

THE GLADSTONE DELTA.

Volume XXVI.

CHAS. E. MASON, PUBLISHER.

Gladstone, Mich., September 2, 1911

\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

Number 23

CANNING TIME

Now is the time to can peaches and pears. We had the first canning peaches this week, which were sold for per box... **\$1.05**

Next week we will have a large shipment and we will sell them as low as possible.

Michigan Bartlett Pears per bushel... **\$2.00**

Michigan Plums per basket... **35c**

Pickling onions per quart... **10c**

Ripe Tomatoes 8 lb basket... **35c**

Osage melons each... **15c**

California Plums are still high, next week we expect them to be per box... **50 or 60c**

We handle everything in the fruit and vegetable line, and we can save you money on these items.

ELOF HANSON
GROCER
PHONE 48

WHEN? WHERE?

Lots of Fun
Athletic Sports
Balloon Ascensions
Our Biggest Day
Races and Games

Doings All the Time,
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

JOHNSON & FISHER

901 DELTA AVENUE

OVERHEAD SEWERS

The Dakota avenue sewer causes much dissatisfaction on that thoroughfare. The sewer, however, follows the plan adopted generally for the city some years ago, before work was done on Delta avenue. According to the grades adopted sixteen years ago, Dakota avenue at Eighth street is eight and a half feet above the bay, on the level of July 1, 1887. It would seem hard to drain a seven foot basement, by sewer along this street, through a couple of thousand feet of pipe into the bay. The depth to which a sewer can be laid on Dakota is approximately that of the recedence of the level of the bay during twenty-four years. From Sixth to Eleventh, in two thousand feet, the grade of Dakota avenue rises seven feet nine, or rather less than the sewer should slope. From the bay to the manhole of the trunk sewer on Dakota avenue is some twelve hundred feet; and the elevation of the street crossing above the official lake level is six feet nine inches. If the slope of one foot in two hundred is adopted, it must be apparent by a few minutes' calculation that on the basis of the original water mark, the Dakota avenue sewer would have to be laid on the surface of the ground, and in places raised a trifle above it. It is not possible to lay it any deeper than it is until the Chicago drainage canal takes a little more water out of Lake Michigan.

FLAT ROCK

The editor of the Buzz Saw ran out of corn last spring and tried feeding his chickens on sawdust. They laid fairly well, but had a strong hemlock flavor. One hen stole away and hatched out a brood of eight chickens, seven of whom had wooden legs. The other was a woodchuck.

While in the city the other day we met a stranger who said "I am starving. Where can I get something to eat this time of day?" "Why, go to Hinky-Dink's, of course." "Who is Hinky-Dink?" "DeCook & Nelson, you fool, haven't you heard of them?"

Alex. McIntyre, the Chipmunk Lumber Co's fisherman, was out today and caught fifteen trout, averaging twelve inches in length.

Edward Dansey, our overseer, was taken sick on the road the other day and prescribed for by W. J. Robinson, M. D., G. D., F. D., who pronounced it a case of infantile delirium. Directions were to take fifteen pounds of flour, one of mustard and two of cayenne pepper, a gallon of buttermilk, brown two gallons of water slightly and mix the whole in a medium sized wash-tub. If this dose failed to relieve in three minutes, double it. He took three doses and was not bettered and had to consult Dr. Kee. Dr. Robinson has now moved to Chaison, where he expects a larger practise.

The gravel road has been finished from the Northwestern depot to Mick's farm.

R. L. Beckwith of Luther, an expert on breakfast foods, is here negotiating for the output of sawdust from the Chipmunk Lumber Co's mill. He has seven years' experience with a Battle Creek cereal company, and is waiting for a consignment of glue, garlic and emery dust from that city. The product will be sold in five pound boxes as the Rub-a-Dub, none genuine without this label. On account of the scarcity of potatoes, he plans to get it on the market early for the city trade. He offers \$3000 a year for a good salesman, who can eat the food he sells. George Perry is figuring on the job, but is afraid he cannot stand the grub.

Highway Commissioner Raymond Barron and Overseer Ed Dansey presented a watch to Christopher Columbus Deiter, who is working in the gravel pit, for faithful services; that is, they watch him close to see that he does his work.

The most interesting ball game ever played at Duranceau's park took place last Sunday, 18 innings were played between Flat Rock and the Chipmunk Lumber Co's nine. After the eighteenth inning the game was called on account of darkness. The batteries were, for Flat Rock, Larson and Barron, and for the Chipmunks, Blood and Pickard. The Chipmunks scored once in the third inning, Flat Rock twice in the seventh, and the Chipmunks one in the ninth. A collection among the bystanders netted \$35. Spectacular plays were made by Alex Duranceau, who jumped eight feet in the air and pulled down a hot one from the bat, and Thomas Jones, who knocked the covers off two balls, broke a bat, and sent a liner into Martell's orchard. Umpires, Peter Terrian and Owen Jones. Time of play, 4 hours 65 minutes.

The editor of the Buzz Saw, while on his way home from work, Tuesday evening fell off his water wagon and broke two ribs and sprained both wrists. We are requested not to print some of the things he said.

Buzz Saw

Give and Take

If we believed all the sad tales of bankruptcy that were told last week before the state commission the natural inference would be that we should pack up and move away from Michigan and the sooner the better. Flint, for instance, sends a committee down to explain that the great automobile industry there, instead of employing 14,000 high class workmen, now employs less than 1,400 in the business. Grand Rapids delegates insist that the furniture industry there, instead of aggregating millions of wealth, is in reality confined to a few roll top desk manufacturing plants. Detroit, instead of boasting about the tens of millions of capital which has been invested in her automobile factories, making Detroit the largest automobile manufacturing center of the world, insists that though Detroit has 18 per cent of the population of Michigan it is a beastly outrage to make Detroit pay the same percentage of state tax, insisting that "everyone knows that a large part of Detroit's population is without taxable property," to our notion a very unsatisfactory condition but a true condition in practically every town in the state.—Houghton Gazette.

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 contractors are completing their work on the county road, from Gladstone to Chaison, and it will soon be necessary for the city to start work on its portion. The road comes into Gladstone on the line between sections 17 and 20, practically due west of the top of the Brampton hill road; although some rumors to the contrary have been circulated. It may be remarked that the contractors have been hard pressed to furnish themselves with stone, and as a result much of the city's street work has been held up for lack of material ordered from them.

Gladstone, which lost to Rapid River, will feature that team here Sunday and Monday afternoons, and on Tuesday will play two games with the Chicago Union Giants, colored, morning, and afternoon. The attendance should be the best yet for these four games.

Copper country men are planning the establishment, at a point on the Copper Range railroad south of Houghton, of a 600 acre experimental farm. It is understood that the lands have already been secured. Steps will be taken during the coming winter to cut the timber and early next spring the stumps will be removed and the land made ready for cultivation. It is hardly probable that crops will be planted before 1913, but the enterprise when established will prove one of the biggest from an agricultural standpoint in the copper country. The purpose of the promoters is to demonstrate the fertility of the copper country soil and the farm will be a model of its kind.

The doors of the old Central avenue dock will open again to the public for business on Labor Day. A big dinner will be served for the benefit of All Saints' church. Extensive preparations have been made to accommodate the people. Let the ladies serve you—they will appreciate the opportunity. Corner Central and Wisconsin.

Citizens of the second ward were bothered by spooks Thursday night. A mysterious red light kept appearing and disappearing in the windows of a house in the next block, but close inspection showed that the interior of the house was dark. At last a careful study in accordance with the science of optics showed that a window in a lodge room some distance off was in the line of reflection, and that a curtain wavering in the window made the light behind it intermittent.

The sheriff, genial Tim Curran, stepped the betting at Escanaba Sunday. After the game Escanaba fans felt much more kindly toward the county's officer than before.

Manual training students in Ishpeming have been engaged the past few weeks on the repair work necessary in the various school buildings to fit them out for the opening of the fall term, and they are said to have worked industriously and well, doing their work in a manner that would reflect credit on skilled mechanics of many years experience. Furthermore the manual training students have completed plans for a gymnasium structure to be erected in connection with the city school system, and it is stated that when it is decided to erect such a building, which will probably be next year, these plans will be followed. The superintendent is also quoted as expressing confidence that the advanced manual training students would prove equal to the task of putting up the proposed building in a workmanlike manner.—Mining Journal.

The town was excited for several days as the result of an incident occurring last Friday, and its sequel. C. H. MacLaurin was called from the theatre, seized by a large party of our best citizens, conveyed to the city lock-up and imprisoned. After a flashlight had been taken of him in his cell, he was returned to the theatre. The matter was not dropped here, however. On Monday Mr. MacLaurin swore out warrants for Floyd Duchesne, August Lillquist, P. W. Peterson, Frank Louis and W. H. Needham, and they were forthwith arrested by R. J. Hammel, and haled before G. R. Empson at the theatre. John McGuirk and C. P. Mason conducted the prosecution and R. W. Nebel the defense. A great deal of disorder and recrimination among the prisoners accompanied the trial. The jury, after brief deliberation, found Floyd Duchesne not guilty as charged, and the remaining defendants guilty. They were accordingly sentenced to buy the cigars. An admission of twenty-five cents was charged at the courtroom door, netting \$14.20 for Labor Day.

Chicago is a great town, but Chicago people are not warranted in taking all the credit; every person living within 500 miles from Chicago has helped build it up.—Ed Howe.

Philip Cosgrove was stopped by amateur highwaymen at the ore track Sunday morning. They compelled him to turn out his pockets, but by chance, he had left his pocketbook at home, and there was nothing in his possession worth taking. Had he a gun, it would have been easy to capture both of them. The men were thickset foreigners, but farther than this he could make no identification. The north end of the third ward, which is not very well lighted nor patrolled, is becoming infested with rough characters. Two sailors, returning to their boat at the Buckeye dock one night last week, were held up and robbed of a few dollars by footpads.

Do not miss the big band concert, the Norrie band of Ironwood with thirty pieces, at the theatre Sunday night, beginning 8:30. An admission of thirty-five cents, children fifteen, will be charged, the entire proceeds of which will go to the celebration fund.

The work of wiring the city ball park for the wrestling tournament is now going on. The tournament will begin at 8:00 p. m. Monday, when the preliminaries will take place. On Tuesday evening, at the same hour, the finals will commence, after which the prizes will be awarded. The whole meet will be in charge of experts at the game. The admission will be fifty cents, children twenty-five and grandstand ten, and no fence climbing will be permitted.

The ladies of the Swedish Lutheran Church will as usual give a supper also this year in Wasa Hall on Labor Day. The ladies are famous for their fine menus.

The governor has appointed Judge Joseph H. Steere to the supreme bench, in place of the late Justice Hooker. The wisdom and fitness of the appointment is universally recognized. Judge Steere has honored his occupancy of the bench for thirty years, without opposition to his candidacy, in the circuit comprising the Soo. H. M. Orcu, former attorney-general, will fill out the vacant term.

With the improvements on the Trenary road, through travel becomes possible. Every day large touring cars, with full loads of passengers and baggage, pass through here on their way to Marquette.

The state board of equalization has valued Delta county at \$14,600,000 an increase of about fifty per cent. The entire state is increased about one-third above the figures of the local supervisors, but not within \$773,000,000 of the high figures set by the state board of tax commissioners. The copper country is reduced twenty-five per cent, and the iron range more than doubled.

Commissioner Legg spent Friday afternoon with the schoolma'ams in Escanaba. All the schools in Delta county have been supplied with teachers; except that at Fayette.

The carpenters are about done with Hammel's garage at Central and Wisconsin. It will be painted a light gray, with green roof, and add a touch of quaintness to the landscape. Waiting rooms within will be cosily fitted up. The building has a full cement floor, with one pit for the repair of automobile tires. Mr. Hammel has several applicants at present for the building.

The Soo line painters will start work next week on the docks, having finished in the upper yard.

Rubber balls, fast color, and safe for the baby, all prices five cents to seventy-five. See them in the window at STEWARTS' PHARMACY

P. O'Brien must feel like a turbaned Turk, so many times have his brethren alluded to his paper as the Iron River—"Stamboul" Reporter.

The first ward of this city is much agitated by a murder mystery, and it has produced considerable search. About two years ago, so the story runs, a boy disappeared: little attention was paid to it at the time, but there began to be talk of foul play recently. A few weeks ago an Austrian returned to the old country, and the rumors were doubled. A confession was reported to have been made by a woman that the lad had been killed in a fight and buried in the lot, in a piece of swampy ground. Thursday of this week volunteer searchers in great numbers were excavating around the premises, with the hope of a large reward for discovering important evidence. A large dog, wrapped in a gunny sack, has been unearthed so far.

My new telephone number is 19 J 1. Call me for Blacksmith or Repair work. 16 tf C. O. CARLSON.

About thirty officers and members of the Escanaba nest of Owls came up Monday evening and installed the new Gladstone nest. They returned at midnight, expressing great pleasure with the entertainment they had received.

The assistant auditors of the departments of the Cleveland-Cliffs Co. gave a dinner last Saturday evening at the Marquette club in honor of Charles D. Mason, who has now left Michigan. About a dozen intimate friends were present. The feature of the party was the presentation to him of a heavy signet ring.

Canadian farm lands are booming. Iowa farm lands are cheaper than they were one year ago. We told you so.—Des Moines Capital.

For the benefit of the Minneapolis millers, the western railroads have announced to take effect Oct. 6 a rate on flour from Minneapolis to New York, lake and rail, of twenty-one and one-half cents a hundred pounds, while the all-rail rate will stand at twenty-five cents, the difference being three and one-half cents. Thus the celebrated Jennison rate case has been settled. This, it is predicted, will have a great influence on the flour shipping ports. The present lake rate is twenty-three cents, and the proposed new rate would greatly stimulate water shipments.

The great Labor Day problem has been solved. A large crowd of people will be taken care of by the ladies of All Saints' church, who will serve a first-class dinner for twenty-five cents at Hammel's garage, Central avenue and Wisconsin.

The silly season has been with us for some time. Among other features was the "shoofty" arranged by Master Mechanic Taft in front of the Hub Tuesday afternoon. A comfortably upholstered dry goods box attracted the wayfarer, whom Master of Ceremonies Werner Olson inveigled into conversation, until he sat directly above a needle actuated by an upright plunger, operated from within the store. Several prominent citizens were wounded in their feelings; and did not feel particularly beatified at the resurrectionary impulse which followed.

Rubber balls, rubber balls, 5 cents to 75 at STEWARTS' PHARMACY

The innocent bystanders in the iron country have also been hit. Their state tax has been more than doubled, as the increases made by the state board of equalization do not affect the local rolls. They will therefore pay a portion of the mines' taxes.

The ladies of Alice Memorial M. E. church will serve dinner and lunches on Labor Day at the store of C. H. Scott. Your patronage is solicited.

There will be very little industry, except in celebrating, in this town next Monday and Tuesday.

Don't forget the dance at the Wasa Hall Tuesday, Sept. 5.

The Soo docks again demonstrated their baseball prowess by defeating the roundhouse in a spirited contest Sunday afternoon.

The promenade given Tuesday evening by Gladstone Hive, L. O. T. M. M., was quite successful.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will give a dinner on Labor Day at the church parlors. Dinner twenty-five cents.

Don't forget the Labor Day dinner at Hammel's garage.

Wonderful Artificial Man.

A Berlin inventor has succeeded, after years of toil, in making an artificial man who can walk, make all movements, speak, sing, laugh and whistle. It is a life-size figure, and so natural an imitation as to be completely deceptive a yard away. "Occultus," as the figure is named, obeys words of command, such as "march" and "halt," and he answers any questions put to him. It is not an illusion or a trick. It is a piece of pure mechanical work.

Unfortunately, Yes.

The trouble with the story which you tell is that it is almost sure to remind somebody of another which is just as old.

GUDE THYNGES

The Central Meat Market is the place to go for good things to eat. Olson & Anderson have them always on hand. Particularly do we specialize on homegrown stock and fresh dairy products. The upper peninsula is the best part of the United States for producing good cattle, etc., says the department of agriculture. We think so too. Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Veal, etc., our leaders.

OLSON & ANDERSON

THE LEADING BUTCHERS.

Phone 9

745 Delta Avenue.

FRED ANDERSON

will be glad to meet you at the celebration, before, after or during the events. Gladstone will be a carnival of innocent hilarity for two days, and no one

CAN THROW

it up to the old town, that she isn't doing the right thing by the neighbors.

ANY WRESTLER

is eligible to try his skill in the big contest, and it will be the best event ever pulled off on this side of the peninsula. Stay

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ROUMAN'S ICE CREAM PARLOR

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

ROUMAN BROS.

Phone 68 at the brick block.

DO YOU READ THE GLADSTONE DELTA?

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.

Andrew Marshall

Phone 164

I. W. HARPER KENTUCKY WHISKEY

for Gentlemen who cherish Quality

FOR SALE BY **EMIL VANDWEGHE**

GLADSTONE DELTA

C. E. MASON, Publisher
GLADSTONE MICHIGAN

"Bird-woman" is the very newest word.

Don't take your vacation too seriously.

What is so rare as an actress without a divorce?

More persons are drowned any day than are killed in airships.

The summer girl is now queen, with Dan Cupid as her prime minister.

Some men feel flattered when a strange dog wags his tail at them.

Babies are scarce in Pasadena, but the town is strong on grandparents.

A farmer with a good potato crop would have no trouble in trading it for an automobile.

Motor boats now make thirty-five miles an hour. The speed craze thus rules land, sky and water.

It is such a nuisance to be a French playwright, compelled to write all of one's masterpieces between duels.

In Colorado, where potatoes have become legal tender, one can take one's change in Saratoga chips.

What should be done with the offensive person who says: "Well, how does it feel after your vacation?"

Life's little annoyances include persons who persist in walking on the wrong side of a crowded sidewalk.

In Waterbury, Conn., a man paid a stiff fine rather than wash himself in jail. It was no night of the bath for him.

In the interests of navigation it may become necessary to put fenders on the rocks that line the Pacific coast.

Articles in an esteemed contemporary on "Modern Aeroplanes" should be followed by others on ancient aeroplanes.

A Minneapolis girl had the courts change her name from Olsen to Smith. Nevertheless Olsen is a good Ole name.

Dr. Wiley is probing into the mysteries of the restaurant mince pie. That man isn't afraid to tackle anything.

There is one thing in favor of the iceman. Thus far nobody has been able to invent "something just as good."

Unless that flock of comets can guarantee something more exciting than cyanogen gas it may as well keep on going.

The Aero Club of America has adopted a rule barring flights over cities. There are few haystacks in the cities.

Aeroplane engines of the revolving type consume vast quantities of castor oil, doubtless for that colicky noise they make.

Our millionaire poloists are applauded for defending the international cup, but nobody sees fit to say a few kind words about the ponies which really won.

A New York woman claims to have solved a household problem by importing a Filipino girl as a servant. It will be all right if she keeps Moros out of the kitchen.

A Tennessee man has absolutely forgotten his identity. The fact that he is not called upon to give testimony in any investigation makes his case especially remarkable.

Women residing in or traveling through New Jersey are forbidden to decorate their hats with any portions of birds, but they may use the milliners' bills if they so choose.

A man in Connecticut dropped dead from joy. Yet joy kills even fewer than lightning strikes, and everybody has a thousand or more chances to one of escaping the latter misfortune.

Dr. Prunard says the steak and chicken we leave in restaurants goes to waste. The doctor does not know of the kitchen reincarnations which caterers learned from his own Paris.

It is possible to see one of the comets with a field glass, but the average timorous person will not begin making his will before the celestial visitor becomes visible to the naked eye.

Society women have taken to diving in a submarine boat, one advantage of that method being that they do not get their hair wet.

Persia's ex-shah paid a steamship \$35,000 to take him back to that country. Some men go to a lot of expense and bother in hunting trouble.

One of the turbins of the battleship North Dakota has been "stuck" for five weeks. It is best to have these incidents develop in times of peace.

STATE AID FOR GOOD HIGHWAYS

DELEGATES DECLARE THAT MICHIGAN IS BACKWARD IN PUBLIC WORK.

HOLD MEETING AT LANSING

This State Has an Abundance of Gravel, From Which All Good Roads Can Be Made at Much Less Cost.

Lansing.—Increased state aid in the building of public roads will be one of the topics of discussion at the good roads congress which meets at Lansing, and with little doubt a recommendation to that effect will be strongly urged upon the legislature. It is hoped that Governor Osborn, who will be present and who will address the congress, will lend the weight of his endorsement to the plan.

"What Michigan is offering to her counties and townships in the way of roads is nothing compared with what other states are giving," said a delegate. "Michigan gives nothing for repairs, \$500 a mile toward the cost of gravel roads costing \$1,300 a mile, and \$1,000 a mile toward the cost of macadam roads costing \$4,000 or more a mile. Altogether the state has spent less than \$400,000. On the other hand, New York, under the Fuller-Plank act, gives the township 50 cents for every dollar it raises for repair work; under the Higbee-Armstrong act gives one-half the cost of building gravel and stone roads; and under the law of 1908 pays the entire cost, both of construction and of perpetual repair, on a projected mileage of nearly 3,500 miles of macadam road.

"Michigan has approximately 70,000 miles of public wagon road outside of cities and towns, a few being of macadam and some of gravel, but most of them of sand or mud. The percentage of gravel roads is increasing, however, and it is estimated that three-fourths of Michigan roads will eventually be of that material. Michigan has an abundance of gravel, from nearly all of which good roads can be made at much less cost than is necessary in many other states.

"Reports from all over the state show that a great deal of interest is being taken in the coming meeting and a record attendance is prophesied."

Flint Is First to Be Inspected.

Flint is to be the first city in Michigan to be inspected in connection with a campaign for fire prevention that will soon be begun by the Michigan State Fire Prevention association, which was organized recently. The inspection, of all property within the limits of the city of Flint will take place some time in the second week of September. The exact date has not yet been named.

Everett J. Hicks of Detroit, state agent for the New York Underwriters' agency, who has been given the supervision of the inspection of property in Flint, has been here this week making arrangements for the inspection. He has arranged for hotel accommodations and with J. Sheridan and J. W. Beck of Detroit, who have been named as his subordinates, he will come here a few days in advance of the inspection and make arrangements for a thorough investigation of all property.

Taft to Be in Michigan.

Governor Osborn received a telegraphic program for the itinerary of President Taft through Michigan next month. He will arrive in Detroit at 6:55 a. m. Monday, September 18, going from there to Pontiac for a morning visit. Returning to Detroit at 11 o'clock he will leave there at 4:25 p. m., arriving at Bay City at 7:45 p. m. Monday.

He will leave Bay City at 1:10 a. m. Tuesday, arriving at the Soo at 12:25 noon, and will leave there at 5:25, and arrive at Marquette at 11:50 p. m. He will leave Marquette Wednesday, September 20, at 2:45 p. m. and arrive in Grand Rapids at 6:40 a. m. Thursday, leaving that city at 1:55 p. m., he will arrive at Kalamazoo at 3:55 p. m. that day. He will leave Kalamazoo at 10:30 that night.

Court Enjoins Salt Inspector.

Circuit Judge Law granted a preliminary injunction restraining State Salt Inspector Baldr of Saginaw and William Hodgins, his deputy, from collecting fees for salt inspection. The suit was brought by the Michigan Salt works, the bill alleging that the inspectors made no pretense of inspecting the salt, an avowal which was admitted by the defendant's demurrer and acknowledged on the hearing.

New State Corporations.

The following companies have filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of state: Motor Times company, Detroit, \$30,000; principal stockholders, George A. Munch, Arthur N. Long, N. Munch; Iron Development company, Iron River, \$25,000; Valley City Debk company, Grand Rapids, increase from \$10,000 to \$110,000; Farmers' Trading company, Kenton, \$25,000; National Antiseptic company, Detroit, \$20,000; principal stockholders, Victor E. Schratz, Scott F. Hodge.

Plans to Combat Plague in Prison.

The question of tuberculosis in Jackson prison is one which the state officials must meet and solve in the near future. Jackson prison, like every other institution of its kind, is a hot-bed for the disease, and when the victim has little hope for him unless released by the board of pardons and permitted to seek a different climate or enter some hospital for treatment. The prison has absolutely no facilities for successfully combatting the dread malady.

The policy of Warden Simpson has always been, when the prison physician made report of tuberculosis in positive form, to take up the matter with the proper officials and to do everything possible to secure the release of the prisoner. This is necessary in order to give the prisoner every chance possible to make a recovery as well as to prevent the further spread of the disease in the institution. Fresh air is one thing needed in combatting the disease and this is lacking in an institution where more than 700 men are confined. While the board has been very liberal in dealing with prisoners affected with the disease, no action has been taken, taking for its object the caring of those who are in the first stages of the disease.

"I believe that the proper method of caring for these cases would be the establishment of a farm, or colony, by the state, having it so located that inmates from the penal institutions of the state could be sent there for treatment," says Warden Simpson.

An expenditure of \$2,000 would, Mr. Simpson believes, provide facilities in the prison for the care of tuberculosis patients. The warden favors building a steel cage on the east side of the hospital, the cage to extend out from the building. The addition could be so built as to be used in caring for contagious diseases.

Reveals Weakness of State Tax Plan.

There is a growing feeling among the delegates and the officials of the board as well as the present equalization session proceeds, that Michigan is distributing its state budget of expense among the counties for the last time. With each county heard the farcical character of the present system of equalization becomes more apparent.

It is safe to say that the equalization meeting has made a great many new supporters for Governor Osborn's plan for the separation of state and local taxation and the substitution of a corporation tax to pay the state expense.

It is becoming more and more the opinion that the equalizers will stick pretty close to the tax commission estimates in apportioning the tax after the hearings are concluded. In the face of conditions there seems to be little else they can do unless they make a flat reduction over the whole state. The tax commission offers the only pretense of a detailed examination of property values outside of the counties themselves, and in every case the delegates sent to the state meeting deprecate the tax commission report as grossly excessive so far as each his own bailiwick is concerned.

Allowing for the tendency of the counties to belittle the report of the commission as affecting themselves, the hearing is developing many weak spots in the tax commission system of checking up the local assessors' valuations.

Figures on Iron Mines Attacked.

About the only enlivening feature of the hearing before the state board of equalization was the argument made by Attorney Frank A. Bell of Ishpeming, who represents the Michigan mines owned by the United States Steel corporation. He declared that in estimating the value of the iron mines Professor Finlay has assumed various factors which were not applied to the valuation of other property throughout the state. He took direct issue with the Finlay method of valuing the ore, and said that the valuation placed on the mines was too high by at least fifty per cent.

"In his report Professor Finlay states," said Mr. Bell, "that one factor used in estimating the value of ore yet in the ground was the quality and quantity of ore mined in the past, at a price secured by striking the average received for ore in the last five years. It happens that from 1906 to 1910 were the five most prosperous years in the iron ore industry. Had the year 1911 been included the average would have been considerably reduced, as iron ore has fallen off 50 to 60 cents per ton. We do not quarrel with Professor Finlay's estimate of the quantity of ore yet to be mined, but no man can estimate the future quality of the ore any more than he can fix a price for ore a year in advance. We have had lean years when ore dropped \$2.25 a ton."

Michigan Patents.

G. N. Curbey, Saginaw, valve; George W. Dunham, Detroit, steering gear and control mechanism for motor vehicles; H. H. Frey, Detroit, apparatus for compressed air; William L. Gile, Greenville, gas engine controller; J. C. Goodale, Kalamazoo, flash hinge; George M. Hoerner, Maple Rapids, drill and tool oiler and bracket; John H. Kellogg, Battle Creek, food compound; also food products; B. W. King, Detroit, scale; William C. Loud, Detroit, loose leaf binder.

MICHIGAN HAPPENINGS

Saginaw.—Ernest Woight, forty-five years old, a farmer of Lawndale, lies at St. Mary's hospital with his throat cut. His chances for recovery are reported very slight. He tried to kill himself in the presence of Sheriff Rimmel who went to arrest him. Woight attended a farmer picnic at Lawndale and it is said became intoxicated. His wife, it is said, found fault because of his condition. Woight wrote a note to a cousin, Lena Wohlford, saying "Good-by." He awoke his family, driving them out doors with a revolver and then set fire to his farmhouse which burned to the ground. The neighbors were called, but could not quiet him. The sheriff was then summoned and he was unable to find Woight. Later, while still in a frenzy, Woight chopped all his fruit trees down.

Lansing.—State Treasurer Sleep-er received a check for \$6,562 from the defunct Chelsea Savings bank, that amount being the state's share in the recent dividend declared by the receiver. There is still due the state from the bank, of which ex-State Treasurer Frank P. Glazier was the head, the sum of \$138,884, but it is stated that this amount is more than covered by bonds the state holds, while the bank is expected to yield further dividends.

Adrian.—One of the most remarkable finds of pearls was made here by W. H. Toms of Palmyra, who opened a Raisin river clam to find 912 of the white treasures within the one shell. As proof of his remarkable luck Toms brought the shell with the pearls to Adrian for market. Although many of them were small, fully 100 were of the large marketable variety and at least 50 were perfect specimens of river pearl.

Vermontville.—A gravel pit four miles east of the village caved in, burying three men, excepting their heads. Everett Bissell sustained a fracture of the left arm, right collar bone and left jaw and was badly crushed. He may live. Joseph Hick-ey's left leg was broken and he was also badly crushed. Loyal Hammond was badly jammed but no bones were broken. The men were discovered by teamsters hauling gravel 40 minutes after the accident and were rescued by them.

Gladwin.—S. Kline, a young farmer living six miles south, is in the county jail here. He is thought to be insane. He took an ax and gun to bed with him, saying he might have to use them. His neighbors became afraid and notified the sheriff's office, and a deputy got him after a short struggle. He is unmarried, and no cause is known for his insanity.

Jackson.—Guards at Jackson prison are turning that institution upside down in an effort to discover Convict James Harry Boddy, No. 9324, who disappeared and is believed to have escaped over the walls. Boddy was employed as a night fireman in the engine room, which is located in the prison yard. He had a helper, and it is customary for the men to step outside the room into the yard for fresh air. Of late there have been many prowlers about the prison, and the warden has had one of the guards leave his post at intervals during the night and make a detour outside the walls. It is believed Boddy noticed that the guard was gone and took this opportunity to make his getaway. Boddy was sentenced from Alpena county April 9, 1911, to from two to fifteen years for burglary. He is twenty-three years old.

Lansing.—An alleged scheme for obtaining money under false pretenses has been nipped in the bud by Chief of Police Behrendt with the aid of a Syrian by the name of Schuckey Auop who came near being one of the victims. As a result a Greek, giving his name as George Gust, is in jail. Gust represented himself as of South Bend, Ind., and said he was here for the purpose of securing 50 or 75 laborers to go to South Bend to work. He said the wages would be \$2.50 per day. Gust induced Auop to interest several of his countrymen in the proposition and stated that all would procure positions, but before going they must give him five dollars each to be used in the payment of their railroad fares, the balance to be retained by him as his commission.

Lansing.—Capt. T. M. Wells, Eleventh infantry, U. S. A., who has been detailed as inspecting officer with the Michigan National Guard, has decided to take up his residence in Lansing. He is preparing to open a correspondence course for the officers of the guard during the winter and will teach them the essentials of international law and mapmaking and drill them on army regulations and military formations.

Port Huron.—Fred Walker, a colored driver with the Barnum & Bailey circus, lost his life by drowning in St. Clair river while he was taking a swim. The drowning took place at the girders where the rapids are located. Some boys who were also swimming there at the time noticed the negro fall from a rowboat which he was in at the time, and being frightened, they notified the police authorities. The man's clothing was found on the bank of the river and an all-day search failed to reveal the body.

HOME TOWN HELPS

ALL CLASSES AID IN WORK

Many Cities Devoting Energy and Vast Sums to Cause of Civic Improvement.

It is one of the practically hopeful phenomena in cities making effort to become prosperous and comfortable, here and in Europe, that the work is not in the hands merely of art societies and "beautifiers," but in the hands of boards of trade, chambers of commerce, taxpayers and merchants' associations, shippers, manufacturers. Boston felt itself declining, not as an American Athens, but as a well let the report which stirred up her business men speak for itself:

"The foundation of convenient thoroughfares incidentally creates sites for important buildings. Are the court house and Symphony hall, Horticultural hall and the Conservatory of Music and the Christian Science temple placed where they show to the best advantage? How much they might have added to the city if they occupied monumental sites!

"Our report offers some suggestions for street changes that will create monumental sites, as well as for cutting streets through waste and deserted districts near the city centers, and for the profitable expansion of the city—expansion that might bring dead land into activity, raise taxable values, increase the use of the water front or harbor, and thus add to the riches of the city.

"The fever for municipal improvement has also reached South America and we are told that in Rio Janeiro they are not only building fine docks and improving the harbor, but that a space of two and a half miles long and three hundred feet wide has been appropriated through the settled city from water to water for a boulevard one hundred feet wide and over a mile long. The sale of the one hundred feet on either side is said to have paid for the whole improvement. In the short space of eighteen months the city constructed this beautiful avenue and gained an enormous amount of taxable property.

"In Formosa the Japanese are planning a capital. Mr. Fashima, the architect who has the design in hand, has recommended the essential principles of the original plan of Washington.

"Those American cities which have had time to think are devoting energy and vast sums of money to work of this or of similar character. They find that municipal improvement not only tends to their own convenience, but also to attract strangers and to directly contribute toward a city's material prosperity."

PLEAS FOR THE PLAYGROUND

Boys and Girls of the Cities Should Have Their Public Places of Recreation.

Herr Froebel, in "The Education of Man," says: "Every town should have its own common playground for the boys. Glorious result would come from this for the entire community. For at this period games, whenever it is feasible, are common, and thus develop the feeling and desire for community, and the laws and requirements of community. The boy tries to see himself in his companions, to feel himself in them, to weigh and measure himself by them, to know and find himself with their help. Thus the games directly influence and educate the boy for life, awaken and cultivate many civil and moral virtues."

From the eastern part of our country comes an eloquent plea for the tented playgrounds at Pittsburgh, tented playgrounds at Pittsburgh, from students of social evils, from every department of science devoted to the study of man, comes the warning that in our day, as in no other day, the world has yet seen, we need in our great cities to give heed to the nature and spirit of childhood and youth and to the right of the people to happiness. Society has not so much forgotten as it has failed to realize in these strenuous days of materialism how much modern city and social conditions are making void for many a fundamental tenet of our national creed. In the boys and girls of the streets, in the delinquent, the fallen, the outcast, the unsuccessful and the misfits there is the same hunger for happiness that is our own. But if that hunger must be satisfied in the one or two or three-roomed home of the tenement, in the street, nickelodeon, cheap theater, saloon or public dance hall, or not at all, who can wonder at individual ruin or social disaster?"

Beautifying the Home.

While critics have been calling loudly for something true and original in American architecture, there has been quietly developing a type that is really both new and artistic, says Charles M. Cheney in the House Beautiful. Discarding the restrictions of tradition, a strong and virile style founded on the best principles of composition and design is asserting itself in the small house. Beauty is arrived at through the simple elements of construction.

MUNYON'S WORK TALK OF CITY

Big Success Shown by Numbers of Callers at Philadelphia Headquarters.

LOCAL MAN TELLS OF REMARKABLE RELIEF FROM RHEUMATISM IN YEAR'S TIME.

The apparent success with which Professor James M. Munyon, the world-famous health authority, has been meeting has started much discussion. Every laboratory at 834 and Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., and every mail brings thousands of letters from people inquiring about Munyon's Famous Health Cure. Professor Munyon's corps of expert physicians is kept busy seeing callers and answering the mail. "Fecula" to say, these physicians prescribe no medicine at all for 50 per cent. of the callers and mail inquiries; health hints, health advice and rules for right living are given absolutely free. Medical advice and consultation absolutely free.

Munyon's followers seem to be enormous. Those who believe in his theories seem to think he possesses the most marvelous powers for the healing of all sorts of diseases. Munyon, himself, laughs at this. He says: "The hundreds of cures which you are hearing about every day in Philadelphia are not in any way due to my personal skill. It is my remedies, which represent the combined brains of the greatest medical specialists science has ever known, that are doing the work. I have paid thousands of dollars for a single formula, and the exclusive right to manufacture it. I have paid tens of thousands of dollars for others of my various forms of treatment. This is why I get such remarkable results. I have simply bought the best products of the best brains in the world and placed this knowledge within the reach of the general public."

Among Munyon's callers yesterday were many who were enthusiastic in their praise of the man. One of these said: "For six years I suffered with rheumatism. My arms and legs were afflicted so badly that I could hardly work, and I could not raise my arms to my head. The pain was most severe in the back, however, and I was in perfect torture. I tried in many ways to get cured, or even to secure temporary relief, but nothing seemed to help me until I was persuaded by a friend to try Dr. Munyon's Uric Acid Course. It was the most marvelous acting remedy I ever saw, within a week the pain had most gone and inside of a month I considered myself entirely cured. I can now go out in the worst weather—cold, wet or anything else, and I have not felt any suspicion of a return of the disease. I think that every person who has rheumatism and does not take the Uric Acid Course is making a great mistake."

The continuous stream of callers and mail that comes to Professor James M. Munyon at his laboratories at 834 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., keeps Dr. Munyon and his enormous corps of expert physicians busy.

Write today to Professor James M. Munyon personally, Munyon's Laboratories, 834 and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. Give full particulars in reference to your case. Your inquiry will be held strictly confidential and answered in a plain envelope. You will be given the best medical advice and asked more questions. Remember there is no charge of any kind for consultation, or medical advice. The only charge Munyon makes is when his physicians prescribe his remedies you pay the retail selling price. It is immaterial whether you buy from him or from the nearest druggist.

A PARADOX.



Manager—Has your new play plenty of life in it? Playwright—Sure. Why, eight people are killed in the last two acts.

A PHYSICAL WRECK.

Given Up By Physicians—Cured By Doan's Kidney Pills.

Edward Gucker, 612 S. 14th St., Mattoon, Ill., says: "I could scarcely stand the terrible pains in my back and I gradually ran down until I was a physical wreck. My kidneys were in terrible condition—the urine passing too freely and being a chalky white in color. My appetite failed, I lost flesh rapidly and could not sleep. The doctors thought I had only a short time to live. I was so greatly improved after short use of Doan's Kidney Pills that I continued and was completely cured. I am positive that Doan's Kidney Pills will cure any case of kidney trouble if taken as directed."

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

Men Iron Better Than Women. That men are to take the place of women as hand ironers in St. Louis is predicted by some of the laundry men. It is said that the work can be done better by men and that they can stand the strain very much better than women.

Many a man doesn't realize that he married an angel until she begins to do the harp act.

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

Calling people down is not a very uplifting process.

PROGRESS of the WORLD

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

Cupid Is His Foe

Little God of Love Causes the Chicago Employer to Wait in Summer.

HIS BEST GIRLS ALL QUIT

Vacation-Time Weddings Are Beyond the Control of the Managers—Sweet-Voiced Telephone Operators Are Said to Be Especially Susceptible.

D. Cupid has forced himself into the consideration of Chicago's employers on the girl side of the labor market.

The summer harvest of hearts annually puts to the employers the problem of replacing the girls who have gone out from their work at the call of the little god.

"Marriage? Shopgirls?" The man who hires the clerks for one of the great State street shops almost screamed when the question was offered.

"They are quitting in flocks these days—lots of the best girls I had, too. Quitting good jobs to be married. Probably to live on the wife's half of \$15 a week for the rest of their lives. Such foolishness! But it's no use to advise. I quit that long ago."

But in the telephone exchange the matrimonial exodus is felt perhaps the heaviest.

"There's a reason," remarked the telephone company official. "Operators are the most susceptible of all girls to the wiles of Cupid."

"The 4,500 operators employed in Chicago exchanges are chosen in accordance with certain requirements that make them desirable alike as workers and wives."

Craftily the telephone man calculates that only through the voice of the operator does the company come into contact with the public—that, therefore, must be a pleasing contact. Just so truly as the voice is an index of character and disposition, so certainly is the telephone girl likely to be attractive and capable of domesticity.

So it is that the telephone girl in talking the company into the good graces of the public, also talks herself into the heart of a man.

Despite the fact that summer weddings are the source of many vexations to the department managers in the shop and in fact to all the employers of female labor, not one can be found who seeks to put an obstacle in the way—not that it would matter if he did.

"If they will marry, why, let 'em," was the way one manager put it, waving his hand in resignation as he indicated the long aisles where the girls were at work, meeting the trade. "Home may prove to them to be better or worse than this. That's what they take it for."

"Even if women are invading the field of men's labor and do take up the yoke of the breadwinner, I have always held to the notion that they were made to be married."

There is yet another source of summer matrimony. It is the time of va-

vacations. Often the girl who has come down to the city to work, seeking that strange and uncertain goal, "a career," goes back to the old home to spend a week or two at the expense of a hard gathered hoard. The experience of the city's strife has taught her just how much that career is worth, and how hard it is to gain when thousands of others are struggling for a foothold, too. She returns to the old home to see it in a perspective that was impossible before. The love and the man she put aside to go down to the hurrying town pursuing the "career" look better through the glass of experience—and she stays, stays to redeem an error before it is too late.

High School Boys Do Her Haying. Mrs. George Westinghouse has solved one question of labor at her country place at Lenox, Mass., by hiring high school boys to do her haying. Mrs. Westinghouse no doubt has passed her summers of several years with the same inconvenience of incompetent help—if help at all—in her fields, and so this year she decided to kill two birds with one stone. She chose high school boys, giving the preference to the young men who were anxious to earn extra pennies to help along with their educational ambitions. This helps the boys, gives them good, wholesome outdoor life, and helps her immensely in getting the best results in her fields. If Mrs. Westinghouse's experiment proves successful it will open up a new field of effort for the youths of the land.

Fine Shipping Clerk

BENTON HARBOR WOMAN AIDS HUSBAND WITH FRUIT.

Receives Loads From Growers and Superintends the Loading of the Lake Steamers.

Thousands of Chicago people who have watched the loading of lake steamers with fruit at Benton Harbor have been interested in the clever work of a woman shipping clerk who distributes the loads of hundreds of fruit men who drive in from the fields and orchards.

The name of this woman is Mrs. Charles Hill, and she is the wife of a well-known fruit buyer. While Mr. Hill is engaged in the street in buying all kinds of fruit in large and small lots, Mrs. Hill superintends the work of unloading at proper places in the big dock shed of the Graham and Morton boats. She keeps track of the different lots, stencils the cases, oversees the work of others in the same line, writes out checks, delivers them to the fruit growers so that the producer goes home with his money in his pocket.

Mrs. Hill receives the fruit from at least three different kinds of vehicles, from wagons and buggies, power trucks, and from great canvas covered fruit schooners which the steamb-boat company sends over a circuit of

MAKE MOST OF OPPORTUNITY

Wise is the Man or Boy Who Keeps His Eyes Open to Learn Details of Business.

When you have nothing especial to do just keep your eyes open and observe, study human nature, watch others' methods of doing things. Keep drinking in knowledge at every pore. See how much information you can absorb. Many a man who has started in business for himself has found of untold value the knowledge which he picked up when an office boy.

You may think that because you are only an office boy you do not amount to much, and you may be longing for promotion; but did you ever think of what it means to stand right at the elbow of a manager, or of your employer, to stand beside the executive head, where you can see into a great many secrets which are hidden from other employees whom you envy?

Think what an opportunity it is to size up a situation, to absorb the secrets of the business! Why, your employer would not sell for a great deal of money the information which you are getting for nothing.

Think of what it means to be able to study at close range a man who is actually succeeding in life, a man who is doing things, and to be able to see how he does them!

You are not in a commercial school now, where transactions are made on paper. You are in an actual business school, where everything is real, and you have a chance to see how things are done; and, if you learned to use your eyes, you can absorb that which money will not buy.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

twenty-five miles or more in gathering up small shipments in the orchards.

Her work extends much farther than the immediate neighborhood in Berrien county, for the electric trolley lines bring in fruit from points west of Elkhart, Ind. It is unloaded at the dock and then sent across the lake on the big steamers.

Mrs. Hill's office is a soap box nailed to a post in the shed. The box has a swinging cover or door with a hasp, and here this woman shipper keeps a great variety of rubber stamps, stencils, pencils, paper and her check book.

During busy hours there are about one hundred men working on the dock. Most of the time she is the only woman on the dock. She works in a white shirtwaist and a dress of dark material, handling all the fruit that her husband buys, and the quantity runs up to thousands of cases in a single evening.

Mrs. Hill has one daughter, a school teacher, and a son who is a student at the Michigan state college of agriculture.—Chicago Tribune.

High-Priced Loafer.

"Young man," observed Deacon Walker, "I just overheard you make a remark that you 'worked when you got your price, and when you didn't you let the other cheap skate work.' That sounds all right in a crowd on the street when the mercury is dancing around the hundred mark, but in the long run through this vale of tears it won't get you anywhere. You will have to pass up too many lunch counters as you wander down the highway. You will be forced to sit on the trucks at the depot and watch the other fellow start on his vacation journey to the land of cooling breezes and sunshine. You will have to look over your stock of old clothes and pick out the best and have it pressed up and repaired instead of springing a new suit. You have set your price too high, for I notice that you loaf around most of the time. The fellow who works for \$2 when he can't get \$4 is the fellow who is now eating regularly, taking trips and wearing glad rags. He was so willing to work for \$2 a day that the bosses began to notice him and were glad to give him \$4, because he delivered the goods. If you will take a tumble to yourself and get busy possibly you will some day get your price."—Kansas City Journal.

LATE INVENTIONS

For slicing bread in restaurants there has been invented a knife with six parallel blades.

To prevent backaches a Maine farmer has invented a jointed hoe to throw potatoes into a net with which it is provided as they are dug.

A combined display stand and writing desk, which can be folded into a compact sample case for a traveling salesman, has been invented by an Ohio man.

A buoyant material has been brought out in Germany which is used to line bathing suits to act as a life preserver without interfering with the wearer's movements.

Advertising Talks

KNOWN LABEL MOVED GOODS

Case From Texas That Demonstrates the Value of Advertising—People Must Be Educated.

As an instance that people will not buy goods that are not advertised, the Houston (Texas) Post has the following article based upon facts that is well worth our readers' attention. They can ponder over it at their leisure. The Post says:

"Apropos of the editorial on this page and the statement that people are prone, when buying, if it occurs to them to ask where an article is manufactured, they are more than apt to buy the article that is wrapped in the fancy wrapper, a case in point forces itself to the front.

"In a city not far distant from Houston, in the heart of an agricultural community, there has been much agitation for a canning factory. It seemed that everybody in the community wanted the canning factory. There were tomatoes galore that could be used—which during a certain period of the year were not marketable—and the people believed that a canning factory would work this product up and create a market for it.

"An enterprising gentleman installed the canning factory. There was much hurrah, and he was lauded to the skies as a benefactor. He bought up many tons of tomatoes, for which there was no market at the time, and canned them.

"He then went to the local merchants and endeavored to sell them.

"The people will not buy them! That was the uniform answer of the merchants to his overtures. It was quite a shock to the man who had put his good money into the enterprise and who had spent more good money for the products of the section and more good money for the labor and the cans.

"Ob, yes they will," was his emphatic answer. 'You people need a little enterprise. Just to show you that the people will buy these goods I will place them on your shelves and you may pay me when you clean them out.'

"The goods were placed on the shelves of the several merchants. There they remained. Finally the owner of the canning plant in despair wrote to one of the leading canning concerns of the country and told of his difficulty and asked if they could suggest a way out of the predicament.

There was much correspondence, and as a result the big concern bought the entire output of the local plant.

"You just gather up the goods you have placed in the stores and we will send you our labels. Put them on your goods instead of your own labels."

"It was done. The goods were placed back in the same shelves and they moved out in a hurry."

Now, there is a lesson in this. Just because there is a recital of it in the Post may cause some to feel that the interest is a selfish one. But it is not. It concerns human nature. It concerns every reader of this story.

The reason the goods moved when the new labels were placed upon them was that the label, or the brand, had been advertised. Housewives knew about it, and when buying canned tomatoes they brought what they knew about. The tomatoes canned at home were just as good as those canned elsewhere and the advertiser knew it and was willing to risk his reputation on it. They bought the brand that they had been reading about. There was no real fraud practiced on the purchasers, for they were getting what they paid for.

Advertising is the thing. Why kick at the man who put his labels on another's product? It was a good product and he knew it, because he had investigated. He was simply giving it his indorsement. His indorsement was worth something. People had come to know that and to rely upon it. He was simply reaping upon his investment. He was an advertiser and had familiarized the housewives with his goods. He had taught them that his goods were good goods.

It is not enough for a man to invest his money in the manufacture of a product, no matter how good the product may be. He must tell the people about it, else they will not know that he or his product exist. He may have the very thing that the people are anxious to know about. Unless he gives this information he is throwing his money into a hole and covering it up when he puts it into a manufacturing plant and turns out a commodity, no matter how good, nor how useful, unless he tells people that he is making such a commodity.

If he has something good the greater reason he should tell people about it. There are lots of things on the market that are not good, but which people buy because they do not know where they can get the genuine.

Home industries should be patronized for the reasons set forth in the editorial. But the managers of home industries had best consider human nature and how to reach the average human.

So when we ask for certain brands of goods we are simply seeking an opportunity to pay dividends on an advertising investment.

ADVERTISING A CITY

By GEORGE S. BANTA. Probably the successful advertising of a town or city is one of the most difficult accomplishments in the whole field of advertising. Hitherto it has not been so difficult as it will be in the future, for the reason that the list of advertisers in this class is being lengthened every day, and more and more cities are joining in the chorus of "boosters."

The first problem in developing a community with advertising is to make every resident of it loyal to the place. In a city of 10,000 or larger the people have, in general, but a very scant idea of the particular advantages and the wealth-producing industries of their home community. They need education along this line. But worse still, that old adage, "Familiarity breeds contempt," is too often literally true and Mrs. Jones is quite likely to get it into her head that Neighbor Smith is a poor sort of a miller anyway and she doesn't care to use his flour nor anything else that he makes. And often the same thing is true of the biggest and best "cards" the place holds. Not infrequently in a place wherein is located an institution of great value a regular horde of critics is developed who seem to delight in "knocking" it.

Now no town is going to do much in advertising, or anything else, so long as this state of affairs exists. But fortunately a little enlightenment will cure nearly every case and if it takes five years to convert the populace it will be time well spent. Until that is done and the business men get together sufficiently to stand solidly and unbiased for the things of the place in which they live, every enterprise which it is proposed to start will get a baptism of cold water before it is twenty-four hours old.

But the movement toward town and city advertising is logical and timely. Advertising makes people think and active results follow naturally. How to go about the achievement of results is a question any city can answer, not with talk but with work. It takes determination, purpose, and money, but that it is an investment well worth while any city which has an enlightened public spirit will exemplify.

Some advertisers say: "As soon as business picks up I'll advertise." Fancy a gardener saying: "I'll wait till harvest time to sow my seed."

BUSINESS METHODS CHANGED

Old-Time Way of Selling Merchandise Through Friendship Has Gone Out of Vogue.

In days gone by, business to a great extent was done on good fellowship. The salesman who was a good "mixer," a hale fellow well met, who made friends easily, sold his goods not entirely on the merit of the merchandise—but greatly because of his pleasing personality. The "drummer" with a pocketful of good cigars, a jolly manner and a repertoire of funny stories was a type of a successful salesman of the past.

But things in recent years have undergone a change—business is no longer done on a basis of friendship but on purely business principles. And advertising has brought about this change.

Today the successful manufacturer who has an article of merit generally sells it to the consumer either directly or indirectly through advertising. Directly by the mail order system—or indirectly through the retail stores. In both cases his advertising creates a demand by influencing the consumer to ask for the article.

The successful salesman of the present is not the joking, superficial fellow who may have been a good salesman years ago—but he is an intensive, dignified, serious-minded business man who knows his proposition thoroughly—and he sells goods on merit and not through friendship. And his strongest argument to the retailer is the advertising of his product to the consumer—and for the following reasons:

An article that can stand the light of publicity must possess merit—and if it does, then the consumer will demand it. If there is a demand for an advertised brand, the merchant is not likely to stock up with competitive non-advertised goods for which there is no call.

Most articles of merit can be successfully advertised. The manufacturer who makes such an article should advertise it to the consumer—and his salesman should use the advertising argument in soliciting orders from the retailer—because advertising is a winning selling talk.

A little common sense in advertising means a lot of common cents in your cash drawer.

Results Sometimes Slow.

An eastern manufacturer of printing presses recently sold a cylinder press to a printer in South America as a result of advertising done at the Chicago world's fair in 1893. The printer had saved the circulars advertising that press sixteen years, and when he finally got ready to buy, communicated with the manufacturer and bought that make of press. This simply shows that it often takes a long time before results come from some particular advertisement.

SPOILED JOKE FOR WILLIE

And Now the Youngster Is Convinced That Women Have No Sense of Humor.

Willie is convinced that women have no sense of humor. Willie is seven, and he judges all women by his mother. What he considered a splendid joke occurred to him, and he resolved to make his father its mute and admiring witness or auditor.

"Mamma," said Willie, "when papa comes home I'll climb up on the step-ladder and pretend to be doing something to the picture. Then you say: 'Willie, what are you up to?' Then I'll say: 'Up to date.' Won't papa be surprised?"

Papa came home in due time and was hardly seated before Willie dragged in the stepladder and climbed up to a picture. This was mamma's cue to ask the question that would give Willie the opening for the joke. So mamma hurriedly asked:

"Willie, what are you doing up there?"

Willie turned a look of disgust, chagrin and disappointment upon his mother, climbed down the ladder and left the room without a word.

CHILD'S HEAD A MASS OF HUMOR

"I think the Cuticura remedies are the best remedies for eczema I have ever heard of. My mother had a child who had a rash on its head when it was real young. Doctor called it baby rash. He gave us medicine, but it did no good. In a few days the head was a solid mass, a running sore. It was awful; the child cried continually. We had to hold him and watch him to keep him from scratching the sore. His suffering was dreadful. At last we remembered Cuticura Remedies. We got a dollar bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, a box of Cuticura Ointment, and a bar of Cuticura Soap. We gave the Resolvent as directed, washed the head with the Cuticura Soap, and applied the Cuticura Ointment. We had not used half before the child's head was clear and free from eczema, and it has never come back again. His head was healthy and he had a beautiful head of hair. I think the Cuticura Ointment very good for the hair. It makes the hair grow and prevents falling hair." (Signed) Mrs. Francis Lund, Plain City, Utah, Sept. 19, 1910.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 12 L, Boston.

Deaths Due to Dust.

A warning against the dangers of dust was issued recently by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, in which it is shown that the percentage of deaths caused by tuberculosis in dusty trades is more than double that for all employed men in the registration area of the United States. While among males generally in the registration area of the United States 14.5 per cent. of all deaths are from consumption the mortality among grinders from this disease is 49.2 per cent., and in hardly any of the dusty trades is it below 25 per cent. The percentage of deaths from tuberculosis among all those exposed to metallic dust is 36.9 per cent.; to mineral dust, 28.6 per cent.; to vegetable fibre dust, 28.8 per cent.; to mixed animal and other forms of dust, 32.1 per cent., to street dust, 25.5 per cent.; and to organic, or dust coming from the article being manufactured, 23 per cent.

Was He a Bostonian?

"John," shrieked a woman, "don't go under that ladder."

But under it John went with a swoop to the pavement.

"My dear," he said, coming up with a dollar bill in his hand, "if I hadn't gone under the ladder that boy would have beaten me to the currency."

It isn't difficult to induce the other fellow to compromise when he realizes that you have the best of it.

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

A man has to have a strong pull to equal that of a dull razor.

Particularly the Ladies.

Not only pleasant and refreshing to the taste, but gently cleansing and sweetening to the system, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is particularly adapted to ladies and children, and beneficial in all cases in which a wholesome, strengthening and effective laxative should be used. It is perfectly safe at all times and dispels colds, headaches and the pains caused by indigestion and constipation so promptly and effectively that it is the one perfect family laxative which gives satisfaction to all and is recommended by millions of families who have used it and who have personal knowledge of its excellence.

Its wonderful popularity, however, has led unscrupulous dealers to offer imitations which act unsatisfactorily. Therefore, when buying, to get its beneficial effects, always note the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package of the genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

For sale by all leading druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle.

100 Years Old **Pettit's Eye Salve**

BIG JOKE You can get \$1.00 in 30 minutes after receiving it. Full instructions for a dime. Quite free. Nothing difficult. Great sport, order quick. E. W. BAKER, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

Fix the Right Habits

CORRECT MENTAL PROCESSES SHOULD BE AUTOMATIC.

Building Up a Strong Character is Much Like Learning to Play the Piano.

When the piano player first begins to practice, he spends an enormous amount of energy and mental force in thinking out every movement separately and using his will power to make it; but a Paderewski, through many years of practice, has made his movements so automatic that he can play very complicated compositions and still be thinking of something else. His brain and nerves have been so trained that they make lightning movements with scarcely a thought or effort of the will.

Character building is like piano playing.

The art of all arts is to so train the mind that just as many as possible of the mental processes which are absolutely necessary to our well-being shall be automatic. The great thing is to establish right habits which will be exercised automatically.

It does not take very long to establish a right habit, and if it is encouraged, it will serve us a lifetime.

There are a few life habits which, if formed early and established thoroughly, will change the whole career.

If the child is taught to do everything to a finish, to stamp superiority upon everything before it goes out of

his hands, and to be truthful and industrious, his whole life afterwards will be powerfully influenced without much thought or effort of will power.

Strong characters usually form early habits which persist through life, and which make living and efficiency comparatively easy.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

The Men Who Toil.

When it was said of man that he should earn his bread by the sweat of his face it was not a curse pronounced against him. As between the man who works and the one who does not the former is the happier. The friend of man who bids him God-speed as he goes to his daily task is his real friend. The man who stands up and bemoans the fact that man must work is not the friend of mankind.

The do-nothing man may take pleasure in the fact that he has inherited from his father enough of this world's sustenance that he doesn't have to work for his living; but he isn't half so happy as the man who has by hard ticks, perseverance and economy come into possessions that render him and his comfortable.

The men who are moving the car of progress in the world and who are advancing the cause of civilization are the men who toil with their hands and their heads and do things that render them of some account to the world and in the community in which they make their homes.

Personals

Hon. Charles D. Mason and family left Wednesday evening via Chicago for their new home at Cleveland. A party of friends gathered at the depot to bid them good speed and shed the parting tear. Yesterday the assistant auditor reported for work at his desk in the general offices of the Cleveland-Cliffs Co. at Cleveland.

Mrs. S. Goldstein and Mrs. A. H. Powell left Monday evening for Chicago, Mrs. Powell on her way home, and Mrs. Goldstein to Detroit, where she will spend a month.

Mrs. George Webb and Miss Slining arrived Thursday morning from Aurora, Minn. Mrs. Webb, after visiting her parents here, will go to Marquette, her new home.

The Misses Edith and Mary Champion, of London, England, arrived Wednesday by way of Fond du lac, to spend a week with relatives in this city.

Mrs. C. W. Elquist and Miss Agnes Elquist, who were detained several days in Liverpool by the recent labor troubles, are expected next week.

Margaret Ogden, aged three and a half, who sustained a double fracture of the forearm a few days ago by a fall while at play, is doing well.

Miss Minnie MacLaurin, of Manistique, and John Mc Guirk of Iron Mountain, visited Mr. and Mrs. C. H. MacLaurin this week.

Mrs. M. M. Gelzer entertained two parties of friends at a thimble bee, at her home Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons.

Miss Lillian Carroll, of Manistique, and Miss Gallagher, of Marquette, arrived Wednesday to visit the Misses McDonnell.

Miss Katherine Sheridan, who spent the summer here, left Thursday evening for her home at Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Miss Margaret Ross, who has been visiting Mrs. James Mitchell, returned Wednesday to her home at Woodstock, Ont.

Miss Myrtle Yokom left Tuesday for Detroit, after visiting here for a few days, having made a tour of the lakes.

Miss Mary McCarthy left Wednesday morning for Detroit to resume her studies at the Thomas Normal.

S. N. Kaufman and auto party, of Marquette, passed through Gladstone Thursday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. William Blue, of Cheboygan, arrived last Saturday to visit W. H. Needham.

Miss Laura May returns today to commence her fall work as teacher in the city schools.

Miss Mary Filkins returned last week from visiting friends at Negaunee.

Miss Blanche Kellie returned this Friday night to visit over Sunday.

LABOR DAY

We will be closed, but on Tuesday, for the convenience of our patrons who may empty the cupboard, we will be open from 7 till 1, and make morning deliveries. For Saturday we have a large stock of

FRESH FRUIT

We sort over and repack our fruit when we receive it, keeping in good shape. We sell it out cheap, and do not let it spoil on our hands. See our prices.

J. R. BARRETT & CO.

Phone 55-J.

DON'T MISS THE CELEBRATION

Don't slave to get three or four meals, over a range, while the events are going on. Stop at Foy's and get some of his delicious Sausage, Smoked Meats and other ready-to-serve food. Let the cook enjoy a holiday with the rest of us.

M. P. FOY

Phone 158

Bion St. Bernard, for some years a resident of Gladstone, was killed at Chicago Tuesday, August 15, by falling into the hatchway of the steamer McIntosh. His funeral was held under Masonic auspices the following Thursday from his home at St. Clair, Mich., where he was born fifty-three years ago. He leaves a widow and three children. As engineer of the Castalia, and of the St. Paul, he was widely known in Gladstone.

W. L. Marble will leave next Tuesday morning on the upper peninsula development bureau's excursion from St. Ignace to Detroit, returning the evening of September 8. I. N. Bushong and C. A. Clark have also made reservations, but it may be impossible for them to spare the time necessary for the trip.

Patrick Lynch, of Antofagasta, Chile, S. A., was in the city Sunday and Monday to visit his sister, Mrs. D. McCarthy, and left later for Republic to spend a few days with his mother. Mr. Lynch is a diamond drill operator in that far southern mining country.

P. R. Legg drove out to Danforth Monday to view the country, and was much impressed by the immense apple crop of the settlement. The Misses Edith Legg and Margery Fraser visited at the home of William Kingsley until Wednesday, when they returned.

Sigurd Swanson, who recently filed a homestead application on the Fort Berthold reservation, along with John Erickson and Peter Froberg, has returned to his work here.

Hon. M. Perron, while cranking his Pierce Arrow Tuesday evening, suffered the disablement of his arm from a backfire. It was at first thought the arm was broken.

Rev. J. Edgar Wilson arrived in the city Monday from Toronto, where he spent the month, and after packing his household goods, left Friday for his new church at Fond du Lac.

Allen Tyrrell was in the city Friday on business. Mr. Tyrrell, after seeing what Gladstone offers, has decided to do his celebrating in this city next week.

Dr. A. H. Miller on Wednesday moved into his new mansion from his rooms at Delta and Ninth; which will be occupied next week by J. K. Rogers.

George Peets, of Hermansville, and J. T. Shepard, of Weyerhaeuser, were among the Pythian visitors from out of town at last Friday's function.

Mrs. J. B. Mathey returned Thursday morning from Menominee, where she has been caring for Mr. Mathey's mother during her illness.

Eddie Blou, a well-known Escanaba wrestler who has exhibited here often, is among those entered in the tournament of next week.

Sidney Katzenstein, who came down last Friday to attend the K. P. banquet, went back to Marquette next day in C. D. Mason's car.

Erwin La Marche of Escanaba and Louise La Roche were married Tuesday morning in All Saints' church by Rev. Fr. Bennett.

William C. Geise, principal of the high school, returned Wednesday evening from spending his vacation at Reed City.

A. E. Neff and Clayton Voorhis made a trip to Iron River Tuesday in the former's car. They return Saturday.

Arthur Kalisch, who has spent the month in Gladstone, leaves next Tuesday evening for his home in Chicago.

Walter Lancaster returned Thursday, and Mrs. Herbert Smith today, from their visit at Chippewa Falls.

H. J. Neville, of Manistique, was in the city on business last Friday and attended the K. P. banquet.

Ole Peterson will occupy his new house on Minnesota, which Gormsen has completed, next week.

Miss Katie McDonnell assisted in Stewart's Pharmacy this week during the absence of "Doc."

J. A. Stewart and Master Gene went to Chicago on business Sunday, returning Friday morning.

Hal Reedy, who has been quite ill for weeks with an ulceration of the heart, is not improving.

Councillors H. J. Rushton and John L. Loell were up from Escanaba Thursday morning.

C. S. Geraldson arrives tomorrow from Superior to spend Labor Day in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. MacLaurin returned last Friday in the auto from Manistique.

Mrs. Fred Williams, of Manistique, is a guest at the home of W. H. Needham.

Carl Kanney returned Thursday morning from spending six weeks at Superior.

John Hampel leaves next Wednesday for Detroit to take up his new position.

Mrs. O'Connell and Walter O'Connell spent the week in Chicago on business.

Carl Gormsen returned last Saturday after spending ten days in Detroit.

A. P. Burrows leaves Sunday for the grand lodge at Grand Rapids.

Miss Helen Filkins left Thursday to visit with friends at Lathrop.

A daughter was born Thursday to Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Woodhall.

A son was born Friday, August 25, to Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Neilson.

F. L. Bendure, who has been ill this week, is recovering.

James Barry visited friends in Negaunee last week.

The Scrap Book

Rank Cheating.
Speaking of family poker parties, this really happened in Cleveland, says the Plain Dealer.

A young married couple attended such a session at the home of a neighbor out on the edge of Collinwood the other night. And when this young couple got home the female end of the sketch said:
"Jim, I hate to say anything about the Halls—they seem to be nice people. But I'm afraid they cheat at cards."
"Nonsense!"

"I knew you'd say that, and it's dear of you to be so unsuspecting. But—well, what was the price of the chips tonight? Five cents each? That's what I thought. Jim, I examined those chips carefully, and they're the very same thing that I could have bought at Jones' store for a dollar a hundred, in all three colors too!"

Why Repine?
Why, why repine, my pensive friend,
At pleasure slept away?
Some stern fates will never lend
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass,
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer or they pass.
With folded arms I linger not
To call them back; 'twere vain.
In this or 'n some other spot
I know they'll shine again.
—W. S. Lander.

A Phenomenon.
He was an odd character about town. He was known as Tommy and was tolerated because of his quaint ways. Tommy got pneumonia and had a long siege in the hospital, where they treated him so well that he was much averse to the prospect of being discharged as "cured."

One day the doctor in charge was taking his temperature, and while Tommy had the thermometer in his mouth the doctor moved on and happened to turn his back. Tommy saw his chance. He pulled the thermometer out of his mouth and popped it into a cup of hot tea, replacing it in his mouth at the first sign of the medico turning.
When that worthy examined the thermometer he jumped a foot, looked at Tommy, then back to the thermometer and finally gasped:
"Well, my man, you're not dead, but, by Jove, you ought to be!"

Royal Humor.
The late King Leopold II. of Belgium once made a quick answer to a radical deputy who had said of the king that he would make an admirable president of a republic.
"Really?" replied the king, with his most ingenuous air. "Really? Do you know, I think I shall pay a compliment in your style to my physician, Dr. Thirier, who is coming to see me presently. I shall say, 'Thirier, you are a great doctor, and I think you would make an excellent veterinary surgeon!'"

A Surprise For Horace Greeley.
In the early days of the suffragist movement Miss Susan B. Anthony had no more bitter opponent than Horace Greeley. It was for a long time his custom to wind up all debates with the conclusive remark, "The best women I know do not want to vote."

When the New York constitution was being altered in 1867 Miss Anthony laid a train for him. She wrote to Mrs. Greeley and persuaded the editor's wife not only to sign a petition for woman's suffrage herself, but to circulate the paper and get 300 signatures among her acquaintances. In the committee Mr. Greeley, who was chairman, had listened to the debate and prepared to introduce to the convention an adverse report. He was just about to utter his usual "settler" when George William Curtis rose.
"Mr. Chairman," said he, "I hold in my hand a petition for suffrage signed by 300 women of Westchester, headed by Mrs. Horace Greeley."

The chairman's embarrassment could hardly be controlled. He had found at least one of "the best women I know" wanted to vote, but he re-venge himself later upon the leaders by scathing editorials.

One of Curran's Witticisms.
Curran once had as colleague in a case a remarkably tall and slender man, who had originally intended to take holy orders. When the judge observed that the case involved a question in ecclesiastical law, Curran said, "I can refer your lordship to the high authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though in my opinion he is fitter for the steeple."

A Comedy of Errors.
When Baron Haussmann went to Constantinople on a visit to Abdul Aziz, who was then sultan, he had an interview with the grand vizier, who did not know a word of French. At the beginning of the interview the old long Turkish pipes were brought in, and then Baron Haussmann began making a very long speech in French. The grand vizier could not understand a word, but listened most attentively till he noticed that his pipe had gone out and clapped his hand for a servant to come and relight it. Haussmann, thinking he was applauding, rushed toward him with outstretched hand, intending to shake hands and thank him. The grand vizier, seeing his hand put forth, shook it warmly and said "Goodby," under the impression it was Haussmann's intention to leave, and quitted the room.

THE STRANGE PEER.

His Nonchalant Debut in the British House of Lords.

On one occasion a gentlemanly appearing individual walked boldly up the steps of St. Stephen's, London, passed the various officials, turned into the house of lords passage and in a self possessed manner entered the robing room.

"Lord Normanby's robes."
The attendant looked surprised.
"But, my lord"—he began
"I know it's absurd," said the stranger, "but my tailor cannot finish my robes in time, and I must attend this sitting. Lord Normanby was so kind as to offer— You understand?"
"Oh, certainly, my lord," responded the rober.

The crimson and ermine was produced and donned, and the pseudo peer strolled into the house, where a few



"I WILL OVERLOOK YOUR SLIP."
peers were waiting, administered a series of affable nods right and left and finally took his place on the wool-sack.

For full thirty seconds he sat there, while those present tried to collect their faculties. Then he slowly arose and, remarking to the clerk, "How stupid of me—I now remember I have an appointment elsewhere," retired from the chamber. In the robing room he remarked, "Thank Lord Normanby and tell his lordship I have just recalled a pressing appointment with the king."

"Yes, my lord. What name?"
"What name?" echoed the other, in assumed astonishment. "What name? Really, my good fellow, you must be careful—very careful. It does not do to forget yourself in this assembly. But I will overlook your slip this time. Good morning."
That evening it was known at the Beefsteak club that Banister, the actor, had won a bet of \$250.

The Ruling Passion.
A little while ago two senators who are popularly supposed to represent interests not in accord with Dr. Wylie's pure food and drug ideals met in a corridor.

"I tell you it's no use!" began the first with a dejected shake of the head. "Wylie will fight till the day of his death!"

"Yes," assented the second, "and when he lies cold and the undertaker comes in with the bottles Wylie will revive with a shudder and he'll hop off the slab and say, 'My man, don't ever tell me there isn't formaldehyde in that stuff!'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Speech That Wasn't Delivered.
After he had resigned as pension commissioner and returned to Kansas Gene Ware was fond of relating an experience that befell him while he was stationed at the national capital. He was invited to deliver a Fourth of July oration at Gettysburg and accepted. He mentioned the matter to President Roosevelt one day at the White House.

"By George, that's bully!" said Teddy. "I will just go down and listen to your address." Then Teddy paused for a moment and said, "Yes, and I'll make Root go too." Then he paused again and said, "I'll just take the whole cabinet."

Of course that made Ware feel good. To think that the president of the United States and the members of his cabinet would go to hear him make an address tended to puff him up just a little.

Well, Teddy and several members of the cabinet went all right. Courtesy demanded that the president be called on first "for a few remarks." So Teddy was called on. He spoke for two straight hours, and Ware never did get to deliver his speech.—Kansas City Journal.

Showed Her the Door.
Thomas had been a carpenter, but owing to dullness in trade he was engaged as footman at the "big house" in the village.

On the day of his engagement his mistress, having a lady visitor in the drawing room, rang the bell for the footman. "You will show this lady to the front door, Thomas," she said.

"Yes, mum," replied Thomas, and, bowing to the lady, he requested her to follow him. On coming to the door Thomas opened it, and the lady was about to pass out when Thomas, tapping her on the shoulder, remarked, "This is the door, mum; gitch pitee it is, the frame two an' a half inches thick, with raised moldings; it had cost about two pound ten, mum."
—London Ideas.

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.
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Office over Lindblad's Grocery, Mc-Williams' Block.

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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
CELEBRATION
All bets off in case of cloudburst.
P. W. PETERSON
725 DELTA

COMFORT
The cold days are coming. See Burt about that heating plant. Only half as much coal to lug—only a fifth as much of your time to take care of it. No cold corners, a cozy, comfortable house in the morning; doesn't it sound good? How much? Ask
P. L. BURT
"Always Ready."
Phone 265 J.

Balloon Ascensions
The thriller that will startle the people of Delta county on the fourth and fifth will be the triple parachute drops. After you have craned your neck until it is dizzy and titillated your nerves until a bracer will do you good, you will adjourn to Delta Avenue and look for a high ball. There is no doubt where you will find the best, amid congenial company. They are set out
BY LILLQUIST
917 DELTA AVENUE

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

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.

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)

ANDREW STEVENSON
Invites you to spend a portion of the two days' celebration with him at the east end. Whoever picks The Harbor as the one best bet
WILL WIN
in a walk, if it is real downright enjoyment he is looking for. We have seen many Labor Days in Gladstone, but this beats them all. Everyone boost and show all neighboring cities that we are in
THE RACE

Who's Your Plumber?
(Without Apologies)
Have Krueger initiate your residence into the mysteries of modern sanitation and make it a marvel of convenience. Be comfortable, while you live, anyway.
Good Work and the Best Material
H. J. KRUEGER

The Shamrock and the Palm

By O. HENRY

(Copyright, 1910, by E. L. Nelson.)



North Rampart Street, one day, I met Clancy, whom I had not seen in months. Clancy is an American with an Irish diathesis and cosmopolitan proclivities. Many business men have claimed him, but none for long. The roadster's blood is in his veins.

He greeted me with heartiness, and I thought I saw something in his eye that ought to be divulged. Sometimes, when Clancy has returned from his voyages into the informal and the egregious, he can be persuaded to oral construction. Now I thought I saw in him symptoms of voluntary discourse, so I hastily conveyed him to a little cafe nearby, where a fan buzzed, mitigating the torrid sultriness of the New Orleans summer.

"Tis very near the tropics, this weather today," said Clancy—apropos I thought—of the season. But, it appeared, it had more to do with his story. I nodded confirmatorily.

"Tis elegant weather," continued Clancy, "for filibusterin'." "Tis what I've been doin' for two months past, strugglin' to liberate a foreign people from a tyrant's clutch. 'Twas hard work. 'Tis strainin' to the back and grows corns on your hands."

"So," I said, "you've turned soldier of fortune in earnest. I hope you made it pay. To what country did you lend your aid?"

"Where's Kamchatka?" asked Clancy, irrelevantly, I thought.

"Why, off Siberia, up in the Arctic regions, I believe," I answered, somewhat doubtfully.

"I thought that was the cold one," said Clancy, with a nod. "I'm always gettin' the two names mixed. 'Twas Guatemala, then—the hot one—I've been filibusterin' with. Ye'll find that country on the map. 'Tis in the district known as the tropics. By the foresight of Providence, it lies on the coast so the geography man could run the names of the towns off into the water. They're an inch long, small type, composed of Spanish dialects, and 'tis my opinion of the same system of syntax that blew up the Maine. Yes, 'twas that country I sailed against, single-handed, and endeavored to liberate it from a tyrannical government with a single-barreled pickax, unloaded at that. Ye don't understand, of course. 'Tis a statement de mandin' elucidation and apologies."

"'Twas one morning about the first of June; I was standin' down on the wharf, lookin' about at the ships in the river. There was a little steamer moored right opposite me that seemed about ready to sail. The funnels of it were throwin' out smoke, and a gang of roustabouts were carryin' aboard a pile of boxes that was stacked up on the wharf. The boxes were about two feet long, and they seemed to be pretty heavy."

"I walked over, careless, to the stack of boxes. I saw one of them had been broken in handlin'." "Twas curiosity made me pull up the loose top and look inside. The box was packed full of Winchester rifles. 'So, so,' says I to myself; 'somebody's gettin' a twist on the neutrality laws. Somebody's aidin' with munitions of war. I wonder where the poggins are goin'.'"

"I heard somebody cough, and I turned around. There stood a little, round, fat man with a brown face and white clothes, a first-class-looking little man, with a four-karat diamond on his finger and his eye full of interrogations and respects. I judged he was a kind of foreigner—maybe from Russia or Japan or the archipelagoes."

"'Hist!' says the round man, full of concealments and confidences. 'Will the senator respect the discoveries he has made, that the mans on the ship shall not be acquait? The senator will be a gentleman that shall not expose one thing that by accident occur.'"

"'Monseer,' says I—for I judged him to be a kind of Frenchman, that assortment of foreigners being doomed by nature to politeness and dialects—'receive my most expasperated assurances that your secret is safe with James Clancy. Furthermore, I will go so far as to remark, Veev la Liberty—veev it good and strong. Whenever you hear of a Clancy obstructin' the abolishment of existin' governments you may notify me by return mail.'"

"'The senator is good,' says the dark, fat man, smilin' under his black mustache. 'Wish you to come aboard my ship and drink of wine a glass?'"

"'Behn' a Clancy, in two minutes me and the foreign man were seated at a table in the cabin of the steamer with a bottle between us. I could hear the heavy boxes bein' dumped into the hold. I judged that cargo must consist of at least 2,000 Winchesters."

"'You gon' to stir things up in your country, ain't you, monseer?' says I, with a wink to let him know I was on."

"'Yes, yes,' says the little man, pounding his fist on the table. 'A change of the greatest will occur. Too long have the people been oppressed with the promises and the never-to-happen things to become. The great work it shall be carry on. Yes. Our

forces shall in the capital city strike of the soonest. Carrambos!'"

"'Carrambos is the word,' says I, beginning to invest myself with enthusiasm and more wine, 'likewise, veeva, as I said before. May the shamrock of old—I mean the banana-vine or the pie-plant, or whatever the imperial emblem may be of your down-trodden country, wave forever.'"

"'A thousand thank-yous,' says the round man, 'for your emission of amicable utterances. What our cause needs of the very most is mans who will the work do, to lift it along. Oh, for one thousands strong, good mans to aid the General De Vega that he shall to his country bring those success and glory! It is hard—oh, so hard to find good mans to help in the work.'"

"'Monseer,' says I, leanin' over the table and graspin' his hand, 'I don't know where your country is, but my heart bleeds for it. The heart of a Clancy was never deaf to the sight of an oppressed people. The family is filibusterers by birth, and foreigners by trade. If you can use James Clancy's arm and his blood in denudin' your shores of the tyrant's yoke they're yours to command.'"

"'General De Vega was overcome with joy to confiscate my comendence of his conspiracies and predicaments. He tried to embrace me across the table, but his fatness, and the wine that was not in the bottles, prevented. Thus was I welcomed into the ranks of filibusterin'. Then the general man told me his country had the name of Guatemala, and was the greatest nation laved by any ocean whatever, anywhere. He looked at me with tears in his eyes, and from time to time he would emit the remark, 'Ah! big, strong, brave mans! That is what my country need.'"

"'Your passage-money,' says the general, businesslike, 'shall from your pay be deduct.'"

"'Twill not,' says I, haughty. 'I'll pay my own passage.' A hundred and eighty dollars I had in my inside pocket, and 'twas no common filibuster I was goin' to be, filibusterin' for me board and clothes."

"'Well, then, in three days we sailed alongside that Guatemala. 'Twas a blue country, and not yellow, as 'tis mis-colored on the map. We landed at a town on the coast where a train of cars was waitin' for a dinky little railroad. The boxes on the steamer were brought ashore and loaded on the cars. The gang of Dagoes got aboard, too, the general and me in the front car. Yes, me and General De Vega headed the revolution, as it pulled out of the seaport town. That train traveled about as fast as a policeman goin' to a riot. It penetrated the most conspicuous lot of fuzzy scenery ever seen outside a geography. We run some forty miles in seven hours, and the train stopped."

"'They unloaded the boxes of the train and begun to knock the tops off. From the first one that was opened I saw General De Vega take the Winchester rifles and pass them around to a squad of morbid, sore-toed soldiery. The other boxes were opened next, and, believe me or not, divil another gun was to be seen. Every other box in the lot was full of—pickaxes and spades."

"'And then—sorrow be upon them tropics—the proud Clancy and the dishonored Dagoes, each one of them, had to shoulder a pick or a spade, and march away to work on that dirty little railroad. Yes; 'twas that the Dagoes shipped for, and 'twas that the filibusterin' Clancy signed for, though unbeknownst to himself at the time. In after days I found out about it. It seems 'twas hard to get hands to work on that road. The intelligent natives of the country was too lazy to work. Indeed, the saints know 'twas unnecessary. By stretchin' out one hand, they could seize the most delicate and costly fruits of the earth, and, by stretchin' out the other, they could sleep for days at a time without hearin' a seven-o'clock whistle or the footstep of the rent man upon the stairs. So, regular, the steamers traveled to the United States to seduce labor. Usually the imported spade-slinger died in two or three months from eatin' the over-ripe water and breathin' the violent tropical scenery. Wherefore, they made them sign contracts for a year when they hired them, and put an armed guard over the poor devils to keep them from runnin' away."

"'Twas thus I was double-crossed by the tropics through a family fallin' of goin' out of the way to hunt disturbances."

"'They gave me a pick, and I took it, meditatin' an insurrection on the spot; but there was the guards handlin' the Winchesters careless, and I come to the conclusion that discretion was the best part of filibusterin'. There was about a hundred of us in the gang startin' out to work, and the word was given to move. I steps out of the ranks and goes up to that General De Vega man, who was smokin' a cigar and gazin' upon the scene with satir-

factious and glory. He smiles at me polite and devilish. 'Plenty work,' says he, 'for big, strong mans in Guatemala. Yes. 'Tirty dollars in the month. Good pay. Ah, yes. You strong, brave man. Bimeby we push those railroad in the capital very quick. They want you go work now. Adios, strong mans.'"

"'Monseer,' says I, lingerin', 'will you tell a poor little Irishman this: When I set foot on your cockroach steamer, and breathed liberal and revolutionary sentiments into your sour wine, did you think I was conspirin' to sling a pick on your contemptuous little railroad? And when you answered me with patriotic recitations, humpin' up the star-spangled cause of liberty, did you have meditations of reducin' me to the ranks of the stump-grubbin' Dagoes in the chah-gangs of your vile and grovelin' country?'"

"'The general man expanded his ro-tundity and laughed considerable. Yes, he laughed very long and loud, and I, Clancy, stood and waited."

"'Comical mans!' he shouts, at last. 'So, you will kill me from the laughing. Yes; it is hard to find the brave, strong mans to aid my country. Revolutions? Did I speak of r-r-revolutions? Not one word. I say, big, strong mans is need in Guatemala. So. The mistake is of you. You have looked in those one box containin' those gun for the guard. You think all boxes is contain gun? No, no. There is not war in Guatemala. But, work? Yes, Good. 'Tirty dollar in the month. You shall shoulder one pickax, senator, and dig for the liberty and prosperity of Guatemala. Off to your work. The guard waits for you.'"

"'Little fat, poodle dog of a brown man,' says I, quiet, but full of indignations and discomforts, 'things shall happen to you. Maybe not right away, but as soon as J. Clancy can formulate somethin' in the way of repartee.'"

"'The boss of the gang orders us to

threats against any man, but there's an account to be settled between the railroad man and James O'Dowd Clancy.'"

"'Twas that way I thought, meself, at first,' Halloran says, with a big sigh, 'until I got to be a lettuce-eater. The fault's wid these tropics. They reduces a man's system. 'Tis a land, as the poet says: 'Where it always seems to be after dinner.' I does me work and smokes me pipe and sleep. There's little else in life, anyway. Ye'll get that way yerself, mighty soon. Don't be harborm' any simtiments at all, Clancy.'"

"'I can't help it,' says I, 'I'm full of 'em. I enlisted in the revolutionary army of this dark country in good faith to fight for its liberty, honors and silver candlesticks; instead of which I am set to amputatin' its scenery and grubbin' its roots. 'Tis the general man will have to pay for it.'"

"'Two months I worked on that railroad before I found a chance to get away. One day a gang of us was sent back to the end of the completed line to fetch some picks that had been sent down to Port Barrios to be sharpened. They were brought on a handcar, and I noticed, when we started away, that the car was left there on the track."

"'That night, about twelve, I woke up Halloran and told him my scheme. 'Run away,' says Halloran. 'Good Lord, Clancy, do ye mean it? Why, I ain't got the nerve. It's too chilly, and I ain't slept enough. Run away? I told you, Clancy, I've eat the lettuce. I've lost my grip. 'Tis the tropics that's done it. 'Tis like the poet says: 'Forsaken are our friends that we have left behind; in the hollow lettuce-land we will live and lay reclined.' You better go on, Clancy. I'll stay, I guess. It's too early and cold, and I'm sleepy.'"

"'So I had to leave Halloran. I dressed quiet, and slipped out of the tent we were in. When the guard came along I knocked him over, like



KNOCKED HIM OVER, LIKE A NINEPIN, WITH A GREEN COCOANUT

work. I tramps off with the Guineas, and I hears the distinguished patriot and kidnaper laughin', hearty, as we go."

"'Tis a sorrowful fact, for eight weeks I built railroads for that misbeavin' country. I filibustered twelve hours a day with a heavy pick and a spade, choppin' away the luxurious landscape that grew upon the right of way. We worked in swamps that smelled like there was a leak in the gas mains, trampin' down a fine assortment of the most expensive hot-house plants and vegetables."

"'One old man named Halloran—a man of Hibernian entitlements and discretions, explained it to me. He had been workin' on the road a year. Most of them died in less than six months. He was dried up to gristle and bone, and shook with chills every third night."

"'When you first come,' says he, 'ye think ye'll leave right away. But they hold out your first month's pay for your passage over, and by that time the tropics has its grip on ye. Ye're surrounded by a ragin' forest full of disreputable beasts—lions and baboons and anacondas—waitin' to devour ye. The sun strikes ye hard, and melts the marrow in your bones. Ye get similar to the lettuce-eaters the poetry book speaks about. Ye forget the elevated sentiments of life, such as patriotism, revenge, disturbances of the peace and the daunt love of a clane shirt. Ye do your work, and ye swallow the kerosene ile and rubber pipestems dished up to ye by the Dago cook for food. Ye light your pipeful, and say to yourself: 'Nixt week I'll break away,' and ye go to sleep and call yerself a liar, for ye know ye'll never do it.'"

"'Who is this general man,' asks I, 'that calls himself De Vega?'"

"'Tis the man,' says Halloran, 'who is tryin' to complete the finishin' of the railroad. 'Twas the project of a private corporation, but it busted, and the government took it up. De Vega is a big politician, and wants to be president. The people want the railroad completed, as they're taxed nightly on account of it. The De Vega man is pushin' it along as a campaign move.'"

"'Tis not my way,' says I, 'to make

r-run away, and his arnee is kill. That government soldier, they try find General De Vega verree much. They want catchee him for shoot. You think they catchee that general, senator?'"

"'Saints grant it!' says I. 'Twould be the judgment of Providence for settin' the warlike talent of a Clancy to gradin' the tropics with a pick and shovel. But, 'tis not so much a question of insurrections, now, me little man, as 'tis of the hired-man problem. 'Tis anxious I am to resign a situation of responsibility and trust with the white wings department of your great and degraded country. Row me in your little boat out to that steamer, and I'll give ye five dollars—sinker pacers—sinker pacers,' says I, reducin' the offer to the language and denomination of the tropic dialects."

"'Claco pesos,' repeats the little man. 'Five dollee, you give?'"

"'Twas not such a bad little man. He had hesitations the country had to have papers and passports, but at last he took me out alongside the steamer. 'Day was just breakin' as we struck her, and there wasn't a soul to be seen on board. The water was very still, and the nigger-man gave me a lift from the boat, and I climbed onto the steamer where her side was sliced to the deck for loading fruit. The hatches was open, and I looked down and saw the cargo of bananas that filled the hold to within six feet of the top. I thinks to myself, 'Clancy, you better go as a stowaway. It's safer. The steamer men might hand you back to the employment bureau. The tropics 'll get you, Clancy, if you don't watch out.'"

"'So I jumps down easy among the bananas, and digs out a hole to hide in, among the bunches. In an hour or so I could hear the engines goin', and feel the steamer rockin', and I knew we were off to sea. They left the hatches open for ventilation, and pretty soon it was light enough in the hold to see fairly well. I got to feelin' a bit hungry, and thought I'd have a light, fruit lunch, by way of refreshment. I creeped out of the hole I'd made and stood up straight. Just then I saw another man crawl up about ten feet away and reach out and skin a banana and stuff it into his mouth. 'Twas a dirty man, black-faced and ragged and disgraceful of aspect. Yes, the man was a ringer for the pictures of the fat Weary Willie in the funny papers. I looked again, and saw it was my general man—De Vega, the great revolutionist, mule-rider and pick-ax importer. When he saw me the general hesitated with his mouth filled with banana and his eyes the size of coconuts."

"'Hist!' I says. 'Not a word, or they'll put us off and make us walk. 'Veev la Liberty.' I adds, copperin' the sentiment by shovin' a banana into the source of it. I was certain the general wouldn't recognize me. The nearious work of the tropics had left me lookin' different. There was half an inch of roan whiskers coverin' my face, and my costume was a pair of blue overalls and a red shirt."

"'How you come in the ship, senator?' asked the general as soon as he could speak."

"'By the back door—whist!' says I. 'Twas a glorious blow for liberty we struck,' I continues; 'but we was overpowered by numbers. Let us accept our defeat like brave men and eat another banana.'"

"'Were you in the cause of liberty fightin', senator?' says the general, sheddin' tears on the cargo."

"'To the last,' says I. 'Twas I led the last desperate charge against the minions of the tyrant. But it made them mad, and we was forced to retreat. 'Twas I, general, procured the mule upon which you escaped. Could you give that ripe bunch a little boost this way, general? It's a bit out of my reach. Thanks.'"

"'Say you so, brave patriot?' said the general, again weepin'. 'Ah, Dios! And I have not of the means to reward your devotion. Barely did I my life bring away. Carrambos! what a devil's animal was that mule, senator! Like ships in one storm was I dashed about. The skin of myself was ripped away with the thorns and vines. Upon the bark of a hundred trees did that beast of the infernal bump, and cause outrage to the legs of mine. In the night to Port Barrios I came. I dispossess myself of that mountain of mule and hasten along the water shore. I find a little boat to be tied. I launch myself and row to the steamer. I cannot see any mans on board, so I climb one rope which harg at the side. I then myself hide in the bananas. Surely, I say, if the ship captains view me, they shall throw me again to those Guatemala. Those things are not good. Guatemala will shoot General De Vega. Therefore I am hide and remain silent. Life itself is glorious. Liberty, it is pretty good; but so good as life I do not think.'"

"'How's that, Sambo?' says I. 'Big battle? What battle? Who wants catchee General De Vega? I've been up at my gold mines in the interior for a couple of months and haven't heard any news.'"

"'Oh, says the nigger-man, proud to speak the English, 'verree great revolution in Guatemala one week ago. General De Vega, him try be president. Him raise arnee—one-five-ten thousand mans for fight at the government. Those government send five—forty—one hundred thousand soldier to suppress revolution. They fight big battle yesterday at Lomagrande—that about nineteen or fifty mile in the mountain. That government soldier weep General De Vega—oh, most bad. Five hundred—nine hundred—two thousand of his mans is kill. That revolution is smash suppress—bust—very quick. General De Vega, him, r-r-run away fast on one big mule. Yes, carrambos; The general, him

his little morgue of a narrow-gauge line. 'Twas sorrowful to hear the little, dirty general tell the opprobrious story of how he put salt upon the tail of that reckless and silly bird, Clancy. Laugh, he did, hearty and long. He shook with laughin', the black-faced rebel and outcast, standin' neck-deep in bananas, without friends or country."

"'Ah, senator,' he snickers, 'to the death would you have laughed at that drollest Irish. I say to him: 'Strong, big mans is need very much in Guatemala.' 'I will blows strike for your down-pressed country,' he say. 'That shall you do,' I tell him. Ah! it was an Irish so comic. He see one box break upon the wharf that contain for the guard a few gun. He think there is gun in all the box. But that is all pickax. Yes, Ah, senator, could you the face of that Irish have seen when they set him to the work?'"

"'Twas thus the ex-boss of the employment bureau contributed to the tedium of the trip with merry jests and anecdote. But now and then he would weep upon the bananas and make oration about the lost cause of liberty and the mule."

"'Twas a pleasant sound when the steamer bumped against the pier in New Orleans. Pretty soon we heard the pat-pat of hundreds of bare feet, and the Dago gang that unloads the fruit jumped on the deck and down into the hold. Me and the general worked a while at passin' up the bunches, and they thought we were part of the gang. After about half an hour we managed to slip off the steamer onto the wharf."

"'Twas a great honor on the hands of an obscure Clancy, havin' the entertainment of the representative of a great foreign filibusterin' power. I first bought for the general and myself many beer drinks and things to eat that were not bananas. The general man trotted along at my side, leavin' all the arrangements to me. I led him up to Lafayette Square, and set him on a bench in the little park. Cigarettes I had bought for him, and he humped himself down on the seat like a little, fat, contented hobo. I look him over as he sets there, and what I see pleases me. Brown by nature and instinct, he is now brindled with dirt and dust. Praise to the mule, his clothes is mostly strings and flaps. Yes, the looks of the general man is agreeable to Clancy."

"'I told him not to move from the bench, and then I went up to the corner of Poydras and Carondelet. Along there is O'Hara's beat. In five minutes along comes O'Hara, a big, fine man, red-faced, with shinin' buttons, swingin' his club."

"'Is 5046 workin' yet, Danny?' says I, walkin' up to him."

"'Overtime,' says O'Hara, lookin' over me suspicious. 'Want some of it?'"

"'Fifty-forty-six is the celebrated city ordinance authorizin' arrest, conviction and imprisonment of persons that succeed in concealin' their other crimes from the police."

"'Don't ye know Jimmy Clancy?' says I. 'Ye pink-gilled monster!' So, when O'Hara recognized me beneath the scandalous exterior bestowed upon me by the tropics, I backed him into a doorway and told him what I wanted, and why I wanted it. 'All right, Jimmy,' says O'Hara. 'Go back and hold the bench. I'll be along in ten minutes.'"

"'In that time O'Hara strolled through Lafayette Square and spied two Weary Willies disgracin' one of the benches. In ten minutes more J. Clancy and General De Vega, late candidate for the presidency of Guatemala, was in the station house. The general is badly frightened, and calls upon me to proclaim his distinguishments and rank."

"'The man,' says I to the police, 'used to be a railroad man. He's on the bum, now. 'Tis a little bughouse he is, on account of losin' his job.'"

"'Carrambos!' says the general, flizin' like a little soda-water fountain, 'you fought, senator, with my forces in my native country. Why do you say the lies? You shall say I am the General De Vega, one soldier, one cabalero.'"

"'Railroader,' says I, again. 'On the hog. No good. Been livin' for three days on stolen bananas. Look at him. Ain't that enough?'"

"'Twenty-five dollars or sixty days, was what the recorder gave the general. He didn't have a cent, so he took the time. They let me go, as I knew they would, for I had money to show, and O'Hara knew me. Sixty days. 'Twas just so long I slung a pick for the great country of Kam-of Guatemala.'"

"'Clancy paused. There was a look of happy content on his deeply sunburned face."

"'Would you just step around the corner a minute with me?' he asked. 'If ye don't mind, I'll walk with ye there, and show ye Exhibit A. I go around there myself, every ten minutes, to look at it, and the time's about up now.'"

"'I walked with him to the corner of Ursulines and down the street a little way. A gang of men, under guard from the parish prison was at work cleaning the very rubbishy street, thus working out the fines they were unable to pay otherwise."

"'Clancy stopped me on the sidewalk opposite a little, round, dark-featured man of foreign aspect, who was struggling feverishly with a heavy iron rake. The heat was almost tropical, and the little man showed vast areas of dampness through his tattered clothes."

"'Hey, monseer!' called Clancy, sharply. The little man looked up and scowled darkly. 'Fat, strong mans,' shouted Clancy, cheerily, 'is needed in New Orleans. Yes. To carry on the good work. Carrambos! Erin go bragh!'"

FAREWELL PARTY

Nearly two hundred guests were seated at the Pythian banquet in honor of Charles D. Mason at the theatre last Friday evening. After an ample banquet had been served Chancellor Commander E. J. Willman, as toastmaster, called on the speakers of the evening. G. R. Empson, in welcoming the guest of honor, told the story of his brilliant career in the order, and the manner in which he has built up the Gladstone lodge during a few years. I. C. Jennings spoke in appreciation of the versatility, the marvelous grasp of many subjects and the success in such varied lines of endeavor won by the man whom his fellows delighted to honor. Rev. Frederick Spence, whose departure also is a matter of a few days, pointed out that to be a successful member of so many fraternal orders evidences qualities of the inmost man that appeal to the brethren who see him intimately. Dr. Bjorkman came last with a farewell to our "Charley," gone from us, but not forgotten—and may he often return again. "Charley" himself was called on by all present. He rose and thanked his Pythian brethren, on behalf of himself and Mrs. Mason, for the evidences of deep regard that have been shown and assured them that they will always be remembered with equal pleasure in the home at Cleveland. The floor was then cleared, and the orchestra, which had rendered selections during the evening, furnished music for a dance which lasted until one o'clock, when the gathering broke up with many expressions of regret and the Escanaba visitors left on their special car.

ALICE MEMORIAL METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Rev. H. H. Harris will preach next Sunday evening, September 3. Miss George Slining will sing.

WHAT THEY SAY BELOW

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch says that with the admission of New Mexico and Arizona the union is complete. Evidently the Post-Dispatch has never traveled in the upper peninsula of Michigan.—Detroit News.

GET IN LINE

Novelties for the celebration. Canes, pennants, balloons, whips, snakes, all manner of toys, hatbands, souvenirs, etc., at STEWARTS' PHARMACY.

SCHOOL CHILDREN

The Labor Day parade committee requests all third, fourth, fifth and sixth grade school children to form in the parade on Labor Day. Children should meet between Third and Fourth streets on Wisconsin Avenue, where flags will be provided, at 9:00 a. m. sharp. If convenient, the girls should dress in white.

Fred Ironsides, Chairman.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Bids will be received by the Board of Education for the erection of a four room Grade School in the Buckeye addition to the city of Gladstone, according to plans and specifications on file at the office of the Secretary, on or before September 15, 1911.

A certified check for \$500 must accompany each bid, as a guarantee that the bidder will enter into contract, with good and sufficient surety, for the performance of the work according to specifications.

The Board of Education expressly reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Dated Gladstone, Mich., August 31, 1911.

ALDINE PENNOCK, Secretary.

How many trout did you catch this year?

LABOR DAY

You will stay in Gladstone, if you wish to celebrate. Outsiders from every part of the peninsula are coming here to see what we can offer. This city is on the map. Now it is up to you to help keep it there.

THE GLADSTONE DELTA

A GOOD ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

A Suppressed Scandal

An Editor's Experience With Exponents of High Finance

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

George Warren, owner and editor of the Truth, endeavored to escape from the office every afternoon about 5 o'clock that he might meditate upon the problems involved in the next morning's issue. He had recently inherited the paper and a considerable estate besides from his uncle, together with this maxim: "Never edit a newspaper for journalists; edit it for the public." In the interests of this policy Warren used to go outside and be the public for a little while every day.

Upon a certain afternoon he walked along Myrtle street, one of the older and humbler residential thoroughfares, and there he saw Miss Emily Congreve ministering to the needs of some



"THIS IS THE LUCKIEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED."

poses on the hand's breadth of ground before her father's house. Half an hour later old Jim Biddle, city editor of the Truth, found Warren in Miss Congreve's garden without having looked for him anywhere else, but Biddle had a special instinct in such matters.

"What's up, Jim?" asked Warren. "Nothing much," responded the city editor. "Theodore Sanger is going to be at the office about a quarter of 6 to have a talk about something. I thought you might like to see him."

Sanger was president of the First National bank of Middleboro and an important figure in the community. He would not seek the editor of the Truth about a trifle, and moreover, Warren was not deceived by Biddle's "nothing much." He knew that something had happened, wherefore he immediately uprooted himself from the pleasant soil of Miss Congreve's garden and departed with the city editor. "I made the appointment with Sanger by telephone," said Biddle as soon as they were out of hearing. "I didn't want to mention my real errand before Emily Congreve, because it's about a friend of hers, and a mighty unpleasant story too. It's about Jerome Lilley. Sanger may be able to give us some facts."

At the mention of Jerome Lilley's name a peculiar nervousness took possession of Warren. There is nothing else like it, the inward chill of instinctive jealousy.

"What's happened to him?" demanded Warren.

"He's under arrest, on the dead quiet. There are not ten people in Middleboro who know anything about it. He has been discounting fraudulent notes with a bank in Winsted, and the bank is 'on.'"

"What sort of notes?" "Notes of the Suburban Real Estate company. He had no right to sign for that concern. He is only a salaried man."

"I thought he was a partner." "So did everybody else," responded Biddle, "but he isn't. He sold out his interest. I think he sold it to Sanger. That's what I want to find out. This is going to be a big story. Lilley has been steering a very crooked course in this town. I'll bet he owes \$30,000, and he isn't worth 30 cents."

Warren laughed nervously. "He owes me a few hundred," he said, "but it's a personal loan, without even an I. O. U. to show for it."

"A good many people are stuck worse than you are," rejoined Biddle. "There'll be mourning in the Union Presbyterian church. Lilley pulled a strong oar there."

The young man in question was chorister and tenor in that church, a handsome, brilliant, popular fellow, prominent in social affairs and a deft acquirer of dames, whose name of late had been coupled with Emily Congreve's in the more kindly gossip of their circle, usually with some expression of good will. Warren, who was deeply in love with Miss Congreve and not very sensible of any encouragement from the lady, regarded Lilley as an extremely dangerous rival. In fact, it had been some time

since he could hear the man's name mentioned without a shiver and a sinking of the heart. And now the untamed savage in his breast made primitive and evil efforts to be glad at the news of Lilley's ruin. Warren throttled the savage and said with genuine feeling:

"I am sorry. I hope the case is not as bad as you suppose."

"I'll bet it's worse than everybody supposes, even Lilley himself," answered Biddle.

"I will help him if I can," said Warren, and the city editor gave him an uneasy glance from the corner of an eye.

"I hope you won't suppress their story," he said. "Your Uncle will turn over in his grave if you do."

"Oh, no," answered Warren, "there's nothing in suppressing it. What I want is that Lilley should come out fairly with a frank statement, so that his friends can get together honestly and help him to square up."

"That's the way to talk," said Biddle with relief.

Theodore Sanger was waiting at the office when they arrived, a man of fifty years or thereabouts, florid of face and slightly tremulous as to the hands, which were short and thick.

Without hesitation, beyond what was invariable with him he advised the suppression of the story.

"Since learning of Lilley's arrest," said he, "I have inquired into the matter. In fact, I have seen the young man in the chief's office at headquarters, where he is detained only temporarily. This arrest is, as one may say, only a business measure. The Winsted bank merely wants its money and upon suitable guarantees will overlook any irregularity that may be in the transaction. In short, if the paper which the bank holds is unsatisfactory it must be replaced by something that is good, and that will be the end of the matter."

"I understand that there are other matters," said Warren.

"Mr. Lilley is somewhat involved," replied Sanger, "but he will come out all right if he has a chance. To press him in his present situation would be merely to ruin him and prevent his ever paying his debts. Publication would be fatal not only to Mr. Lilley, who may have done wrong, but to his creditors, who are innocent."

"What I want," said Warren, rather feebly, "is to do right."

"It can never be right," answered Sanger, "to destroy public confidence. Mr. Lilley's affairs are small, but he is a widely known figure in this community. He is well liked, a popular favorite, looked upon as an honest man. To publish his errors will be to make every man suspicious of his neighbor."

"I know what my uncle would have done," said Warren.

"Your uncle was a fine man, a sterling character," responded Sanger, "but there was a vein of rashness in him, and this community occasionally suffered from it."

Warren was silent, being deep in thought. The opinion of such a man as Theodore Sanger that Lilley's affairs could be successfully handled if the present crisis could be passed had made a considerable impression. He would be glad to avoid giving his own assistance, not from any mean motive but from a hatred of insincerity. He was not Lilley's friend and had never liked him.

"Do you feel sure," said he, "that Lilley, with your advice and such assistance as you and others are prepared to render, can pay up and walk straight in future?"

"There is no doubt of it whatever," replied Sanger.

"Then the Truth will not mention this affair," said Warren.

On the following day Lilley came to the office of the Truth and expressed his gratitude in the heartiest terms.

"This is the luckiest thing that ever happened to me," he said. "I was losing my head. Erickbats of hard luck had hit me so fast that I was stunned. I really didn't know what I was doing. But I've had my lesson, and you shall see the result."

In the course of subsequent weeks and months Warren heard many favorable reports of Lilley, but he made it a rule of conscience not to inquire into the man's affairs. Lilley was said to be making money and to be devoting himself far more earnestly to business. When this was true Warren did not endeavor to ascertain. It was quite enough for him to know that Lilley was devoting himself far more earnestly to Emily Congreve.

A vulture gnawed at Warren's vitals during this period. He saw Emily almost daily, and she was most cordial in her friendship. But Warren read her face in vain for any sign of warmer feeling.

At the last he woke up every morning with the thought, "Now, this is the day when I shall hear of their engagement. I'll have to publish that in the Truth," he would add bitterly. "Nobody'll ask me to suppress that item."

Upon a certain day Jerome Lilley, looking somewhat the worse for hard work, but with an eager brightness in his eyes, came into Warren's office.

"George," said he, "the time is coming when I can thank you rightly for what you did for me. My debts are mighty near paid. There's three hundred due to poor old Stockton, or ganist of the Union church. He hasn't needed it up to now; he's insisted that I should let the good old fellow in a bit pressed. There's a sort of mortgage on his house that's bothering him a little and I wish—"

Warren was already reaching for his checkbook.

"Old Charley Stockton," he murmured, "bless my soul!" and then he laughed. "Well, this is odd. I've got \$700.17 in my personal account at Sanger's bank, and he's absolutely a fanatic about an overdraft."

"Mr. Sanger is a very conservative man," said Lilley. "Let me go over these figures. I want to be sure of my 17 cents balance. Yes, it's all right. Here's the check. Chase over and get the money and hotfoot it up to Charley Stockton's. Then you'll be square with the world, except for a thousand that you owe me, and the Lord knows that'll never rise up and rebuke me."

Tears stood in Lilley's eyes as he received the check.

"I don't know how to thank you, old man," he said.

Warren looked at him. "If there should be a time," said he, "when kindness, loyalty, love and the uttermost delicacy that can adorn a gentleman's behavior should be necessary to secure and promote the happiness of anybody, pay me then, but not in money nor to me directly. Let the account be kept in heaven."

"I understand," said Lilley, and he clasped Warren's hand.

On the following afternoon about 4 o'clock Jim Biddle walked into Warren's private room with something more than his usual manner of superior contemplation of mortal affairs.

"Well," said Biddle, "now I guess we shall print the whole story."

A cold hand seemed to fall upon the middle of Warren's back, gripping for his spine.

"What do you mean?" he cried. "Lilley has skipped," said he. "Skipped!"

"Yes," said Biddle. "He owes everybody. Stuck good old Charley Stockton for a cool thousand. Oh, he's in three times as deep as he was before."

"He didn't pay Stockton! Why, I gave him—"

"Yes, I know," said Biddle. "I've got absolutely the whole thing from General Blair."

"Blair? What does he know about it?"

"Director of the bank, isn't he? Yes, yes, a nice old dummy director, but now he's waked up. As for your \$700 that Jim gave Lilley yesterday, he simply found out what your balance was and got it; that's all. Perhaps he needed it to pay his railroad fare."

"Who told him what my balance was?"

"Sanger, perhaps. He's gone too."

"What?"

Warren sprang out of his chair and confronted the city editor, who was quite unmoved.

"Yes," said he; "Sanger has been high financing, and the bank is broke. The examiner will be in charge tomorrow. You see, Lilley owed the bank quite a bit of money on queer paper at the time when the Winsted people pinched him a year ago. If that had come out, as it would if we'd printed the story and made Lilley take his medicine, there would have been an overhauling of one or two matters in Sanger's bank. The directors would have waked up then instead of waiting till now. And if they'd done it they'd have nabbed Sanger in his early bloom and saved the

bank. Sanger couldn't let you print that yarn. He had to talk you out of it. How much money do you lose by the smash of the bank?"

"The bank doesn't smash," said Warren. "I'll save it if it takes every dollar I've got in the world. What? Do you think I'll let the people of this town suffer because I'm an idiot? No, sir."

"Well, I hoped you'd feel that way," said Biddle, "and, by the bye, I heard a faint rumor that poor little Emily Congreve had been secretly married to Lilley for some time and had gone away with him, but I don't believe it. I don't believe there's a word of truth."

Warren was already out of the room. He ran every step of the way to Emily's house, and there she was in her little garden, tending the posies. She had not married Jerome Lilley, though fervently entreated to do so, but she promised to marry George Warren before he took his eyes off her that blessed afternoon.

"And now," said he, "let me go and save a broken national bank. It seems a very small, easy and unimportant matter to me now, but I suppose it ought to be attended to for the sake of my fellow citizens."

Emily was tending the posies.

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Early Weapons.

The earliest weapons of mankind—the cutting, thrusting, hacking and stabbing variety—were undoubtedly suggested by the natural weapons of the animals—the tusks of the boar, the elephant and walrus, the sword of the swordfish and norwhal, the pointed antlers of the deer and the short horns of the steer. In fact, it is well known that these weapons, taken directly from the fruits of the chase, were actually employed by men before they made for themselves any other weapon than the club. The sword is simply the buffalo's long curved horn made into steel and flattened out, just as the dirk is deer's antler made out of the same material, and on to the end of the chapter.

The Passion Play.

The now world-famous "Passion Play" at Oberammergau is said to have had its origin, about 1333, in the deep contrition of mind born of a great pestilence. Certain survivors of the plague resolved that ever afterward, at stated intervals, they would celebrate the "Passion of Christ" as a token of their reverential gratitude. Beginning on a small scale, the play gradually grew in importance until it is now known all over the world, having visitors from pretty nearly every civilized country on earth. While Oberammergau is still, and will probably remain, the center of the institution, Passion plays are beginning to be established in the surrounding regions, notably in Switzerland.

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