' took down the cyclopedium my boy Steve had when he was ter Harvard college, an' I'll be dummed if it want no fish at all, nor it wa'n't no bird neither, but a newfangled kind of a doctor!"

Too Much Aid.

The professor of law was quizzing his class. Slung out a somnolent student in the rear of the room, he addressed a question to him. Confused, the student rose and bent his ear to catch the stage whispers of his friends seated about him.

"Well, you ought to be able to answer," snapped the professor, "with all the aid you are receiving back there!" "Professor," came the quick reply, "I could, but there's a difference of opinion back here."

They Were Very Grateful.

Wilson Barrett once had a lot of workmen redecorating his private residence, and, thinking to give them a treat, he asked them if after work one evening they would all like to have seats to come and see him play in "The Lights of London" at the Princess. They said they didn't mind if they did, and, being given complimentary tickets, all went to witness on a Saturday night their employer's production. At the end of the week Barrett's eye caught sight on the pay sheet of an item against each workman's name, which read: "Saturday night. Four hours overtime at Princess' theater. 8 shillings."

Weak, but Willing.

On a large estate in the Scottish highlands it was the custom for a piper to play in front of the house every week day morning to awaken the residents. After an over-ovivial Saturday night, however, the piper forgot



"HERE, HERE, MON!"

the day and began his reveille (can it be played on the pipes?) on Sunday morning.

At the first squeal of the pipes the angry master of the house thrust his head from the bedroom window and cried indignantly: "Here, here, mon! Do you not know the fourth commandment?"

"No, sir," replied the weak but willing piper. "But if you'll—hic—whistle it I'll—hic—try it, sir."

Family Portraits.

The famous Lord Chesterfield had a relative, a Mr. Stanhope, who was exceedingly proud of his pedigree, which he pretended to trace to a ridiculous antiquity. Lord Chesterfield one day, walking through an obscure street in London, saw a miserable daub of Adam and Eve in Eden. He purchased this painting, and, having written on top of it, "Adam de Stanhope of Eden and Eve, his wife," he sent it to his relative as a valuable old family portrait.

A Woman and a Check.

A woman handed the cashier at a fashionable New York hotel the check of the cashier of a Denver bank on a local bank.

"This check is no good, madam," he informed her. "But why? The cashier of the Denver bank sent it to me." "It is unsigned," explained the cashier.

"Oh, is that the trouble? Well, here I have a letter from the cashier himself telling me he is inclosing the check." "But that will do the check no good," said the patient hotel cashier. "But you said the woman, 'can't you sign the signature-off the letter and put your own check? That would make it all right.'"

The Mysterious Shadow

By H. SANBORNE BROWN
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Notwithstanding that this is a rational age there has not ceased to be a border line between the spiritual and bodily elements. There are as strange things happening today as ever happened—stranger things, for we will believe nothing now unless we can eliminate every possibility of fraud.

I am a country doctor. Formerly I used a horse and buggy to make my round of visits, then a bicycle, then an automobile. When I was using my bicycle I was called to see a patient one moonlight evening in early summer. Hanging my medicine case to the handle bars, I started off on a very smooth road to go a couple of miles. The night was still, and the air was soft. I did not need my lamp. I could have heard a leaf fall among the trees beside the road.

A bicycle in good condition moves very silently. Nevertheless, though mine was in perfect trim, it was not without some sound on this very still night. I was riding with my back toward the moon, which stood high in the heavens and shone down obliquely over my right shoulder, casting my shadow before me, inclined a little to the right. Suddenly another shadow came into my field of view, gaining on mine very slowly. I did not turn my head, keeping watch of the object following in my wake by its shadow. When I could trace on the ground a distorted human figure riding a wheel not six feet away from and abreast of me I turned my head, expecting to see a fellow traveler.

Neither figure nor bicycle was there. I dropped my eyes again to the road, and there was the shadow.

I'm not going to describe my feelings, for there are no words for the purpose. I was recalled to myself by the wabbling of my bicycle. Then, somewhat recovering my equanimity, I studied the shadow beside mine. It was so bunched that I concluded it belonged to a woman, especially since there was a part which fluttered by passing through the air. I listened for the slightest sound, but notwithstanding the proximity of the mysterious and invisible object casting its shadow I heard nothing.

Spook lore is full of cases of shadowless beings, but never before had I heard of a shadow with no intervening object between it and the light that cast it. I turned my wheel to the other side of the road, but the shadow turned with me. So absolutely did it follow mine that it occurred to me that it must be a duplicate of mine. I turned in my saddle and looked behind me to see if there was any object to produce such a result. The space at my back was free from any intervening object.

By this time my nerves were all in a quiver—not that there was anything to be afraid of, and I did not fear the invisible, but I would have given ten years of my life to get rid of the thing simply because it was uncanny. It would not be got rid of. If I turned it turned; if my wheel wobbled it wobbled; if I slowed down it slowed down; if I went faster it went faster. For a time it did not occur to me that I might have received some brain shock. A single minute drop of blood breaking through a vessel of the brain will produce strange results. Paralysis is the most common, loss of memory is another, and we do not know how many hallucinations occur from that cause. I fancied that one of these drops of blood might have impinged upon my eye in some way to cause me to see a duplicate shadow of myself. But in that case it would have been an exact duplicate, and in the present the other was not mine.

I entered a place where overreaching trees cast their own shadows and mine, and my attendant was lost. I prayed that when I emerged into the moonlight mine would alone remain. Alas, I was doomed to disappointment. It was there as perfect as when I entered the archway.

A few hundred yards ahead the road forked. Would the invisible traveler take my road to the left or go by herself to the right? I watched with bated breath. Nearer and nearer we neared the fork; faster and faster beat my heart. At last a point was reached where my companion must make a turn. When I saw our shadows show the faintest deviation I heaved a deep sigh. Wider and wider grew the distance till all doubt as to our following different roads was removed.

I had got rid of the thing, and that is what I most wished for. Nothing was accounted for, but I felt that from this divergence the shadow was something independent of me; that I had not created it, nor was I in any way responsible for it.

Once and once only I saw it again. The two roads came together just before I reached the house where lay my patient. The shadow joined me for a few moments in unobstructed moonlight at the road's junction; then it was lost under overhanging trees.

I found my patient to be a girl about twenty years old. She was in a trance that had come over her during an illness. I had been sent for to see if I could bring her to consciousness.

"Does she ride a wheel when well?" I asked.

"Constantly." This is the end of my story, for as yet there is no explanation for it. But the day may come when both its cause and effect will be as plain as the transmission of a wireless message.



"IDLE CURIOSITY"

took me to this store one day. I returned home fully convinced that it was the most up-to-date, the cleanest, best stocked store in the city. It's my grocery now. Every time I think of good things to eat I think of this store; and I am a regular customer now. You'll be too, if you step in and look around. This week they have:

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