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ROMANCE OF A MIDSHIPMAN

Won a Wife by Posing as a Hero Done In Wax.

"Where did you first meet your wife, Halstead?"

The question was asked by a guest of Justin Halstead after dinner, when the wives of the two men had retired to the drawing room and cigars were brought to the dining table. A smile passed over Halstead's face.

"That's a funny story," he said. "I hadn't been out of the Naval academy a year and was as full of nonsense as the day I left Annapolis. Our ship was ordered to the Brooklyn navy yard for refitting, and having a good deal of time on my hands, I spent it in New York. I found the Eden Musee a good place to get away with an afternoon and spent not only one but several there. One day—I was in uniform at the time, having been ordered on some official duty in New York connected with the ship—I strolled into the show of wax figures along with one of our fellows, Tom Anderson. Tom was on leave and in mufti. We went through the place and sat on a wooden settee to rest and watch the people. A friend of Tom's went by, and Tom left me temporarily to go to speak to him.

"I noticed that several persons looked at me scrutinizingly, suspecting that since I was in uniform I might be a wax figure of some great naval hero, but as soon as they perceived that I was merely a real live middy they lost interest in me and passed on. Presently I saw coming a young girl sixteen, whose dresses had not been let down to the length for women, in the care of a French maid. She was one of the piquant kind, full of animation. This was evidently her first visit to the show, and she was intensely interested in everything she saw. She gave me an inquiring glance, then asked her maid in French whether I was flesh and blood or wax. Not getting a satisfactory reply, she came nearer and fixed her sparkling black eyes upon me.

"Of course it was a mean thing to do, but what can you expect from a youngster who has also the disadvantage of being a sailor ashore? I looked straight before me. Tom Anderson was standing at a little distance, talking with his friend, and saw the girl trying to make me out. He smiled and called his friend's attention to the pantomime. Tom had as much devilry in him as I and was equally culpable. Tipping the wink to his companions, he led the way toward me.

"Did you ever see Admiral Farragut as a young man?" he said, loud enough to be heard by the girl. "Here he is just as he was at twenty-one."

"The two stood before me while I stared at vacancy. The girl drew near to hear all about the great admiral.

"This waxwork," Tom continued, "was made after photographs taken at the time.

"No one would suppose," said Tom, "that the great naval hero could have been such a miserable looking specimen of humanity in his early days. Look at that nose. Did you ever see such a proboscis?"

"I think he was very handsome," said the girl to her maid indignantly. "Then his hands—big enough for a No. 10 glove. And his feet—they'd cover the quarter deck of a line of battle ship."

"The girl tossed her head and turned her back on the speaker. How I ever retained my gravity I don't know. I remember that I felt a horror of laughing, for it would have revealed a terrible slight upon the young girl. I had already had enough of the joke and wished that Tom would go away and the girl would pass on without knowing how we had fooled her. When she looked away for a moment I gave Tom an appealing look, which he understood and drew his friend to another curiosity.

"As soon as they had gone the girl entered, upon an animated dialogue with her maid, in which the former did nearly all the talking.

"Those men ought to be ashamed of themselves to talk that way. We've been studying about Admiral Farragut at school, and it's a disrespect to speak so even about his wax figure. I think he was lovely."

"My heart melted more and more to my charming defender, and I was becoming dreadfully ashamed of my deception. The maintaining of a fixed position was tiresome, but I would rather die than reveal myself.

"I don't see," the girl remarked, "how it is possible to make wax look so lifelike. See the color in the cheeks, the veins. Those eyes can't be glass. I wonder if he is a wax figure after all."

"At this juncture a fly lighted on my nose and made my position intolerable. The girl came very near and examined me critically. Then she raised her taper finger and touched me on the cheek. This was too much. I broke into a smile and said as kindly as I could:

"Mademoiselle, you have made a mistake."

"Oh, zoody gracious!" she gasped,

drawing away as from red-hot iron.

"I would have apologized, but she turned and ran away as fast as she could go, followed by her maid."

"And the second time you met?" asked the dinner guest.

"Oh, that was three years later at a ball on board the flagship. She recognized me and laughed at the incident. I fell in love with her and we were married. But there's nothing funny about that."

A HUMBLED PRINCE.

He Performed His Task and Squared Himself With His Boss.

Perley Sheehan told the other day of the sad days in Paris when he was a member of the Herald's staff there and under the personal supervision of Commodore James Gordon Bennett, says a New York letter to the Cincinnati Times-Star. There were days when nothing happened in that office, but there were more days when everything happened. Sometimes things happened that simply could not happen at all. "The commodore had a bunch of titled gentlemen working for him," said Sheehan. "Our copy boy was a Marquis de Something or Other. If he had possessed the commercial instinct he could have peddled that title of his on this side of the water for as much as a million and a quarter in iron dollars. Not having it, he pulled down 49 francs per week—which is \$8—and was often reduced to tears by the profane demands of the American barbarians that he eliminate the dignity from his walk and get in a little more pace. I've often thought that I should have abducted that boy and brought him to New York by force. I could have sold him to almost any well-to-do family with marriageable daughters.

"One of the attaches was a prince whose titles filled a couple of pages in the Almanach de Gotha, while his family's record took up almost the space allotted to a prize winning Hereford in the American cattle book. He was of a most impressive and magnificent exterior, he had been educated in the most aristocratic establishments of France, he had the entrée to every house of fashion in the city, and he had the intellect of a small pig. Commodore Bennett ordinarily used him as a sort of major domo. When the commodore was indisposed the prince did the honors of the establishment for him.

"Once," said Sheehan, "the commodore was about to go cruising on his yacht. The two most important members of that crew are dainty little Alderney cows, about the size of Shetland ponies. They furnish the commodore the fresh cream he insists on. The prince had made some sort of a faux pas which angered the commodore just previous to sailing.

"Is there nothing but I can do zat I may, vat you call square himself?" begged the prince, with tears in his eyes.

"There is," said the commodore. "You can lead my cows down to my yacht."

"And that inferior of two pages full of honored titles, weeping bitterly into a small ribbon of beard, led the two Alderneys to the yacht through the streets."

Reversing the Seasons.

When little Tommy Snow went to school one morning last summer his face beamed, and he rushed up to teacher to tell her that another new baby had arrived at home.

"Well, Tommy," said the teacher, "that's splendid! And how many have you now?"

"Oh, he's the fourth," replied Tommy. "We generally have a little Snow every summer, as father says."—Philadelphia Times.

Took Her Order.

Frank A. Munsey, the newspaper and magazine publisher, frequently visits his big plants, exhibiting particular concern that the furniture in the buildings shall be kept in good and neat condition. One morning as he was leaving an office in which a girl was working he stopped at her desk and put his finger on an ink stain on the wood. "That won't do at all," he said. "Tell the janitor to wash that off right away."

As he went toward the door the young woman said calmly: "You're going out in the hall. Tell him yourself."

The big publisher stopped, gulped—and then went after the janitor.—New York Tribune.

The Trouble With the Railway.

John Barrett, director of the bureau of American republics, is the champion long distance talker of Washington, and he likes to make speeches. On a recent occasion when his talk consumed almost the time allotted for the entire program he was followed by M. V. Richards, land agent of the Southern railway.

"Mr. Barrett's speech," said Mr. Richards, "is like the excuse made by the general agent of a railway in Georgia who was called before the board of directors to explain why the road was threatened with bankruptcy."

"Gentlemen," said the agent, "our railway runs through a country which is rich in natural resources. There's nothing the matter with the road, gentlemen, except that it has absolutely no terminal facilities."

Why Oyama Objected.

Franklin Matthews, represented a newspaper during the Russo-Japanese war and one day succeeded in breaking through that remarkable hedge of news censorship and reaching Field Marshal Oyama. The interview was brief, but extremely courteous, and the jubilant correspondent hurried back to prepare the story for his paper. In the course of it he used this expression: "Marshal Oyama is a brick!"

The letter was duly passed along to the official translator, and presently Captain Kanaka of the marshal's personal staff called upon the correspondent.

"Marshal Oyama presents his compliments," said the captain suavely,



"WHY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT?" CRIED THE AMAZED SCRIBE.

"and regrets to inform the esteemed correspondent that his honorable letter cannot be forwarded as written."

"Why, what's wrong with it?" cried the amazed war scribe.

Captain Kanaka explained with polite gravity.

"Marshal Oyama," he said, "objects to having the great American public regard him as baked mud."

For that is what the extremely literal translator had made of brick.

Her Knowledge.

President Caroline Hazard at a reception at Wellesley college said apropos of the girl graduate:

"May none of our graduates have said to them absentmindedly such a thing as was once said of a girl.

"This girl in taking leave of her dean murmured:

"Goody, professor. I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Oh," said the professor, "pray don't mention such a trifle."

HE JUDGED BY THEIR CLOTHES

Cigar Salesman Quick to Rectify an Error.

Herman Felner tells this story on himself, according to the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Times-Star. He was in Washington on business recently and met three or four friends on the street. After a moment's chat he beckoned them to come with him. "I'm off the staff," said he, "but I want to buy you each a cigar."

They happened to be in front of a combination cigar and news stand at the moment. Led by Mr. Felner, they all trooped in. The clerk hurried to the cigar case to wait upon them. Before Mr. Felner could indicate his wishes the clerk had slapped a box on the glass case. "Here y' are," said he. "Best dime smoke in town."

Mr. Felner is sort of fussy about his smokes. He looked at the cigar offered him rather dubiously and then shoved the box away. "Have you no other price?" he asked.

The clerk shoved the box in the case. "Sure thing," said he. "My mistake and your treat."

Having pulled off this time worn witicism, he addressed Mr. Felner confidentially. "Your clothes sort of fooled me," he said. "You fellows are a pretty well dressed lot, you know." Then he put another box on the counter. "Here," said he, "is the best nickel smoke in the village."

Long Lived Artists.

The longevity of artists is almost proverbial, and the case of Thomas Robert Macquoid, who at the age of ninety-one is still painting, is remarkable, but not unparalleled.

T. S. Cooper, R. A., exhibited at the Royal academy for several years after passing his ninetieth birthday. John Massey Wright, a water color artist, born in 1773, was fully occupied and in active work up to the time of his death at the age of ninety-three. Most notable, however, was Titian, who, born in 1477, lived just one year short of a century and continued to paint pictures until the very last.—London Chronicle.

ON DIT.

The Mining Journal says that the collector of internal revenue is supporting Taft. How strange!

Governor Osborn will now run on an anti-brewery platform. It is to be seen if the public loveth a cheerful flopper.

The L'Anse Sentinel says the Grangers' meeting was "spirituous." Has the editor crawled out from under the sanction desk yet?

We would inform any modern Diogenes that these diggings have already been thoroughly looked over the past few weeks with poor results.—Detroit Times.

There is a splendid unity of feeling between Canada and the United States. People in the Canadian Soo are just as cold as those in the American Soo this week.—Detroit News.

President Robert H. Shields, of the state tax commission, says that Osborn held the tonnage tax as a club over the mining corporations, to force out of them a campaign contribution. Will there be another libel suit?

Maybe the governor wants the tax commissioner to resign because Shields didn't put the Pere Marquette assessment down as far as Osborn thought it should go. Or perhaps it is just his first name that is against him.

The Michigan democratic delegation in congress has caused and elected officers. Whereupon one half the delegation (Congressman Doremus) nominated the other half (Congressman Sweet) for governor of Michigan.—Detroit News.

It seems strange that these good Republican papers of the Lake Superior country, which have viewed with satisfaction the patriotic efforts of congress to lower the duties on wool and barley, have not the courage of their convictions to applaud the steel schedule reductions.

The Register wants to ask certain anti-Protection editors who are shouting "buy goods made in Iowa" if it would not be just as wise for the people of the country to favor buying goods made in the United States, even if the robbers known as importers were put out of business?—Marion, Ia. Register.

Politicians who have been active in the upper peninsula for decades say that the split between Governor Osborn and R. H. Shields, of Houghton, is about the worst break that has ever occurred in this part of the state between two Republicans of prominence.

There have been some hard fights in the past, but the disputants have never before broken into the newspapers in a manner which threatened to leave such bad scars. "The old upper peninsula isn't what it used to be" sighed one of the veterans yesterday.—Mining Journal.

30 ON SINGLE TAKE

A Pennsylvania paper reports a wedding of one the employees of that office and closes in the following unique manner:

"Mr. DeLancey has been an employe of the Mountaineer-Herald for some time, while his bride was one of the Cambria Freeman force. Both are well-known and popular young folks.

As representative of the art preservation of all arts, we trust that their "furniture" may be of the best, their "quoins" numerous, and their "pi" well made.

When their "forms" are locked" in repose may their slumbers be blissful and if ever the "devil" gets after them may he be consigned to the "hellbox" instant.

Well George here's our * * * * * May the * * * * * ever shine brightly above you; may you equal every opportunity to advance in the world, and enjoy an unequalled career to the end of your * * * * * of existence, is the earnest wish of your fellow craftsman of Edensburg.

While we could not be so rash * * * * * anything on such a venture as a matrimonial voyage, we would willingly bet you will ! with many excellencies as a partner. There can be no ? about it. Never allow the +, or worse still, the : to come between you, and the number of your happy days will be many. In this you will find 11's of satisfaction, heaps of \$ \$ and @ last a happy home in that great beyond to which all good and weary old "prints" go.

THE SCAPEGOAT

"You say the boy's maternal grandfather was a highwayman?"

"Yes."

"And his paternal grandfather was charged with arson?"

"Yes."

"And his aunt is a shoplifter and his uncle a counterfeiter?"

"Yes."

"Then to what do you ascribe his waywardness?"

"Why to moving pictures, of course."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SAME OLD STORY

The Grangers of Baraga county assembled at Covington January 13, sent out the challenge that their demand for good roads be heard, and in a spirituous and exciting session censured the county road commissioners for their neglect, wastefulness of public monies, and their incompetency to build and repair roads, and petitioned the board of supervisors to investigate and demand a public accounting and, should charges be proven, remove these officials from office.

After much debating the following resolution was adopted:

"Whereas: Good roads are necessary and desirable in any community and especially so in agricultural districts; and

"Whereas: It appears by the county records, that many thousands of dollars, which are derived from taxation, are yearly expended in this county by the county road commissioners. This money is raised for the exclusive purpose of building and maintaining roads and highways; and

"Whereas: It appears and it is a self-evident fact, that the highways controlled and under the authority of the county road commissioners are in a miserable and, in some cases, in impassible condition;

Therefore we do object to the manner in which said commissioners have neglected their duties; and respectfully petition the board of supervisors of Baraga county to forthwith cause an investigation to be made regarding the expenditure of said money, and whether or not it has been expended to the best advantage of the County Road System; and whether the commissioners have failed to build and maintain such roads as they should have done with the monies in their control;

And that the books and vouchers of the commissioners be properly and carefully audited, and the commissioners be called before said board to explain the manner in which said money has been expended, and whether it has been paid out in accordance with the law pertaining to the County Road System.

And that, if, after a hearing and investigation the commissioners have been found to have willfully or negligently failed to do their duties, or to be incompetent and guilty of misdemeanor in office, they be forthwith removed and competent men be appointed to fill their places.—L'Anse Sentinel.

SHADES OF WASHINGTON!

Of course all this sort of thing must tend to cheapen the presidency. The man with the loudest band gets the best hearing. He who does not play the game as it is played by his competitors is handicapped. We have come to a time when dignified statesmanship is at a disadvantage. The tom-toms proclaim the "progressive" sentiment of the country and in the general din the modest voice of wisdom and conservatism is unheard. The whole presidential campaign is a leg race to cover the most ground and blare forth to the most people. It is a marathon of sensationalism and is far from edifying to thoughtful and rightminded citizens.—Mining Journal.

VERY EMBARRASSING

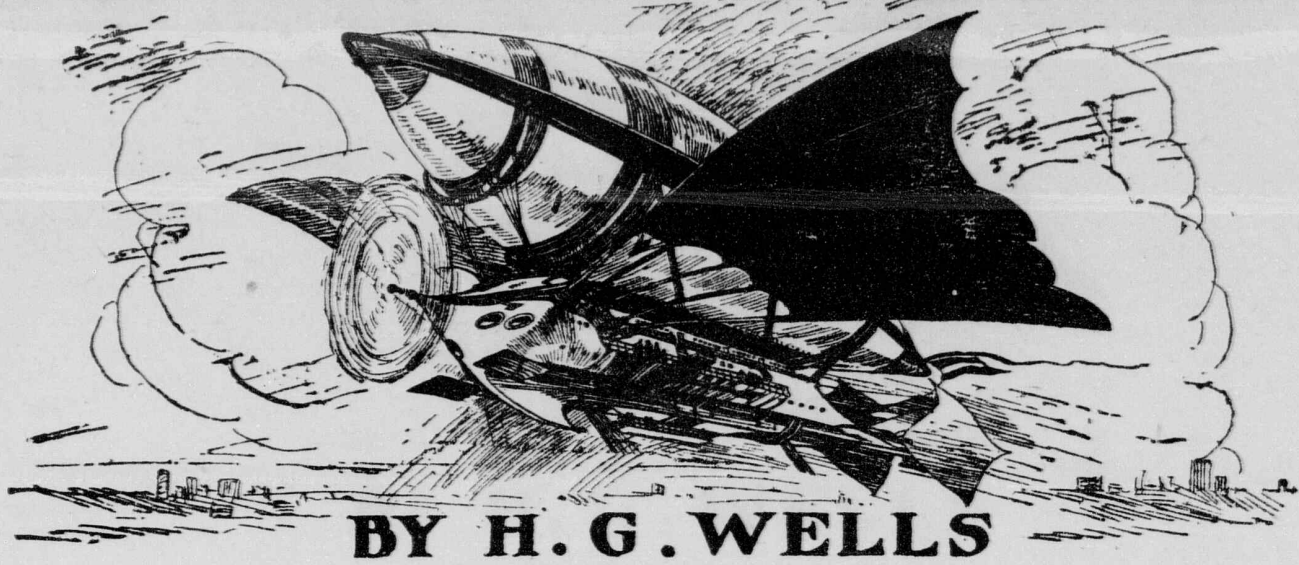
Advocating the encouragement of courtship between the pupils of grade schools, Woodbridge N. Ferris before the teachers at Oakland county at the annual institute Saturday urged that the instructors further his plan for a better understanding between the pupils and suggested that they might set the example for the youngsters.

WHAT THEY WANT

What nine out of ten Americans now want is a tariff revision and reduction that will tend to lower the cost of things and at the same time will not disturb the existing American wage scale or deprive any considerable number of Americans of their present work. We don't want lower wages and we don't want fewer jobs. Yet we want tariff duties lowered, and an increasing number of persons see that the two demands are only superficially antagonistic and contradictory.—Salem, Ore., Statesman.

Here we have the measure of Salem statesmanship! You can reduce the cost of things without reducing the cost of producing those things. You can reduce the prices of labor's products and still maintain the present high cost of labor. By cutting down the tariff on wool you can reduce the price of a suit of clothes, but the Oregon wool grower will get the same price as before for his wool. You can double or treble the importation of foreign goods by lowering the tariff and at the same time you will keep up the American wage rate and have as many jobs for American workers you had before. Oh yes; you can do all this—"in your mind" as the lamented Tom Reed used to say—but you cannot do it practically or concretely by any scheme of tariff making ever yet devised.—American Economist.

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 seaside. 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 Winterfeld denounces Bert as an impostor, but offers him £500 for Butteridge's secret. The prince agrees to take Bert along "as ballast." An American fleet of warships is destroyed by German warships and Germany's air fleet. A boy on the Vaterland is killed.

How War Came to New York.

OTHER voices at a lower, more respectful pitch replied. "Der prinz," said a voice, and all the men became stiffer and less natural. Down the passage appeared a group of figures, Lieutenant Kurt walking in front carrying a packet of papers. He stopped point blank when he saw the thing in the recess, and his ruddy face went white. "So!" said he in surprise. The prince was following him, talking over his shoulder to Von Winterfeld and the kapitan. "Eh?" he said to Kurt, stopping in mid-sentence, and following the gesture of Kurt's hand. He glared at the crumpled object in the recess and seemed to think for a moment. He made a slight, careless gesture toward the boy's body and turned to the kapitan. "Dispose of that," he said in German, and passed on, finishing his sentence to Von Winterfeld in the same cheerful tone in which it had been begun. The deep impression of helplessly drowning men that Bert had brought from the actual fight in the Atlantic mixed itself up inextricably with that of the lordly figure of Prince Karl Albert gesturing aside the dead body of the Vaterland sailor. Hitherto he had rather liked the idea of war as being a jolly, smashing, exciting affair, something like a bank holiday rag on a large scale, and on the whole agreeable and exhilarating. Now he knew it a little better. Late that afternoon Kurt came into the cabin and found Bert curled up on his locker and looking very white and miserable. Kurt had also lost something of his pristine freshness. "Seasick?" he asked. "No!" "We ought to reach New York this evening. There's a good breeze coming up under our tails. Then we shall see things." "Yes?" Kurt did not answer him. He was measuring their distance from New York and speculating. "Wonder what the American aeroplanes are like," he said. "Something like our drachenflieger. We shall know by this time tomorrow. I wonder what we shall know—I wonder. Suppose, after all, they put up a fight. Run sort of fight!" He whistled softly and mused. Presently he fretted out of the cabin, and later Bert found him in the twilight upon the swinging platform, staring ahead and speculating about the things that might happen on the morrow. Clouds veiled the sea again, and the long, straggling wedge of airships, rising and falling as they flew, seemed like a flock of strange new birds in a chaos that had neither earth nor water, but only mist and sky.

The city of New York was in the year of the German attack the largest, richest, in many respects the most splendid and in some the wickedest city the world had ever seen. She was the supreme type of the scientific commercial age. She displayed its greatness, its power, its ruthless anarchic enterprise and its social disorganization most strikingly and completely. She had long ousted London from her pride of place as the modern Babylon. She was the center of the world's finance, the world's trade and the world's pleasure, and men likened her to the apocalyptic cities of the ancient prophets. She sat drinking up the wealth of a continent, as Rome once drank the wealth of the Mediterranean and Babylon the wealth of the east. In her streets one found the extremes of magnificence and misery, of civilization and disorder.

For many generations New York had taken no heed of war save as a

thing that happened far away, that affected prices and supplied the newspapers with exciting headlines and pictures. The New Yorkers felt perhaps even more certainly than the English had done that war in their own land was an impossible thing. In that they shared the delusion of all North America. They felt as secure as spectators at a bullfight; they risked their money perhaps on the result, but that was all. And such ideas of war as the common Americans possessed were derived from the limited, picturesque, adventurous war of the past. They saw war as they saw history, through an iridescent mist, deodorized, scented indeed, with all its essential cruelties tactfully hidden away. They were inclined to regret it as something ennobling, to sigh that it could no longer come into their own private experience. They read with interest, if not with avidity, of their new guns, of their immense and still more immense ironclads, of their incredible and still more incredible explosives, but just what these tremendous engines of destruction might mean for their personal lives never entered their heads. And then suddenly into a world peacefully busied for the most part



Crowds Assembled to Listen to and Cheer Patriotic Speeches.

upon armaments and the perfection of explosives war came—came the shock of realizing that the guns were going off; that the masses of inflammable material all over the world were at last ablaze. The immediate effect upon New York of the sudden onset of war was merely to intensify her normal vehemence. The newspapers and magazines that fed the American mind—for books upon this impatient continent had become simply material for the energy of collectors—were instantly a cornucopia of war pictures and of headlines that rose like rockets and burst like shells. To the normal high strung energy of New York streets was added a touch of war fever. Great crowds assembled, more especially in the dinner hour, in Madison square about the Farragut monument to listen to and cheer patriotic speeches. Critics of the American character are disposed to consider that up to the actual impact of the German attack the people of New York dealt altogether too much with the war as if it was a political demonstration. Little or no damage, they urged, was done to

either the German or Japanese forces by the wearing of buttons, the waving of small flags or the songs. War was a matter of apparatus, of special training and skill of the most intricate kind. It had become undemocratic. And whatever the value of the popular excitement, there can be no denying that the small regular establishment of the United States government, confronted by this totally unexpected emergency of an armed invasion from Europe, acted with vigor, science and imagination.

They were taken by surprise so far as the diplomatic situation was concerned, and their equipment for building either navigables or aeroplanes was contemptible in comparison with the huge German parks. Still they set to work at once to prove to the world that the spirit that had created the Monitor and the southern submarines of 1864 was not dead. The chief of the aeronautic establishment, near West Point, was Cabot Sinclair, and he allowed himself but one single moment of the posturing that was so universal in that democratic time. "We have chosen our epitaphs," he said to a reporter, "and we are going to have 'They did all they could.' Now run away!"

The curious thing is that they did do all they could. There is no exception known. Their only defect, indeed, was a defect of style. One of the most striking facts historically about this war and the one that makes the complete separation that had arisen between the methods of warfare and the necessity of democratic support is the effectual secrecy of the Washington authorities about their airships. They did not bother to confide a single fact of their preparations to the public. They did not even condescend to talk to congress. They burked and suppressed every inquiry. The war was fought by the president and the secretaries of state in an entirely autocratic manner. Such publicity as they sought was merely to anticipate and prevent inconvenient agitation to defend particular points. They realized that the chief danger in aerial warfare from an excitable and intelligent public would be a clamor for local airships and aeroplanes to defend local interests. This, with such resources as they possessed, might lead to a fatal division and distribution of the national forces. Particularly they feared that they might be forced into a premature action to defend New York.

They realized with prophetic insight that this would be the particular advantage the Germans would seek. So they took great pains to direct the popular mind toward defensive artillery and to divert it from any thought of aerial battle. Their real preparations they masked beneath ostensible ones. There was at Washington a large reserve of naval guns, and these were distributed rapidly, conspicuously and with much press attention among the eastern cities. They were mounted for the most part upon hills and prominent crests round the threatened centers of population. They were mounted upon rough adaptations of the Doan swivel, which at that time gave the maximum vertical range to a heavy gun. Much of this artillery was still unmounted, and nearly all of it was unprotected when the German air fleet reached New York. And down in the crowded streets, when that occurred, the readers of the New York papers were regaling themselves with wonderful and wonderfully illustrated accounts of such matters as:

- THE SECRET OF THE THUNDERBOLT
- AGED SCIENTIST PERFECTS ELECTRIC GUN
- TO ELECTROCUTE AIRSHIP CREWS BY UPWARD LIGHTNING
- WASHINGTON ORDERS FIVE HUNDRED
- WAR SECRETARY LODGE DELIGHTED
- SAYS THEY WILL SUIT THE GERMAN'S DOWN TO THE GROUND
- PRESIDENT PUBLICLY APPLAUDS THIS MERRY QUIP

The German fleet reached New York in advance of the news of the American naval disaster. It reached New York in the late afternoon and was first seen by watchers at Ocean Grove and Long Branch coming swiftly out of the southward sea and going away to the northwest. The flagship passed almost vertically over the Sandy Hook observation station, rising rapidly as it did so, and in a few minutes all New York was vibrating to the States Island guns.

[To be continued.]

A GLANCE AT WORLD AFFAIRS

THE expedition into Abyssinia led by Childs Frick, son of Henry C. Frick, to make natural history collections for the Smithsonian Institution is of particular interest because Mr. Frick followed close on the trail of Colonel Roosevelt when the latter was bringing down big game in Africa, and his party was said to have bagged as much as did the former president and his party. Mr. Frick plans to return with a great variety of specimens of the animals in the Abyssinian region. These will be prepared for the national museum by Lieutenant Colonel Edgar A. Mearns, U. S. A., retired, associate zoologist of the museum, who accompanies Mr. Frick on the trip. The region of Lake Rudolf, discovered as late as 1888 by Count Telek and one of the wildest and most dangerous sections of the dark continent, is to be covered by the expedition. It is inhabited by the Hamatic people, wholly uncivilized, yet intellectually superior to the average tribes of Africa. The Samali, Gallias and Boranna tribes will also be encountered. The actual work of the expedition is scheduled to cover about seven months.

Presidential Politics. The presidential campaign is warming up, the battle for delegates in both parties now being well under way. A meeting of northwestern Democrats held at Fargo, N. D., was attended by leaders from all this section. Several



Governor John Burke of North Dakota, Who Was Boomed by Friends.

Democratic governors were present and spoke. As there has been a movement to give North Dakota's delegation to her governor, John Burke, this love feast was regarded in some quarters as an effort to promote his presidential boom. Throughout the nation it may be said, in the time honored language of the correspondents, that "the political pot is simmering."

Another Trust Faces Fire. Detroit is the scene this time of the United States government's fight to break up a so called trust, the alleged illegal combination of bathtub manufacturers. In that city are assembled an impressive array of counsel for both sides, who are ready for the battle, which takes place in the federal court.

An important point involved in the case is the debated right of the defendants to control the manufacture and sale of enameled ware with patent tools.

Taft Again on the Move. President Taft, following his attendance at the Ohio society dinner and the dinner of the Aero Club of America in New York city, hurries to Cleveland, O., for the banquet of the Tippecanoe club in celebration of President McKinley's birthday. Political sharps said as soon as the president declared his intention of going to Ohio that the visit would mark the real opening of the Taft campaign for renomination.

Federal Aid to Good Roads. There has long been agitation for federal aid to good roads, and the movement toward this end has grown especially strong in the present congress. At a meeting of the federal aid committee of the American Association for Highway Improvement and a convention of other friends of good roads held in Washington the majority of the thirty or more members of congress who have introduced bills on the subject were present. Other speakers were Charles A. Barrett, president of the Farmers' union, and representatives of the American Federation of Labor and of the national commission of prison labor. One session was devoted to a discussion of convict labor on the roads. The meeting also endorsed the plan for a Lincoln memorial highway from Washington to Gettysburg.

Has Most Per Capita Wealth. Kansas has the largest per capita wealth based upon the assessed valuation of any state in the Union, according to figures computed by Mark Tully, state treasurer. The per capita assessment valuation is \$1,642.30.

Enough Ammunition For Years. There is now enough ammunition on hand to supply the United States army and navy and state militia for three and a half years. Brigadier General

Crozier, chief of ordnance of the army, told the house committee on military affairs when it was drafting the army bill for 1913. General Crozier explained that of late the government had been contracting for enough ammunition from private companies to keep them running as an "insurance" against war. "I am certain," said the general, "that the government arsenals and the private ammunition manufacturers can produce enough ammunition to supply our army as fast as it can be recruited."

The Treaty Split With Russia. The abrogation of the treaty between the United States and Russia does not go into effect until Jan. 1, 1913, and efforts will be made to frame a new treaty before that time. At any rate, there is hardly a possibility that peace between the two nations will be disturbed.

Prober Stanley. Representative Augustus Owsley Stanley of Kentucky, chairman of the special committee to inquire into the affairs of the United States Steel corporation, was the author of the house resolution to make the investigation. The special aims of the inquiry were to find out how the restriction or destruction of competition, the capitalization and bonding of the various subsidiary concerns of the corporation and the combination between the officers and agents of one corporation and those of others had been effected. The committee was especially authorized to ascertain if financial panics had been influenced by the steel trust's operations.

Mr. Stanley is a native of Kentucky and is forty-four years of age. He was educated at Center college, Danville, Ky., and began the practice of law in 1894. In 1900 he was a presidential elector, which is the only public office he ever held prior to his election to congress.

International Ski Tournament. The Norge Ski club of Chicago has been hard at work to make the international skiing tournament, Jan. 27, 28 and 29, at Cary, Ill., the biggest ski meet in the west. The tournament opens with exhibitions by the best professional and amateur jumpers in the world.

The Northwest. Dr. Charles A. Eastman, a full blooded Sioux Indian, author of "The Soul of the Indian" and other books, believes that the climate of the northwest is so fine that living there makes a man big. "Colonel Roosevelt would never have become president if he had not spent years out in that country," solemnly declared Dr. Eastman at the annual dinner of the Northwestern society in New York city. Dr. Eastman pointed out that the northwest was a part of the country that had produced such great men of his own race as Red Cloud and Sitting Bull. The Northwestern society is composed of New York men who have migrated from the states of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Montana, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota and Idaho.

State Life Insurance. A system of state life insurance is officially approved for Wisconsin. Insurance Commissioner H. L. Ekern has been at work on forms for policies and blanks for the proposed plan. Wisconsin will be the first state to attempt to write life insurance. The legislature of 1911 passed a bill providing for beginning the system. The state treasurer will be custodian of all moneys, and town, city and county clerks will accept applications and forward premiums. The state does not assume any responsibility beyond paying the expense.

Our Young Men of Eighty. Noted as a public and after dinner speaker, Joseph H. Choate, the predecessor of Whitelaw Reid as United States ambassador to the court of St. James, celebrated his eightieth birthday.



Joseph H. Choate, Who Recently Celebrated Eightieth Birthday.

day anniversary on Jan. 24, with no thought of giving up. He was admitted to the bar in 1855, and the completion of his eightieth milestone finds him still a worker in his profession. Mr. Choate was born in Salem, Mass. He was one of the committee of seventy which smashed the Tweed ring in New York in 1871. [4 B]

TALKED THROUGH ROCK.

Inventor Made His Voice Penetrate Steel and Concrete.

John L. Griffiths, consul general at London, in the Consular Reports wrote of experiments conducted near Chessow for the transmission of the human voice over long distances with the aid alone of the natural elements.

The inventor Grindell Matthews submitted his discovery to a severe test in the presence of a number of experts. He was placed in the strong room of a big London commercial house and locked in, with nine inches of armor steel, nine inches of fire brick and six feet of concrete between him and the outer world. By means of his small portable apparatus he carried on a conversation with an operator in another room on the farther side of the building. So distinct and faithful was the transmission that the experts in attendance were actually able to hear the tick of his watch notwithstanding the almost impenetrable mass between the two instruments.

The inventor was then engaged in long distance tests in connection with the war office and had spoken from Beachley, in Gloucestershire, to a point more than five and a half miles away near the Severn tunnel outlet on the opposite side of the river. The inventor named his instrument the aeroplane.

THE HIGHEST RAILWAY.

Tracks at an Altitude of 15,865 Feet in Peru.

To the question, "Which is the highest railway in the world?" the answer is the Central Railway of Peru. In other words, the highest point reached by any railway line is touched by this road, where the altitude of the rails reaches 15,865 feet above sea level. To reach this point from sea level the line passes through fifty-seven tunnels, over a dozen of principal bridges, and utilizes thirteen switchbacks, but has no gradient up to 4 1/2 per cent, nor does it resort to rack propulsion.

A handcar started at Ticlio will run unaided to Callao, the seaport, and, as a matter of fact, such a car, equipped with safety brakes, runs before each passenger train, carrying an inspector on the lookout for fallen rocks or other dangers.

Ticlio is the highest station in the world. The next highest line in the world is that from Antofagasta, Chile, to Oruro and La Paz, Bolivia. This line has also the distinction of being the narrowest gauge line for such a long distance. The highest point is at Collahuasi, where the altitude is 15,800 feet, sixty-five feet lower than the Peruvian line.—London Tit-Bits.

That Well Meaning Person.



The man who insists that you share his umbrella.—Browning's Magazine.

Anvil Sparks. The truth is stained by the lips of gossip.

Trifling vices set the precedent for greater ones.

Figures do not lie, nor should figures of speech.

You can always overcome insult by overlooking it.

He is blind indeed whose only organ of sight is the eye.

It is better to be the subject of scandal than its dispenser.

Lofty thought does not need to be clothed in high sounding words.

The really good man doesn't enjoy hearing folks talk too much about his goodness.

Who depends upon the inspiration of the moment is apt to meet with many an hour that is not very inspiring.—Christian Herald.

Safe and Perilous Oils. It has been shown that oil with a flash point of 239 degrees Fahrenheit will not ignite if fired into with a shell, and if dynamite is exploded in a reservoir of this oil it only throws up jets of oil which do not ignite. The only dangerous liquid fuel oils are those which are not parted with their volatile, inflammable gases, such as absolutely crude oils. In all ordinary commercial fuel oils these portions are removed, and the oil is safe and contains no power of spontaneous combustion. Oil with a flash test of 180 to 200 degrees Fahrenheit is as safe as coal, and it will not ignite when stirred with a redhot poker nor when hot coals are thrown in it.

FASHIONS AND THE HOUSEHOLD

Up to Date Lingerie



LINGERIE of the finest material and the finest lace is worn under the narrow, tight fitting costumes now modish. Indeed, any other kind would neutralize the effect fashion is aiming at. Two brassieres are shown here. That on the petticoated figure follows

the usual lines of the corset cover, but it is exceptionally handsome, being of fillet lace. The petticoat is of fine lawn, trimmed with yard upon yard of valenciennes insertion, some of it being run one above the other to give the slashed appearance at one side. The other brassiere is a short cut affair, well boned and made to wear with one of the low cut corsets. It is of all over lace combined with a lace edging and with many yards of narrow ribbon run through a beading.

FOR THE BRIDE TO BE.

Some Wedding Gown Hints For the Practical Girl.

The bridal gown should be selected with a thought for the traveling arrangements following the ceremony. A white bridal gown and a misty veil of white are the fondest dream of every girlish heart, and certainly none other compares with it. Occasions occur, however, when the bride prefers a walking costume or a traveling suit. Such a gown is suitable when the marriage occurs before the noon hour or when the bride and bridegroom go directly from the altar to a train or boat. When the walking costume is chosen it is in a favorite color of silk, broadcloth or some kindred material. Gloves of a harmonizing tone and a hat with plumes, flowers or ribbon trimmings are worn. Either a prayer book or a cluster of flowers may be carried. On the occasion of a second marriage good taste eschews white and fixes a costume of the type just described.

THE NEW BELT CORSET.

Makes One Look Slender Without Discomfort—Is a French Idea.

The belt corset, which originated in Paris, insures slenderness of the waist as well as firmness. It furnishes the necessary abdominal support and has the usual straps attached to hold it down. But it rises only an inch or so above the waist line, and there is consequently no pressure to the figure when leaning over. In fact, it is a supremely comfortable garment, which allows of development of the body and proper breathing.

The new corset gives an unusual slenderness to the figure without making the waist smaller. The waist, as a matter of fact, will probably be a little larger, but it will be lengthened and flatter, like the waist of an athletic woman. However, the small waist is less fashionable each year. The lines of women's figures are straighter, and the graceful one piece dress still leads in popularity.

TABLE COMBINATIONS.

Turnips should be served with pork.
Apple sauce goes with pork or duck.
Cranberries always with poultry.
Currant jelly with roast lamb or game.
If possible, a cream soup should not be served at the same meal with cream dessert.
Gingerbread is usually served with baked apples.
Corn cakes are good with fish.
Fresh cod or sheephead are best for fish chowder.
Marshmallows are being served with hot chocolate. When they dissolve they give a pleasant flavor to the chocolate.

WHITE FOR WINTER.

Whim of Dame Fashion Extends to Hand Bags, Shoes and Gloves.

Not so many years ago it was an unheard of thing to wear white in winter. That color was reserved for warm weather, when alone it was deemed appropriate. But now women who can afford to include more than one coat suit in the winter outfit are apt to have one white serge or corduroy or mayhap white velvet tailored suit for calling purposes and afternoon teas and receptions. Not only the suit, but hat—at least the trimming on it—shoes, hand bag and gloves share the same snowy hue, especially the gloves, for these days white gloves are almost universally worn, not alone with white or black and white costumes, but with dress of every color even to the severest of plain black. The reason for the liking for white gloves was voiced by one woman who explained that she bought no other kind because they can go to the cleaner and be kept spotless, whereas the color is rubbed out of tan, gray or black gloves in the effort to remove the soil.

The unbecoming effect of dead white on some complexions is relieved by the juxtaposition of a black collar next the face. But, on the other hand, the severity of the solid black is charmingly mitigated by the graceful design with which the collar is braided. Cuffs and pocket flaps also show a touch of the braiding to correspond with the collar. Worn with ermine cap, stole and muff, the suit is stunning and in keeping with the best taste of modern fashion.

The Uses of Salt.

Salt on the fingers when cleaning fowls, meat or fish will prevent slipping.
Salt thrown on a coal fire when broiling steak will prevent blazing from the dripping fat.
Salt as a gargle will cure soreness of the throat.
Salt in solution inhaled cures cold in the head.
Salt in water is the best thing to clean willow ware and matting.

Wisdom and Gold

By MABEL A. MILLS

There is no definite connection today between a college education and money making, the higher education having become essential only to the professions. It is nothing unusual to find a "graduate" punching cattle or strumming a piano in a western dance house or even dealing faro. As to the girls, a college education makes them more self reliant, more daring, and they are beginning on leaving college to take their chances with the men in novel enterprises.

Everett Avery on being graduated delivered an oration. The senior class from a neighboring women's college attended the exercises, and while Avery was speaking his attention was attracted to a dark haired and eyed girl with a strongly marked face who was listening to him. A few days later he attended the commencement exercises of the women's college referred to and sat looking up with interest at the girl who had favored him with her attention.

Avery proved to be one of the men who find that a higher education does not always bring success. After trying a number of occupations and finding that his education had inspired him with a contempt for all of them he made up his mind that success is a gamble and he would soon gamble with his pick as a prospector for mines as in any other way. Five years after orating on the influences of Greek civilization on modern university life he was twenty feet down in a hole in Colorado hunting for gold.

Rather, he was hunting for more gold. He had struck a vein that promised something and was following it up. It opened well as he went down, but the widening seemed rather to lead to the western side of his claim. After following it to his line he knocked off and went away to put in a claim for the adjoining property. He was too late. The land had long ago been taken up. After having been away from his mine for some time he returned to it to find a hole on the claim he had been after. A good deal of dirt had been taken out, but not enough to show that the claim was being worked by more than one person.

Avery went to work again, following his "lead" down, since he had reached his limit to the west. One day he distinctly heard the sound of a pick in that direction. His neighbor had evidently struck the vein he had discovered. Suddenly something gave way, and the whole west side of the mine slid down, a mass of loose dirt. There stood his neighbor. To Avery's astonishment, the miner was a woman.

"Your face is familiar to me," was the first remark. Avery made it.
"I remember you perfectly," replied the neighbor. "Where have we met?"
"You were speaking of the influence of Greek civilization on—"
"Blast the Greeks! If they had never existed perhaps I wouldn't be here. I might have spent the time learning something practical. By the way, your own oration impressed me. You were dilating on the future of woman in our government, I believe."

"It doesn't look as if I am to govern anybody down here, does it?"
"Not unless you govern me. But, tell me, how in the world did you ever happen to come here?"
"After graduation I became a stenographer and typewriter. Father came out here and entered several claims. He died, and I came out to look over what he had. I was advised to have this claim examined. That meant if there was anything in it I would be cleared out of it. I concluded to do it myself."

"H'm! You've run into my claim."
"You mean you've run into mine."
"Hadn't you better go back east and follow up the points made in your graduating speech—go into politics—and leave this thing to me to handle for both of us?"

"I like that! You might go abroad and study up on the ancient Greeks' influence on modern university life. Your college might give you a professorship on that."

"Or some other subject of no practical use. Thanks, no. I'd rather dig dirt. In that I feel I'm doing something."

"I'd rather govern the country, I admit, but even woman suffrage doesn't seem to make quick headway, and I'm afraid I'll be an old woman before I'll be eligible to a governing office."

"Well, let's come to an understanding. Five years in the world have knocked the nonsense out of both of us. These two mines must be united. I'll sell to you if you want to buy."

"No funds. I'll sell to you."
"Same here."
"What shall we do?"

"We might unite our interests by uniting ourselves."
"Shall I confess something?"
"Yes. What is it?"
"When I listened to your oration I said to myself, 'That's the man for me.'"
"Did you? Same here. Shake."
"Nobody understood the name of the Greek-Government mine but the owners. Their first find was a nine pound boy. After that gold came and made them rich."

ABOUT THE SUNFLOWER.

The Plant and Its Seed Are Put to a Variety of Uses.

"Consider the lilies of the field," we are told, and, while lilies do not suggest sunflowers to us, still the latter may be considered with much profit.

We hear a good deal of the byproduct these days, and in the sunflower, the byproduct of the back yard, the cow lot and the roadside, a byproduct many people scorn or at best only tolerate, lurk commercial possibilities which are just coming to be realized. Our grandmothers planted sunflowers for decorative purposes, possibly for chicken feed, but further than that they never went unless they believed in the old saying that sunflowers keep away malaria.

Today it is recognized that the sunflower may become an economic factor if cultivated to any extent. Russia has realized this for some time, and there the sunflower industry is most fully developed. It has received much attention in India and Egypt also, and some in Turkey, Germany, Italy and France. The sunflower has many uses. The seeds have been considered good feed for fowls, and parrots are particularly fond of them, but now man is using them for food.

In Russia they are a staple article of diet. The seeds are sold here on the streets as peanuts are sold here, the only difference being that they are eaten raw. The most important product which comes from the sunflower probably is the oil, which is obtained from the seed by pressing them and which of all vegetable oils most closely resembles olive oil. It is used for table purposes. When this best oil has been extracted, by further pressure more can be produced, which is of an inferior quality, but which is good for candle and soap making or for hair oil or is used in place of linseed oil.—Macon (Ga.) Times-Democrat.

Brothers of the Wheel.



Small Boy (taking home washing to owner of large motorcar on the point of lighting up—Yus. gov'nor, I was jest thinkin' it was abart time we wos lightin' hup.—Ally Sloper's.

A CORNER FOR THE CHILDREN

SHEEP AND WOLF.

A Game in Which Twelve or More Can Play.

Tear a piece of paper into as many pieces as there are players and on each piece write some number representing an hour in the day. As there are only twelve hours, there can be only twelve numbers, but if more than twelve are playing you can make some of the numbers half hours, says McCall's Magazine.

On one piece of paper mark a cross and then shake all the numbers in a hat, each player drawing out one. The one who gets the slip with the cross on it is the "wolf," while the other players are called the "sheep."

A ring is then formed by the sheep, the wolf standing in the middle. The sheep then call out, "What time will you dine tonight, old wolf?" and Mr. Wolf calls out any hour he happens to think of.

Then the sheep who holds the slip corresponding to the number called by the wolf starts to run. If he can get round the ring three times before being caught by the wolf he is safe; if not he must be wolf. The game keeps up until all have had their turn at being wolf.

THE SHADOWGRAPH.

An Interesting Game Which Will Be Enjoyed by Young Folks.

Have a sheet or screen so placed that shadows may be cast upon it. Facing it have one of the players sitting in such a position that he can see only the screen, not anything that is going on behind him. This player is called "the watchman." Now, behind the watchman and at such a distance that there is space for a person to walk between the watchman and the light place a candle.

The object of the game is for the watchman to guess from the shadows cast who is passing behind him.

The players, going one by one, may disguise themselves by limping, bowing the head or wearing a hat, but generally the watchman, if he is discerning, may detect the player by some peculiarity. For every one he guesses correctly a forfeit must be paid by the one discovered.

This is an evening pastime that is certain to be popular at parties for the young people.

Kaiser William Loves to Play With This Little Chap



PRINCE HUBERTUS.

This is little Prince Hubertus, with whom the stern German kaiser loves to play horses. The prince is only two years old, but he has a jolly twinkle and an inviting smile that have won the heart of his grandfather, who has the cares of an empire upon his shoulders.

When Prince Hubertus gets a little older he will be forced to go through military drill as his brothers, Princes Wilhelm and Louis Ferdinand, who are five and four years old, are doing. But now he has a very care free time and plays with his mother, the beautiful German crown princess, who will, perhaps, be empress of Germany some day. She is healthy and full of fun and lets the children romp and have the jolliest kind of a time in the park whenever she can manage it.

In this picture Prince Hubertus came to the camera fresh from his nurses' hands, but he isn't always so spick and span and looks as if he would like to get mussed up driving his dignified grandfather around the room.

RELIGIOUS WORK

Things of Interest In Field of Christian Endeavor.

VAST Y. M. C. A. EXPENDITURES

Millions of Dollars Being Spent by the Association in Erecting New Buildings and Advancing Its Benefits. Property Values Are Now \$57,000,000.

Speaking at the annual dinner of the International Young Men's Christian association committee, eleven heads of as many departments of work related achievements and needs of associations of the United States and Canada at the moment. There are now 225 general secretaries, about equally divided between home and foreign work, and the international committee in 1910 expended in running cost \$800,000, of which nearly half went to foreign fields. For new buildings \$5,000,000 has recently been secured, and closer co-operation is now assured between state and general committees.

In more than 500 communities country work is carried on, aiming at community betterment, and co-operate with churches, schools, granges and farmers' institutes. There have recently been brought into touch with this line of work professors in theological seminaries, presidents of agricultural colleges and United States government experts in the agricultural department. There are 87,000 railroad men in associations and 768 student associations, chiefly in colleges and high grade schools, and these associations are part of a world student movement having centers in thirty nations.

There attend the thirty-five associations at army and navy stations 7,000 enlisted men daily. Buildings at New York and Fort Monroe are having to turn applicants away, at the last named as many as 20,000 a year, who desire accommodations for longer or shorter periods. At San Francisco recently when \$25,000 was available in the hands of enlisted men, having just been paid to them by the government, \$18,000 was deposited in the association's safe keeping within an hour. Under the benefactions of a large hearted Jew, Julius Rosenwald of Chicago, six new buildings for colored associations are erecting or will soon be begun.

In the new industrial department work is carried on among lumbermen, cotton mill operatives of New England and the south, metal miners and coal miners and with immigrants, utilizing in the latter work students of many colleges, especially throughout the east. There are 182,500 boys and 300 secretaries caring for their interests. The

physical training is advancing as it has done since its beginning. Recently in one special campaign for the purpose 30,000 men and boys were taught to swim.

In educational classes 65,000 employed men are enrolled, and in all of the educational work of all associations tuition fees amounting to the large total of \$328,000 were paid last year. The men and religion campaign represents the religious association work, which covers both individual and social service. The foreign work now touches Japan, India, Russia, Turkey and its dependencies, Argentina, Uruguay, Chile, Brazil, Mexico and the West Indies. Association property values are now \$57,000,000 and the whole enrollment of members nearly 600,000.

Jordan Water in Baptism.

Water drawn from the river Jordan thirty-four years ago by President Grant on his famous trip around the world and which has lain corked up in a bottle for years in a house in Ridley Park, Pa., was used at a baptismal ceremony in Washington.

On Aug. 20, 1877, President Grant stooped and let down a bucket into the Jordan river in the Holy Land. Many persons in his party filled various receptacles and carried the water away with them. One was Dr. George H. Cooke, surgeon, U. S. N. He sealed the fluid in a bottle, marked the date on it and carried it with him on all his voyages until he retired. Then he went to live at Ridley Park.

Refreshments After Service.

A unique idea recently was tried by the Rev. Frank D. Sheets at the South Park Methodist Episcopal church, in Chicago. It had been known that, following the sermon by the Rev. Frank D. Sheets, refreshments would be served in the parlors with young women as waiters.

The spiritual interests of the young men were not neglected, however, for with the handing out of a cup of cocoa and the kind of bread that mother used to make, with raisins in it, were words of welcome to the church services and an invitation to come again.

Philadelphia's Mission Idea

When plans were discussed to enroll the entire church membership of Philadelphia as systematic contributors to missions J. Campbell White, the general secretary of the laymen's missionary movement, announced that one-fourth of the church congregations throughout the United States contribute nothing to missions. The meeting at which Mr. White made this statement was practically the first public meeting of the great men's movement in Philadelphia.

SEVENTEEN YEAR LOCUSTS.

The Theory That They Are an Aid to Tillers of the Soil.

An observing farmer has advanced a novel theory respecting the seventeen year locusts. He says:

"In my section the earth was pierced full of holes made by the locusts when they came out of the ground. There were places where these holes almost touched each other. When the rains came these openings permitted the water to enter the soil much more freely than has been possible the last few years. As evidence the last plowing I did the ground was moist and soft farther below the surface than the plow goes. I am convinced that this condition is the result of the work of the locusts."

This opinion is in line with the often repeated assertions that earthworms are an aid to fertility because they work the soil over and keep it soft. It is not impossible that locusts could help in this way too. The farmer's observation regarding the eggs and where they are deposited are inaccurate, however.

The eggs are deposited in holes made in the tender shoots of trees, more often in or near the point where the new wood of the year began to grow. This is the only damage the locust is known to do. High winds will often break a twig at these perforations.

As soon as the eggs hatch the larvae immediately emerge from the hole in the twig, drop to the ground, burrow out of sight and take refuge near some protecting root. There they remain seventeen years in the north and thirteen in the south.

Shipping Money Away.

It is reported on reliable authority that no less than \$71,000,000 has been sent out of this country to Europe in the past year by immigrants who are afraid to trust their savings to American banks. Americans are indignant because these immigrants earn money here and ship it out of the country. But there are thousands of natives living in the small cities and towns and on the farms who make a practice of shipping money out of their communities to the mail order stores in the big cities, and many of these persons are inclined to criticize the immigrants mentioned. It always looks better to spend your money in the neighborhood where you earn it, on general principles.

Eating Swallows.

Along the Atlantic sea swallows and other migratory birds are caught every year by the hundreds of thousands and eaten by the Italians, who spread nets, in which as many as 300 to 500 of the birds are caught at once.

Gems In Verse

OLD FAVORITES.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

THE more we live more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages.
A day to childhood seems a year
And years like passing ages.

THE gladness current of our youth
Ere passion yet disorders
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

BUT as the careworn cheek grows wan
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

WHEN joys have lost their bloom and
breath
And life itself is vapid
Why as we reach the falls of death
Feel we its tide more rapid?

IT may be strange, yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

HEAVEN gives our years of fading
strength
Indemnifying feebleness
And those of youth a seeming length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.
—Thomas Campbell.

THE PAST.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered
here.
And pained on the eternal wall,
The past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
Think ye that Raphael's angel
through
Has vanished from his side?

Oh, no! We live our life again,
Or, warmly touched or coldly dim,
The pictures of the past remain.
Man's work shall follow him!
—Whittier.

"YOU'LL LOVE ME YET."

YOU'LL love me yet! And I can't carry
Your love's protracted growing,
June reared that bunch of flowers you
carry
From seeds of April's sowing.

I PLANT a heart full now. Some seed
At least is sure to strike
And yield what you'll not pluck, indeed;
Not love, but, maybe, like.

YOU'LL look at least on love's remains,
A grave's one violet.
Your look? That pays a thousand pains.
What's death? You'll love me yet!
—Browning.

IN WINTER.

THE valley stream is frozen,
The hills are cold and bare,
And the wild white bees of winter
Swarm in the darkened air.

I look on the naked forest.
Was it ever green in June?
Did it burn with gold and crimson
In the dim autumnal noon?

I look on the barren meadow.
Was it ever heaped with hay?
Did it hide the grassy cottage
Where the skylark's children lay?

I look on the desolate garden.
Is it true the rose was there
And the woodbine's musky blossoms
And the hyacinth's purple hair?

I look on my heart and marvel
If love were ever its own,
If the spring of promise brightened
And the summer of passion shone.

Is the stem of bliss but withered
And the root survives the blast?
Are the seeds of the future sleeping
Under the leaves of the past?

Ah, yes, for a thousand Aprils
The frozen germs shall grow
And the dew of a thousand summers
Wait in the womb of the snow!
—Bayard Taylor.

NO SONGS IN WINTER.

The sky is gray as gray may be;
There is no bird upon the bough;
There is no leaf on vine or tree.

In the Naponset marshes now
Willow stems, rosy in the wind,
Shiver with hidden sense of snow.

Lo, too, 'tis winter in my mind—
No light winged fancy comes and
stays—
A season churlish and unkind!

Slow creep the hours; slow creep
the days.
The black ink crusts upon the pen.
Wait till the bluebirds and the Jays
And golden orioles come again!
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

THE snow had begun in the gloam-
ing
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and high-
way
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Were ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carara
Came chandeliers' muffled crows.
The stiff rails softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered under the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky
And the sudden furies of snowbirds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood—
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud-like snow,
Flake by flake healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that hushed all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under deepening snow.
—James Russell Lowell.

"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 even-
ings spent in my room observing strict-
est economy.

One-third cord hard split wood,	\$1
10 nights	
Two gallons oil,	25c
10 nights	
Daily paper	20c
10 nights	
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	\$1
10 nights	
Saving for 10 nights	45c

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

MACLAURIN & NEEDHAM

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
with some of the
choice goods in glass
or wood at the re-
liable buffet of

FRED ANDERSON
819 Delta

One—Third OFF

Until February 1,
I will sell any piece
or set in my hand-
some line of hand-
decorated, dainty
china at thirty-three
and a third per cent
below list.

Andrew Marshall
Phone 164

A LONG PULL

from now until the
docks are busy again,
but I have all the
means for quick com-
fort 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

POTTER'S FIELD.

Where New York's Pauper Dead Rest In Forgotten Graves.

Three times each week a boat leaves
an East river wharf for Hart's Island
bearing its load of the city's pauper
dead. About 200,000 interments have
been made in the city cemetery since
its opening in 1859. For the first four
years, or until July, 1874, when trench
was made, the number of bodies was
known, but not the location of each
body. Since then the records show
where each of the dead was buried.

An entry in the death book, which is
kept in the little office, is all that tells
where the burial was made. A num-
bered incision made in the plain wood
coffin furnished by the department of
charities is the means whereby the au-
thorities are able to locate a body.

It is of interest to recall the origin of
the designation potter's field. The
name comes from the New Testament,
Matthew xxvii, where the suicide of Ju-
das is recorded: "Then Judas, which
had betrayed him, when he saw that he
was condemned, repented himself and
brought again the thirty pieces of sil-
ver to the priests and elders, saying,
I have sinned in that I have betrayed
innocent blood. And they said: What
is that to us? See thou to that. And
he cast down the pieces of silver in the
temple and departed and went and
hanged himself. And the chief priests
took the silver pieces and said, It is not
lawful to put them in the treasury, be-
cause it is the price of blood. And
they took counsel and bought with
them the potter's field to bury stran-
gers in. Wherefore that field was called
the field of blood unto this day."

Hart's island contains about 100
acres and is oval in shape. Not more
than a quarter of the island has been
used, and half a dozen generations will
pass away before the great army of
the city's pauper dead will cause any
overcrowding.—New York Sun.

LEGISLATIVE BELLS.

There Are 739 of Them in the Capitol
at Washington.

Whenever there is a roll call in the
house of representatives or any other
procedure requiring the attendance of
members 500 electric bells start ring-
ing simultaneously. They are operated
from a switchboard or call box at the
speaker's desk. Similarly in the senate
239 bells are operated. At the capitol
these bells are known as legisla-
tive bells.

Four hundred of the house bells are
in the house office building and 100 in
the house wing of the capitol. There
is a bell in the room of every member,
one in every committee room and sev-
eral in the cloakrooms, corridors, lob-
bies and restaurants. In the senate
office building there are 140 gongs and
ninety-nine in the senate proper.

On the roll call in either house the
signal is given as soon as the first
name is called by the clerk. Senators
and congressmen who are in their of-
fices, hurry to their respective cham-
bers in order to answer to their names.
Each house has a different system of
signals, as follows:

The senate—One bell, yeas and nays;
two bells, call of the senate; three
bells, executive session; four bells, ad-
journment; five bells, doors open after
executive session.

House—One bell, tellers; two bells,
yeas and nays; three bells, call of the
house; four bells, adjournment; five
bells, recess.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Canal of Steel.

In connection with the Nile irriga-
tion system at Wadi Kom Omba there
has been constructed a canal of steel
5,200 feet in length whereby water
from the service reservoir is distrib-
uted to the earth canals. In section this
metallic canal is U shaped, twenty
feet broad and twelve feet deep. It
is made up of seventeen sections, con-
nected by expansion joints, and the
riveted steel plates of which it con-
sists are six millimeters in thickness.
During the construction the engineers
were troubled, among other things, by
the unequal expansion of the metal.
The expansion was greatest on the
side where the sun happened to shine
full upon the plates, and the inequal-
ity was often sufficient to displace the
end of a section about to be joined as
much as four inches to one side or the
other.—Harper's.

To Detect Picture Thieves.

Herr Erndt, curator of Prince Leich-
tenstein's picture gallery in Vienna,
has invented an apparatus in order to
prevent the theft of pictures or other
objects of value from public galleries,
like that of the "Mona Lisa." The in-
vention consists in an arrangement of
delicate electric contacts in the wall
behind the frame, so made that the
least touch on the frame or any pres-
sure, such an attempt to cut out the
canvas, would cause to ring an electric
bell in a central office or elsewhere.
The bell is in connection with a board
containing numbers such as is used
in hotels, so that a glance at the board
informs the warden of the number and
position of the picture which has been
touched.—Vienna Cor. London Stand-
ard.

Women Bull Fighters Barred.

The Spanish minister of the interior
has issued an edict by which women
are prohibited from taking any active
part in bullfights. The following from
the Animal's Friend, London, is the
reason alleged: "Although the practice
of participating in bullfights is not ex-
pressly forbidden by law to women,
yet it is so antagonistic to the tender
feminine nature that a woman to re-
ador seems an almost intolerable spec-
tacle. Therefore the authorities will
no longer sanction any bullfight in
which women are to appear in this
character."

THIS MAN'S TOWN

With the leagues and rumors of
leagues that spring up annually, the fans
of Gladstone have become aroused to
some degree of interest. It seems evi-
dent that the Marquette-Delta county
league will not be revived, the arrange-
ment being generally unsatisfactory.
But last spring a much better sugges-
tion was offered which was not tried.
Why not a Menominee-Delta league?
Menominee and Marinette, Gladstone
and Escanaba, are two fairly well bal-
anced pairs, closely connected by rail-
road connections, expenses would not be
high, and there would always be a game
at each end of the line. No proposed
four team league could be more econ-
omical. Put a fair salary limit on the
teams, and the diamond game would be
self-sustaining and require fewer ben-
efits to pay for dead horses. If there are
baseball enthusiasts enough along the
Menominee river to take up this propo-
sition, it ought to go through with a
whoop. Surely Escanaba can find no
better arrangement to hitch up to, with
Marquette out of it, and Ishpeming and
Negaunee in their present attitude.

The Haga & Williamson Co. is the
latest incorporation to be effected. It
takes over and will continue the men's
clothing and furnishings business of
Victor Williamson at 716 Delta. Mr.
Haga, who heads the company, is
known to all as an active and enter-
prising business man.

Word was received in Escanaba
Thursday that the supreme court at
Lansing has reversed the decision of the
Delta county circuit court in the case of
certain taxpayers against the city, in
which the validity of the present special
assessment system for street paving was
involved. By the decision of the
supreme court the contesting taxpayers
will not have to pay the special assess-
ment levied against property, and it is
probable that others will also escape.
The full text of the decision has not
been received here but it is understood
that the city's special assessing system
has been held invalid. This will result,
undoubtedly, in a large part of the cost
of some of the street paving falling back
on the general street fund of the city.
—Escanaba Journal.

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; deliv-
ered to any part of the city. Call up C.
W. Davis, Phone 7.

We are today dealing with issues vast
as the hopes and fears of 55,000,000 of
people whose moral, social and physical
conditions are the alluring example of
every government on the face of the
earth. Shall we blast or bless them
with our legislation? Shall we un-
settle their business interests by con-
stant tinkering with the tariff? Shall
no law last longer than the meeting
of the next congress? Shall our coming
here be the cause of terror and our ad-
journment the cause of rejoicing? Shall
nothing ever be settled, for a time, at
least; but shall doubt and distress al-
ways haunt the working and sleeping
hours of the people? For one, I am em-
phatically opposed to any such suicidal
policy. It would be madness for any
party to pursue it.—Samuel J. Randall,
in the democratic house of Representa-
tives, 1881.

It is an old saying that "a new broom
sweeps clean," but that is only digging
up dirt. But when you want to purchase
anything in the drug line, you know
where to go to get the most for your
money, at

STEWART'S PHARMACY.

During the preceding three months
the diphtheria mortality in Michigan
has been very high, says Public Health,
the official bulletin of the state of Michi-
gan. "The rates in the cities are not
high; in some cities they are low. The
increased death rate is due to the rela-
tively high mortality in the smaller
towns and in the country districts.
Our reports show, and from personal in-
terview and correspondence, it is
brought out, that antitoxin is not used
in nearly as large a per cent of the
cases in the smaller districts as it is in
the cities." The cover design is a dia-
gram, with the words "Antitoxin has
reduced the diphtheria mortality from
about 45 per cent to 10 per cent."

W. H. Needham suggests that one
of the moving picture houses might be
induced to send a representative here
during the tournament, as they do to
many events of interest. The films
would undoubtedly draw an excellent
house afterward, just as the Esquimaux
pictures did at Escanaba. By the way,
those arctic scenes on Green Bay will be
presented here in the near future.

The tournament committee on Wed-
nesday night decided against going into
a partnership with a show on a percent-
age basis. However, it will probably be
possible to get up a home minstrel or
vaudeville show, which would play to a
better house at less expense. There is
plenty of good talent in Gladstone that
would be willing to appear in so worthy
a cause.

Saturday, January 27, is Enrollment
day.

G. R. Empson has been besieged by
inquiries since last week regarding his
argument in the Carlson case. Act
289, of the public acts of 1907, reads as
follows: "Section 11. No female under
the age of twenty-one years and no
male under the age of eighteen years
shall be allowed to clean machinery
while in motion, nor employed in or
about any distillery, brewery or any
other establishment where malt or al-
coholic liquors are manufactured, pack-
ed, wrapped or bottled, nor in any
other employment which may be con-
sidered dangerous to their lives and
limbs, or where their health may be in-
jured or morals depraved, nor shall
females be unnecessarily required in
any employment to remain standing
constantly." Judge Flannigan held
the words "nor in any other employ-
ment which may be considered danger-
ous to life and limb" void and inoper-
ative for uncertainty. As the words are
under the supreme court ruling, on the
prize fight law, that the court will not
supply a meaning where the legislature
has failed to establish it beyond a rea-
sonable doubt. The case is one of
great importance, affecting dozens of
pending decisions in the state, and will
be carried to the supreme court.

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

LA BAR & NEVILLE,
Minneapolis Block.

The house of representatives last
Saturday spent all its time on
affairs of the district of Columbia,
which is run at the expense of the
general public. About an hour of this
was taken up in a wrangle about equip-
ping the police of the district with
"modern revolvers," which gave the
lawmakers an opportunity to display
the same invincible ignorance of fire-
arms that characterizes the average
lower Michigan deer hunter. After one
solon has advised that policemen be
prohibited from carrying revolvers, the
debated two words were struck out by
one resolution and the comma by an-
other. All of which cost the taxpayers
of America time of the congress
amounting to several thousand dollars—
but may give some arms company an
advertisement.

Firemen's night cleared but a small
sum Wednesday, as preparation was not
made sufficiently early. The films and
music were specially attractive, Cardin's
full orchestra giving its service.

Escanaba is to have two new hotels.
In addition to the four-story structure
to be constructed by William Finnegan
at Ludington and Campbell streets, an-
nouncement is made that John Christie,
proprietor of the New Ludington, will
erect a fine building at Ludington and
Georgia streets. Mr. Christie has pro-
posed an option for the purchase of the
lots owned by the Becker estate, with a
frontage of 100 feet on Ludington and
140 feet deep, and plans for the new
hostelry will be prepared at once.

Just for comparison, see what other
stores are offering in the line of Box
Stationery for 10 cents, then see the
Rezal line. You would say "This
is a bargain at a quarter. How can it
be sold for only ten cents?"

STEWART'S PHARMACY.

It is stated that the number of divorce
actions commenced in Delta county in-
creased from twenty-nine in 1910 to
forty last year; and the divorces granted
from seven to fifteen. As Judge
Flannigan has been extremely careful
in scrutinizing such cases, whether di-
vorce was made or not, it may also be
considered that there was good and suf-
ficient cause, moral and legal, for each
separation. It is an irresistible conclu-
sion that there are too many marriages
in Delta county.

It is probable that the enrollment
boards at least will attend tomorrow,
as the law makes it a misdemeanor for
them to be absent. The general public,
however, shows little interest.

Because mail trains on the North-
western have been continuously late this
winter, Postmaster Crane of Oshkosh
has warned the officials of the road that
unless the service is improved he will
recommend to the federal department
that the mail be transferred from the
North-Western road which has carried it
for forty years, to the Soo line.

A representative of the state dairy
and food department was in the city
Thursday calling on the milk dealers.

The fourth annual banquet of Alice
Memorial M. E. church with the cus-
tomary program of speakers, will be
held next Monday evening. The tickets,
as in previous years, are fifty cents per
plate.

The Fraternal Reserve association on
Wednesday evening initiated a class of
twenty. It will meet in future on sec-
ond and fourth Fridays of each month.

The juryman who have been serving
at this term of court were excused
Thursday, and court adjourned Friday.

On Tuesday diphtheria broke out
again, Clifford Murker and Elmer An-
derson having developed the disease.

BUZZ SAW

An interesting travelogue has been
received from the editor of the Flat-
rock Buzz Saw, who has gone on a
journey. Space forbids its publication
this week.

LENT

is very early this year
and we have on the road
a large shipment of

Salt Fish

new stock and of the best
quality. Get our price.
We have in stock now all
kinds of Smoked Fish
and invite your atten-
tion. From the stand-
ard of low prices, we are
food specialists.

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

Come Again

We thank you for the
hitherto, but desire to
duplicate anything or
Quadruplicate any-
thing you choose that
flows with a mellow
gurgle from the bottle.
Come as often as you
can and stay till the bell
rings. We shall have
bottled sunshine, from
many lands, all winter.

JOHNSON & FISHER
901 DELTA AVENUE

For the Table

Fancy Jonathan apples	45c
per peck	
Fancy Baldwin apples	40c
per peck	
Fancy Oranges small size	20c
dozen	
Lemons	30c
per dozen	
Fancy Hams	15c
per lb	
Strictly fresh eggs	35c
per dozen	
Janeau Brand Coffee	27c
per lb	
Black Cross Tea	50c
per lb	
Lea and Perrin's Sauce	50c
per bottle	
Globe Baking Powder and one	50c
table for	
Battleship Brand Catsup	75c
gallon can	
Sleepy Eye Flour	\$3.10
38 lb sack	

ELOF HANSON
GROCER
PHONE 48

Cold Days Cold Nights Cold Fingers

from now on until the
weather man lets up
—along 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

PITCHER WADDELL'S PLAY.

It Was a Deliberate Case of Over the Fence and Out.

Connie Mack tells the following story of that great but eccentric left hander Rube Waddell. He says:

"We used to put Rube in center field when we weren't pitching him. He never wanted to sit on the bench, and we had to humor him or he wouldn't have stayed on the lot, that's all. He was a bully fielder too. One day we were having quite a battle with some team, and Rube was covering center field for us. We were being hard pressed. With only one out, the other team filled the bases in the fifth inning and a brace of good batters were up. We had two strikes on the man at bat, and then something happened. "A black cloud of smoke appeared in the sky back of center field fence



"I LET OUT A BLAST THAT NEARLY WOKE THE DEAD."

and a little later a blaze. Then came the clashing and clanging of fire bells and the clatter of horses' hoofs. I happened to look in the direction of the blaze. High up on the center field fence I saw Rube perched, looking at the blaze, silhouetted against the red glare of the conflagration. I let out a blast that nearly woke the dead. Rube heard me and looked around. He seemed undecided for a moment as to his next move, but he wasn't long in making up his mind. With a broad grin and a graceful salute of his hand, as if to say, "So long, fellows!" he hastily dropped from sight on the other side of the fence and was on his way to the fire."

Hot Air Shut Off.

Charlie Mann, who presides over the destinies of the press gallery in the house of representatives, is a bureau of information for people in all parts of the city. They call him up on the telephone and ask for news about everything going on in Washington.

One Saturday, when professional aviators were giving a series of flights on the speedway, he got this question over the wire, "Will you tell me, are there any air flights today?"

"None today," answered Mann. "The house adjourned yesterday to meet next Monday."—Washington Star.

The Smiles Faded.

A pretty American girl traveling in England was sorely tried by the annoyances and stares to which she was subjected on account of her American "peculiarities." She went into a shoe shop in London to buy a pair of shoes, and the clerk tried on innumerable pairs of veritable "boots," as she called them, much to the amusement of two Englishwomen customers seated near by, who regarded her through their "stares" as if she were some strange animal in a menagerie.

Finally the clerk said apologetically: "We haven't anything narrow enough for you, miss. You see, miss, our ladies have wider feet because they walk so much, miss."

The two Englishwomen smiled with the air of superiority that she had met for so long, and she felt she could stand it no longer. "Do they walk on their hands, too?" she flashed out.

Jack Got Even.

A judge, presiding one day in court, asked a sailor whether he saw the plaintiff strike the defendant.

"Who is the plaintiff?" asked the sailor.

"Pretty man you are," said his honor, "that you don't know the plaintiff from the defendant! Well, where did you see the man strike him?"

"Abaft the binnacle," said Jack tar.

"Where is abaft the binnacle?" inquired his honor.

"Pretty judge you are," responded Jack, "that you don't know abaft the binnacle!"

Sulzer's New Story.

Congressman Sulzer of New York has stopped telling after dinner stories. The New York congressman and J. Adam Bede, the Minnesota wit, were speakers at a banquet in Washington not long ago. Bede held the floor for an hour and told some amusing yarns. When Mr. Sulzer arose he shook his Henry Clays at the guests and started out to win the humor Marathon himself.

"I will first tell you a story that Adam never heard," he began and then launched into the recital of an anecdote so aged that everybody in the audience could call it by its front name. Mr. Sulzer hadn't progressed very far when Representative Stanley of Kentucky reared up and in a hoarse whisper, heard all over the room, said: "Why, Bill, Adam invented that story."

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

IN THE REALM OF FASHION

A Gorgeous Neglige.

A fascinating negligee is shown in the sketch. It may be developed in expensive material, lustrous satin or even velvet in one of the brilliant colors. As illustrated it is made of one



CORAL SATIN NEGLIGE.

of the modish reversible satins showing coral color on one side, with the reverse of black satin. The square collar, sleeve bands and band at the hem are of rich cream fillet lace and are edged with black silk fringe.

Evening Gloves.

White gloves for evening wear are being replaced by those in pale tints to correspond with the tint of the gown, giving an infinitely more artistic result.

For instance, a pale blue and silver gown demands pale gray suede gloves; a peche colored gown, champagne, a combination which suggests fruit salad. Because it is new and perhaps because it is artistic it promises to be a popular combination.

HANDLES FOR MODISH UMBRELLAS

Adorned With Carved Ornaments In Jade, Crystal and Quartz.

Umbrellas have undergone a transformation. They are long handled. The last decree of fashion is an "union" on the top of the handle—viz, a mushroom shaped flat knob of silver, gun metal, gold or platinum, finishing a tube of inlaid enamel or metal scroll-work on colored enamel. Some of them contain a round box, with a spring, meant to hold change or powder.

Pear shaped tops of quartz, crystal or jade are set into a similar metal tube, and quartz and crystal are sometimes wrought into the form of an animal elaborately carved.

A series of three little dogs, done in shades of the popular gray and purple, in colored horn, ornaments some of the canes, and the grotesque is still freely purchased.

The head of a negro carved in bone and suitably colored, fitted with a spring that at a touch makes the eyes roll or the tongue protrude, is typical of a whole series of these modish absurdities.

Black Velvet Set.

Hats, bags, muffs and wraps in matched sets are made of all sorts of effective materials. One was of black velvet embroidered in Bulgarian colors. The bags are big and have long cords by which to hang them from the shoulders, but this style of bag is, in spite of its long cord, usually carried over the wrist or in the hand.

Flower Decorations.

There is a craze for silk ribbon and coarse thread roses. They grow every day more important in the decorative field.

Woolen embroidery and crocheted roses of wool are prominent on all types of gowns. This form of ornamentation is used on evening wraps, blouses and hats also.

Hat Slopes.

Hats are sloping abruptly from the face toward the back. A puffed crown or a plain, fitted hood effect may be the finishing line, but this "ninche" shape is one of the types that have caught the fancy of designers and wearers.

Personals

Hon. and Mrs. W. F. Hammel and Dr. George Bjorkman left Wednesday evening for Chicago, where Mr. Hammel will undergo an operation for appendicitis at Michael Ries hospital within a few days. Dr. Bjorkman returned Friday morning.

Henry Rosenblum was the host of his employes Thursday evening. They attended the turkey dinner en masse, and then adjourned to the Rosenblum home, where the evening was spent pleasantly with five hundred, finch and other popular games.

A decree of divorce was granted Monday, January 15, by Judge Grady in the action of Irma C. Brown versus Clarence E. Brown. The parties were married at Chicago on March 15, 1904. Cruel and inhuman treatment was charged.—Yakima Morning Herald.

The Boy Scouts met Tuesday evening in the theatre, Dr. Miller delivering a lecture to them on first aid in emergencies. From now on they will meet at the theatre each Tuesday evening, at least for a couple of months.

La Bar & Neville take pride in their drug store, not vain pride, but the kind of pride that makes them use every endeavor to please their customers, and to make it the best and most reliable drug store in town.

The turkey dinner given by the Presbyterian ladies Thursday evening was a success financially as well as gastronomically. There was a full attendance from 5 to 8 o'clock, and over fifty dollars was cleared.

Capt. P. L. Burt returned Monday from Toledo, where he spent a busy week attending the Tugmen's convention. He did not see C. D. Mason on his trip, as he hoped.

John M. Beattie, who made a trip to Montreal a few days ago, is enjoying himself in Toronto, where the weather is "beautiful." Mr. Beattie will make a trip to Winnipeg next week.

Dan I. Call came over from Manistique to spend Sunday here, returning Monday morning. Mrs. Call and the children have been visiting here for several days.

E. S. Eaton returned Tuesday night from Aurelia, Ont., his father having recovered from his recent illness. The senior Mr. Eaton is bright and active at the age of eighty-four.

Joseph K. Rogers returned Thursday from Ishpeming, where he spent the past month. Mrs. Rogers and her mother, Mrs. Power, arrived Thursday.

It is reported that the thirteen-year-old daughter of Ed Sharkey died this week in the camp near Osier from diphtheria.

Rev. L. W. Westphal, of Iron River, will conduct morning and evening services in Westminster Presbyterian church Sunday, January 28.

Those ladies who asked for Rexall Shampoo Paste, I request them to call again, as I now have the article.

J. A. STEWART

Sunday morning All Saints' church elected as trustees for the ensuing year John Noblet, James Lavelle, S. Goranowski and Dominic Stock.

Eugene Wilford, formerly of this city, was here on business Tuesday. Mr. Wilford will be a regular caller in Gladstone later on.

Frank C. Brown, Delbert J. Calder, Carl Gormsen and Meyer Rosenblum went to Escanaba Sunday night to see Madame Sherry.

Andrew Barbeau, who has recovered from his recent operation, was in the city Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Grawey arrived Saturday from Menominee to visit relatives and friends here.

Supervisor J. W. Call was in much better condition this morning, being able to rise and eat breakfast.

Wilfred Martin, of Kipling, has been taken with diphtheria, and his home is quarantined.

Miss Hilda Wickman was called to Iron River Friday morning by the death of her nephew.

Sam Borgart and Miss Margaret Anderson of Marinette, were guests over Sunday at the home of P. J. Lindblad.

Dr. F. W. Stellwagen returned Tuesday morning from a visit of three weeks at his old home, Wayne, Mich.

Maurice Shane and Harry Wickstrom of Whitefish were in Gladstone Friday.

Dr. J. A. McPhail, of Manistique, was in the city Thursday on business.

William T. Warren left Tuesday evening for his home at Stickney, S. D.

A daughter was born Sunday, January 21, to Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Barrett.

A son was born Tuesday, January 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Lowell P. Boyer.

A boy was born Wednesday, January 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood S. Fisher.

Harlan Byers returned Sunday evening to Beloit, Wis.

H. W. Blackwell has been under the weather for several days this week.

Chas. Walz has been suffering from tonsillitis this week.

Rev. Isaac Hoyem is quite ill this week with laryngitis.

A son was born Friday to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hoy.

Stewart's cold and cough cure is composed of the purest honey and Virgin Pine Tar, with additional well known remedies. This, taken with the free cold tablets put up with each bottle, gives the customer a sure quick cure for their cold or cough. Sold in any quantity and put up in 25 and 50 cent bottles, with full directions, at

STEWART'S PHARMACY.

Fritz Wohl writes from Altura, Tex., that the Gladstone colony there are getting along well; the days are warm, but the nights are cold. Mr. Wohl and Miss Myrtle Peterson are improving rapidly in health. Fritz has a good position in the office of the Pierce-Fordyce Oil Association.

W. H. Needham declares that the accusations of money-madness against the American people are unfounded. Two nickels have been lying on his counter for a week or so. It would be an easy matter to walk off with them, but the public honesty is unimpeachable.

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.

Frank La Pointe returned Wednesday from Green Bay where he underwent an operation for appendicitis. A couple of weeks ago, Mrs. La Pointe, who went there to take care of him, was diagnosed to have the same trouble, and is now in the hospital there.

Mrs. E. H. Bidwell and Miss Bidwell will arrive from New Haven Monday or Tuesday to join the doctor in this city. They will make their residence at the Erickson house, Central and Mimesota.

Among the number of Gladstone folks who attended Madame Sherry at the Peterson Sunday night were Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Mertz, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Blackwell, Miss Jean Caron, H. J. Cardin, and H. J. Neville.

Ameil Peterson left Monday evening for Chicago to seek a position.

Michael Mackin is again ill this week, having suffered a relapse.

D. L. White of Rapid River was in the city Friday on business.

CARD OF THANKS

We desire to express our appreciation to our kind neighbors or the expressions of their sympathy for us in our bereavement.

JAMES DORAN AND FAMILY, WILLIAM T. WARREN.

PREFERS NEW THRILLS

The American people had had quite enough of Mr. Roosevelt in the White House. Their disinclination to any more is evidenced by their treatment of him in 1910 in his own state. They have had no such acute experience with Mr. La Follette. He offers at least, the possibility of a new sensation in presidents, even though that sensation would doubtless prove very disagreeable.—Chicago Inter-Ocean

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. 11965, Serial No. 01351 for SW 1/4 of SW 1/4, Section 10, Township 43 north, 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, 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.

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 DeGroff, of " " Frank Richards of " " Peter Conklin of " "

OZRO A. BOWEN Register.



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 newsdealers. MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

BUTTER

is selling at 50c per lb in Chicago and New York OUR PRICE for strictly fresh, fancy quality

41c per lb By the way we have specials on

Peanut Butter

Large jars, Ferndell brand (this week)..... 23c We also have all sizes of Beechnut Peanut Butter, Ferndell Apple Butter large jar..... 35c Heinz Peach Butter extra large jar..... 45c

We have for cooking CRISCO Better than butter Call in and look over our bargain counter.

GLADSTONE GROCERY

"THE QUALITY STORE" P. J. LINDBLAD, PROP. PHONE 51

GLADSTONE LODGE NO. 163.



Meets every Tuesday night in Castle hall, Minnewaska Block. All Visiting Knights are Welcomed.

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, CHICAGO 431 S. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

January 13, 1912. January 27, 1912.

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.

Mamie 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 news paper printed and circulating in said county.

JUDD YELLAND, Judge of Probate.

A true copy.

ELLIA FRECHETTE, Register of Probate.

December 16, 1911. February 17, 1912

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

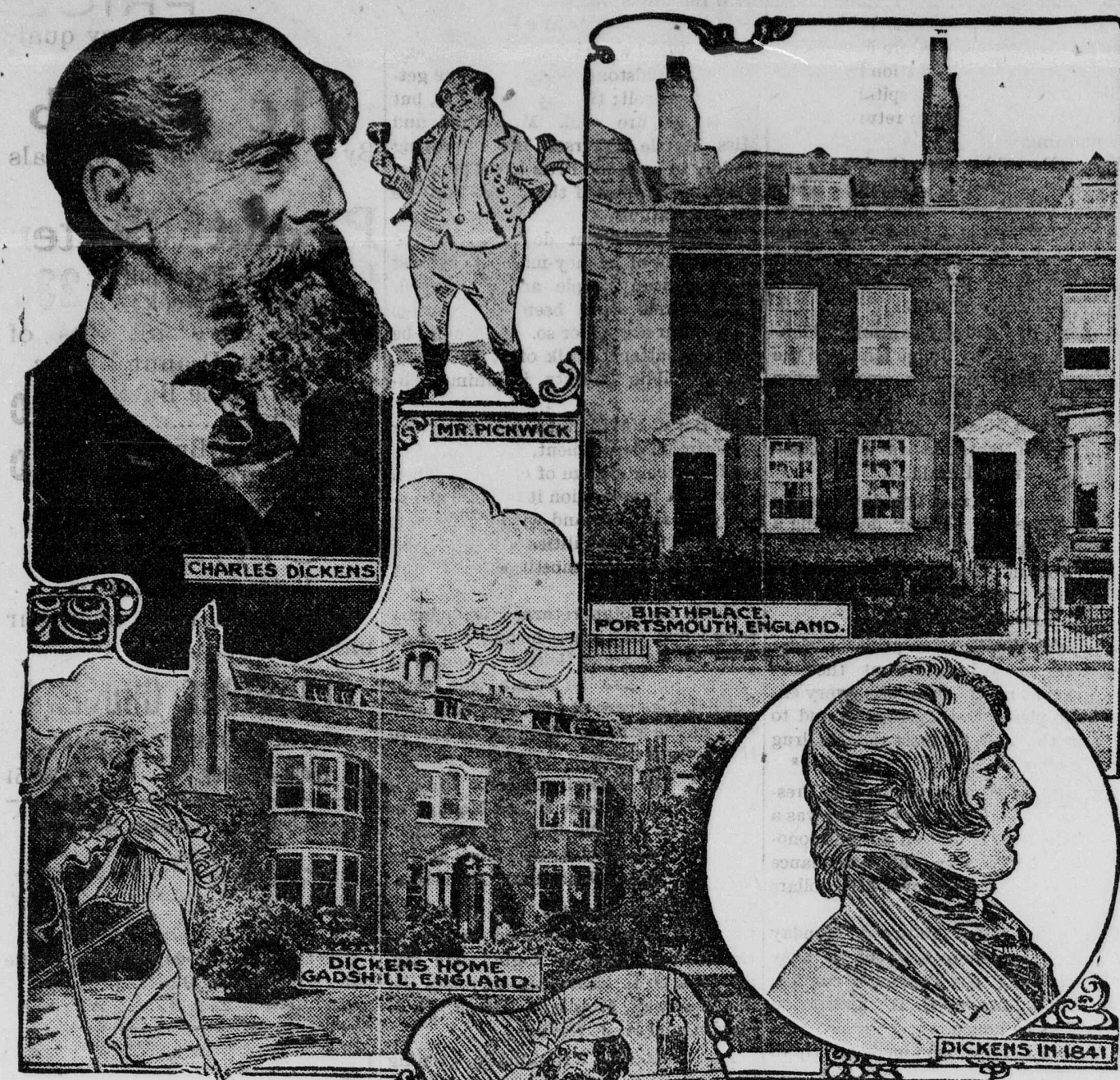
U. S. LAND OFFICE AT MARQUETTE MICH. December 5, 1911

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. 6238, to purchase the S. E. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4, Section 30, 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 to 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.

Charles Dickens' 100th Birthday



The Popular Author Who Created So Many Famous Characters Was Born Feb. 7, 1812.

ONE hundred years ago Feb. 7 Charles Dickens was born at Landport, Portsmouth. He died at Gadshill, near Rochester, England, June 9, 1870. English fiction offers many a name lying close to the hearts of today's "gentle readers," but none of them, not even Robert Louis Stevenson, cheery and gallant, is so deeply loved as Charles Dickens.

We know the personages of "Boz" by heart, we play at games with his incidents and names, while from grateful souls we believe that there never was such fun and that there never will be conceived again such inimitable beings as live today immortal in those ever fresh, ever varied pages.

His Early Years.
Charles John Huffham Dickens (so was he baptized) owed nothing to birth or culture. When he arrived in the world Feb. 7, 1812, he entered the home of a procrastinating, improvident, hand to mouth sort of government clerk at Landport, near Portsmouth. That father's failings have been drawn for all time in Micawber, and "Little Dorrit" still pictures forth vividly that Marshalsea debtors' prison where the bankrupt parent was set to work when this second of his eight children was a lad of ten.

The family moved up to great, gray London to be near its incopent head, and little Charles at an age when most children are at their games went to work for the princely salary of 6 shillings a week in a blacking factory. Think of the bright, imaginative little fellow the had actually written a "tragedy" when seven) condemned to fourteen hours of miserable drudgery in every twenty-four, menial work in surroundings that are flattered by the word ungenial. But that boy was father of the man that was to be.

Later there chanced along a small legacy to the unworthy father, who came out of the Marshalsea and began life anew as a reporter on the Morning Chronicle. Then the boy was given a couple of years' schooling.

The youth tried a brief hand at the law, but newspaperdom held more fascination for him than any barrister's office, and, studying shorthand, he became first one of the True Sun's parliamentary reporters, then serving the Chronicle in like capacity. It is interesting to note the inbred hankering after the journalistic life which cropped to the surface through all the man's fifty-eight years.

One autumn day of 1833 a young fellow of twenty-one almost stealthily dropped into a red mail box on the strand a stoutish envelope addressed to the old Monthly Magazine. A fortnight later and the same figure was buying a copy of the current issue, looking down its table of contents, tremblingly, shamefacedly, and then stepping aside from the unseeing stream of passerby into some convenient vestibule to dash from his blue eyes the tears that had sprung there at the sight of a title, "A Dinner at Poplar Walk, by Boz."

His First Try.
So was taken the first doubting step which was led along the now main traveled road whose milestones read "Pickwick" and "Nickleby" and "Dombe" and "Copperfield." "Boz" figured for a year in the Monthly's pages, then "went over" to the columns of the evening edition of his own paper (his salary was by that raised from 5 to 7 guineas a week), and then stood before the world "between covers," with no

less a one than Cruikshank's self as his illustrator.

"Sketches by Boz" bears date of 1836 on the title page of the much to be desired first edition, and the same spring saw the initial issue of "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club." Four of the monthly numbers came out in the amber of Chapman & Hall's types. Seymour, the original illustrator, yielded to "Phiz" Browne, but "pretty good" was the best that London was saying of the venture. Then the fifth installment introduced its readers to the inn yard of the old White Hart tavern and to one Samuel Weller, blacking the maidenly boots of that no longer young lady who had just dined with Mr. Jingle, and success dawned clear and sure. That sun was never to set. It still shines as unwaveringly as when the twenty-five-year-old Dickens was there introduced to fame by "Son Samivel."

The first five years of the reign of Victoria (1837-41) saw "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby," "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge," as well as "Pickwick," all of them in that "monthly paris" form of issue which antedated our present day "serial." Had Dickens never written another word, how much this world would yet owe him! There were the benevolent, verdant, elderly chairman of the Pickwick club, the fat boy and the Wellers, father and son. There were unhappy little Oliver Twist and Beadle Bumble and Fagin and the charming Artful Dodger. There were Mrs. Nickleby, weak and wordy copy of the novelist's own mother, and Dick Swiveller, and Little Nell, and Dolly Varden, and Grip the Raven—worst and best of all "nature fakes."

Holiday Books.
"American Notes," "A Christmas Carol" and "The Chimes" were the next books he was to father.

Other holiday stories were to come—"The Battle of Life," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "Crisis of the Carrier," "The Haunted Man," and all the rest, but these first two remained (and remain) unequalled.

Splendid Sidney Carton was to shine out of "A Tale of Two Cities," delightful little Jennie Wren was to "dress-make" for her doll customers in "Our Mutual Friend," Pip's autobiography was to be written in "Great Expectations."

Attacking the shams and wrongs of that early Victorian period, tearing off the veils that for years had concealed the cruelties and horrors and injustices of the poor laws, the workhouse, the debtors' prisons and the public schools of the time, Dickens often takes us deep and dark. Yet he never betrays us. We are the better for the experiences he gives, uplifted by his own cheerfulness and hopefulness, strengthened for the fight here and now against such modern woes and wickedness as we feel he would so bravely attack.

Dickens' Second American Visit.
America welcomed Dickens upon his second visit here in 1867 as few other

Mr. Pickwick, Fagin, Oliver Twist, Mrs. Nickleby and Others Are Brought to Mind at His Centenary.

notabilities had been welcomed. He came over to read "The Holytree Inn" to us and "Dr. Marigold," as well as selections from the longer books, never to be forgotten by those whose privilege it was to sit and listen. He read well because there was in him so much of the actor, and he made from those readings fully as much money as during his lifetime was to come from all his fifteen volumes.

When he died he left the request that there should be raised no monument to him and that neither "Mr." nor "Esq." should be carved upon his tombstone. Wherefore the heavy slab which covers his last resting place in the "Poet's Corner" of Westminster abbey bears only: "Charles Dickens; 1812-1870," an epitaph as straightforward and modest as was the whole life of the master.

The Spotter Spotted

By LILLIAN LORIMER

CONDUCTOR JOHN BAKER was in bad luck. He had been discharged by the company, he knew no business except rail-roading, and it is not easy for a discharged man to get another berth. Baker had a wife and five children, who were dependent upon him for bread and butter, to say nothing of a roof over their heads.

The circumstances attending his discharge were rather to his credit than discredit. He had violated a rule of the company through kindness of his heart. He had passed a man over the road who told a pitiful story without collecting a fare and had given him a quarter from his own pocket besides. His act had been reported to the superintendent, and his discharge followed. Baker was at a loss to know who had reported him. He knew all the train hands well and was sure there was not one of them who would thus injure him.

And so for six long miserable months he brooded while doomed to see his wife and children hungry, ragged and driven from one house to another till they landed in a rookery. And all this time that he was not hunting for a situation he was thinking of the pleasure he would take, could he find the informer, in punishing him.

At last he found a railroad superintendent who after considering the cause of his dismissal gave him a job. Conductors' salaries are not bountiful, and Baker struggled for a year or more, denying himself and his family every comfort that could possibly be spared, before he made up the deficiency occasioned by his laying off and paid off the accumulation of small loans during that period of suffering. Blessed with an economical wife, he at last accomplished the task and could again look upon life with at least equanimity. But he never forgot the circumstances that led to his misfortune and never ceased to wish for an interview with the informer.

One day after Baker had taken his new position a woman with a little boy got on his train. When he asked her for her ticket she began a pitiful moaning, and at the same time the child began to cry, but the ticket was not forthcoming. "Ticket!" said Baker sharply. "I haven't any ticket," the woman wailed. "My husband has just died and left me without money. I'm going to the poorhouse."

"Pay your fare or get off," said Baker resolutely. The woman only responded by tears. Meanwhile passengers sitting near were listening, sympathizing with the poor widow and scowling at the conductor.

"Haven't you a human heart under your ribs?" sneered a man. "What a brute!" flashed a woman. These and other remarks derogatory to the flinty conductor were hissed here

and there from the passengers, but they evidently produced no effect upon him. He stood looking at the woman, waiting for her to pay her fare. At last he made a final demand and, receiving the usual response of moans, took her child from her and handed him to a trainman. Then he pulled the bell cord.

While the train was slowing up Baker stood mute in the aisle, the woman redoubling her moans. Cries of "Coward!" "Dog!" "Pig!" "Brute!" greeted the conductor. He paid no attention to them, though there was a strange look in his eye. When the train came to a full stop he took the woman by the back of her dress and hustled her off on to solid ground. Then he turned upon her and rained blows upon her with the rapidity of a Gatling gun. That his feet should not be idle he kept them at work kicking her shins.

The car windows were thrown up, and a score of passengers had their heads out the windows, crying "Stop him!" "Don't let the hound kill a woman!" "Won't some one put an end to this barbarity?" and many other remarks of similar intent. But a promiscuous crowd is never apt to do knight errantry work unless some bold spirit steps forth to take the lead. So Baker walked with no other interference than words. Finally he gave a jerk on the would be deadhead's dress that tore it from neck to skirt, leaving a man's vest beneath.

Then for the first time the onlookers realized that the widow was not even a woman, much less a mother. Baker went at the man again with redoubled vigor and when he had pounded him almost to a jelly stopped and said: "You spotter! So you're still playing your game, are you? I recognized you the moment I saw you as the man I passed and gave a quarter to more than a year ago. You caused my discharge, and my family nearly starved to death. You've rigged yourself up as a woman and borrowed the child to help you keep up your contemptible work. Take that!"

Again the blows fell on the spotter. But there had been a change of sympathy. It had passed from the spotter to the conductor. The cries were now: "Lay it on, conductor!" "Give it to him!" "Hit him again!"

When Baker was satisfied he called to the trainman to put the child down beside its "parent," signaled the engineer to go on and jumped on the train. As it pulled away the passengers shouted derisively at the spotter and when he was out of hearing clustered around the conductor, vying with each other for an opportunity to "shake."

When Baker reached his terminal and handed in his report he went home for the night to a delicious, invigorating slumber he had not enjoyed since his discharge.

THE WHALING INDUSTRY.

It Has Been Making Remarkable Headway in Last Few Years.

The advance in the price of oils and the possibility of profitably utilizing the entire animal have led to remarkable developments in the last few years in the whaling industry. There are now shore stations in operation on the coast of Finland, in the north of Norway, in Iceland, the Faroe Islands, the Shetland Islands, the Isle of Harris, the coast of Ireland, the Azores, Newfoundland, Labrador, the coast of Maine, San Francisco, British Columbia, Natal, the Cape of Good Hope, South Georgia and South Shetland Islands, in the Antarctic ocean, and on the coast of Japan, while new stations are being projected, particularly on the South African coasts.

In this development the Norwegians are most conspicuous. It is they who have established the stations in the north of Scotland, though half the capital in these stations may be British. It is they who have set up the stations in the Antarctic and in South Africa and they who are at the moment the principal moving spirits in the developments going on. But the Norwegians are not alone. The Americans are also moving. They recently projected a large combine to center at Victoria, British Columbia. A German company with a capital of £50,000 has been formed at Hamburg to establish a whaling station at Luederitzbucht, on the coast of German Southwest Africa, and it is said that French promoters are arranging to establish a station on the east coast of Africa and possibly one also in Madagascar.

Fifty years ago the American production alone of sperm and other whale oil exceeded 12,000,000 gallons a year. Five years ago the world's production was but about 3,000,000 gallons. The recent stimulation of the industry has resulted in the output having been brought up to about 6,000,000 gallons in the past season.—London Times.

Near the Zoo.



The Whiskered One—Am I all right for the zoo?
The Boy—Can't say, boss. I ain't a naturalist.

SWALLOWS ARE DARING.

One Nest Built in a House and Another on an Electric Lamp.

A very curious instance of boldness in swallows was recorded in 1886 from Ceylon. In this case the birds built over a lamp in the dining room. What made their choice of site more remarkable was the fact that the lamp could be raised or lowered by counter weights, and the connecting chains actually passed through the mud walls of the nest.

Occasionally the bird selects a nesting site which invites comparison with the boldness of the robin. A pair of swallows took advantage of the open window of an unoccupied bedroom in a house at Felmersham, in Bedfordshire, to begin building their nest on the curtain rod of the bed.

The return of the owner of the house and his occupation of the bed did not in the least disturb or alarm the birds, which completed the nest and brought off three nestlings within seven weeks of the house owner's return. They took no notice of the occupant of the bed when flying in and out of the window feeding their young, but the hen bird would fly off the nest if any one entered the room during the daytime.

Three years ago a pair of swallows built their nest on top of the shade of an electric lamp which hangs outside the asylum at Narborough, near Leicester.—Bailey's Magazine.

Blind's Sense of Direction.

It is well known that most blind people become aware when they are approaching an object or even when an object is very quietly brought near them. There has been a great deal of speculation and not a little experimenting concerning this sense, which has received many names—sense of direction, feeling at a distance, and so on, says a writer in Knowledge. The accounts that the blind themselves give of their perception are very contradictory. Some investigators have regarded the sense as a fine facial touch sense, others as due to heat waves, others as sensitiveness to changes of pressure in the air, others as auditory. Recent experiments of an ingenious kind made at the Institution For the Blind in Paris have led M. Truchel to the conclusion that the perception is of an auditory nature and due to the fact that the object reflects and alters surrounding sounds. To the objection that a deaf mute has been reported as showing the power he answers that those deaf to music and speech are often sensitive to very feeble noises.

TOES EXPRESS EMOTION.

How a Judge in India Told Whether Witnesses Were Lying.

The dusky folk of lower Bengal make imaginative witnesses. The inspiration comes upon them suddenly, carrying them away before they realize it. They take some simple fact, some common situation, bathe it in Indian light and drape it about with oriental trappings, laying on splashes of gaudy color and startling ornament, piling splendor on splendor. Relevance is no great matter. It is the story for the story's sake.

When I was quite new to it, says Charles Johnston in the Atlantic Magazine, I sometimes tried to record these purple patches, wrestling with florid, unfamiliar phrases like some old lady inquiring her way in a foreign village. Once or twice I went so far as to institute proceedings for perjury, but the collector sahib only laughed in his big, sympathetic way and said: "Never mind them. They are not telling lies; they are composing poetry. It comes over them, and they cannot help it." So I came to lay down my quill, giving myself over to the pleasure of listening and watching the poet's toes.

When he slips his cable and pushes off from the wharf of fact to sail forth into enchanted waters his toes, hitherto quiescent, begin to work.

They knot themselves, weave in little circles in the air, cramp together, spread out again and suddenly shut like a fan. The poetic witness rules his face, uttering his wild inventions with sad and downcast visage, as he who testifies unwillingly, but truth must out; he controls his eyes, in no line frenzy rolling; he governs his hands, but he never thinks of his toes. Wherefore the assistant magistrate looketh pensively downward and chews the feather of his quill pen. He is watching the rhythmic movement of the toes, sensitively responding to the strain on the subliminal mind.

Among the Shell Diggers.

Drifting down the rivers and swamps of Arkansas may be found a tribe of people almost unknown in any other calling. Numerous little houseboats that are to be found anchored along the banks betray the fact that the inhabitants are busy gathering mussel shells from the river bed. Tons of shells are furnished every week to the button factories along the river, thus proving the magnitude of the industry.—Christian Herald.

The Sunday School Lesson

Golden Text, For Mine Eyes Have Seen Thy Salvation, Which Thou Hast Prepared Before the Face of All People (Luke ii, 30, 31).

Verses 25, 26.—The assurance of his coming.

Jesus was born of a woman, born under law, that he might redeem them that were under the law (Gal. iv, 4). On the eighth day Jesus was circumcised as the Baptist had been. After forty days the mother entered the temple to make the offering of two young pigeons for her own purification (Lev. xii) and to present her firstborn male child in consecration to God (Ex. xiii, 12; Num. viii, 17). The law accepted five shekels, equal to about \$3, in place of the actual dedication to the priest-hood (Num. xviii, 15, 16). While the holy family were in the temple there entered it a man named "Simeon." He was one of a select company of pious people among the masses who in those days of corruption had kept the light of pure religion burning. "Righteous and devout." His character was marked by just dealings with his fellow men and by relations of spiritual submission to God. "Waiting for the consolation of Israel." He had an expectant attitude and was looking for Messiah "the consoler," whose coming would bring comfort to the people (Isa. xl, 1) by giving release from the pressure and privations imposed on them by their foes. "The Holy Ghost was upon him." This was evidenced by his religious life of purity and peace. "Revealed unto him." He was living in such close communion with God that he became the recipient of divine communication. One subject concerning which he had received divine assurance was that he would be privileged to see "the Lord's Christ."

Verses 27-32.—The acceptance of his arrival.

Under the impulse of the spirit, Simeon was found in the temple at the likeliest hour for the fulfillment of this pious hope, which had been cherished for many years. He was quick to recognize the child who was to discharge the Messianic vocation at the fullness of the times. "Took him up in his arms" from his mother, not to pronounce a priestly benediction, but to praise God because his hopes had at last been richly realized. The Nunc Dimittis which Simeon uttered was a song of grateful relief, a psalm of sub-

missive rejoicing, a confession of buoyant faith. It is a watchman who is reporting that the darkness has disappeared and that the dawn has finally come. His duty has been performed, "now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." The day of the bond servant's release has come, and he is glad to enter into freedom in the larger life of rest beyond death. His life of toil and trial has ended, "for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." This was the cause of his peace; he has witnessed the "vision splendid" of Messianic salvation. Now he can meet death with tranquil spirit. "Before the face of all people." The plural is more correct, as the Messianic blessing is for the whole world. This blessing is interpreted as "light" and "glory" to heathen and Jew respectively.

Verses 33-38.—The anticipation of his activity.

Such an outburst of gladness thanksgiving was a surprise to "Joseph and his mother," "his father and his mother" (revision). These people, who were accustomed to the quiet ways of Nazareth, were doubtless embarrassed to be made the object of so much attention in such a public place like the temple. "Marveled at the things." This was quite consistent with the knowledge that Joseph and Mary already possessed. The far-reaching influence of Jesus, even unto the gentiles, was a new item of information in this canticle of Simeon, and it is probable that Mary received it in the same way she did the words of the shepherds (chapter ii, 19). "Blessed them." This aged saint and seer gave the holy family his patriarchal blessing. He also addressed words of sad omen "unto Mary, his mother." The mission of her Son was to be one of salvation through suffering. "The fall and rising again of many." His presence will produce a crisis in all lives, which will result in condemnation or salvation, according to their attitude toward him. Jesus exercises a decisive influence. "He that is not with me is against me" (Matt. xii, 30). "A sign which shall be spoken against" by those who have been disappointed because he had not fulfilled their national expectations (Heb. xii, 3). "Yea, a sword, * * * soul also." This need not be in parenthesis. It will be one of the bitter experiences of the mother when she witnesses the tragic ending of her son's life. "Thoughts of many hearts." The true character of people will be known by contact with his presence.

Subjects of Interest to the Farmer

ANGORA IS USEFUL

Valuable as Clearer of Ground and Grower of Hair.

GOAT BUSINESS THRIVING.

Average Animal Produces Three Pounds of Hair Yearly, Worth Sometimes as High as \$15 a Pound—Woven Wire Fences Recommended.

The Angora goat business seems to be thriving pretty well all over the country, for Angora goats are becoming recognized as great scavengers in places where brush and weeds give a good deal of trouble.

Besides the good they do in browsing, goats are also worth having around the ranch on account of their hair. The average Angora will grow a fleece weighing at least three pounds every year. This can be sheared easily and sold at from 30 to 50 cents a pound. The price varies with the length and fineness of the fleece and the amount of kemp, an undesirable coarse fiber which is present in the fleece of many goats. Kemp will not take mohair dyes.

The Missouri Ruralist declares that long fleeces of twelve inches or more pay higher prices, sometimes as high as \$2 to \$15 a pound. These are difficult to obtain except from well bred goats. The fleece from young kids also pays a higher price than the average on account of its fineness.

The picture shows a scene on a goat ranch. A good way to keep the goats



HERD OF ANGORA GOATS.

is in fields inclosed with woven wire fence having stays twelve inches apart. If the stays are nearer together the goats are likely to catch their heads in the fence.—Denver Field and Farm.

Dry Poultry Houses.

Commercial poultrymen who believe thoroughly in the roosting closet often use a double wall around that part of the house where the roosts are located. If the rest of the house is built with matched boards and covered on walls and roof with a good roofing paper it will be satisfactory. Some people have tried putting the building paper on the inside, so that the outside walls could be painted, but the plan is not a good one, as the interior of the house should be as light as possible. Besides, it is often very desirable to apply a coat of whitewash. Of course there is no reason why the building should not be clapboarded or shingled. If the matter of appearance is an important consideration.—Country Gentleman.

LUDICROUS ANSWERS.

Some That Were Given in a Chicago Civil Service Examination.

Applicants for police service consulted the civil service commission in Chicago by their answers to simple questions. One answer was, "Larceny is speeding of an automobile or other rig of wheels."

Another answered, "Larceny is where a man and a woman, related, get married."

A third sidestepped rather gracefully this: "Larceny is a very serious offense. A policeman should look out for it."

"What are the duties of a policeman?" To this one applicant answered, "To take care of fire and murdering and—the United States."

To the question "What is the punishment for misdemeanors?" one man answered, "Should be taken to court and sued by the gang."

"Robbery, that is an act of murder, and that is the time to hit or shoot."

"What would you do in case you found the body of a dead person?" "Report to the commanding officer."

"What are the three successive penalties for keeping a gambling house?" "Playing cards, pool tables and gambling for money. You can't deal any of these games."

Getting the Gait.

"Has that lawyer taken any steps in the patent business?" "Yes; he has bought a pair of patent leather shoes."—Baltimore American.

WHAT SANDY SOILS NEED.

The addition of vegetable matter to sandy soils is very important since it is needed to increase their water holding capacity as well as to add fertility. Water is often the limiting factor in the production of sandy soils, due to their coarse texture and lack of vegetable matter. To prevent winds blowing sand the land may be laid out in long, narrow fields with alternate grass and cultivated crops. Protection windbreaks of pines or other trees are effective for short distances.

The fertility needs of sandy soils are nitrogen, phosphorus and potash. Phosphorus and potassium must be supplied either directly in commercial fertilizer or indirectly through the buying of feed which is fed to animals.

Legumes are beneficial to sandy soils because they supply the much needed nitrogen as well as humus. Peat can be used to advantage as a nitrogen fertilizer where a supply is readily available. The use of lime on sandy soils, which are very commonly acid, will aid in securing a stand of alfalfa and clovers.—Wisconsin Experiment Station.

Hazelnuts For Profit.

The culture of our native hazelnuts has been almost entirely overlooked, says the Rural New Yorker. The European hazels, or filberts, as they are commonly called, are affected with a

URGING OF A NEW IDEA.

Money in Raising Fish, Farmers Are Told—State Lends Help.

When Professor L. L. Dyche of the Kansas State university was made fish and game warden he was told that his chief job was to make the fish industry worth while in the state.

The state has let the contract for eighty-three new ponds, covering eighty acres of ground as an addition to its fish hatchery at Pratt, and will have the largest fish hatchery in the country. One million minnows a year is the capacity of the new hatchery, and all of these will be furnished free of charge for breeding purposes to the Kansas farmers and sportsmen.

"If every farmer in Kansas will grow one mess of fish a week for his own family it will mean \$1,250,000 added to the revenues of Kansas each year," said Professor Dyche. "If they are careful and sell a few fish each year the revenues of the state will be increased from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 a year. Fish are the easiest grown and most productive crop that can be raised on a farm. A half acre pond will return more to the farmer each year than any five acres he owns and with the least work."

The state refunds one-half the taxes on all farm property made into ponds of certain size and certain materials. The ponds are filled either by pumping or by storing the winter rains and snow.

Every farmer who builds a pond is supplied with fish and taught how to take care of them. Correspondence courses in building ponds and caring for fish have been installed at the Kansas State university and the State Agricultural college.

DIRTY EGGS ON THE FARM.

Cause of Large Loss to Producer Because They Sell as "Seconds."

While there are a few egg producers who take the best of care of their product, the average farmer considers the eggs produced on the farm a byproduct and makes very little provision for their care, aside from gathering them. A large loss is caused by dirty eggs, the number being enormous, and, according to the estimate of Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture, this money loss to the farmers in the United States amounts to about \$5,000,000 annually.

An insufficient number of nests is often the cause of many of the dirty eggs. Eggs are laid on the ground and around the hay and straw stacks and, becoming stained, are classed as "dirties." Again, when too many eggs are allowed to remain in a nest some are broken and many of the others become smeared with broken yolks. This is brought about by allowing the broody hens to use the same nests with the layers.

After gathering the eggs care should be taken not to put them where they will become heated or near oil, onions or other vegetables, as they readily absorb odors.

Grist From the Jokesmiths' Mills

The Thankful Heroine.

"Thank heaven!" cried the poor girl who was earning a precarious livelihood as heroine of a popular novel.

And yet she had apparently little to be thankful for as she crawled into her pallet of straw in the corner of the dingy room. She was very, very poor, and yet she was thankful.

"The advantages of a bed on the floor," she murmured as she lapsed into sweet slumber, "lie in the feeling of security it brings. When a girl lies in such a lowly bed as this she knows that a man cannot possibly get under it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Stickler For Peace.

"George," she asked, "if we were both young and single again would you want me to be your wife?"

"Now, my dear," he absentmindedly replied, "what's the use trying to start a quarrel just as we have settled down to enjoy a quiet evening?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Fickle.



Marion—Did you say Harold doesn't know his own mind?
Marion's Papa—He doesn't unless some one introduced him to it lately.—Chicago News.

Aviation's Lucky Side.

"Did that aviator friend of yours have a successful season?"
"Very. He more than made enough to pay all his hospital expenses."—Detroit Free Press.

The Portrait That Was Too Good a Likeness

By EMMA ANDERSON-HODGSON

When Mr. Barnickel got rich the first thing he wanted was a crest, which he found, though his title to it was rather thin, and the next was his portrait to hang in his drawing room and to hand down to his descendants as the lineaments of the reinstitutor of the family. Arnold Elliott was at that time the principal portrait painter in the city where Mr. Barnickel lived, and to him Mr. Barnickel gave the order, agreeing to pay for the portrait \$500.

Now, although Mr. Barnickel had dealt in hides, an article not calculated to stimulate the imaginative faculty, his imagination was strong. The moment he set himself up as a reinstitutor of his family he saw himself a fine looking, dignified gentleman of aristocratic mien and benevolent countenance. In truth, he was a crafty looking man with a money making nose. He saw the picture of himself growing up in the hands of the artist as he was and not as he thought himself. He made several protests, but when he attempted to point out the errors he signally failed. He could not give the artist his conception of himself, and the artist had no choice but to paint him as Mr. Barnickel. When the portrait was finished there sat the merchant looking for all the world as if he were buying a cargo of hides.

When Mr. Barnickel saw the portrait he refused to accept it on the ground that his best friend wouldn't take it for him.

As soon as Mr. Elliott got a little spare time he looked Mr. Barnickel's portrait up against the wall of his studio, covered it with a sheet of drawing paper and on the paper sketched prison bars. This done, he cut out the paper between the bars, leaving Mr. Barnickel in limbo. Underneath he placed the title of the picture, "A Prisoner For Debt."

It was not long before one who knew Mr. Barnickel well saw him behind bars. Had he loved Mr. Barnickel he would have gone to him at once with the information. But he didn't love Mr. Barnickel—few people did—so he went about telling those who knew the hide dealer of the rare sight to be seen, and Mr. Elliott's studio at once became very popular. Indeed, from among those who visited it to see "A Prisoner For Debt" he secured a number of orders.

The episode at last reached a member of the Barnickel family, and the family head was informed. The same morning he drove up to Mr. Elliott's studio, alighted in a hurry, climbed the stairs in anger and burst into the studio in a passion. There hung the picture, and there sat the artist quiescent at his easel.

"What do you mean by perpetrating that outrage?" shouted Mr. Barnickel, pointing to the picture.

"What outrage?" asked the artist without discontinuing his work.

"Putting my portrait behind bars." "Your portrait? That isn't your portrait. You said yourself that no one would recognize it."

The merchant saw that he could not demand the removal of the objectionable features without eating his words. He went out, slamming the door behind him. He had been triumphant in too many deals to be beaten by a picture maker; he would find a way to get round the "imposition."

But before he found this way he heard that a new feature had been attached to the portrait. The artist had removed the bars and the title, replacing the latter with the words "You Want Too Much."

The title fitted the expression on the face so well, and Mr. Barnickel's idiosyncrasies were so keenly appreciated that a new lot of people came pouring into the studio to see Old Scrooge, as they called him, buying hides, though some declared that he was disputing the price of his portrait. Mr. Barnickel was made aware of the change by receiving an anonymous letter inquiring which of these two interpretations of the title was correct.

By this time the merchant had consulted his lawyer, who advised him that the most satisfactory way out of the difficulty was to pay for the picture and take it away. Therefore on receipt of the anonymous note he drew his check for \$500, jumped into his carriage and drove to Mr. Elliott's studio. On entering his eyes naturally sought the picture. The expression had been changed. Instead of Mr. Barnickel beating down a seller, it was Mr. Barnickel just having bought at his own price. There was no title attached to the picture. Instead a bit of cardboard rested upon it on which in big letters was inscribed "Sold."

Mr. Barnickel saw the word and was seized with a new anxiety. He, and only he, could not see its double meaning.

"There's your check. Send that dabb home," he said.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Barnickel. Don't you see the card on the picture?"

"That's bosh. No one would want my"— He stopped. He was about to yield to his beating down propensities and add "ugly mug," but remembered himself.

"I don't think the purchaser cares much for it," said Mr. Elliott coolly. "You might get it at an advance on the original price."

"How much is the"— Mr. Barnickel was about to say swindle, but feared to make matters worse.

Mr. Elliott arose, went to the picture and cut it in ribbons.

"The episode is ended, Mr. Barnickel. I have to thank you for many orders secured through your portrait."

An Alibi.

The story is told by a traveling man of a pretty young lady who stepped into a music store in Springfield, Mo., the other day. She tripped up to the counter where a new clerk was assorting music and in the sweetest tones asked, "Have you 'Kissed Me In the Moonlight'?" The clerk turned half-way around and answered, "It must have been the man at the other counter; I've been here only a week."—Buffalo Commercial.

A Farsighted Economist.

Husband—You're not a bit economical.
Wife—Well, if you don't call a woman an economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is!—Satire.

Not Sure.



Her Husband—Do you remember what I said when I proposed?
His Wife—Why, you were so frightened you just chattered unintelligibly.
Her Husband—What! Then maybe I didn't propose at all.

A Jolt For Vanity.

"I have the faith that moves mountains," he declared.
"I wish," his wife complained, "you had the faith that would move the ashes out of the cellar."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Rule of Three.

I live with your wife, your mother and your mother-in-law.—Lippincott's.

ROPING WILD HORSES.

Difficulty Experienced in Clearing Arizona Forest Range.

An attempt to clear the ranges of the Prescott national forest of wild horses is being made by the stockmen of Williamson and Skull valleys, says the Arizona Republican, and the first rodeo resulted in the capture of about thirty animals on the Tonto divide.

Forest Ranger Mercer had a conference with George A. Carter, Clarence Stewart, J. V. Dickson, J. M. Cook, H. N. Cook and E. Contreras, representatives of the Burnett ranch company, and others, and a rodeo was arranged, with J. V. Dickson as captain. During that week a stockade corral was built at the old chimney in Toohy canyon, and wire fences were strung along the canyon to inclose the water holes, leaving a narrow entrance at the south end.

"Mormon wings" of cheesecloth were stretched upon the brush for more than a mile from the entrance of the fenced lot along the hillsides to the open country at Tonto divide. A rodeo camp was established at Carter's corral, on the old Toohy place, and at the beginning of the following week a dozen men began the work of gathering broomtails and outlaws.

Lookouts were posted upon high points near the south end of the canyon, while the larger number of riders went in search of wild horses in the open country west of Granite mountain. When a band was found the riders gave chase and tried to drive the horses into the canyon. Sometimes they got a band headed toward the canyon, and sometimes the mustangs had notions of their own and went elsewhere.

When the broomtails took to the hills there was wild riding through scrub oak and over rock strewn slopes and ridges, and the lookouts plunged down from their stations and tried to head off the bands or picked out single horses and roped them among the rocks. Before the "Mormon wings" were stretched it was difficult to keep a band going down the canyon. The wild horses seemed to suspect a trap and broke for the hills regardless of the riders who tried to turn them.

The cheesecloth, however, proved an effective barrier in most instances, although one small band went through it when alarmed by the presence of men near the corral. A band of thirteen mares and colts was kept in the straight and narrow way by the streaks of white rag fluttering in the brush and ran directly into the corral.

SAFE FLYING ALTITUDE.

An Argument That Aviators Should Soar Reasonably High.

There is a distinct advantage in flying at a reasonably high elevation, says the Engineering Magazine. In case of accidental stoppage of the motor or other incident necessitating descent without power the production of sustaining force ceases. The inertia of the machine, notwithstanding this, keeps up its velocity for a time, so that descent will begin gradually. It may even be checked or altogether offset for a time by increasing the inclination of the planes, but this introduces a supernatural direct resistance and accelerates the exhaustion of that very inertia of velocity which is necessary to suspension. Yet by purposely manipulating the planes it is quite possible to retain a margin of velocity which shall be available at the last instant to decrease the rate of downward movement suddenly, while at the same time bringing the machine as a whole to rest within a very short distance of the point where it strikes the ground. The whole manipulation which produces this result is merely that of adjusting the inclination of the planes so that they make a very slight angle only with the trajectory until the latter has brought the machine close to the ground and then abruptly increasing the inclination until descent is entirely checked.

Many accidents have occurred during descent, and the character of the ground on which landing is to be effected is a matter of moment. The higher the altitude of flight the more choice is there as to the point of landing, and the more control (if the altitude be not too great) will the operator possess over his machine with regard to such landing position. The safest altitude, should the motor fail, is not necessarily, therefore, a low altitude. A fall of thirty feet is just about as serious as one of a thousand feet.

"Papa" Came From France.

The use of "papa" in this country illustrates the flow and ebb of fashion in words, as in costume, pretty clearly. All authorities agree that "papa" and "mamma" arrived here from France in the seventeenth century. At first they were courtly expressions and were used by "persons of fashion," adults as well as children, in the eighteenth century. But with the nineteenth century the middle class took them up, originally regarding them as genteel. In our own time one of the faults of the hero of "E dunno w'ere 'e are," after coming into "a little bit o' splosh," was that he "ad the cheek and impudence to call 'is mother 'ma.'" The usual result followed. Everybody's words, adopted as genteel, became vulgar, and now "papa" and "mamma" are dying out even among children.—London Chronicle.

Improving.

"Bliggins likes to hear himself talk." "Is that all you have against him?" "Could anything be worse?" "Certainly. Bliggins used to like to hear himself sing."—Washington Star.

The Tragic Prophecy

Tangled Romance of a Shipwrecked Poet

By HOWARD FIELDING
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Gilbert Tenney, the author, whose vast earnings are envied and his meager talents derided by his fellows of the craft, sat down to breakfast in his luxurious bachelor apartments and propped the morning paper against the sugar bowl. Another instant and he sat rigid, staring at the picture of the steam yacht Cassandra, over which appeared the words, "Lost off Hatteras, with all on board."

"That's the boat your friend sailed on, isn't it?" said the janitor, who had brought in the paper.

"Yes," said Tenney, thereby calling Stephen McLane his friend.

McLane, in fact, was a penniless poet of extravagant tastes, who had quartered himself on the good natured



"HE HAS PREDICTED HIS OWN DEATH."

novelist during the past winter, borrowing his money, feasting at his expense and even wearing his clothes. Tenney had been obliged to introduce McLane everywhere, and the poet had made some valuable acquaintances, with one of whom, young Gus Allerton, he had finally sailed away on the Cassandra, bound for southern seas. Six or seven other young men had been of the party.

The news was reported by the officers of the coastwise steamer Ojibway, who had found the Cassandra lying to and wave swept from stem to stern in a March snowstorm off Hatteras. The snow came in blinding furies. The yacht was hidden and revealed many times, while the Ojibway struggled to attain the best position for a rescue, and the final catastrophe was seen dimly as a shadow cast upon a veil. The Cassandra plunged headlong into a great wave, was engulfed and disgorged again, standing almost on end, the stern high in the air. Then she dived straight downward.

"I wonder if the young lady knows of it," said the janitor.

"What young lady?"

"Miss Lovell," said the janitor, "sister of your friend with the fierce temper."

The "friend with the fierce temper" was Albert Lovell, a college chum of Tenney's. Between this gentleman's sister, Marie, and Tenney there existed one of those tacit engagements of marriage long taken for granted by the families of the two parties.

"I don't understand," said Tenney.

"Why," returned the janitor, "Mr. McLane used to call her up every day by telephone from here, and the last Sunday before he sailed he was writing to her all the afternoon. You was out, and he couldn't find your stamps, so he gave me the letter to mail. I judged that they might be engaged."

"No," said Tenney.

The telephone bell rang, and Tenney answered. It was Miss Lovell who called him.

"Isn't it dreadful," said she—"the loss of the Cassandra? I think it's awful. And there's the strangest thing. I want you to come right over here. I want to talk to you."

He left his breakfast untasted and hastened to the Lovells' residence.

Marie was waiting for him, clothed in black, which was very unusual with her.

"I knew every one of those boys," she said.

"And a bad lot they were," broke in a loud voice from a neighboring doorway, where the tall form of Bert Lovell presently appeared. "Heaven knows I'm not harsh or heartless, but everybody must admit that Gus Allerton and his cronies were as pretty a bunch of scorpions as ever were seen in New York society. And as for that fellow McLane, if I live to be a thousand years old I'll never forgive you, Gil, for introducing him."

"He is dead," said Tenney gently.

"How do we know?" demanded

Lovell. "I'll bet the little cad swam ashore on the wind bag of his own vanity. But if he is dead, by jingo, he'd better stay so. He's safer in the great beyond than he would be here. Writing poems to my sister—what do you think of that?"

Upon this the man with a fierce temper strode out of the room fuming.

"Bert is furious because Mr. McLane sent me a bit of verse the last day he was here," said Marie.

She put into Tenney's hands two half sheets of his own best note paper, upon which appeared, in Stephen McLane's quaint labored hand, about forty lines of verse which fairly staggered Tenney, first, by the seemingly prophetic nature of the matter and, secondly, by the extraordinary merit of the piece as a work of art.

In form it was a pictorial fragment, the description of the loss of a vessel—quite clearly indicated as the Cassandra—in a snowstorm on the open sea.

"Are you not awed?" asked Marie. "Do you not recognize something more than natural in this? He has predicted his own death."

"This is very remarkable," said he. "It should certainly be published. Undoubtedly it is the very best thing that McLane ever did, the only thing really worthy of him. Do you suppose he has ever offered it anywhere?"

"Oh, no," she exclaimed. "It was written for me. He says so in a little note accompanying the poem. It was for me alone."

"A 'little note,'" quoth he, and the janitor had paid 4 cents postage on it! Tenney perceived very clearly that the ocean had engulfed a formidable rival, but he must not show his knowledge.

"My idea," said he, "would be to give this to a newspaper. I am an advocate of wide circulation. If the thing is good, let the public have it. There should be a little introduction stating the circumstances."

"Oh," she cried, in a flutter, "with my name? No, no; I have no right to shine in the light of his fame."

"I think you will be wise to remain anonymous for the present," said he. "This will make a great stir. The reporters would come running after your pictures and all that. We will say simply that the poem was inclosed in a letter to a friend."

A shade of disappointment was visible on her face.

In accordance with this decision the poem was printed in a newspaper, and the prophetic element was "played up" for all it was worth. Upon the publication of the poem Lovell came to Tenney's rooms and raved like a madman.

This explosion, however, was mild compared with another which occurred two days later. About 8 o'clock in the morning Lovell came ramping and roaring into Tenney's apartment and displayed a copy of that same newspaper which had printed the poem and which now announced in bold black type the name of the young lady to whom McLane's miraculous composition had been addressed. Her portrait, admirably reproduced, adorned the first page. She was indeed a very beautiful girl, and her name was Alicia Holley.

It appeared that she was a niece of Dave Holley, a wealthy contractor and powerful politician in Brooklyn. There was an interview with Miss Holley, in which she "blushingly denied" that there had been an engagement of marriage between herself and "the young genius now so widely mourned."

"Has Marie seen this?" demanded Tenney. "She has? What did she do?"

"She laughed," replied Lovell, choking with wrath. "Girls are idiots. She doesn't realize what this will be when it all comes out, as it certainly will."

Intent on consolation Tenney went to see Marie, but she laughed at him also and protested that she was sorry only for Miss Holley, who seemed to have taken McLane very seriously.

"I wish you would go to see her," said Marie, "and tell me what kind of a girl she is."

From a variety of motives, Tenney followed this suggestion. In the home of the Holleys he encountered first the famous "Dave," whom he found to be a dynamite bomb of a somewhat different type from Bert Lovell, but equally dangerous.

"A poet," he cried, in infinite scorn, "without a cent to his name!"

However, Tenney was permitted to see Miss Holley, of whom he had no great hopes, after his view of her uncle. But who can see an inch beyond the veil that shrouds the future? Tenney beheld Alicia Holley and was stricken through and through.

Here was a writer of romances whose books had sold by the hundreds of thousands, and he had never known love! He had considered himself pledged in marriage and had never even guessed why people wish to marry. He could have been engaged to Marie Lovell for an indefinite period without serious impatience, but in the week which followed his first meeting with Alicia Holley he couldn't be out of her sight for five minutes without an aching desire to return.

Upon a certain Sunday morning there came a knocking at Tenney's door. He opened it and admitted a strange figure, dressed in rough seaman's clothes, too small for him by half. The trousers were above his ankles; the heavy pea jacket was bursting at every seam.

"McLane!" shouted Tenney.

The form advanced into the room and laid an urgent hand on Tenney's arm.

"For the love of heaven, man," it said, "order me something decent to eat."

McLane's story was very simple and was soon told. The guests and crew of the Cassandra had been taken off by a barkentine bound for New York, and when the Ojibway saw the yacht go down there was no one on board.

The barkentine had been partially disabled in the storm and blown far out of her course. Through incredible hardships—the chief of which, in McLane's mind, had been scant rations—she had fought her way into New York, where she had arrived that morning.

Tenney knew that as soon as Bert Lovell learned of the rescue he would come flying on the wings of the wind, and the storm off Hatteras would not be worth mentioning in comparison with the scene that would ensue. It therefore seemed to be his duty to inform McLane at once of the facts in regard to his prophetic poem.

McLane seemed much disturbed, but he exhibited no remorse.

"It seemed to be a good thing," he said, "and I sent it around; that's all. But, see here, old man, something's got to be done, and in a hurry. Can you lend me any money?"

Tenney always carried a large sum in cash. He appreciated cash, for he was once poor. Upon this emergency he contributed \$300 to further McLane's flight from the vengeance of Lovell and Holley. McLane arrayed himself in Tenney's garments, and then he sallied forth.

"You'll hear from me later," said he. Tenney paced his room, a prey to the bitterest suspicions. Would McLane go to see Miss Holley? How would she receive him? Was it possible that she loved him? The poor fellow held his head in his hands and walked miles and miles around his study table.

About 2 in the afternoon Bert Lovell came, in excellent humor, grinning from ear to ear.

"Well," said he, "I told you the little cad wasn't drowned. He's safe, right enough."

"Does Marie know?"

"Oh, yes; Marie and I have had a little talk, and I find that I was mistaken. She cared nothing for McLane. It was Archer."

"Archer?"

"Sure—Douglas Archer, who was one of Allerton's guests on the yacht. He's the man she was crying about—a very decent fellow, too, I'm bound to admit, in spite of what I said. It seems that they were secretly engaged. Of course," he added, with a grin, "this is rather rough on you, my boy, but you'll get over it."

"With all my heart and soul," said Tenney fervently. "I wish her well. May every blessing that illumines human life descend upon her."

"That sounds like one of your books," said Lovell. "I didn't suppose anybody acted that way in real life."

"Real life is a blasted strange thing," responded Tenney, with an eye on the telephone and longing inexpressibly to call up Alicia Holley.

As if in response to this glance, the bell rang. Tenney leaped to answer it. McLane's voice greeted him.

"I say, old man," said the voice, "could you possibly dig up a couple of hundred more for me? I'm going to be married."

Tenney tried again and again to speak, but his voice would not come. He was shivering like a dog in a cold rain.

"To whom?" he finally whispered, and then, with desperation, in a sort of shriek, "To whom?"

"Cynthia Arnold," answered McLane. "You remember her, of course. I sent the poem to her, too. I wrote it for her. Really, old man, I did, upon my word. And I've found out in these last weeks how much I loved her. By Jove, there wasn't another thought in my mind but just Cynthia while I was facing death in that storm and starvation in that blasted brigantine. I suppose a lot of puppy dogs will say that I am thinking of her money, but you will know better. This is a love match if ever there was one, but of course I



"M'LANE!" SHOUTED TENNEY.

want to get it over and be well out of town before this poem business gets blown any wider. We're to be married this afternoon and leave for California immediately. Can you send me the two hundred? And I say, old man, make it three if you can."

"Call it a wedding present Steve," gasped Tenney, "and I wish you every joy. A thousand congratulations! My very best regards. Oh, heaven, I am happy!"

He turned to Lovell with a pallid face and glittering eyes.

"Bert," he cried, "I don't want to be inhuman, but—get out. That's a good fellow. Skip! I must talk to a girl in Brooklyn."

UPPER PENINSULA

Manistique's municipal water plant furnished its patrons with 109,000,000 gallons of water during 1911. Estimating the population of the city at 5,000 each man, woman and child used 21,800 gallons. When it is considered that only a small part of the population is using city water the proportion reaches alarming figures. However the sum total includes all water used for sprinkling lawns, sprinkling streets, flushing sewers and for fire purposes. It is declared that there will never be an economical use of city water until meters are installed. It is certain that if every patron paid for the water he used he would use less.

Among the features of the meeting of the development bureau at Marquette on February 6 will be an exhibition of the stereopticon views shown at the Chicago land show. Among the speakers will be Ira Carley, of Ingalls, and President Traves, of the Lake Superior Press Association, which meets the preceding day.

The fishermen on the bay shore in the vicinity of Menominee were thrown into a state of consternation when they received formal notice that no nets should be used with less than 2 1/4-inch mesh. Most of the fishermen had been advised that 2-inch mesh was legal, and many of them had already cast their twine. Deputy Warden A. B. Be Dell was appealed to, and he took the matter up with the department. With the result that he was officially informed by State Warden William R. Oates that the nets with a 2-inch mesh are legal in Menominee and Delta counties, through a special act as passed through the efforts of Representative Charles D. Symonds in the legislature in 1911.

The state has sent two accountants to Marquette to overhaul the books of the South Shore railway and secure information for the use of the attorney general in prosecuting the two-cent fare case against that railway. A hearing in the federal court at Detroit was recently continued.

The state asylum boards believe that there must be a rearrangement of facilities to care for the insane. There are now about 2,000 patients at Kalamazoo, 1,300 at Pontiac, 1,200 at Traverse City and 834 at Newberry. There are too many patients at Kalamazoo to get the best results, it is claimed, and it is thought that it would be better in every way if each institution was equipped to take care of perhaps 1,500 patients, and the district tributary to each arranged accordingly. This plan would, of course, necessitate a substantial addition to the Newberry institution, and smaller additions to Pontiac and Traverse City.

Upon the arrival of an 11 pound boy Wednesday afternoon, L. Sher, a Negaunee tailor, took down the sign in front of his store and changed it to read "L. Sher & Son," instead of "L. Sher," as heretofore.

The carbide lamp has replaced the old candle in the mines of Iron county. Its cost is only a third as much for fuel, the light is bright, smokeless, white, and consumes little air. Again, it will burn in a stronger draft than any of the other substances and this is a mighty important feature as well as the fact that it is not affected by the water which may drip upon it. The carbide lamp is in every way a success and has displaced other methods of lighting about here. The company furnishes the carbide. The men furnish the lamps and it is interesting to note the minuteness with which the miner studies his lamp and seeks improvements—Diamond Drill.

It is stated at Crystal Falls that the Socialists will make an effort to obtain control of the municipal administration at the coming spring election. S. G. Chadbourne is a candidate for mayor on the proposed ticket.

Game Warden Oates is enthusiastic over the Michigan Forest scouts, an organization of school boys of state-wide scope, which he is fathering. Mr. Oates plans to make these boys scouts auxiliary fire wardens and to bring them, and the parents through their children, to a realization of the importance of the prevention of forest fires. The movement will be pushed especially hard in the part of the state where there are extensive forest areas.

The Crystal Falls opera house burned down a few days ago. This may decide the question of including a theatre in the new city hall and fire department building which is planned.

Representative Charles D. Symonds, of Powers, has announced his candidacy as senator for the thirtieth district, to succeed Otto Fowle, who will not seek reelection.

BEATS CHIN MUSIC

A Negaunee barber, appropriately named Honka, has recently made a phonograph from a razor, grindstone, a paper funnel, a needle, a shaving soap box and a piece of thin wood. It will give an excellent reproduction from a record. The paper funnel is connected with the soap box, which acts as the reproducer. A sewing needle, stuck into a piece of thin wood, furnishes a diaphragm, and this is placed in the soap box, which in turn is supported over disk so that the needle touches the surface of the disk. The disk lies on the grindstone, which revolves in a horizontal position and is turned by a handle. Mr. Honka entertains his patrons with this novel device.

TEDDY, BOB AND BILL

Except on the tariff, and to a great extent on that, LaFollette and Roosevelt stand for what was official democratic doctrine in 1908, and as such was repudiated by the people. That being true, are LaFollette and Roosevelt democrats? If not, what are they? They are certainly not republicans as republicanism has been preached and practised from the days of the civil war until now.—San Francisco Chronicle.

HORSE FOR SALE

And a pair of light delivery bobs. Call phone 128 J. 49

EVERY MAN HIS OWN SHERLOCK

On Wednesday evening 60 chickens were stolen from Perry Cotterman, who lives north of the city. His neighbor George Newell, also suffered the loss of a large number.

The attendance at the chicken supper given by the men of the United Presbyterian church on Thursday evening was very good.—Wayne County (O.) Democrat.

JOKES

A monkey to a crocodile
Once told a little joke.
The crocodile ne'er cracked a smile—
He was a sluggish bloke.
He simply gazed up at the tree
Where sat the monk, and said:
"Your honor is too high for me,
It goes above my head."
The crocodile then told a jest
And waited for a while.
The monkey vainly tried his best
And couldn't raise a smile.
"You live in water, while I flit
Among the clouds," said he.
"Your muddly wit don't make no hit—
It is too deep for me."

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.

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