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The Third Degree

Ordeal of Two Brothers
Accused of Murder

By JAMES L. TOMLINSON

"If a policeman," said the retired detective, "should walk into this room and arrest me on a charge of murder do you suppose I would laugh at him, or do you suppose that I would simply consider that I would be put to a temporary inconvenience? Not by any means. I should consider the chances for or against my conviction to be about even."

"That's strange," I replied. "I supposed you detectives, being used to getting at the bottom of things, are always sure of guilt or innocence."

"Suppose we are sure ourselves, haven't we to convince a jury, and are there not detectives employed to secure evidence on the other side?"

"Wouldn't the knowledge that you were innocent be a great advantage?"

"I wouldn't even possess any such knowledge. How would I know but that I had developed a criminal insanity? Do you suppose the criminally insane know that they have committed a murder? I have known a man to wake up in jail the morning after publicly killing several persons at once and, having been chased by a mob, express himself surprised at finding himself in a strange place. His antecedents showed insanity in three generations."

"The most remarkable mixup I ever met with in a murder case happened when I was a young man living in Ohio. The town of B., where it occurred, had but five or six thousand inhabitants, and any comparatively unimportant happening was noticed, discussed and in time, if not cleared up,



THEY MARCHED THE MURDERED MAN UP TO THE COURT.

would set the whole town agog. Tom and Dick Emory, brothers, got into a squabble with Nathan Goodrich about some money Goodrich owed the Emorys. Dick Emory had a heavy cane in his hand at the time and attacked Goodrich with it. Bystanders interfered. Tom, who started to assist his brother, was prevented from doing so, after which the fracas subsided, and the little crowd that had collected, including the participants, dispersed."

"That was the last seen of Nathan Goodrich in B. It was naturally inferred, considering the trouble that had occurred between him and the Emorys, that they had followed him up later, the quarrel had been renewed, Goodrich had been killed and rather than face a trial for murder the brothers had disposed of the body and kept the affair a secret. But as there was no evidence to this effect they were not arrested—indeed, not even accused—but they lived under suspicion, which is often more harrowing than an open accusation."

"Several years passed with no tidings of Goodrich. The Emory boys, whatever may have been their feelings at knowing the odium attached to them, remained in B., pursuing the even tenor of their way. They had their friends, who defended them. There were those who shook their heads and said nothing, and there were those who averred that murder will out and the day would come when the making away with Goodrich would be laid at their door."

"And so it happened. How do you suppose it was brought about? A supernatant aunt of the missing man

dreamed that Goodrich appeared to her, told her that the Emory boys had killed her nephew when he was alone in his own home and buried his body in the cellar. The only person who paid any attention to this superstition was the man who lived in the house that Goodrich had occupied. He dug in the cellar in a portion which was not cemented and found a suspender buckle, an old jackknife and a button. The articles he turned over to the police, who at once began to make investigation concerning them and proved to their own satisfaction that they had each and all belonged to Nathan Goodrich."

"On this evidence, which had been revealed by a dream, but which was in itself laughable, the Emory brothers were arrested. They had been enduring a strain in the matter for years, and now that the storm had broken were both unmanned. Dick Emory, the younger, looked like a conscience stricken man who found himself face to face with punishment for crime. His brother seemed better able to stand up under the accusation."

"Then an experiment was tried, something like this third degree business we have nowadays. A clergyman was sent to visit the brothers to talk with them about their spiritual welfare, but really to work upon them to confess. Upon the elder brother he produced no especial effect, but with the younger he succeeded far beyond his expectation. Dick Emory confessed that he and his brother the morning after their quarrel with Goodrich went to his house with a view to obtaining payment of the debt he owed them and taking satisfaction in case they failed. They found him alone and dressing, having just got out of bed. Goodrich did not pay the debt, and Dick Emory cut his throat. Then the brothers dragged the body down into the cellar and burned it."

"When Dick Emory was asked what had become of the body he replied that they had made frequent visits to the cellar whenever they could do so without being discovered, each time taking away a portion of the body and burning it in a wood near by till the remains had all been consumed."

"Tom Emory was much broken up by his brother's confession, but he persisted in saying that Dick had not told the truth. However, there now being plenty of evidence to convict them, they were placed on trial, and it didn't take the jury very long to find them guilty. Some time after the conviction I don't remember how long—Tom Emory, under the influence of the clergyman who was preparing the brothers for death, confessed. That satisfied the few who remained unconvinced that Goodrich had been murdered by the Emory boys."

"Nevertheless some of the family connections of the murderers, though they did not attempt to explain away the evidence, stolidly persisted that they didn't believe Goodrich had been murdered at all. One of them, hoping that he might still be alive, began to insert personals for him in the newspapers. The newspapers didn't circulate in those days in the immense volume they do now, though even then there were a good many of them. The first advertisement was followed by others of the convicted men's friends and relatives, and finally the ball got a-rolling and a lot of papers were publishing the personals."

"Finally a communication was sent to a St. Louis paper from somewhere in the interior of Missouri from a woman, stating that a man named Goodrich with 'something the matter with his upper story' had been in the town about six years before. She and several other citizens remembered him quite well and would know him if they were to see him again. Goodrich is not an uncommon name, so the advertisements placed no great value on the clew. Nevertheless they raised funds for one of their number named Tilford to go to Missouri and make inquiries. When he reached the town where Goodrich was reported to have been and showed those there who remembered him a photograph of the missing man some of them identified it at once, while others said there was no resemblance to the man who had been there."

"Tilford spent several months endeavoring through the newspapers to find another place where the man had been and finally got wind of him in St. Joseph. A person there told him that he had heard of Goodrich in Kansas City, which was then a place of some ten or twelve thousand people. Tilford found traces of him there, but no one seemed to know where he had gone. But having reported his progress so far as he had proceeded, the citizens of B., who had disbelieved that the murder had been committed, while others who, after Tilford got on Goodrich's track were converted, raised more funds. Tilford kept advertising and at last heard of the missing man in Cairo, Ill. He went there, and before he had had an opportunity to communicate with those who had given him the information which brought him he saw Goodrich on the street. He looked much older than when he had left B. and seemed to be in a shattered mental condition."

"Tilford telegraphed ahead that he would be in B. with Goodrich on a certain day and hour, and when the two arrived the whole town was at the station. They marched the murdered man up to the court, which happened to be

in session, and called on the judge to issue a release of the Emory boys. There was no precedent for such a release, but the judge didn't dare refuse, so he gave an order to the sheriff to bring the brothers into court."

"The boys got out of jail, but they didn't get into court. They were carried on the shoulders of the citizens to the town hall, where they were stood on the platform with Goodrich beside them, and the mayor offered them a humble apology for their persecution, as he called it, and the town raised a purse of \$2,000 as some compensation for what they had endured."

"How were their confessions explained?" I asked the narrator.

"By finding Goodrich. That's the only explanation for such confessions. Obtaining them as they are often obtained now is simply a return to the medieval plan of torture, only the torture is mental instead of physical."

SMITHERS GOT A BUMP.

The Minister's Comment When He Heard How It Happened.

Within one minute of stepping out of the taxicab in front of his home Mr. Smithers received two separate and distinct shocks. The first was the size of the bill, and the second was the result of his argument with the chauffeur. Mr. Smithers used such language to the chauffeur before he paid the bill that the taxi man could not resist the temptation to swat Mr. Smithers just once before departing."

On either side of Mr. Smithers lived a gentleman of the cloth, and once during the fracas with the chauffeur Mr. Smithers thought he heard some one spring a shade in the house next door, but before he had time to turn and see who it was the chauffeur landed with that swat. When Mr. Smithers regained his feet the only thing present which had not been there before was a lump rapidly rising in the center of his classic brow.

Next evening at a banquet he met his good neighbor on the east, the Rev. Mr. Havens, who greeted him cordially, but eyed his lump.

"Why, my dear friend," began the clergyman solicitously, "how did you meet with your painful injury?"

"Oh—eh—er—I had to go down into the cellar last night to see about something that went wrong with the furnace. Beasty things, furnaces, you understand. Always getting out of kilter and making you go down into dark cellars—er—and poking round in the blackness." Then Mr. Smithers proceeded into many minute details of how he had hit his head against a projection, how it had felled him to the earth, how he had risen painfully and dragged himself upstairs, but how, in spite of all he could do, the lump had come out and asserted itself.

The minister listened. "Queer, isn't it," he remarked reminiscently, "how people get hurt? There was a woman I knew who came to church one Sunday morning with a wound upon her forehead, and when I inquired of her how her injury was received she has tended to assure me that it was nothing at all serious. 'I—I hit it,' said she."—New York Press.

Lowell's Pun.
Once after exposing the ridiculous blunders of the editor of certain old plays James Russell Lowell concluded with the remark, "In point of fact, we must apply to this gentleman the name of the first king of Sparta." No one remembered, of course, what this was, but when they looked it up they found it was Eudamidas.

Easier to Carry.
There was an old Scotchman in Glasgow who was moving from one house to another on the same street. Being of an economical turn of mind, he had moved his bits of furniture on the wheelbarrow himself. The last thing left for him to carry was one of those



"BUY YERSEL' A WATCH."
off grandfather's clocks. It was rather heavy and awkward to handle. As he toddled up the street to his new home with grandfather's clock over his shoulder he met a friendly Scot who had been imbibing. "Tak ma' advice," said the intemperate one, "buy yersel' a watch."

Obituary

Lewis Harrison Reedy born at Portage, Wis., June 20, 1889, met death while in the performance of his duties as a brakeman at Manistique, Mich., January 12, 1912, at 11:10 p. m.

When he was but a year and a half old, his parents, Michael G. and Della Winkler Reedy came to Gladstone and brought with them their sons Fred Leslie, Lewis Harrison, and Hal Howard Reedy. The two elder brothers were taken away suddenly and in the same manner, Fred on January 28, 1908; and the youngest, Hal Reedy, died on September 11, 1911, after a long illness. There survive of the family his mother and his sister, Della Gladys Reedy. Three of his father's family are living in New York, Dr. John Reedy at Rochester, Mary and Delia Reedy at Medina. His mother has two brother, Charles and Fred, at Hustler, Wis., and Duluth, Minn., and a sister, Mrs. Joseph Bolton at Hustler.

Michael G. Reedy died January 20, 1904; and Lewis, with his brothers, left school, and undertook a man's share in the work of the world. He was married to Gertrude Dorlas Byers on December 24, 1908; of two children born to them, one is living, Margaret Lucile, aged nine months.

When Lewis Reedy became of age to enter the service of the Soo Line as a brakeman he did so, in the summer of 1909; and continued in that work until the day of his death. Had he been spared a few days longer, he would have become a member of the B. of R. T.

Last Friday evening the "bonded," No. 19, with Ward engineer and Montgomery conductor, was leaving Manistique for Gladstone. Lewis Reedy was head brakeman. The train pulled over the Houghton Avenue crossing at a speed of three miles an hour; and it is thought Reedy endeavored to kick the air hose into place and lost his balance as he stepped on the planking between the rails. No one saw him or heard a cry, but one of the cars left the rail, and the train was stopped after it had gone nearly five hundred feet. Reedy's body was taken from beneath the trucks, and brought to Gladstone the next evening, in charge of his father-in-law, I. B. Byers. The funeral was held Monday afternoon from the Methodist church, Rev. F. N. Miner officiating; and attended by many friends of the bereaved families. Interment was made at Fernwood cemetery, beside the graves of his father and brothers, who had been buried during similar terrific storms.

Lewis Reedy was a young man of an admirable disposition, of the type that attracts many friends; in his work he was diligent and industrious, earning the respect of his associates. His tragic fate has brought tears to the eyes of many who know the story of which this is the last chapter to be told.

Mrs. William T. Warren died on Saturday, January 13, 1912, aged twenty-nine, at her home in Stickney, South Dakota, from pneumonia during childbirth. Her infant son survived her but four days.

Mr. Warren and her sister, Miss Matilda Doran, arrived in Gladstone Wednesday morning with the remains of the mother and child. The funeral was held this morning from All Saints' church.

Rose Ann Doran was born near Aurelia, Iowa. While she was a child, her parents returned to Marquette county, Mich., and afterwards moved to Gladstone, where her high school education was completed. She taught for several years in the schools of this city, and at several village locations in this and in Menominee county. Two years ago, for the benefit of her health, she went to Winona, Minn., and then to Dakota. In the spring of 1911 she was married to Mr. Warren; and last Saturday passed away after a brief illness.

Mrs. Warren combined the most excellent qualities of head and heart, a degree of resolution and self-reliance seldom found in women, with all the kindness and gentleness of her sex. Her early death in the prime of life, is a crushing blow to a husband who adored and a family who idolized her.

CARD OF THANKS
We desire to express our gratitude and appreciation of the consideration given us and the helpfulness of our good friends during the sorrowful hours which follow the taking away of our beloved Lewis H. Reedy; and to the fraternal orders for their attention and solicitude.

MRS. DELLA REEDY AND DAUGHTER
MRS. GERTRUDE REEDY
MR. AND MRS. I. B. BYERS. 87

PRAISE THE RAILROAD BOYS

For over two weeks now this storm has kept up, so that old residents are having their troubles dating back to the similar storms we had years and years ago. Our sympathies go out to all those whose employment keeps them out of doors these days. But in particular it goes out to the railway men. A master of transportation explains that when the thermometer gets down to the zero the temperature exerts the same drag on a locomotive that a sleeping car adds to a train and every drop of ten degrees therefrom increases the load in geometrical progression. That refers only to the locomotives. The greater trouble comes in making up trains and in switching. Here in the copper country we see something of real difficulties. A class of men less hardy, less responsive to the duties demanded them when in a tight pinch, or when conditions are at their worst, would "lay down" the first day of the storm. Yet these railroad and street car men have stuck nobly to their posts, often to the point of exhaustion, during this prolonged storm and smile pleasantly when the thoughtless passenger kicks because the trains are not maintaining their schedule. We are lucky to have any communication with the outside world at all these days.—Houghton Gazette.

TURKEY
The ladies of the Presbyterian church will serve a Turkey dinner in the church parlors on Thursday, January 25, from 5 until 8 o'clock for the small price of thirty-five cents.

IS MARQUETTE SORE?
The Escanaba Press says that Marquette may be dropped from the Marquette-Delta county league next year, and Gladstone substituted for it. There is a fair chance that Marquette will drop out of the game of its own accord, because there may be no one who will consent to take up the arduous work of financing and managing a team. As for a four-cornered league with Gladstone the fourth member, the Mining Journal believes that Escanaba would find that both Ishpeming and Negaunee would have some decided views on the subject, and that they would be of anything but a favorable nature. When it comes to baseball there has been, and is yet, a close bond of interest, and self-interest between the three cities of Marquette county.—Mining Journal.

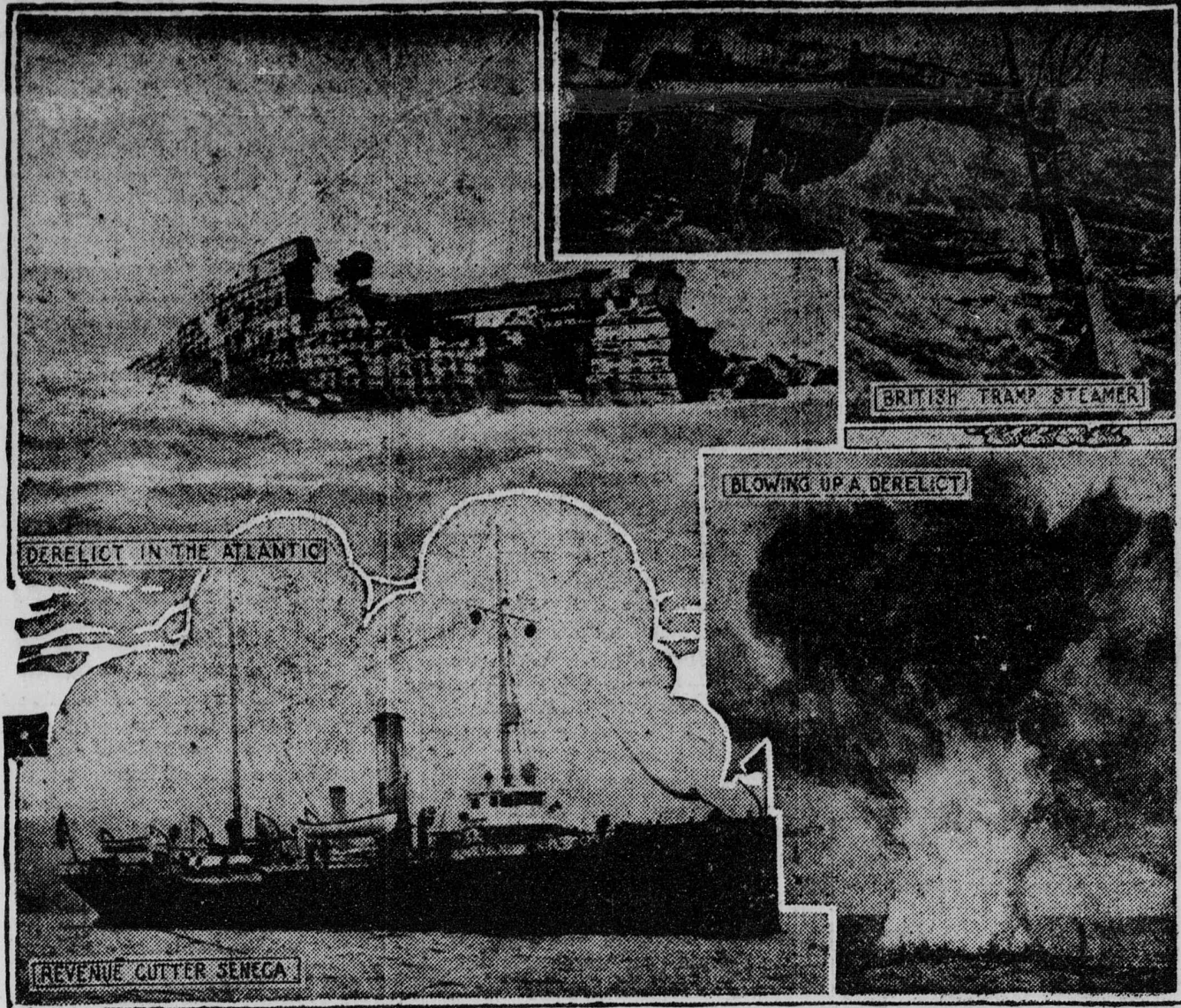
SOME FREE ADVERTISING.
The fertility of Michigan soil was emphasized in an exceptional manner in the testimony of Ira Carley of Ingalls, who appeared as a witness before a house investigation committee. Mr. Carley declared that his profits in growing sugar beets on his upper peninsula farm near Menominee were about \$63 an acre. After making this showing Carley, who is one of the most enthusiastic boosters of the Upper Peninsula Development bureau, added that there was much land in the upper peninsula equally good as that upon which he netted \$63.00 an acre, which could be purchased for \$8 an acre.

ANOTHER EXPLORING COMPANY
The McGreevy Iron Co. was recently organized here under the laws of Utah for the purpose of developing iron mines. The following officers have been elected:
President and Mgr.—J. McGreevy of Duluth
Vice-Prest.—Capt. J. N. Porter of Iron River
Secretary—John B. Weimer of Iron River
Treasurer—A. E. Neff of Gladstone.
James D. Pardee of Salt Lake City with the above officers comprise the board of directors. The men connected with the company are well known mining capitalists, who have been interested in mining operations for a number of years. The company has secured options on the southwest quarter of section 27, 43-35, and the northwest quarter of northeast quarter, section 34, 43-35. Both these properties are well located, being adjacent to the Bucholtz and Beta mines. Contracts have been let to the Cole & McDonald Development Co. to do the drilling and we are informed that two drills are already being placed on the properties and the work of developing will be pushed as rapidly as possible.—Iron River Reporter.

TAX NOTICE
The tax roll of the city of Gladstone is now in my collection, and payment may be made at my office. On all taxes paid before January 10, 1912, the fee is one per cent. After January 10 the collection fee of four per cent will be charged. My office hours are 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 and 7 to 8 p. m.

JAMES D. McDONALD
City Treasurer.

Vagabonds of the Sea



Derelicts That Float About Ocean, Sometimes For Years, a Menace to All Navigation.

HOW would you like to go fishing for dead ships with half a ton of gun cotton for bait? Do you think you would sleep well if you knew that 180 pounds of this powerful explosive were packed in the berth over your head and as much more in the berth next to yours?

No doubt it might disturb your nerves at first, but after a time you would become accustomed to the little wooden boxes tucked away in every corner of the ship, you would get used to seeing the men toss them about like so much laundry soap, and you would forget that you were afloat with a cargo of explosives sufficient to destroy in one second of time half the battleships in the United States navy.

The revenue cutter Seneca was built expressly for the purpose of destroying derelicts, the vagabonds of the sea. She hovers in New York harbor in quest of floating wrecks that are reported by incoming vessels as menaces to ocean traffic.

The derelict destroyer is a powerful steamship equipped with engines capable of driving her at a fair speed and is fitted with all necessary wrecking appliances as well as with torpedo tubes, gun cotton, etc., so that when she encounters a derelict which she cannot tow to port she destroys it and sends its wind and wave beaten carcass to the bottom.

The destroyer was designed by the United States revenue service department and is not unlike a revenue cutter in general appearance. She is under the orders of the treasury department and officered by revenue men, although her duties are distinctive, looking after the waifs of the ocean.

Wrecked Ships Imperil Others. If there is one danger against which the mariner has absolutely no protection it is the derelict that silently lies in his path, just awash with the floor of the waves and giving no warning until too late when it has thrust its ugly body beneath the ship and inflicted its death blow.

How many of the good ships that are registered as "missing" have lost their lives by striking derelicts will always be a matter of conjecture, but those who follow the water over that there are a goodly number of them.

Each month the hydrographic office issues a pilot chart which not only shows the weather conditions, wind and tidal currents, but also the last reported positions of all wreckage, buoys, derelicts and other obstructions. The reports of these objects are made by masters of vessels on arriving in port, and the hydrographic office furnishes each master who desires it proper blanks to fill in.

While a mariner may be surprised in midocean by hearing the mournful wail of a whistling buoy or the melancholy dong-b'long of a bell buoy that has broken from its moorings and roamed seaward, these are as nothing with the horror he feels when he sees, a ship's length ahead, a long blotch against the slightly lighter colored water.

Vessels frequently come into port and report having been in collision with other steamers and sailing craft and even icebergs, the latter supposed to be a greater danger than the derelict, but few craft ever return to tell of having struck one of these soulless craft.

It is firmly believed that the derelict schooner H. J. Cottrell was responsible for the loss of the French steamship Ville de St. Nazaire several years ago, which, with a large number of

her passengers, went down off Cape Hatteras. In a report to her owners the master of the steamship said that she had struck an obstruction as she heaved forward and upward with a quick jerk and then, settling back, began to fill from a hole under her engines.

At the time the Cottrell was the only derelict known to be within 100 miles of the scene, and the destruction of the steamship was charged to her. The Cottrell, like the majority of the derelicts along the Atlantic coast, was a lumber laden vessel and was abandoned off Hatteras. At the time it was thought that she would soon break up, but she didn't. Instead she started on a cruise of her own. After drifting for six months, during which time she completed an irregular circle of 1,800 miles, she was again reported off Hatteras.

During the interim she went through a number of experiences. She weathered several gales that sent far more stanch and fully manned craft to the bottom. Twice she was set on fire, but she would not burn, and then the British cruiser Partridge fell in with her. After wasting about a ton of ammunition on her the warship left, and her commander reported that he had left her in such a condition that in the first storm she would drop to pieces.

Notwithstanding her battered condition the Cottrell continued afloat, and after being reported off Hatteras she took a northerly course and a month later was seen 200 miles off Cape Hatteras. One mast was standing, her



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Secretary of Treasury Franklin MacVeagh, Under Whose Department Destroyer Service Is Operated.

rigging was dragging in the sea, her cabin and bulwarks gone, her decks broken in, her cargo adrift in her hold, and her name was obliterated. But it was she nevertheless, and for at least another month she remained in the vicinity. Then she disappeared, and no one cared.

Within the past decade a score of derelicts have been destroyed by revenue cutters, and especially since the new destroyer, the Seneca, was launched in 1908 the work has been continued with more vigor than ever.

An Iron Derelict. Of all the derelicts that have ever menaced the great north circle of navigation the British steamship Dunmore was the most remarkable, as she is one of the few instances on record where an iron steamship turned waif and for nearly three months baffled

Work of United States Government Destroyer Seneca In Blowing Up Ill Fated Vessels.

every effort to destroy her and was not found despite a fleet of five British warships sent after her.

The Dunmore left Cardiff on Dec. 20, 1905, bound for Newport News, Va., with a general cargo. When about 600 miles off Cape Cod, after encountering a series of blizzards with tremendous seas, she lost her tail end shaft and propeller and began leaking. Her crew, thinking that she would go to the bottom in a little while, took no measures to sink her when they left to go on board a passing steamship.

For some reason that will never be known the Dunmore did not sink, and for the next three months she became the evil genie of the sea. Where she went is merely a matter of guess, but the twenty-third report of her has never been made, and it is taken for granted that she at last succumbed to the leaks and went to Davy Jones' locker.

A derelict that worried mariners was the schooner Fannie E. Wolston, which holds the world's record for long drifting. She was adrift nearly four years, and, according to her record on the pilot chart, she traveled 9,115 miles. Her trail shows that she crossed and recrossed her track twelve times, once being 1,110 days in doing so, by reason of her making a great circle.

She was sighted and reported forty-four times, and numerous attempts to destroy her were made, but she baffled them all and went to her end unaided.

How Derelicts Are Eliminated. To see a derelict destroyed one sees a sight that is remembered. From the man in the crow's nest, seventy-five feet above the water, comes the hail, "There she is, sir!" "Where" is the query from the officer of the deck. "About a mile and a half abeam," is the answer, and every one who has a pair of glasses scans the sea in the given direction.

The course of the cutter is changed, and in a few minutes the men on deck can make out an irregular mass that appears like a rock awash with just a lace of foam on the edges as the seas ripple and break over it.

The cutter approaches within a few hundred feet and heaves to. A score of men in boats are sent to the wreck, and within half an hour four or five heavy charges of gun cotton with slow burning fuses are placed. Then the boats are recalled, and the cutter steams off half a mile and waits.

Suddenly from the wreck one sees a great mass of fire and debris shoot into the air, a dense cloud of smoke drifts lazily down the wind, and to the listeners there comes a dull boom, the deathknell of a once good ship. The cutter then steams back to look upon her work of destruction.

Sometimes all that is to be seen is a mass of lumber in small pieces. But then again the wreck resists the charges and remains almost intact, save for a great hole in the center. Then other charges of gun cotton are placed fore and aft, and again the cutter steams off.

Then follow two explosions, almost simultaneously, and when the cutter steams back there is practically nothing left but splinters, and the wind and sea scatter these so quickly that there is no further danger.

Occasionally if the hull is in a fair state of preservation and a harbor not too far distant the cutters take the wreck in tow, and a number of such craft have been brought in and turned over to their owners, who have been saved a great deal, for the government makes no charge for salvage.

AN EMPEROR'S SURRENDER

By BEATRICE N. CURRY

The young soldier-king's ambition was towering. At thirty he found himself the first general of his age.

While the king's traits were Napoleonic, there was one trait that was not Napoleonic. Napoleon, while he was a gallant, never permitted any woman to influence him in matters of government. He was not afraid of the fair sex and took no precautions against women. The soldier-king, on the contrary, feared their seductions. He was aware that they governed the world and considered that it would be impossible for him to build up the empire he intended if he were himself governed by a woman. A bachelor, he proposed to remain a bachelor. And for fear that he would be captured he permitted only the homeliest women to come near him. On one occasion when he was told that a young girl had come to his tent to beg for protection from his soldiers he asked, "Is she comely?" When answered in the affirmative he replied, "Then let her be veiled."

There was one petty duchy, Histeria, still unconquered which was important to the soldier-king. From its geographical position it was the main link in the states from which the empire was to be formed. Though small, its conquest would be difficult, for its territory constituted an elevated plateau whose only approaches were through mountain defiles. The king sent a demand for its submission. A reply was returned that the duke would yield to the inevitable if the king would grant certain conditions.

The king then sent a messenger to ask the conditions. A reply came that they would only be presented at a meeting to take place between the two sovereigns. Midway up a defile leading to the duchy was a pocket well adapted for a place of conference. The duke proposed that he and the king meet there and discuss the terms by which his domain should pass under the king's rule. The king might bring all the guard he wished. The duke pledged himself to go alone.

The king, unwilling to be outdone in an exhibition of confidence, declared that he, too, would go alone and unarmed. All these matters having been adjusted, the king rode, with a small guard, to the mouth of the defile, where he left them and proceeded to the rendezvous. The duke was seen coming down the mountain, an old man with a flowing white beard and hair.

The sovereigns met at the door of a pavilion that had been erected for the

conference. The duke produced a golden key, unlocked the door and motioned the king to enter. When inside the duke relocked the door. This startled the king, but he said nothing. Surely if treachery were intended he was a match for this feeble old man. Then the duke led the way into a handsomely furnished room, in the center of which were a table and writing materials. At one end of the apartment blazed an open fire. The duke threw the golden key in among the burning logs. It immediately ignited. For a moment the king stood in wonder at seeing gold burn, then rushed forward to rescue the key. He was too late.

"It was of wood, your majesty," said the duke, "and gilded."

As the duke spoke the last words he threw his hat on the floor, pulled off a white wig and false beard, divested himself of his ducal robes and stood before the king in superb dress, a woman of transcendent beauty.

"I—I was to meet the duke," stammered the king, drawing back.

"I am the sovereign of Histeria. My father has abdicated in my favor."

"These are my terms," continued the duchess, "the only terms on which I shall surrender. I will pay your majesty 500 pieces of gold annually as tribute for ten years."

The king made no reply, but, dropping his hands, stared at the symmetrical creature. Her features were those of a cameo, her complexion that of white and red roses, and her eyes were a marvel of loveliness.

"Your grace," he said, dropping on his knee, "I am at your mercy."

The duchess pointed to the writing materials. The king wrote:

The independence of the duchy of Histeria is acknowledged and guaranteed. The duchess read and turned her great eyes, lit by a heavenly smile, on the monarch. Then, touching a spring in the table, a drawer flew open. She seized a key and started for the door. The king followed and caught her in his arms. She looked back, and her lips were pressed by his.

When the king rejoined his attendants he was a changed man. He knew that the lands he had conquered would always be liable to be wrested from him without the duchy of Histeria. One by one they received back their sovereignty, and when the last was made independent it was announced that the king was about to be married.

The soldier-king made the Duchess of Histeria his queen, and he did not get her till every country he had conquered had been made free.

Snake's Back Vulnerable

Skull is Tough, but Vertebrae Snap Easily.

The first impulse of a man on seeing a snake is to stamp on its head, which, according to the Rosary Magazine, is unwise. A snake's skull is very tough, as behooves a part of the body that is always liable to be knocked against stones, etc., owing to the extreme shortsightedness of all serpents.

The back, on the contrary, can be broken with a light tap, for it consists of a delicate system of ball and socket joints. Should snakes be harmless the best plan is to leave them alone; should they be dangerous a shot from a revolver is safe and effective.

In case no revolver is at hand a rap with a cane will be sufficient, but care must be taken to keep away from the head of the creature.

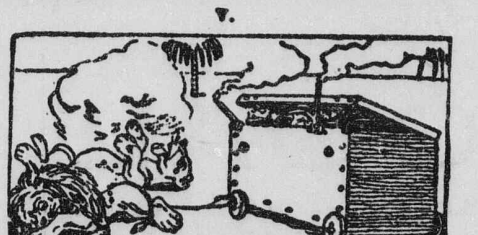
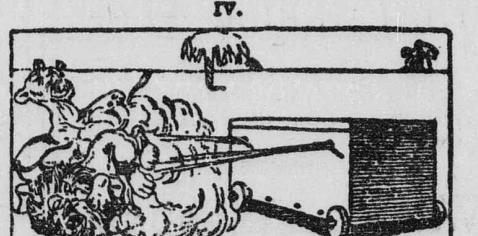
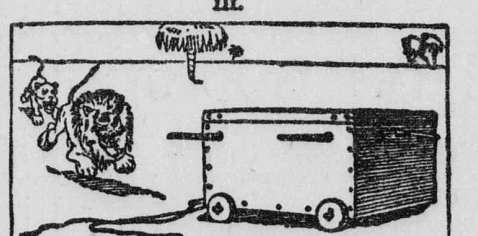
A snake does not normally go about hitting its skull against hard objects; it only does this when in a hurry. Moving at its ordinary pace it feels its way with its long, delicate, forked tongue.

In the same way when about to swallow its food it touches it all over with its tongue in order to ascertain where to take hold, and this process has given rise to the mistaken idea that a snake covers its prey with saliva prior to swallowing it. No doubt a considerable quantity of saliva is generated during the process of deglutition, but it does not come from the tongue, which is merely used as a feeler.

When a snake bites it bisects its head up to the nape of its neck and opens its jaws till they are in the same plane—i. e., at right angles to the body. These jaws are provided with six rows of strong, sharp teeth, four on the upper jaw and two on the lower jaw.

This is a very formidable arrangement, but when you remember that a medium sized constrictor can project its head with sufficient force to knock a man off his feet and will, either on provocation or sometimes without it, let go this catapult, rat trap machinery you are likely to avoid constrictors so far as possible. Such a snake can take hold of a man and shake him or strip the skin and flesh from the part seized as if it were paper.

The Lion Hunter.



—Harper's Weekly.

Queer Facts About Salt.

Salt production is about the oldest industry in the world. In Italy, the cradle of the salt industry, it has been manufactured commercially for 2,500 years. Salt is so necessary to existence that in some parts of the world tribes will sell their more valued possessions in exchange for salt. Salt has been the cause of wars, and so important has it always been considered that in some places the passing of salt is established as a token of friendship, and women throw salt on a visitor as a friendly greeting. In some countries salt is so scarce that it is obtained through the ashes of grasses and a species of palm and other plants. While salt is produced in almost every country in the world, it is stated that nowhere can salt of such purity be obtained as anything like the cost for mining as in Louisiana.—Manufacturers' Record.

The Sunday School Lesson

Golden Text, For Unto You is Born This Day in the City of David a Saviour, Which is Christ the Lord (Luke ii, 11).

Verses 8-11.—The summons. Jesus was born in lowly circumstances of life, but the purpose of his coming was to bring "succor speedy" to the whole human race. This fact is seen in the place of his birth and the people to whom it was first announced. "Shepherds." The day has gone by when the profession of shepherd was honorable. Men of coarse character now belonged to it. Their calling was such that they could not avail themselves of the means of grace, and a harsh law of the rabbis had ostracized these sons of the wild. It is, however, strange that these same shepherds were in charge of flocks intended for temple sacrifice. They were working for the temple, and yet they were denied its privileges by shortsighted religious customs. But God had not forgotten them. "Keeping watch by night" They would take turns in the "night watches" and guard their charge against robbers, wild beasts and storms. "An angel of the Lord." It is a happy fancy that regards this angel as Gabriel who brought tidings to these outcast persons, as he already had to Zacharias the priest and Mary the pious. "The glory of the Lord." A bright cloud was regarded as a symbol of the presence of God (Ex. xiii, 21; Num. xiv, 10; 1 Kings viii, 10; Ezek. xliii, 2). Its luminous light flooded the skies and attracted the attention of the shepherds, so as to make them "sore afraid"—literally, "they feared a great fear." Their fears were promptly set at rest by the angel, who said that his appearance was not for evil, but for good. "I bring you good tidings." This is the Greek verb from which our word "evangelize" is derived. An angel was thus the first evangelist of the gospel of joy. "To all people." All classes and nations have an interest in this message, shepherds no less than scholars, sinners and also saints, Jews as well as gentiles. The center of all this interest is "a Saviour," who delivers from sin; "Christ," who is the anointed one, the Messiah of promise; "the Lord," who occupies a place of undenied supremacy. Does Jesus reign in your heart?

Verses 12-14.—The sign. Such a remarkable announcement was supported by an appeal to facts which could be verified, and they were set forth in a way to induce these rustic hearers to verify them. "A babe * * * lying in a manger." This specific description was intended not merely to arouse their interest, but to guard them against skepticism; so distinguished a person would enter upon the scene of life in such lowly conditions. No sooner had the angel delivered his notable message than "a multitude of the heavenly host," a vast company of the army of heaven, burst out in a chorus of celestial praise to God in honor of this wonderful event. We might think of the announcement as a song and the "Gloria in Excelsis" (glory in the highest) as a refrain sung by the choir of angels. The revision correctly translates this passage in two lines:

Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.

The birth of Christ thus makes for the honor of God in the highest heavens, and it also produces peace among men. "Good will to men." The margin of the revision is "men of good pleasure"—that is, men to whom God is favorable. And who can they be but all who accept the gospel of his Son and live according to its teachings of peace?

Verses 15-20.—The sight. This revelation of joy and exultation roused the ardor of the shepherds to a pitch of deepest excitement and enthusiasm. As soon as the heavenly visitors had disappeared the shepherds resolved on action. "Said one to another." "Kept saying." The talk was loud, and it might have been heard clearly in the stillness of the night. "Let us now go." "Let us be going at once," as though no time must be lost. "And see this thing." They were intent on verifying the saying about the wondrous birth. "They came with haste." They took a short cut across the fields, because their errand was urgent and could not be delayed on any account. "Found." It was not difficult to find the place, for the news of a babe born in a stable would soon be noised all over the village. "They made known abroad." They did not hesitate to recite all the particulars of the heavenly vision which had been given to them. "Mary and Joseph" were doubtless the most interested hearers of this recital, but in true oriental fashion it was repeated several times and to various groups of people in Bethlehem. "All they that heard it wondered." The story of these ignorant shepherds did not seem to be worthy of serious belief. It was received with incredulity and curiosity, but it was soon forgotten. "Pondered them in her heart." It was natural that a mother should cherish unusual sayings spoken concerning her babe. But Mary had already been prepared by the angel Gabriel. These words of the shepherds therefore indorsed the announcement (Luke i, 26-38) and furnished her with food for devout thought. The shepherds were satisfied with all that they saw and afterward returned to their work in the fields "glorifying and praising God." thankful that they should have been so generously remembered by him. A new day of grace had assuredly dawned.

POULTRY AGRICULTURE

FINE FOR CHICKS.

Model Plant at the Kansas Agricultural College.

IT COST \$2,500 TO BUILD.

Houses, Coops and Sheds All Constructed to Obtain Best Results in Raising Poultry at Lowest Expenditure of Time and Money.

The model poultry plant at the Kansas Agricultural college is not a luxury. It is just what any modern, progressive, prosperous farmer should and would have. The state might build the finest kind of a plant, and the farmers would say it taught nothing because it was beyond their means. Here is a first class plant that did not cost a cent more than any man could afford if he intended to go into the poultry business. Probably \$2,500 would cover the whole thing—fences, houses and needed machinery.

At present the plant uses four acres. It consists of a laboratory building and feed house combined, one laying house, two colony shed roof laying houses, other colony houses and coops and yards. The gates to each yard are conveniently arranged to permit easy going from one yard to the other and consist of larger gates in the end of which are self fastening smaller ones. Every house is equipped with special watering and feeding devices.

The laboratory building is 28 by 44 feet, with 10 foot studs and an eight foot rise to roof. This building contains one laboratory 28 by 44 feet for students. The basement is eight feet high and contains one incubator room 28 by 30 feet, one egg room 9 by 12 feet, one furnace room 8 by 12 feet and one killing room 9 by 12 feet. The attic of the building is used for storage. The feed house is built on next to the laboratory building and is 18 by 30 feet. It contains five large bins

made of laths and front and sides of wire netting.

The floor is made of concrete placed six inches above the ground surface. The foundation also is made of concrete, 8 by 18 inches. The partitions are built up two and one-half feet with solid boarding and a one inch mesh wire netting used the rest of the way. This laying costs at the rate of \$1.25 per bird and allows four square feet for each bird.

The two colony laying shed roof houses are each 10 by 12 feet and house thirty to thirty-five birds. The roosts, dropping board and broody coop are constructed on a similar plan as in laying house. These houses have curtain and window openings and doors in the front. Trap nests are used, which enable the poultryman to separate the laying hens from the non-laying ones.

The other colony houses consist of one cockerel house 9 by 9 feet, with a screen front and end; three colony houses 8 by 8 feet, used in summer and costing \$25 to \$30, and one gasoline colony house 8 by 8 feet, used for 200 young chicks in spring and for hens in winter; also a house made of two piano boxes used for a brooder house for 150 young chicks and five coops used as brooders for 75 to 100 chicks.

FARMER AND BUSINESS MAN.

Recently a prominent business man said that if merchants, manufacturers, bankers or other business concerns did business as carelessly as do the majority of farmers there would be a panic in two days and ruin would stare every man in the face. Every merchant has the cost price and the selling price marked on every piece of goods and can tell the amount of his profit or loss at a glance. He is not reproved for his book learning, and why should the farmer who attempts to conserve his own business interests be derided in that manner?

WINTER LANDSCAPES.

Season Not One Without Color, as is the Common Delusion.

There is a curious delusion that winter is a season without color. Once live this season out close to mountains, forests, fields and stretches of cultivated valley, and you may discover such lovely colors and such odd combinations as you never dreamed, and even days of absolute prismatic dazzle, reducing summer by comparison to a tame green velvet, remarks a writer in Scribner's. Winter, to be sure, has its moods of black and white, when pictures are reduced to their simple elements of line and chiaro oscuro. But even these are fascinating, as if nature were bent upon showing you that she is not dependent on her color box for her charm.

In early winter, when the snow is yet light, you may walk up a back road through the timber and note where a wagon has turned off up a logging trail. The snow has melted in the wheel tracks, making two brown paths, where the dead leaves show through. Those tracks have all the rich irregularity of the lines in an etching. Presently you come upon a brook, following it into the woods. It runs through the white carpet, quite black, as if laid on with a free brush loaded with ink. There is ice in the back waters, and that is black too. The dark pine rises from its banks, straight, geometrical. Nature today is drawn, not painted, washed in with black and white.

LEE AS TEACHER.

Manner of Reproof Peculiar to Confederate General.

An interesting story is told in the New York Evening Post of the methods of reproof which were peculiar to Robert E. Lee after he became president of Washington and Lee university.

A student was once called to account for absence. "Mr. M., I am glad to see you better," Lee said to him, smiling. "But, general, I have not been sick." "Then I am glad you have better news from home." "But, general, I have had no bad news." "Ah, I took it for granted that nothing less than sickness or distressing news from home could have kept you from your duty." In the same vein was his remark to a student who had been late for prayers. "Mr. Page, will you kindly give my compliments to Miss — and ask her if she will please have breakfast a little earlier for you?"

To a negligent student he said: "How is your mother? I am sure you must be devoted to her. You are so careful of the health of her son." His reply to a certain young sophomore was in a different tone. Summoned to Lee's office, he was gently admonished that only patience and industry would save him from failure in college and in life. "But, general, you failed," the student replied with sophomore ineptitude. "I hope that you may be more fortunate than I," was the quiet answer.

When the Letter Carrier Gave Assistance to Cupid

By HENRY S. SCOTT

"THERE was a girl on my route," said the postman, "to whom I delivered letters from the time she was just old enough to read them. It may seem strange to you, but whenever I had a letter for her it was the pleasure of the day for me. There's no happiness equal to giving happiness to another, and whenever my little girl received a letter the joy that lit up her childish face was reflected in mine.

"When she was about seventeen there came a new interest for her in her letters. One morning when I was sorting the mail for my route I saw a letter the superscription of which indicated that it was not from a girl friend. It was written in a clerical hand, evidently by a young man whose chirography had not become set. My little girl was waiting for me at the gate, and I knew that her eyes were upon me while I was yet far down the street. Before I reached her they were big with expectancy. While I had still two stops to make before coming to her I held up her letter, but I was too far for her to see the superscription, and she was only partly reassured. When she saw the youthful writing ornamented with pen flourishes a gladness spread itself over her features that made my heart correspondingly joyful.

"Every day for weeks I gave her a letter addressed in the same hand. Then I noticed by the postmark that the writer was going from place to place and the letters were less frequent. This made the girl more anxious to get them, and, as soon as I turned a certain corner far down the street and saw her watching at the gate, when I had no letter for her I would raise an empty hand, but when I had one I would wave it aloft.

"The letters were coming again daily when suddenly they stopped. Every day that I passed my little girl without one for her she grew more anxious, and when a week had gone by and I was obliged to pass the worried pale face at the gate without bringing comfort I felt as a doctor must feel who can give a patient no relief.

"One day I had a letter for her addressed in the usual hand. I was mightily pleased and watched her face eagerly when I delivered it. She tore it open and ran it over eagerly. I had no right to delay, but I did, wishing to know if the news was good or bad. I saw her turn red, and, crumpling the letter spasmodically, she ran into the house.

"That was the last of her waiting at the gate for letters.

"Several years passed, during which I delivered my little girl no love letters. Of this I was sure, for of all she received few were in masculine hand, and such came only at intervals. Then

one day while sorting my mail for delivery I came across one on which the handwriting seemed familiar. Then I recognized it as that of the youthful correspondent, only now it had become a man's fixed hand. I handed it in at the house to a maid with other mail, so I didn't see the recipient when she opened it. At the next delivery my little girl appeared at the door and handed me the letter I had delivered unopened and readdressed, evidently to the sender.

"Do you know I just couldn't send that letter back? I should have been 'fired,' I know, but I would have rather lost my position than let that little girl blight her life. If she had been doing it for any reason except 'mad' she would either not have replied at all or by letter. 'Mad' it was, I was sure, and I believed that if the fellow got his letter back in that way the matter would be ended forever. At the post-office I shoved the letter into a box marked 'Missent,' put a bit of paper in an envelope on which I wrote, 'Never give up the ship,' and sent it instead, disguising my hand and not signing what I had written.

"In about a week another letter came for the girl from the lover. I handed it in, not seeing the recipient. After that I delivered several letters at intervals of five or six days, and I knew the correspondence was on again. In a few weeks more when I whistled at the house of my little girl she opened the door herself and snatched her letter with some of her old eagerness.

"It was about three months after this that I was tipped to carry a big bundle of wedding cards to the post-office. They were given me by the girl herself. I braced up and made bold to say to her:

"I've delivered letters to you for years, and you know how much interested I've been in you. Won't you tell me what came between you and your lover?"

"You've been very lovely to me ever since I was a child, so I'm going to tell you. It was all his fault. In one of his letters he spoke of my beautiful gray eyes. My eyes are blue. That startled it, and it went on till he wrote horrid things to me."

"When they were about to be married I delivered letters to the young man at her house. I gave him the one she had sent back and I had stopped. He looked at it, then at me with astonishment.

"If I had got that letter," he said, "she would never have got another one from me."

"Taking a ten dollar bill from his pocket, he handed it to me. But I went on without it.

"There are some things a postman can't be paid for."

100 MILE AN HOUR AEROS.

Walter Brookings Says They Will Be a Reality This Year.

Aeroplanes for this season, according to Walter Brookings, will be able to make from ninety to 100 miles an hour. He predicts that they will be able to make long voyages over seas, to alight in the ocean, start again from the water and "trim sail" aloft in the air.

"I can tell now what caused me to have that bad smashup at Belmont park," said Brookings, in telling of the outlook for aeroplanes as he sees it. "It was the same kind of a smashup that automobiles used to have fifteen years ago or so. In those days there was only one speed, and a car leaped away at top speed, and stopped abruptly. That gave the automobile makers their chief problem. Today we of the air game are just where the automobilists were then. We have got to get speed control.

"We can fly fast enough to keep up, but not slow enough to make safe landing. If we should fly slow enough to land safely we would simply drop, and that we must overcome. At Belmont park I had very little wing space on the baby Wright racer and a big engine. Flying was fine, but alighting—well, I had to hit the earth at a higher speed than it could be done.

"Now, this is the way out, and experiments are going to demonstrate it. An aeroplane to get off the ground needs lots of wing space. It also needs wing space to alight on. After it gets up, and gets to going it can move along on materially smaller wings.

"We are coming to adjustable wing areas and adjustable angles of incidence for our planes. The sharper the angle the more the upward thrust as the plane leaves the ground. After it is up and strikes a cruising level the angle ought to be lessened and the sail area—that's the best term for it—ought to be reefed in.

"If we could get that matter solved we'd have aeroplanes whose speed we could control. We need aeroplanes that can stay aloft at twenty miles an hour and under, and if we get them in a condition to do that and then can reef in the sail spread after we get up we can send them to 100 miles an hour on the present engine development. A single aeroplane capable of running at twenty and then at 100 miles an hour—how would that be for a development? Wouldn't it make the automobile look sick?"

ODD SCHEMES TO SAVE.

A Few Interesting Methods, Results of Which Are Surprising.

The conversation had drifted around to the question of saving money as against making it, and the receiving teller in the savings department of one of Detroit's best known banks, who had been an interested listener, joined in the discussion, relates the Detroit Free Press.

"The methods employed by many people in swelling their savings accounts are very interesting," remarked the teller. "A young business man in Detroit was left in possession of some means when his father died, and he kept that money working with good results. He has ambitions, however, and when a daughter came to gladden the household he decided that some day this young lady would have the finishing touches to her education put on abroad.

"Here was his plan. Every nickel and penny he received in change went down into a pocket that was never touched save to remove therefrom the accumulation of coins and transfer them to a small bank kept at the house. This in turn was emptied and the contents deposited in the bank to the credit of the child. It must be all of eight years ago that this plan was put into effect and with the same thoroughness that marks him in other lines he sticks to the resolution.

"One man I know is particularly fond of having his wife take luncheon with him. This happens on an average twice a week. Immediately afterward he hustles to the bank and deposits an amount equal to the cost of the luncheon, and they don't eat fifteen cent meals either.

"Plenty of fellows duplicate the price of every luxury and deposit the proceeds to the credit of their savings account. It is not a bad idea either, and it is surprising how rapidly the money counts up."

When Women Were Knighted.

It is not at all well known that knighthood has constantly been conferred upon women. Many English ladies received the accolade, and many more were members of such knightly orders as the Garter and St. John. When Mary Cholmondeley, "the bold lady of Cheshire," was knighted by Elizabeth for "her valiant address" on the queen taking the command at the threatened invasion by Spain, did she know that a whole city of Spanish women, the gallant women of Tortosa, had been knighted for saving that city from the Moors? Mary and Elizabeth had both been knighted at their coronation, but by the time Anne, the second Mary and Victoria ascended the throne it had been quite forgotten that according to English law and use a woman who filled a man's office acquired all its privileges and was immune from none of its duties.

Canal Work of Yore.

Forty years ago I watched the workers on the Suez canal. Many of them were girls, digging up the sand with their bare fingers, scooping it into the hollow of their hands, throwing it into a rush basket each had woven for herself, lifting the baskets to their heads and carrying the load of twenty to thirty pounds 100 feet up the bank and dumping it.—Engineering Magazine.

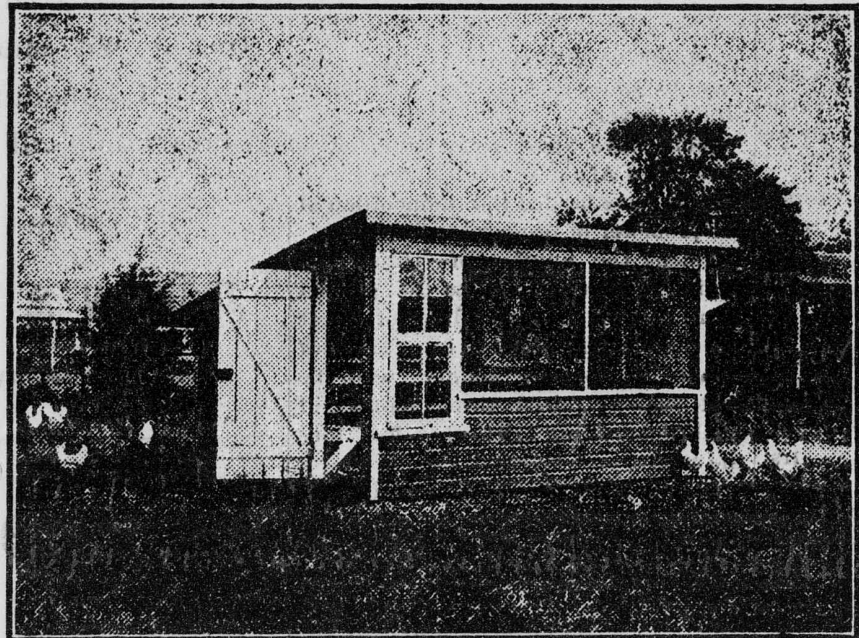


Photo by Kansas Agricultural college.

MODEL POULTRY PLANT.

5 by 4 1/2 feet for grains, three small bins 5 by 2 feet 8 inches for ground feed and five medium sized bins for grit and shells.

The laying house is constructed on a model plan and contains six pens. Each pen is 15 by 15 feet and will house from sixty to sixty-five birds. The material used in the construction is of yellow pine, and for the framework 2 by 4's were used. The sides, back and front, are covered with one thickness of seven-eighths inch drop siding. The roof is made of matched flooring, covered with two ply Kongo roofing paper. An inside wall is constructed in the rear of each pen and extends two and one-half feet from the rear plate down toward the floor. The rafters are also boarded up for three feet over the roosts.

The dimensions of the laying house and its different parts are given in detail. The house proper is 90 by 15 feet, eight feet high in front and five feet in the back. The curtain opening in the south side is three feet above the floor and 3 feet 6 inches by 6 feet 10 1/2 inches in size. The window opening is 2 feet 4 inches by 5 feet 7 1/2 inches and contains a window with two sashes, having nine lights each. The door opening into the yard is 3 feet by 6 feet, and the swinging door from one pen to the other is 3 feet by 5 feet 8 inches. The placing of doors between the different pens affords a runway the whole length of the building when all doors are opened. The dropping board in the rear of each pen is 3 feet 4 inches by 15 feet and is three feet above the floor. The three roosts are set on the dropping board and are made of 2 by 4 pieces, set on end, placed ten inches from the wall, twelve inches apart, leaving six inches from the edge of the dropping board to the center of the last roost.

The dropping board is fixed like a shelf and can be removed easily. And as roosts are set on this board they also can be removed without inconvenience and cleaned and sprayed. The nests are 14 by 14 by 14 inches, made like a drawer, with coarse screen or hardware cloth bottoms. These nests are immediately under the dropping board, and the hens must enter the nests from behind. A door fixed on hinges enables the poultryman to gather the eggs from the front. A broody coop, made in one corner of the pen, rests on the dropping board. It is 3 by 3 feet and has a bottom

Water Required For Crops.
Various investigators have found that it requires from about 400 to 1,000 pounds of water to produce a pound of dry matter of a farm crop. The water requirement increases with a higher temperature, a great amount of sunshine and a drier atmosphere. In the arid regions a moderately high temperature, a cloudless sky and a dry atmosphere prevail. Consequently the water requirements of plants naturally tend to be higher for the same kinds of crops. It is concluded that about 750 pounds of water are required in the arid regions for the production of one pound of dry matter of common farm crops.—Colorado Agricultural College.

Not Too Much Fertilizer.
Dr. G. S. Fraps, state chemist of Texas, at the Texas experiment station at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, College Station, Tex., says:

"Commercial fertilizers are good for young plants in hotbeds, especially nitrate of soda. However, great care should be taken not to use too much, as too much will injure the soil and perhaps kill the plant. A friend of mine killed all of his mother-in-law's geraniums and other flowers by dosing them too heavily with fertilizer.

Three Milkings Daily.
According to some experiments noted by the department of agriculture, it was found that where cows were milked three times a day—morning, noon and evening—the milk was richer at noon and the poorest in the morning, and when milked morning and evening the milk was slightly richer in the evening.

Good For the Chickens.
Meat meal, beef scrap, green bone, etc., are good for the fowls. A considerable amount of protein will be needed by the fowls, especially the laying, hens and young chickens. When insects are scarce give the fowls a meat ration occasionally.

Prepare the Soil For Spring.
Prepare to rotate crops and get the benefits that may be derived from a systematic rotation. Build up your soil in plant food by a liberal application of fertilizers or manure and turn under green crops to supply humus.

Proxy's First Name.

Albert Tiedemann, a freshman of the University of Pennsylvania, was called upon to vote for officers in a recent gathering. Not being well acquainted with the nominees, he thoughtfully hesitated before filling out his ballot.

One of the company left the room with the explanation that he would "vote by proxy."

"So will I," said Albert, and with his pencil poised above his paper he leaned over to a companion on his right and asked:

"Say, what's Proxy's first name?"—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Looked Down Upon.



One of the Other.

"What's the trouble, wife?"
"No trouble whatever."
"Yes, there is. What are you worrying about now—something that happened at home or something that happened in a novel?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

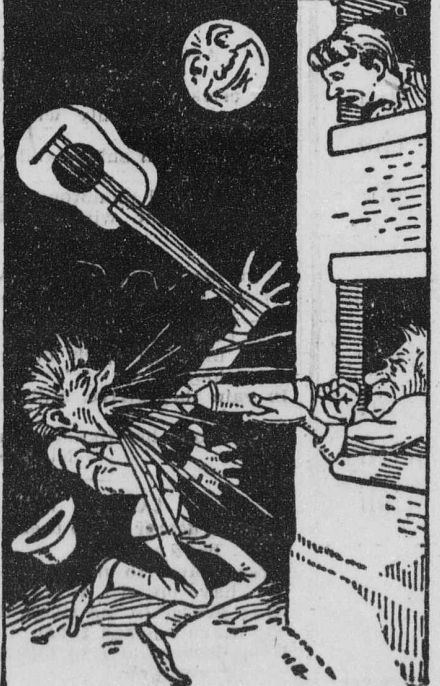
Strangers.

"Have you met your wife lately?" I asked Lord de Vere. He yawned and tried hard to remember.
"I haven't," he said, "but society notes declare she'll be home in February."

His Request Granted.



"Oh, let me drink of thine eyes! Oh, let me drink! Oh, let me drink!"



"Drink, then, and shut up!"—Life.

Ready to Crank Up.

White—Got all equipments for your car?
Green—Yes, an extra tire, an alias, an all-in and enough cash ball.—Harper's Bazar.

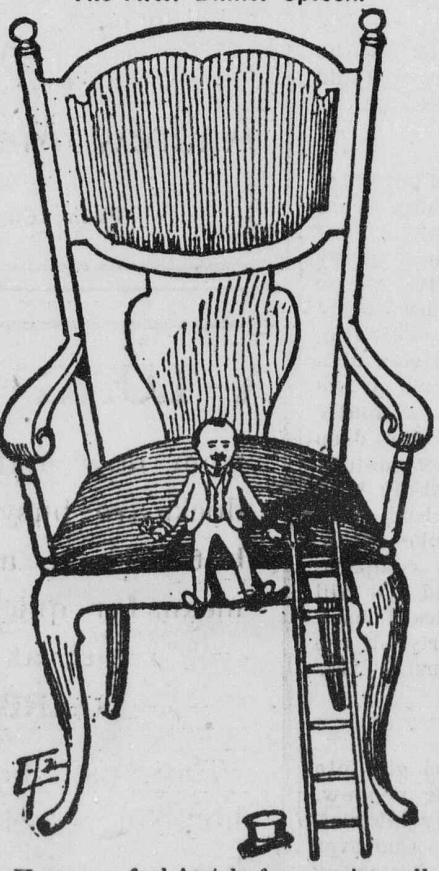
Caught With the Goods.

Mrs. Newlywed (weeping)—Henry, I am sure I have grounds for a divorce. I am positive that you have deceived me!

Mr. Newlywed—What in the world do you mean? What have I done to arouse such a foolish suspicion?

Mrs. Newlywed (weeping harder)—I saw a memorandum in your pocket this morning to—buy some new ribbons for your typewriter!—Westerner.

The After Dinner Speech.



How you feel just before you're called upon.

Protection Against His Friends.

"Why do you want the fact that you have inherited all this money kept a secret?" asked the lawyer.
"Just to save myself the trouble of refusing to invest it in the fool schemes that my friends will propose if they know I have it," he replied.—Detroit Free Press.

A Poor Husband.

"Did your sister marry a rich husband?"
"He's a rich man, but a poor husband."

A FEW CURES TO ROUT THE BLUES

SELECT CULLINGS

Saving the Criminals.
Henry Carter in the World's Work tells of some work done by the Parting of the Ways home, established two years ago in Chicago.

When a prisoner whose conduct has indicated that he is not hopeless is discharged from the Bridewell, Superintendent John L. Whitman gives him besides the inevitable nickel a card of introduction to Mr. McBride and directions for reaching the home. When he arrives at the Parting of the Ways, McBride shakes hands and says: "I will feed you, sleep you, clothe you and get you a job, and it won't cost you a cent. After your first pay day if you do not care to accept charity and really want to show your appreciation of the home you may settle with it at the rate of 15 cents a meal and bed."

In the old days more than 40 per cent of the discharged prisoners found their way back to jail simply because after being broken by their prison experience they were not fitted to take up the battle for existence on the outside. Since the establishment of the home, however, this percentage has been reduced by more than half.

The American Sporting Spirit.
"Sport" has become a German word," says a Dresden letter. "We borrowed it from our English speaking friends when we began to follow their example in regard to the various healthful pastimes which come under that name. As we advanced the word became so well known that it ceased to be foreign, and finally it crept—no, it gilded, cyclized, tennised, footballized and baseballized—into our vocabulary. We still lack the spirit which goes with it in America. Last summer we saw in New York a great thoroughfare made impassable by a throng of thousands of men and boys. We thought we had come to the edge of a riotous demonstration. But the multitude had assembled only to hear or see by show cards the result of a game of baseball. Similar crowds, we heard, were assembled at the same time in other parts of the city, and at the scene of the contest over 30,000 people had paid 2 to 20 marks to see the sport. We may have the word, but still lack that spirit."—New York Tribune.

A Political Possibility.
The United States senate may choose the next president of the United States. If that should occur the person selected will be, in all probability, the man nominated for vice president by the Republican national convention, as the Republicans have a majority in the senate. A popular third ticket in the field next year, with strength to carry enough states to prevent an election by a majority of the electoral college, would bring about such a result. When no candidate receives a majority of the electors the choice devolves upon the house of representatives, but the house, in spite of the large Democratic majority of members, could not elect a president, because neither party has a majority of the states by delegations. Then the vice president would become president, and he would be chosen by the senate.—Arthur Wallace Dunn in Leslie's.

The Actor in China.
If the new regime in China succeeds in abolishing class distinction in civil administration it will have accomplished a difficult task. Hitherto, three classes of population have been esteemed by the Chinese "lowest of the low," these being actors, barbers and chop-keepers. These and their children are barred from becoming mandarins. Their grandsons, according to the letter of the law, are permitted to hold government posts, but this permission has seldom been granted. Some years ago a grandson of Cheng Chang Keng, the most famous Peking actor in his day, was appointed one of the secretaries of the Chinese legation in Berlin. The appointment aroused a storm of protest among official circles in China and but for the support of the empress dowager would have been revoked.—London Chronicle.

Lincoln Cents.
"I have discovered," says a person of artistic bent, "a pleasing thing about the new Lincoln pennies—they increase in beauty with age. This new penny has a rather wide faced rim, whose edge rises on either side considerably above the face of the coin. This rim, as I understand, makes it a coin difficult to stack, but as the coin grows old in use that wide rim helps greatly its artistic appearance. The deep sunken parts of the face, not subjected to rubbing and wear, darken with age, while the embossed raised parts keep bright with wear. Take a Lincoln penny that has been comparatively long in circulation and you will find in it the characteristics I have described to you, particularly on the side showing the Lincoln bust."—New York Sun.

Eulalia's Temper.
The Princess Eulalia, who got into such a royal row with her nephew, King Alfonso, was a mighty interesting little woman when she came over here to the Columbian exposition at Chicago, bright as a dollar and with a will of her own and a temper which in one not of the royal cult would be called peppery. Once the Spanish minister kept her waiting a few minutes. When he appeared the little princess was in a rage. "It may be permissible," said she, "to keep an infanta of Spain waiting, it may be permissible to keep the representative of the queen regent of Spain waiting, but it is never permissible to keep a lady waiting."—New York Press.

FLOUR AND MEAL

Cormeal 12 1/4 sack	30c
Buckwheat Flour 10 lb sack	40c
Whole Wheat Flour 5 lb boxes	25c
Swan's Down Cake Flour per box	25c
Cream of Rye per pkg	15c
Petti Johns Breakfast food per pkg	15c
Cream of wheat per pkg	15c
Puffed Wheat per pkg	10c
Pure Maple Syrup 1 qt. can	45c
San Marta Coffee 1 lb pkg	30c
Light House Coffee 1 lb can	35c
Black Cross Tea per lb	50c

ELOF HANSON
GROCER
PHONE 48

Happy Days
are not always the noisiest. The first months of this New Year 1912 may have as much comfort and content for you as the last month if you solace yourself with some of the choice goods in glass or wood at the reliable buffet of
FRED ANDERSON
S19 Delta

One—Third OFF
Until February 1,
I will sell any piece or set in my handsome line of hand-decorated, dainty china at thirty-three and a third per cent below cost.
Andrew Marshall
Phone 164

A LONG PULL
from now until the docks are busy again, but I have all the means for quick comfort at
THE HARBOR
The best boarding house in the city and bar the furnished with everything you wish to call for.
ANDREW STEVENSON
East End

Gems In Verse

TAKE HEART!
ALL day the storm and wind have blown
From off the dark and rainy sea,
No bird has past the window down,
The only song has been the moon
The wind made in the willow tree.

THIS is the summer's burial time,
She died when dropped the earliest leaves,
And, cold upon her rosy prime,
Fell dreiful autumn's frosty time.
Yet I am not as one that grieves.

FOR well I know o'er sunny seas
The bluebird waits for April skies,
And at the roots of forest trees
May flowers sleep in fragrant ease,
And violets hide their azure eyes.

THOU by winds of grief o'erblown
Beside some golden summer's bier,
Take heart! Thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year.
—Edna Dean Proctor.

SONG.
One with the ruined sunset,
The strange forsaken sands,
What is it waits and wanders
And signs with desperate hands?
What is it calls in the twilight,
Calls as its chance were vain?
The cry of a gull sent seaward,
Or the voice of an ancient pain?
The red ghost of the sunset,
It walks them as its own,
These dreary and desolate beaches:
But, oh, that it walked alone!
—W. E. Henley.

"SOME WERE EMPTY."
GOD bless the little stockings
All over the land tonight
Hung in the choicest corners,
In the glow of crimson light,
The tiny scarlet stockings,
With a hole in the heel and toe,
Worn by wonderful journeys,
The darlings had to go!
And heaven pity the children,
Wherever their homes may be,
Who wake with the first gray dawning
An empty stocking to see.
Left in the faith of childhood
Hanging against the wall,
Just where the dazzling glory
Of Santa's light will fall!
Ales, for the lonely mother
Whose home is empty and still,
Who has no scarlet stockings
With childish toys to fill,
Who sits in the swartly twilight
With face against the pane
And grieves for the little baby
Whose grave is out in the rain!
Oh, empty shoes and stockings
Forever laid aside!
Oh, the tangled, broken shoestring
That will nevermore be tied!
Oh, the little graves at the mercy
Of the cold December rain!
Oh, the feet in the snow white sandals
That never can trip again!
But happier they who slumber
With marble at foot and head,
Than the child who has no shelter,
No room nor food nor bed,
Oh, let us help the living
Children of want and pain,
Knowing no food nor pasture,
Out tonight in the rain!
—Author Unknown.

MOOD IN THE SILENCE.
LET us be quiet now; let all the voice
Be of calm waters while the silence
sings
Like a vast rumor of unheard things
That glow not grief nor dream how men
rejoice
THE low hills love the silence. In the
haze
They dream of what the sea is murmur-
ing
In dim reverberance. Some hidden thing
The sea learns from its heavenward end-
less gaze.
THESE things hold perfect knowledge,
Lo, the sea,
The hills all satisfied forever! Lo,
The full sun seth, and the great winds
know!
And these things are, while we but strive
to be.
—Nina Salaman.

THE LAST WORD.
Creep into thy narrow bed;
Creep, and let no more be said;
Vain thy onset! All stands fast,
Thou thyself must break at last.
Let the long contention cease,
Geese are swans and swans are
geese.
Let them have it how they will,
Thou art tired. Best be still.
They out talked thee, hissed thee,
tore thee?
Better men fared thus before thee,
Fired their ringing shot and passed,
Hotly charged and sank at last.
Charge once more, then, and be
dumb.
Let the victors when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall.
—Matthew Arnold.

THE FROST.
FROM northern plains we hear her
coming feet,
In every sudden breeze her tones
we hear,
And through the days, still warm
and bright and clear,
Her cricket heralds fiddle loud and sweet,
When in the chilly wind she speaks at
noon
The trees all shiver and mourn for their
leaves;
In saddened monotone the river grieves,
Knowing that winter follows fast and
soon.
In all her splendor earth awaits her doom;
Each flower wears an unearthly lovel-
iness,
As though it sought with pity to impress
That untamed spirit bringing death and
gloom.
In vain they strive, still louder and more
clear
The echo of her footsteps meets the ear.
—Ninette M. Lowater.

LOVE'S MAGIC.
EVER dearer to me these eyes since they
have seen you,
Ever dearer to me this hand since you
have pressed it,
Ever dearer to me these lips since yours
have touched them,
Ever dearer am I to myself since I have
known you,
Ever dearer the world to me, for you are
in it,
And ever dearer the Maker who made
your soul and your body.
—Shaemas O. Sheel.

Personals

W. J. Cramer, district manager for the Yeomen, spent Wednesday in Menominee, where he installed the new officers of the big Menominee home-stead. Mr. Cramer much admires the enthusiasm and spirit of the Menominee Yeomen, and their hospitality as well. He complimented them highly on the work they are doing.

Elmer Jeanson of Marquette and Miss Mary Dillon, formerly of Kipling, and lately principal of the Masonville school, were married last week at Houghton. As both were residents of Marquette county, they were compelled to send back home for a license.

Mr. Stewart has secured the wholesale jobbing list price on Parke, Davis & Co. goods; and all prescriptions will be filled from their highest grade products without any extra charge, at
STEWART'S PHARMACY.

Rachel Hive, 272, Lady Macabees, will give a masquerade ball in Wasa Hall, Wednesday evening, February 6. Cardin's orchestra will furnish the music and tickets will be fifty cents per couple, ladies twenty-five cents. Six prizes will be given.

Mrs. A. Sweeney left yesterday for her new home via Memphis, Tenn.

The Presbyterian ladies met Thursday at the home of Mrs. H. B. Lafuz. Their meeting on February 1 will be with Mrs. A. M. Doig.

Mrs. I. C. Harris returned Sunday from spending three weeks at her former home in Bay City.

A daughter was born last Friday to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Siegfried.

Merrill, the four-months-old son of John B. Swan, died on Wednesday. The funeral was held yesterday.

Harlan Evers arrived Monday afternoon from Beloit, Wis., and will remain here a few days.

Harry Micks returned Saturday night to Chicago, where he is a salesman for the People's Gas Co.

The two weeks old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Barrett died on Tuesday; the funeral was held the following afternoon.

Louis Buchman, who has been visiting at his home in Rapid River, returns today to Salt Lake City, near which he is engaged as a mining engineer.

Glenn W. Jackson was in Escanaba Thursday morning on legal business.

A daughter was born Friday, January 12, to Mr. and Mrs. August Gronlund.

Mrs. John M. Beattie, who has been undergoing medical treatment in Minneapolis, is improving rapidly in health.

The Coterie was entertained on Tuesday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. J. P. Bushong. The period under study was that of Van Buren's administration.

Counsellors Empson and Nebel were in Escanaba Wednesday and Thursday, to attend the case of Carlson vs. The Northwestern Cooperage Co.

Waldemar Lindgren, who has just been appointed by Secretary Fisher as chief of the United States geological survey, is the maternal uncle of G. Von Tell, of this city.

M. Jacobs has been ill for a couple of days with an attack of grippe.

William Kjellander leaves Monday evening for Chicago to work.

John C. Young has purchased the old Hawarden Inn icehouse from the trustees of All Saints' church and moved it to his premises.

Coroner P. C. Dube was in the city Thursday afternoon on official business.

Mrs. I. N. Bushong returned Monday evening from Evanston.

J. M. Beattie left Tuesday morning for Toronto, via Chicago; and will visit his nephew in the metropolis of Ontario for a few weeks.

Hugo Klessig returned Saturday from spending a few weeks with relatives at Sheboygan, Wis.

M. N. Green, who has been ill for three weeks and more with sciatic rheumatism, has returned to his desk.

A slightly used piano for sale at a bargain if taken at once.

E. A. SEGERSTEIN.
Oliver Hall, of Byesville, Ohio, is spending a few days in Gladstone, of which city he was long a resident.

James Doran arrived yesterday morning from Munising, near which city he has been working, to be present at the funeral of his daughter, Mrs. Warren.

Andrew Barbeau, of Rapid River, returned today from Escanaba, where he has undergone an operation.

Emil Beauchamp, of Wilson, is assisting Floyd Duchesne in his shop.
Joseph Green and George T. Springer were in Escanaba Thursday disposing of a city map.
A. C. Clark, as president of the council, is acting mayor during the illness of Mayor Hammel.
J. T. Whybrew was taken with a sudden attack of acute indigestion Wednesday, but is now recovering from it.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Klar, who have been residents of Marquette for over a year, entertained a party of some thirty of their friends at the Hotel Marquette Saturday evening at dinner. Mr. Klar is shortly to go to Gladstone, where he will undertake important work for the Pioneer Iron company similar to that which he has been carrying on at the company's North Marquette plant. He has introduced a large number of patented processes in the working up of the by-products redeemed from the distillations from the smoke. Mr. Klar is regarded as an authority in this line of work.—Mining Journal.

La Bar & Neville take pride in their prescription department, from the fact that, by their system of checking, when they fill a prescription it is made up exactly as called for and with a care that precludes all possibilities of error, and they tolerate no substitution of any kind.

Hon. W. F. Hammel was taken seriously ill this week with a recurrence of his former trouble, appendicitis. As soon as he is able, it is expected that he will leave the city to undergo an operation.

Hon. A. P. Burrows, who has been delayed for several days in his business trip, expects to leave tomorrow for a tour of the Rock Island.

BUZZ SAW

If you do not believe it was cold last Saturday morning about one o'clock, ask the members of the hook and ladder company of this burg; when they were called on immediately, if not sooner, to respond to a fire that was burning a hole through Hodge's shanty roof. It burned a hole large enough so you could shove a presidential candidate's head through just before election. Cap. Deiter arrived with one suspender on; Hodge did not need any as he had nothing to button them to. Damage was slight but fully covered by insurance.

Martell was down from camp for a few days.

The two Bs. are busy drawing wood and logs. Sleighting just right now.

Somebody says it is still cold.

AVE ALFALFA.

For these many years has been heard the voice of one Leo M. Geismar crying in the wilderness: Prepare the way to quit raising hay and grow alfalfa clover.

Some have there been, in counties other than Alger, who have heard and hearing have heeded the admonition of the promoter of prosperity aforesaid.

Among the number of those who having had their ear to the ground heard afar off the glad tidings of great joy concerning alfalfa, is Ira Carley, of Ingalls, Menominee county, who the past season raised three crops of alfalfa harvesting better than five tons the acre.

Over in Delta county a few of our neighbors, the farmers, somewhat aroused to a sense of their opportunity by some who have seen the light, are trying to shake off their sleeping sickness and slowly awakening to the possibilities of alfalfa as a rare enricher of men and of soils.

More than passing strange 'twould be if in one of more of the other fourteen counties of the Upper Peninsula may not be found larger areas of land especially suited to growing alfalfa than Alger, perhaps, can boast of.

But be that as it may there are thousands of acres of good alfalfa land in this county. We are told good alfalfa is worth \$100 per acre or more. How long then will Alger county farmers who might reap rich rewards by growing this splendid crop be content with the mere pittance some of them now wrest from the soil.—Munising News.

January 27, 1912. March 2, 1912
Homestead Notice
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. LAND OFFICE AT MARQUETTE, MICH.
January 16, 1912.

Notice is hereby given that ALBERT CHAPUT, of Lathrop, Michigan, who, on June 9, 1906, made Homestead Entry No. 11995, Serial No. 01351 for SW 1/4 of SW 1/4, Section 19, Township 43 north, Range 23 west, Michigan Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Delta County, at Escanaba, Michigan, on the fourth day of March, 1912.

Claimant names as witnesses:
James Curran, of Lathrop Mich.
Cornelius Lane, of " "
William E. Curran, of " "
Nicholas Britz, of " "
OZRO A. BOWEN
Register.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months \$1. Sold by all news-dealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Try
Chase & Sanborn
HIGH GRADE
COFFEES
Why?

Because the best coffee the world can't make a cup of coffee out of material.

Buy!
At Lindblad's Grocer

because he is the Sole Agent for this city.

GLADSTONE GROCERY
"THE QUALITY STORE"
P. J. LINDBLAD, PROP.

Come Again

We thank you for what you have done hitherto, but desire to duplicate anything you choose to flow with a mellow gurgle from the bottle. Come as often as you can and stay till the bottles ring. We shall have bottled sunshine, from many lands, all winter.

JOHNSON & FISHER
901 DELTA AVENUE

System

Is what counts. We take every step necessary to make our business effective and serviceable to the customer, with no useless expense. For instance, we candle all our eggs—we buy none but those we know to be fresh—we save all the expense of poor ones, and our customers all annoyances.

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

Cold Days
Cold Nights
Cold Fingers

from now on until the weather man lets up—a long in June maybe. But I have the old, original hot stuff all the time in any form you like best to drink it. Come in when you feel like it and try the medicine of

AUG. LILLQUIST
917 DELTA AVENUE

TIMELY HINTS FOR FARMERS

Sunshine Good For Hens.

While proper feeding of poultry is important, it is not the whole thing. A hen cannot do her best without suitable food, but a poor hen will not do credit to any kind of care. There can be little doubt but that environment has much to do with egg production. During the winter, except in especially favored localities, hens are confined for the greater portion of the time to the house, therefore it should be made comfortable and agreeable to them. Hens like sunshine, especially in cold weather, and abhor dark and damp houses. They will spend most of their time out of doors rather than stay in a dark house, even in cold, stormy weather. For the promotion of health, which in most cases means an increased egg yield, the house should be light, dry and airy. Hens kept most of the time in the open air, if protected from wind and rain, will lay better than those confined to a damp closed house.

Ensilage For Beef.

I have had four years' experience in feeding ensilage to beef cattle with very satisfactory results, writes an Iowa feeder in the Kansas Farmer. My early experiences have been somewhat improved on by careful study of the feed. I find twenty pounds of ensilage, three pounds cottonseed meal, ten pounds shelled corn, and five pounds clover hay make a most satisfactory ration where steers are to be fattened. In fact, ensilage will spoil a steer for grazing the following summer if he is allowed to eat what ensilage he wants during the winter, as he will get too fat. I presume a small quantity—say ten pounds of ensilage and more hay with no grain—might be all right for wintering steers for grazing purposes. It costs less to fatten cattle on the ration previously mentioned than a straight grain ration, and steers do much better.

Worms From Infected Ground.

While a few swine can be raised in limited quarters, if such quarters are kept clean they will do better, will keep in better health and can be grown more cheaply if they have plenty of range for pasture. It is desirable to have the pasture fenced off into suitable areas so that the hogs can be shifted from one pasture to another, not only to provide fresh pasture, but also to afford an opportunity to disinfect the pastures, either by plowing and seeding to a forage crop or by exposure to sun and weather. Nearly all cases of intestinal worms, which are rather common to swine, are contracted from infected ground, and swine can be kept free from these parasites by frequent changes of pasture.—United States Department of Agriculture Bulletin.

HOME CURING OF HAMS AND BACON

Method of Salting and Smoking to Secure Best Results.

Here are the directions given by Professor H. J. Waters, president of the Kansas Agricultural college, for curing pork:

To 1,000 pounds of meat take the following: Forty pounds of common salt, ten pounds New Orleans sugar, four pounds black pepper, one and one-half pounds saltpeter, one-half pound cayenne pepper.

Weigh the meat and take such part of the ingredients as that is a part of 1,000. Let the meat cool thoroughly. After thoroughly mixing the ingredients, one-half of the amount should be rubbed well into the meat. Put the meat in a dry, cool place. Let it remain two weeks, then rub on the remainder of the cure and let it lie about six weeks, when it is ready to hang.

It is important that the meat be well rubbed each time the cure is applied and that plenty of the cure be forced into the hock and end around the joints. Less cure should be used on thin sides than on the joints. The heavier and fatter the meat the longer the time required for curing. The best time to kill will be in cool weather after Dec. 1 to Feb. 1.

While in general a light straw color would indicate sufficient smoking, it is always safe to try a piece of thin bacon or shoulder, to be certain that the process has been carried far enough to give proper flavor and cure.

Winter Care of Hens.

Now that cold weather has made its appearance poultry raisers must see that the fowls are comfortable during bad weather. While ventilation is necessary, it must be provided in the proper way. The house must not have drafts and leaky roofs, but should be warm and dry. Laying hens must have comfortable quarters. See that the nests, the house and the runs are comfortable during winter.

The Record Egg Layer.

In spite of the great reputation of the smaller breeds for egg production, a Brahma hen is said to hold the record for yearly egg production. She has to her credit 318 eggs within a year, while a Barred Rock holds second place with 310.

FISH

New Finnan Haddies lb.....	15c
Smoked Herring Pound.....	10c
Smoked Trout Pound.....	15c
Fine Fat Mackerel 3 for 25c, each.....	10c
Herring Three Pounds.....	25c
Strictly Fresh Eggs Dozen guaranteed.....	35c

The Best of Fresh Home-made Sausage

OLSON & ANDERSON
THE LEADING BUTCHERS.
Phone 9
745 Delta Avenue.

This Promises

to be a hot year in politics. But it will have to go some to be hotter, sweeter or stronger than you can you can find any day or night in my emporium of Liquidity. A single step will take you from the sidewalk to my place of business.

It's Easy.

P. W. Peterson
725 DELTA

Whale oil and Blubber

are good articles of diet for cold countries, and will keep you warm at 50 below zero. We have none, however, but

Foy's Bacon Ham, Lard, Butter

etc., make good cold weather diet, and have the advantage of tasting just right. Send you up a ham?

M. P. FOY
Sanitary Meat Market
Phone 158

"There's Death In the Cup"

That's what the doctors say of the public drinking cup. It spreads consumption and many other terrible diseases. Its use is forbidden by the state board of health.

BUBBLING FOUNTAINS

are absolutely safe. They can be attached to any water pipe, and should be in every place of public resort. For the present I can make you a very low price, on a fixture. Call me up.

Good Work and the Best Material

H. J. KRUEGER
PHONE 260-J

ON DIT.

The state fire marshal kicks because the doots of the state capitol swing in Yes, but that's the way the rush is always directed.

Manistique would like Gladstone's place in the Ishpegaunee-Escanaba league, says the Pioneer-Tribune. Manistique may have it.

And Uncle Ike is not a briber or corrupter of the electorate! There doesn't seem to be any encouragement at all nowadays for a hardworking muckraker.

President McRae of the Detroit Chamber of Commerce says we must rebuke the arrogance of wealth and the best way to do it is to give the D. U. R. another franchise.

Perhaps the governor, when asking Taft and LaFollette to withdraw in favor of Roosevelt, was saying one word for the colonel and a dozen for himself.—Bay City Times.

Someone has been breaking the thermometers at Ishpegaunee. The Iron Ore thinks he merits condign punishment, but to an outsider, it seems as if he should be rewarded.

The case of the Escanaba Morning Press should be called to the attention of the L. S. P. A. next meeting. Any country newspaper that can flash round a certified check for \$1000 is no true member of the fraternity.

The vigorous denunciation by the telegraph company officials of Postmaster General Hitchcock's suggestion that the government take over the telegraph business of the country amounts almost to a big boost for the scheme.—Saginaw Courier-Herald.

One would naturally think that during these cold days it would take all the natural heat of the blood to keep the body warm, but a reading of the newspapers, local and otherwise, must convince one that there is a big surplus of heat in the blood all over the country.—Escanaba Journal.

The antagonists of Protection once charged that it was a policy which caused friction between nations. The record shows, however, that no trouble ever arose from a country seeking to build up its own industries, and that the real trouble maker was or is the one who seeks to foist its products upon people unwilling to receive them. It is only since our manufacturing industries have grown so large that they seek an outlet for their surplus products that we hear of propositions to punish people who discriminate against us, and the so-called reciprocity program is responsible for the threats.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Jarred the Senator.

John Sharp Williams was sauntering up Pennsylvania avenue on his way from the capitol one afternoon when a friend introduced him to Major George A. Armes, who enjoys, among other distinctions, that of being the owner of the Appomattox battlefield in Virginia. It didn't take the major long to explain to the Mississippi senator a bill he had had introduced in congress for the purchase of the famous battlefield by the government for a national park. The Mississippian was much interested in the project.

"I am indeed delighted to meet you, Major—Major—I didn't quite catch the name," said the senator.

"Major Armes," said the owner of Appomattox. "I'd be glad to have your support of my bill, and as an old soldier with Grant, naturally I want to see the battlefield taken care of."

"What?" cried Senator Williams. "Do you mean to tell me that a Yankee owns Appomattox? This is where I fall off the water wagon?"

Slim Chances For Her.

A missionary who was making his way through a backwoods region came upon an old woman sitting outside the cabin. He entered upon a religious talk and finally asked her if she didn't know there was a day of judgment coming.

"Why, no," said the old lady. "I hadn't heard o' that. Won't there be morn' one day?"

"No, my friend; only one day," was the reply.

"Well, then," she mused, "I don't reckon I can get to go, for we're only got one mule, and John always has to go everywhere first."—National Monthly.

He Found Him.

Allen Thurman of Columbus, O., and John J. Lentz, the former representative, went to a village about ten miles from Columbus one night to address a Democratic meeting. They drove over together in a buggy.

Lentz was to talk first. The agreement was that each was to make a thirty minute speech and then they would come back to town together. Lentz is a long distance orator. He forgot about the thirty-minute agreement and talked for an hour without signs of stopping. Thurman got sorer and sorer as Lentz went along, and at the end of an hour and fifteen minutes he got up, left the hall, took the buggy and drove back to Columbus.

In Columbus, ten miles away, he reported a little, thought he had been hasty and drove back to the village. As he stopped in front of the hall he asked a man:

"Have you seen anything of John Lentz? I want to get him and drive him back to Columbus with me."

"Well," said the man, "if you go up in the hall you'll find him. He's talking yet."—Saturday Evening Post.

THIS MAN'S TOWN

The enrollment next Saturday will, it is feared, be but a partial one. The populace has never taken very kindly to the enrollment idea, nor have they taken the trouble to comprehend it. Consequently, it is very probable that the enrollment boards will have but little to do but gaze out of the window or play cribbage during business hours. It may be repeated, however, that all previous enrollments are void, and you will have to enroll again this year of politics 1912 if you wish to take part in the doings and smoke the candidates' cigars.

The new fixtures installed in the Exchange Bank this week are very handsome in their simplicity. The counters and wainscot are of a dark early English tint, and the metal grilles are dulled to match their green. The footboards are trimmed with verde antique, and the paying counters are inset with dark Belgian marble. The looks of the bank are neat and attractive; and it is fitted up now as elegantly as any of its size anywhere.

The collection of taxes up to the tenth of the month was over twenty-six thousand dollars. This is a larger gross sum than ever before; but as the tax rate is much higher this year, the percentage of collections is somewhat less than it was a year ago. The collections on Thursday amounted to \$28,894.30, of which about five hundred is special assessment.

Sixteen-inch Dry Body Wood single cord \$2.10, full cord \$6.00; 15 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 fire engine was taken out Friday morning to thaw a hydrant opposite Latimer's barn, it having been frozen during the recent snap. Fire Chief Gauffin is conducting a test of all the hydrants of the city, to see that they are in working order.

The city council met Monday and paid bills, including the taking up of a portion of the special assessment bonds. The enrollment boards for next Saturday were appointed.

Next Wednesday evening the volunteer firemen will again take charge of the Gem Theatre, and the entire net receipts will be added to the tournament fund. Messrs. Maclaurin & Needham will be easily the largest donors when the financial statement is footed up after the tournament.

A cold cure for everybody! See our display of Laxative Bromo-Quinine, Cascara Bromo-Quinine, A. D. S. Cold and Grippe Tablets, the Rexal Cold Cure Tablets; those are the popular remedies of the day. The A. D. S. and Rexal are the guaranteed remedies. Try them first.

STEWART'S PHARMACY.

The saw mill commenced its night run Thursday, and next week the state mill will also be in operation.

I. N. Bushong returned Tuesday from Ohio, and J. D. Staples on Wednesday.

The firm of Haga & Green has dissolved; the business will be conducted by Charles Green under the name of the Kipling Grocery.

With the release of the family of Frank Dabney from quarantine yesterday, diphtheria ceased to exist in Gladstone, after a succession of cases which have kept up the disease since before the holidays.

Our Prescription bottles are washed, sterilized and corked before leaving the factory thus avoiding any possibility of contamination.

LA BAR & NEVILLE,
Minneapolis Block.

After the plaintiff's testimony had been heard in the case of Carlson vs the Northwestern Co., Judge Flannigan directed a verdict Friday for the defendant; holding with defendant's attorney that the Michigan labor law of 1909 is void because of uncertainty in its language, and that the plaintiff was guilty of contributory negligence.

The freezing of a telephone cable in a conduit on Stephenson avenue, Escanaba, put one hundred and twenty-five phones out of business for a week. A new cable was put in to replace the old one whose insulation was spoiled.

The subscription list for the tournament fund is not closed. If you were one of those who could not attend the smoker, you have still an opportunity to volunteer your contribution. Secretary Nebel has the roll in his possession; and those who wish to sign for any amount, in a lump or in monthly installments, should communicate with him.

The Yeomen will give a grand masquerade ball February 1, at their hall. Arrangements are now being made by the committee for a big time.

The third annual Blue Bell dance will be given by the telephone girls at the Gladstone Theatre, Monday evening February 12. The attendance upon this event has always been large, especially in the contingent from Escanaba.

There is one bad jog in the road to West Gladstone, just about thirty feet this side of the city limits.

"Can You Beat It?"

A young Gladstone man noted for foresight and common sense, who will no doubt some day be a Bank President, has solved the problem of the high cost of living.

We submit his figures and invite your inspection. Expense for 10 evenings spent in my room observing strictest economy.

One-third cord hard split wood, 10 nights.....	\$1
Two gallons oil, 10 nights.....	25c
Daily paper 10 nights.....	20c
Total for 10 nights.....	\$1.45

For 10 evenings spent at THE GEM THEATRE

In which case I use no fuel and little light in my room, and get a better and more useful amusement than the evening paper.

Heat, light and amusement 10 nights.....	\$1
Saving for 10 nights.....	45c

To-Night is a Good Night to Begin Saving that 45 cents.

MACLAURIN & NEEDHAM

EXPLAINED, NOT EXCUSED.

The editor of the Escanaba Journal fears that we are going to get a reputation for inconsistency because we suggested Colonel Roosevelt for the republican nomination for the presidency in 1912 and because we have in the past criticized him frankly and some times vigorously. In the first place we care not one whit about consistency. Emerson says that consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds and we have that quotation pasted on top of the sanctum desk.—Houghton Gazette.

YOU BET!

The proposition of giving the upper peninsula flame-fighters a rousing, good time when the firemen assemble there for their annual tournament next summer has been taken up at Gladstone with a great deal of enthusiasm.—Mining Journal.

PIANO BARGAIN

Nearly new instrument. Call at once on

E. A. SEGERSTEIN.

WASHINGTON'S WARNING

In his addresses to Congress, President Washington repeatedly warned that body that wool was as much a part of the country's military equipment as guns and ammunition. He had found it so in the War for Independence; and the country was to learn it again by bitter experience in the second war with Great Britain. If we had not kept peace with France and England, in the face of great provocation, we would have learned the lesson still more sharply in the war for the Union. We are now living under a wool tariff palpably insufficient to induce the American farmer to risk his money in sheep, although we have millions of acres of land fit for sheep farming and for little else. Yet the commission has nothing better to suggest than that we make that tariff still more useless by a reduction of duties on wool!—Robert Ellis Thompson.

Shutting Off Competition.

Bishop Nathaniel S. Thomas of Wyoming visited the state penitentiary and endeavored to ascertain what causes had led to the downfall of the various prisoners. Almost to a man they told the bishop that love of drink had put them behind the bars. This interested him, and he asked each prisoner for his solution of the liquor problem, carefully tabulating the answers for future reference. All but one of the prisoners announced themselves advocates of prohibition.

One man, a lean, rugged, leather necked convict, not yet bleached by prison life, denounced this plan when the bishop suggested it to him.

"The trouble with prohibition is it don't prohibit," he said vigorously. "What you want to do is to close up the distilleries. They're the boys to go after."

"A sensible idea, certainly," said Bishop Thomas, making a note of it. "Your plan is to stop the traffic at its source. Excellent! You seem like a very intelligent man. May I ask who you are—what you are here for?"

"Oh, me," said the prisoner. "I am a moonshiner."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Final Administration Account.

STATE OF MICHIGAN

The Probate Court for the County of Delta.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the city of Escanaba in said County on the eleventh day of January, A. D. 1912. Present: Hon. Judd Yelland, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of

JAMES FITZPATRICK Deceased.

Marian Fitzpatrick having filed in said court her final administration account and her petition praying for the allowance thereof and for the assignment and distribution of the residue of said estate.

It is ordered, That the Fifth day of February, 1912, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition;

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Gladstone Delta, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county.

JUDD YELLAND,
Judge of Probate.

A true copy.
ELLA FROCHETTE,
Register of Probate.

Paddy Is Willin'

When the frost takes effect on that piping that you forgot to have protected last fall against its freezing, you will get up and say what you think of yourself, then call 265-J on the phone and tell Burt to bring his thawer up right away and fix things. He is

"Always Ready."

P. L. BURT
Phone 265 J.

Use the TRAVELERS RAILWAYGUIDE

PRICE 25 CENTS
431 S. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

December 16, 1911 February 17, 1912

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. LAND OFFICE AT MARQUETTE MICH.
December 5, 1911

Notice is hereby given that Louis Tondolo, whose post-office address is Defiance, Michigan, did, on the Second day of March, 1911, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 02888, to purchase the S. E. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4, Section 26, Township 42 N., Range 23 W., Michigan Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such values as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been estimated and valued by applicant the timber estimated 40,000 board feet, valued at \$100.00; and the land Nothing; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 30th day of February, 1912, before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Delta County, at Escanaba, Michigan.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

OZRO A. BOWEN
Register.

Premiums

The Hub does not often give premiums. Our excellent qualities in merchandise—excelling all others—are premiums enough to hold the trade of the judicious buyer.

But when we do give premiums, they are worth going after, and no doubt about it. Ask us for particulars about our new offer.

THE HUB
LEWIN & JACOBS, PROP'S
GLADSTONE LODGE NO 163.
MEETS EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT IN CASTLE HALL, MINNEAPOLIS BLOCK.
All Visiting Knights are Welcomed.

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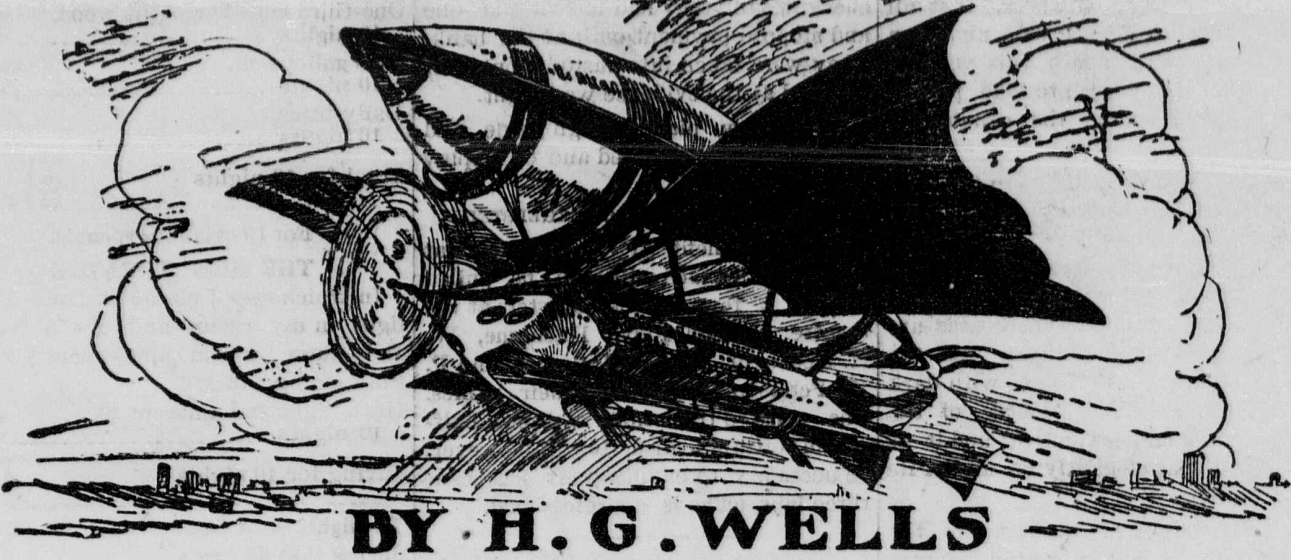
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Phone 265 J.

The War in the Air



BY H. G. WELLS

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PROLOGUE OF THE STORY.

Germany, hating the Monroe doctrine and ambitious for world's supremacy, secretly builds a vast fleet of airships and plans to surprise the United States by means of a sudden attack. Her airship fleet consists of great dirigibles of the Von Zeppelin type and small aeroplanes called Drachenflieger.

Prince Karl Albert commands the German airships. Germany and England have both been endeavoring to buy an extraordinary flying machine invented by Alfred Butteridge, who arrives at a British seaside resort in a runaway balloon, accompanied by a lady in whom he is interested.

Bert Smallways, a motorcycle dealer in hard luck, who is in love with Miss Edna Bunthorne, and his partner, Grubb, are impersonating a pair of "desert dervishes" at the seashore. Bert catches hold of the basket of the balloon and falls into it just as Butteridge and the lady fall out.

The balloon carries Bert across the North sea. He finds drawings of Butteridge's airship in some of Butteridge's clothing and hides the plans in his chest protector. His balloon drifts over Germany's immense aeronautic park. German soldiers shoot holes in it and capture Bert. They think he is Butteridge. Soldiers carry him to the cabin of the Vaterland, flagship of the air fleet. Lieutenant Kurt guards him. "The vast fleet starts across the ocean to attack New York. Graf von Winterfeldt denounces Bert as an impostor, but offers him £500 for Butteridge's secret. The prince agrees to take Bert along "as ballast." The German and American warships engage in battle on the sea, and the German air fleet reaches the scene.

Drachenflieger in Action.

At first only the Vaterland of all the flying fleet appeared upon the scene below. She hovered high over the Theodore Roosevelt, keeping pace with the full speed of that ship. From that ship she must have been intermittently visible through the drifting clouds. The rest of the German fleet remained above the cloud canopy at a height of six or seven thousand feet, communicating with the flagship by wireless telegraphy, but risking no exposure to the artillery below.

It is doubtful at what particular time the unlucky Americans realized the presence of this new factor in the fight. No account now survives of their experience. We have to imagine as well as we can what it must have been to a battle-strained sailor suddenly glancing upward to discover that huge long silent shape overhead, vaster than any battleship, and trailing now from its hinder quarter a big German flag. Presently, as the sky cleared, more of such ships appeared in the blue through the dissolving clouds, and more, all disdainfully free of guns or armor, all flying fast to keep pace with the running fight below.

From first to last no gun whatever was fired at the Vaterland and only a few rifle shots. It was a mere adverse stroke of chance that she had a man killed aboard of her. Nor did she take any direct share in the fight until the end. She flew above the doomed American fleet while the prince by wireless telegraphy directed the movements of her consorts. Meanwhile the Vogel-stern and Preussen, each with half a dozen drachenflieger in tow, went full speed ahead and then dropped through the clouds, perhaps five miles ahead of the Americans. The Theodore Roosevelt let fly at once with the big guns in her forward barbettes, but the shells burst far below the Vogel-stern, and forthwith a dozen single man drachenflieger were swooping down to make their attack.

Bert, craning his neck through the cabin porthole, saw the whole of that incident, that first encounter of aeroplanes and ironclad. He saw the queer German drachenflieger, with their wide flat wings and square, box shaped heads, their wheeled bodies and their single man riders, soar down the air like a flight of birds. "Gaw!" he said. One to the right pitched extravagantly, shot steeply up into the air, burst with a loud report and flamed down into the sea; another plunged nose forward into the water and seemed to fly to pieces as it hit the waves. He saw little men on the deck of the Theodore Roosevelt below, men forestalled in plan into mere heads and feet, running out preparing to shoot at the others. Then the foremost flying machine was rushing between Bert and the American's deck, and then bang came the thunder of its bomb being flung neatly at the forward barbettes and a thin little crackling of rifle shots in reply. Whack, whack, whack, went the quick firing guns of the Americans' battery, and smash came an answering shell from the Furst Bismarck. Then a second and third flying machine passed between Bert and the American ironclad, dropping bombs also, and a fourth, its rider hit by a bullet, reeled down and dashed itself to pieces and exploded between the shot torn funnels, blowing them apart. Bert had a momentary glimpse of a little black creature jumping from the crumpling frame of the flying machine, hitting the funnel and falling limply, to be instantly caught and driven to nothingness by the blaze and rush of the explosion.

Smash came a vast explosion in the forward part of the flagship, and a huge piece of metal work seemed to lift out of her and dump itself into the

sea, dropping men and leaving a gap into which a prompt drachenflieger planted a flaming bomb. And then for an instant Bert perceived only too clearly in the growing, pitiless light a number of minute, convulsively active animalcules scorched and struggling in the Theodore Roosevelt's foaming wake. What were they? Not men—surely not men! Those drowning, mangled little creatures tore with their clutching fingers at Bert's soul. "O God!" he cried. "O God!" almost whimpering. He looked again and they had gone, and the black stem of the Andrew Jackson, a little disfigured by the sinking Bremen's last shot, was parting the water that had swallowed them into two neatly symmetrical waves. For some moments sheer blank horror blinded Bert to the destruction below.

Then, with an immense rushing sound, bearing as it were a straggling volley of crashing minor explosions on its back, the Susquehanna, three miles and more now to the east, blew up and vanished abruptly in a boiling, steaming welter. For a moment nothing was to be seen but tumbled water, and then there came belching up from below, with immense gulping noises, eruptions of steam and air and petrol and fragments of canvas and wood-work and men.

That made a distinct pause in the fight. It seemed a long pause to Bert. He found himself looking for the drachenflieger. The flattened ruin of one was floating ahead of the Monitor; the rest had passed, dropping bombs down the American column; several were in the water and apparently uninjured, and three or four were still in the air and coming round now in a wide circle to return to their mother airships. The American ironclads were no longer in column formation. The Theodore Roosevelt, badly damaged, had turned to the southeast, and the Andrew Jackson, greatly battered, but uninjured in any fighting part, was passing between her and the still fresh and vigorous Furst Bismarck to intercept and meet the latter's fire. Away to the west the Hermann and the Germanicus had appeared and were coming into action.

In the pause after the Susquehanna's disaster Bert became aware of a trivial sound like the noise of an ill greased, ill hung door that falls ajar—the sound of the men in the Furst Bismarck cheering.

And in that pause in the uproar, too, the sun rose, the dark waters became luminously blue, and a torrent of golden light irradiated the world. It came like a sudden smile in a scene of hate and terror. The cloud veil had vanished as if by magic, and the whole immensity of the German air fleet was revealed in the sky, the air fleet stooping now upon its prey.

"Whack, bang, whack, bang!" the guns resumed, but ironclads were not built to fight the zenith, and the only hits the Americans scored were a few lucky chances in a generally ineffectual rifle fire. Their column was now badly broken. The Susquehanna had gone, the Theodore Roosevelt had fallen astern out of the line, with her forward guns disabled, in a heap of wreckage, and the Monitor was in some grave trouble. These two had ceased fire altogether, and so had the Bremen and Welmar, all four ships lying within shot of each other in an involuntary truce and with their respective flags still displayed. Only four American ships now, with the Andrew Jackson leading, kept to the southeasterly course. And the Furst Bismarck, the Hermann and the Germanicus steamed parallel to them and drew ahead of them, fighting heavily. The Vaterland rose slowly in the air for the concluding act of the drama. Then, falling into place one behind

the other, a string of a dozen airships dropped with unhurrying swiftness down the air in pursuit of the American fleet. They kept at a height of 2,000 feet or more until they were over and a little in advance of the rearmost ironclad, and then stooped swiftly down into a fountain of bullets and, going just a little faster than the ship below, pelted her thinly protected decks with bombs until they became sheets of detonating flame. So the airships passed one after the other along the American column as it sought to keep up its fight with the Furst Bismarck, the Hermann and the Germanicus, and each airship added to the destruction and confusion its predecessor had made. The American gunfire ceased, except for a few heroic shots, but they still steamed on, obstinately unsubdued, bloody, battered and wrathfully resistant, spitting bullets at the airships and unmercifully pounded by the German ironclads. But now Bert had but intermittent glimpses of them between the nearer bulks of the airships that assailed them.

It struck Bert suddenly that the whole battle was receding and growing small and less thunderously noisy. The Vaterland was rising in the air, steadily and silently, until the impact of the guns no longer smote upon the heart but came to the ear dulled by distance, until the four silenced ships to the eastward were little distant things. But were there four? Bert now could see only three of those floating, blackened and smoking rafts of ruin against the sun. But the Bremen had two boats out; the Theodore Roosevelt was also dropping boats to where the drift of minute objects struggled, rising and falling on the big, broad Atlantic waves. The Vaterland was no longer following the fight. The whole of that hurrying tumult drove away to the southeastward, growing smaller and less audible as it passed. One of the airships lay on the water burning, a remote monstrous fount of flames, and far in the southwest appeared first one and then three other German ironclads hurrying in support of their consorts.

Steadily the Vaterland soared, and the air fleet soared with her and came round to head for New York, and the battle became a little thing far away, an incident before the breakfast. It dwindled to a string of dark shapes and one smoking yellow flare that presently became an indistinct smear upon the vast horizon.

Never before had Bert Smallways seen pure destruction, never had he realized the mischief and waste of war. His startled mind rose to the conception; this also is in life. Out of all this fierce torrent of sensation one impression rose and became cardinal—the impression of the men of the Theodore Roosevelt who had struggled in the water after the explosion of the first bomb. "Gaw!" he said at the memory; "it might 'ave been me and Grubb! I suppose you kick about, and get the water in your mouf. I don't suppose it lasts long."

He became anxious to see how Kurt was affected by these things. Also he perceived he was hungry. He hesitated toward the door of the cabin and peeped out into the passage. Down forward, near the gangway to the men's mess, stood a little group of air sailors looking at something that was hidden from him in a recess. One of them was in the light diver's costume Bert had already seen in the gas chamber turret, and he was moved to walk along and look at this person more closely and examine the helmet he carried under his arm. But he forgot about the helmet when he got to the recess, because there he found lying on the floor the dead body of the boy who had been killed by a bullet from the Theodore Roosevelt.

The boy lay just as he had fallen and died, with his jacket torn and scorched, his shoulder blade smashed and burst away from his body, and all the left side of his body ripped and rent. There was much blood. The sailors stood listening to the man with the helmet, who made explanations and pointed to the round bullet hole in the floor and the smash in the panel of the passage upon which the still vicious missile had spent the residue of its energy. All the faces were grave and earnest; they were the faces of sober, blond, blue eyed men accustomed to obedience and an orderly life, to whom this waste, wet, painful thing that had been a comrade came almost as strangely as it did to Bert.

A peal of wild laughter sounded down the passage in the direction of the little gallery and something spoke—almost shouted—in German, in tones of exultation.

[To be continued.]

A GLANCE AT WORLD AFFAIRS

THE meeting of the Democratic national committee on Jan. 8 clears the decks for the national conventions, and the first stage of the presidential campaign has begun. This may be called the primary stage since it concerns the election of delegates. Several states actually have presidential primaries, and in others one party or the other provides for the election of delegates by the primary system.

The national conventions this year will be larger than ever before because of the new apportionment. Each will have more than 1,000 delegates. In the Republican convention a majority will nominate, as heretofore, while in the Democratic a two-thirds majority will be required.

The Tariff Board.

The report of the tariff board on the wool and cotton schedules has been delayed longer than was anticipated. The first promise was that it would be ready when congress met on Dec. 4. Then it was put over to a later date. Now that it is before congress we may expect another tariff debate, to open which will eclipse even that of the special session.

Professor H. C. Emery, the chairman of the board, is professor of po-



Professor H. C. Emery, Chairman of the Tariff Board.

litical economy of Yale university. It is said that when President Taft appointed the board he submitted the matter to a large number of colleges, asking them to recommend three men fitted to serve on the board. Professor Emery was named on practically every list and headed many of the lists submitted. Mr. Taft therefore made him chairman, a thing that probably gave him all the more gratification since he himself is a Yale man. Professor Emery is only thirty-nine years of age, and he studied at Bowdoin, Harvard, Columbia and the University of Berlin. He was professor of political economy in Bowdoin before going to the same chair in Yale.

The Monetary Commission.

The monetary commission ended its statutory existence on Jan. 8, and its report is likewise before congress. Its chief recommendations were for a national reserve association and an asset currency. The avowed object of this radical departure from our present financial system is to provide for a more elastic currency that may be used for crop movements and at other times when a large volume of currency is required. It is certain that these proposals will occasion a fight in congress since many members oppose an asset currency. It is also charged that a national reserve association will be in effect a central bank. Former Senator Aldrich was the chairman of the monetary commission.

State Railroad Cases.

One of the most important hearings of recent times, originally set for Jan. 8 in the supreme court at Washington, has been postponed. This is the case in which the committee of governors, consisting of Governors Harmon of Ohio, Hadley of Missouri and Aldrich of Nebraska, is so much interested. When the governors' conference was held at Spring Lake, N. J., last fall the action that caused the widest comment of any there taken was the appointment of this committee to appear in the hearing of the Minnesota rate case. The issue involved in this case is that of federal control of railroad rates within the state. As a number of other cases from other states involving this or kindred principles were before the court, these were combined for one hearing. The governors stood for the right of the states to control the rates within their own borders. These are known as intrastate rates as contrasted with interstate rates, over which congress has undisputed control.

Standard Oil Once More.

Notwithstanding the dissolution of the Standard Oil company, the directors of that corporation held a meeting at Bayonne, N. J., during the week. Other meetings were that of the American commission merchants in Cincinnati on Jan. 10 and that of the United States Golf association in Philadelphia, Jan. 13.

Federation of Labor.

Because of the wholesale investigation of the dynamite cases and the charges against labor leaders in various parts of the land the meeting of the executive board of the American

Federation of Labor, which opened in Washington on Jan. 8, was of more than usual importance. Another thing that rendered it of especial interest to workmen is the labor legislation now pending or about to be introduced in congress. This includes or will include an eight hour bill, employers' liability, child labor and many kindred subjects. The report of the congressional commission on employers' liability, which was recently prepared, gives assurance that some sort of legislation on this subject is probable during the present session.

Governor Joe Brown.

The re-election of Joseph M. Brown as governor of Georgia on Jan. 9 followed the primary in which he beat Pope Brown for the nomination last December. In Georgia the Smith and Brown families seem to be in the ascendancy, as Hoke Smith and Brown have been alternating as governor for some years. First Smith was elected, then Brown defeated him for renomination, next Smith turned the tables and beat Brown for a renomination, and now after Smith is elected to the senate Brown again wins, defeating Smith's candidate, Pope Brown, who, though of the same name as Joe, is not of the same family or faction in the party. Georgia's history during these alternating administrations will look to future generations something like a political teeter board.

The Republic of China.

There are two men involved in the Chinese revolution in both of whom Americans are especially interested. They are Wu Ting Fang, former minister at Washington, and Sun Yat Sen, who spent years in America and England laying plans and raising funds for the present revolution. Wu Ting Fang was made minister of foreign affairs in the cabinet of the provisional republican government at Shanghai. Sun Yat Sen is the head of the republican movement for the whole empire, whose headquarters are at the ancient capital of Nanking. While Mr. Wu was dealing with the representatives sent by Premier Yuan Shih Kai, Dr. Sun and his friends were busy proclaiming a republic without waiting for the action of this conference. It seems safe to say that the Chinese republic, like the newest paper, has come to stay.

Turkish-Italian War.

Tripoli now is accepted by the world as an Italian dependency. Even though there be no formal announcement of the fact, this is accepted in the capitals of the world. Italy will still have considerable fighting before she reduces the Arabs, but so far as Turkey is concerned she has lost her hold in Africa forever. The history of the war is now only a chronicle of skirmishes between the Italian troops and the natives in Tripoli.

Home Rule Probable.

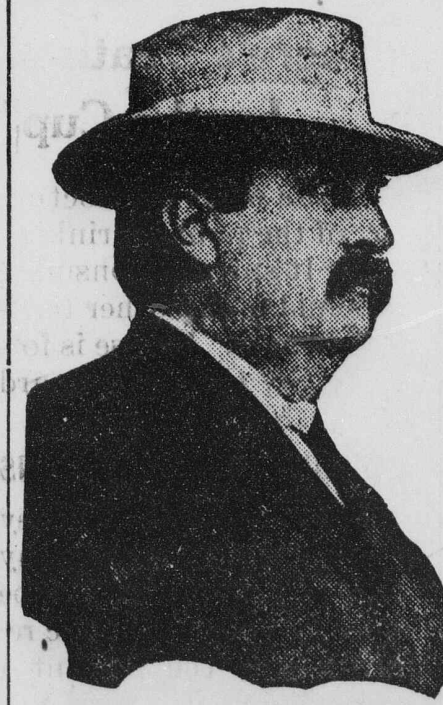
When the British house of lords was deprived of the veto power the success of Irish home rule became only a question of time. Parliament is now moving in that direction, and it seems probable that a home rule bill will pass the house of commons this year.

The German Election.

On Jan. 12 was held a general election throughout the German empire for members of the reichstag. Interest was lent to the contest because of the general discontent over the terms of the Moroccan agreement with France and the popular resentment in Germany toward England. The Social-Democratic party conducted an aggressive campaign as usual.

The Lorimer Case.

The second Lorimer investigation having been completed, perhaps we are about to hear the last of this famous case, as the verdict this time



Copyright by American Press Association. Senator William Lorimer, Whose Election Was Investigated.

should settle it. The majority of the first committee, it will be remembered, vindicated Lorimer, and after a long and sensational debate its findings were approved by something like six majority. The new congress was not satisfied with this finding, however, and ordered another investigation. In the meantime new evidence came to light. The committee also reported in the Stephenson case. Its verdict was in favor of the aged senator in a general way, although it condemned the lavish use of money in a senatorial election. [B B]

ARABIA'S DATE TREES.

Every Part of Them is Made to Serve a Purpose.

To the Arab mind the date tree is the perfection of beauty and utility. Every part of this wonderful tree has its use to the Arab. The pistils of the date blossom contain a fine curly fiber, which is beaten out and used in all eastern baths as a sponge for soaping the body. At the extremity of the trunk is a terminal bud containing a white substance resembling an almond in consistency and taste, but a hundred times as large. This is a great table delicacy.

There are said to be more than a hundred varieties of date palm, all distinguished by their fruit, and the Arabs say that a good housewife can furnish her husband with a dish of dates differently prepared every day for a month.

Dates form the staple food of the Arabs in a large part of Arabia and are served in some form at every meal. Sirup and vinegar are made from old dates, and by those who disregard the teachings of the Koran a kind of brandy is distilled from them. The date pit is ground and fed to cows and sheep, so that nothing of the precious fruit may be lost. Whole pits are used as beads and counters for the Arab children in their games on the desert sand.

The branches or palms are stripped of their leaves and used like rattan for the making of beds, tables, chairs, cradles, birdcages, boats, and so forth. The leaves are made into baskets, fans and string, and the outer trunk furnishes fiber for rope of many sizes and qualities.

The wood of the trunk, although light and porous, is much used in bridge building and architecture and is quite durable.

In short, when a date palm is cut down there is not a particle of it that is wasted. This tree has been called the "poorhouse" and asylum for all Arabia. Without it millions would have neither food nor shelter. One-half of the population of Mesopotamia, it is estimated, live in date mat dwellings.—Pittsburgh Press.

His Downfall.



BREAD FROM ACORNS.

How Indians of the Sierras Made Kernel Palatable.

The Indians of the Sierra country have their own method of transforming the bitter kernel of the acorn into a kind of bread that is said to be extremely palatable, and a correspondent has described the process as follows:

"They shucked and ground in the usual manner a large mass of acorn meat. A number of circular vats had been hollowed out of the black soil in the shape of a punch bowl. Into these was put the acorn pulp. At hand stood several large clothes baskets filled with water.

"Into these baskets they dropped hot stones, thus heating the water. Upon the mass of crushed bitterness they ladled the hot water until it was about the color and consistency of cream. Not a speck appeared. A buxom muhala (squaw) stood by each vat and with a small fir bough stirred the mass, skillfully removing any speck that floated on the surface. The soil gradually absorbed the bitter waters, leaving a firm white substance. This they removed so adroitly that only a small portion adhered to the soil. This they spread upon rocks to dry and afterward mixed it with water, patted it into thin cakes and baked before the fire."—Steward.

Has Woman Town Clerk. Newcastle West, a town in County Limerick, Ireland, has just appointed the first woman town clerk in a general way, although it condemned the lavish use of money in a senatorial election. [B B]

FASHIONS AND THE HOUSEHOLD

Velvet Is Used In Hats

For Adult and Child



Picturesque caps or hats that look like caps have been very popular this season. So, too, have fur trimmings. Sometimes the fads are combined, as in the case of the headgear pictured

ATTRACTIVE WORKBAG.

One That Commends Itself In Point of Simplicity and Usefulness.

For simplicity and usefulness there is no small workbag to equal one that is best made of figured raw silk, flowered chintz, printed cretonne, denim or an ornamental substantial material. The fabric should be fully a yard wide, as that is the diameter of the circular piece which forms the foundation of the bag. This circle is firmly bound about its edge with colored braid or stout grosgrain ribbon of sufficient width to prevent all danger of the material fraying away if any article of considerable weight is placed in the receptacle.

A second circle of the same diameter as the first one, but with sixteen inches of its center cut away, must have its inner and outer edges bound to match the foundation, after which the two sections are placed together evenly so that the outer edges and the reverse sides match. The inner edge of the cut out circular piece is then stitched to the uncut circle, and from this stitching eight seams are run to the outer edge, so that when four half yard strips of braid or ribbon have been attached to the edge of the foundation circle at equal distances from each other and drawn together under a single bow the flat article becomes a round bag bordered on its inner side with eight small pockets or compartments for holding reels of thread, balls of cotton, skeins of embroidery silk and the smaller sewing utensils, while the center of the bag holds the larger articles.

A CORNER FOR THE CHILDREN

A MYSTERY GAME.

It is Necessary That Only Two of Party Should Know It.

It is necessary that only two of the party should have a knowledge of this game, and then real "wonderment" is sure to be the result.

The two players agree that a certain word shall be regarded as a signal word. As an illustration imagine this word to be "and."

One of the players asserts his belief that he is gifted with second sight and states that he is able through a closed door to name any article touched by any person in sympathy with him notwithstanding that the same person may attempt to mystify him by mentioning a lot of other articles. He then chooses his confederate as being one with whom he may be in sympathy and goes outside.

The player in the room then proceeds to call out, perhaps as follows: Table, hearth rug, piano, footstool and chair, lamp, inkstand. He then places his hand on the back of a chair and asks, "What am I touching now?" The answer will, of course, be "chair," because the signal word "and" came immediately before that article.

If the players are skillful there is no need for the trick to be discovered.

The Candle Stone.

A woman writer who was brought up in South Africa says that she and her brothers and sisters had, as one of their playthings, a bright stone that they called the candle stone. It was about the size of a walnut and would flash in a bright and singular way when held up to the light. Not until the children had grown up and the candle stone had been lost for years did any of them realize that it was a diamond of immense value. The Kimberley mines were in the unknown future, but this stone had perhaps been washed down by some torrent or brought by chance from that region.

NEW SHOULDER CAPES.

Worn With One Piece Frocks and Replace the Large Fur Piece.

Many of these capes are a combination of furs. They are worn over one piece frocks. There are many women who want just such an attractive finish to a one piece frock for afternoon wear, and they are glad to invest in a shoulder cape rather than a large fur piece.

These little capes do not touch the middle of the figure. They are something in the nature of bretelles; there is a wide sloping band that goes over the shoulder and is caught at the waist, back and front, with an ornamental motif or buckle. At the outer edge of the shoulder band is a circular ruffle of material which hangs over the arm half way to the elbow. Under the buckle at the waist line, in the back, there starts a double cascade of material which falls to the knees.

This cascade at the back is quite a feature of the smart new house gowns, although it has not appeared in any general way. It is quite easy to have one of these shoulder draperies made at a small cost if you have any presentable fur that can be cut up. It could be used for the wide bands and velvet used for the circular ruffle and the cascade at the back. The buckle can be covered with fur.

HANGING "BREEZE" BASKETS.

Hung Upon Mirror or Elsewhere They Send Forth Fragrance.

The bedroom that is redolent of the old fashioned scent of lavender suggests refreshment and peace. It is not enough to line the wardrobe shelves with lavender sachets, though to do so is a step in the right direction. More obvious methods must be chosen to the end that not only when the wardrobe doors are flung open does a delicious whiff of the herb penetrate the atmosphere, but an ever present fragrance is secured.

Very pretty are the hanging "breeze" baskets, which every breath of air from the outside encourages to send forth a delicious scent. The baskets are hung upon ribbon and are slung upon the looking glass or upon the handle of an escritoire, out of sight maybe, but not out of mind.

Piano Don'ts.

Never rest the piano against an outside wall, where it will certainly absorb the damp.

Never place it too near the fire, where it suffers the contrary evil and the heat draws the wood.

Never leave a window open on a rainy day if the piano stands anywhere near or the wires will rust and the damp will injure the interior of the instrument.

Never sweep the room with the piano open, as the dust is most injurious.

Never place on the top of the piano a number of jingling or indeed any sort of ornaments.

A Use For Cigar Ashes.

Cigar ashes can be utilized as polish for gold watches, bracelets and rings, chains and other trinkets. This comes from a prominent jeweler, so it must be nearly correct. He even goes to the extent of carrying with him a small case in which he preserves all the ashes from the cigars which he smokes. He says that the grain is so fine that it leaves no mark that is discernible to the naked eye.

The Peddler's Pass

By FREDERICK B. MURRAY

It was at a period soon after the close of the Revolutionary war that Aaron Whitney, a Yankee peddler passed through the Mohawk valley on his way to Albany. The day was Sunday, and there was a law among the Dutchmen of those parts that no one should travel on that day. Moreover, there was as much antipathy between Dutchmen and Yankees as there is between cats and mice. How the Dutch ever left Holland to make homes in a new country beyond the sea no historian has ever explained, for when a Dutchman was once settled anywhere he never moved. Not so the Yankee. He would take up a piece of land, improve it, sell it and go somewhere else.

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed one of the deacons of the Dutch church. "See that Yankee traveling on the Lord's day! Was ever such blasphemy? Let us take him before Justice Van der Donk, who will doubtless mete out his punishment."

So they took Aaron before the justice. He was sitting under an apple tree near his house, with a glass of schnapps beside him and a long clay pipe in his mouth. This is not mentioned as an unusual position for the great man, for all the day long he sat in no other. As Aaron was taken before him the peddler saw a pair of blue eyes looking at him from a window in the house. There was something in the young girl who owned them to attract him, and there was that in the peddler's sly step and twinkling eye to catch her fancy.

"What you travel Sunday for?" asked Van der Donk, taking his pipe out of his mouth and looking sternly at the peddler.

"I'm goin' to Albany and from there down east. I have sold my wares and want to get home."

"H'm!" said the Dutchman. "You stay here till tomorrow. I don't want you to bring the wrath of the Lord down on us."

The peddler threw off his pack, making a virtue of necessity. At least that was the appearance of it. Really he was quite willing to remain over while that he might look upon the fair face of the justice's daughter, Katrina, who had looked upon him out of her blue eyes. And the girl was equally desirous of seeing more of the engaging peddler. Why it is no man has ever told us, but peddlers are proverbially fascinating to women. Perhaps it is the same audacity that enables them to sell their wares. At any rate, the peddler, leaving his pack for security, went off to the other end of the apple orchard and waited for the girl to come to him, never for a moment doubting that she would do so.

And she did. She had been long desirous of pouring out her dissatisfaction at the life she led to some person in whom she had confidence, and she

felt sure that she could confide in the Yankee. She told him that her father compelled her to do all the work, while he smoked and drank schnapps; that she had a thousand dollars in a bank at Albany, left her by her mother, for which her father was trustee and that he would not let her have it. The peddler told her that she needed a husband to work for her, and she would find this much easier and pleasanter than working for some one else.

Now, the justice, thinking the peddler in a hurry to go on, when the shades of night came down intimated that for a consideration he would pass him. The Yankee declared that Sunday ended at sunset. The Dutchman scouted such theology, maintaining that it lasted till sunrise the next day. The Yankee finally consented to pay. The justice, who either could not write or was too fat or too lazy to write or could not write in English as well as in Dutch, told the Yankee to write a pass. Aaron took up the quill and wrote in an illegible hand on a bit of paper. The Dutchman ran his sleepy eyes over it, grunted "Goot!" signed it and handed it back to him. Aaron folded it, put it in his pocket, took up his pack and departed. The justice got up from his chair and by the aid of two canes got himself into the house, where supper was served him by his daughter. Then, after a couple of hours' smoke, he went to bed.

The next morning when he woke up and called Katrina, as usual, there was no response. The old man roused his neighbors, who hunted high and low for the damsel, but she was not to be found. That she had gone with the peddler never occurred to the justice or any of the stupid Dutchmen. If they connected her disappearance with him it was that he might have murdered her.

Two days passed, and Katrina did not reappear. Then one morning there came a letter to old Van der Donk. Since he was not used to receiving letters he felt sure it contained information of his lost daughter. He helped himself with his canes to the apple tree and got one of his neighbors to bring his schnapps and his pipe. After he had taken a pull at the one and lighted the other he broke the letter's seal. It contained a statement closing his account with the bank in Albany where his daughter's legacy was kept. There was one inclosure. The Dutchman looked at it frontward, sidewise and upside down. He could make nothing of it. Then he called the nearest notary, who read it and told him that it was an order for the bank to pay to Aaron Whitney his daughter's legacy, with accumulated interest. In ten minutes more a light broke into the old man's brain.

"Yah," he said reflectively, "it's t' Yankee pass!"

CHANGES IN FLOWERS.

Shakespeare Would Be Amazed at Blossoms' Transformation.

Shakespeare, for all his love of flowers, would have been able to name scarcely a single bloom in the twentieth century garden, says the Strand. He would hardly have been able to distinguish the queen of flowers itself, so greatly has the rose changed in the last three centuries.

As for the begonias, the chrysanthemums, the dahlias, the geraniums, the fuchsias and carnations, these were unknown even to our great-grandfathers. Many of our most beautiful flowers are purely modern productions.

Three centuries ago there were no flower gardens in England. What were then thought of as gardens were herbaria, places where rosemary, mint, rue, thyme and sage grew, and perhaps a few primitive blooms, such as violets and primroses, were suffered to exist, much as poppies and cornflowers do today.

From South America came many years ago the recently unfashionable fuchsia; from the hills of northern India and Tibet have been brought many useful varieties. Japan has yielded wonderful irises, Africa many varied plants, usually of most brilliant and gorgeous coloring, while numerous charming members of the narcissus family have been discovered in the Pyrenees.

But this cannot continue indefinitely, and even in the realm of orchids, for which perhaps the most systematic search of all is made, there is not much left to be explored. For our future novelties we shall have to rely then chiefly on the skill of our hybridists, who are constantly engaged in mating different species of the same family of plants, and our cross fertilizers, who are doing similar work with different varieties of the same species. The flowers of today are the result of crossbreeding, stimulated by electricity, drugs and hot water baths.

A Meal In Sight.



-Life.

RELIGIOUS WORK

Items of Interest In the Field of Christian Effort.

BIBLE IN STRANGE LANDS.

Hardships and Perils Encountered by Those Sent to Sell the Word—Methodist Episcopal Church Reports Gains In 1911.

Some interesting facts and quaint stories are contained in the one hundred and seventh report of the British and Foreign Bible society. The society issued 903,827 Bibles, 1,199,239 New Testaments and 4,782,720 portions of the Scriptures during 1910, totals which easily constitute a record. Two thousand eight hundred and forty-five cases of the Scriptures, weighing 333 tons, were sent out from the Bible house in London.

To place the Scriptures within reach of all the society maintains its own depots and agents in nearly a hundred of the chief cities of the world, says the London Leader. The great bulk of its issues consists of cheap popular editions, which are sold at prices far below their cost. A Chinese pocket Testament, for instance, which costs about fivepence to produce is sold for 1 penny.

To get at the dispersed multitudes the society employs 1,100 colporteurs—men belonging to dozens of races and speaking scores of tongues, who travel the world over, from village to village and door to door.

These colporteurs are to be met with along the high roads and footpaths of the world, visiting lonely homes and scattered hamlets and mixing with the crowds at markets and festivals.

In 1910 these wandering Bible sellers sold more than 3,000,000 copies of the Scriptures.

During the year the Bible was completed in ten new languages. They include Mukri-Kurdish, Bhojpuri, Bunan, Dholuo, Teso, Luna-Inkongo, Balinese, Mundari and Korean. Some of these translations have taken years to achieve. The society's list of versions now includes 432 distinct forms of speech.

In the Austrian Tyrol it is still a crime to sell a Bible—almost the only district left in Europe. As the society's report says: "The work of the society in the Austrian half of the dual monarchy has always been a struggle against adversity. Enemies, concealed and open, have waged war against us

for three generations and are as bitter and inexorable today as they were a hundred years ago."

Some of the colporteurs employed by the society relate curious experiences. In Madagascar a sorcerer named Raine-balata, who made his living by divination, bought a Malagasy testament for his daughter and then learned to read it for himself. This led him to the Christian service. Finally he gave up his heathen profession, and today he is a pastor in the Christian church.

Methodist Episcopal Statistics.

The Methodist Year Book for 1911 gives some interesting information. It shows that the Methodist Episcopal church has not come to a standstill. In the year the number of its ministers increased by 741, besides a net gain of seventy-one local preachers.

The total church membership is now 3,518,000, a net increase of 32,118 over the previous year (2,394 probationers and 29,722 full members).

Sunday schools have gained 891 schools, 14,670 officers and teachers and 52,008 scholars, and the enrollment approximates four millions—to be exact, 3,950,936.

Church buildings aggregate 30,397, a gain of 93. The total value, \$183,262,593, is \$2,441,536 beyond the figures of 1910. It has also gained 160 parsonages, valued at \$1,836,922, making a total of 13,990 parsonages, valued at \$32,852,193. The aggregate valuation of Methodist Episcopal church and parsonage property in this country and in mission lands is \$216,115,786. The value of hospitals, orphanages, homes for the aged and schools and colleges is not included.

The Epworth league is the only organization which lags behind the general advance.

Women Remove Hats.

In order to remove an excuse offered by men for not attending church the women of the First Methodist church of Ithaca, N. Y., have decided to remove their hats during services. It is not that the men don't admire fine millinery, they say. They went to be able to see the minister when they attend church. "This action was taken at a gathering of men and women of the church. The 'hat excuse' was introduced by the Rev. Wallace E. Brown, who referred to the question of attendance at church services and especially as regards the lack of attendance on the part of men. This is attributed to the complaint that men make that they cannot see the pastor because of the large hats women wear."

POPULATION BY SEX.

Proportion In United States is 106 Males to 100 Females.

In the United States as a whole there are 47,332,122 males and 44,640,144 females, or a proportion of 106 males for every 100 females.

While it is commonly assumed that the two sexes are equal in number, the fact is there is always a slight difference between them. Most northern European countries show an excess of females. The contrary fact in the United States has been generally ascribed to the effects of immigration, as it is well known that among immigrants males predominate to a large extent.

Among the foreign whites there are 129.2 males for every 100 females, this proportion reflecting the familiar fact already noted with respect to the excess of males among immigrants.

But this excess of males is also found in the largest single group of the population of the United States—the native whites of native parents. Of the latter there are 5,229,294 males and 24,259,147 females, or a proportion of 104 males for every 100 females. This disparity is due wholly to natural causes. The only other cause which could affect it is emigration from the United States, and such emigration is small and is certainly not greater in case of females than in case of males.

At birth the number of males always exceeds the number of females, but male mortality is always greater than female. Consequently through the excess of male deaths the number of females gradually approaches that of males and in the later years of life exceeds it.

Dolls of Yarn



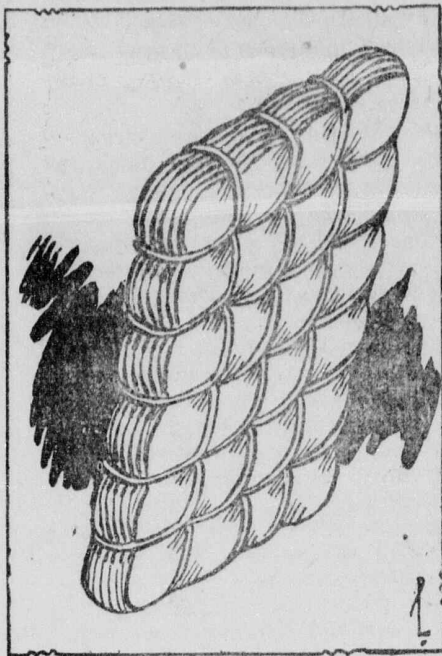
These dolls may be made by any little girl. They can be fashioned of yarn, crocheting cotton or soft string. If you use yarn buy a large skein of any color preferred. White, orange and pink are good colors.

Tie a string around the strands to hold them together and then insert a piece of cotton to help pad out the head into a ball. Tie a string below the cotton for the neck. Below this put in some more cotton to pad out the waist and tie another string at the waist line. Leave some of the strands of wool untied to be plaited for arms. Cut some of the strands around the outside to form the short skirt and then plait the remaining strands to form the legs. Turn up the ends and tie with a ribbon to form the feet.

Thread some strands of brown yard into the head to make the hair and then plait it and tie with ribbons. Tie a ribbon around the neck and another around the waist for a sash. Work the features on the face with silk, using small buttons for the eyes.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Novel Mattress With Removable Cover.



A novelty in mattresses has been designed by a Michigan man. Instead of a casing filled with hair or some other material, this mattress consists of a number of layers of fibrous material bound together by tapes that cross it longitudinally and laterally. At the intersections of the tape tufting passes through and keeps the former from slipping. When the whole is constructed a separate slip cover can be drawn over it and either made removable or fastened, as desired.

Roast Sucking Pig.

Select one from three to five weeks old. Clean well and stuff with mashed potatoes or stale bread, seasoned as for poultry, adding onions. If bread is used moisten with warm water, melted butter and one beaten egg. Stuff and sew up. Skewer the fore legs forward and the hind legs backward. Rub all over with butter and salt, pepper and flour. Put into baking pan with a little water. The oven should not be very hot at first, as it should be thoroughly warmed through before broiling. Baste often, using butter at first to make the skin tender and soft. Afterward, if you use the self basting pan, the steam will baste it and prevent it from burning. If you use the old fashioned baking pan, baste with hot water often, being careful not to let it burn. Bake about three hours.

Pork Fruit Cake.

Over one pound of fresh pork chopped very fine pour one pint of hot water and let stand until nearly cold. Then add two cupfuls of sugar and one cup of molasses into which has been dissolved one teaspoonful of soda. Take a quart of flour and add to it one teaspoonful of cloves, allspice, cinnamon, baking powder and salt. Sift the first mixture, then add one pound of raisins, one pound of currants and one pound of English walnuts, well floured, together with enough flour to make the whole very stiff. Bake in a moderate oven for an hour and three quarters.

Remedy For Croup.

Give equal quantities of powdered alum and sugar in quarter or half teaspoon doses every ten or fifteen minutes until relieved, or a few drops of kerosene or turpentine on a little sugar, given every ten or fifteen minutes. For an obstinate case of croup wet a cloth in cold water, wring as dry as possible, put on the chest and cover with a large flannel cloth to keep the underwear from getting wet. Cover the child up well and in a few minutes he should be much easier.

To Clarify Fat.

In boiling meats remove the meat when cooked, let the soup get thoroughly cold; skim fat from soup, place in kettle, fill kettle with water, place on range and let it boil one hour. Take off and let cool; skim again and put in with fresh water, boil one hour, take off and let cool; skim, put in kettle with no water, let it simmer slowly until all water is cooked out of the fat. Use this fat to shorten biscuits and doughnuts; it will be better than fresh butter or lard.

Roast Duck and Dressing.

Make a stuffing of dry bread and onions chopped fine, season with salt, pepper, sage and celery seed, moisten with warm water. Then fill and sew up the ducks, place in a dripping pan with butter and water enough for basting. Baste frequently until brown and tender. Thicken gravy with browned flour, add juice of half a lemon. Serve hot.

Walnut Caramels.

For walnut caramels make a sirup of half a cupful of corn sirup, a pound of brown sugar, half a cupful of milk, two level tablespoonfuls of butter and three squares of unsweetened chocolate. Cook it until the soft ball stage is reached, stir in a quarter of a pound of broken walnut meats and pour into a buttered tin. When it is cool mark into blocks.

Sponge Cake.

Three eggs well beaten, a cup of sugar, a tablespoonful of cold water, a cupful of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder and a teaspoonful of either vanilla or lemon.

HOW TO WASH CURTAINS.

Valuable Suggestions That Will Save Fabric and Trouble.

There are many convenient ways for washing and drying the most delicate of curtains. The white ones may be placed in a thin bag and washed with soap and water, rinsed and slightly starched while still in the bag, and squeezed as dry as possible, then spread on a clean sheet, either tacked to the floor or stretched between lines. The curtains are gently pulled in shape, the points pulled out and then left until dry.

For the finest and somewhat worn ecru curtains the following method is a favorite: The curtains are shaken free from dust and then put in a bag. But this time a few quarts of cornmeal, wet with gasoline, is put in the bag with the lace. The whole is rubbed and kneaded together and left as it is until the next day. Then the bag is taken out of doors, the curtains removed and shaken clear of the meal and hung on the line until free of the odor. They will then look fresh and clean and will still have the rich ecru color. Colored madras curtains may also be cleaned by this process.

The heavier curtains and draperies of scrim may be washed in warm water with soap, rinsed and starched in the usual way. Even those stenciled with paints and aniline dyes may receive this plebeian treatment. The ecru and cream tinted ones may be colored by putting tea or coffee in the rinsing water and dilute starch or dry yellow ochre (obtained at paint shop for a few cents), may be added to the starch until the right shade is obtained. To make a smooth, thin starch of these, mix half a cupful of starch with half a cupful of cold water until smooth, then add a gallon of boiling water, stirring constantly.

A stretcher is best to dry these heavier curtains on. There are wooden frames adjustable to any size of curtain, and several curtains may be dried at once on a single stretcher. Ironing is usually unsuccessful on any style of curtain, the size and open loose mesh of the article making it difficult to keep from stretching out of shape.

CARE OF BLACK CLOTHES.

How to Clean Them Perfectly and Improve Appearance.

From month to month people go on wearing black clothes and never seem to think that they require cleaning. It is enough that the dirt "doesn't show," and so one doesn't worry at all about it being there all the time. Think how quickly soiled a white garment would be and how a couple of days make muslin waists yearn for the wash tub, and perhaps you will realize that black, too, is unhygienic and unclean, even when it looks all right, and much more so when it has actually the appearance of being soiled and rusty.

At any time the appearance of black clothes may be greatly improved if they are thoroughly sponged with a strong infusion of tea or coffee, provided they are first of all well brushed and shaken. But they may also be washed without coming to grief. Experiment with a blouse and go on to a skirt, and you will soon see how successfully voile, serge, cashmere, lawn and cloth may be cleaned.

Add a little ammonia to lukewarm water and sponge the garment, without, however, rubbing it; then take it out, squeeze but do not wring it, plunge it into cold water, then hang it dripping in the air to dry, having selected, of course, a fresh and breezy day for washing. Before beginning the process all stains should first be removed.

How to Clean Wicker Furniture.

After summer use doubtless the wicker furniture will require a good cleaning. Do not scrub it with soap and water, as that invariably turns it yellow and causes unpleasant squeaking. Try scrubbing it with strong salt water. If there are shabby pieces give the articles a thorough salt water bath first, then scrub well and dry as quickly as possible in the open air and sunshine. Should you decide to paint the furniture get well mixed paint, rather than thin. If paint is too thick it will always rub off on the clothing. It is well to finish with a coat of enamel to make it last longer. Enamel does not hold dust like ordinary paint, consequently is more easily kept clean.

How to Freshen Black Silk.

Black silk can be renovated and made to appear almost new by sponging it with weak gum arabic water. Dissolve half an ounce in a little boiling water and then dilute with cold water until the stickiness of the gum can only barely be noticed. Sponge the silk over on the wrong side. Dry thoroughly. Sprinkle over, roll tightly in a towel, leave for a few hours and then press on the wrong side with a medium iron.

How to Clean Irish Crochet.

Here is a novel way of cleaning articles of Irish crochet. Put them in a fruit jar filled with gasoline and after placing the top tightly on shake the jar for a few minutes. Allow to stand for a few moments and then shake again. If the article is much soiled this process may need repeating several times. When it looks clean take from the fluid, hang out to dry and it will look as good as new.

How to Test Drinking Water.

Fill a pint bottle three-fourths full of water. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of granulated sugar in the water and cork the bottle. Set it in a warm place for two days, and if at the end of that time it becomes cloudy it is unfit for use. If it remains clear it is safe.

UPPER PENINSULA

The I. Stephenson Co. is a large corporation, and no doubt there are many depredations committed on its property that will never be known, much less the perpetrators detected. The United States has had a "conscience fund" for more than one hundred years, of money secretly returned. So has the Stephenson company. "Once or twice a month a letter is apt to come into the Wells office, enclosing a few cents or a few dollars, and the word "Restitution" or some similar inscription. It is the result of the workings of conscience or religion on some of those who have got away with small pilferings and repented thereof. But it is almost a regular thing nowadays.

The Ishpening common council seems to read the liquor law differently from others in the state. Says the Mining Journal: "Following the death of John Anderson, who conducted a liquor business in the Gilbert building, at the corner of First and Bank streets, Charles Gustafson, administrator of the estate, applied to the council for the privilege of continuing the business until the expiration of Mr. Anderson's license. The matter was referred to the committee, on bonds and sureties, which reported favorably at the special meeting Wednesday evening. Under the law governing the liquor traffic, it is held permissible for an administrator to conduct the business of a saloon proprietor who expires during the term for which his license was issued."

L. M. Geismar, of Chatham, was in Marquette Thursday consulting with Dr. Hornbogen, of the Marquette board of education, relative to medical inspection in schools, which is to be introduced in Rock River township, Alger county, at once. For the present, at least, the pupils' health will be passed upon by the teachers, all of whom will receive instructions from Mr. Geismar and other members of the board.

During the first two weeks of the year, ending Monday, the excess of cold over the average for the period in all other years totals 284 degrees, or 20.3 degrees a day says a copper country exchange. The present month threatens to go down in history as not only the coldest January ever known in the copper country, but the coldest month, which is unusual. February has held the honor for years. To show the danger to buildings, the Sheldon-Calverley building is taken as an example. This building is eighty feet wide and one hundred feet long and has a clear roof. A simple arithmetical operation will show that with snow five feet deep on the roof it has been bearing up about six hundred tons of snow, which is some load. The roof was cleared of snow yesterday as was most of the larger roofs in Houghton.

The new steamer Col. James Schoonmaker is not only the largest bulk freighter on the lakes but probably the largest freighter in the world designed exclusively for the carrying of freight in bulk. The Schoonmaker is 617 feet long with 64 feet of beam and is 33 feet in depth, her beam being six feet greater than that of the usual 600-foot type of lake steamers.

The percentage of improved farm lands to the entire area of five states in the middle west is as follows: Illinois, 78.2; Iowa, 82.9; Indiana, 78.4; Michigan, 34.9; Wisconsin, 33.7. The average value per acre of land in the same states is, Illinois \$95.02; Iowa, \$82.58; Indiana, \$62.36; Michigan \$32.48; Wisconsin, \$42. The upper peninsula with its tremendous area, pulls the Michigan averages down. When its lands really worth cultivation are turned into fertile farms and orchards the showing that Michigan will be able to make in comparison with her sister states will be a much more pleasing one.

As the result of a resolution introduced before the council, Dr. Long of Escanaba has been instructed to designate the proper place on the ice fields off the north and south shores for the different ice companies to procure their supplies of ice for the coming summer season. In the past there has been considerable discussion as to whether the companies were cutting ice polluted with sewage. To obviate the difficulty this season the health commissioner will mark off areas from which the ice will be taken and which will be sufficiently far removed from the end of the sewers to preclude pollution.

DO YOU READ THE GLADSTONE DELTA?

January 27, 1912 March 2, 1912

Homestead Notice.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR. U. S. LAND OFFICE, at MARQUETTE, MICH. January 16, 1912.

Notice is hereby given that ONESINE CHAPUT of Brampton, Michigan, who, on June 23, 1906, made Homestead Entry No. 12002, Serial No. 01357, for NW 1/4 of SE 1/4, Section 28, Township 41 N., Range 22 West, Michigan Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Delta County, Michigan, at Escanaba, Michigan, on the fourth day of March 1912.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Olof Oseen of Brampton Mich.
Edwin DeGross of " "
Frank Richards of " "
Peter Conklin of " "
OZRO A. BOWEN Register.

HE HAD HIS HAIR CUT.

And It Took a Long, Long Time to Find Out by Whom.

One of the most elaborate and sustained practical jokes on record was that played on J. M. Langford—commonly known as "Joe"—some fifty years ago. According to the version given in the "Life of Sir William Russell," Langford was in the Garrick club in London when Albert Smith accosted him: "Hello, Joe! Who has cut your hair?" Joe was in a dignified mood and resented the query. "I really don't see," he replied, "how it can interest you who cut my hair." Smith went downstairs and stood in the hall. The next member who came up to the morning room sauntered up to Langford with: "I see you've been having your hair cut. Who did it?" Joe very sternly replied, "I can't imagine why you ask me." Then he ordered a glass of sherry and bitters. The waiter brought it and gave a little start of surprise as he presented it with a "Beg pardon, sir! It's along of your hair, sir; it looks unusual." Joe went to the glass and saw nothing remarkable, but as he was considering his face Charles burst upon him with: "Where on earth did you get your hair cut, my dear Joe?"

Joe could stand it no longer. He went off to his chambers in Raymond's buildings, Gray's Inn. Next day he saw an advertisement in the Times: "J. M. L.—Say, who cut it? Was it your own hand or the deed of another? Confess ere it be too late." It was only the first of a series of similar announcements, and the ingenuity of his tormentors devised continual surprises for him. On the day he went down to Chertsey races he saw the walls placarded with enormous posters, yellow and black: "J. M. L.—Once more, who cut it? You must speak!" A band of Ethiopian minstrels was furnished with a melody to sing outside Raymond's buildings to the air of "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" then very popular. And the refrain was:

What are de wild waves saying as dey lap de Waterloo stair?
What are dem wild waves saying? Dey say, Who cut Joe's hair?

In despair, Langford went abroad, and when, at Chamonix, he climbed to the Cascade des Pelerins he found plastered in front of him a huge yellow poster bearing the words: "J. M. L.—Confess, reveal, or be forever lost! Who cut it?" Joe's spirit was broken. He sat down and wrote a humble letter to Albert Smith: "I yield, Spare me. My hair was cut in St. Martin's court at the barber's on the left hand side. His charge was threepence. I am quite beaten."

Her Opportunity.

In an old French joke book is a story to the effect that when at Rome public penances were customary a confessor thought fit to order that one of his female penitents should be flogged. She told her husband, and he volunteered to undergo the penance for her. The wife was present at the flogging, and whenever the confessor's energies flagged she would cry:

"Flog harder, father, for you know I'm a great sinner!"

Not a Scot.

From some unexplained cause the engine attached to a Scottish express once broke down near Y. A worthy quickly put his head out of the window and inquired:

"What on earth's wrong, gaird?"
The guard was cross, for no records could be broken that journey, and testily he replied:

"Well, Scottie, the driver's a countryman of yours, and the beggar has used all the hot water in the boiler to mix grog with."

"Na, na, gaird, the chiel's nae a Scot," came the retort, "or he widna trouble muckle about the water."

He Got There.

A New England bishop was on his way one winter day to fill an episcopal appointment in the lumber country when he ran into a old fashioned Maine blizzard. He had a dozen miles before him when it burst, and he was traveling in an old fashioned mountain stage drawn by two wiry horses. They fought about six miles bravely, and then it began to look hopeless. The driver and the bishop were wondering how they and the horses would live through the night when there came a whoop. In a few moments six husky lumberjacks mounted on six northern Maine horses came up to them through the swirl.

"Well, bishop," said the leader, "we was bound you should get through to that meeting if we could help you."

The good bishop was deeply touched at this show of religious zeal and tribute to him and his cause and so expressed himself.

"Yes," replied the man, "we'll get you through. You see, we was paid yesterday, and the boys has made up a thunderin' big pool on whether or not you'd git there. We boys has got a whole month's pay on your end. You'll git there."

He did, and he got half the pool for a new schoolhouse.

What Did He Mean?

At a supper party shortly before the production at the Duke of York's theater in London of Henry Arthur Jones' play, "The Princess' Nose," some one said to the late Sir W. S. Gilbert across the table:

"What do you think of Jones' new title, Gilbert?"
"Don't know what it is," growled Sir William.
"It is quaint to say the least," was the reply. "He calls his piece 'The Princess' Nose.'"
"H'm," grunted Gilbert meditatively; "hope it will run."

Peterson Opera House

SUNDAY, JANUARY 21

MADAM SHERRY

The Best Attraction THIS SEASON

Seat sale at Mead Drug Co. PRICES 50C TO \$1.50.

9c SALE

Begins Jan. 23, ends Feb. 1.

Rinsing Pans, 14 qt. each.....	9c	Towels Rollers, nickel plated.....	9c
Towels, Turkish 18x35 each.....	9c	Palmolive Soap cake.....	9c
Steel Square, 15x18 each.....	9c	Salad Dish, 9 in., with green lustre.....	9c
Chair Seats, fibre each.....	9c	Pail, 10 qt. flaring each.....	9c

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Tenth Street and Minnesota Avenue.

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